

THE
CRESCENT AND THE CROSS;
OR,
ROMANCE AND REALITIES
OF
EASTERN TRAVEL.

BY
ELIOT Warburton, Esq.

Seventh Edition.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
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1848.

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OF
T H E S E C O N D V O L U M E .

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THE
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CHAPTER I.

THE LEVANT—BEYROUT.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,
Greece, Egypt, Tyre, Assyria—where are they?
Thy waters wasted them when they were free,
And many a tyrant since. They now obey
The stranger, slave, or savage:—their decay
Has dried up realms to nations—not so thou;
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!

Childe Harold.

The “Levant” of the Italians, the “Orient” of the French, the “Morgenland” of the Germans, and the “Eōthen” of Kinglake, are paraphrases of the “East.” The former term is applied not only to the seas, but to the shores, over which the sun *rises* to the morning-ward of Malta. Bright and blue as it is, and fringed

by the fairest and most memorial shores, it is yet a very lonely sea: wild winds that are almost Typhoons sweep over it; iron coasts wrap it round; and, south of Cerigo, there is not a safe harbour in all its wide expanse, save that of Alexandria.

The commerce of the early world found shelter in the ports of Tyre, Sidon, Acre, and other harbours, only fit for modern small craft, such as that of Scanderoon. These are now filled with the ruins of the palaces that once overshadowed them; or closed up by ancient sands that might have run from the glass of old Time himself.

The Levantine sea is seldom without a swell; and the wind, like a young child, is generally either troublesome or asleep; long calms, or changing, gusty breezes, render steamers especially valuable in these waters; and to their instrumentality was chiefly owing the success, so bold, rapid, and decisive, of our late naval operations on the coast of Syria; the paucity of passengers, however, and decrease of trade between Egypt and Syria, have obliged the steamers to give way to a sailing-packet between Alexandria and Beyrout.¹

I visited the admiral's flag-ship, and some other

¹ The Oriental Steam Packet Company have now placed a steamer on this station—an important event to travellers.

Egyptian men-of-war, and then pulled alongside the English schooner that was about to sail for Beyrout. She was in quarantine, as had been her case I believe for years, with the exception of a very few occasional days. Alexandria and Beyrout mutually vex one another with this restraint upon communication more for political than sanatory reasons; and, as this luckless packet has two trips to make in each month, it may be supposed she is scarcely clear of one fortnight's quarantine, when she incurs another. How human nature can endure this perpetual imprisonment, under a broiling sun, in a coop of twenty feet wide, it is difficult to conceive. There is, moreover, almost always a swell at Alexandria, and generally a heavy sea at Beyrout, so that, even when at anchor, this little craft has as little rest as freedom. Yet her crew seemed as healthy and contented, and her officers as gentlemanly and good-tempered, as if she were the tranquil flag-ship at Portsmouth.

The Blue-Peter was flying on board this restless bark, and the English mails transferred from the Oriental steamer, when I hurried on board with my voluminous luggage. A man accustomed only to travel about England, with his couple of portmanteaus and a dressing-case, has little idea of the appurte-

nances of an Oriental traveller. There are no hotels by the wayside on *his* journey: the natives never travel, except from dire necessity, and then seldom change their clothes until arrived at their destination: when night comes on, they lie down to sleep in the open air, or in some filthy khan. An Englishman, therefore, with any regard to cleanliness or comfort, is obliged to travel with an assortment of goods like those of an upholsterer, comprising every article his various exigencies may require, from a tent to a toasting-fork. He must have bed, bedding, and dressing-room; a pantry, scullery, kitchen, and bakehouse, dangling on his camels: saddle, bridle, and water-bottles, arms of all kinds, carpets, mats, and lanterns; besides a wardrobe that would serve for a greenroom, containing all sorts of garments, from the British uniform to the Syrian turban, the Arab's kefieh, and the Greek capote. All these articles loaded a large boat to the water's edge, and took some time to transfer to the little packet, that lay pitching and straining at her anchor like an impatient steed that paws the ground.

After months of indolent life in sultry Egypt, among screaming Arabs or jabbering dragomans, to rush away over the lively waves, and hear English voices, and watch the steady conduct of English sailors, is a most

pleasant change. It was blowing very fresh as we ran out to sea, under a close-reefed mainsail, but the sun shone brightly, and the waves were of the purple colour that they wore to Homer's eyes; their foam flew from them in rainbow fragments, and the gallant little craft darted from wave to wave like the joyous seabirds that flew around her. Now she hovers for a moment on the watery precipice, now flings herself into the bosom of old Neptune, whose next throb sends her aloft again into the golden sunshine and the diamond spray, till the merry gale catches her drapery, and she plunges once more into the watery valleys as if at hide and seek with her invisible playfellow, the wind.

Our passengers consisted of two English officers, a Swiss merchant, and two Italian travellers; these, with the captain and lieutenant, made quite a crowd in the little cabin. They were all pleasant fellows, and our voyage savoured more of a cruise in a yacht than a passage in a packet. We never saw a sail, or caught sight of land, but now and then we had a glimpse of a dolphin, several flying fish fluttered on board with their iridescent wings, and lay panting, but apparently quite contented, on the deck.

the horizon ; and the clearness of the atmosphere, together with the speed of our yacht bounding before a southerly gale, made the magnificent panorama of the Lebanon start into sight, and develop its complicated beauty, as if by magic. At sunrise, a faint wavy line announced our approach to land ; at noon, we seemed in the very shadow of its mountains, and those mountains looked down upon the Holy Land !

For 1800 years, the Western world, in all its prosperous life and youthful energy, has looked with reverence and hope towards that hopeless and stricken but yet honoured Land. After ages of obscurity and oblivion as a mere province of a fallen empire, that country suddenly became invested with a glory till then unknown to earth. A few poor fishermen went forth from those shores among the nations, and announced such tidings as changed their destiny for ever. Human life became an altered state ; new motives, sympathies, and principles arose, new humanities became developed ; new hopes, no longer bounded by, but enlarging from the grave, animated our race. God had been amongst us, and spoken to us, as brethren, of our glorious inheritance.

It was natural, perhaps, that this bright hope and faith should degenerate into enthusiasm—the means

were confounded with the end ; the land of Palestine became, as it were, a geographical object of idolatry, and pilgrims rushed to its shores in countless multitudes, in the hope of laying down the burden of their sins upon its sacred soil.

The spirit of all Europe was warlike then ; sometimes vainly struggling at home in instinctive endeavours to arrive at freedom ; sometimes expatiating in any vague enterprise that promised exercise for its restless energy. The summons of the hermit Peter turned this spirit into a new channel, and the Cross became the emblem of devotion in the cause of chivalry, as well as of religion. That summons rent asunder every tie of love, and home, and interest : the warriors of England, France, and Austria, no longer knew a patriotism but for Palestine : no interest but for the Holy Sepulchre ; no love but that of glory. Then rolled for centuries the tide of war from Europe upon Asia. Baffled and beaten back, or perishing there fruitlessly like the rivers in its deserts, men learned at length that not by human means was glory to be restored to Palestine : its prosperity seemed still reserved into far times for the Children of the Promise. The Crescent shone triumphantly over Cal-

be spiritual—its inspiration no longer to be sought on earth.

This Holy Land, although no longer an object of bloody ambition, has lost none of the deep interest with which it once inspired the most vehement crusader. The first impressions of childhood are connected with that scenery; and infant lips in England's prosperous homes pronounce with reverence the names of forlorn Jerusalem and Galilee. We still experience a sort of patriotism for Palestine, and feel that the scenes enacted here were performed for the whole family of Man. Narrow as are its boundaries, we have all a share in the possession: what a church is to a city, Palestine is to the world.

Phœnician fleets once covered these silent waters; wealthy cities once fringed those lonely shores; and, during three thousand years, War has led all the nations of the earth in terrible procession along those historic plains. Yet it is not mere history that thrills the pilgrim to the Holy Land with such feelings as no other spot on the wide earth inspires; but the belief that on yonder earth the Creator once trod with human feet, bowed down with human suffering, linked to humanity by the divinest sympathy—that of sorrow; bedewing our tombs with his tears, and

consecrating our world with his blood. Such thoughts will influence the most thoughtless traveller on his first view of Palestine, and convert the most reckless wanderer into a pilgrim for the time: even the infidel, in his lonely and desecrated heart, must feel a reverence for the *human* character of one who lived and died like Him of Nazareth.

And now we can recognise Sidon and Tyre: now the Pine Forest, and the garden-covered promontory; and now we open the city of Beyrout, with its groves and dismantled towers, and the magnificent scenery that surrounds it. All reveries and abstractions speedily gave way to practical considerations the moment the anchor plunged into the water, and the sails came fluttering down. An officer from the Board of Health announced a quarantine of twelve days, but permitted us to take a cottage for ourselves, apart from the lazaretto. Here we were to be watched and guarded, like so many felons; yet still it was a reprieve from that great pest-house, the lazaretto, whose melancholy inmates we could see wandering to and fro upon their narrow rock.

The next day we landed, and took possession of our cottage, which was prettily situated in a mulberry-grove; my two countrymen shared my quarters;

while the Italians and the Swiss took possession of a terrace on which they pitched their tent, (with a hen-house in which they slept,) on the top of a cottage about a hundred yards from ours.

The first sensation of change, from the incessant pitching of the schooner to the repose of shore, was very agreeable; from the perpetual glare of the sun-stricken sea, to the soft green of the mulberry groves; and from our monotonous life on board to all the gay variety of Syrian scenery and its picturesque people.

Our cottage-prison consists of a large apartment open to the north; from this, branch off three sleeping apartments and a kitchen; and over all are terraces of various altitudes, commanding splendid views of the city and the bay. The only article of furniture on the premises when we took possession was a plank which served for sofa near the window, in front of which was a little gallipot garden, that presented the only verdure within our reach: this specimen of horticulture was tended with care by each successive prisoner, who found in every weedy plant that it contained a Picciola. For the rest, our comforts were but few, even when we had nominally furnished our apartments from the city: my pallet was laid on the cold stone floor, and

noonday sun and the midnight blast came pouring in unchecked.

Being laid up with a severe wound, I bore our quarantine with great philosophy, and was never weary of contemplating the novel scene of busy Syrian life around me. A large family occupied the lower part of our premises; and the small courtyard into which our window looked was busy with all the little domestic incidents of daily life, in which I soon took as much interest as if I had been one of the family. I sympathized with the changes of weather that affected the operations of the silkworms; I grieved for the illness of the little child; I took as much interest in the attentions paid by the young Syrian swains to Katarin and Dudu as they did themselves; and a baking or a washing day appeared to me full of importance.

There was an old Maronite lady, with a costume as indistinguishable in its various wrappings as were her features in their wrinkles. She had three daughters, the eldest of whom was married to the man who farmed the orchard and the groves. This dame was very handsome, and industrious, moreover, and, while she carried a sprawling, merry little imp at her open bosom, she was perpetually spinning silk on a spindle, and superintending the economy of her household.

Her two sisters were also very handsome; indeed, in my eyes, so long accustomed to Egypt's dusky faces, they seemed beautiful: their large dark eyes were full of expression, but had none of that sensational look so universal in Egypt, or the mournfulness of those of Nubia: their complexion was not so dark as that of a thorough-bred Italian, and there was a rich glow of health and freshness in their sun-coloured cheeks. The married women wore an extraordinary ornament that seems peculiar to them and to the unicorn, consisting of a horn from one to two feet in length, projecting from the upper forehead: this ornament (confined strictly to matrons) is made of tin or silver, according to the wealth of the wearer; it rests upon a pad, and is never taken off, even at night. At a little distance it gives a majestic and imposing character to the figure, and a veil hangs gracefully from it, which can be gathered round the shoulders, and enshrines the wearer as in a tent. The virgins wore their hair floating in exuberant curls over their shoulders: their dress is indescribable by male lips: all I can say of it is, that it is very graceful and pretty, and lavishly open at the bosom. The men, Christians as well as Moslems, wore turbans, loose drawers tied at the knee, and silk waistcoats buttoned up to the neck. Over

this was worn, on Sundays and holydays, a large loose robe, which gave to groups a very picturesque, as to individuals a very dignified appearance. I shall speak of the occupations of this Syrian family as a type of most others.

The household was astir at the first light; Eleesa, the comely matron, first gave liberty to the denizens of her poultry-yard, and then opened and shut more doors than I thought a village of such houses could contain. Then she called her pretty sisters, who seemed always loth to leave their beds: and then the screaming of children, the crowing of cocks, the lowing of cattle, and the woman-talk that ceased not thenceforth, announce that the day is fairly begun. Michael is ingeniously ploughing the ground between the mulberry-trees with a beautiful little pair of milkwhite oxen; Katarin and Dudu are picking mulberry-leaves for the silkworms; the old woman is crooning a low song, as she sits and spins in the early sunshine; and the little children are lisping Arabic requests for bonbons and backsheesh; a wayfarer diverges from the path to light his pipe, and refolds his turban as he recounts the news; then succeed other visitors, and all seem welcome, and all squat on the ground, and none derange the business that is going on. About noon,

the family assembles for a repast of bread and clotted milk, and cucumbers and celery, and some sort of thin soup redolent of tomatoes: and then they loiter about in the pleasant shade, and laugh, and enjoy the mere consciousness of living; and the matron smokes her nargileh,¹ and the man his chibouque, and then they disperse again to their light labours, until sunset restores them to their leisure and their supper. Then come some men of various ages, and gaily-dressed girls from the city, each sex arriving apart, and only joining company in presence of their mutual friends; or a priest perhaps pays a friendly visit with his dark robes and black turban; and the simple and social people continue in animated talk until the muezzin's call from the minarets announces the hour of prayer to the Moslem, and of retirement to these Christians.

Our quarantine lasted fourteen days, after which the surgeon of the Lazaretto and some health-officers came to inspect us, and declared us free. I confess I was almost sorry to leave our cottage and my fair friends below, with and without horns; yet, as I stepped into the boat which was to transport me across the bay, I felt the elasticity of restored freedom compensate for everything, even for its privation.

¹ Waterpipe.

Merrily we swept across that beautiful bay. The picturesque town sent forth its voices faintly on the water; boats shot backwards and forwards to the shipping, pulled by turbaned and bearded men; and, here and there, a solitary fisherman exercising his silent but absorbing skill upon parrot-coloured fish.

We landed about a mile beyond the town, on some rocks that were nearly level with the tideless sea, and showed numerous traces of the ancient city of Berytus. I had taken apartments in a house belonging to a Maltese, named Antonio Bianchi, whose *present* establishment I can safely recommend to travellers. He then lived in an old-fashioned Syrian house, surrounded by mulberry gardens, which were intersected by paths fenced off by impenetrable barriers of the cactus, or Indian fig. This plant abounds everywhere, and not only protects but shadows all the lanes, commonly attaining to the height of twelve or eighteen feet.

After a few days' residence with Bianchi, I removed to a cottage nearer to the sea, and farther from the town. It belonged to Antonio Tremisani, a Maltese, who had once been waiter at the Travellers' Club, in London, and who now conducted my simple ménage with as much neatness and elegance as if my dining

room looked out upon Pall Mall. Far different, however, was the view: that which I now beheld is perhaps the finest in the world.

Come out to the terrace, whereon a tent is pitched, and rest upon soft carpets in its shade; while Trim-seni lights your chibouque, and Raswan offers you a cup of Mocha coffee perfumed with ambergris.

Now we can contemplate the prospect in pleasant leisure, whilst our eye ranges like an eagle over earth, and sea, and sky.

From the rich gardens all round us rise numbers of cottages; and, as the sun is low, their gaily dressed inhabitants come forth on the flat roofs to breathe the cool breezes, and enjoy their pipes and coffee. There is a joyous, an almost festive look in all around us; the acacia blossoms are dancing in the breeze, the palms are waving salutations, and the flowers are flirting with one another in blushes and perfumed whisperings: the faint splash of the wave is echoed from the rocks; the hum of the distant city is broken by the rattle of the drum, and pierced by the fife with its wild Turkish music: flocks of pigeons rustle through the air, and to their cooing the woodpecker keeps time like a castanet, while the sea-birds scream an occasional

To the north, the Mediterranean spreads away to the horizon, blue and unbroken as the heavens that overarch it; and its bosom, too, is varied with its own light clouds of foam. Beneath us, in the offing, a proud English frigate and some French and Austrian men-of-war lie at anchor, dark and grim, like watchdogs over the white-sailed flock of merchantmen, that lie nearer to the shore. The bay is bordered to the right by the magnificent array of the Lebanon mountains, rising from the sea, in which their various hills, glens, and even crag-perched villages, are reflected. Each of those acclivities has a little tract of richly-coloured vegetation hanging from its shoulders like a tartan cloak, and wears a fortress for its crown: from the golden sands below, to the snowy tracts above, the Druse and Maronite districts may be traced as on a map. Nearer, and in front of us, appears the thin smoke of the city, surrounded by such of the picturesquely-ruined castles and fortifications as the British artillery has spared: encampments of green and yellow tents speck the ground at intervals amongst the groves. The consular flags of Europe are gaily fluttering over the flat-roofed town within, whose monotony is diversified with tower, and mosque, and

terraces, are groves of the fig-tree, the ilex, and the sycamore. Here and there, a small palm-tree waves its plummy head; hedges of flowering cactus, with their fat, fantastic leaves, enclose gardens of small mulberry and pomegranate trees, olives, melons, and cucumbers. The water's edge flings a creamy foam upon black rocks, frequently showing traces of edifices of the ancient city that have long since crumbled into gravel. And over all this is spread a chameleon sky, shot with every conceivable colour, that seems as if Iris were weaving some gorgeous canopy for sunset, so rapidly do the colours, which are her web and woof, come and go.

About this time, I was agreeably surprised by a visit from Prince K., whom I had met in the Tombs of Thebes. He was knocked up by his journey, and I was still unable to ride; so I took him in my boat to the "Nahr el Kelb," or Dog River; a stream that issues from a picturesque ravine about nine miles from Beyrout, on the road to Tripoli. The sea ran high, and the wind was as much as our little craft could stagger under as we ran along in the shadow of the Lebanon. On rounding a bold headland, a new scene disclosed itself: a deep valley opened in the very heart of the mountains, and from its green and pleasant

gloom the bright little river we were in search of gleamed suddenly into light; the steep hills that formed its banks were covered with dark shrubs below, and gray crags above, and crowned with a Maronite convent. A beautiful ruined aqueduct, tapestried with ivy and flowering parasites, ran along the base of the mountain; and a picturesque old bridge, shaped like a chevron, terminated the view; on the shore stood a khan, that rather resembled a bower, so thickly was it covered with vines and shaded by trees.

The entrance to this fairy spot was guarded from the angry sea by masses of black rocks, which have given name to the Dog River: the heavy surf beat out its purple masses into broad sheets of foam upon the beach, and there appeared to be no possibility of entering that secluded glen. For a few moments we lay-to, waiting for a "seventh wave;" then out flew the oars, and, bowered in spray, upheaved upon a mountain-billow, we bounded over the bar—floating by a sudden and strange transition into the calm river out of the stormy sea.

We found here some officers of the *Vernon*, who had ridden round to meet us; their carpet was spread under the shade of spreading sycamores, and we were soon reposing upon it in placid enjoyment of our chi-

bouques, while the Syrian servants bustled about, making preparation for the banquet. The horses were tethered in the shade, and our little boat lay moored by the silvery beach, over which a mountain cascade skipped, and laughed in concert with ourselves.

We dined merrily together on kid from the mountain, and omelettes made with herbs that grew wild about us; the wine was cooled in the cascade, and the coffee mingled its pleasant perfume with that of the aromatic shrubs on which it was boiling. Pipes, coffee, mountain-breezes, wild flowers' scents, superb scenery, sparkling torrents, neighing horses, the sea's deep roar, and a joyous party, made us think that the monks of the neighbouring convent might have pleasant times of it, after all, notwithstanding that this Eden of theirs was Eveless.

This was the site of the ancient Lycopolis, or Wolf-city: there are few or no remains of it except the aqueduct, and the name, degenerated as it is, into its canine appellation. On the rocks, however, that line the steep pathway, are some very curious figures and inscriptions, purporting that the warlike array of Egyptians, Persians, and Romans, had in their turn passed by: Sesostris, Cambyzes, and Aurelian, have been before us.

Another day, I went to dine at some distance from Beyrout, with a British officer of distinguished birth and gallantry, who has married a Maronite lady of great beauty, and settled in her country. After an hour's gallop over the rocky promontory on which Beyrout is situated, through lanes of cactus and gardens alternating with sandy tracts and groups of pine-trees, I arrived at a picturesque cottage, commanding a noble view of the Lebanon. I was sitting on the divan with my courteous host, smoking our chibouques, and talking about England, when his bride entered, dressed in her beautiful Arabian costume and still more beautiful smiles: I no longer wondered that he had abandoned his career, fame, fortune—everything—in such a cause. After dinner, which was dressed and served in Arab style, we adjourned to take our pipe and coffee on the house-top, where we passed a most pleasant hour.

The sun was setting in great glory on the sea, bathing the Lebanon in a flood of golden light like that of Raphael's Transfiguration. On each side of the peninsula on which we stood, two fine bays swept gracefully away to the right and left, till the eye reached Tripoli on the North, and Tyre on the South. Every glance flung over that sacred region brought

back a thousand associations that might have suited well with such an hour, but the beautiful Present absorbed the Past, and we had then no thought but for what fell upon the eye or ear. The soft evening hour had brought out each Syrian family to their house-tops, and the gardens round were thickly inhabited: from every terraced roof rose the faint clouds of the chibouque; blue, red, and purple dresses glittered on every group that was gathered round us, with the veil-enfolded horns of the matrons, or the black tresses of the maidens sparkling with golden coins. And the music of merry voices was heard from far and near, with sometimes a strain of song, or the tinkle of a guitar; the sea made its own solemn music on the distant shore, and the whole scene was one of perfect harmony, and peace, and beauty.

At Beyrout, however happily situated, I was only on the borders of the Holy Land, and considered every day lost that was deducted from my progress in the interior. On the 26th of May, I started for Jerusalem. It is the invariable practice in the East to make but a short journey the first day, encamping near the city, in order to supply the omission of any of the voluminous requisites of a style of travelling in which you

order, my little caravan consisted only of two luggage horses, besides my own animals: on one of these rode the muleteer with a faggot of pistols and daggers stuck in his capacious belt: his costume consisted of a red cap wrapped round with a Damascus shawl, a pair of petticoat trowsers, red slippers, and a faded jacket covered with still more faded embroidery. The first horse carried the tent on one side, the canteen and cooking-apparatus on the other, and some portmanteaus in the middle: the second was covered with mats, cloaks, carpets, leathern water-bottles, and Yussef, the muleteer. My servant, a young Syrian Christian, was very handsome and dandified in proportion, with a dress resembling that of the muleteer, only of more elegant fashion, and gaudier colours: he carried a brace of pistols on the high pommel of his Turkish saddle, a formidable sabre by his side, and my gun slung over his shoulder. A spare turban for great occasions, and a change of such linen as he could carry in his pocket, were his only luggage, besides those unfailing concomitants, arms, and a water-bottle. These men were my only companions for many weeks upon the road, except when a timid merchant or a wild Bedouin joined suspicious company for a mile or two, or a khan afforded gossip and coffee for half an

hour. I must not omit to mention, in the list of my companions, a docile Arab horse, the most useful, indefatigable, and only uncomplaining one amongst them all: I purchased him soon after my arrival in Syria; he had become as familiar as a dog during my stay at Beyrout, and when I was obliged to leave him invalided at Jerusalem, I felt as if I was parting with a tried old friend. All the other horses were hired, and their forage provided by their owner, who generally made use of whatever fields we happened to encamp near for the purpose. He was a patient, good-tempered fellow, and preserved that character for strict honesty so peculiar to his class, amongst a nation of thieves. It is a curious principle in human nature, that men are generally more true to their collective than to their individual responsibility. Remove a disorderly soldier to a well-disciplined regiment, and he becomes exemplary—convert a gossiping Venetian into a gondolier, and he becomes discreet—promote a thievish Arab into a muleteer's place, and he will straightway become an honest man.

Our way led along a narrow pathway, bordering on the sea as far as Beyrout, which we entered under a fortified gate where Turkish sentries were posted. The town itself is a confused labyrinth of lanes and

alleys, that sometimes expand into a market-place, or at least some space wide enough to afford passage for two abreast. Towards the sea there are several cafés open in front, filled with sailors, Arnaouts, Turks, and a few Syrians of the lower classes. There are also some mercantile houses here, whose clerks, bales of merchandize, and handbarrows, impart something of a European air to the quays. The streets are steep and ill-paved, or covered with flags, that afford uncertain footing even to an Arab horse. A strong-looking wall with battlements surrounds the town and about 10,000 inhabitants.

Beyrout is situated on the isthmus of a finely undulated promontory; and, in the valley that lies between that promontory and the mountains, spreads one of the richest and most varied tracts of verdure in the world. Gardens, groves, the gleams of a winding river, white cottages half covered by creeping shrubs, lanes of flowering cactus, alternating tracts of yellow sands, and clumps of pine-trees, afford a delightful range for the searching eye; while the sea terminates each vista to the north and south, and the Lebanon towers grandly to the East. To the West, as we pass along this valley, are visible the houses of the resident Franks, who add the comforts of the

West to the picturesqueness and luxury of the East. Their galleries are open towards the mountain, and, *giaours* though they be, they are often to be seen quite quietly sitting in their verandahs, or reposing on their terraces, enjoying the fragrant weed that intensifies their perception of the beauty of their splendid view.

After proceeding for some time through a narrow lane, with hedges of thickly-clotted cactus, we emerged into the romantic pine-forest about which Lamartine has written such pretty rhapsodies. An open space of bright soft sand shoots pathways in every direction through the shade, whose pleasant gloom soon terminates their vistas. At the foot of each old tree is a little circular carpet of verdure, looking at a distance like the shadow of its pine: the majestic groves of older growth, intermingled with the tender green of the young plantations, canopy the whole region around with a various and chequered shade. The caravans pass along noiselessly on the soft verdure or the yielding sand; not a sound is heard but that of the far-off sea, and the faint rustle of the branches. Through the deep foliage, a view of the impending Lebanon occasionally breaks, and cool breezes, that

about in each natural bower and shady nook. The glades, and banks, and pathways, and arenas, present the very scene that Romance would select for the warrior's or the lover's delectation—for "passages of arms" or of poetry.

About an hour from the city, (we measure distance here by time) you pull up at a pretty khan, where a trough of water quenches your horse's glowing nostrils, and you can ask your way, and light your pipe.¹ Thence by sandy paths, or rocky tracks, through two or three flat-roofed villages, whose inhabitants sit spinning silk in the shade of rustic colonnades; and then we reach the shore, bordered by thick jungle, or rocky steeps. As the sun went down, we came to the river Damour, and encamped there for the night: our own tent and fire, and the stream that ran at our feet, supplying all our wants.

The next morning, as the sun rose over the Le-

¹ These khans afford a mere temporary shelter to travellers in this part of Syria, while in the south-east, and in Egypt, they are of immense extent, and form receptacles for whole caravans, that bring thither their own forage and provisions. In the latter case, they are frequently called "caravan-serai"—"serai," or seraglio, meaning a *palace* or large *house*. In the former instance, of which I speak here, the khan is a sort of public-house, which generally supplies barley for horses; and pipes, coffee, sour milk, and water-melons for their riders. They are scattered along the road at about half-days' journeys, or from ten to fifteen miles apart.

banon, we forded the river Damour, which runs into the sea from a beautiful valley among banks and islands thickly strewn with oleander. In about two hours I halted under the shade of a sycamore, to wait for some officers of the Vernon, who had promised to accompany me as far as Djouni, on my Jerusalem way. Near us was a khan, whence we procured barley and water for our horses, and eggs, milk, and fire for our cooking: mats and carpets were spread in the shade; macaroni and coffee boiling on a fire of dried branches; and our horses feeding under the shelter of some olives—when a cheer was heard, and four sailors were seen galloping along the shore, impatient to rally round the fire whose smoke above the trees announced its friendly offices beneath. Ample justice being done to the banquet, we were soon in the saddle once more, and sweeping along over hill, and vale, and rock, and sandy bay, until we came in sight of the venerable city of Sidon. Thence we turned off to the left towards the mountains, through mulberry and olive groves; passing by a pretty hamlet, and then along the banks of a river spanned with antique bridges and overhung with pleasant shade.

The road, winding sometimes along a deep ravine, sometimes over a mountain's brow, was nothing but a

steep and rocky path, which in England a goat alone could be expected to travel. Our horses, however, went along it at a canter, though the precipice sometimes yawned beneath our outside stirrup, while the inner one knocked fire out of the rocky cliff, and the ground not unfrequently gave way the moment the hoof had left it, and plunged into the chasm far below. The views were fine and various; deep, rich valleys, sprinkled occasionally with a flat-roofed cottage, a vineyard, or a mill; a capricious stream gliding or rushing along under its oleander shade; steep hills, speckled with gray crags, or overgrown with the bay-tree and the myrtle; here and there, a town, with a very fortress-look, crowned some steep acclivity; or a wood of sycamores gloomed over the pale rocks.

It was late when we came in sight of two high, conical hills, on one of which stands the village of Djouni, on the other, a circular wall, over which dark trees were waving; and this was the place in which Lady Hester Stanhope had finished her strange and eventful career. It had formerly been a convent, but the Pasha of Sidon had given it to the "prophet-lady," who converted its naked walls into a palace, and its wilderness into gardens.

The sun was setting as we entered the enclosure, and

we were soon scattered about the outer court, picketting our horses, rubbing down their foaming flanks, and washing out their wounds. The buildings that constituted the palace were of a very scattered and complicated description, covering a wide space, but only one story in height; courts and gardens, stables and sleeping-rooms, halls of audience and ladies' bowers, were strangely intermingled. Heavy weeds were growing everywhere among the open portals, and we forced our way with difficulty through a tangle of roses and jasmine to the inner court; here, choice flowers once bloomed, and fountains played in marble basins; but now was presented a scene of the most melancholy desolation. As the watch-fire blazed up, its gleam fell upon masses of honeysuckle and woodbine; on white, mouldering walls beneath, and dark, waving trees above; while the group of mountaineers who gathered round its light, with their long beards and vivid dresses, completed the strange picture.

The clang of sword and spur resounded through the long galleries; horses neighed among bowers and boudoirs; strange figures hurried to and fro among the colonnades, shouting in Arabic, English, and Italian; the scene was a most extraordinary one.

their heavy wings, and the growl of distant thunder filled up the pauses in the rough symphony.

Our dinner was spread on the floor in Lady Hester's favourite apartment; her death-bed was our sideboard, her furniture our fuel, her name our conversation. Almost before the meal was ended, two of our party had dropped asleep over their trenchers from fatigue: the Druses had retired from the haunted precincts to their village, and W——, L——, and I, went out into the garden to smoke our pipes by Lady Hester's lonely tomb. About midnight we fell asleep upon the ground, wrapped in our capotes; and dreamed of ladies, and tombs, and prophets, till the neighing of our horses announced the dawn.

After a hurried breakfast on fragments of the last night's repast, we strolled out over the extensive gardens. Here many a broken arbour and trellis, bending under masses of jasmine and honeysuckle, show the care and taste that were once lavished on this wild but beautiful hermitage: a garden-house, surrounded by an enclosure of roses run wild, lies in the midst of a grove of myrtle and bay-trees. This was Lady Hester's favourite resort during her lifetime; and now, within its silent enclosure,

“After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well.”

The hand of Ruin has dealt very sparingly with all these interesting relics; the Pasha's power by day, and the fear of spirits by night, keep off marauders; and, though *we* made free with broken benches and fallen doorposts for fuel, we reverently abstained from displacing anything in the establishment, except a few roses, which there was no living thing but bees and nightingales to regret. It was one of the most striking and interesting spots I ever witnessed: its silence and beauty, its richness and desolation, lent to it a touching and mysterious character that suited well the memory of that strange hermit-lady, who has made it a place of pilgrimage, even in Palestine.¹

The Pasha of Sidon presented Lady Hester with the deserted convent of Mar Elias on her arrival in his country, and this she soon converted into a fortress, garrisoned by a band of Albanians: her only attendants besides were, her doctor, her secretary, and some female slaves. Public rumour soon busied itself

¹ While Lady Hester Stanhope lived, although numbers visited the convent, she almost invariably refused admittance to strangers. She assigned as a reason the use which M. de Lamartine had made of his interview. Mrs. T., who passed some weeks at Djouni, told me, that, when Lady Hester read his account of this interview, she exclaimed, "It is all false; we did not converse together for more than five minutes; but, no matter—no traveller hereafter shall betray or forge my conversations." The author of *Eöthen*, however, was her guest, and has given an interesting account of his visit in his brilliant volume.

with such a personage, and exaggerated her influence and power. It is even said that she was crowned Queen of the East at Palmyra by 50,000 Arabs. She certainly exercised almost despotic power in her neighbourhood on the Mountain; and, what was perhaps the most remarkable proof of her talents, she prevailed on some Jews to advance large sums of money to her on her note of hand. She lived for many years, beset with difficulties and anxieties, but to the last she held on gallantly: even when confined to her bed and dying, she sought for no companionship or comfort but such as she could find in her own powerful, though unmanageable mind.

Mr. Moore, our consul at Beyrout, hearing she was ill, rode over the mountains to visit her, accompanied by Mr. Thomson, the American missionary. It was evening when they arrived, and a profound silence was over all the palace; no one met them; they lighted their own lamps in the outer court, and passed unquestioned through court and gallery, until they came to where *she* lay. A corpse was the only inhabitant of the palace, and the isolation from her kind which she had sought so long was indeed complete. That morning, thirty-seven servants had watched every motion of her eye: its spell once darkened by death,

every one fled with such plunder as they could secure. A little girl, adopted by her and maintained for years, took her watch and some papers on which she had set peculiar value. Neither the child nor the property were ever seen again. Not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except the ornaments upon her person: no one had ventured to touch these; even in death she seemed able to protect herself. At midnight, her countryman and the missionary carried her out by torchlight to a spot in the garden that had been formerly her favourite resort,



and here they buried the self-exiled Lady.

CHAPTER II.

SIDON, TYRE, AND ACRE.

We wandered on to many a shrine,
By faith or ages made divine;
And then we visited each place
Where valour's deeds had left a trace;
Or sought the spots renowned no less
For Nature's lasting loveliness.

The Troubadour, by L.E.L.

The road down the mountain was full of interest, and on reaching the plain we found a path that lay along the banks of a sparkling river, leading us out upon a finely curved and yellow-sanded shore. We galloped along these sands for several miles, and then entered Sidon, through a guardhouse and covered way filled with Turkish soldiers. We passed several groups along the shore that would each have made a highly-coloured painting: those who have been struck by the picturesqueness of gipsy encampments in England may fancy the amusement a wayfarer continually finds in a country where such life is universal; but, in the latter,

the long beards of the Moslem, the gay colours of their dresses, and the trowsered women, with their various veils and turbans, infinitely diversify the groups.

Sidon is as irregularly built, and has streets as narrow, and as much varied by bazaars, cafés, and stables, as the other Oriental towns I have endeavoured to describe. Its fortifications offered considerable resistance to the Anglo-Austrian-Turkish army in the late siege: the Archduke Ferdinand was the first to enter the breach when effected on the land side; the attack was well supported by the fire of the British fleet.

There are some remains of Fakreddin's palace, standing out into the sea, and only connected with the town by a long and narrow bridge: into this palace a body of Turkish troops had been thrown, but they hesitated to cross the bridge, swept as it was by the fire of the Egyptian troops. A mate on board one of the English steamers, named Cummins, observed their hesitation, and entreated permission from his commanding officer to land and lead them: this was granted with some difficulty: the young sailor pulled to the palace in the dingey, leaped ashore, and called on the Turks with a cheer to follow him. He sprang upon the bridge under a shower of balls, and was half

way across it before his infidel allies dared to support him: they came on them with the bayonet, and the western town was won. This was told to me by Maquire, one of the officers of the Vernon, who was riding by my side; he omitted to mention that his own forehead had been laid open by a bullet while gallantly leading another attack on the same place.

Sidon is called Saida in the language of the country. It contains about 7000 inhabitants, the greater number of whom are Moslems, the remainder Jews, Maronites, and Greek Christians. Until the time of Fakreddin, it had a good port, but that Emir filled all the harbours along the coast in order to prevent the Sultan's fleets from anchoring here, when he revolted from his authority. The citadel is said to have been built by Louis XI., and commands a fine view of the orchards and gardens, diversified with country-houses, that ornament the environs. The principal trade of the town, consisting of silk, cotton, and nutgalls, has been transferred of late years to Beyrout.

This is the most ancient city of Phœnicia: mention is made of it in the Pentateuch and Homer: it was assigned to the tribe of Asher, in the division of the Promised Land by Joshua, but never was subdued by the Israelites. For wealth, commerce, luxury, vice,

and power, it was unequalled in the Levant, until Tyre outstripped it, and Salmaneser conquered it. Thence it passed successively under the rule of the Persians, Macedonians, Syrians, Egyptians, Romans, Arabs, and Crusaders. It was an opulent city at the time when Christ visited its territory; it sent a bishop to the council of Nice in 325. Its destruction was accomplished by Melek Adel, the brother of Saladin, in 1197; afterwards it partially recovered at intervals, to be as often destroyed.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Fakreddin restored it to considerable importance, and rendered it the seaport of Damascus, whence it is distant only three days' journey: after this, it became almost a colony of the French, but they were driven out by Djezzar Pasha in 1791, and, since then, European vessels seldom approach its dangerous coast.¹

Early on the 29th of May, I started for Tyre, which, seated on a peninsula, soon became visible from the coast along which I rode. The way was profoundly lonely: I did not meet a living creature throughout the day, except some Syrian girls who drew water for me at a well near Sidon. As evening closed in, I found myself on a wide, solitary plain, diversified only

by a dark and almost stagnant river:¹ heavy clouds were hanging on the horizon, thunder muttered ominously among the distant hills, bull-frogs were croaking harshly on the banks—the whole scene wore an aspect of utter desolation. Fording the stream where it reached my saddle-bow, I spurred on to the ruins of a Saracenic castle commanding the passage of the river, and, entering under a low, vaulted passage, found myself in the courtyard of a ruin that seemed a capital specimen of a robber's haunt: dark caverns and gloomy vaults appeared in every direction; the old walls of the donjon towered over my head, and there was probably no one living outside its walls for ten miles round: the appearance of two armed Arabs whom I found here was as little prepossessing as the aspect of the place, but it was too late to be fastidious. I flung the rein of my horse to one of the strangers to be led about, and, ordering the other to make a fire instantly, I sat down upon a fallen column, and lighted my pipe. The assumption of authority generally confers the possession of it in a country where every one is unknown to his neighbour: the Arabs looked at each other for a moment, then set about obeying the orders of their

¹ This is the Liettāni, the Leontes of ancient times, which waters the vale of Baelbec.

extempore tyrant; my horse was cool, and a cheerful fire blazing, when my servants arrived.

We kept watch by turns during the night, having shared our supper with the Arabs; they prowled about all night; but the next morning I was cantering along the sands to Tyre, before the sun rose upon that ill-favoured castle. Passing the ruins of an aqueduct on the left, and some columns of granite on the right along the shore, I came to the isthmus by which Alexander connected the mainland with the island, in order to invest the city which then occupied the latter. The original Tyre seems to have been built upon the continent: it was founded by a Sidonian colony, 240 years before the building of Solomon's Temple, to which its king, Hiram, largely contributed. This city has dearly purchased its celebrity, having been besieged by Salmanaser, Nebuchadnezzar, and Alexander; Antigonus, the Romans, the Saracens and Crusaders; Egyptians, Turks, and—of course—by the English, the motto of whose artillery is "UBIQUE."

Tyre was visited by Christ and by St. Paul; it became a Christian bishopric in very early times. In the fourth century, Jerome speaks of it as the finest city in Phœnicia; and the Venetians held it for many

for commerce, wealth, and manufactures. I confess I was disappointed in its appearance. Its strength and beauty of position, and even its desolation, were less than I had expected : it is an ugly, little, matter-of-fact looking town, containing perhaps 5000 inhabitants, of the usual squalid but contented, or rather resigned, appearance. The buildings occupy the northern side of the peninsula ; on the southern side, it is true, there are some rocks lonely enough, if it were *very* early in the morning, for “ fishermen to dry their nets upon ;” but Ezekiel’s prophecy was accomplished long ago.

As Palæ Tyrus was probably the only city in existence here at the time the prophecy was uttered, “ that Tyre should be utterly destroyed and never rebuilt,” it is evident that it could not allude to the present town, which has been rebuilt at least nine times. The former was probably called Palæ Tyrus only for distinction (after the modern town had risen) ; it is supposed to have occupied a space about a mile from the shore, where a steep rock marks the site of its ancient citadel.

Bounding the plain, there rises a bold range of hills, extending far into the sea, called formerly the “ Promontorium Album.” Surmounting this, we came in view of a wide and fertile plain, with the town and

fortress of Acre in the distance, relieved off the heights of Mount Carmel, which terminated the seaward view. Descending from the mountain to this plain by a very steep and difficult path, called anciently "the ladder of Tyre," we traversed the plain for some hours: it was only partially cultivated, the greater part consisting of grassy tracts tufted with rushes, and occasionally sheltered by groups of trees under which shepherds watched their flocks. A few villages were scattered widely apart, each with a large walled enclosure to protect their cattle at night from the foraging Bedouin.

As evening approached, the plain grew very lonely, though I met some shepherds anxiously hurrying their herds homeward: their country looked quite Arcadian, the evening was calm and beautiful, yet anxiety and fear were depicted in every countenance. We soon learned that there had been a battle on the plain the day before, and the people were hourly expecting a renewal of hostilities from the Bedouin who had been repulsed. One or two of these wild horsemen had passed me at a gallop, and I met several more in a body soon afterwards: they drew up along the path as I approached, but, though they did not offer the usual salutation, they permitted me to pass unquestioned. I then pulled up to wait for my servants,

and, offering some tobacco, entered into such conversation with them as I could maintain.

These fellows always appear on a journey as if they were going to war ; and indeed these occupations are almost synonymous with tribes " whose hand is against every man's ;" when they *do* go to war, there is nothing in their outward appearance that displays any change from their most peaceful guise. Their wild fierce eyes, and screaming voices, and vehement gestures, made them anything but agreeable company, especially at such an hour ; and it was with no slight feeling of release I heard their " salaam," as I rode off to overtake my baggage-horses, which had now passed by.

As I rode towards Acre, I met many travellers, all armed to the teeth : they drew close together as I approached, although alone, for my people had gladly joined company with some other wayfarers : as they were in enjoyment of security and society, I pushed on unattended towards the place of my destination. I soon overtook a Bedouin, who was splendidly mounted, and seemed to welcome my arrival as a spectator of the prowess and beauty of his horse : the squalidness of his appearance contrasted curiously with the richness of his arms and the proud carriage of the animal he rode. Observing my admi-

ration, he dashed his sharp stirrups into his horse's flanks; flew forward, and wheeled round me at a gallop, whirling his tufted spear above his head with loud cries, and then pulling up short beside me. He was then in high good humour; he even praised *my* horse, and proceeded to eulogize the English and Ibrahim Pasha, who appears at present to be considered as the hero of the East. We were then in sight of Acre, and I asked him if he remembered our bombardment: suddenly his countenance lighted up as if it reflected the magnificent explosion, and he exclaimed, "Ibrahim Pasha; taib, taib!" (*very good*) "pop! pop! pop!"—"Ingeleez,¹ taib kheteer" (*excellent*)—"hoo! Bombe!" and, so saying, he shot his lance high into the air, to illustrate the explosion as compared with the Egyptian's fusillade.

We now approached the encampment of his tribe, which he pointed out, and asked me to accompany him thither. I declined the tempting invitation, and soon afterwards reached Acre, where, they say, it will require ten years of labour to repair the effects of ten hours of English fire.

Ptolemais, Acre, or, as the Syrians call it, Akka, is imposing-looking from the outside; but within, it

¹ The English.

is poor, dirty, and irregularly built. Some hundred Turkish soldiers and many impressed peasants were at work upon the fortifications: but there was little other appearance of activity or life within its silent streets.

Beyrout, Sidon, and Tyre, had been successively captured for the Turks by our squadron under Commodore Napier, almost as rapidly as he could cruize along the coast. On the 3d November, 1840, Admiral Stopford was joined by the Commodore off Acre, and, a flag of truce being rejected, they went to work at once. The town was commanded and the artillery directed by Colonel Schultze, a Pole in Mehemet Ali's service: he was known in the Egyptian army as Youssef Aga, and had obtained considerable distinction in the Syrian war. He found the guns upon the fortifications very badly mounted; and, as the artillerymen were proportionately inefficient, he laid the guns himself so as to command the line of buoys placed at night by the British boats, concluding that they marked the stations which our ships were to occupy. Unfortunately for his plans, these buoys only marked the soundings—the path, and not the resting-places — of our gallant fleet. The powerful steam-frigates required no moorings: running in close

under the walls, they took up their positions, and laid their guns with as much precision as so many batteries of horse-artillery; the rest of the squadron, separating into two divisions, opened a cross-fire from the north and south-west upon the town. The *Phoenix*, with the Admiral on board, began the action about noon, and plied her powerful artillery with such accuracy, that she cleared and dismounted every gun upon the fortifications, where her shot could find space enough in the embrasures to enter by: many of our ships, especially the *Castor* frigate, were anchored within musket-shot: and the rattle of innumerable small arms filled up the momentary pauses left by the booming of a thousand guns.

The whole mass of the lofty fortifications appeared like one great volcanic mountain, enveloped in a pyramid of cloud-like smoke, through which the lightnings flashed, and the thunder pealed from every battlement and bastion. The ships, too, enveloped each in its own canopy of flame-pierced smoke, surrounded the fiery promontory like a Liparian *Cyclades*: the day was gloriously bright; and the glimpses of the magnificent scenery around, appearing through vistas of white smoke-clouds reflected in the water, were described to me by an eyewitness as producing the

grandest conceivable effect. The cannonade seemed to reach a climax in the explosion of the powder-magazine of Acre, which, through all the brilliant sunshine, threw a glare upon the distant hills, and sent two thousand Egyptians in fragments to the skies : the batteries to the southward then ceased to fire, from want of hands to work the guns, but those to the northward were fought bravely to the last. In the night, the Egyptians evacuated the town ; and on the following morning the British and their allies took undisputed possession of the strongest fortress in the Levant.

It was not the strength of these fortifications, however, powerful as they were, but the desperate resistance of the British and those whom they animated, that beat back Napoleon from these walls on the 18th of March, 1799.¹ “Yonder is the key of the East,” said he truly to Murat, as he sat down before Acre. When nine murderous but vain assaults, sixty days’ suspense, and the ravages of the plague, had “*affoiblissé le moral du soldat*” and avenged the wholesome massacre of Jaffa, the French raised the siege, and re-entered Cairo under an arch of triumph !

But it is to the Crusades that Acre owes its chief

¹ *Expeditions en Egypt et en Syrie.* Par J. Miot. Second edit.

interest. It was to them, as to Napoleon, the "Key of the East." Its old walls have echoed to the war-cries of the lion-hearted Richard and Saladin ; and there are few families of ancient blood whose ancestors were not among the Christian host under these beleaguered towers.

THE BIVOUC.

CHAPTER III.

THE BIVOUC, AND MOUNT CARMEL.

The hot sun shrinks from the land of the Kurd,
As the welcome cry to halt is heard.
Weary and faint were they who had striven,
Through the sultry hours when that sign was given:
From the courser's back each has loosed his rein,
And he feeds at will on the verdant plain,
Or drinks of the fount that is gushing by,
While the evening breeze wakes rejoicingly.
And Arab and Frank in brotherhood share
A luxurious rest in the perfumed air;
And that balmy sense of entire repose,
Which the trammelled spirit too seldom knows.

Amou.

I swear to thee, by my holy order, by the habit which I wear, by the Mountain of our blessed founder, Elias, even him who was translated without suffering the ordinary pangs of mortality.

The Talisman.

Towns in the East are so disagreeable, and have so few resources; the country is so beautiful and full of interest, that I always felt a lively pleasure in passing out from the guarded gates of some old city to return to the tent and the wild pathway of the plain or mountain. Travel in the East is the occupation of

your whole time, not a mere passage from one place of residence to another; the haunts of men soon become distasteful, and their habits irksome, to one accustomed to the wild freedom and perfect independence of an Eastern wanderer's life: the very hardships of the latter have a charm, and its dangers an excitement, all unknown to the European traveller.

You are wakened in the morning by the song of birds, which the sleeping ear, all regardless of the jackall's howl or the ocean's roar throughout the night, yet recognises as its expected summons. You fling off the rough capote, your only covering—start from the carpet, your only couch—and, with a plunge into the river or the sea, your toilet is made at once. The rainbow mists of morning are still heavy on the landscape while you sip your coffee; but by the time you spring into the saddle all is clear and bright, and you feel, while you press the sides of your eager horse, and the stirring influence of morning buoys you up, as if fatigue could never come. The breeze, full of Nature's perfume and Nature's music, blusters merrily round your turban as you gallop to the summit of some hill to watch the Syrian sunrise spread in glory over Lebanon, Hermon, or Mount Carmel. Meanwhile, your tent is struck; your various luggage

packed upon the horses, with a completeness and celerity that only the wandering Arab can attain to, and a heap of ashes alone remains to mark the site of your transient home. Your cavalcade winds slowly along the beaten path, but you have many a castled crag, or woody glen, or lonely ruin to explore: and your untiring Arab courser seems ever fresh and vigorous as when he started. Occasionally you meet some traveller armed to the teeth, who inquires news of the road you have come, and perhaps relates some marvellous adventure from which he has just escaped. He bristles like a porcupine, with a whole armoury of pistols, daggers, and yataghans, but his first and parting salutation is that of "Peace!" — in no country of the world is that gentle word so often used, or so little felt.

Some khan, or convent, or bubbling spring marks your resting-place during the burning noon: and you are soon again in motion, with all the exhilaration of a second morning. Your path is as varied as your thoughts; now over slippery crags, upon some view-commanding mountain's brow; now, along verdant valleys, or through some ravine, where the winter torrent was the last passenger. Oleanders in rich bloom are scattered over the green turf; your horse treads

odours out of a carpet of wild flowers; strange birds of brilliant plumage are darting from bough to bough of the wild myrtle and the lemon-tree; lizards are gleaming among the rocks; and the wide sea is so calm, and bright, and mirror-like, that the solitary ship upon its bosom seems suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between two skies.

All this time you are travelling in the steps of prophets, conquerors, and apostles; perhaps along the very path which the Saviour trod. "What is yonder village?" "Nazareth." "What yonder lake?" "the sea of Galilee." Only he who has heard these answers from a native of Palestine can understand their thrilling sound.

But evening approaches; your horse's step is as free, but less elastic than fourteen hours ago. Some wayside khān or village presents itself for the night's encampment; but, more frequently, a fountain or a river's bank is the only inducement that decides you to hold up your hand: suddenly, at that sign, the horses stop; down comes the luggage; and, by the time you have unbridled and watered your horse, a carpet is spread on the green turf, and a fire is already blazing. As you fling yourself on the hard couch of

tendants presents you with the soothing chibouque, while another hands a tiny cup of coffee; this at once restores tone to your system, and enables you to look out upon the lovely sunset with absorbing satisfaction. Meanwhile, your tent has risen silently over you; the baggage is arranged in a crescent form round the door; the horses are picketted in front. Your simple meal is soon despatched, and a quiet stroll by moonlight concludes the day. Then, wrapped in your capote, you fling yourself once more upon your carpet, place your pistols under your saddle-pillow, and are soon lost in such sleep as only the care-free traveller knows.

I had been only three hours in Acre, but the transition from its melancholy streets to the open country was delightful. I rode past St. George's Mount, and forded the little river Belus, whence the route lay among shrubberies of valonidis and laurustinus, and by the banks of "that ancient river, the river Kishon." We read of this brook drowning many fugitives in the discomfiture of Sisera's host; and of similar performances on its part after the Turks were defeated by the French at Mount Tabor; now, it runs meekly and unostentatiously into the sea, not six yards wide, and scarcely reaching to the horses' knees. A fine avenue

of sycamores partly shades the path to Caiffa, a pretty, little, gaily-bazaaed town, which we traversed; and, after some steep climbing, arrived at the summit of Mount Carmel, where the promontory looks out upon the sea. The view from here is very grand, but somewhat saddening, from the loneliness and want of cultivation that everywhere meet the eye—an immense expanse of ocean, unenlivened by a single sail; wide tracts of land, unchequered by a village; and, at the base of the mountain, a few half bald corn-fields, and some olive and sycamore trees. The “excellency of Carmel is” indeed “departed;” but there is still much that is romantic and interesting in the character of the mountain and the view that it commands. Beyond the beautiful bay to the north, the town and fortress of Acre stands boldly out into the sea; on the south, the extensive ruins of Castel Pelegrino and a wild range of mountains bound the horizon.

After a glance from the heights, I descended to the convent, a large, unadorned building of two stories high, with a dome in the midst. I was received with great kindness by the fathers; and, having met with an accident in ascending the mountain, I stood not a little in need of their hospitality. It was an agreeable surprise, instead of the usual bare, whitewashed cell,

to find here a neat little sitting-room, such as one meets in Welsh inns ; there was even, I think, a carpet on the floor, and certainly there were chairs and tables, rare luxuries in these parts. What struck me most, however, were some pretty hand-screens, which my host told me with pride had been painted by a “ *bellissima signora*,” during her stay at the convent. There were numerous names of lady-visitors in the fathers’ book ; and very pleasant it must be to those of the gentler sex who venture upon this rough Syrian travelling, to rest their delicate limbs even for a night on these soft couches of the Carmelites. From the sitting-room, a corridor leads to four bed-rooms, neatly furnished, and extremely clean : one of these, to the great credit of the fathers, is even adapted for the reception of a married couple. In this hospitable convent I remained for five days, unable to leave my room, and most kindly attended by Fra’ Jean Battista, and Fra’ Clementi. The latter was a meek and resigned-looking young monk, probably not more than thirty years of age, but eleven of these he had been withering in a convent : the former is a very remarkable man.—Jean Battista is now seventy years old, yet his eye is as full of fire, and his energy as fresh, as when he first assumed the cowl in penance for errors

that were perhaps the consequence of his temperament. That very temperament, when acting upon different motives, built up this convent where there had formerly been a monastery of some consideration:—indeed the whole mountain was once sprinkled over with little hermitages, wherein the followers of Elijah sought for the sources of his inspiration in the scenes that had witnessed his trials and his triumph.

These hermits died upon the mountain, and with them the solitary spirit: those who afterwards sought retirement here were contented to find it in communion with fellow-sufferers, and the convent still survived. During the siege of Acre, by Napoleon, it was converted into a hospital for the wounded; and, after their retreat, blown up by the Pasha, as much out of vengeance as precaution. Jean Battista, in making a pilgrimage to Elijah's cave, some twenty years ago, found only an altar and an archway there; but he made a vow upon the spot that he would rebuild the sanctuary; and what his strong will determined, his resolute energy accomplished. He travelled over Europe, begging as a friar for this purpose during fourteen years, and now the stateliest convent in Palestine rewards his labours. Although its founder, he is only a lay-brother, having appointed a superior over

himself and the twenty-four Carmelites who are lodged here, and who dispense provisions to the poorer pilgrims: for these they have built a separate hospice.

Each monk has some peculiar office: that of Fra' Clementi consisted in receiving and entertaining guests; Jean Battista manages the temporal affairs, and the rest are occupied in some manner known only to themselves. I scarcely ever saw these last; but, while I took my meals, Fra' Clementi used to sit with me: a coarse, brown cloth hood and cassock, a rope girdle, and sandals, constituted his dress: his voice was soft and low, particularly when he spoke of that home in Italy he was never to see again. He had taken the vows merely as other men enter on a profession, without any particular vocation for doing so; although only nineteen when he assumed the Carmelite's cowl, he had never repented of his dreary vows. So he said, at least, and probably believed: although his expression of countenance was sad enough, there did not seem energy enough left in his hopeless heart for repining.

There are panthers, partridges, hyænas, and wild-boars on the mountain; the few goatherds who invade its lonely valleys are always armed, and drive their flocks into stone enclosures before nightfall. The

gamekeeper (or destroyer,) employed by the brothers of the convent was unfortunately absent, but they assured me that wild boars abounded here, and that partridge and quail were very numerous.

A more tempting spring or summer residence for any one in search of retirement could scarcely be imagined than this convent—magnificent scenery, the finest air, the calmest solitude at command; Italian spoken in perfection in the only society; and excursions within easy reach to Nazareth, Acre, Athlit, Esdraelon, Mount Tabor, and Cæsarea Philippi. The rule of the convent is to entertain a stranger for a fortnight only, but they are too happy to continue their hospitality as long as he chooses to remain, provided he will take up his quarters occasionally in the hospice, when newer guests and stronger claimants on the convent arrive.

The diet is simple, perhaps too much so, for those who have not become accustomed to Eastern habits. Meat, except pigeons, is unknown, and even in that form is very rare; soup made of vegetables; bread, eggs, coffee, and milk are the principal diet; there was also to be had a refreshing cordial (in which brandy figured advantageously) prepared by Fra' Clementi's own attenuated hands.

There are some very curious fossils found in a field

near the convent; these are called petrified fruits by the inhabitants, and bear an exact resemblance to melons and olives¹ in shape and colour. I believe there are other varieties in this stony garden, but these were all I saw: Fra' Clementi gave me the following account of their origin, not as a fact, I must observe, but as a legend. A churlish sort of Israelite, the Nabal of his neighbourhood, possessed a luxuriant orchard here in Elijah's time: the prophet passing by one day, and oppressed by thirst, requested this churl to give him a little fruit out of the abundance that had been bestowed upon him. "You are mistaken, old man," was the inhospitable answer; "what you see are only stones." "Many a true word is spoken in jest," said the wayfarer, or words to that effect, and past on his journey. The gardener, on turning round, found that his own assertion was made true; and the pilgrim may now freely gather the fruit that was refused to the Prophet 2,600 years ago.

The convent is built over the cave in which Elijah is said to have taken refuge from the persecution of Ahab, and a little lower down is a larger cavern called the "Cave of the Prophets," wherein Obadiah sheltered and fed the faithful about the same time.

¹ These "olives" are the spines of the fossil echinus. They are better known as the *Lucie Judicia*, which abound in the

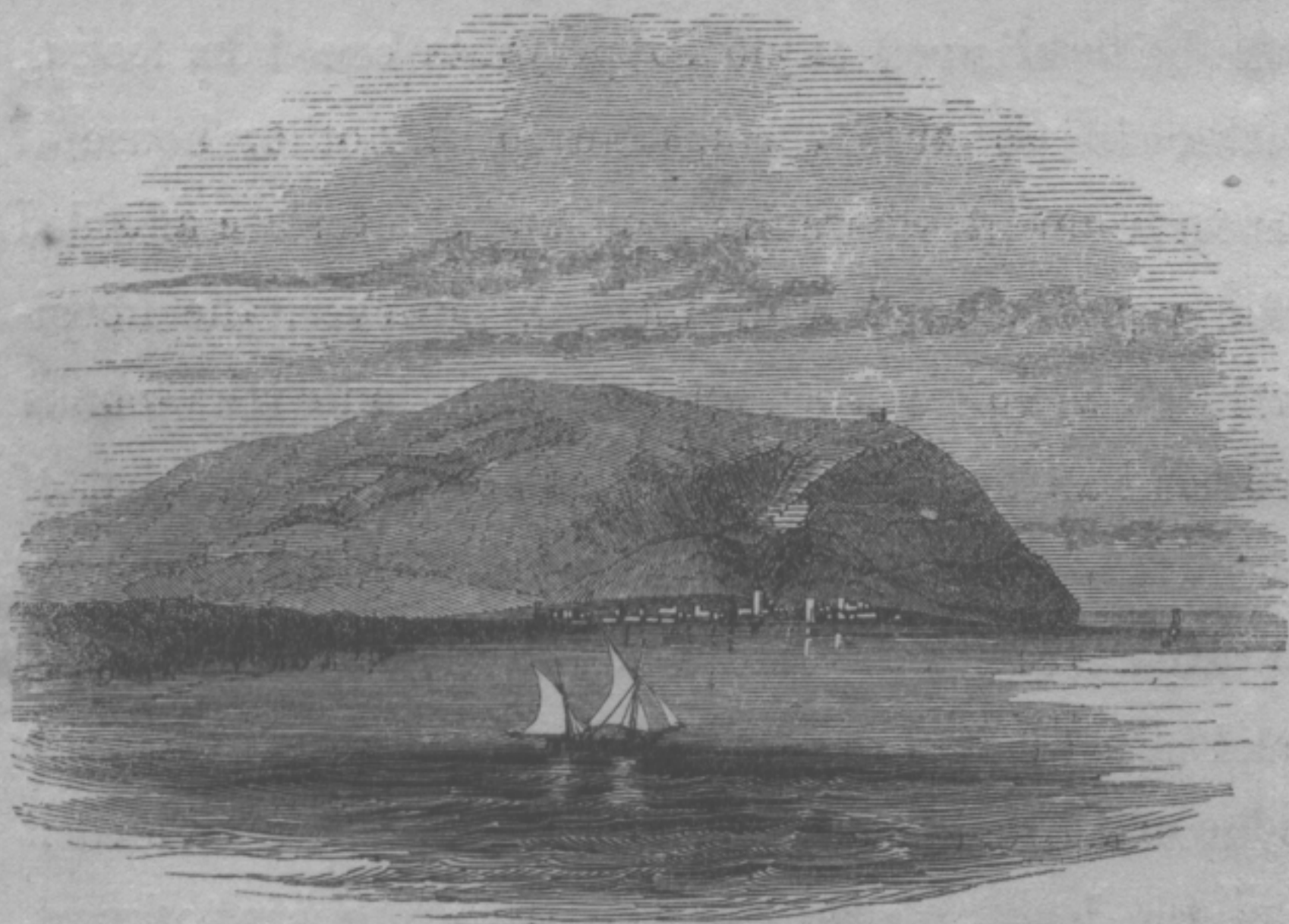
The day before my departure, I went out upon the mountain in search of game : I only got a shot at one hyæna, which I wounded, but he escaped from me among cliffs where my horse could not follow. I then rode into Caiffa, to order horses for my journey, and found that every beast of burden had been pressed by the Turks, for the transport of some regiments that were marching to Beyrout. The Sultan's firman would have compelled the governor to find horses for me, but I was always indisposed to use its authority for such a purpose ; as the requisition would have been made of some poor farmer, whom no money could probably repay, or he would have hired his horses freely. I therefore engaged a vessel to take me to Jaffa, a distance of about sixty miles, and the captain said he could take my own horse on board of her without difficulty. As it was an open boat, and did not draw above three feet of water, I was puzzled to know how this was to be accomplished ; but as it frequently *was* done, and must be done, I left the arrangements to Syrian ingenuity.

The next morning, at daylight, I was awakened by Jean Battista coming to take leave of me. He was about to ride to Beyrout, a distance of one hundred miles, which he calculated on accomplishing in three

days; and yet his years were seventy. Soon after his departure, two donkeys, bagged to the ears, were to be seen picking their steps daintily down the steep path, with a very unwilling pedestrian in the shape of my servant assisting their proprietor to prevent the tottering little animals from rolling down the precipice. I presented Fra' Clementi with a somewhat larger gratuity than usual at departure, "not as repayment for the hospitality I had enjoyed, but as a grateful tribute to the convent and its charities." These establishments are almost the only hotels in Palestine, and their inmates always receive payment from those who are able to afford it. While those who differ from their faith cheerfully pay these very moderate demands, the being allowed to do so prevents one from feeling otherwise towards them, than to any other house of entertainment, where fire, food, and shelter are afforded for a price: at Mount Carmel, however, the hospitality was so genuine, and the attention of the monks so kind and cordial, that I had no feeling but that of a grateful guest as I took my leave.

My horse had become quite pampered during his rest, and now caracolled down the mountain's side, with a somewhat ill-timed display of activity. Poor fellow! it was the last day's health and strength he was to know.

Arrived at Caiffa, I handed him over to the captain of my transport, and went into the town about some business: when I returned, I found the poor brute laid on his side on a bed of sand in the hold of the pinnace; his fore-feet firmly bound together, and his girths lashed to the gunwale. I was struck with remorse, as he raised his speaking eyes to mine, (he could not move his head,) and seemed to appeal against this treatment. However, every one told me it was always thus that horses were transported; that we should run to Jaffa in six hours; and, in short, become somewhat of a fatalist, I bowed to necessity, thought of Islam, lighted my pipe, and gave orders to make sail from



MOUNT CARMEL.

As soon as we got out to sea, the wind changed, and blew in half a gale from the southward: the boat was undecked, and the sea broke over her at every plunge: the coast was iron-bound, and inhabited by robbers and outlaws who found shelter in its desolation. At one tack, we ran close to the extensive and imposing ruins of Athlit, the Castel Pelegrino of the Crusades; at another, the lurid moon revealed the ghastly remains of Cæsarea Philippi. When we neared the shore, the jackall's cry mingled with the wild passionate sobbing of the wind and the roar of the surf, and my poor horse would prick his ears at that familiar though dismal sound. Then the night closed in gloomily, and I fell asleep with the poor brute's head upon my knees, half wakened by every plunge of the creaking boat, and the moaning and struggles of my servant and horse, who seemed to suffer equal terror and distress. Daylight found us far from shore; the wind higher, and the waves wilder than ever; a burning sun burst out upon us, and burnt fierce headaches into our unsheltered and unturbaned brows. We had scarcely a rag of sail set to the storm, but when the gale caught us on the ridge of a wave we were gunwale-under in a moment, and the leaking seams of the labouring boat grated

ominously in our ears. The Syrian sailors showed both nerve and skill; standing out bravely against their inclination to run before the wind and regain the port of Caiffa. The weary day passed without variety, or any refreshment but hard eggs and muddy water, and night came on as dark as Erebus. There was no compass on board, and we only knew of our course when the roar of surf against the rocks announced to our ears that it was time to tack.

The second morning dawned on a long, low, sandy shore, terminated by a small promontory, on which stood Jaffa among its green gardens—looking cool, pleasant, and welcoming, contrasted with the surrounding desert and the foaming sea. Its harbour is a miserable little enclosure of rocks, which breaks the force of the Mediterranean waves, and just enables one to disembark. My horse was lifted out, and lay motionless on the sands, with the spray beating over him; it was an hour before he was able to stand and follow me, which he did like a dog, up the steep streets of this dreary town.

Joppa was so called, says the Abbé Geramb, from Japhet, the son of Noah, who, it seems, contracted a taste for maritime pursuits during his long cruise in the Ark. He built a seaport here, from whence

Jonah took shipping, when "he fled from the presence of the Lord." "Near here," says St. Jerome, "I saw the remains of the chain wherewith Andromeda was bound to the rock, until delivered by Perseus from the sea-monster[!]" Hither Hiram sent cedar of Lebanon, for the building of the Temple: here St. Peter saw the vision of things common and unclean; and here Tabitha was raised from the dead.

The town is a labyrinth of khans, convents, narrow lanes, deserted ruins, and waste places, with a few dingy streets leading from one wretched quarter to another. There are no such things as stables in these parts, so I was forced to put up my horse in a vaulted passage half blocked up by the ruins of a castle. The Franciscan convent is spacious enough to shelter 1000 men, and at Easter, and other seasons of pilgrimage, is often quite full: it contains an immense number of courts, house-tops, galleries, terraces, and corridors, with narrow, dirty, whitewashed cells for us—pilgrims.

In the evening I went out, like all the Joppaites of ancient and modern times, to enjoy the cool breeze upon the house-top; and, looking over the flat-roofed city, saw its various surfaces all alive, and sprinkled with gaily-dressed Syrians, for here even the Christians

wear the Eastern habit. The Superior of the convent sat with me for some time, and professed to point out the house-top whereon St. Peter prayed, and saw the great vision of Tolerance. This establishment, it seems, is merely a hospice, not a convent, strictly speaking; it is occupied only by four Spanish Franciscans, whose duty it is to receive and cherish pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem.

The next morning, I visited our Consular agent, a civil old Arab, who told me I had better wait for a caravan, or take an escort to Jerusalem, as the road was just then very unsafe. This is an almost invariable observation in Syria, made by every one in authority to every traveller who inquires his way. Having smoked his pipe and declined his offers of service, I rode forth upon my crippled horse, whose native spirit soon flung off his weariness; and stepping out as proudly as ever, he seemed endeavouring to disguise his stiffness. The town appeared much better this morning; the bazaars and markets seemed full of business, and looked very gay, with Syrian silks and shining arms, and a profusion of fruit, flowers, and vegetables. The fortifications are rather respectable for an Eastern town, consisting of a wide ditch, a covered way, and a glacis, together with bastions

and battlements along the walls. Jaffa made an honourable resistance to Buonaparte, and only 3,800 troops were left to surrender as prisoners of war, trusting to the Faith of Mercy, which the deluded infidels supposed was professed by their godless invaders: they were butchered to a man in cold blood upon the following day.¹

The gateway was now filled with Turkish soldiers, and opened on a vacant space between it and the draw-bridge, presenting a very picturesque appearance: in front is a handsome marble fountain, engraved with many pious Arabic inscriptions, which recommended the traveller, as he quaffed the stream, to bless the Giver of it. An arcade of thickly-clustering vines shaded the enclosure, round which were recesses thronged with a gowned and bearded multitude, smoking and chatting gravely, or playing chess as intently as in that sublime sketch of Retzsch's, where Man gambles away his soul to Satan. Groups of picturesque and dark-eyed girls displayed the most graceful attitudes as they bent to fill their water-jars, or balanced them daintily on their veiled heads.

A broad sandy path leads from the town through

¹ *Miot* (Expeditions en Egypt et en Syrie) and *Denon* (2nd edit.) confirm Sir Robert Wilson's fearful story of this massacre.

rich gardens, shaded by cypresses and mimosas, and hedged with gigantic cactus, to another handsome fountain, and an open space sheltered by palms: under these, several parties of travellers, with their kneeling camels and their little fires, were luxuriously resting. After some three miles, the road opened upon the wide Plain of Sharon, sprinkled with the iris, wild tulip, and almost every flower, except its own peculiar rose.

The Hill-country of Judea lay before us in a faint blue ridge; the plains of Ascalon extended on the right; the high tower of Rama appeared in the distance; and the next evening we were to rest at JERUSALEM!¹

Towards sunset, we reached Ramleh, and beat loud and long before we obtained admittance into the Franciscan convent outside the walls: this is a similar establishment to that I had just left at Jaffa, equally spacious, and only garrisoned by three Spanish monks. In the various cool cloisters and high-walled courts, shaded by the lemon, the orange, and the palm-tree,

¹ The vast plains that lie between the Hill-country and the sea are very partially cultivated; but the luxuriant corn and rich grass that grows wild prove how readily it can bring forth abundance, and that it is upon the inhabitants and not the soil that the curse still lies. Once, twenty millions of people, it is said, dwelt in plenty and prosperity, where now some 1,800,000 find a scanty sustenance. The more I see of Turkish rule, the more admirably does that rule appear adapted to accomplish a denouncing prophecy.

the air was delightfully refreshing; for it was now near midsummer, and we had swept the plain of Sharon at a gallop that soon distanced our temporary caravan.

When I came down to dinner in a place like a cellar (only there was no wine in it), the fat Superior told me that I had fallen upon a fast-day, but bade me welcome to such fare as the refectory afforded. This consisted of a mass of smashed eggs, by way of an omelette, some cucumbers, and a dish of rice stewed in grease: there was good bread, however, and with this and my own tea, I contrived to practise abstinence even towards Lenten diet.

One of these Franciscan monks appeared to belong to a higher order of birth and intellect than any I had yet met with. He accompanied me to the house-top, where my pipe and coffee were served, and inquired anxiously about the state of Spain and the war in the Basque provinces, which I told him I had witnessed. He became quite enthusiastic in his nationality when I spoke of the oak-tree of Guernica and the Fueros of his native country, the Basque provinces; but when I asked him whether he was Carlist or Christino, he checked himself suddenly, and said with humility,

Soon afterwards he left me to myself, and keenly did I enjoy that first evening of my Judean travel. It appeared almost incredible to me that in a few short hours I should stand within the walls of Jerusalem; yet there lay the path to it, opening among the hills of Judah, as they rose in beauty from Sharon's varied plains. The setting sun threw a rich glow upon the deep groves in which the picturesque town lay buried; the air was the balmiest I ever breathed; myriads of birds were singing enthusiastically in the palms and olive-branches; the laughter of the village children sounded merrily from their playground; the lowing of cattle, the hum of insects—all was in perfect harmony and keeping. And then the strange, unusual appearance of the town over whose roofs I looked, Asmodeus-like, from the lofty convent terrace! All the female inhabitants were pursuing their various occupations in the open air, in the courtyards, or on the roofs of their houses, which were all pimpled with little domes rising out of their flat roofs, and covered like them with grey stucco: this, with the minarets, gave a very peculiar effect to the downward view. About half a mile from the town are the magnificent ruins of an ancient khan or mosque, or both, with a lofty tower, that serves as a landmark for many miles

around. It was very amusing to watch the town taking its evening meal, "al fresco," each party invisible to its neighbour owing to partition walls, but open to my inspection as I stood on the convent watch-tower. Then the women began to array themselves for the night, all unconscious of a stranger's presence; start not, gentle reader, for there was no *dis*-arraying; the Ramlehan maidens merely put on a loose white garment over their day-dress, and lay down to rest under the quiet sky.

My sleeping cell was less squalid than in the Jaffa convent, but still was such as no English felon would be obliged to occupy. There were mosquitoes, too, as thick as gnats under a summer bough; and it was without any interruption of slumber that I rose soon after midnight to start for Jerusalem. How soft and beautiful was that night, as its breezes whispered among the orange and the palm-trees in the cloistered courts, and the moon shone tenderly over forlorn Palestine and that far-off silvery sea, that led the thoughts insensibly away, even from Jerusalem, to Europe and to home!

Fra' Gonzaga, the Biscayan monk, got up to see me start, and in reply to my complaints of the mosquitoes, observed, as if he was proud of them, "Non

sono moltissimi?" He then glanced complacently at my breakfast-table, which was served with eatables that Ugolino would have shrunk from; and wished me "un buon' appetito" with a grim smile that had no relation whatever to a joke.

Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea, was the seat of government in the Theocratic days of Israel: here Samuel judged the people, and here the elders of the Hebrews assembled to demand a king to rule over them. It is now a mean, straggling town, without fortification, but surrounded with gardens and olive-groves, that give it somewhat of a cheerful aspect. We passed through a cemetery in the twilight, and saw flocks of goats and sheep *following* their shepherds to the pasture, from which they are driven into the town every evening. Many travellers were already on the road, collecting together for the purpose of security, and all furnished with some kind of arms, from the long musket to the candjia in their girdle. Our way lay among wide plains, very scantily cultivated, and without a vestige of inhabitants; the path was wide, and, though sandy, not deep enough to be laborious to the horses. After two hours' travel, we came to the ruins of Ekron—a fortress commanding the Passes into the Hill-country; then the road entered a

defile of rocky mountains ; numerous shrubs, the laurustinus, the privet, and the bay-tree, were thickly scattered over the steep acclivities. Wilder and wilder grew the scenery at each winding of the road, toppling precipices closed round us, and our little party gathered closer together as they unslung their musquets—the van looking more like a storming party than a company of peaceful travellers.

There is some instinctive love of danger in every breast ; and, fortunately for our interest, a party had been robbed and ill-treated two days before in these defiles : the preparations therefore that we made were of a most imposing character. A fat old tobacconist and a lean barber rode on heroically as an advanced guard ; a couple of tinkers and a Turkish soldier brought up the rear ; three or four camels, half a dozen horsemen, with a couple of donkeys carrying panniers of children, formed the main body, in which my anxious servants deeply ensconced themselves ; while a young Swiss, three or four Turkish cavalry soldiers, and myself, gave our horses to be ridden by some of the tired pedestrians ; while we ranged the cliffs as skirmishers, in actual hope of a gazelle or partridge, and professed anticipation of an Arnaout, or some native robber.

Soon becoming tired of playing at soldiers in a scene like this, I summoned my unwilling servants, and spurred forward as fast as almost inaccessible rocky paths would permit. I felt the utmost impatience to reach Jerusalem ; and, moreover, a burning sun had been shining on us for many hours, and a well was before us. At length we reached it ; but—

“ Vain was the hope that had lured us on—
Our trust in the desert ! the waters were gone.”

Some damp mud alone remained, which the muleteer and his horses rather chewed than drank.

Henceforth, our path necessitated one perpetual climb, scramble, or slide : slippery rocks, yawning into deep fissures, or so round and smooth as to render firm footing impossible, constituted the only road. Yet this has been for four thousand years the highway between Jerusalem and the western plains that border on the sea. Chariots never could have been used here ; and it would be impossible for cavalry to act, or even to advance against a hostile force.

The scenery resembled that of the wildest glens of Scotland, only that here the gray crags were thickly tufted with aromatic shrubs ; and, instead of the pine, the sycamore, the olive, and the palm, shaded the

We passed by the village of Jeremiah, and "the Terebinthine Vale." In the last we recognise the scene of David's combat with Goliath, and its little brook still sparkles here as freshly as when he picked pebbles thence to smite the Philistine. Generally speaking, the river beds were as dry as the path we trod, and this was the only stream but one that I saw between Jaffa and the Jordan. A large caravan was assembled on its banks, with all its picturesque variety of laden camels, mules with gay trappings, mountain cavaliers with turban and embroidered vest, veiled women on donkeys, half-naked Arabs with long spears, dwellers in cities with dark kaftan, or furred pelisse. All, however various their nation, profession, or appearance, were eagerly quaffing the precious stream, or waiting under the "shadow of a high rock" for the caravan to proceed.

The hills became more and more precipitous as we approached Jerusalem; most of them were of a conical form, and terraced to their summit. Yet, on these steep acclivities, the strenuous labour of the Israelite had formerly grown corn, and wine, and oil; and, on the terraces that remained uninjured, the few present inhabitants still plant wheat, and vineyards, and olive groves. There was no appearance of

water, except the inference that might be drawn of wells within the few villages that hung upon the mountains' side.

The pathway continued as rough as ever, while we wound through the rocky defiles leading to the upper plains ; but it was much more frequented, and I had joined a large and various company, for the sake of listening to their talk about the City that now absorbed every other interest. At each acclivity we surmounted, we were told that the next would reveal to us the object of our destination ; and at length, as we merged upon a wide and sterile plain, the leading pilgrims sank upon their knees—a contagious shout of enthusiasm burst from the excited wanderers ; and every man of that large company—Arab, Italian, Greek, and Englishman—exclaimed—each in his own tongue—“ El Khuds !” “ Gerusalemma !” “ Hagiopolis !” “ THE HOLY CITY !”

CHAPTER IV.

JERUSALEM.

Of earth's dark circlet once the precious gem
Of living light—O fallen Jerusalem!

SOUTHEY.

Ecco! apparir Gerusalem si vede!
Ecco! da molti voci unitamente
Gerusalemma salutar si sente.

TASSO.

It was indeed JERUSALEM—and, had the Holy City risen before us in its palmiest days of magnificence and glory, it could not have created deeper emotion, or been gazed at more earnestly or with intenser interest.

So long the object of eager hope and busy imagination, it stood before me at length in actual reality—the city of David, the chosen seat of God, the death-place of his son, the object of the world's pilgrimage for two thousand years! All its history, so strangely blended with holiness and crime, with prosperity and desolation, with triumph and despair; and a thousand

associations came thronging into recollection, peopling its towers and surrounding plains with the scenes and actors of long, eventful years. These feelings I shared in common with the humblest pilgrim that was kneeling there, and, in some respects, he had even the advantage of me; he had made infinitely greater sacrifices than I had done, and undergone far heavier toils to reach that bourne. Undistracted by mere temporal associations, *he* only saw the sacred spot wherein the Prophets preached, and David sung, and Christ had died.

The whole cavalcade paused simultaneously when Jerusalem appeared in view; the greater number fell upon their knees and laid their foreheads in the dust, whilst a profound silence, more impressive than the loudest exclamations, prevailed over all: even the Moslems gazed reverently on what was to them also a holy city, and recalled to mind the pathetic appeal of their forefather—"Hast thou not a blessing for me, also, O my Father?"

When the crusading army, thinned by pestilence, privation, and many a battle-field, gazed upon the view before us, that warrior-host knelt down as a single man; sobs burst from their mailed bosoms, and tears streamed down their rugged cheeks. Those

tears, and not the blood so profusely shed upon the plains of Palestine, were the true evidences of the Crusading spirit.

Apart from all associations, the first view of Jerusalem is a most striking one. A brilliant and unchequered sunshine has something mournful in it, when all that it shines upon is utterly desolate and drear. Not a tree or green spot is visible; no sign of life breaks the solemn silence; no smile of nature's gladness ever varies the stern scenery around. The flaming, monotonous sunshine above, and the pale, distorted, rocky wastes beneath, realize but too faithfully the prophetic picture—"Thy sky shall be brass, and thy land shall be iron." To the right and left, as far as the eye can reach, vague undulations of colourless rocks extend to the horizon. A broken and desolate plain in front is bounded by a wavy, battlemented wall, over which towers frown, and minarets peer, and mosque-domes swell; intermingled with church-turret and an indistinguishable mass of terraced roofs. High over the city, to the left, rises the Mount of Olives; and the distant hills of Moab, almost mingling with the sky, afford a background to the striking picture.

There was something startingly new and strange in

that wild, shadowless landscape; the clear outlines of the hills, and the city walls—so colourless, yet so well defined against the naked sky—gave to the whole a most unreal appearance; it resembled rather an immense mezzotinto engraving, than anything that nature and nature's complexion had to do with.

I am not sure that this stern scenery did not present the only appearance that would not disappoint expectation. It is unlike anything else on earth—so blank to the eye, yet so full of meaning to the heart; every mountain round is familiar to the memory; even yon blasted fig-tree has its voice, and the desolation that surrounds us bears silent testimony to fearful experiences. The plain upon which we stand looks like the arena of deadly struggles in times gone by—struggles in which all the mighty nations of the earth took part, and in which Nature herself seems to have shared.

Each of our party had waited for the other to finish his devotions, and seemed to respect each pilgrim's feelings with a Christian courtesy, perhaps inspired by the spot. At length, all had risen from their genuflexions and prostrations, and we moved slowly forward over the rugged yet slippery path which human feet had worn in the solid rock. Countless had been the

makers of that path—Jebusites, Hebrews, Chaldeans, Assyrians, Egyptians, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, and pilgrims from every country under heaven. As we advanced, some olive-trees appeared, and deep valleys on the left, slightly marked with pale, green gardens. An enclosure concealed the prospect for a while, and then again the City of Zion appeared, shadowing with its battlemented walls the barren rocks around. As we approached, nothing but these walls were visible, presenting probably, with their massive gates and lofty towers, the same appearance as they wore to the Crusader's view: here and there, a turbaned head was visible, and the Crescent banner was waving from David's tower; a few tents, green, white, and blue, were scattered round, as if forsaken in a hurry; and all else looked as if it had been laid waste in order to afford no shelter to an enemy.

I had always pictured to myself Jerusalem as standing upon lofty hills, and visible from afar. It is, on the contrary, on the edge of the wide platform by which we approach from Jaffa, and is commanded by the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Scopus, and other eminences, from which it is divided by the deep and narrow ravines called the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the Vale of Hinnom. These ravines meet in the form

of a Y, the lower part of which describes the precipitous glen through which the brook Kedron flows in winter to the Dead Sea.

The site of the city is in itself unique ; selected originally from the strength of its position only, it offers none of the features usually to be found surrounding the metropolis of a powerful people. No river nor any stream flows by ; no fertility surrounds it, no commerce is able to approach its walls, no thoroughfare of nations finds it in the way. It seems to stand apart from the world, exempt from its passions, its ambitions, and even its prosperity. Like the high-priest who once ministered in its temple, it stands solitary, and removed from all secular influences, and receives only those who come to worship at its mysteries. All the other cities of the earth are frequented by votaries of gain, science, luxury, or glory : Zion offers only privations to the pilgrim's body, solemn reflection for his thoughts, awe for his soul : her palaces are ruins, her hostels are dreary convents, her chief boast and triumph is a Sepulchre.

After some resistance from the Turkish sentinels, I entered the Pilgrims' Gate under a lofty archway, and found myself in Jerusalem !

On the left within the walls is a waste place strewn with ruins, and containing a broken cistern, called the "Pool of Bathsheba;" on the right is pointed out the Hill of Zion, whereon "David's Tower" maintains its ground in tradition, if not in truth. From this open space three streets, or rather roads, (for they are almost houseless,) branch off; that to the left leads to Calvary and the convent of the Terra Santa: that to the right to Mount Zion, the English Church, and Armenian convent; and that straight onward, to Mount Moriah, where stands the Mosque of Omar, and the collection of villages that is called the city.

I betook myself to the hospice of the Latin convent, where I found a whitewashed cell and an iron bedstead at my disposal. It was dismal enough; but long travel under a Syrian sun prevents one from feeling fastidious, and it ill becomes a pilgrim to complain on Calvary.

The convent, whose guest I now found myself, is the wealthiest and most influential of all those in Palestine. It is called by distinction *the* Convent of the Terra Santa, and has possessions handed down from the times of Godfrey de Bouillon: the other Latin convents in Syria pay deference to this, the chief guardian of the Holy Sepulchre.

Mounting a fresh horse, I repassed the gate by which I had entered on the southern side, and, with no guide but memory, rode forth to make a circuit of the city, "to walk round about her, and mark well her battlements." Sadly has all been changed since this proud challenge was spoken, yet the walls are still towering and imposing in their effect. They vary in height from twenty to sixty feet, according to the undulations of the ground; and are everywhere in good repair. The columns and architraves, (at least as old as the Roman-conquered city,) that are worked into these walls instead of ruder stones, bear eloquent testimony to the different nature of their predecessors. A bridle-path leads close to their base all round; the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat yawn suddenly beneath them on the west, south, and north, separating them from Mount Gihon, the Hill of Evil Counsel, and the Mount of Olives. These hills are utterly barren, and lonely as fear can make them. Though within gunshot of the city, robberies are here committed with impunity, and few people venture to leave the walls without being well armed and attended. The deep gloom of the Valley of Hinnom; the sterility of all around; the silence and desolation so intense, yet so close to the city; the sort of *memory* with which I could trace

each almost familiar spot, from the Tower of Hippicus to the Hill of Scopas, made this the most interesting excursion I ever undertook. Now we look down upon the Pool and Valley of Gihon from the summit of Mount Zion; now upon the Vale of Hinnom, with the Pool of Siloam, and Aceldama beyond the brook; now over Mount Moriah, with the Valley of Jehoshaphat beneath, and the village of Siloam on the opposite side, scattered along the banks where Kedron used to flow. Then, passing through the Turkish cemetery and over the brook Kedron, we come to the venerable garden of Gethsemane, in which, say the legends, still stand the olive-trees that sheltered Christ. This garden is only a small grove, occupying perhaps two acres of ground, but it is one of the best authenticated scenes of interest about Jerusalem. From it, a steep and rocky path leads to the three summits of the Mount of Olives, on the loftiest of which stands the Church of the Ascension. An Armenian priest admitted me into the sacred enclosure, motioned to a little monk to lead about my horse, and led the way in silence to the roof of the church. From hence is the most interesting, if not the most striking, view in the world.

From such a summit might the great Leader of the

reward of their desert wanderings. From it, is laid bare every fibre of the great heart of Palestine. The atmosphere is like a crystal lens, and every object in the Holy City is as clear as if it lay within a few yards, instead of a mile's distance. Each battlement upon those war-worn walls, each wild flower that clusters over them, is visible: the dogs prowling about the waste places among the ruins, and cactus, and cypress; the turbaned citizens slowly moving in the streets; all are recognizable almost as clearly as the prominent features of the city.

The eminence called Mount Moriah lies nearest to our view, just above the narrow valley of Jehoshaphat. The city wall passes over the centre of it, embracing a wide enclosure, studded with cypresses and cedars, in the centre of which stands the magnificent Mosque of Omar. This is of a very light, fantastic architecture, bristling with points, and little spires, and minarets; many of these have gilded crescents that flash and gleam in the sunshine; while the various groups of Moslems, sitting on bright carpets, or slowly wandering among the groves, give life and animation to the scene. The Mosque occupies the site of the Temple, and is held holy by the Moslem as the spot whereon Abraham offered Isaac for a sacrifice. To the left of the mosque-

enclosure within the walls is a space covered with rubbish and jungles of the prickly pear; then part of the Hill of Zion, and David's Tower. To the right of the enclosure is the Pool of Bethesda, beyond which St. Stephen's Gate affords entrance to the *Via Dolorosa*, a steep and winding street along which Christ bore the Cross in his ascent to Calvary. To the right of this street, and towards the north, stands the hill of *Acra*, on which *Salem*, the most ancient part of the city, was built, they say, by *Melchisedek*. This hill is enclosed by the walls of the modern town; but the hill of *Bezetha* lies yet further to the right, and was enclosed within the walls that the Romans stormed. Beyond *Bezetha* stands the Hill of *Scopas*, wherefrom *Titus* gazed upon Jerusalem the day before its destruction, and wept for the sake of the beautiful city.

But from the Hill on which *we* stand, One other also wept over that fated city. No conquering armies lay around it then; luxury and plenty revelled among its marble palaces; there was then large hope on earth, and a new hope just dawned that lighted up the dark passage of the grave, and showed through its narrow vista a glorified image of that city so dear to its inhabitants—a new Jerusalem. In vain that hope! The indomitable Jew had once before impatiently re-

jected God as his king, and demanded a being like himself "to reign over him:" he now refused to listen to Him, albeit of the house of David, who by his own confession "spake as never man spake;" and even, in his perverseness, boasted "that he had no king but Cæsar." *Then*, indeed, "did the sceptre depart from Israel." Foreign banners might wave upon her towers, foreign tyrants might grind her with oppression; but a nation never can know slavery, until its SPIRIT is voluntarily bowed beneath the yoke.

Whatever beauty may have distinguished the city in the day of its evil pride, there is little now within the wide enclosure of its walls to claim an interest, except the unchangeable hills on which it stands. Here and there is a cluster of flat-roofed buildings, then a space bewildered with weeds and ruins; here is a busy street, with vines sheltering its bazaars, and coloured crowds streaming through it; and there is a deserted garden, with a few dreary olive-trees and cypresses shading its burnt soil; here is a mosque, with its heavy dome and its pert minarets; and there is the capacious church that covers the Holy Sepulchre.

The eye wanders away with a feeling of relief from this most mournful city, to the wide, strange prospect that surrounds it. Far to the south, we look over the

barren but magnificent hills of Judah, with vistas through their rocky glens of the rich valley of the Jordan, and the calm, green waters of the Dead Sea, whose surface gleams on either side of a foreground formed by the lofty village of Bethany. Beyond Jordan and the Sea of the Plain, the mountains of the Moabites tower into the clear blue sky, and are reflected in brown and purple shadows on their own dark, mysterious Lake.

Beneath us is the Garden of Gethsemane, the Valley of Hinnom with its Tophet, and the Vale of Jehoshaphat with its brook Kedron, which meets the waters of Siloam at the Well of Job. The Tombs of the Kings, of Nehemiah, of Absalom, and of the Judges, lie before us; the caves of the Prophets everywhere pierce the rocks, that have so often resounded to the war-cry of the Chaldean, the Roman, the Saracen, and the Crusader. Beyond the city spreads the Vale of Rephaim, with Bethlehem in the distance: every rock, and hill, and valley that is visible bears some name that has rung in history. And then the utter desolation that everywhere prevails—as if all was over with that land, and the “rocks had indeed fallen, and the hills indeed had covered” the mighty, the beautiful, and the brave, who once dwelt there in prosperity and

peace. No flocks, no husbandman, not any living thing is there, except a group of timid travellers—turbaned figures, and veiled women, and a file of camels—winding along the precipitous pathway under the shadows of the palms.

Descending from the Mount of Olives, I re-entered the city by St. Stephen's Gate, where Turkish soldiers constantly keep guard; turning to the left, I visited the Pool of Bethesda, and then wandered slowly along the Via Dolorosa, in which is pointed out each spot where the Saviour fell under the burden of the Cross, as he bore it to Calvary along this steep and rugged way.

In after days, I impatiently traversed the squalid city, with a monk for my guide, in search of its various localities of traditionary sanctity; but I will not ask the reader to stoop to such a labour. My monkish cicerone pointed out to me where Dives lived, where Lazarus lay, where the cock crowed or roosted that warned Peter of his crime, and even where the blessed Virgin used to wash her son's linen. It is difficult to speak of such things gravely; and yet I would not have one light feeling or expression intermingled with the solemn subjects of which this chapter attempts to treat: when we visit Marathon or Salamis, it would

shame us to be insensible of their heroic associations ; and the pilgrim who can scoff within the walls of Jerusalem does his heart as little justice.

The character of the city within corresponds with that of the country without. Most of it is very solitary and silent ; echo answers to your horse's tread ; frequent waste places, among which the wild dog prowls, convey an indescribable impression of desolation ; and it is not only these waste places that give such an air of loneliness to the city, but many of the streets themselves, dark, dull, and mournful-looking, seem as if the Templars' armed tread were the last to which they had resounded. The bazaars and places of business are confined to one small quarter of the city ; everywhere else, you generally find yourself alone. No one is even there to point out your way ; and you come unexpectedly upon the Pool of Bethesda, or wander among the vaulted ruins of the Hospitallers' courts without knowing it. The remains of the ancient city that meet your eye are singularly few ; here and there, a column is let into the wall, or you find that the massive and uneven pavement is of costly marble ; but, except the Pools of Hezekiah and Bethesda, the Tower of Hippicus, and some few other remains preserved on account of their utility, there is little of art to assist the memory to the Past.

The chief place of interest in Jerusalem is the Holy Sepulchre, whose site I believe to be as real, as the panorama that the priests have gathered round it must needs be false. You descend by a narrow lane and a flight of steps into a small enclosure, where a guard of Turkish soldiers is stationed to keep peace among the Christians. After paying tribute to this infidel police, you enter into a large circular hall, supported by a colonnade of eighteen pillars, and surrounded by a large dome, in the centre of which is a pavilion containing the Holy Sepulchre. The whole of this church has been so frequently described, that I shall only mention that within its walls is condensed an array of all the events incidental to the crucifixion—the place where Christ was scourged; the hole in the rock where the Cross stood; the fissure where the rock was rent in twain; the place where the soldiers cast lots for the garments; the stone whereon the Body was anointed; and, lastly, the grave wherein it was laid.

According to monkish topography, Calvary was only a few yards from the sepulchre, which itself is so altered and adorned as entirely to destroy every appearance of reality. Neither from research nor personal observation, have I any right to offer an opinion on the subject; but I incline to believe that this is the site of the Sepulchre; and I see no great reason to

deny that Calvary (never mentioned as a *hill* in the sacred writings) might have occupied a neighbouring locality. Although *within* the present enclosure of the city-walls, it perhaps might also have been *outside* the ancient circuit, which is necessary to its identity. Tradition must have been more idle than is her wont, if she permitted such a site to be forgotten. The actual spot occupied by the Cross appears entirely devoid of proof; but it seems evident that ~~the~~ place assigned to it, within a dozen yards of the Sepulchre, is the least likely of all.¹

It is said that Golgotha was called "the place of a skull," because Adam's was found there, "who desired to be buried where he knew, prophetically, that the Redeemer's blood should fall upon his grave."

¹ I have great pleasure in referring the learned reader to a very valuable dissertation on the topography of Jerusalem, by my friend Dr. Schultz, consul to the King of Prussia. It was published at Berlin since the 4th edition of this work appeared, and is entitled "Jerusalem. Eine Vorlesung von Dr. Ernst Gust. Schultz, mit einem Plan von Jerusalem von Kiepert."

CHAPTER V.

THE MONK, THE MISSIONARY, AND THE PILGRIM.

"On the whole, we do entirely agree with those old Monks,"
Laborare est Orare. In a thousand senses, from one end of it to the
 other, true Work is Worship.

Past and Present.—CARLYLE.

We distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who only eat the
 bread of their own labour, and those who eat the bread of other peo-
 ple; and who have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth
 and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

STERNE.

Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease, he goes forth with
 the blessed gospel into pagan climes, to bear the light of eternal life
 to those that lie in darkness and the shadow of death.

R. M'GHEE.

It was perhaps a natural sentiment that drove
 enthusiasts in the earlier and stormier ages of the
 church to seek in retirement "that Peace which the
 world could not give:" they might also have re-
 membered that there was a Peace which the world
 could not take away. But in the first burst of a new
 enthusiasm no second thought was admitted; men of

devout faith and exemplary piety had retired to the desert for the purpose of a closer communion with their God; they had announced to an anxious and fearful world that, like the typical wanderers of Israel, they had found a path through the desert to the heavenly Canaan—that they felt their salvation assured by living among reptiles and wild beasts, and assimilating the human life to theirs. Away then to the desert rushed multitudes, zealous for their souls' prosperity. There, the stormy heart was to find peace, the broken spirit consolation, despair itself to be transmuted into hope.

The man who first discovers treasure in a secret place may become enriched thereby, but they who follow will probably find only rubbish. The lofty minds of an Anthony and Pachomius had grown not only to strength but to power in the hermit's cell, and thousands hastened to seek for piety in the wilderness, as if it were some curious natural production that grew there only. The very desert ceased to be deserted; the solitudes of Egypt and Syria became peopled with gloomy dreamers, who seemed to think it was on the body, not the soul, that the weight of sin so heavily lay. These selfish zealots found, no doubt, a fierce luxury in penance and privation—and

devils must have chuckled to see the body that God had made so strong, and fair, and comely—emaciated, disfigured, and disgraced by starvation and the scourge: the soul that had been given for the exercise of genial thought, and love and friendship, shrouded by perpetual gloom, and for ever harping, like the ailing body, upon its own sordid self. Yet these men were, and are, called *Catholic*!

There were some victims of this literal *monomania*, like some of the knights in the darker ages of chivalry, who displayed a spirit, philanthropy, and understanding, singularly at issue with their narrow profession. Men travelled into the desert to seek for dispassionate advice in secular affairs from such hermits, and to stimulate their faith in spiritual matters by a glimpse at their wild zeal. St. Anthony is generally considered the ~~Chief~~ of the Solitaries: he lived for twenty years in a ruined castle on the banks of the Nile, and was the friend of Athanasius, who made use of his testimony against the Arians, as if it were the voice of Heaven that spoke through him.

According to the Oriental Christians, the Sethites, or “Sons of God,” set the first example of the monastic life by retiring to Mount Hermon, in the hope of re-

purity of their lives: despairing at last of this, or weary of celibacy, they descended to the plains, where, intermarrying with “the daughters of men”—their kinswomen, through Cain—they begot the giants.¹

Hilarion was the founder of the Christian monastic state in Syria, and St. Basil in Pontus. The spirit spread rapidly throughout the East with various modifications, and seems to have arrived at its climax in the person of Simeon Stylites, who raised himself (on a pillar) to the highest consideration in the monastic world, and was visited on his pious perch by emperors. At this period, every conspicuous spot in Syria swarmed with human wearers of horses' hair, and feeders on horses' provender. Every dirty cavern and uncomfortable hole in the cliffs of Mar Saba had its solitary, (if such they could be called, when 10,000 of them are said to have been destroyed in one massacre by the Saracens).

Gradually the monastic spirit changed into the Cœnobitic; the monks adapted La Bruyère's principle of solitude, and thought its advantages would be improved by having some one to communicate with upon the subject: St. Pachomius has the credit of founding

¹ D'Herbelot: F. Schlegel's *Phil. of Hist.*

this Cœnobitical or conventual life. I have not space to follow these establishments through their varied history. They spread into Europe, and soon became so remiss (to use a mild term) in their conduct, that public indignation perhaps prompted, and certainly assisted St. Odo in their reformation in the eleventh century. The monasteries were then placed under the immediate protection of the Pope, and the bishops were deprived of all control over them. Then were founded the different "religious orders" that have since spread over the Christian world, and have each its representative at Jerusalem.

When a blighted name or blighted hope has changed the heart to stone, a monk's cowl, like moss upon a ruin, may seem to become it well, but it is an indulgence, not a penance. The convent vow is a sort of moral suicide, by which the life-weary spirit, deserting its post, seeks refuge in a living tomb: the braver soul, "though faint and worn, unconquered still," tramples down its enervating sorrow, and seeks in action the means of rebuilding the ruined fabric of its hope on a firmer and worthier foundation. Many a desperate man, in the passionate and troubled ages preceding the Crusades, who could not brook the

torpor of the hermit life, embraced with eagerness some painful pilgrimage or arduous enterprise that might employ his energies, while it substituted a new object for that which he had lost. Then the religious orders of knighthood were invented, and the ranks of the Templars and Hospitallers became filled with such numbers of volunteers as prove that the attributed romance of that period is not exaggerated. Some few zealous religionists devoted themselves at first to offices of charity, and to the protection of pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem: of these, aged matrons and youthful maidens, be it remembered, formed a large proportion. This circumstance gave to the young institution an air of romance, and an infusion of chivalry; with these elements, it rapidly increased: its members at first called themselves "poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ;" but, being allotted quarters within the enclosures of the Temple, they assumed the Templars' name.

The union of devotion and chivalry, the most powerful and congenial stimulants of human nature, proved still more attractive than even the solitary fanaticism: enthusiasts, who might have shrunk from the pilgrim's staff, seized eagerly the sword, and

grasped at the dear privilege of being men of violence in this world, and certain angels in the next.¹

The church beheld a means of acquiring powerful auxiliaries in the hosts that now thronged to the monk-martial ranks: St. Bernard organized them in due religious form, and the Pope declared himself their special bishop. The Templars appointed their first grand master, Hugh de Payens, early in the twelfth century, and the Hospitallers appear as a military body only a few years later. The former at first became popular all over Christian Europe, and had immense possessions assigned to them, in England especially. Those of Palestine died, as became them, with the cause they served; but those of France and England, having no cause to sustain or be sustained by, fell under the popular ban, and were extirpated by Philip the Fair and Edward II.

The order of the Hospitallers originated in some pious persons attending two hospitals established at Jerusalem for pilgrims in the eleventh century: it was not until many years afterwards that they imitated the Templars in becoming a military order, though

¹ Plenary indulgence was granted not only to the Templars and Hospitallers, but to every Crusader; none ever required it more, or made more liberal use of the immunity.

they bore an equally distinguished part in the Crusades.

While the Templars soon sank into luxury—hated as universally as feared—the Hospitallers, as Knights of St. John, maintained their honourable character and popularity in the island of Rhodes and Malta, until their order was all but destroyed by Buonaparte, in 1798. Their distinguishing dress was a black mantle with a white cross; and they were bound, like their Templar and Teutonic brethren, by the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience.

The Templars wore a white mantle, emblematic of the purity supposed to be assumed by the professing knight; on it was a red cross, the sign of devotion to the Holy cause, instead of the usual device of gallantry or chivalry. Their banner was of black and white, and bore the epithet of Beau, or Bien-seant, intimating, in the language of the time, that they were fair towards their friends, but dark and terrible to their enemies.¹

¹ There were several other orders of monastic knighthood, such as the Teutonic, whence arose the kingdom of Prussia; the order of St. Lazarus, that of Calatrava, in Spain. &c.; but those of the Temple, and Hospital, or of St. John, absorb all Crusade interest. Their rivalry increasing with their prosperity, soon turned into hatred and hostility; they even leagued with Moslem powers against each other, and, in 1258, actually fought out their claims to superiority in a fair field without other combatants. The Knights of St. John were victorious, and scarcely a Templar remained alive.

During the time of the Crusades, there were few or no peaceful conventual establishments in Palestine. Whether it was that monkery became fused into chivalry, or that monasteries could not exist in the open country, and were obliged to arm in Jerusalem, I know not ; but the monks of the Latin convent of the Terra Santa maintain that theirs is the only "House of Peace" that existed in the last crusade.

After the capture of Acre by the Sultan's Tartars and Mamelukes, in 1291, the Crescent shone triumphantly over the whole of Palestine : by such a light History has never been able to see her way, and we lose sight of the country and its inhabitants, until in 1432, when La Broquière achieved a pilgrimage : he found only two monks in Jerusalem, and they were in most cruel thralldom. In 1507, Baumgarten found a monastery of Franciscans, who were able to afford him shelter and security. Thenceforth, a more liberal or politic spirit seems to have animated the rulers of this doomed land, for pilgrimages became comparatively safe : the Christian religion was actually almost respected, until England unfortunately restored Jerusalem to the Turks, and then tamely permitted them to prohibit the building of her church.

At present, there are numerous convents in Jeru-

• salem, which have each their chapel in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Latin convent of the Terra Santa ranks first in antiquity and possessions, and is under the protection of the King of the French; its chapel is plain, but the most extensive in the edifice.

The Greek convent comes next in point of the number of its pilgrims, which involves that of its wealth; there are also Armenian, Coptic, Abyssinian, and Maronite convents at Jerusalem, and indeed all the creeds of the Christian world have their representatives here. It is a marvellous sight, and one to make a spectator thoughtful, to see those rival sectaries bending over the Tomb whence all their hopes have risen, each believing that his own proud heart contains the only real hope—each setting his miserable yet complicated and intolerant heresy above the grand and genial truth, and exalting the bye-laws of his sect above the Magna Charta of the soul.

Far be it from me to bring a sweeping accusation against any body of men, especially against the silent and defenceless victims of monastic enthusiasm. I would fain believe that many of these isolated beings serve God in singleness and purity of heart; I would fain hope that many have found peace in those

dark cells, for which they have exchanged the bright world to which they were born heirs—heirs of freedom, light, and life. But what can be said in defence of those who prostitute the Sacred Mysteries to Mammon—who profane the very sepulchre of Christ with the foulest falsehood and the blackest hypocrisy?

By the grave of the mortal friend we have loved and lost on earth, men meet even their enemies in peace; but, at the Saviour's Tomb, the infidel watches with drawn sabre to prevent his followers from destroying one another. At this tomb, the chiefs of two rival and hating creeds unite *for once* on Easter eve, but it is in the cause of fraud. Enclosed within the chapel, Greek and Armenian bishops call down fire from heaven by the appropriate means of a Lucifer-match! Greek and Armenian pilgrims strive madly to light their torches at this sacred flame; and priests of other faiths stand scorning by—in *their* turn to triumph in some other dastard superstition.

I now turn, with something of satisfaction but little triumph, to the ministers of the reformed faith in Palestine.

There is marvellously little of a practical and active missionary spirit to be found among the ministers of the Reformed Church, considering the warm interest

the laity take in the matter.¹ It appears strange that, in a life so full of enterprise in the holiest cause, so well calculated for the exercise of energy, genius, and Christian charity, — the young and ardent spirits of our universities do not more frequently volunteer in the missionary cause. Assuming, as a truth, that the Hebrew lies in bondage in that very land where the liberty of the soul was first preached to man through Hebrew lips; assuming that, under the banner of our faith, that liberty alone is to be found; — is the old crusading spirit so dead amongst us, that no one will now bear the banner of the Cross once more to Palestine in a purer cause? When worldly gain or worldly glory may be won, where are the dangers, the climate, or the savages, that deter the enterprising sons of England? While the fatal coasts of Demerara and the pestilential islands of the Chinese seas swarm with adventurers in the cause of conquest and of commerce, the Holy Land — the Land of Promise to us as to them of old — remains without one volunteer from the ranks of our Universities. Oxford contents herself with Jerusalem in the abstract, and has not a single representative of her principles in the cradle

¹ Last year, the Church of England Missionary subscriptions amount to £116,827 18s. 11d.

of the Fathers: yet she might there freely exercise her ascetic disciplines, and, perhaps, edify those who cling to the memory of the ancient Eremites. Cambridge sends annually some three or four hundred students to swell the ranks of the church militant, for which, however, they are content to keep garrison in quiet glebe and peaceful parsonage — Palestine knows not their name. With respect to the Dublin University, it has the task of educating the priesthood of a church that is too truly missionary in its own green isle. When I was in Syria, there was not an English missionary who had taken a University degree; nor, with one exception, was there a Christian-born minister of our church.

Nevertheless, her cause is not the less faithfully served by the courageous few who sustain the responsibility of representing the primitive pure faith in Palestine; that faith for which England has laboured so patiently in the closet, and fought so fiercely in the battle-field.

Honour to that faithful few who uphold the name and character of our church!—exiled from society, and all the advantages of civilization; wearing away their lives in a dangerous climate, in a lonely land; sustained only by the consciousness of their high call-

ing, uncheered even by success—they live, and watch, and work, and die,—half-forgotten by their countrymen, and entirely unknown to fame. Honour to their brave hearts ! and may brighter prospects yet arise to cheer them in their arduous path of duty !

The American missionaries have an establishment at Jerusalem, and also at Beyrout, and the Lebanon ; two of their clergymen and a physician reside among their mountains, and board, lodge, and educate about fifty pupils there. These are the children of Druses, Maronites, or Greeks ; no Moslem ever entering a Christian school. The Americans have a printing-press, from which they issue a considerable number of Arabic tracts, and copies of the Scriptures for distribution among the people ; but, on the whole, their labours have not been rewarded by any considerable success.¹

One of the most efficient means by which prejudices against the missionaries of our own and other churches

¹ I have lately heard from the Lebanon that the Americans have now fifteen schools, including those at Beyrout, Hasbeia, and throughout the Lebanon. Their missionaries are devout and zealous men, though Presbyterians, and have, probably, produced a deeper effect than is at present apparent. The Oriental churches are much attached to the Episcopal form of church government, and, therefore, our missionaries would generally be better received. We have not one in all the East, except those sent specially to the Jews—the most hopeless, unprofitable of all. The intelligent, well disposed people of the Lebanon have no Church of England missionaries. (T. K.)

are removed, and a sense of obligation inspired and constantly renewed, is that of the medical establishments connected with the missions. Dr. McGowan, an able and intelligent physician, presides over that at Jerusalem, and distributes advice and medicine gratuitously to crowds who seek for his assistance. Dr. Kearns, another excellent physician, presided over a similar establishment at Beyrout: unfortunately for Syria, he has lately been ordained to an English living.¹

The service of our church is performed twice every Sunday at Jerusalem by the bishop and one of the clergy attached to the mission. In the morning, the service is read in English; in the afternoon in German, for the sake of the Jewish converts. There is a neat little chapel in the enclosure, purchased by the mission, which, however, is only intended for temporary occupation while the church is being built. The congregation consisted of about thirty persons when I was there, among whom were the bishop's and the missionaries' families, the Prussian consul, one or two strangers, and eight converted Jews.

¹ It may be taken as a proof of the efficacy of this most practical Christian charity, that the generous and enlightened Sir Moses Montefiore has lately sent over a Hebrew physician to Jerusalem. I heard from Dr. McGowan that his practice was not in the least diminished by the arrival of this rival in his charitable labours, whom he spoke of as a gentleman of learning and liberality.

I have before alluded to the fact of permission having been granted by Mehemet Ali for the building of our church ; under his government, the walls were raised to the height of about two feet : England expelled the Egyptians from Syria, and gave Jerusalem to the Turks ; they, in return, at once put a stop to our nascent church, alleging a quibble of Moslem law, which forbids the construction, or even reparation, of any place of Christian worship. Thus, for nearly three years, the British church at Jerusalem was suffered to exist only as a subject for Moslem insult and heretical scoff.

As the soldier-spirit seems epidemic wherever armies meet, and even the landman feels something of the sailor stir within him, as the ship that bears him battles with the waves ; so one inevitably experiences something of the pilgrim enthusiasm on approaching Jerusalem, and endeavours to cherish the feeling as if it were a religion in itself. In such a mood, even the traveller who professes a more spiritual faith might kneel upon Calvary, and prostrate himself at the Holy Sepulchre as a mere sentiment, if awe of the sacred places did not dispel every illusion, and sternly call upon the startled soul to put off all disguise. Not so

the professed pilgrim—the very ceremonies and the actor in them, from which *we* shrink as from a mockery, exercise a power and a spell over *his* excited heart: the gilding and ornaments, the painted altar and embroidered priest, the pealing organ and the fragrant incense—all are full of mystery and awe to those for whom they are intended. Take, then, one brief glance at that sepulchre; visit the reputed Calvary, for the sake of the association that can realize its own locality; pause not to scoff at, to condemn, or coldly scrutinize, the wrapt worshippers around you—but go forth in the humble hope that your faith is right, and that, whatever church-name you may be called by, your heart is CATHOLIC.

Let us leave to those who make livelihood by them such scenes as the house where Mary dwelt, where Dives revelled, and where dogs licked the sores of Lazarus; the spot where the cock crew, the cavern where Peter wept. Enough for us, that on this soil the Saviour laid down his life—so transcendently heroic, so meekly humble: enough for us, that these skies above us received Him risen, and still bespeak his presence. Pensively let us ascend the rugged Road of Sorrow,¹ along which the Cross was painfully

borne; mournfully let us stand on Calvary; then gratefully turn to the Mount of Olives—in pilgrim language, the Mount of Blessing—and breathe a prayer that the experience of that day may not be lost upon the soul.—We envy not the man who can merge the pilgrim in the traveller, and the believer in the antiquary.

Often have I wandered among the desolate enclosures of Jerusalem by the moon's mournful light, that seemed to harmonize with the ruins round: the streets were silent as the grave; the night-wind, like a wailing spirit, alone wandered through the forsaken shrines, or sighed among the cypress and the palm-trees that towered against the dark blue sky: but sometimes the howl of the wild dog struck upon the ear; and more than once I was startled by the voice of a poor Scotch maniac exclaiming in passionate accents, "Woe! woe! woe to Zion!"

At Easter, the Pilgrims assemble in thousands to visit the Jordan. The Arabs know this season as well as the sportsman does the 1st of September, and assemble in tribes along the road to Jericho in the hope of booty. The Turkish governor always sends a guard with each caravan, aware of the importance of pilgrims to Jerusalem, and willing to afford facility

to this, as to any other enterprise conducive to the revenue.

It is an imposing sight to witness that long array of pilgrims winding through the gloomy Passes of the Judean hills, with the bright sunshine flashing on the bristling spears of the Bedouin, and the gorgeous trappings of the Albanian cavalry; the long necks of camels peering high over the mass, and the eager, huddling movement of the timorous crowd. Woe to the poor pilgrim who lags behind, or is overtaken at nightfall on the outskirts of the camp! They are vigilantly beset by the children of Ishmael, who consider the privilege of robbing as being theirs by Divine right. "God," say they, "gave to Isaac the land of Canaan, but to Ishmael the Desert, and all that is found thereon."

Arrived at the Jordán, the pilgrims rush into the deep and rapid river, with such enthusiasm that they are not unfrequently carried away by it, and drowned. The Greek and Latin church has each its peculiar spot where Christ was baptized, as well as its peculiar Easter; so they never interfere with each other here, as in the Holy Sepulchre. The leader of the troops only allows a certain time for the immersion, and then re-forms his caravan to return to Jerusalem.

In the valley of the Jordan, there is much wood, and there were formerly many palms: here each pilgrim cuts himself a staff, and is thenceforth a "palmer," or one whose pilgrimage is accomplished.¹

The Turks have a garrison in Jerusalem of about eight hundred soldiers. The surrounding country, nominally under their authority, is in fact ravaged by the Bedouin up to the very walls of Jerusalem, and the different villages look only to themselves for protection. Jerusalem is ill-adapted at present for a military post; it is commanded by the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Evil Counsel, and the Hill of Scopas, within half cannon-shot. Its supply of water is very limited, and depends in summer altogether upon tanks: Kedron has long ceased to flow during the warm months, and wells are unknown. The road from Jaffa is almost impassable for artillery, and

¹ "If the Holy Land were in France, for instance, how profaned it would be—gay, profligate parties continually forming to see the Divine 'lions'—e. g., 'We will go by 'bus to Jerusalem—dine at the Hotel of the Ambassadors, where is a capital *cuisine*—then by steam to Bethlehem and the Manger, then to the Opera—and finish by a *petit souper* at the Holy Sepulchre.' But God hath surrounded the pathway to his Grave with thorns, and privations, and dangers."—*Travels of the Abbé Geramb, Monk of La Trappe*. This monk, while he ridicules unsparingly the miracles of the Greek Church, gives the most outrageous anecdotes of the miracles of his own.—See p. 79, vol. i., &c.

affords unequalled facilities for guerilla troops to fight, and cut off supplies.

Jerusalem is about forty miles from the sea, and twenty-four from the Jordan. There is very little wheat grown, and very few cattle fed in its neighbourhood. Its present population, of about 12,000¹ souls, finds a very scanty subsistence, and have no commerce whatever to assist them. Alms and pilgrims are the principal, if not the only, sources of wealth. The Jews, Latins, and Greeks, are entirely dependent on such resources.

¹ Viz. 4,000 Moslems, 3,500 Christians, 3,500 Jews, and 800 Turkish troops in garrison. It is with diffidence I venture to offer Eastern statistics: Mr. Wild says there are 35,000 inhabitants in Jerusalem; at least two-thirds more than our consul admits.

CHAPTER VI.

BETHLEHEM, AND THE DEAD SEA.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

BISHOP HEBER.

I felt little inclination to linger at Jerusalem after I had explored the localities prescribed, and such as I had selected for myself. It was now midsummer ; and the sun, reflected from the white walls and marble pavement, seemed to surround me with a fiery glow. The very zephyrs were so languid from the heat, that they refused any longer to wander through the streets, narrow as these are made, in order to stimulate their energies : the scorched leaves had no quiver ; the living city was more silent under the noontide sun than at midnight ; and the whole world seemed to be gradually growing red-hot. I felt escape was absolutely necessary, and prepared to avail myself of an

invitation from our bishop to Bethlehem, where he had been staying for some time.

The distance is about five miles; the way lies, for the most part, over arid and dreary hills, with here and there a scanty crop of wheat in the intervening valleys, and an occasional herd of goats browsing in-visible herbage, under the guardianship of a herdsman shaggy as his flock, and as brown and bare as the rocks around him.

Occasionally we catch glimpses of the wild mountain scenery that wraps the Dead Sea in its barren bosom. No other landscape in the world is like this—it resembles rather some visionary sketch of Martin's, roughly done in raw sienna, than anything in nature; distorted piles of cindrous hills, with that Dead Sea lying among them like melted lead, unlighted even by the sunshine that is pouring so vertically down as to cast no shadow. After passing the convent of Mar Elyas, on a hill upon the left, and the tomb of Rachel, in a valley on the right, the scenery becomes more attractive: some olive groves, intermingled with small vineyards, clothe the hills; rich corn-fields are in the valleys: and, lo!—as we round a rugged projection in the path—Bethlehem stands before us!

This little city, as it is called by courtesy, has an

imposing appearance—walled round, and commanding a fertile valley from a rugged eminence. I rode through steep and rocky streets, that were crowded with veiled and turbaned figures in their gala dresses (for it was a festival), and was much struck by the apparent cleanliness and comfort of this little Christian colony. Ibrahim Pasha, hearing complaints of quarrels between its Christian and Moslem inhabitants, and finding that the former were more numerous, impartially ordered the latter to emigrate; so that Bethlehem is now almost exclusively Christian.

The beauty of the women of Bethlehem has often been observed upon, but I confess it did not strike me as remarkable; nor did I see a countenance there that betokened Jewish blood. It is remarkable that the Madonna of Raphael (with which, perhaps, all Christendom associates the idea of a portrait,) has nothing of the Jewish character; nor does any other Master appear to have borne in mind the race that she belonged to. Except one Madonna of Murillo's, and the celebrated Negro Virgin, all the pictures of value that we possess are exquisitely fair; rather abstractions of feminine grace, sweetness, and purity, than resemblances of any "daughter of the house of David." And here we easily forget that Mary was a Nazarene,

and eagerly scrutinize each maiden face in Bethlehem for a realization of the blessed countenance that has so long haunted our imaginations:—in vain! the Virgin remaining—as is meet—a divine abstraction.

The reader may smile; but it was with something like grave respect I looked upon each carpenter in Bethlehem; the very donkeys assumed an additional interest; and the cross with which they are so singularly marked, a meaning: the camels seemed as if they had just come from the East with gifts, and the palm-tree offered its branches to strew the holy ground; every shepherd appeared to have a mystic character; and, when “night came with stars,” I almost looked for His, and tried to trace it over Bethlehem.

The chapel of the Nativity is a subterranean grotto, into which you descend through darkness that gives way to the softened light of silver lamps suspended from the roof. Notwithstanding the improbability of this being the actual place of the Nativity, one cannot with indifference behold a spot that, during 1800 years, has led so many millions of pilgrims in rags or armour from their distant homes. Even supposing the tradition to be true, it is impossible to recognise any reality through the mean disguise of tawdry ornaments.

After visiting this chapel and the Church of St.

Helena, I hastened to pay my respects to our Bishop, whom I found in the refectory : I shall long remember with grateful pleasure the evening I passed in that Armenian Convent, where his kindness and piety appeared to have conciliated towards him the affection and respect of all the monks. It was a striking sight that ancient refectory, gloomy with carved pannelling and painted glass, occupied only by the prelate of a foreign creed, and the fair girl, his daughter, who sat beside him. As the dark-robed monks passed by the grating that separated the refectory from the corridor, each laid his hand upon his heart, and made a graceful reverence, with his eyes still fixed upon the ground.

After dinner, as there was still half an hour of daylight, and a bright moonlight to fall back upon, I mounted my horse, and, accompanied only by my dragoman, rode forth to the Pools of Solomon, about six miles distant, on the road to Hebron. This neighbourhood has a bad character, and I was warned more than once of danger from the Arabs, but I had so often received similar intimations that I now heard them as mere common-places. In the hurry of departure, my servant had come away from the convent unarmed, but he cantered along after me as cheerfully as if clad in panoply, and seemed to consider a small bottle that

peeped suspiciously from his holsters as a good substitute for more offensive weapons.

We pushed forward at a gallop over a wild and rocky tract, where the pathway was scarcely visible among the fragments with which it was thickly strewn: yet this has been a highway from the days of Abraham, and we read of the constant use of chariots along these roads. Now the way lay over a smooth and slippery rocky surface; now, narrowed between blocks of stone, it was covered with tangled roots, or seamed by wide fissures. All the same to my bold Arab courser seemed smooth turf, or rugged rock: eagerly she swept along over hill and hollow, as if it were a pastime; bounding from rock to rock with the ease of a gazelle and the mettle of a bloodhound. The evening was sultry warm, but no stain darkened her silken skin, not a pant escaped from her deep chest, not a spot of foam flecked the Mameluke bit.

The sun was just setting in Eastern glory as we reached a vast embattled Saracenic castle, on which ruin has made but slight impression: beneath it lie the Pools of Solomon, from which water was once conveyed to Jerusalem.¹

¹ These are in good repair, but quite dry, and indeed it would take all the water I have yet seen in Judea to fill them. They are three

I returned more slowly and pensively to Bethlehem, by the light of as brilliant a moon as ever shone over this hallowed land in its proudest hour. On the fields through which I was passing, the glory of the Lord once shone around; the announcement of "Peace on earth, good will toward man," was heard through this calm air from angel-voices. In the distance, clear against the starry sky, stood "the city of David," from out whose gloomy walls arose the Light of the World.

As I rode thoughtfully along, I did not observe that my servant was missing: I had heard a shot, but such sounds are too familiar to excite attention in a country where every man goes armed. I rode back to the valley where I had seen him last, but there was no sign of him; a few minutes afterwards, I met a goat-herd with a musket slung upon his shoulder, which I seized hold of, as I demanded intelligence of the dragoon. The man did not appear surprised, said he had heard a shot, and seen a man galloping off towards the mountains: at the same time, he opened the pan of his firelock, to show *he* had not fired. I offered him a piece of gold if he would accompany me in my search,

in number, at three different levels, and measure respectively about 600, 500, and 300 feet in length.

but he pointed silently to his flock, and moved on. I then rode along each path, and ascended every eminence, shouting out Nicóla's name, which the echoing hills took up, and carried far away. There was no sign of him; the rocky pathways afforded no trace of his footsteps: I rode back to Bethlehem, and the governor not being visible, I enlisted some townspeople in my search; I then went to the bishop, to request that his mounted servants might assist me. He was in the convent chapel, and here, hurried as I was, I paused for a moment to contemplate the scene that revealed itself as I drew aside the tapestry that occupied the place of door.

The altar blazed with gold, and the light of the consecrated lamps showed richly on its embroidered velvet drapery: the Superior of the convent, with a reverend gray beard falling over his dark purple robes, had his right hand raised in the attitude of declamation; while the Bishop, in his black dress, would have been scarcely visible in the gloom, but for the white drapery of the lady, his daughter, who leant upon his arm, and followed with her eyes the arguments of each speaker. The sudden change, from excitement, and hard riding, and crowded streets, and eager voices, to that calm, solemn scene was so imposing, that I almost

forgot my haste in its contemplation ; but the clank of sword and spur broke dissonantly into the conversation of the churchmen : they turned to me with anxious and kind attention, and the bishop immediately placed his groom and janissary at my disposal.

I did not wait while the servants were arming themselves and mounting ; but, leaving directions for them to try the Jerusalem road, and directing some armed citizens, who pressed eagerly to be employed, to disperse themselves over the neighbouring hills, I rode away to the ill-favoured village, in the direction of which my servant had last been seen. This place bore an evil character in the country ; it sold little but wine and spirits, and bought nothing ; yet it was walled round as carefully as if it contained the most respectable and valuable community. Unwearied as in the morning, my gallant mare dashed away over the rocky valley, exulting in her strength and speed. She pressed against the powerful Mameluke bit, as if its curb were but a challenge, and it was only by slackening the rein that she could be induced to pause over some precipitous descent, or tangled copse ; then, tossing her proud head, she would burst away again like a greyhound from the leash. Her hoofs soon struck fire out of the flinty streets of the unpopular village ; few people ap-

peared there, and those few seemed to have just come in from the country, for every man carried a musket, and wore a knife in his sash; they answered sulkily to my inquiries, and said that no horsemen had entered their village for many a day. Seeing now that it was useless to seek further until daylight, I pushed on towards a different gate from that by which I had entered: a steep street, whose only pavement was the living rock, led down to this; as I cantered along, I could see a group of dark figures standing under the archway, and the two nearest of the party had crossed their spears to arrest my passage. I could not then have stopped if I would; neither the custom of the country nor the circumstances of the case required much ceremony; so, shouting to them to "stand clear," I gave spurs to my eager steed, and burst through them as if I was "switching a rasper:" the thin spears gave way like twigs; the mob rebounded to the right and left, against the wall; they were all armed, and mine was not the only steel that gleamed, as a fellow rushed forward to seize my bridle. The next moment my mare chested him, and sent him spinning and tangled in his long blue gown: while I shot forth into the open moonlight, and, turning round a pile of ruins, was in a moment hidden from their view.

I now held on my way for Bethlehem, when, at a turn of the path, I came suddenly upon an armed party. They proved to be only some citizens, however, who had come out to inform me that my servant was found: they scarcely believed that I had been in and *out* of that "den of robbers," as they harshly called the village I had just been visiting. A few minutes afterwards I found my unfortunate dragoman at the convent, pale and trembling, and leaning against his foaming horse, with a crowd of men, women, and children, listening, with open mouth and eyes, to his adventures.

He had forgotten his rosary at the Pools of Solomon, and turned back to look for it; while slowly descending a steep part of the road, an Arab fired at him from behind a rock, so close that his jacket was singed, while the bullet had torn off part of the embroidery of his collar: I believe the poor fellow's skin was slightly scratched besides, and he was so terrified that as he galloped off he mistook the road, and never drew rein until he reached Jerusalem. Here he found the gates closed, and the guards refused to admit him: he had been met at last by the bishop's servants making the best of his way back to Bethlehem.

I had rather enjoyed my moonlight gallop, notwith-

standing my anxiety for the cause of it; yet I found it a most pleasant change to join the quiet tea-party in the refectory. It was a rare and real pleasure to enjoy such society, under such circumstances; and the evening flew rapidly away until the convent's chimes announced the hour for prayer. Then, in the midst of that gloomy convent, I heard the noble liturgy of our own creed read by a father of our own Church, whose voice was echoed by the spot from whence that worship sprung.

And afterwards we walked on the convent's terraced roof, and traced by the clear moonlight the various scenes of interest that lay beneath us. In yonder valley Ruth was found gleaning by her gentle kinsman; yonder mountain is Golia's hill: among those fields on which glory seems still to shine, the shepherds received the angel tidings that CHRIST WAS COME: beneath us was the manger wherein He lay; around us the objects on which His infant eyes unclosed; from beyond those distant, pale, blue mountains, came the "kings of Arabia and Saba, bringing gifts;" and over the hill-country opposite, in after-ages, came other pilgrims, in warrior guise or humble weed, ready to lay down their lives, their loves—anything but their

It was late when we retired for the night; a lay-brother of the convent showed me the way to the cell I was to occupy, and, depositing his little cresset upon the floor, left me, with a salutation, to my repose.

The next morning, after matins, I waited on the Superior of the Armenian Convent, to pay my respects and to thank him for his hospitality. He was a fine-looking old man, with a very gracious, though somewhat patronizing air. "We are always most happy," he said, "to receive any friend of the Bishop of the English, and in future shall be happy to receive you on your own account." I offered the lay-brother the gratuity usually expected at a convent; this he courteously declined, even when put in the light of a charity for him to distribute among the poor. Finally, I took leave of our Bishop, with feelings of gratitude and respect for him, and an increased interest in his mission.¹

¹ The Bishop Alexander died in 1846, in the land of his labours, and was succeeded in his episcopate by the Rev. Samuel Gobat. The King of Prussia having the appointment, selected this eminent person in consideration of his fitness and missionary services alone. He is a native of Switzerland, and has served the Church Missionary Society and its cause in Abyssinia, Egypt, and the Lebanon. The Church of Jerusalem will, it is hoped, be opened and consecrated by Bishop Gobat, on Wednesday, the 19th of April next (1848). Gobat's *Travels in Abyssinia* (1846) will richly reward any reader who takes an interest in the Church, in enterprise, or travel.

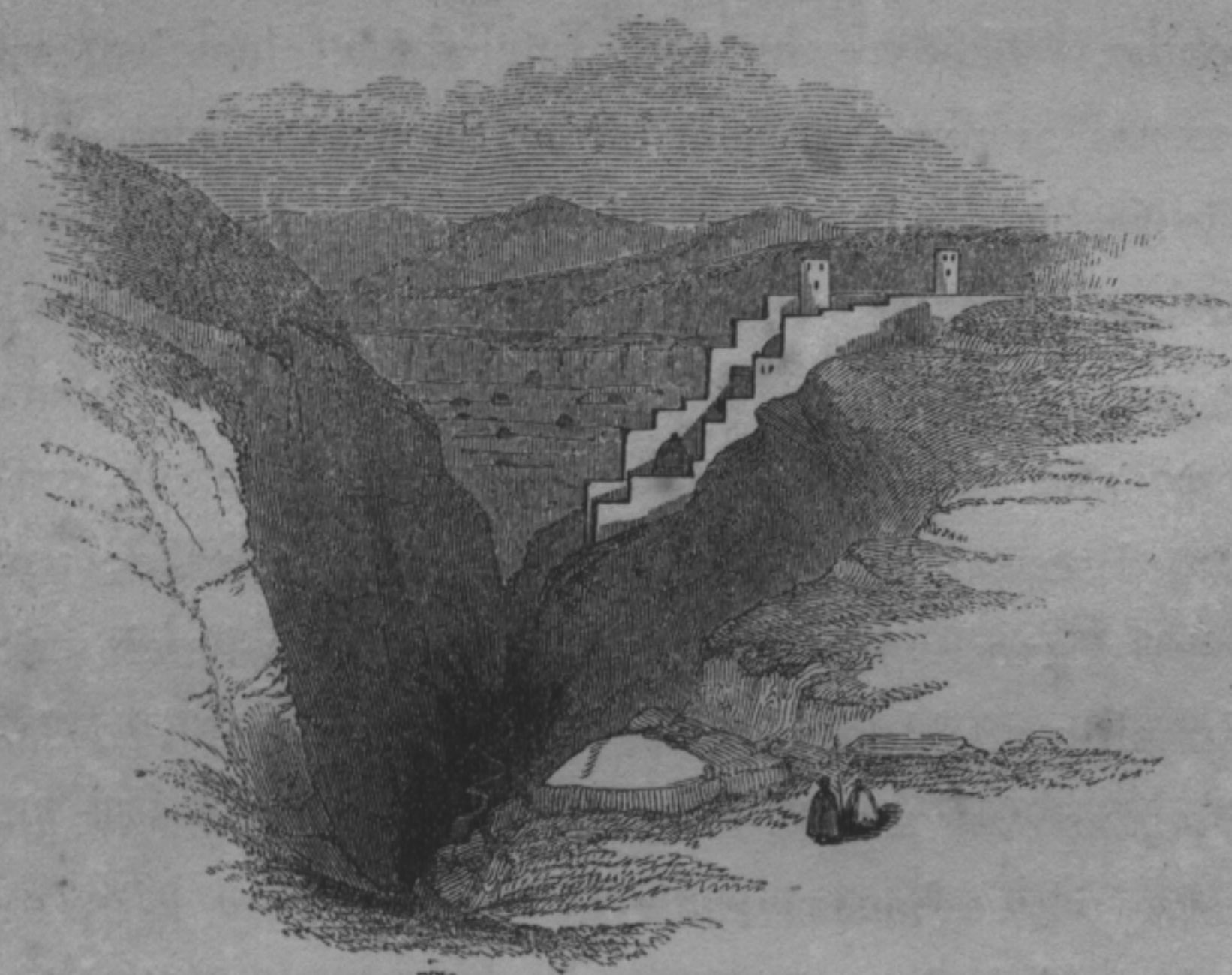
Before proceeding to the Dead Sea, I was obliged to return to Jerusalem for my baggage-horses and a Bedouin escort : I found Abdallah, their Sheikh, waiting for me, but he had left his horse and his arms without the walls. Issuing by the Zion gate from the city, we rode down into the Valley of Hinnom, where, under a cave that seemed to suit the character of the group, we found six wild-looking Bedouin awaiting us with Sheikh Abdallah's horse. Their dress consisted of a light turban, a coarse white frock with cross-belts of thick cord, and a pair of slippers. The Sheikh's was nearly the same ; but he had a cloak of camel's hair-cloth, striped brown and white : the footmen had each a long musket and a knife in his belt. The Sheikh carried his musket slung at his back, a long spear in his hand, and a scimitar by his side. The Arabs assisted their Chief to mount with considerable ceremony, and then professed themselves, according to Eastern custom, my most obedient slaves.

• We mustered ten persons in all, including the seven Bedouin, two servants, and myself: I rode forward alone, and a lonelier scene never echoed to a traveller's tread ; when a turn in the road hid my own cavalcade from view, there was no longer a sign of life in all the dreary valley : the path lay through defiles

of steep and lofty hills, pierced everywhere with caves and fissures that harboured only the jackall and the robber. The scenery became grander, gloomier, and sterner, as we approached Mar Saba; the dry bed of the brook Kedron ran winding through the most extraordinary fissure, which clove, not a rock, but a mountain, some ten or twelve miles in length: its lofty and precipitous sides presented curiously contorted strata in their jagged and vertical cliffs; and were pierced with innumerable caverns, wherein the Eremites of old lived under Hilarion's rule. The Carismians slaughtered, it is said, 10,000 of those solitaries, whose bones were afterwards piously collected and buried beneath the convent-church of Mar Saba.

At length, after four hours' riding along dry, brown, and barren cliffs, on which no insect moved or herbage grew, I came in sight of the magnificent and romantic monastery that has stood in these savage solitudes for 1300 years. It covers the side of an almost precipitous ravine, occupying the whole face of the cliff from base to summit; battlemented walls enclose it on every side, and a deep, dark, narrow glen yawns beneath it: perhaps the following rude sketch, which presents a side view of the Monastery, with its irregular walls

and many terraces, will convey a more intelligible idea than words can do of the situation of



MAR SABA.

Beneath lies the bed of the brook Kedron, which turns away to the left, and runs into the Dead Sea through the mountains of Engedi.

The Bedouin unceremoniously led their horses in through a small postern gate off the road, which ran level with the highest part of the monastery, and my servants and I descended by a winding path to the chief gate. There were several monks scattered over the cliffs, gazing on the setting sun, whose last beams lighted up even those fearful chasms with something of a cheerful smile. I was admitted, and somewhat

coldly received by a venerable-looking friar, who told me afterwards he had taken me for a Turk. As soon as it transpired that an Englishman had arrived, several monks came forward, and escorted me with hospitable welcomes through vaulted passages, terraces, and innumerable steps, to a very pretty little garden lying in a nook of rocks. Off this was the "strangers' room," a spacious and handsome apartment, luxuriously carpeted, and surrounded with a soft divan. An Albanian took away my boots, and an Athenian hung up my arms: two Ionians approached hastily with trays of sweetmeats and cool water; and a fine old Russian Padre lighted my pipe, and then offered a powerful cordial in a liqueur glass. Nothing could exceed the hospitality in which they seemed to vie with one another: as yet, they ministered in silence, my languages being unknown to them; but, at length, an intelligent monk was produced in triumph who could speak Italian. The convent belonging to the Greek church, the monks understood for the most part nothing but Romaic and Russian; an inhabitant of Joannina, who had served under Ali Pasha, was the only man out of forty, with the exception of the Superior, who could speak any but his native tongue.

When I was considered sufficiently rested, the Su-

perior came to visit me, and, after a long conversation, deputed my Epirote friend to show me over the convent, as I proposed starting before daylight. This was founded by St. Sabas in the sixth century, and has maintained its ground, they say, ever since. It is true, the monks were occasionally massacred by the Saracens, Turks, and Carismians; but their martyrdom only gave fresh interest to the spot in the eyes of their successors. The monastery has been lately repaired by the Greek convent at Jerusalem, to which it is a sort of chapel-of-ease: it contains a beautiful church, dimly lighted by two silver lamps, kept ever burning before pictures of the Saviour and the Virgin: round the head of each figure is a glory-circle of gold and precious stones, on which the lamp's light falling produces a very peculiar effect. As we left the church, a bright moonlight was shining on the cliffs, and long flights of steps, and terraces, and gardens, so strangely intermingled in this convent; here and there, dark-robed figures, were gliding silently about, or sitting on the cliffs, enjoying the cool night-breeze.

About nine o'clock, an old monk, with a large bunch of keys in his cord-girdle, brought in a lamp and some supper, consisting of brown bread, eggs fried in oil, boiled rice, and very sour wine. My Albanian

friend stood near me all the time of the repast, and said it was a pleasure to have a stranger to speak to. He had come recently from Mount Athos, the Monte Santo, as he called it, where he had passed twenty years of his life in a Greek convent. He said there were not less than 40,000 monks and Eremites on that mountain. After supper, I went out to stroll among the cliffs; and the scenery was certainly the wildest and strangest I had ever seen. The night was very beautiful; and it was past midnight when I flung myself on the soft divans that so unexpectedly wooed repose in this stern-looking convent.

The next morning, I was in the saddle before dawn, and wandering among the dreary but picturesque mountains of Engedi towards the Dead Sea; not a living thing met my eye for hours, except a few gazelles, and my own party winding slowly along the path, whilst I wandered on through many a wild pass and gloomy volcanic gorge: wander where I might, however, I was ever kept in sight by the watchful Sheikh; his dark figure and thin gray horse seemed ever before me—he appeared to stand on every hill. In about three hours, we reached the mountain-brow looking down upon the Valley of the Jordan; and delightfully that beautiful strange scenery burst upon our weary

and dazzled eyes. Far from looking gloomy or curse-stricken, it was the most *riante* scene I had yet beheld in Palestine. The dread Lake itself was as brightly blue as those of Italy; the mountains of Moab and Ammon lifted their lofty line against the early sun, and wore a purple hue over their multiplied cliffs and promontories. Here and there, in the valley, were pale strips of desert, it is true; but elsewhere the ground was covered with verdure or luxuriant shrubs: the winding groves of tamarisk and acacia showed where Jordan stole along, occasionally betraying his presence by a silvery gleam.

We rode down a steep and rugged path into the plain, and continued for some miles through thick jungle, alternating with deep sand, or luxuriant grass. At length we reached the shore of the fatal Sea, and encamped within a few yards of the water's edge. The Sheikh made opposition to the pitching of the tent, lest it should be seen by the hostile tribes; but, finding his objections unavailing, he rode restlessly from hill to hill while I remained there.

The shore was strewn with logs of wood and withered branches, that presented something of a petrified appearance, but lighted into a fire with great facility. There was no shell, or fly, or any sign of life along

the curving strand, which ran steeply to the waters' edge, and consisted of very small and angular pebbles. It was bordered by a line of white, thick, creamy foam, though there was scarcely a ripple on the lake; and several streaks of a similar appearance lay upon the green and purple waters far away. The eastern shore, on the left-hand side, was bold and precipitous, and wore a dark blue colour, under the slanting rays of the morning sunshine: to the west, the Judean hills rose almost equally abruptly from the sea, and appeared of a brown or purple shade: to the south, the far shore was invisible, owing not so much to distance as to an imperceptible mist brooding over the sea.

The Lake Asphaltites is about fifty miles in length, and ten or twelve in breadth: it lies utterly unexplored, in the heart of the most interesting scenes in the world; and, if nothing but tradition bespoke its origin, every appearance round would vindicate its truth. It is said that, as in Lough Neagh—

“ By this sea's dark shore, as the wanderer strays,
When the soft, bright eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;”

and, on the only island in this sea, the remains of

columns, and other ruins, are said to have been detected by the telescope.

My servant and I endeavoured to swim to this island: we found the effort very fatiguing, as the extreme buoyancy threw the feet into the air at every stroke: the temperature was delightful, and floating required no exertion; we could sit, stand, or even wade, in deep water, without trouble. Nevertheless, the water was so acrid, that when a drop touched the inside lip, or eye, or nostril, it seemed to burn like vitriol. We swam for about half a mile, but a slight breeze coming on, raised rippling waves that produced excruciating pain: we struggled on, however, for a short time; till the breeze freshening obliged us to return to the shore.

The Arabs now urged a hasty departure, and we had not proceeded far when the Sheikh halted, and placed his hand so as to shade his eyes; the loitering Bedouin stepped forward, and formed in a line before the luggage, keeping the step, and holding their muskets crossed upon their breasts. I rode up to the Sheikh, and he pointed out to me the crimson and yellow kefiehs¹ of two Arabs, just over a small sand-

¹ A thick silk handkerchief, tied over the head, like a hood, with a weft of camel's hair, the distinguishing head-dress of the Bedawee.

hill; then he dashed forwards, and in a few moments we were by the side of the strangers. They proved to belong to a friendly tribe, and were only engaged in collecting brimstone: alarmed at our appearance, they were endeavouring to conceal themselves, when detected by the keen, bright eye of our Sheikh.

Directing our course for the winding line of tamarisk and tall jungle, we came at length suddenly upon the Jordan, a rapid, muddy, treacherous-looking stream. The pilgrims profess here to recognise the spot by which the Israelites entered the Land of Promise, and that where John baptized; but I saw no appearance of a ford: it was about sixty yards wide, overhung by thick shrubs and tangling weeds, and anything but attractive. I sank up to my knees in its tenacious mud, and with great difficulty extricated myself, endeavouring vainly to stem the rapid torrent by swimming.

The Sheikh was now urgent to depart; and we rode away through a small tract of desert, covered with a salty incrustation like hoar-frost, and then entered a wilderness of beautiful shrubs in fruit and flower. The tamarisk, laurustinus, mimosa, and willow, were the only trees I recognised. The underwood was very

various, and quite unknown to me: one of the shrubs bore a small golden fruit about the size of a walnut, that hung temptingly on its bending branches; within, it was full of a black dust and a substance resembling cobweb. The Arabs called it "*Bahr Lût limone*"—*Lot's sea orange*; but this is not the true apple of Sodom, which I have seen elsewhere in the desert: that is much larger, very fragile, and is full of cindrous-looking grains and a silken fibre.

In the midst of this beautiful wilderness, flowering shrubs in wild luxuriance tangled themselves into a shade for the soft green grass, and waved over the bright fountain of Ain Hajla, which well deserves its name—"The Diamond of the Desert." The costliest wine that ever sparkled over the thrilled palate of the epicure never gave such pleasure as the first draught of that cold, shining water to our parched mouths. Even the escort forgot their fear of the hostile tribes; and we all—Frank and Arab—flung ourselves down by the brink of the fountain, under the shade of the green willows, and drank, and bathed our hands and beards, and drank again, until the Sheikh's entreaties prevailed, and set us once more in motion.

There is a fine ruin of a Greek convent, named Kusr Hajla, about two miles distant from the path-

way ; I cantered over to examine it, and, as I emerged from its deserted courts, found the Sheikh, as usual, by my side. On asking the occasion of this strict watchfulness, he replied that he was responsible for my safety ; that the old ruin was haunted by banditti, and, what was worse, by evil spirits !

About an hour afterwards, we came in sight of a Saracenic castle partly in ruins, though a tent upon the roof showed it was still inhabited ; it was seated on a gentle eminence, in a grove of fig-trees and acacias : close by was a village of Arab huts — this was Jericho !

My tent was pitched on a spot of green turf, close to a purling brook that flowed from Elisha's Well. On my left was the old castle, called by pilgrims (who love to turn everything to good account) the House of Zaccheus ; to the right, under a thick grove, our horses were picketted, and the Bedouin were lying on the ground among them. The village of Riha (the name of Jericho is here unknown) lay behind—a collection of miserable mud-cabins ; and one solitary date-tree alone remained to vindicate the epithet applied in Scripture to the “ City of the Palm.”¹

¹ The Palm formerly abounded in Palestine ; it is now very scarce. In Vespasian coins, Judea is beautifully typified by a disconsolate and lonely woman seated under a Palm.

The valley I had just traversed from the Jordan was the vale of Gilgal; to the southward lay the Dead Sea; to the north-east, the Mountain of the Temptation. The first is evidently fertile to exuberance: and, in the absence of more profitable employment, it gives birth to every variety of produce that is contented to grow wild. Were this vast valley inhabited by an industrious people, and the facilities for irrigation made use of, it might be one of the most productive in the world. The Sea of Galilee, about thirty miles distant, is elevated considerably above its level, and yet the vivifying waters of the Jordan are at present wasted on the thankless corpse of the Dead Sea.

“ This sea has no appearance of volcanic origin. It merely occupies part of the great valley, or *crevasse*, that runs from the Lebanon almost to the Gulf of Akabah.”¹ This absence of volcanic agency renders still more remarkable the appearances of some fierce, fiery ordeal, through which it must have passed.

We picked up several pieces of sulphur on the plain: there is a quantity of a dark stone, which, when broken, emits a smell of brimstone: the very

¹ Von Buch's Letter to Dr. Robinson.

core of the apples of Sodom is of so combustible a quality, that the Arabs use it as tinder for their matchlocks; and the Sea itself is a vast cauldron, in which the damned Cities of the Plain lie ever seething in salt brine, to whose simmering surface masses of bitumen ever and anon rise bubbling.

The range of the Hills of Moab, rising up suddenly from the eastern edge of the Dead Sea, is about 2,000 feet in height; that of the Judean side opposite, about 1,500. The Sea itself lies 500 feet below the level of the Mediterranean; it has no exit, except by means of evaporation, and varies in its level some ten or twelve feet, according to the nearness or remoteness of the rainy season.

Messrs. Moore and Beke, who attempted to explore the Dead Sea, in 1837, found no bottom with 300 fathom of line, but their investigations were unfortunately soon interrupted; and Mr. Costigan, the only other person who succeeded in launching a boat upon these waters, has left no trace of his discoveries.

One or two spots on its shore are inhabited, such as Ain Jiddy, or Engedi, where fresh water flows from fountains; but, generally speaking, it is all as lonely as the grave. The remains of the town of Zoar are

still visible on the Eastern hills, amongst which the race of Moab sprang from the daughters of Lot. It seems that there are whole tracts of hills composed of fossil salt to the south-east of this extraordinary lake ; and they say, that when the riven soil gaped into fissures with the heat of the conflagration, a mass of this salt was revealed to Lot, who took it for his missing wife !

Towards evening, I strolled into the courtyard of the old castle, where a Turkish garrison is quartered to protect the pilgrims, and check the inroads of the Bedouin from beyond the Jordan.

There was a marble fountain and reservoir of water here, at which the village girls were filling their jars. A range of stables occupied one side of the courtyard, and a shade of trellised vines hung over another. Beneath this, the Aga was sitting on his carpet with two or three of his officers ; whilst others moved about in their wild, martial garb, with pistol in belt, and sword by side, as if momentarily expecting the trumpet's call. Such a scene unchanged might that old Crusader-castle have witnessed, six hundred years ago, when the Crescent had just displaced the Cross ; and its fierce soldiery then, as now, were lounging about,

or burnishing their arms beneath the shade of the forbidden vine.

I did not visit the Aga, being rather tired of governors, and pipes, and coffee, and common-places about England and fine brandy; I presume he was equally tired of Europeans, for he did not invade my solitude, or vouchsafe me any notice.

At night, the aspect of my bivouac was very picturesque; the watch-fire, blazing among the dark, green shrubs, gleamed now upon the water, now upon the gay caparisons of the horses that remained standing and saddled all night. The Arabs slept round my tent, wrapped in their striped bernouses; nightingales were thrilling the dark groves with their song; and from the top of the tower came sounds of music and laughter, as the ladies of the Aga's hareem were enjoying the moonshine and the cool air of night. The Arab ladies of Jericho are said to be very fond of strangers' society, but St. Senanus might have been contented with the distant carriage they assumed in my case.

About three in the morning, I roused my sleeping people, who sprung to their feet with alacrity. In a few minutes, a little fire was made with dried leaves

and twigs, ignited by tinder and a pistol-flash: then the coffee steamed and bubbled; and this, with a roll of bread, constituted our morning's repast. We seldom tasted any other food till sunset; but a cup of coffee always presented itself when we halted for half an hour throughout the day.

The good-humoured Bedouin vied with each other in loading the horses, and gratefully received a thimbleful of coffee as reward. We were in motion while the moon still threw our shadows Eastward.

I passed through some glades and groves of great beauty on my way to the adjoining mountains, but could detect no traces of where Jericho once stood, with her temples, palaces, and theatres. A curious mound, and a large, tank-like excavation, were the only disturbance of Nature's order of things that I observed.

At the approach of morning, the stir of life that seemed, like leaven, to ferment the surface of the world round, was very striking; first, the partridge's call joined chorus with the nightingale, and soon after their dusky forms were seen darting through the bushes, and then bird after bird joined the chorus; the lizards began to glance upon the rocks, the insects

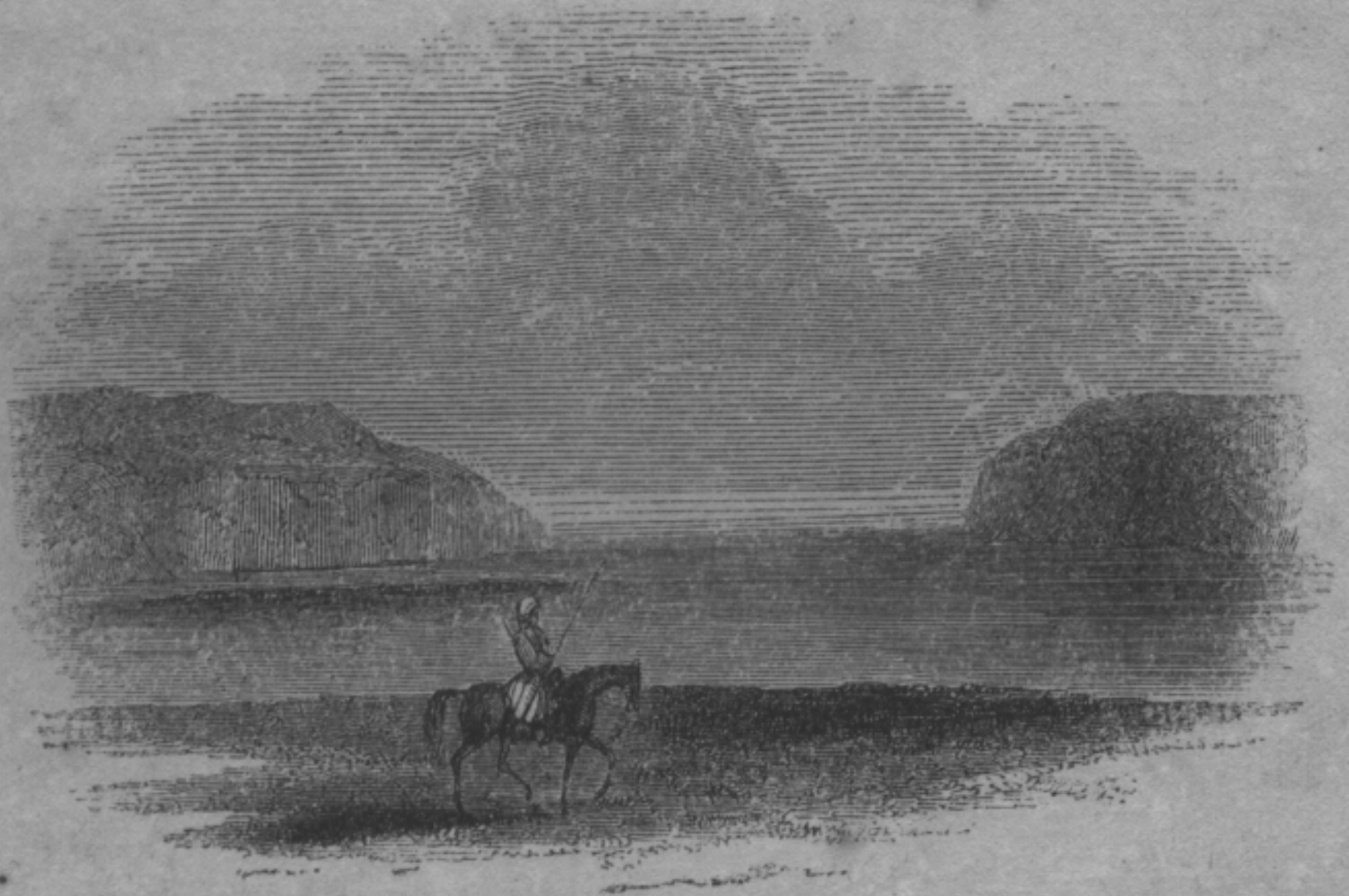
on the ground and in the air; the jerboa¹ peeping from its burrow, fish glancing in the stream, hares bounding over the dewy grass, and—as more light came—the airy form of the gazelle could be seen on almost every neighbouring hill. Then came sunrise, first flushing the light clouds above, then flashing over the Arabian mountains, and pouring down into the rich valley of the Jordan: the Dead Sea itself seemed to come to life under that blessed spell, and shone like molten gold among its purple hills.

I lingered long upon that mountain's brow, and thought that, so far from deserving all the dismal epithets that have been bestowed upon it, I had not seen ~~so~~ cheerful or attractive a scene in Palestine. That luxuriant valley was beautiful as one great pleasure-ground—its bosks and groves of aromatic shrubs, intermingled with sloping glades and verdant valleys: the City of Palms might still be hidden under that forest whence the old castle just shows its battlements: the plains of Gilgal might still be full of prosperous people, with cottages concealed under that abundant shade; and the dread sea itself shines and sparkles as

¹ A pretty little animal, something between a rat and a rabbit in appearance and habits.

if its waters rolled in pure and refreshing waves “o’er coral rocks and amber beds” alone.

The road from hence to Jerusalem is drear and barren, and nothing but Bethany occurred to divert my thoughts from dwelling on the beautiful



DEAD SEA.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ARAB.

And he will be a wild man: his hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren.—*Gen. xvi. 12.*

The Arab is the hero of romantic history; little is known of him but by glimpses; he sets statistics at defiance, and the political economist has no share in him; for who can tell where the Arab dwelleth, or who has marked out the boundaries of his people!¹

Since Abraham drove forth Hagar to the desert, his descendants have clung to their barren inheritance with a fierce fidelity. While the Israelite has tasted the luxury and the bitterness of all nations — triumphing and trampled on in turn — the Ishmaelite has gone down to his desert grave, generation after generation, unchanging and unsubdued.

¹ We are told that Arabia is enclosed by the Euphrates, Ormuz, and the Persian gulf; by Diarbeker, Irak, and Khuzestan; but this scarcely renders its locality less vague.

The Bedawee¹ roams as freely over his boundless deserts as the winds that sweep them; the only barriers he knows are civilization, and its settled habitations. Tribes sunder and join as pastures become scarce or abundant: an oasis is to-day peopled with thousands, and covered with flocks and herds; to-morrow it is lonely as the sea.

And thus it has been with the Arab for three thousand years.

The Arab is so reverential towards antiquity of descent, that he sacrifices his own pride of birth to the abstract principle. He admits that he is but a *parvenu*, as only claiming origin from Ishmael, and calls himself “El Arab el Mostareba”—*the naturalized Arab*. The genuine ancient tribes are characterized as “El Arab”—*par excellence*, and were denominated Ad, Thamud, Tasm, and Amalek, before Abraham was heard of.

Zarab, the grandson of Eber, the great grandson of Shem, gave his name to Yemen, over which country he was king; and his posterity continued to rule there until conquered and expelled by Ishmael. This patriarch married the daughter of Modad, one of the native princes; and his son Kedar obtained peaceable posses-

¹ *Bedouin* is the plural of Bedawee.

sion of the throne. After the expulsion of the ancient dynasty, the kingly spirit seems gradually to have given way to the patriarchal rule which the invaders had introduced ; and the system of independent tribes soon universally prevailed. At Mecca, the management of affairs appears to have been vested in an aristocracy of the tribe of Koreish, who strengthened their authority by the prestige attendant on their being " Guardians of the Caaba."¹

The name of Saracen has been absurdly derived from their implacable stepmother Sarah ; and also from the great desert, the Sahara ; it was, in truth, an epithet of one of their most distinguished tribes, and adopted by the rest. During the stirring times of the Crusades, this name was almost exclusively applied to the Arab ; and with it are connected some of the brightest associations that shine over war's dark annals in the times of chivalry.

The real Bedawee has little of historical interest : it is only when he has gone forth as a conqueror, that his annals assume a consistent or interesting form. His whole history when at home may be comprised in the fact, that he is to-day as he was in the days of Ishmael, unconquered and indomitable. Those of his race who

¹ See note 3, at the end of the volume.

approach the settled habitations endeavour to preserve as much as possible the character of their desert brethren ; and though search for the means of subsistence may compel them occasionally to enter a town, they always do so with reluctance, and leave it like men escaping from captivity.

Their reverence for hospitality is one of the wild virtues that has survived from the days of the patriarchs, and is singularly contrasted, yet interwoven with other and apparently opposite tendencies. The Arab will rob you, if he is able ; he will even murder you, if it suits his purpose ; but, once under the shelter of his tribe's black tents, or having eaten of his salt by the way-side, you have as much safety in his company as his heart's blood can purchase for you.

The Bedouin are extortionate to strangers, dishonest to each other, and reckless of human life. On the other hand, they are faithful to their trust, brave after their fashion, temperate, and patient of hardship and privation beyond belief. Their sense of right and wrong is not founded on the Decalogue, as may be well imagined ; yet from such principles as they profess they rarely swerve. Though they will freely risk their lives to steal, they will never contravene the

wild rule of the desert. If a wayfarer's camel sinks and dies beneath its burden, the owner draws a circle round the animal in the sand, and follows the caravan. No Arab will presume to touch that lading, however tempting. Dr. Robinson mentions that he saw a tent hanging from a tree near Mount Sinai, which his Arabs said had then been there a twelvemonth, and never would be touched until its owner returned in search of it.

The Bedawee women are under much less restraint than the Egyptian, and, like women every where else, are far more true to trust than to control : they do not cover their faces, and are not afraid to receive a stranger with courtesy and kindness. They live much in the open air, manufacturing cloth and camel's hair, milking their flocks, attending to the slight agriculture that their mode of life requires, and carefully tending their children. Their husbands seek a livelihood by attending or supplying caravans with camels, or by other less conventional dealings with travellers.

There is something very romantic in the Arab mode of life, which never seems to lose its zest ; their love of the desert amounts to a passion, and every one who has wandered with these wild sons of freedom where

not to be imagined that in this desert there is only barren sand and naked rock ; far different is the aspect that their picturesque encampments present. Small flowering shrubs and fragrant thickets diversify wide savannahs, on which dry, sunburnt grass only serves as shelter for soft and tender herbage : there the wild boar and the gazelle abound, and the partridge makes merry in his security. Wide tracts of desert intervene, it is true, between these isles of verdure ; and, when they are to be crossed, preparations, like those for the sailing of a fleet, are made for these “ ships of the desert.” Fearlessly they steer their way over these trackless wilds, by the stars at night, and the sun by day : and when they have reached the spot to which they have traversed the desert in the faith perhaps only of some tradition that spoke of verdure there, the Sheikh strikes his ostrich-tufted spear in the ground. Down kneel the camels ; women, children, and luggage tumble off ; soon the tents of the tribe start up in a circle, or in the form of a crescent round the Sheikhs ; fires are lighted, bread is baking, and the Arab is as much at home in an hour as if he had been there for a generation.

For a few days or weeks—it may be even for a season—they remain in such encampment, driving their

flocks each night into the enclosure, and perhaps foraging among the neighbouring tribes; sometimes a caravan is to be attacked; and then the men assemble in many thousands. When the pasture or the spring is exhausted, or when danger threatens, they are in motion at a moment's notice from their Sheikh; his spear is the last thing taken from the ground; the horsemen and armed warriors, on dromedaries, march in front; then come the flocks and herds; the she-camels, carrying the women and children, succeed in order, while their young gambol and browse by their sides as they proceed: finally, come the strong camels, laden with the tents and other baggage of the tribe.

Notwithstanding their boasted independence, Mehemet Ali's vigilant and stern power made itself felt wherever his name was known in Syria. Under the contemptible government of the Porte, however, the tribes have shaken off all the salutary awe which the Pasha had inspired; and, as I learn by a recent letter from Jerusalem, they now approach the very walls of the Holy City with impunity.

Literature they have none, but they nourish their romantic imaginations by oral tales, and poems, running down from very ancient times. The desert is full of superstitions, many of which are very poetical; and

these help to keep alive the Moslem faith wherewith they are ingeniously blended.

At daybreak, the Sheikh shouts the muezzin call to prayer from the door of his tent; and it is a striking and solemn sight to witness that devout congregation—every man kneeling at the door of his tent, and prostrating himself in the dust with his face towards Mecca.

The wealth of the Arab consists in flocks and herds; but his pride and power lie in his horse.

These are noble animals, and are no less remarkable for their chivalrous disposition than for their strength and endurance: gallant, yet docile; fiery, yet gentle; full of mettle, yet patient as a camel: they are very ferocious to each other, but suffer little children to pull about and play with them. Their beauty is not remarkable—at least, to an English eye. They seldom exceed fourteen and a half, or at most fifteen, hands in height; they have not good barrels; their chest is narrow, the pastern too much bent, and their quarters are seldom well turned. I only speak of these as defects in what would be considered symmetry in Europe; experience has proved to me that they argue no defect in Asia. The head is beautiful: the expan-

delicately-shaped ear, would testify to nobleness in any animal ; the high withers, and the shoulder well thrown back ; the fine, clean limbs, with their bunches of starting muscle ; and the silken skin, beneath which all the veins are visible, show proofs of blood that never can deceive.

The choicest horses come from the remoter parts of the desert, and cannot be said to have a price, as nothing but the direst necessity will induce their owners to part with them. There are three great classes recognised : the Kochlani, the Kadischi, and the Atteschi. The first are said to derive their blood from Solomon's stables, the second are of a mixed race, and the third have no claim to gentle breeding.

The Kochlani are, as may be supposed, extremely scarce, but a great deal of their blood is distributed among the nameless breeds ; and I never saw an exception to docility, high spirit, and endurance even among the hacks of Beyrout and Jerusalem: A friend of mine rode his horse from Cairo to Suez, eighty-five miles, in twelve hours, and, resting for twelve more, returned within the following twelve ; during these journeys, the horse had no refreshment, except a gulp of water once to cool the bit. I have been on the

same horse for twenty-four hours on one occasion, and for upwards of thirty on another, without any rest or refreshment, except once, for half an hour, when a few handfuls of barley were the only food. In both these instances, the horses never tasted water throughout their journeys.

Some of my young naval friends used to ride the same horses at a gallop almost the whole distance to Djoun and back, about sixty miles, over roads that would appear impossible to an English horse to climb. I only mention these instances as of daily occurrence. The horse of the true Nedjed breed will gallop, they say, one hundred and twenty miles without drawing a thick breath.

Nedjed is a mountainous country in the Hedjaz, not far from Mecca, which possesses the horse in the most perfect form known. The pedigrees of these animals are sometimes worn round their necks, but on such I should be inclined to look with suspicion; for in the more remote regions of the desert, where alone the pure blood is to be found, writing is unknown. Oral pedigrees, well borne out by the hieroglyphics of noble blood that may be read in the outward structure, so eloquent of the power within—these are the pedigrees most to be relied on. The mare is far more valued

than the horse, as the Bedouin believe that the mother gives character to the race, and deduce the descent of the horse through the female line. The mare is also supposed to be capable of enduring greater fatigue, and to require less sustenance.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JEW.

The Hebrew nation is one great prophecy.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

But we must wander witheringly

In other lands to die,

And where our father's ashes be,

Our own may never lie:

Our temple hath not left one stone,

And mockery sits on Salem's throne.

BYRON.

Before I take leave of Jerusalem, I must add a few words concerning the Race that is inhabitant in every country of the earth, and yet a stranger in them all.

“Wherever we have a Jew on the surface of the earth, there we have a man whose testimony and whose conduct connect the Present with the Beginning of all time.”¹ In whatever point of view this Chosen Race is considered, it is by far the most remarkable of all those that inhabit earth. Their *completeness*, and

¹ Bishop Watson.

wonderfully preserved individuality ; their unequalled persecutions ; their undying hope, and their proud confidence that they shall be yet a great people — all these are characteristics peculiar to themselves.

They are scattered over every region of earth's wide surface ; yet not only their physical but their moral traits are unchanged from the days in which their nation gathered round the temple.¹ Living illustrations of prophecy as they are, they refuse to believe in those which are fulfilled even in themselves, while they cling eagerly to those that yet continue in suspense. They have had their temple twice, their city six times, destroyed, yet they are as confident in their restoration, as that the morrow's sun will rise. Prophecy seems to speak boldly and unambiguously upon this theme : " the Lord will yet have mercy upon Jacob, and yet will choose Israel, and set them in their own land." In the tenth chapter of Ezekiel, God declares plainly that he will take the Ten Tribes, and the Two Tribes, and unite them in His hand : that he will gather together the children of Israel from among the heathen on every side, and

¹ " ' I am the Lord—I change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.'—*Mal.* iii. 6. If this was a marvel when Malachi prophesied, how much more is it a wonder now ?"—*Alexander.*

bring them into the land, and will make them a nation on the mountains of Israel.

The place where the Ten Tribes have lain concealed for 2,500 years is still a mere matter of conjecture. Now we hear of them along the shores of the Caspian Sea; then among the American Indians; now among the warriors of Cochin,¹ and the fierce tribes of Afghanistan. It has been pretended that numbers of these lost tribes appeared in Jerusalem in the days of Augustus Cæsar, and thus incurred the responsibility of hearing the Messiah's voice, and of rejecting him as their Saviour and their King.²

Wherever the lost tribes may dwell, or whenever they may return to Jerusalem, they are to be preceded by the tribes of Judah.³ And surely when their

¹ There are two races of Jews settled along the coast of Malabar: the *black* and the *white*, as they are called. The former is the oldest, and is supposed to have wandered thus far East long before the destruction of Jerusalem: the latter, according to their own tradition, settled there soon after that catastrophe, and obtained various privileges from the native princes. They never were an independent nation: like the Christians of the neighbouring mountains, (said to be converts of St. Thomas) they had their own rulers, although they were tributary to the protecting states. Benjamin of Tudela speaks of a powerful tribe of Jews in the twelfth century, as living in the "Mountains of Nisboa, whence flows the river Gozen. They make warre upon the children of Chus, and travell in warfare through the desarts."—*Lord Lindsay, Buchanan's Christian Researches and Travels in Hindostan; Purchas's Pilgrims*, ii. 2, 1457.

summons is heard and answered by this widely scattered people, it will resemble that great and varied picture of the resurrection: with turbaned brow and floating robe — with lofty cap and arctic furs — with forehead pale as the Siberian snows, or dark as the Egyptian soil from whence they come.

There are perhaps fewer Jews in Palestine than in most countries in Europe. There is no rural Hebrew population there, though they have acquired both wealth and influence in Acre and Damascus. There are not probably in the whole of Syria above 30,000 souls: and they say their number on the whole earth is not above 6,000,000.

They are very zealous students of the Prophécies, and ingeniously distribute between Solomon and other heroes of their race the promises with regard to Shiloh that are absolutely fulfilled. Their hope of the Messiah is as strong as ever, and, in their prayers for the day of atonement, they have the exclamation, "Woe unto us, for we have no mediator!"

Hamburgh contains so many of this people, that it has been called the lesser Jerusalem, but Poland is the country wherein they mostly abound. Here they have stately synagogues, richly endowed colleges, and courts of Judicature, even for criminal cases. In

Hungary, the revenues were farmed by them, until Ferdinand the Second published an edict forbidding their employment. In that country took place, in the year 1650, a most extraordinary assembly, convened to decide whether the Messiah was come or not. Three hundred Rabbis and an immense multitude of Jews assembled on the Plain of Ageda. Some of the Rabbis expressed a wish to hear the Protestant divines upon the subject, but two Roman Catholic priests proposed to preach on their own account. When the latter spoke, there rose a stormy cry as of old in Jerusalem, "We will have no Christ!—no man-God!—no virgin;"—and they tore their hair, and rent their garments. The question being put to the vote, the majority of voices declared the Messiah *not* come. They voted also that his advent was only delayed by the sins and impenitence of the people.

Not only in civilized Europe, but even in their own Promised Land, the Jews can now find rest.¹ It appears strange that not more "of the wandering foot and weary breast" seek refuge here, where all seems free to them. Once under the protection of a European

¹ We trust that before this volume meets the reader's eye, England will have vindicated her character as the Champion of Toleration, by imparting to the British Hebrew *all* the rights of British citizens.

power, property is here secure: and no where in the world perhaps would capital meet with a richer return than in Palestine. But all its prospects are agricultural; and the Jew has so long been accustomed to wander among the cities of the Gentiles, that he no longer desires "to sit under the shade of his own fig-tree, or to eat of his own vine."

Notwithstanding that the Jew is at once the object and the guardian of prophecy; the recipient, and the illustration of Scripture's promises and threats; there is perhaps no religious body that is so little spiritual in its worship. Their pride, their trust, their hope, linger about the Land of Promise, above which it seldom seems to soar; or to rise, even now, beyond the temporalities for which they abandoned Him who declared that his kingdom was not of this world. It seems questionable whether the Israelites in the wilderness held the hope of immortality that is now almost disrespectfully familiar to our minds: it is true that in Job, the Prophets, and the Psalms, we have occasional intimations of such a hope, but the emigrants from Egypt had none of these.¹ The joys of Heaven never appear as a Mosaic doctrine, or even as a re-

¹ Unless, indeed, Moses composed the Book of Job, as an allegory, among the scenes that it describes.

ward for righteousness ; the Pentateuch does not refer to it ; and it seems improbable that a leading article of belief would have been only darkly shadowed out in a Scripture intended as a rule of faith. Moreover, long afterwards, we find the Sadducees considered only as Dissenters, not as 'unbelievers in the Scriptures : when their founder, Zaduch, with his colleague, Rythos, introduced a schism among the adherents of the Oral law, Maimonides only speaks of them as having put a new construction on some of the articles of Hebrew faith.

The Caraites are said to be a pure remnant of the Hebrews, — set apart as an example of what the Israelite was, and may become again. They abide scrupulously by the written law, rejecting the Talmud and Rabbinical explanations. There are many of this sect in Lithuania, and Wolff found 5,000 of them at Bagdad who were distinguished for veracity, and called "Children of The Book:" they are also found in the Crimea, where their character stands very high ; they all understand Hebrew, and even speak it as a household language.

In speaking of Abyssinia, I have mentioned that its people are very much possessed in favour of the Jews ; and, in speaking of the Arabs, I should perhaps

have mentioned the Rechabites, or Midianites, supposed to be descendants of Jethro. This people, if they cannot be called Jews themselves, are very zealous for them, and profess their faith; they understand Hebrew, though their common language is the same as that of the other Arabs, by whom they are surrounded; they possess the Pentateuch, Isaiah, Kings, Samuel, and the lesser prophets; they amount to about 60,000 in number, dwell in tents, and "neither sow nor plant vineyards." They inhabit the fertile Oases, whence they issue forth to levy contributions on Moslem travellers. Should a caravan approach their haunts, a horseman of their tribe suddenly presents himself and demands tribute. Whether refused or not, he disappears as suddenly as he came; but in the former case, he returns with a storm of cavalry; in the latter, with a scribe, who writes a passport, and gives a receipt for the tribute-money. Mahomet defeated this tribe in several engagements, but made no converts among them: one of his female captives was so beautiful that she captivated her conqueror, and he proposed to marry her; but it is said that—dreading a worse fate, or emulous of the fame of Jael, who was of this heroic tribe—the captive girl poisoned her "inspired" lover.

“The Jews are spoken of in Revelations¹ as the ‘Kings of the East:’ if, indeed, the Affghans be of the Ten Tribes, this title may not be deemed too lofty for a nation which has held the thrones of Persia and Hindostan.”² Seldom, however, any well authenticated Jews are found in the countries eastward of Palestine, though Morison speaks of having found some ancient families of them in China.

Although Jews ~~are~~ continually arriving to lay their bones in the ancestral sepulchres, their number is not at present on ~~the~~ increase. Riding one day in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, the progress of the party was arrested by a Jewish caravan, weary, wasted, and overpowered with fatigue and misery. They had no eyes but for the City, whose towers rose before them in the distance; while their hearts wandered over it, their feet stood still; the fathers held up their little children to gaze upon that shrine of Israel’s faith, and tears flowed down their rugged cheeks and reverend beards. “Now,” observed Bishop Alexander to me, “had an English traveller met this party, he would have taken away with him the impression that the gathering together of the Children of Israel was already

¹ xiv. 21.

² I quote this, but I cannot remember whence I borrowed it.

begun ; and it was not until I had met several such, and made particular inquiries, that I found such arrivals only served to replace those gone to rest in the Valley of Jehoshaphat."

It is a curious but well ascertained fact, that the Jews do not multiply at present in the native city of their race ; few children attain to puberty, and the mortality altogether is so great, that the constant reinforcements from Europe scarcely maintain the average population. They inhabit a quarter of the city between the Hill of Zion and the Temple, now the Mosque of Omar ; most of their houses are mean in their external appearance, but, if I may judge from the only specimen of an interior that I saw, this outward show is very deceitful.

The synagogue is a new building, which Mehemet Ali permitted to be erected, during his occupation of Jerusalem. It was very plain in its decorations, except an altar, ornamented by floral emblems, harps, sackbuts, and other ancient devices : a railing on the left marked out the place appropriated to females, and a number of old men were reading in silence at little tables in the unenclosed space, with little square black envelopes fastened on their foreheads. These are the

frontlets spoken of in Scripture, and enjoined to be worn between the eyes.

I will not dwell longer on this subject ; the Jew has no relation with either the Crescent or the Cross, and would scarcely belong to my subject, but for his antagonism towards both. The quarter of the city that his people occupies lies between our church on Zion and the Mosque of Omar on Mount Moriah, typical of his own position. It is somewhat vindicatory of his character that the same obstinacy with which he rejected the Cross has ever been sternly presented to the Crescent too.

The Jew should be seen at Jerusalem — still the native city of his race. There, if the missionary or the political economist can make little out of him, he is, nevertheless, a striking specimen of man.

In the dark-robed form that lingers thoughtfully among the tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or bends with black turban to the ground at the "Place of Wailing," you seem to behold a Destiny incarnate. That fierce, dark eye, and noble brow ; that medallic profile, that has been transmitted unimpaired through a thousand generations and a thousand climates ; these are Nature's own illustrations, and vindicate old history.

After Jerusalem, the pilgrimage of the Holy Land has lost its zest : 'I will not task the reader's patience further on this theme, but ask his company once more to the Lebanon.



HASBEYA—THE PALACE OF EMIR SADADEEN.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LEBANON.

On to the Mountain ! To the Mountain, Druses !

R. BROWNING.

Beautiful Beyrout ! It is not only now, when seen through the Claude Lorraine glass of Memory, that I yield to thee the palm over all the cities of the earth. Exacting, indeed, must the spirit be that does not rest content with thy beauty, even while, lover-like, gazing on thee !

It is not only the magnificent scenery—the moun-

tain, with its glens, like velvet folds, enclosing cascades like silver threads—the snowy peaks, the golden shore : nor the rich gardens that lie around the towered walls ; the airy villages, with their silkworm sheds ; the purple sea, and the rose-coloured sky, that invest the old Berytus with such a glory. But the kindling associations that start up at every view ; the old Phœnician fame ; the Greek, the Roman, the Christian, the Crusader's memory : every wave that foams along the shore once heaved beneath the ancient Argosies ; every breeze now murmuring through the myrtle whispers of banners once spread out over conquering armies ; rich tresses that it toyed with of old in Paphian bowers.

For Cyprus is almost in sight : yon distant promontory shelters Tripoli ; those waters have weltered among the prostrate towers of Tyre and Sidon.

You command in an hour every spot within your view. You clap your hands, and an eager Arabian champs his bit : you loose the rein, and, swift as thought, you are careering through the Pine Forest, or scaling the mountain's side, or traversing the borderland of Palestine : but with that we have done for ever—and now we mount for Lebanon. Before we revisit Beyrout, we shall have bivouacked on the plains of Baalbec, trodden the snows of Mount Ner-

mon, quaffed the waters of Abana and Pharphar, and shared the hospitalities of the Princes of the Mountain.

I was awakened, one morning, by the sounds of sword and spur upon my staircase, and two young officers of the Vernon burst into my room, equipped for the mountains, and eager for the expedition.

The bustle of preparation is always an amusing excitement to witness, but it is more especially so previous to a Syrian expedition. A number and variety of necessaries is required for the journey: tents, carpets, arms, and cooking materials lie strewn about beneath the mulberry-trees; turbaned and scimitared servants are hurrying to and fro, pouring forth torrents of imprecations and directions on the Arab guides and muleteers: the garden is full of horses and mules, neighing, snorting, and ringing their bells. Here a bottle of brandy is being carefully filled, there pistols are being loaded. Now an Arab gallops off on some errand to the city, and now a band of men and boys endeavour to load a kicking mule, with a chorus of execrations.

At length we are all mounted; the mules and guides move off, escorted by our three servants; and we only linger to take our "stirrup cup" of coffee.

Now the portly and long-bearded Antonio holds the stirrup, while Yussef hangs upon the Mameluke bit that scarcely controls the eager horse, whose expanded nostrils seem to snuff the desert air. The beautiful little Salomé hovers round the impatient brute, with pistols that have just received their last polish from her delicate fingers. And now we are off! Beware, ye grave citizens—ye sedate travellers of those wild sailors—a cloud of sand rises up among the cactus that overhang the narrow lane; it runs like the roll of musquetry along the beach; now it subsides at the city-gates, and three young cavaliers emerge from it at a gentler pace as their cavalcade is overtaken.

After passing through the Pine Forest, we turned off to the left, and were soon climbing what resembled rather the dry bed of a mountain torrent than the high road to the capital of Syria. As we advanced, the variety and extent of the view rapidly increased; each hill that we crowned revealed a noble panomara of the tract that lay between the mountains and the sea. On we went merrily: now among wild groves of myrtle or laurustinus; now emerging upon craggy cliffs, or descending into a green wilderness. Sometimes a forest of pines lent us a friendly shade; sometimes we passed through some flat-roofed village.

receiving and returning the salutations of the Druse or Maronite maid or matron. The men were all out at labour on the mountain's side, which is admirably cultivated.

The change from the lowland vassal to the mountain freeman is very striking. The fearless look and bold bearing of the latter, joined to that respectfulness which so generally accompanies self-respect, showed in strong contrast to the slave-peasantry of Palestine. There would almost seem to be something geographically high in courage: the Tyrol, the Alps, and Pyrenees, the Circassian, the Affghan and the Atlas mountains have in all ages produced a hero-peasantry; the low countries of the world, with the exception perhaps of Holland and poor Poland, have never been similarly endowed.

We rode, as it seemed, over the roofs of the picturesque village of Ananook, renowned for the beauty of its women. On the left hand, the cottages stood up against the precipice; on the right, their roofs were level with the path, and looked out upon the valley far below. Occasionally, a fortress or a convent crowned a hill, or a hamlet peeped from beneath the foliage; but generally the way was wild and lonely. As soon as we crowned the summit of the Lebanon, the great

valley of Cœlesyria opened on our view—a magnificent sweep of wide plains, watered by the Liettani, and richly varied by glade and forest, and piled up cliffs. The descent was long and difficult and dangerous; but at length we came to the picturesque stream of the Damour, and halted at a Khan by an old bridge. Here we bathed luxuriously in the bright mountain stream; and delightful it was to change the hot saddle and the labouring horse for that clear, sparkling water, flowing capriciously among shadowy rocks and flowering oleanders.

About sunset we arrived at the antique, crag-perched town of Derr el Kamar, and pitched our tent in an open space without the walls. The name of this stronghold of the Druses implies the “Monastery of the Moon,” derived from the convent’s dedication to the Virgin, who is represented as trampling on the Crescent.

There were 1,200 Turkish troops quartered here, to keep the Druses in check; and as we lay upon our carpets, looking down upon the glancing lights, that vaguely sketched out the town at our feet, the wild music of the Turkish drum and cymbals came pleasantly to our ears, and was re-echoed by the towering cliffs and rocky valleys round. A brilliant moon

silvered the towns of Beteddeen, upon an opposite mountain peak; and the stars seemed reflected by the lights that gleamed confusedly among the precipices on which the Druses sought freedom and security, where the eagle and gazelle before had found them.

When daylight came, the town revealed itself, scattered, as if it had been dispersed, and was striving to rally round the gloomy convent that gave it name. A deep ravine separated the rocky summit on which it stands from a similar one opposite, upon which stands Beteddeen,¹ the palace of the Emir Bescheer, the Prince of the Mountains. Both the steep sides of the hills were covered with terraces supporting soil, on which a well-earned harvest was waving among olive plantations, and watch-towers, and wine-presses. A sparkling river ran below, and the beautiful palace crowned the view above. Imagine the Isola Bella, with all its gardens, terraces, and pavilions, upheaved from the Lago Maggiore and placed like a crown on a majestic mountain-brow—and you have Beteddeen.

The path between the palace and the town is so steep and rugged that no English horse, with the

¹ I know not how this palace has obtained this name in English; in the country it is always called *Ipteddeen*.

most cautious guidance, could safely travel it in an hour, yet the bold cavaliers of the mountain traverse it at speed.

Industry has here triumphed over apparent impossibilities : in Palestine, we had just left vast tracts of country teeming with richness unemployed, and fertility left to waste. Here was the mountain's rugged side clothed with soil not its own ; and, watered by a thousand rills, led captive through rocky channels from the cataracts far off : every spot on which soil could rest, or vine could cling, was in cultivation. As we rode up to the palace, olive plantations and fig-trees gave us shade, lines of corn waved along hewn terraces, streams gushed from gardens, and then leaped foaming over the rocky road to water others far beneath : all spoke of energy, industry, and activity. And then the villages we passed through had each of them a marble fountain, with its sculptured reservoir, round which were grouped the turbaned traveller, with his camels, or his gaily-caparisoned mules ; girls with their water-jars ; old gossips with their pipes and their garrulity, and children with their laughter and their sports, that are the same all the world over.

After a steep ascent, we passed into the palace be-

tween Turkish sentries, and made fast our horses in one of the vast, vaulted stables, that formerly held the Emir's stud of five hundred horses. These lined one side of a spacious courtyard, whose battlemented walls looked out upon Derr el Kamar—the richly varied mountain land below, and the sea afar off. Thence we ascended a flight of broad marble steps to another courtyard, where big-breeched soldier-grooms were leading horses to and fro, and a parade of Turkish troops was going on. On the left of this enclosure was a very picturesque portal of light Saracenic architecture, leading to the Hall of Audience and the private apartments of the Emir. This was finely carved, and painted in the Eastern style; a fantastic-looking gilded crown, something between a lantern and a diadem, was suspended from the roof.

The commanding officer was still in bed, and the others, whom we met walking about, showed little inclination towards civility. Producing the Sultan's firman, I informed the officer on guard that our business (that of amusing ourselves) was urgent, and that we had no time to lose. Straightway the commander was roused up, and came out, half awake and half dressed, to the cloisters where we stood; then, making us some civil speeches, he sent a ghastly-looking lieutenant to

show us over the palace. Although this has been turned into a barrack for 1000 Turkish troops, who have kept garrison here for two years, it is in perfect preservation; and we could not help thinking, as we wandered through marble halls on which the shaggy soldiers lay thickly strewn in their capotes, what a different appearance it would have presented after even a week's occupation by the troops that have *colonized* Algiers.

There was an extensive labyrinth of halls and chambers, richly gilded and arabasqued: the floors were for the most part paved with Mosaic marble, and every apartment was divided into two platforms of different height: the lowest is called the *Leewān*, where the servants stand and wait; the upper has a divan, or wide, low, cushioned benches, running round the walls: there is no other approach to furniture, and in winter, among these snowy mountains, all this magnificence must look rather more than cool. Some of the marbled apartments led out upon pretty gardens, shaded with cypresses, myrtles, and lemon-trees: in one stands a handsome but simple monument to the banished Emir's wife. She was very fond of these gardens; and while war raged in the valleys round, she passed the greater part of her life among the flowers that now bloom over her quiet grave.

Having examined the Palace, we were ready for the Bath, and found the magnificent suite of rooms appropriated to that purpose ready to receive us. We were first conducted into a beautiful pavilion of pale-coloured marble, in the centre of which crystal streams leaped into an alabaster basin from four fountains. Vases of fresh flowers were tastefully arranged round the carved edges of the basin; a ceiling of soft green and purple porcelain reflected the only light that fell upon this pleasant place.

A Turkish bath is a very complicated business, but, as it is one of the greatest luxuries of the East, and indeed almost a necessary of life, it is fit to give some description of it:—this will apply equally to all, from Cairo to Constantinople. As soon as we laid aside our clothes, attendants brought long napkins, of the softest and whitest linen, which were wreathed into turbans and togas round us: then, placing our feet in wooden pattens, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, we walked on marble floors through several chambers and passages of gradually increasing heat, until we reached a vaulted apartment, from whose marbled sides gushed four fountains of hot water. Here cushions were laid for us, and we were served with pipes, and nargilehs, and iced sherbets: thence we were conducted into the innermost

and warmest apartment, where we sat down on marble stools, close to fountains of almost boiling water. This was poured over us from silver cups; we were then covered with a rich foam of scented soap, applied with the silken fibres of the palm, then bathed again with the warm water and shampooed, in which process the whole skin seemed to peel off, and every joint was made to crack. Then we were again lathered, and again soused, and found our skins as flower-soft as that of a little child. We now left the warmest room, and were met at the door by slaves, with bundles of exquisitely soft, warm linen, in which we were again shawled, turbaned, and kilted; and so we passed out into the cool fountain chamber, where another change of linen awaited us.

It was a sudden and pleasant alternation, from burning suns, and craggy roads, and sweltering horses, to find ourselves reclining on silken cushions, in the shaded niche of an arched window; through which cool breezes, filled with orange perfumes, breathed gently over us. The sensation of repose after a Turkish bath is at all times delicious; but here it was heightened by every appliance that could win the tranced senses to enjoyment without disturbing their repose. The bubbling of fountains, the singing of birds, the whispering

of trees, were the only sounds that reached the ear. The slaves glided about silently and somnambulistically, or stood with folded arms watching for a sign. If the languid eye was lifted to the window, it found a prospect of unequalled splendour over the mountains to the sea; and nearer, were rich gardens, and basins full of gold fishes, swimming about with such luxurious motion, that it rested the sight to follow them. There were amber-mouthed pipes of delicious Latakeea, and fragrant coffee, and sherbet cooled in the fountain; and black slaves, with gold-embroidered napkins to wipe our hands.

This was too pleasant to last long; the soft slippers gave way to the heavy boot, the light turban of the Serai to that of the mountain; a shower of rose-water was sprinkled over us; we took a last view of the spacious courts, with their long array of cloisters, built lightly and gracefully, as if in bowers; the princely pile of Saracenic elegance that surmounted these, and the vaulted stables that supported them; and then we dashed away at a gallop, with more of grudge than gratitude towards our usurping entertainers.

The ancient hospitality of Beteddeen was very magnificent, but the Emir Bescheer, who exercised it, is now a prisoner at Constantinople. We hastily visited

his two smaller palaces in the neighbourhood, with pretty courtyards, and shadowy arcades, and marble fountains. These were intended by the old Emir for his mother and his eldest son; they are now garrisoned with Turkish troops.

We broke away over the mountains at a gallop where it seemed too steep to walk. We had sent on our servants early, and soon lost our way; but still we pushed on, though it was a wild country to ride a steeple—or rather a mosque—chase in. We came at last upon a beautiful little village, clinging to the side of a precipice, with cascades gushing through its streets and overarching some of them. Here we found ourselves in the right way once more; and our way henceforth for some hours lay through scenery perhaps unparalleled in beauty. All the picturesque and imposing—all the awful, yet winning effect, that hill, and vale, and water can produce, are here. Torn mountains, black precipices, thundering torrents, yawning rifts, soft, sunny glades, pale green vineyards, wide-spreading forests, flat-roofed cottages, sparkling rills, terraced cultivation, and a brilliant sky over all—leave nothing for the painter's, or even the poet's eye to desire.

We climbed and scrambled up many a weary mountain on which the sun shone fierce and shadowless;

and on, through many a gloomy gorge and deep valley of richest verdure, until sunset found us at the most beautiful spot in Syria—the little village of Gezeen. We had long seen it nestling in its rich plantations from the mountain path along which we rode, but the descent was so winding and precipitous, that it required hours to reach it.

As we rode through the village of Gezeen, the people ran to their doors and the roofs of their houses, and gave us kindly salutation. When we passed through, we came to a little grassy dell, watered by a sparkling stream, that flowed beneath the shade of spreading trees. We found the tent pitched under a majestic sycamore: no sight could be more picturesque, or more welcome to weary travellers. A blazing fire under a neighbouring cliff shot up sparks through the myrtles; and round it sat a number of villagers in their vivid and varied attire, contrasted with the dark robes of two Maronite priests belonging to the adjacent convent. They all rose as we approached, and greeted us with cordiality: as we sat at the door of our tent after dinner, they seated themselves round us in a ring, asking questions, and listening with avidity to all they heard.

The next morning we were awakened by the pleasant tones of the church-bell ringing to matins, and soon

afterwards the valley was full of men, women, and children, passing to prayer. We started soon after sunrise; and, after travelling some hours, arrived at the river Liettani, winding slowly among green banks sheltered by poplars and sycamores in a deep dell, surrounded by steep cliffs and towering mountains. Thence emerging over another chain of hills, we saw a wide, peaceful-looking valley, through which the young Jordan was flowing between ranks of poplars. Fording this stream, we ascended by a steep and rugged path to the village of Hasbeya, in front of whose precipitous site stands the Palace of the Emir Sadadeen. The sources of the Jordan are here, and we found groups of village girls filling their water-jars at its sacred fountain.

We rode up a flight of stone steps under an archway, into a large quadrangular court with a cistern in the midst. On one side was a range of stables, open, as are all the stables in this country, to the air; opposite was a high wall, loopholed, and looking down into a steep valley; within rose an incongruous and picturesque pile of halls and towers, almost equalling Kenilworth in extent.

No part of this palace has any pretensions to either strength or beauty, and I was not a little disappointed

at the air of poverty, discomfort, and decay, that pervaded this princely residence. On the south side, the village of Hasbeya, bosomed in trees, ran down the hill-side to the very walls; on the north, a deep ravine yawned between them and the opposing mountain. We were told that the Emir was out upon the Hills, but on stating that we had a letter of introduction to him, we were requested to put up our horses and make ourselves at home.

We ascended several flights of stairs, and, passing through some dirty, ruinous passages, came to a flat roof, over which a mat was suspended, as an awning, upon poles. This was the Emir's drawing-room: we sat down upon the ground, and were soon engaged in familiar conversation with a merchant from Bagdad and some of the village authorities, who were waiting for the prince.

Refreshments were brought in on a pewter tray, and placed upon a little stool; they consisted of sour milk, with celery and cucumbers chopped therein; curds and whey, with mint strewn over it; bread and cheese. Hunger made us swallow this uninviting fare with avidity, and just then the servant shouted, "Look, look!" and pointed to the brow of the opposite hill. There was the Emir on horseback, surrounded

by a well-armed and goodly company of sons and followers, in blue and crimson jackets, riding in files along the narrow path.

Walpole and I now hastened to dress, and were shown into a large, gloomy apartment, which we fancied was the harness-room, or the servants' hall. Just as we were undressed, in walked the Emir ~~himself~~—we were in his hall of audience! He was accompanied by an imposing-looking train of village elders, who took their seats, according to their respective ranks, round the room upon the floor; they had all long beards and flowing robes, and formed a very reverend-looking senate. Our costume was much more adapted for the couch of repose than for a “lit de justice;” and the difficulty may be imagined, with which we preserved our gravity, on being presented, under such circumstances, to the Emir and his court.

The Emir Sadadeen is a handsome man of about sixty years of age; his countenance showed a want of energy or talent, but was gentle, yet commanding-looking. After some conversation with us, he proceeded to business, and heard and settled disputes until dinner was announced: then we all rose, and returned to the terraced roof, on which we again took our places under the mat canopy. A little stool was

again placed in our circle, and on it a large pewter tray, in the centre of which was an immense wooden bowl of rice stewed in grease ; round this were six or seven little earthenware dishes, containing stewed liver, sausages, a sort of rissole wrapped in vine-leaves, and some other abominations ; we had no plates or knives and forks, but each guest was supplied with a large flat cake of barley-bread and a wooden spoon.

We took a stroll after dinner to the fountains of the Jordan, to see the women drawing water, and were then shown to our sleeping-room, the eternal divan. Here my servant got us some tea and toast of our own, and we lay down upon the marble floor to take such sleep as swarms of fleas would permit.

The next morning, before sunrise, we were told that the Emir was coming ; so we were obliged to make a hasty breakfast and toilette, while he was waiting in the cloister. Again he took his seat on the divan. All the village elders were again assembled round him ; and, after the compliments of the morning, he proceeded to transact business. Soon afterwards, we took our leave, and departed.

This Emir exercises feudal hospitality after the fashion of our olden times, and we probably saw in this

comfortless castle scenes similar to what England witnessed five hundred years ago.

We traversed a wide mountainous district for some hours ; and, leaving Mount Hermon on our right, we came to the palace of Emir Afendi, in the midst of the precipitous village of Rascheia. Several horses were picketted in the courtyard below, whence we ascended by about twenty steps to another court, which was flagged and shaded by a noble sycamore ; along the left ran a lofty gallery, open in front, in a corner of which sat the venerable Emir, with a snow-white beard, and a spotless turban of embroidered muslin. On presenting our letters, we were received with great civility, and assured that the palace, with all that it contained, was at our disposal. This expression of politeness was at the same time enhanced and neutralized by a constellation of bright eyes, that twinkled from the latticed hareem. We were then allowed the privilege of dining by ourselves in a small and dark apartment ; but the Emir's physician, followed by a crowd of mountain warriors and servants, soon invaded our privacy, and squatted round us on the dirty floor, eagerly examining and asking for everything that we possessed. The physician sold us some antique arms, and the Emir himself afterwards disposed of some old

coins for a "consideration." One only of the Emir's family was at home, a fat, jolly-looking young Arab, with a very knowing eye. He showed us a couple of fine falcons, but we could not prevail upon him to take them to the field: he said they never hawked until September, in consideration of the young partridge and gazelles. Imagine game-laws on Mount Hermon!

The next morning, before daylight, we set off for the summit of Djebel Sheikh, the "Chief of the Mountains:" this is the highest point of Syria, the last of the Anti-Lebanon range, and better known as the ancient Hill of Hermon. We rode through some rugged valleys and tracts of vineyards, and, leaving our horses at one of the sheds in the latter, began the steep and laborious ascent. I have ascended most of the usual mountains, but this was far the heaviest work of all: we found, moreover, to our great disappointment, that there was not a drop of water to be had upon our route. The snow is perpetual on the summit of the mountain, but only lies in streaks in

¹ Our guide had been directed by his chief to take us to the top of the mountain, and, with a single-minded fidelity, he was determined to fulfil his hest. If he thought we lingered or hesitated, he threw himself into an attitude that made one great finger-post of him, and shouted, "Foke! Foke"—(*To the top! to the top!*) We often afterwards used this as a "cri de guerre."

summer. When we arrived at the first tract, it only mocked our thirst, yielding just as much moisture as our lips could melt. Our guide broke off large masses, and placing them in the sun, a precious little rivulet trickled down into our parched mouths.

After six hours' toilsome journey, we stood upon the summit, and perhaps the world does not possess a more magnificent view than that which we then beheld.

We looked down from the Hill of Hermon over the Land of Israel. The mountain fell away in many a hill and valley to what seemed a perfect plain below. There gleamed the bright blue sea of Galilee, and nearer, bosomed by the last of the mountain undulations, was Lake Hooly, with Banias, the ancient Dan, upon its banks. This vast and varied plain, on which lay mapped a thousand places familiar to the memory, was bounded on the right by the Mediterranean, whose purple waters whitened round Sydon, Tyre, and the distant Promontorium Album, over which just appeared the summit of Mount Carmel: on the left of the plain a range of hills divided the Haouran (the country of Bozrah and Djerash) from Samaria. Further on, towards the Eastern horizon, spread the plain of Damascus, and the desert towards Palmyra.

To the North, the wide and fertile valley of Bekaa lay between the two great chains of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon; the latter of whose varied hills and glens, specked with forests and villages, lay beneath my feet. Nothing but lakes were wanting to the valleys, nothing but heather to the mountains. All was naked on the latter, except where the snow mantled upon the heights; beneath it, there was not even a patch of moss or lichen to clothe the rugged rock.

We caught some goats after a hard chase, and, milking them on the snow, drank eagerly from this novel dairy. Soon afterwards, we found a little fountain gushing from a snowy hill; and only those who have climbed a mountain 9,000 feet high, under a Syrian sun, can appreciate the luxury of such a draught as that cool, bubbling rill afforded.

As we descended, the views seemed to multiply, and the clearness of the atmosphere enabled us to see as far as the diminution of objects would allow. Rascheia lay far beneath us, like scattered dominoes, and the cultivated valleys looked like strips of the Cameronian plaid. We tried, unsuccessfully, to "stalk" some gazelles on our way down, and it was late when we reached our quarters. Walpole

was here obliged to leave me, and the Emir advised me to wait until the next morning, to pursue my journey, as the roads were unsafe. My apprehensions of danger, however, whatever they might once have been, were by this time considerably blunted; and, as I feared the Emir's fleas more than his freebooters, I prepared to depart.

He then offered me an escort, which I also declined, and set out alone on my road to Damascus. The way was very solitary, lying for the most part between barren mountains, broken by frequent precipices, amongst which we soon lost our way. Whilst hesitating what direction to move in next, the moon suddenly disappeared, and it became so dark that we were obliged to lie down for the night where we were, tying our horses to our feet. The muleteer removed the bells from their necks, lest their sound should attract the robbers of whom we had been warned.

CHAPTER X.

DAMASCUS.

From the land where our masters no longer can task us,
I shall see the rich forest that waves o'er Damascus;
From the peaks of high Lebanon, sacred and hoary,
I shall look o'er that country, and think of its glory.

SIR J. HANMER.

Day dawned upon our rocky couch in a couple of hours. We had been sleeping under our horses, and they had never stirred a limb for fear of hurting us.¹ The evening before, our path had lain among bosomy hills, and quiet-looking, drab-coloured valleys. This scenery, if not attractive, was at least inoffensive; and when daylight came, and we found where we had wandered to, the change was great indeed. It seemed as if some great battle of the elements had taken place during the night; the rocks been rent asunder in the struggle, and Nature ghastily wounded in the fray. Wildly distorted as the scenery seemed when the sun

¹ The "dew of Hermon" fell so heavily during the night, that it ran off our capotes in rivulets, when we shook them.

shone over it, there was a fearful silence and want of stir that enhanced its effect. Cliffs nodded over us as if they had been awake all night and could stand it no longer; precipices and dark ravines yawned beneath us, fixed, as it were, in some spasm of the nightmare. Not a living thing was to be seen around, no drop of water, no leaf of tree—nothing but a calm, terrible sunshine above, and blackened rocks and a burnt soil below.

We emerged from these savage gorges into a wide, disheartening plain, bounded by an amphitheatre of dreary mountains. Our horses had had no water for twenty-four hours, and we no refreshment of any kind for twenty. Finding there was still a gallop in my steed's elastic limbs, I pushed on for Damascus, leaving my people to follow more slowly. After a couple of hours' hard riding, I came to another range of mountains, from beyond which opened the view of Damascus, that the Prophet abstained from as too delightful for this probationary world.

It is said that after many days of toilsome travel, beholding the city thus lying at his feet, he exclaimed, "Only one Paradise is allowed to man; I will not take mine in this world;" and so he turned away his

horse's head from El Shām, and pitched his tent in the Desert.

I reined up my steed with difficulty on the side of the mountain; he had already, perhaps, heard the murmur of the distant waters, or instinct told him that Nature's life-streams flowed beneath that bright green foliage. For miles around us lay the dead desert, whose sands appeared to quiver under the shower of sunbeams: far away to the south and east it spread like a boundless ocean: but there, beneath our feet, lay such an island of verdure as no where else perhaps exists. Mass upon mass of dark, delicious foliage rolled like waves among garden tracts of brilliant emerald green. Here and there, the clustering blossoms of the orange or the nectarine lay like foam upon that verdant sea. Minarets, white as ivory, shot up their fairy towers among the groves, and purple mosque-domes, tipped with the golden crescent; these gave the only sign that a city lay bowered beneath those rich plantations.

An hour's gallop brought me to the suburban gates of Mezzé, and thenceforth I rode on through streets, or rather lanes, of pleasant shadow. For many an hour we had seen no water: now it gushed, and gleamed, and sparkled all around us; from aqueduct

above, and rivulet below, and marble fountain in the walls—everywhere it poured forth its rich abundance; and my horse and I soon quenched our burning thirst in the streams of Abana and Pharphar.

On we went, among gardens, and fountains, and odours, and cool shade, absorbed in sensations of delight, like the knights of old who had just passed from some ordeal to its reward. Fruits of every delicate shape and hue bended the boughs hospitably over our heads; flowers hung in canopy upon the trees, and lay in variegated carpet on the ground; the lanes through which we went were long arcades of arching boughs; the walls were composed of large square blocks of dried mud, which in that bright, dazzling light somewhat resembled Cyclopean architecture, and gave I know not what of simplicity and primitiveness to the scene. At length I entered the city, and thenceforth lost the sun while I remained there. The luxurious people of Damascus exclude all sunshine from their bazaars by awnings of thick mat, wherever vine-trellises or vaulted roofs do not render this precaution unnecessary.

The effect of this pleasant gloom, the cool currents of air created by the narrow streets, the vividness of the bazaars, the variety and beauty of the Oriental

dress, the fragrant smell of the spice-shops, the tinkle of the brass cups of the seller of sherbets—all this affords a pleasant but bewildering change from the silent desert and the glare of sunshine. And then the glimpses of places strange to your eye, yet familiar to your imagination, that you catch as you pass along. Here is the portal of a large khan, with a fountain and cistern in the midst. Camels and bales of merchandize and turbaned negroes are scattered over its wide quadrangle, and an arcade of shops or offices surrounds it, above and below, like the streets of Chester. Another portal opens into a public bath, with its fountains, its reservoirs, its gay carpets, and its luxurious inmates, clothed in white linen, and reclining upon cushions as they smoke their chibouques.

• In the luxury of a Turkish bath I soon forgot the fatigue of a thirty hours' journey; and even my horse, (he, however, had been resting while I was climbing Mount Hermon,) soon recovered his spirits and condition. After breakfast, the first food or drink I had tasted for twenty-four hours, I went to visit Mr. Wood, the British Consul. His hospitable house is one of the handsomest in Syria, though you enter it from a dull street, by a low and unpretending portal. A group of Janizaries and other servants were loung-

ing about the small outer court, whence I passed into a garden, round three sides of which the apartments ranged. A little lake of crystal water lay enclosed by marble banks, and overshadowed by beautiful weeping-willows; little fountains leaped and sparkled in all directions, "and shook their loosened silver in the sun." Arcades of orange, and lemon, and mimosa-trees afforded a quivering shade to the marble mosaic paths and the parterres of flowers. At one end of this court, or garden, was a lofty alcove, with a ceiling richly carved in gold and crimson fretwork; the walls are ornamented with arabesques, and a wide divan runs round the three sides of the apartment, which opens on the garden and its fountains. Next to this alcove is a beautiful drawing-room, with marble floor and arabesque roof, and carved niches, and softened light falling on delicately-painted walls; in the midst is an alabaster basin, into which water falls from four fantastic little fountains.

Mr. Wood appears to have extensive influence among the Arabs, and much consideration among the Turks. He has travelled very widely in the East, and understands its various people well. I would gladly enliven these pages with some of his most interesting anecdote and information, but for the cha-

racter of confidence that every private conversation possesses, or should possess.

After one night's trial of the hotel, the traveller will be glad to remove to the Franciscan convent, which, though squalid enough, is comparatively free from vermin. The terrace, too, upon this convent, commands the best view perhaps of the city, and, on a moonlight night, is the most pleasant place imaginable to smoke "the pipe of repose." The fathers, moreover, are jovial fellows, and possess a capital cellar of the "Vino d'oro," for which the Lebanon is famous.

I thought Damascus was a great improvement upon Cairo, in every respect. It is much more thoroughly Oriental in its appearance, in its mysteries, in the look and character of its inhabitants. The spirit of the Arabian Nights is still quite alive in these, its native streets; and not only do you hear their fantastic tales repeated to rapt audiences in the coffee-houses, but you see them hourly exemplified in living scenes.

Damascus is all of a bubble with nargilehs and fountains; the former are in every mouth, and the latter gush from every corner of the street. These fountains are in themselves very characteristic, beautifully carved with fanciful designs, that seem ever striving to evade the Moslem's law against imitating

anything in creation. The heat of the climate is turned into a source of pleasure, by the cool currents of air that are ingeniously cultivated, and the profusion of ices, creams, and juicy fruits, that everywhere present themselves. Many of the shopkeepers have large feather fans, which are in constant flutter; and even the jewellers, as they work in public, turn aside from the little crucibles, in which ingots of gold or silver are learning ductility and obedience to art, to fan their pallid cheeks and agitate their perfumed beards with these wide-spread fans.¹

The rides about Damascus are very striking and pleasant. You wander through a labyrinth of sycamore, or walnut-shaded lanes, with bright Abana and Pharphar gleaming through the foliage, or sparkling in stream or fountain. Sometimes you find a picturesque mill terminating the path that has led you wandering, and sometimes you come upon a group of Syrians smoking indolently in an arbour, or rushing about like maniacs on active horses, that seem to enjoy

¹ The celebrated sword-blades are no longer manufactured here. The trade was transferred to Khorassan by one of the many conquerors that have ravaged this fair city. The steel was "cut as fine as horsehair, and interwoven with gold as finely drawn as woman's tresses," then subjected to fire, till each metal became imbued with the virtues of the other, and the blade would cut gossamer as it floated in the air.

their wild game of the Jereed as much as their riders. There is little to be seen in Damascus, except the city's self. No vestige remains of the palaces of the Sultans; and, indeed, few of any other antiquity, though this is probably the most ancient city in the world: Eleazer, the trusty steward of Abraham, was a citizen of it nearly 4,000 years ago, and the Arabs maintain that Adam was created here out of the red clay that is now fashioned by the hand of the potter into other forms.

Damascus life begins very early in the morning, and the shops are almost all closed by one or two o'clock in the afternoon: thenceforth the cafés and the gardens become filled, and, after sunset, you seldom meet any one in the streets; the few who appear there are obliged to carry lanterns, and the different quarters of the town are enclosed by guarded gates.

The women of Damascus are said to be very handsome, and I think deserve this, as well as other less complimentary reputations. They affect a deep seclusion, like the Cairenes, and are more ingenious perhaps in evading its restrictions. The Turks here are more fanatical than in any part of the East, except Mecca; and it is nearly impossible to visit the mosques: the risk incurred in doing so is of that unpleasant kind

that has nothing redeeming or tempting in its exploit. These mosques are inhabited by a set of filthy dervishes, who assail a Christian with every sort of insult and outrage, even if protected by the Sultan's firman and the Pasha's officers.

The Christians, for the most part, belong to the Latin Church: there are some Greeks, and a few Armenians; they amount in all to about 5,000, out of a population of 100,000. They are as fanatical and grossly ignorant as the Moslems—at least, those few, even of the wealthier class, with whom I had an opportunity of conversing. The Jews amount to 6 or 7,000, and have the reputation of great wealth.

I made the acquaintance of an Arab physician, who was possessed of considerable wealth, and was, moreover, a person of literary attainments, and apparently free from the prejudices, if not from the belief, of the Koran. I accepted an invitation to visit him one evening; and, after traversing many silent streets, with guarded gates at either end, I arrived at one of the low and unpretending doorways I have mentioned.

I was admitted by a black slave, and ushered through a long dark passage into a courtyard, which presented a very striking appearance: in the midst, the usual fountain leaped and sparkled in the rays

that, falling from a painted lantern, converted each drop of spray into rubies or emeralds. Mimosas, hanging their flowery wreaths, and orange-trees bending with their golden fruit, stood round, themselves shadowed by some tall luxuriant palms. On one side, many lights twinkled in the lattices of the hareem ; on the other, rose a wide alcove, with fretted roof, and a raised marble floor. The Divan was occupied by some gorgeously-clad Turks, some merchants, and two Armenian priests in violet robes, and high black turbans. A large painted lantern threw its coloured light upon this picturesque and imposing group.

The circle, except the priests, rose as I entered, and remained standing until I had taken my seat ; then, resuming theirs, each laid his hand upon his heart, and, bowing slowly, muttered something about Allah. A pipe was then presented, and, according to the pleasant Eastern usage, no observation was addressed to me, until I had time to become familiarized with the appearances that surrounded me.

My host was a noble-looking fellow, with piercing eyes and a long black beard ; yet his countenance wore an expression of mirth and good-humour that contrasted curiously with that reverend beard and lofty look. A long robe of dark flame-coloured silk was

wrapped round his waist by a voluminous shawl, and a white muslin turban was folded broadly on his forehead.

He held the conversation (through an interpreter¹) with great animation and interest to European topics, inquiring eagerly about steam, chemistry, and railways. When I observed that almost all our knowledge of chemistry and astronomy came originally from his country, he said that the Arab science was only like *water* when it came to us in Frangistan: "you put fire under it and turn it into *steam*. Ah, yes!" he continued, "you English know all things, and can do what you please; you know more of us than we do of ourselves."

After some conversation on medical subjects, he inquired very eagerly about magnetism, and begged that I would show him how it is done. Vainly I disclaimed any knowledge of the art: his enthusiasm on the subject was not to be evaded, and, at last, I consented to explain the simple process.

He beckoned to a black slave, who was standing by with folded arms, to approach; and, as the gaunt

¹ Mr. Paton, an English gentleman, to whom I was indebted for this and other facilities, which his perfect knowledge of Arabic, and popularity among the Arabs, enabled him kindly to offer to me. He has recently published a very valuable little volume, entitled "The Modern Syrians."

negro knelt before me, the whole circle closed round us, and looked on in breathless suspense, while I passed my hands slowly over my patient's eyes. Soon and suddenly, to my surprise and their astonishment, a shudder passed over the gigantic frame, and he sank upon the ground, huddled like a black cloak that has fallen from a peg. A low exclamation of "Wallah !" escaped from all the bystanders, who, one by one, endeavoured to waken him, but in vain. At length, they said quietly, "He is dead," and resumed their pipes and their pleasant attitudes on the divans, as if it was all quite "regular." My host was beside himself with astonishment, and overwhelmed me with eager questions, to which I only replied with that invaluable Burleigh nod that throws all the responsibility of perception on the inquirer, and off of the nodder. The physician gazed in silence for some time on the apparently breathless black mass of humanity that lay heaped upon the floor ; and then, with great diffidence and many apologies, requested I would bring him back to life, as he was worth nearly a hundred pounds. I was far from certain whether, or in what manner, this was to be done, and postponed the attempt as long as possible. At length I tried, and succeeded with a vengeance !

It was like a thousand wakenings from a thousand

sleeps — long-suppressed consciousness seemed suddenly to flash upon his brain, too powerfully for its patient endurance. With a fearful howl, he started to his feet, flung wide his arms, threw back his head, and, while his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, he burst into a terrible shrieking sort of laughter. He seized a large vase of water, and dashed it into fragments on the marble floor: he tore up the divan, and smashed the lantern into a thousand bits; then, with his arms spread wide, he rushed about the courtyard, while the terrified Turks hid themselves, or fled in every direction. As I watched their horror-stricken countenances, hurrying to and fro in the various light of the moon and the remaining lantern, their long draperies tangling in the plants and pillars, their black pursuer stalking along as if engaged in some grim game of "blindman's buff:" together with the howl of the maniac ringing far and wide through the silent night, the shrieks of the women in the hareem above, the rapid tread of the pursued and the tramp of the pursuer among the palms and mimosas in the strange-looking courtyard, the whole seemed to me like some fearful dream, of which I watched the result in painful and constrained suspense.

At length, the slave became exhausted by the vio-

lence of his emotions, and, flinging himself on the ground, sobbed as if his heart would break. Gradually he came to himself, looked puzzledly round on the scene of devastation he had wrought, and then quietly resumed his meek attitude, and stood with folded arms on his naked chest.

Peace being restored, the scattered audience emerged one by one from their hiding-places, the lantern and fresh pipes were lighted, and we all resumed our seats, except the Armenian priest, who had disappeared in the confusion. The negro was then examined, and he described his sensations as those of exquisite delight ; but he was quite unconscious of all that he had done.

As I had preserved an air of quiet indifference (which I was far from feeling) through the transaction, the Orientals thought the matter was all quite right, and looked upon me with great respect. My host professed himself as much obliged as astonished by the performance, and begged of me to return the next evening to repeat the experiment. "Heaven forbid !" thought I, as I took leave of my host, as the following day I did of Damascus.¹

¹ Should any of my readers happen to visit Damascus, and have the good fortune to make Mr. Wood's acquaintance, they will probably hear this magnetic story from him, the physician I allude to having related to him the whole circumstance the following day.

CHAPTER XI.

BAALBEC, AND THE CEDARS.

—He saw the Sun go down
On that great Temple, once his own,
Whose lofty columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials which the wizard Time
Had raised to count his ages by.

MOORE.

The trees of his forest shall be few, that a child may count them.

ISAIAH, x. 19.

I was obliged to wait at Damascus until the English monthly mail arrived; so I sent my servants forward early in the morning to wait for me at Zebdani. About three in the afternoon, after a parting cup with the jolly friars, and friendly warnings of danger in going alone at such an hour, I started.

I pressed up the steep and burning side of the mountain, along the edge of an extraordinary ravine, through which the Barada, the ancient Pharphar, rushes from the highlands to the plains; thence, across

a dreary, blasted-looking, mountainous country, in which not a blade of grass, of heath, or the vilest weed was to be seen. Naked red or gray rocks appeared everywhere, giving back the burning rays of the sun with interest, and shining upward into the eyes. But, in the narrow glen, through which the river flowed, all was beauty, richness, and verdure; a long waving line of poplars marked the course of the stream, as far as the eye could reach; these minaret-like trees, and the dome-like masses of the sycamore's heavy foliage relieved against the evening sky, resembled a strip of some Oriental city. Beneath ran the bright river in a channel of emerald green, with here a foam-flecked mill, and there a vine-sheltered khan upon its banks.

Mills and Khans, however, and every other sign of social life soon ceased, and I found myself traversing alone a wide desolate waste, on which the sun went down in purple clouds. Here I lost my way, and it was long before I chanced to learn the right road from a goatherd. When I reached the pathway again, the last light of day was vanishing. Every where I met groups returning to their homes, carrying their harvest home, or driving flocks; then the precipitous path became more difficult, the river foamed more wildly, the

wishing to exchange salutations with one who was leaving the haunts of men at that late hour.

The few villages that occur in this wild valley, and every trace of cultivation, seemed confined to the river-side. I passed some tombs curiously cut in the rock, which are said to have been made by the Jews during the Roman persecution. Thence, after passing over a beautiful bridge, I entered upon the Vale of Baalbec. I rode as fast as my wearied horse would travel for some hours; but at last the power of the spur failing, I was fain to walk.

A full moon shone upon the wild, wide, lonely scene, and made curious illusions with the rocks and bushes by the wayside, by which everything imaginable, from crouching demon to crawling Arab, was represented.

My maps were with my luggage, and I had only a slight sketch from Arrowsmith's very inaccurate map to guide me over the waste. In following its guidance, I repeatedly lost my way, until a light on a far mountain side announced a village. Riding up to this, I found most of its inhabitants sleeping in the open air outside their houses. One of the women waking up, very civilly directed me; and, after another weary hour's ride through fragrant lanes of gum-cistus and

wild roses, I reached the pretty little village of Zebdani. This is consecrated by the pleasant association of being the spot wherein Cain murdered Abel, and here I found my tent, in which I was soon soundly asleep.

Zebdani itself is beautifully situated among clustering groves and rapid streams ; but, on emerging from its friendly shade, I rode through a perfectly bleak and barren country, until I came in sight of the huge pile of the temple of Baalbec, with six light columns towering over it ; it is situated a little to the right of the centre of the Valley of Bekaa. This vale is about twelve miles wide, and divides Lebanon from Anti-Lebanon : it is extremely rich and naturally fertile, consisting of a thick bed of argillaceous clay on a red sandstone. It is very partially cultivated, however, under the blighting influence of a Turkish government. I counted a herd of one hundred and thirty camels feeding together on one part of the plain ; on others corn was standing, or being threshed in a very primitive manner, by means of small oxen drawing a sledge over it, as it lay strewn in circles round a harvest heap. A little boy stood upon each ledge, and seemed to be practising attitudes as he goaded on his lazy team. I passed two or three wide and dry water-courses, with

lofty cliffs of sandstone, and at length reached the quarries whence Baalbec rose. Numbers of stones, hewn, or partly so, are lying here still; one of them measures 68 feet by 14, and must weigh nearly 100 tons.

Tradition (and we have no other guide) says that Baalbec was built by Solomon in order to please one of his Sidonian wives,¹ who was a sun-worshipper. In order to raise this amazing pile, he pressed into the service numbers of the Genii, male and female, who were under his command. The former built the walls, the latter carried the stones from this quarry; the vast block I have mentioned was being borne on the shoulder of a female Ginn, when she heard that her brother had been crushed by the falling in of part of the temple he was building. She flung down her load, which it is unnecessary to add no one has taken up since.

Baalbec forms literally a vast *pile* of buildings. Crushed, broken, and fragmentary as it is, it lies heaped upon its huge platform in magnificent confusion. This platform itself seems as enduring as the cliffs of nature that it imitates: the rocks of which it is composed measured from thirty to sixty feet in length. No one knows by whom, or by what race of men this

¹ Or for Belbeis, Queen of Sheba, or for his Pharaonic bride.

base was built, but on it have been successively erected the Corinthian temples of the Romans, and the light, fantastic architecture of the Saracens.

High above this varied mass, tower six noble columns, upwards of seventy feet in height, that meet the eye of the farthest wanderer on this great plain. I know nothing equal in effect to their imposing array. Beneath lie strewn around, or ranged along the platform's edge, a vast profusion of broken masses of architecture, and some walls with niches exquisitely carved. The most striking view perhaps is from the south-east, where part of the magnificent portico still remains; and an avalanche of splendid ruins seems pouring from the old temple on the plain, as if its courts overflowed with those colossal columns, chapiters, and entablatures.

Beneath the platform run two vast vaulted passages; and above, as you wander among courts like squares, and aisles like streets, it seems rather to be some great city, whose ruins you are traversing, than the boundaries of a temple. The original foundations seem to have been dedicated to the sun under the name of Baal: when the Corinthian temples rose, the same dedication still continued under the name of Helios. Then came the Saracens, who preferred the ancient

name of Baalbec to that of Heliopolis, and the crescent usurped the place of the god of day. Tradition whispers that Baldach, the friend of Job, once inhabited the valley. History is silent on the subject of its city and its temple, until the biographies of Antoninus Pius and Heliogabalus afford notices of its existence.

Baalbec seems to have risen at one time into considerable eminence under the Saracens, and Burckhardt speaks of two mosques and a handsome palace as standing here even in his time. Now, only a miserable village remains, and what is called a palace, belonging to the Emir Handjiar. He was absent at the period of my visit, enforcing the disarming of the Metoualis by order of the Pasha of Damascus.

Baalbec by moonlight is a sight to remember for ever. As I sat at the door of my tent, with my Arabs lying round me, their horses feeding by the side of each, I thought with regret that this was the last evening I should ever pass among such scenes. Henceforth my course was toward the West.

I had begun to love the climate, and the solitude, and the adventure that I found in the far East—the crowded world admits of no real retirement but that which is fenced round by deserts, and difficulty, and danger. Now, the red Indian does not range more

freely in his prairie, than does the traveller in the East: no time, circumstance, or responsibilities fetter his free will and action: he is despotic over his attendants, whose wild spirits are as reckless of danger and privation as his own. Swiftly and silently he traverses strange lands; little rest is required for his desert-born cavalcade; little speech necessary for his few wants. He raises his hand, and his canvas home falls from the sumpter-horse upon the ground; the fire, the spread carpet, the light repast, all follow in their course. He waves his hand, they vanish; he points with his fingers to some distant hill, or mountain pass, and his people require no other direction as to their route: now sweeping the plains at a gallop; now loitering among the mountain glades; now bivouacked in a Moslem village, or mingling unnoticed among the crowds of some city, famous in the Arabian Nights. It is a strangely pleasant life, the interest of which grows hourly stronger as it becomes more familiar.

The following picture, which Sir Walter Scott pronounced to be perfect, is faithful as it is eloquent—

————— In the wilds

Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
 And his soul drank their sunbeams. He was girt
 With strange and dusky aspects: he was not
 Himself like what he had been. * * *

————— And at the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couched amid fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them ; at his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain, and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.¹

But I cannot hope that the patient reader would wish to linger longer among such scenes ; and I must take leave of Baalbec. Now we have but the Cedars to visit, and then this pilgrimage draws rapidly to a close.

At the rise of sun I started for the Cedars : hitherto its shadows had fallen behind me ; henceforth I followed them. Traversing the wide plain that divides the mountain ranges of the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon, I turned aside to visit a tall, isolated column, that seems perfectly uncalled-for here, and yields no explanation of its present or its past. There is not even a vestige of any other ruin near it. At the foot of the mountain, I came to a pretty little Maronite village, called Derr el Akmar. Thence upward, the pathway, as usual, took a mountain stream for guide, the simple

¹ From Byron's "Dream."

engineering of the country taking it for granted that this impetuous pioneer would take the shortest course it could find from its fountain to the plain. And, in truth, she was a pleasant guide to follow, that Undine of the mountains; with her merry voice, and light-hearted friskings, as she scattered diamonds from her shining robes upon the emerald-green cloak that Nature, like Sir Walter Raleigh, had strewn along her path. A rich and varied foliage made a grateful shade, and rustled in pleasant harmony with the bees that hummed among the wild flowers. Then would start up some high, projecting cliff, the summit of which, when won, commanded a wide view of the beautiful valley. So we went on, ever diving into shady valleys, or emerging on some rocky platform where the breeze blew free, and the eye could wander far over Coelesyria. Gradually the flowering shrubs ceased, the forest trees gave way to the pine or the prickly oak, and at last we wound along the side of a naked mountain, where our horses could scarce find footing. Then again descending, we came to a ruined village named Ainété, the cause of whose desolation we vainly inquired from a party of mountaineers, who joined us here. From Ainété the path becomes very difficult and dangerous: even our horses trod hurriedly and fearfully along a

path that none but a lizard or a mountaineer would have considered safe. Then we passed into a region of snow, and I looked my last upon the valley of Baalbec.¹

On the summit of Lebanon might the first of men have stood, and taken his last farewell of the Eden that still bears the name of his lost inheritance: then, turning Eastward, his foreboding eye might widely range over the dreary world on which he thenceforth was to wander, far from paradise.

Reversing this order, I took a last, lingering view of that great valley, and those Eastern hills, among whose gorges lay the path to Persia, and the Great Desert: then turned towards Eden, and gazed with insatiable eyes upon the loveliest yet grandest scene that the world possesses.

Gorgeous it was, and dream-like: so unreal and unearthly was the beauty of the land, and the glory of the sea and sky that lay spread before me. Eden was there, fulfilling every requisition of the imagination, as well as of tradition: and nothing but an Eve was

¹ As the history and statistics of the Tribes of the Mountain are only interesting to the scholar or the traveller, I have transferred such particulars as I could gather concerning them to a note at the end of the volume.

wanting to complete the paradise. Owing to the height whence I looked down, the sea, one sheet of molten gold, appeared to rise half-way up the sky, on which—so glowing was the whole bright West—the horizon was only marked by the sun's half vanished disc, hovering between the sea and sky that seemed to have caught fire from his beams. The promontory of Tripoli, dark with woods, ran out into the bay; the shore swept on with many a graceful curve and bold promontory, until it faded into distance on the far South. Thence, upward, to the base of the mountain on which I stood, succeeded vine-clad hills and verdant valleys and rich groves and groups of cottages and black precipices, in one richly varied mass: this scene was divided by a deep and dark ravine, through which the Sacred River, the river Kadisha, rushed and foamed. To the right lay a bleak amphitheatre of naked mountains, and in the recess that they surrounded stood a grove of dark trees—these were the Cedars of Lebanon.

I was at first disappointed in the appearance of these forest saints; I had expected to have seen them scattered along the mountain that they consecrated, each standing apart like a vegetable cathedral: but here was a snug, compact little brotherhood gathered together

in the most social group; no other tree was visible for many a mile round.

When, however, I reached the forest, after two hours' steep and difficult descent, I found my largest expectations realized, and confessed that it was the most magnificent specimen of forestry I had ever seen. It was delightful to pass out of the glowing, fiery sunshine into the cool, refreshing gloom of those wide flaky branches—that vast cedar shade, whose gnarled old stems stood round like massive pillars supporting their ponderous domes of foliage.

One of the greatest charms of this secluded forest must have been its deep solitude, but that, alas! is gone for ever: some monks obtained the ground for building, and an unsightly chapel was just being raised upon this sacred spot. I confess it seemed to me like a desecration; the place already was “holy ground” to all the world, and these ignorant monks had come to monopolize and claim it for the tawdry and tinselled image which they had just “set up.” The churls had even pulled down one of the oldest trees to light their pipes and boil their rice with: I fear, it was with a very bad grace that I gave a few gold pieces to their begging importunities for the erection of this sectarian chapel, and it was with a very bad grace that they received them.

There are twelve old trees, or Saints, as they are called, being supposed to be coeval with those that furnished timber for Solomon's temple—yes, twelve, I will maintain it, notwithstanding all the different computations on the subject, are there standing now. It is natural that there should be a diversity of opinion, perhaps, as the forest consists of about one thousand trees, among which there is a succession of all ages: nevertheless, there is the apostolic number, first-rate in size and venerable appearance. The largest of these is forty-five feet in circumference; the second is forty-four. Many of them are scarred with travellers' names, among which are those of Laborde, Irby, Mangles, Lamartine, &c. I should have thought as soon of carving my name on the skin of the venerable Sheikh of Eden, who soon arrived to pay his respects to the stranger.

That night's encampment was one to be remembered. My tent was pitched on a carpet of soft, green sward, under the wide-spread arms of one of the old saints. At a little distance, the watch-fire blazed up against a pale, gray cliff: its red gleam playing on the branches beneath, and the silvery moon shining on them from above, produced a beautiful effect, as they trembled in the night breeze, and their dark green leaves seemed

shot alternately with crimson and with silver; then the grouping of the servants, and the mountaineers in their vivid dresses, and the sombre priests assembled round the fire, and the horses feeding in the background.

Gradually the chattering ceased; one by one the inhabitants retired to their distant village; the salaams died away; and I was left alone, but for the sleeping servants. All was in fine harmony to sight and sound around me: all nature seemed in profoundest rest, yet palpitating with a quiet pleasure: the stars thrilled with intense lustre in the azure sky, the watch-fire now and then gleamed through the heavy foliage; its fragrance, for it was of cedar wood, stole gratefully over the tranced senses—

And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

The next morning, before sunrise, I broke up my encampment with regret. These are the most interesting trees in the world, except, perhaps, those of Gethsemane: they were the favourite metaphor of the “sweet singers of Israel, and of the Prophets;” and thus it comes that these few trees, standing on this lonely and distant mountain, are known over the wide earth.

Descending from the platform among the mountains where the cedars stand, we pass for some distance through a wild and uninhabited country; then, suddenly come upon the beautiful village of Bshirrai, seated on a steep acclivity where mingled lawn, and vineyard, and cliff diversify the view, and separate the cottages.

These last are built open towards the front, which is supported by wooden pillars that give the edifice a very temple-like appearance: and never did fane rise in a lovelier spot; with ~~its~~ terraced gardens, and cascades gushing through thick tangles of the clematis, honeysuckle, and wild rose. The fig-tree and the sycamore shade the steep pathways, and by the side of these, comely women are at work in their open houses; some are making baskets of earth and straw for their silkworms, and drying them in the sun; some are embroidering, or making gay little garments for the laughing children that fearlessly approach, and allow you to lift them on your saddle, and play with their long, wavy curls. Round you rise rocks and precipices of fantastic form, and various colouring; and beneath, through a dark and grand ravine, foams and thunders the Kadisha. Little paddocks, with real grass, (a rare production in these parts,) and white

cattle grazing thereon, repose in the hollow of the vale; and all around the eye wanders in pleased puzzlement through the intricate beauties of as fair a scene, from snowy mountain above to deep blue sea below, as ever mortal gazed on.

I passed the convent of Canobin; some lime-stone hills, extremely rich in fossils; a grand old castle in a picturesque valley; and then emerged upon the shore.

About sunset we reached the river Adonis, on whose banks some merchants had already encamped, and here my muleteer halted, and declared he would proceed no farther that night. The steamer was to sail for Constantinople on the following day, and, as I had some business to transact at Beyrout, I was obliged to push on, leaving my servant to bring on the baggage-horses and the muleteers as soon as it was daylight. The muleteer, seeing me preparing to depart, conjured me to remain, if not for my sake, for his, as he should never see me again, or get paid. He said the roads were at all times infested by banditti, but at night that the "bad people" came down from the mountains to meet the French and Italian smugglers from the sea, and that few had ever been allowed to pass their haunts alive: I attributed all this to Oriental exag-

geration, and rode away. I soon discovered that my guide had spoken faithfully for once.

About ten o'clock I halted for the first time since sunrise, at a small khan, to give my horse a handful of barley, and to sup upon some cucumbers and sour milk, the only refreshment the place afforded: then, resuming my way, I rode along a very wild and lonely shore, by the light of a brilliant moon. The way soon ascended along the brow of a dark and menacing cliff, which impended over the path so as to render it quite dark. The sea roared hungrily many hundred yards below, the path was rugged and slippery, and it was with difficulty my horse could keep his feet. On descending from these heights, I found myself in a cemetery, whose sculptured turbans showed that the neighbouring village was Moslem. Soon afterwards a widely curved bay spread out before me, and, at its farther extremity, I could see several low, dark craft moored close in shore; while lights, that seemed intended for signals, gleamed at intervals all along the hills. These were extinguished as I approached each, but quickly relighted when I passed. I had wrapped my turban round my neck and waist to protect myself from the cold night; but I now rewound it on my head; as the red tarboosh is the sure

sign of a Turkish trooper, and could scarcely escape a rifle bullet in the scenes I was about to enter upon. As I approached a pass in the rocks, four mounted men, videttes I suppose, suddenly dashed out from their concealment, and reined up their horses when close to mine. "Who are you? whither going?" was quickly asked. "An Englishman travelling to Beyrout," was the reply. They held a moment's counsel, and then suffered me to pass, I know not why.

I rode on uninterruptedly for about a mile, when I came to some tents: camels were lying about, and bales of silk and other merchandize: a few men in Syrian and also in Frank dresses were passing to and from the boats to the tents. It was about one o'clock, the very noon of night; yet this was their hour of most active business. They had evidently been apprised that a stranger was approaching, and now moved stealthily about among the sleeping camels, and the bales that lay strewn around. There seemed to be some safety in a multitude; retreat was impossible, and I rode straight up to the largest tent. Dismounting, I desired one of the Arabs to lead about my horse to cool, and then asked for a light for my pipe, and lay down upon the tent-carpet.

The scene was a very picturesque one; high moun-

tains frowned over the silvery sands; the smugglers gathered round the door of the tent, their shawl girdles stuck full of pistols and yataghans, and the dew standing on their shaggy brows and moustaches; the tents, the boats, the bright blue sea, and a glorious moon shining over all, formed a picture on which I gazed earnestly as it might be for the last time. I knew if they robbed, they would also murder me, as the silence of those "who tell no tales" was important to them; and yet I lay smoking my pipe with as much calmness, if not indifference, as ever I did under the shelter of the English flag. Three most sinister-looking ruffians approached me, after a long consultation: they all squinted violently, so that they might have seemed to have but three eyes among them, only, that each time I looked, I saw the eye in a different ball. These were now all glowering in six different ways on the gold tassel of my sword-knot: at length one of them asked me, "what brought me there at that hour of the night?" I said I was an English traveller, and that my servants were following me. The Arab shook his head; but, at that moment, a young Syrian entered the tent, and, to my agreeable surprise, accosted me in French. He said very courteously that I was not aware of the danger

I was in, and that he would advise me to remain there till morning. I expressed myself obliged for his friendly caution, but persisted in departing, and mounted my horse deliberately ; as I gathered up my reins, the three Arabs placed themselves in my way, and one attempted to catch my bridle : I well knew then that my only chance of escape lay in resolution : so, saying to my assailant, " if you move, you die ! " the moonlight glimmered on the barrel of the pistol ; the Syrian spoke a few hurried words, whose meaning I could not catch ; and the next moment, I was past the smugglers, and out of their sight round a projecting rock.

I had still a weary distance to travel ; and the broad stream of the Nahr el Kelb to ford or swim, as my jaded horse happened to choose the way, of which I was profoundly ignorant. The sun rose as I entered Beyrout and dismounted from my horse, just twenty-five hours after I had mounted him the preceding day.

CHAPTER XII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Is this the sovereign seat of Constantine?
 Is that indeed Sophia's far-famed dome,
 Where first the Faith was led in triumph home
 Like some high bride, with banner and bright sign,
 And melody and flowers? Round yonder shrine
 The sons, the rivals, yea, the lords of Rome,
 Bowed they in reverence, awed by truth divine
 Breathed through the golden lips of Chrysostom!
 But where that conquering Cross, which, high in heaven,
 That dome of old surmounted? angels sweeping
 The ærial coasts now hang no more suspended—
 With the wild sea-dirge their chants no more are blended—
 Onward they speed, by their own sorrows driven;
 And the winds waft alone their heavenly weeping.

AUBREY DE VERE.

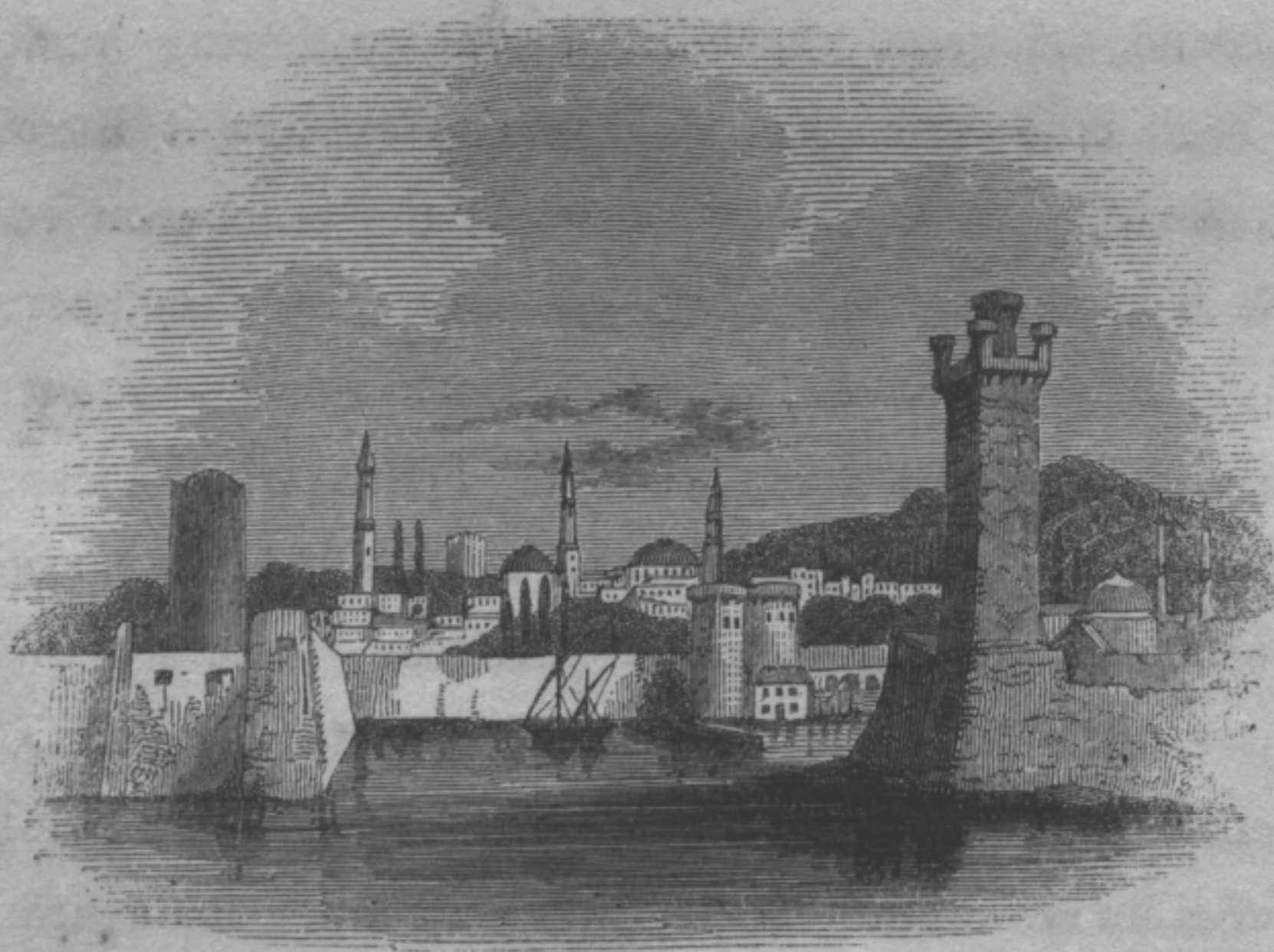
The next day (July 13th) I found myself on board a Turkish steamer, with 850 troops strewed along the deck so thickly that they could scarcely turn. The fore-cabin was allotted to the hareems of the officers; the ladies' cabin was occupied by a Persian Princess: and two Persian Princes and I had the saloon to ourselves. They were very agreeable, courteous persons.

and spoke with delight of their visit to England some years ago. The Opera and the "fire-carriages" were subjects on which they particularly loved to dwell, but the women of England were the supreme subjects of their admiration. "Persian ladees," said Prince Reza Oglu, "very beautifool; Constantinopoli ladees very beautifool; Engleesh ladees much very better."

We passed Cyprus the second day—a mountainous island, of great capabilities, but withering under Turkish oppression. Paphos, or *Baffa*, as it is now called, contains only the fragments of one or two broken columns standing upon a promontory, bare, and unmystified by the gloom of surrounding groves. Being in quarantine, we were, fortunately perhaps, not permitted to land in this island—still, it is said, so dangerous to susceptible travellers.

On the third day we made the coast of Caramania; on the fifth we cast anchor in the harbour of the Isle of Rhodes. The city presents very much the appearance one would be led to expect from its situation and its history: a mingling of European with Asiatic dwellings: churches and mosques, spires and minarets, intermingled with cypress and sycamore: without the town a pleasant boulevard affords shade for the

varied population to saunter under, *à la Parisienne*; or to sit and smoke under, *à la Turque*. Here, also, we were prevented from landing, on account of quarantine; but I pulled about the offing in one of the ship's boats, and surveyed the inner harbour, across whose narrow entrance the Colussus strode. It was only twenty-four feet in breadth, so that it requires no great stretch of the imagination to equal that of the image.



CITY OF RHODES.

This island well deserves a visit, and has been hitherto very imperfectly explored: the interior is said to be very beautiful, and many remains of antiquity lie strewn about there, unexamined.

In the evening we weighed anchor, and passed along a fine, mountainous coast, (Asia Minor,) on our right. Patmos, on the left, with many an island of mythologic fame, keeps alive the attention that has henceforth no time to sleep; for every wave of this historic sea is full of memories. Scio and Mitylene now arise; the Gulph of Smyrna opening within this last; and morning's earliest light shows us Ida's mountain over the level plain of Troy, with the tombs of Hector and Achilles appearing like Irish raths.

Soon afterwards we entered the Dardanelles, against a current that continually runs to the southward at the rate of three or four miles an hour. There is little that is picturesque in these celebrated Straits, which vary from one to three miles in width: the shores consist of steep and barren hills, with but few trees scattered along their sides. The same evening we entered the little Sea of Marmora, which was throwing up as heavy a swell as if it was an ocean.

The next morning—the seventh after our departure from Beyrout—revealed to us a distant view of magnificent Stamboul: we were obliged to bear away to the eastward, however, to disembark our troops on the “Princes' Islands,” where they were to perform quarantine. Their sufferings during the voyage must

have been extreme, exposed during the daytime to a burning sun, and at night to the spray that constantly broke over the ship ; yet they showed the same profound apathy in recovering their freedom, as they had done during their painful voyage. I never heard a murmur escape from one of them, though some of their officers remonstrated once or twice with the captain about their unavoidable miseries. These officers were, without exception, coarse, mean, dirty, and unsoldierlike : they seemed to belong to the very lowest class of the population.

After a long delay, while the arrival of the Princes was being announced at Constantinople, we were ordered to land at Kartal, a quarantine station on the Asiatic shore. I steered the captain's gig with the royal party in it ; while a larger boat took their suite, with a beautiful mare that they had brought from the banks of the Euphrates.

And now I found myself floating on the moonlit Sea of Marmora, in the shadows of the minaretted Asiatic shore, with a fair Persian princess in my charge : I could not see her face ; but her voice was soft and gentle, as the breeze that breathed through the folds of her long white veil. The princes sate one on each side of me, in high conical caps of black Astrakan fur ;

and a female slave, enveloped in black drapery, sate opposite her young mistress. We pulled for many a mile along that placid sea, laughing and talking merrily. Prince Timour several times endeavoured to remove his sister's veil, and appealed to me as to whether the most beautiful women in England had any objection to being seen. The khanum,¹ however, resisted the unveiling, good-humouredly but firmly.

The moon was shining brightly over the Princes' Islands ; mingling her pale beams with the golden haze that still lingered where the sun had sunk behind the European hills. We floated tranquilly along under the shadows of the Asian shore, till silence gradually stole upon the sense, or was scarcely broken by the measured stroke of the sailor's oar, and the low, monotonous chant of their *Ægean* song. The high black caps of the Persians began to glisten with the dew, the veiled figures of the princess and her slave drooped gradually from their unusual attitude, the dolphins played about our prow, and phosphorescent light flashed along the crest of every little wave ; the mysterious-looking group and every thing around were in harmony with the romantic scene and hour.

¹ Khan, *prince* ; khanum, *princess*, in Persian.

At length we landed on a tongue of land under a deserted palace, and spread a carpet for the Khanum at the foot of a sycamore. I lighted a fire of dried leaves and twigs, at which Prince Timour blew until his bearded cheeks seemed about to burst, and the female slave drew forth from some part of her voluminous dress a little silver saucepan, in which we boiled some tea. This was handed in a tiny porcelain cup to the Khanum, and the princes and I made merry over the fire with the rest.

At length the luggage arrived, and we were admitted into the ruined palace which was to be our quarantine prison, with as many precautions as if we had come to storm it.

Travellers ! avoid Kartal as you would the plague that it professes to be a guard against. I was shown into a large empty room, with discoloured walls, and a floor thickly covered with dirt and gravel, among which ants and fleas were swarming. The "royal family" had similar accommodations ; and we had a narrow courtyard, with high brick walls, in common. We could hear the trees rustle in the gardens outside, but never were allowed to feel their shade ; and we could hear the waves laughing along the shore, but never were allowed the luxury of bathing. Here we

were detained for a dismal fortnight, half starved and half scorched; without any resource but our pipes and resignation, both of which my companions possessed in a much greater degree of perfection than I did.

I do not believe that twelve months of captivity could have made freedom more delightful than did the twelve dreary days I had passed in that loathsome prison.

After some hours' sailing, I came in sight of the European shore, and gazed eagerly for some object that might assure me of its identity: when, lo! slowly emerging from the bright horizon, minaret after minaret starts into view; mosque domes and masses of dark foliage follow: with every wave we bound over, some new feature is developed, and at length Constantinople stands revealed in all its unrivalled magnificence and beauty. The Bosphorus shines before us like a lake; its purple waves dance into the sunlight that turns their crests to gold, and reflect along their margin the mingled foliage and fortresses that shadow their deep waters. Over these, rises a richly-mingled mass of palaces, and gardens, and stately towers; and dark groves, with many minarets, and cypress trees, and purple domes, and gleaming crescents. Beyond

that gorgeously-crowded hill the peninsula is girded round with the majestic walls and towers that so long defied the Moslem invaders.

The triangular peninsula which Constantinople occupies is bounded on the south by the Sea of Marmora, on the east by the Thracian Bosphorus, and on the north by the Golden Horn, which separates it from Pera. This unique water is only a quarter of a mile wide, and runs, bordered by arsenals, palaces, and storehouses, for seven miles into Roumelia. All the fleets of Europe might here lie at anchor among the very streets, like the gondolas at Venice. The town of Pera occupies the whole face of the northern shore, looking down upon the Golden Horn, and out upon the Bosphorus: Tophana and Galata are involved in its general name. Here all the Europeans, with their respective embassies and consulates, have their residence.

I coasted along the Asiatic shore, until I passed the Hill of Scutari, covered with a forest of cypresses that conceal the cemetery of the city, and then steered across, under Leander's Tower, for Pera. This fortress is built upon a rock, in the midst of the Bosphorus, whereon used to rest the central links of a chain wherewith the simple people of early times could check the course of ancient navies.

So much has been said and written of Constantinople, I shall only add that it seems to me impossible to exaggerate its beauty and commanding appearance. There is something so strange in those fairy-like towers and minarets among their rich groves and gardens, contrasted with the imposing situation of the city, and the proud array of castles and fortresses that line the shore ; added to the beauty of the bright blue sea in which the city stands reflected, and the clear atmosphere that gives brilliance to the whole ; it is impossible to describe the effect produced by such varied and yet harmonious features.

Landed at Pera, I passed a long examination before the civil authorities, and then repaired to Missirie's most comfortable hotel. It was a real pleasure to find myself once more in Europe ; and the crowds of people with hats on their heads, and without moustache upon their lips, appeared quite strange to me. I can easily understand the Moslem's contempt for, and dislike to, the shaven face : once accustomed to the majestic beard and the manly moustache, the human countenance certainly assumes a very mean appearance when deprived of these natural adjuncts. The unveiled women, too, seemed very surprising, as they wandered about the streets at their own free will,

and for the first day or two I felt more inclined to ask a question of the courteous Oriental, than of the smart, foppish-looking Frank.

The streets of Pera are steep and narrow, but otherwise strictly European in their appearance. Missirie's hotel would be considered excellent any where, but to a man who for nearly a twelvemonth had known no shelter but such as boats, khans, or tents afforded, it was absolutely luxurious. I found several friends here, moreover; and it was some time before I ordered horses and set off for Buyukderé, the summer residence of our ambassador.

A gaunt black slave, mounted on a camel-like horse, preceded me with my saddle-bags, and we passed at a gallop over the wide, bleak downs that surround Pera towards the North. In some of the valleys were tracts of great richness and fertility, and some comfortable farm-houses and homesteads delightfully reminded me that I was in Europe. After an hour's hard riding we came to Sthené, and thenceforth our path lay along the beautiful shores of the Bosphorus.

This celebrated water somewhat resembles the straits of Menai in its shape and windings, but is on an infinitely larger scale: its steep shores are mostly wooded to the water's edge, and an almost continuous

village runs from Pera to Buyukderé. Occasionally this scattered array of cottages and palaces collects into a town, as at Therapia, where the greater number of the ambassadors have summer residences: sometimes it is broken by terraces shaded with trellised vines, or shady recesses among the cliffs, where the inhabitants sit sipping sherbet and smoking their chibouques. Most of the women wore the picturesque Greek dress, and there was a sufficient sprinkling of Oriental costume among the men to confer a very imposing appearance on these groups. Pleasure seemed to be the only business of their lives, every scene disclosed a garden, every building was a palace, or a fort, or a cottage ornée. On we went ~~also~~ gallop along the shore, or above the hills, or thundering through the towns, except where some gaily-painted car, full of women, and drawn by two white oxen, blocked up the way. The sun's last light fell upon the Black Sea as I rode into Buyukderé.

Here I passed two or three most pleasant days; and it did not require the contrast of solitude, privation, and hardship, to render appreciated the gifted society and refinements of life which I there enjoyed.

Buyukderé is a very picturesque village, with green verandahs, and red-tiled roofs, and a pretty little quay,

with other sea-port appendages in miniature. Men-of-war, with flags of the different nations represented by the ambassadors resident here, are moored a short distance from the shore. These contribute to vary the view reaching through a vista of high cliffs and fortresses to the Black Sea: numbers of caïques are shooting constantly across the bright blue bay to Therapia; the vine-clad hills and grassy cliffs are mottled with the bright garments of the Greek inhabitants, and the whole scene is full of interest and animation.

One morning, I took a caïque to visit the Symplagades and the Black Sea: these graceful boats are the principal means of transit along the Bosphorus, as gondolas are at Venice; their bows are very sharp, and rise so far that only one-half of the caïque seems to rest upon the water. Their sides are formed of a single plank of very thin beech, and are quaintly adorned with gilding and oak-carving; you recline on silken cushions that supersede all seats, and, thus reposing, are shot along with incredible rapidity.

Rowed by two athletic Turks, I passed by a succession of bold cliffs and verdant valleys opening from the strait, with numerous forts close to the water's edge, and in less than an hour I was bounding over the

waters of the Euxine. The light caique leapt from wave to wave of this troubled water like a sea-gull, and it was with some difficulty we disembarked on the mass of dark and rugged cliffs that represent the Symplagades, or Cyanean rocks. This singular pile starts up from the sea to a considerable height, surmounted by an altar of pure white Parian marble. Who raised the lonely altar on this wild island none can tell, but imagination will have it to be a votive monument of some rescued mariner in the times when Argo sailed these seas.

The view from thence is very striking, commanding a wide range of the European and Asiatic shores, and of that gloomy and turbulent sea so celebrated in the songs of the sunny Archipelago. The Light-houses of Europe and of Asia serve to guard as well as to enlighten the entrance to the Bosphorus, and their strong fortresses add to the effect of the bold and naked cliffs on which they stand.

We went one evening from the ambassador's palace to visit Unkiar Skelessi, an old fortress crowning one of the Asiatic hills. The sunset was magnificent, and the Bosphorus beneath us seemed one sheet of burning gold; while far away, over hill, and vale, and ruined tower, and broken aqueduct, the crimson light lent a

new charm and marvel to the splendid landscape. Yet when the sun was gone, he could scarcely be regretted ; evening came on with so beautiful and bright an aspect, with such diamond stars, and azure sky, and fragrant flower-smells, and softened sounds. As we glided away from that grand old castle of the Genoese, it seemed restored by the doubtful light to all its strength ; the hanging woods and beetling cliffs were reflected in the star-spangled stream ; the air seemed exquisitely sensitive to the faint fragrance and the distant song ; and it was like the breaking of a spell when the caïque struck lightly against the marble terrace of the Palazzo.

On the 2nd of August, I left Buyukderé, and my caïque shot rapidly along the bright blue stream towards Constantinople ; on the eastern shore, the “ Sweet Waters of Asia ” with the Sultan’s palace claimed a visit : and the beautiful village of Candalie may not be neglected, if it were only in memory of Jupiter’s adventure with Europa, and the deep allegory it contains.

Constantinople is a delightful summer residence, but the climate in winter is very disagreeable, and has none of those counteracting comforts that make us warmly welcome winter to our English hearths. The

view from the burying-ground at Pera is one of the finest in the world: here all the gay people of the Frank city assemble in the evening, and wander among the tombs with merry chat and laughter; or sit beneath the cypress-trees, eating ice and smoking their chibouques. We looked down over the roofs of Tophana and Galata upon the Golden Horn, whose appellation the sunset seems to realize:¹ its waters are specked by many a caïque, and reflect the white sails of a hundred ships; beyond it suddenly rises Stamboul² itself, its richly mingled masses of dark foliage and white palaces enveloping the peninsula, whose point terminates in the Sultan's Seraglio with its gardens. The undulations of the Seven Hills may be traced through the city that encrusts them, and occasionally you catch glimpses of the Seven Towers, the Palace of Belisarius, and the brave old walls. Over all rises Mount Olympus, connecting earth's scenery with that of cloud-land.

¹ This epithet was applied to it in the Greek times, and perhaps had some analogy with the crescent. In the East generally, the epithet "golden" is applied as a term of excellence; thus there is the Golden Gate at Jerusalem, &c.

² The Turkish name of Constantinople. When the city was taken by the Turks, its ancient name was forbidden to be used, and the country-people used to speak of going "*eis την πολιν*," whence *Stamboul*, they say. They also say it is called from *Islam-bol*, "abounding in faith."

All these, of course, we visited in detail, but they are too familiar to every reader to claim description. The Mosque of St. Sophia, with all its spoils,¹ and the remains of such magnificence as led Justinian to exclaim, "Thank God I have been enabled to outdo Solomon!" scarce repays the trouble of procuring a special firman, and the troop of guards that must accompany you. A mosque seems to me the most uninviting and prayerless-looking place of worship in the world: it is naked, altarless, tawdry, and dreary-looking. The Sultan's palace contains a bewildering number of apartments of quaint shapes and simple ornament: some are carpeted, some mirrored; there is no furniture except cushions, and a very few tables, in any of them; but the views from the windows are superb. Those of the Harem² look out upon the Bosphorus,

————— " whose waters roll
O'er many a once love-beaten breast."

The other sights of Constantinople are so similar or inferior to those of more thoroughly Oriental cities, that I shall not run the risk of repeating myself by describing them. The walls of the city, protecting

¹ Among these are eight porphyry columns from Baalbec, and eight more from Diana's Temple at Ephesus.

² This word is pronounced *har'm* in Turkish—*hareem* in Arabic.

the peninsula on the land-side only, are by far the most interesting remains of ancient Constantinople. They extend from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn, a distance of about five miles, and connect a chain of towers through their whole extent. They are divided by a deep fosse from another battlemented range of walls, which is surrounded by a moat and a sort of glacis. Mantling as they are with ivy, their war-worn fronts deeply scarred from the crusading and the Turkish battering-engines, they still present a most imposing appearance: Ruin has only made them reverend, and left them all their lofty look. The road along their base was profoundly silent; on the left lay an extensive cemetery, where the cypress shadowed the Moslem's tomb with its sculptured turban, and the terebinth kept watch by the Armenian's grave. They say that this homeless people brought this tree with them from the shores of Lake Van, and now love to see those who are dear to them sheltered in their last sleep by its ancestral shade.

The cicerone affects to show the spot where Paleologus fell as became the last of the Cæsars: it is unnecessary; for every stone of that well-defended rampart is a monument to his heroic name. His was no mere animal courage—the wild brain-fever of the

moment: he saw the hour of destruction approaching from a distance; he withstood the work of dastardly treachery within, as bravely as the war of the Infidel without, the city; he had not even one glimmering of earthly hope to light him onward: but Honour was her own beacon, and showed him where and how to die. Even in his death he was identified with the people he loved so well, and days elapsed before his body was discovered, so mangled that the eagle embroidered on his dress alone told to whom it had belonged.

We entered the city by a gate ~~through~~ which the Romans were wont to pass, and rode up to the palace of Belisarius, in whose courtyard swarms of women and naked children were harboured: the former tried to conceal their sun-scorched faces with some dirty rag, while they held up the other hand for charity, or strove to seize our bridles. Passing from this screaming mob, whose faces were the only decently covered part of their persons, we ascended by some ruinous stone steps to the palace halls: here Desolation dwells alone:

“ The spider hath woven his web in the palace,
And the owl hath sung her death-song on the towers of Afrasiab.”¹

The view from these mouldering walls is the finest in Constantinople. There are nine gates or *portes* to the city, the most remarkable of which is the "Babel Hamajoom," looking out towards Pera: here sits the supreme council of the empire, and the appellation of government is identified with the Porte which it occupies. In all Oriental countries, the gate was selected as the place for administering justice, as being the most public, and the easiest of access. The Turks retained many of their ancient usages among the Greek customs which, for the most part, they adopted, and this is one of the most remarkable.¹

We had a busy time of it at Constantinople. I found a pleasant party at Missirie's hotel, and every hour of the day, and almost of the night, brought with it its engagement. Caïques and horses were in constant requisition, whether to skim the bright Bosphorus, or to scour the environs of Stamboul. On Friday, we hurried down to the shore, to see the Sultan going to mosque, as a royal salute from the Seraglio announced that his caïque had left the palace: ours shot along swiftly, but the Sultan's

¹ Mr. Thornton, however, ingeniously argues that the palace of the Grand Vizier is called the Porte metaphorically, as being the *door* of communication between the Sultan and his people.

seemed to fly; twenty-six rowers, in silken jackets, urged each gilded galley over, rather than through, the water. First came a caïque, with a canopy of blue: under this a group of officers, in blue frock coats with diamond stars upon the breasts, sate all facing the Sultan, whose caïque followed at a short distance. He sate under a green canopy, beneath which was spread a wide cloak of dark green cloth, lined with *calico*: four officers accompanied him, with their yellow faces turned towards his, like so many sunflowers: a third galley followed, and this comprised the procession. A regiment of troops, in Turco-European costume, awaited his arrival, and a very respectable band struck up a wild air, which, I suppose, meant, "Allah, save the Sultan!"

He remained about half an hour in the mosque, then mounted a handsome horse, and passed with his suite through a dense crowd, of which we formed part. He is twenty-three years of age, and rather handsome, with a keen, dark eye, and brown moustache. He wore a plain blue frock coat, with a red cap and purple tassel: he stared at us as he passed, but took no other notice of our salute. There seemed a considerable display of taking care of him; but evidently, the large attendance of guards, and the mys-

tery maintained as to his movements, were measures of etiquette rather than of safety. Grand viziers seem to undertake all the unpopularity of the sovereign, together with their other responsibilities: they are often exposed to popular fury—the Sultan never. His divine character, as the vicegerent of the Prophet, adds considerably to his temporal authority; and, when the late Sultan Mahmoud found himself in a crisis in which no political expedient could avail him, he had only to unfurl the Sacred Standard (consisting of the unmentionables of Mahomet); the people flocked round him with devotion, and the janizaries were extirpated.

Sultan Mahmoud was one of the five great men who have been the instruments of signaling our age. He ventured on the glorious attempt which few have survived, and none have ever lived to see accomplished—that of regenerating a corrupt people. The attempt failed utterly, as regarded the creation of new powers and capacities: the old were destroyed; but there was no reproductive principle in the Turkish character. At the bidding of his Sultan, the Turk laid aside the external distinctions of his race, and with them he abandoned the sustaining pride, the consciousness of superiority, the elevating fanaticism

that fused his patriotism and his creed into one great passion. His contempt for the Frank, whose politics, dress, and mode of warfare he had been compelled to assume, has reacted into respect and fear; such fear, at least, as a Turk can know, for they are a gallant people still, those Osmanlis;¹ and, though they feel that their empire is drawing to a close, and are prepared for the fulfilment of one of those strange old prophecies, like that which prepared the Yncas for the subjugation of *their* country, they will doubtless die fearlessly in defence of those walls so fearlessly won by their fierce ancestors.

¹ This is the name by which they choose to be called. Turk is an epithet of contempt, though they call their country and their language *Toorkey*.

CHAPTER XIII.

GREECE.

What must have been thy nature, oh Greece! when, marvellous-
lovely

As it is now, it is only the tomb of an ancient existence? .

R. M. MILNES.

On the morning after sailing from Constantinople we found ourselves off the plains of Troy, whence we ran along the coast of Tenedos, and touched at the pretty little town of Mitylene. Thence we coasted by Scio, and, entering the Gulph of Smyrna, cast anchor off the town, forty hours after leaving the Golden Horn.

The beauty of "Infidel Ismir," as Smyrna is called by the Turks, has been much vaunted, yet scarcely realizes the idea of the old Ionian loveliness. The scenery around the Gulph is wild, and wide, and mountainous; softening a little as it approaches the city, and becomes interspersed with the gardens and

villas of the wealthy merchants. Smyrna itself is a common-place, Turkish town, with dirty, narrow streets, and melancholy-looking bazaars. I had little opportunity of judging of the women's celebrated beauty, as we only remained here during the noon-tide hours; all the fairest part of creation were then hiding themselves from the scorching sun.

On a hill commanding the city are some fine ruins, and the remains of an early Christian church. We are sometimes accustomed to think of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor as of so many distinct edifices, visible, and architectural; many a traveller who would smile at being asked to describe the shape of the Church of England, or of Scotland, has gone eagerly in search of each seventh part of Asiatic Christendom. Tradition consecrates Smyrna as the place where Polycarp suffered martyrdom; man and nature have well avenged him ever since upon the Smyrniotes. Earthquakes, plagues, and Turks have done their worst to this devoted city, but the elastic energies of commerce have still sustained it in its troubles, and triumphed over pestilence and persecution. The English almost monopolize the fruit trade, the French devote themselves to cotton, and the Dutch, who formerly held the principal commerce

in their own hands, have now scarcely a representative.

The heat of the climate here is moderated daily by a fresh sea-breeze, that blows without intermission from noon to sunset, at which time we sailed. The next day found us in the Grecian Archipelago, with Delos, Tinos, and Syra lying round us. We cast anchor in the harbour of the latter towards evening, and landed on a rocky promontory opposite the town.

Here we were to perform European quarantine, and our prison looked dismal enough as the stormy evening set in, and the wind howled round the naked walls and desolate rocks of our dwelling. But the next morning brought sunshine and cheerfulness; our rooms were furnished, our books, &c., were unpacked, guardianos were assigned us, and the British Consul kindly sent us a file of newspapers.

The climate, however, is delightful, though it never ceased to blow during our stay at Syra. The wind wailed wildly and mournfully round our prison as in an English November, contrasting curiously with the clear bright sky, and the rich cheerful colouring that invests even this bleak rocky island with a beauty not its own. We look out to the eastward upon the island of Tinos, which assumes every hue of the rain-

bow in the course of each cameleon day: a deep purple sea, flecked constantly with foam, breaks against our cliffs; and opposite us, divided by a little bay, crowded with shipping, lies the town of Syra; its mass of white houses running in a conical shape to the summit of the convent-crowned hill.

At length our quarantine was finished; I almost regretted our release, for the perfect repose that it necessitated was very grateful after incessant and laborious travel. I had come to love the rocks, and the bright sea, and the changing views around me; nothing felt irksome but the sense of confinement.¹

On the day of our release, we rose with light to welcome liberty, and, breakfasting at Syra, were soon riding up to the summit of the lofty hill of which the island is composed. From here we had a magnificent view of the Cyclades, girding round the birthplace of Apollo and Latona, and picturesquely scattered about among those bright blue waters.

The next day we sailed to Delos, a distance of about fifteen miles: favouring breezes soon brought us to the island of Rhenia, and thence up a narrow channel to the marble pier of the Sacred Island, whither the

¹ Syra has since then ceased to be a quarantine station, which is now transferred to Athens, as a more convenient locality.

religious processions of ancient Greece came to worship at the shrines of Apollo and Diana. This island, like all the other Cyclades, is destitute of trees, and almost equally so of verdure: some shrubs grow among the interstices of the rocks and in a degree relieve the eye, but it is to the brilliant colouring of their delicious climate that they owe all their beauty. It is impossible to describe the delicate and fugitive tints that invest every hill and valley in rapid succession; the sea itself is ever varying, and reflects their picturesque forms in green, or blue, or azure, as the sky's mood changes.

Delos is about three miles in circumference. Mount Cynthus, in whose recesses painters and poets have placed Diana, fatigued with the chase or bathing her immaculate form, is about half the size of Primrose Hill. There is no spring on the island, and the sacred lake is dry; the soil is everywhere strewn with ruins, but it is difficult to identify the site of the temples: the amphitheatre is a noble monument of Hellenic architecture, and as perfect as a ruin ought to be. The island has been very little visited, and there appears to be a wide field for research amongst its varied relics. Our party was a large one, and consisted, moreover, entirely of English: a circumstance

which, I know not why, is always fatal to research, or even to reflection : a scoffing spirit inevitably prevails ; and whether on the mountain of Parnassus, or in the valley of Jehoshaphat, our countrymen seem to think that every thing is unreal except themselves and their sandwiches : this is the very triumph of objectivity.

The following day we sailed from Syra, over waves that might have seemed a shoal of dying dolphins, such various and beautiful colours played over every undulation in the exquisite light of a Grecian sunset. Then 'Dian's own bright orb rose over her native island, followed by Hesperus,

——— " that planet blest,
The lover's lamp, the wanderer's pledge of rest."

Brilliantly beautiful as are the days in this delicious climate, the nights have a loveliness that can scarcely be surpassed in that world of delights that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." The serene heavens above ; the soft music of the rippling waves, with the lustrous foam upon their crest and the purple shadows of their depths ; the balmy airs, the storied islands among which you wander—all this restores a poetry to the most blasé existence—a poetry that has lingered unconsciously about the heart since youth, and which, when once awakened, is not easily scoffed down.

In such "a time, and clime, and spot," long years, with all their burthen, pass away from the tranced spirit: with a boy's glad heart, and childhood's enthusiasm, we gaze on the glorious scenery that surrounds us, as Argolis, *Ægina*, Salamis, and the Immortal Mountain start into view. Now the Acropolis of Athens greets us like some well-remembered vision; and, rounding the promontory that supports the tomb of Themistocles, we glide into the harbour of the Piræus.

Down goes the anchor, and with it all sentiment, to the bottom of the sea. This renowned harbour is exceedingly matter-of-fact in its present appearance. Well-slatted store-houses and custom-offices line the quays: commissionaires from various hotels persecute you with most European pertinacity: and—by the shade of Anacreon!—there is a ginshop that would not surprise you at Portsmouth; and there!—there is an omnibus waiting to whirl you along the macadamized road to Athens at sixpence a head! The smart phaeton in which we deposited our persons was not more classical except in *name*; but the coachman wore the Greek costume, and greaves embroidered after the Achillean fashion.

The six miles of road that leads to Athens is one of

the most interesting that one travels in the course of a life, notwithstanding the omnibuses, and the gin-shops, and the turnpike-gates. As we drive along, we seem to recognise each feature of nature and of art, so long familiar to the imagination, until we rattle through a town which might escape observation at Islington; and finally emerge into a large open space, terminated by the shapeless palace of King Otho. This square is enclosed on either side by large modern houses; one of these, the Hôtel d'Orient, was our destination.

Since Athens has been gathered into the European family and restored to Christendom, it has become as familiar to the public as Edinburgh. It would, however, be too late at this period of my pilgrimage to affect fastidiousness in treading upon beaten ground; and this is the spot above all others on which I should like to linger, and, if it must be so, to take my leave of the gentle reader.

Greece is one of the few countries that I have an ardent desire to revisit, and yet, at every step one takes, there is an annoying—almost a painful—sense of incongruity between its present and its past; and, what is worse, a hopeless attempt to reconcile them. In Rome, the gradation from the older to the later

time is almost imperceptible ; the gods, temples, and ceremonies were converted to Christianity, together with the souls of men. The bronze statue of Jupiter became St. Peter, and Juno has transmitted her peacock feathers to the state insignia of the Pope ; the Tomb of Adrian has resolved itself into the Castle of St. Angelo ; and, more than all else, the vitality of Roman Art connects the present with the past. Scarcely had the awakened taste of Europe begun to appreciate the beauty of the Pantheon, when Michael Angelo exclaimed, " I will place it in the air ! " and kept his word by crowning St. Peter's church with such another for a dome. Petrarch was crowned with laurel on the capitol without any apparent sense of ridicule ; Rienzi ably acted the character of the Last of the Tribunes ; Painting caught the mantle which Sculpture had let fall ; and Raphael's pencil realized conceptions as glorious as the chisel of Phidias had ever wrought.

With Greece it was otherwise — in her fate seemed verified the pagan aphorism, " Whom the gods love die young." She passed away in the season of her triumphant youth ; she perished in her pride ; and, through the night of ages that followed, her imperishable name alone was remembered. Even in Cæsar's

triumph, he “spared the contemptible living only for the sake of their glorious dead.”

And now, a Bavarian king and an alien people are to restore the glory of ancient Greece ! Verily, they seem like children playing at statesmen and soldiers, and no place will serve for their game but Athena's own sacred precincts. Behold the first fruits of resuscitated Grecian art—the palace of King Otho ! Full in the sight of the Acropolis, in the same plain with the Temple of Theseus, and in the solemn presence of that Olympian Jove, there stands a huge, white, cubic edifice that would disgrace Trafalgar Square ; of the Piræus, I have already spoken ; on the Hill of the Musæum, within a stone's throw of the Acropolis, there has just been erected an observatory, that stands in as hideous contrast to the Parthenon as Caliban to Ariel. Such are the first and most prominent objects that strike a stranger's eye, and they are characteristic of all modern Greece. No one can blame this people for wishing to become a nation ; but their ambition to become *ancient* Greeks, and to make the Athens of Otho identical with that of Pericles, is fraught with embarrassment and hopeless difficulty.

Athens is rather a neat, little, modern town ; with

shops, and market-places, and porters, and hand-barrows, and horseboys, and all that sort of thing. There are, fortunately, but few vestiges of antiquity enclosed within these modern walls; and the two most remarkable, the Porch of Adrian and the Temple of the Winds, do not suffer much from their position. The residences of the ministers of foreign courts form a quarter by themselves, and suburban buildings of true cockney fashion are rapidly extending in all directions.

My first impressions of Athens, it is unnecessary to say, were any thing but satisfactory; but when I walked a few hundred paces out of the noisy city, and found myself in a solitude as deep as that of the Desert, I was appeased: the "religion of the place" came over me once more as I stood under those magnificent columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, "that plead so haughtily for times gone by." Few of these mighty pillars remain, and these are but partially connected by architrave and entablature, yet they form the most imposing ruin I have ever seen. The vast and massive monuments of Egypt are wanting in the majesty and grace which unite that beauty to sublimity, without which the latter repels, rather than invites or creates, the sympathy of the spectator.

Around this ruin there was the profoundest silence, and it stood utterly alone; there was not a fallen column or a marble splinter there: the only living creature was a Turk, whose barbaric garb harmonized to my mind with the scene in which I found him. It was *his* ruthless race that had made Athens desolate; it was owing to *his* brethren that the temple now stood in its imposing solitude, for their artillery had swept away all the modern buildings that once surrounded and encumbered it. Moreover, he stood there, the representative of those great Eastern hordes whom Athens had now, for the third time, expelled from her sacred precincts. In the days when Xerxes or Mahmoud planted their standards upon Grecian ground, the figure of a Persian or Osmanli might seem intrusive—but now my turbaned companion stood upon that free soil, like one of the Caryatides of old—a monument of his own defeat.

Athens, the smallest metropolis in Europe, has for its suburbs edifices that have been marvels and models to the whole world. From St. Petersburg to Washington, there is not an attempt at ornamental architecture that does not claim descent from some one or other of these immortal structures. I shall not attempt to describe them, but merely recapitulate a

few of the scenes of interest lying within an hour's ride of Athens.

From the Temple of Jupiter we passed under the Arch of Adrian to the Lantern of Demosthenes, which is encumbered by hovels ; the Odeum of Pericles, the Theatre of Bacchus, the Odeum of Regilla ; thence by a winding path to the Acropolis.

This was the great altar of the country, on which were deposited the most precious offerings of art that human genius ever realized. Its presiding deity was the Goddess of the Mind, in whose Phidian statue her own inspiration was divinely evidenced. This was the Minerva Parthenos, which overlooked all Greece and the outer world ; while Practical Wisdom (or Common Sense ?) had its representative in Minerva Polias, whose statue "looked at home," and kept watch over the city.

On entering by the propylæa, the first object of interest is the beautiful little temple of Victory, which was built to commemorate the expulsion of the Eastern hordes under Mardonius ; strange to say, on the expulsion of their Eastern invaders under Mahmoud, this temple came again appropriately to light ; it was rescued from the débris caused by various sieges, and

is now restored in all its pristine beauty to its original site. It is an allegory in itself.

The first object that strikes one after passing this little fane is the tall Frank Tower whose removal has been so much debated. Notwithstanding its heterogeneous appearance, it would be much missed; its effect at a little distance is excellent, and its removal would leave a blank which there is nothing to fill up.

The Parthenon occupies the Southern side of the Acropolis, but seems, as it were, to pervade it all with his own surpassing beauty, and to monopolize that natural altar, so that all its other temples seem subservient to that one. It is admirably chaste, as becomes its virginal dedication; but the friezes that surmount the simplicity of those columns contain the most exquisite sculpture in the world. This temple has been repaired as far as its own ruins afforded materials, but no substitute can supply their place where wanting. What a proud tribute to ancient art is this impossibility to restore what Time or Lord Elgin has removed! it reminds one of the genii-built palace of Aladdin, wherein one window was left unfinished, and this all the wealth

and art of the East were unable to make equal to the rest.

The work of renovation still goes on, but scantily through want of funds; meanwhile, the scaffoldings, and prepared materials, and assorted fragments, give the Acropolis the appearance of something between a museum and a mason's yard.

The view from hence is magnificent: it is not merely that the features of the scenery around are as beautiful as they are eloquent with a thousand memories; but the climate invests all nature with such varied and exquisite colouring, as in these northern latitudes one sees only in the sunset landscapes of "cloudland." The scanty stream of the Cephissus, the heathy mountain of Hymettus, the barren summit of Pentelicus, the olive-groves, the grassy plains, the distant sea,—all are invested with a marvellous light—gorgeous as a painted window, yet delicate as the complexion of a changing cheek.

We will not linger on the Hill of the Museum, or even on that of the Nymphs; but let us pause a moment on the Pnyx, whence all oratory derives its models, as all architecture does from the Acropolis. The Bema, from which Demosthenes thundered against Macedon, might be taken for an altar, but for its tra-

dition ; it is hewn out of the solid rock, and surrounded by steps, on which sat the Prytanes—the Athenian house of lords. Beneath is a platform capable of containing 5,000 men—the commons of the old Republic. The Bema, whence the orators harangued the people, commanded in very ancient times “a wide view of earth and sea ; but the Thirty Tyrants, fearing the powerful appeals to freedom and to Salamis that its position suggested and gave effect to, had it cut down to its present elevation, commanding only Athens and the surrounding plain ; it was from this last, however, that Demosthenes hurled those “winged words,” more terrible to Philip than the swords that they evoked.

What a strangely glorious contemptible people were those old Athenians !—now like gods, arming themselves for Marathon, or abandoning their worshipped Athens for the “wooden walls” that fought round Salamis ; now like children intoxicated with success, or prostrated by defeat ; swayed by the meanest passions of jealousy and avarice ; banishing an Aristides, robbing friendly colonies, and leaving a Miltiades to die in chains.

Yet, let us not forget all we owe to this wonderful people ; “how much more has the little peaceful

Athens done for the world than that raging giant Rome !”¹ The earliest and brightest associations of the young heart are connected with the name of Greece: in her sublime story, the boy first finds his task become an inspiration: under its spell heroic instincts become developed, patriotism becomes devotion, and the love of Freedom a quenchless passion.

If Greece accomplished the most heroic deeds, her eloquent language first rendered them immortal; justly, the statue of the Goddess of the Mind stood supreme among the monuments of Freedom’s and of Greece’s triumphs; for the orator first inspired, and the historian recorded them—in itself another inspiration. Grecian poets they were who first perceived and translated to the world its own exquisite beauty; and to *her* sculptors it was first revealed that there slept, enveloped in the Parian marble, those ideal forms of grace, and strength, and loveliness, which it required but their chisel to discover and awaken.

A rugged rocky eminence rises between the Pnyx and the Acropolis; this is the Areopagus, whereon Paul preached with power on the very throne of eloquence, and denounced idolatry in the midst of idols.

¹ Jean Paul Richter.

With a mythology that made deities as numerous as the attributes of the Creator, how mournful and full of meaning was that Athenian altar "to the unknown God!"

We descend to a lower platform, whereon stands the Temple of Theseus, which Time seems to have swept over with his wing, and not his scythe. Indeed, at a little distance it is scarcely distinguishable from its imitation in Edinburgh, except by the delicate "neutral tint" that has stolen over its once snowy marble.

The Cephissus, which formerly arrested the march of the Persian army, now trickles languidly along its shrunk course; the Ilyssus exists no longer, but a torrent-like line of oleanders seem still to fill its course with verdant waves and rosy foam.* The olive and the fig-tree have almost disappeared, and the hills are naked, except where the Hymettus heath still blossoms for its bees. These hills were once thickly covered with wild wood, and would soon be so again, but that the peasants burn them down, in order to apply their ashes to their exhausted soil.

Modern Greece appeared to me to be full of promise, notwithstanding her factious people, and her puerile king. Otho was doubtless a most unfortunate choice,

as monarch of an infant state; and it is said that King Leopold now deeply repents not having accepted the offer of the throne of Greece. With his talents, his experience, and his moderation, he might have already found himself the king of a great people, and not impossibly have bequeathed to his successors the empire of the Palæologi.

The present sovereign of Greece does not seem possessed of one kingly quality. Educated with a view to a cardinal's hat, his jesuit tutors are not perhaps responsible for his royal acquirements, but Europe has already had fearful instances of the result of such an education. Until the late revolution, Otho was the most despotic monarch in Christendom; of the parliament, so long promised and so solemnly guaranteed, there was no trace; the council was composed of his creatures, whose tenure of office depended on his will; Bavarians monopolized every place of trust, honour, or emolument; all claims of service established in the War of Independence were set at nought; and those who ranked as princes in the tented field found themselves undistinguished and unnoticed at the court of the monarch whom they had placed upon the throne.

The two grand national mortgages afford no interest

to the bondholders ; Rothschild secures only *his* repayment by the guarantee of the three great powers. The civil list amounts to about £36,000 per annum, and the king retains his Bavarian apanage of £7,000 a-year.

The population of Greece does not amount to above 900,000 souls ; and this, notwithstanding the fecundity of the people, is daily diminishing, owing to emigration. When the independence of Greece was first declared, numbers of Fanariot (or Constantinopolitan) Greeks repaired to their own country, but, finding the despotism and oppression there more galling than in the Turkish provinces, they returned hastily to the Sultan's rule.

There are about 12,000,000 of acres contained within the boundaries, as defined by the three great Powers ; of these more than half are comprised in the Morea. It is computed that 5,000,000 of people could find ample subsistence in this highly-favoured country, if its resources were fairly developed. There is not a landed proprietor in Greece worth £500 a-year : the revenues of the church were all confiscated in the revolution, and the clergy are at present poorly paid by the government, or rather by the king. Some Englishmen have settled in the Negropont and other

parts of Greece, but, owing to the taxes and other drawbacks, they do not receive above one-and-a-half per cent. on their purchase-money.

The people are sober, intelligent, and easily governed : their passion is for constitutional rights and education. It is very interesting to observe their zeal for their native literature, and their anxiety to restore their language to its ancient purity. The schools are eagerly filled by hundreds of little Demostheneses, Miltiadeses, Aspasia, and other immortal names.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill, American episcopal missionaries, have done more for Greece than all the Philhellenes put together ; the Scriptures, and the leading doctrines of the Christian faith, are taught without reference to any particular creed, and this mode of education is unopposed by any party.

A handsome university has been erected at Athens, and endowed by public subscription ; but the king, as usual, laid hands upon it, and appropriated all the patronage to himself. It is interesting to observe the endeavours that Greece has always made, through all her disadvantages, to cultivate that literature to which her poverty-stricken people still fondly cling as by an instinct. Joannina was famous for its schools one

hundred years ago under Methodius, and recently, under Athanasius, Psalida, and Valano. Daniel of Patmos had a school of repute in that island; and Scio and Athens have preserved their colleges through all the disastrous vicissitudes of Turkish rule and civil war.

It seems to me that Greece has never received sufficient credit for her gallant and successful struggle against her Turkish oppressors: it was the most heroic strife of modern times, and is to be compared only to that now carried on by the brave Circassians, to whom may Heaven vouchsafe a like successful issue! Under the Turkish domination, the Greeks consisted of the warrior people of the hills, and the trampled serfs of the Plain. The former never have been conquered, though assailed in turn by the Byzantine, Catalan, Venetian, and Osmanli. If the blood of ancient Greece does not flow in their veins, her spirit is alive in their hearts; and many a battle scene of the late fight for freedom displayed the classic character, as well as the heroism of the men of Thermopylæ and Marathon.

It is to be remembered that Greece, with a male population amounting scarcely to the number of the Sultan's army—disunited, ignorant of the art of war,

without money, resources, or assistance—defeated the forces of the Ottoman and Egyptian army, and wrested freedom from their powerful oppressor. *This* is all that History will remember; she will cast away the petty details of treason, jealousy, and peculation, that probably darkened the day of Marathon as well as that of Missolonghi; and only tell that Greece—after the lapse of three and twenty centuries—vindicated the glorious fame and freedom of the past.

Until September 23rd, 1843, Greece exhibited a tyranny as despotic as any in the East: patiently and perseveringly she had striven to obtain from her Bavarian king the freedom so hardly wrung from a Moslem oppressor. Otho turned a deaf ear to such meek remonstrance. The Great Powers declined to interfere between the Grecian people and the Prince who had been their liberal and only contribution to the welfare of this restored member of the European family.

The revolution took place a few days after I left Athens. Whilst I remained there, the king and queen drove or rode out, without any guards, every evening at sunset. The former, though far from handsome, looked well in the beautiful Greek dress, and carefully returned the salute of every citizen. The latter has a

fine figure and commanding presence. It is said that, when a child, she used to pore with delight over the romantic history of Greece, and long to visit a country which had deeply impressed her imagination. Time sped on, and brought Otho and his crown to her feet.¹

The chief object of attraction, however, in the royal cavalcade, was Mademoiselle Botzaris,² daughter of the hero of Missolonghi. She is maid of honour to the queen, and one of the most beautiful women in Europe. The simplicity of her dress, which consisted of an English riding-habit and the crimson cap of her country, served to set off her classic beauty to advantage.

The Greeks are the handsomest race of men I have ever seen, while their women are very much the reverse. The dress of the former, together with their graceful, manly bearing, contributes much to the imposing effect of their appearance. They wear a crimson cap, with a long blue tassel, a purple or dark green jacket over a richly embroidered waistcoat, a very voluminous white kilt descending below the knee, and

¹ The King is a Roman Catholic, the Queen a Lutheran, and the children (should they have any) are to be educated in the ritual of the Greek Church.

² Since married to Prince Soutzo.

tightly girded round the waist with a Syrian scarf; embroidered greaves complete the costume.

The newspapers, advertisements, public regulations, and all official documents, are written in classic Greek; the language of the people is making vigorous efforts to attain to its pristine purity, and nothing can exceed the desire of the people of all ages for education.

When the Roman empire was transferred to Byzantium, the emigrants strove to dignify their new localities with old names and associations. Thus the metropolitan province was called Romelia, the language Romaic, and the trifling undulations of the city the Seven Hills. The Greece that is now re-appearing goes at once to the fountain-head of history, and seeks to unite herself to her glorious youth. When I first found myself at Athens, this aspiration appeared to me as hopeless in its end, as ridiculous in its means. The more I saw and heard, however, the less visionary appeared to be that hope; and I left Athens with the belief that the Greek Cross might yet replace the Crescent on the dome of St. Sophia's, and this before another century shall have passed away.

My last evening at Athens was come; and I repaired to the ruins of Jupiter's Temple, when the magical glow of a Grecian sunset was bathing those immortal hills in a violet or purple light, that slowly and imperceptibly alternated on height or glen. The majestic columns of the Temple towered into the ambrosial air, pale, but flushed with the deep radiance of a sky that softened down all thought of ruin from the scene, and left it only reverence. Jove's own bright star was visible through the pillared vista of his Temple, and shone upon the ancient sanctuary as if it were its Shekinah. And even thus, in the Elder World, every star was the type of some deity, who veiled his presence under that bright sign; as every mountain had its Oread, and every stream its Nymph, and every aspect of the Beautiful its angel.

We sailed at sunrise, and reached the isthmus of Corinth about noon: our course lay through the gulph. The scenery of either shore was beautiful; the mountains of Parnassus and Cithæron were in view: the islands of Ægina and Salamis were before us, and at length the Citadel of Corinth, whereon scarcely a ruin remains to tell of earth's most voluptuous city. We crossed the Isthmus by a road of six miles in

length, and, re-embarking at Lutraki, ran down the Gulph of Lepanto to Patras. The next evening we passed Missolonghi, and stood out into the Adriatic Sea.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

Hurrah for the Spirit of England ;

The bold, the true, the free,

Who stretched his hand

With a king's command

All over the circling sea !

BARRY CORNWALL.

The same delightful climate, the same serene, unclouded nights, the fresh, breezy, radiant mornings, and soft, sweet, pensive evenings of the land we had left, followed us over the Adriatic Sea.

Long after Missolonghi had passed from our view, it haunted our memories as the last scene of interest in glorious Greece. It is now become classic ground, as the death-scene of the Poet who preached, and of the Hero who fought for her sacred cause. Byron's remains have been removed to England, but Botzaris sleeps where he fell—

“ dying, as hearts like his should die,
In the hot clasp of Victory.”

There are no words in poetry more pathetic than

those which Byron wrote at Missolonghi, on his last birthday, breathing through their melody a spirit of utter sadness so mournfully contrasted with the brilliant and daring genius that inspired them. Even this last sad hope was defeated;

“ Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave ; for thee the best ;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.”

He lingered unaccountably at Cephalonia, when he might have turned the scale for Marco Botzaris ; and died of quackery at Missolonghi, when he should have been storming the Castle of Lepanto with his Suliotes. Nevertheless—

“ O'er the grave of Childe Harold Greek maiden shall weep ;
In his own native land his loved relics shall sleep
With the bones of the bravest and best :
His name shall go down to the latest of time—
Fame tell how he fought for earth's loveliest clime,
And Mercy shall blot out the rest.”

The islands in the Adriatic are of a far fairer aspect than those of the Archipelago. Their forms are as picturesque, and invested with almost as brilliant a colouring by their glowing atmosphere. Zante is very Arcadian-looking in her hills, and her valleys are richly clothed with vineyards of the delicate, small grape, called “*uvæ passolinæ*” by bota-

nists, and currants by the public. The chief town of the island is very pretty and primitive-looking, owing to the low, cottage-look of its houses: this humility is begotten of fear, for the frequent earthquakes would render a second story a sword of Damocles, and the luxurious Zacynthians love to banquet at their ease. Within the twenty-four hours preceding our arrival there had been two shocks, which seemed to be considered quite matters of course upon the island.

Ithaca is the most Homeric spot existing, except the Plains of Troy: its identity has been at length satisfactorily proved, after centuries of suspicion. Leucadia's pale¹ cliff vindicates its own authenticity. When Sappho's wild heart quenched its love in the waves from whence Love's goddess rose, it appears that many forlorn maidens tried the same experiment—and with no doubt an equally successful result, for the cliff is three hundred feet high.

Cephalonia is the largest island belonging to the Septinsular republic. It contains 50,000 inhabitants, notwithstanding its mountainous and picturesque appearance. Agostoli, its capital, was scarcely visible in the faint light of a young moon; it is said to be populous and prosperous.

¹ From λευκος, white; as Albion, from Albus.

In the morning we passed by Parga, and about noon came to an anchor in the harbour of Corfu.

Here was a sudden and most pleasant change—from nations numbed by slavery and enervated by vice, or restless with revolutionary fever, to the calm, strong, solid power and influences of our own glorious country. England's flag was flying on the citadel; England's martial music filled the air; and English hearts and hands welcomed us to Christendom.

Although this pretty town has been remodelled and almost rebuilt in the course of the thirty years that have elapsed since the Septinsular Republic came under the British protectorate, there still remains enough of the architecture and the habits of its ancient masters to give it interest and novelty. On some of the more ancient buildings the Lion of St. Mark still remains; while the piazzas, narrow streets, and numerous cafés, have all a Venetian character. The Italian language, too, predominates over Greek and English in the Babel of the streets, and the greater number of the shops are lettered in the same tongue.

As England is the greatest commercial country in the world, it follows that her colonies should be the

most numerous and flourishing.¹ Yet wealth and protection are among the least of the advantages that they derive from the mother country: English character, energy, industry, and tolerance, furnish all the qualifications essential to the increase and stability of a colony. Such has been the case in North America and Australasia; at the Cape, also, and in the East and West Indies, as far as a British population has extended. At Corfu, however, (as at Malta and Gibraltar,) there is no attempt at colonization: not only is there no agricultural settlement, but there are no great commercial houses to weave the only inseparable links that unite dissimilar nations. If England were to abandon her Mediterranean possessions to-morrow, every one of her people would move to the tap of the drum, or the boatswain's whistle; empty barracks and dockyards would be the only property she would abandon. The Englishman never amalgamates with a foreign people: he can master, and make himself familiar with, their sea, their soil, their produce; but in their cities he is still a stranger. The English are as much isolated among the Corfuotes at this hour as

¹ England, her tributaries and colonies, occupy about one-sixth of the inhabited world. Queen Victoria rules over about 100,000,000 of people directly, and at least an equal number of subsidiaries.

the French would be among the Fezzians ; very few speak Italian, and the islanders show equal inaptitude to learn English : even at the Government House, notwithstanding the kind manner and the tact of Lord S——, I thought that his Ionian guests appeared constrained and uncomfortable ; while our countrymen and women appeared only inclined to cultivate the society of each other.

Nevertheless, this military colony of ours does what it considers to be its business right well and manfully : the free and independent bearing of the natives, as they walk the streets, tell at once of even-handed justice and impartial rule ; and, from the few intelligent natives with whom it was my fortune to converse, I heard no expression of complaint against England, except (as at home) on some constitutional points which they thought should be amended.¹

Corfu looks eastward, across a narrow strait, upon Albania. There the Crescent spreads its inevitably disastrous influence : the magnificent mountains are the barren strongholds of outlaws or rebels ; the luxuriant but neglected valleys are thinly inhabited by a people contending for their very existence against pestilence and oppression. A few miles of water divide

¹ See Note 5 in Appendix.

this stricken land from the prosperous and beautiful island of Corfu—the Corcyra so fatal to Athenian greatness—the site of the Gardens of Alcinöus.

This island might seem all garden, in the Eden acceptation of the term, for no where do earth, ocean, and sky, form more rich and varied combinations: the soft and sunny valleys, the wild and shadowy glens, the gleaming rivers, the lofty precipices, the beetling cliffs and bright blue sea, furnish all that Pouissin and Salvator Rosa could desire, if they wished to form a joint picture to illustrate and contrast their style.

The roads are excellent, but steep; and, winding (without battlements) round the brow of rocky promontories, or through narrow gorges of deep valleys, they diverted the attention not a little from the scenery to the undisciplined team of four white Albanian horses that I drove.

The town is flanked by the citadel and the strong fortress of Castel' Nuovo. The batteries on the little island of Vido complete a triangle with those of the two former. The citadel is built upon a rock rising so abruptly from the sea, that, during the siege, Nelson had formed the daring plan of running his ship close in shore, giving her a list to port, and boarding the

batteries from the top-gallant yards, which would have just reached to the level of the lowest parapet.

Immense sums of money had been latterly expended on these fortifications, which it would take ten thousand men to garrison; yet it seems questionable whether the neglected Cerigo be not the only island of the Republic that is valuable to us; being almost on our Indian route, affording the only good anchorage and most favourable situation for a coal depôt.

Albania is in quarantine, so that I was obliged to take two officers of the English board of health as guardians during my excursions there. Notwithstanding this Hygeian guard, I caught a low fever in the marshes of Butrinto, which terminated my wanderings, and leaves me nothing farther to record.

Reader!—you have been my only fellow-traveller through many lands; wherever I have wandered you have been; whatever I have learned you have known; yet I scarcely venture to hope that you will share in the regret with which I say to you—Farewell!

HINTS

TO

TRAVELLERS IN THE EAST.

The following observations may be of use to those about to visit Egypt and Syria, as the state of affairs in these countries is hourly changing, and the latest intelligence is always of some value.

Most travellers are influenced in the time of their departure from England by other motives than those which the almanac supplies; but, though a man may not be able to choose his own time for starting, he can always select his own route, whereby he may correct the inconvenience of unsuitable seasons.

If you leave England in the spring, you should either go by Vienna and Pesth, down the Danube to Constantinople, or by long sea to Malta, and thence to Greece. Summer weather is essential to the enjoyment of travel in the northern countries: winter is very severe, and takes you by surprise.

If you leave England in the autumn, your best course will be to begin with Egypt, whereby you will avoid winter altogether, and reach Syria in the spring. The best time for ascending the Nile is November or December. By sea, sixteen or eighteen days take you to Alexandria. A river steamer takes you thence to Cairo in twenty-four hours. A fortnight may be very profitably spent there in ex-

amining the environs, observing the curious drama of Egyptian life, and making use of the excellent library.

The first class boats cost from £16 to £35 a month, including the pay of the ten to fourteen sailors, who find themselves in every article of food, dress, &c. If you take an Arab boat, it is far better to engage her by the job, stipulating to be allowed to remain wherever you please at a certain rate per day extra. This course avoids much delay and annoyance, caused by the devices of the Arabs to prolong the journey when taken by time.

The different expeditions up the Nile are generally, first, to Thebes, which occupies about three weeks in average weather, including your stay at the various places on your route: secondly, to the First Cataract, which occupies about five weeks: and thirdly, to the Second Cataract, which requires at least two months' absence from Cairo. From all that I have heard and seen, I believe that none but the enthusiastic antiquary will find any inducement to proceed further than this last place.

Your comfort during your stay in the East will depend mainly on your dragoman. These men offer themselves to you at Malta in swarms, but I am inclined to think that an Egyptian is preferable in his own country. It is well to engage your dragoman only on the recommendation of some European on whom you can rely. A Maltese dragoman charges a dollar a day: an Egyptian half that sum. You require two servants exclusive of the crew, one to cook, the other to attend you on your expeditions.

On returning to Cairo from the Upper Nile, the route to Syria is either through the desert by Suez and Mount Sinai, to Petra and Hebron; or, direct to Gozah and Jerusalem, which is shorter by three weeks. Our consul, or the Rev. Mr. Leider, is the only person to be depended upon for making arrangements with the Bedouin to conduct you through the desert. The journey as far as Hebron or Jerusalem is performed on dromedaries; thenceforward on horses. Besides the interest of this route, you avoid a fortnight's quarantine, which you would have to undergo at Beyrout, in sailing thither from an Egyptian port.

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The climate of Egypt is perhaps the most delightful in the

world, and the mode of travelling admirably adapted for invalids. Those to whom health is the chief object, may sail from Southampton on the 3rd of October, and penetrate 1,000 miles into Africa by the 1st of December, without greater exertion than is necessary to step on board a boat. The attention is pleasantly occupied; all the objects of interest are close to the river; and by the 1st of February the invalid may find himself on his way to England, having altogether escaped winter, and found in the course of his 6,000 miles' travel such repose as is vainly to be sought for in the tranquildest Western life.

If you purpose only to visit Egypt, books are almost the only necessary you need take from England. Guns and wire cartridges for the various wild fowl; rifles and iron bullets for wild boars and crocodiles will suggest themselves to the sportsman. A camera lucida is of great use in taking a view of the complicated details of Egyptian architecture in a short time. Powder, books, and stationery are the three great essentials for the Egyptian traveller; they are scarcely to be procured after leaving Malta.

The traveller who proposes to visit Syria should in the first place endeavour to procure the Sultan's firman, which will be sent from Constantinople to meet him at Cairo, Jerusalem, or Beyrout. An English saddle and holsters, spurs and pistols, are indispensable. A small strong canteen is the only other English article of much importance. I am inclined to think that with regard to dress there is nothing like the turban of the country, a blouse of coloured camlet, (not green, which sometimes provokes indignation, as the sacred colour of the Moslem) a pair of loose doe-skin pantaloons, and Napoleon or Hessian boots, of tan leather, (black attracts the sun, and can't well be cleaned) will make the most convenient and comfortable costume: a Syrian scarf wrapped round the waist is both comfortable and convenient. In suspicious circumstances, always keep your pistols in this belt, and let no cockney laugh you out of carrying arms; that is to say, if you visit the interior, or live at all adventurously; they are essential not only to safety but to dignity.

The most convenient commissariat consists of maccaroni, rice, and

preserved meats, which last should be taken from England in small packages. They are to be had, however, at Alexandria and Beyrout. Wine, porter, and liqueurs should be bought at Malta; the latter, particularly maraschino, are greatly prized by the Turkish governors, &c., and is the most popular present, except gunpowder. This, if good, is the most valuable present you can make, either to Oriental or to European.

A small medicine-chest is useful; but for all general purposes, some calomel, quinine, ipecacuanha, rhubarb, sticking-plaster, and a lancet, are sufficient. It would be well to have a measurement of the quantities for each dose made by some medical man who has visited the East, as the effect of medicine upon the system varies considerably with the climate. The principal use of remedies is for the people among whom you travel; temperance and your mode of life almost preclude illness, except the fevers of the country, from yourself; common caution will guard against these, and in most cases the severe but delightful action of a Turkish bath will remove any unpleasant sensation caused by suppressed perspiration, which is the chief if not the only danger of the climate.

The following articles are useful:—Levinge's apparatus for keeping off vermin. Saddle, holsters, cloak-straps, spurs. Hammer, gimlets,¹ nails, screws, thermometer, and compass. Fishing-rods, and strong tackle for the Nile. Gun, shot, powder-caps, wire cartridges. Sale's Koran, Arabic grammar, Assaad-y Kayat's Vocabulary, and all sorts of books. Pencils, paper, all stationery, and lamps. Mackintosh beds are a great luxury, and are always clean. Cartridges for pistols, and wooden ramrod fixed in holsters to keep in the charge. Porter, potatoes, and Irish salt butter, from England. Sherry, from Gibraltar. Wine and liqueurs, maccaroni, and ship-biscuit; coarse check shirts, and duck trowsers, from Malta.

As to time, a traveller may take his passage to Cadiz, go by diligence to Seville, ride to Gibraltar, and take up the Egyptian

¹ These are very useful to screw into the tent-poles, and act as hooks, for clothes, accoutrements, &c.

steamer: pass two days at Malta, ascend to the Second Cataract, and return to England within four months.

If he adds Palestine to his tour, it will cause an addition of two months, *viâ* Beyrout or Jaffa; of three, *viâ* Mount Sinai and Petra. Asia Minor, Constantinople, and Greece, say four months more.

If the traveller leaves England in spring, and proceeds *viâ* Greece, he will have the advantage in point of quarantine. From Greece to Constantinople, and thence to Smyrna, Rhodes, Xanthus, and Cyprus, he has no interruption. This last place has been made interesting by Sir C. Fellowes's most important discoveries: it is to be visited from Rhodes. The usual period of voyaging may be thus averaged: Southampton to Gibraltar, six days; Gibraltar to Malta, six days; Malta to Alexandria, five days; Alexandria to Beyrout by sailing-packet, three days; Beyrout to Rhodes, three days; Rhodes to Constantinople, five days; Constantinople to Smyrna, two days; Smyrna to Athens, two days; thence to Patras, twenty-four hours; Patras to Corfu, thirty-six hours; Corfu to Malta, three days.

With respect to quarantine, it is to be remembered that all Moslem countries lie under its restrictions: the only means of avoiding it is by taking the Oriental steamers from Malta or Alexandria, when, the voyage being allowed, you have seldom more than two or three days to wait for pratique at Portsmouth. If you begin your tour by Egypt, you have a quarantine of twelve days at Beyrout; twelve more at Constantinople; twelve more at Greece. If you begin your journey at Greece, you may visit Constantinople, Smyrna, Rhodes, and Syria, without performing quarantine; and if you cross the desert from Jerusalem, you have no quarantine in Egypt. You should not be in Egypt after April, or in Syria before the end of March. In May, the Bosphorus is in its greatest beauty.

I subjoin the latest arrangements of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Packet Company:—

The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's steamers start from the Southampton Docks for

MALTA and ALEXANDRIA, 3rd and 20th of every month, at 2 p.m.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 3rd of every month, at 2 p.m.

N.B. When these dates fall on Sunday, the hour of departure is 9 a.m.

These steamers call at Gibraltar, remaining there from 6 to 12 hours, and arrive at Malta in about 11 days, stay at Malta 24 hours, and arrive at Alexandria in 16 days from Southampton.

The passage from England to Southampton is 17 days.

The rates of passage-money, including a handsome table and wines, and all expenses, have been lately reduced, and are—

	<i>To Malta.</i>	<i>Alexandria.</i>	<i>Constantinople.</i>
First Class	£27 10s.	£40	£41
Servants	15 15	21	21

Private cabins can be secured on early application. Liberal reductions made for large parties, and for passengers booking out and home.

ALEXANDRIA TO BEYROUT.

The screw steamer "Novelty" is announced to run with Her Majesty's Mails between these places, in lieu of the schooner "Emmetjée," and presents a very desirable mode of conveyance to passengers for Syria.

Travellers to the East who are desirous of visiting on the way the interesting countries of the Peninsula, have the option of proceeding from port to port, say

VIGO, OPORTO, LISBON, CADIZ, AND GIBRALTAR,

stopping at each, and re-embarking when convenient without extra charge, joining the Company's Mediterranean steamers at Gibraltar.

The Company's Peninsular line of steamers leave Southampton on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month.

The days of arrival and departure every month (under ordinary circumstances,) of the Company's steamers at and from the following ports, are—

MEDITERRANEAN LINE STEAMERS.

	Outwards.		Homewards (to England).	
	Arrivals.	Departures.	Arrivals.	Departures.
Gibraltar,	8 25	8 25	18 1	18 1
Malta,	14 31	15 1	12 26	13 27
Alexandria,	19 5	21 7		21 7
Constantinople,	20	19		19

PENINSULAR LINE STEAMERS.

	Outwards.			Homewards (to England).		
	Arrivals.	Departures.		Arrivals.	Departures.	
Southampton,		7 17 27		25 4 14		
Vigo,	10 20 30	10 20 30		21 31 10	21 31 10	
Oporto,	11 21 31	11 21 31		20 30 9	20 30 9	
Lisbon,	12 22 1	13 23 2		18 28 7	19 29 8	
Cadiz,	14 24 3	15 25 4		17 27 6	17 27 6	
Gibraltar,	15 25 4	16 26 5			16 26 5	

There is also a means of getting to Egypt in less time, via Marseilles. French steamers sail from that port on the 4th of every month at 5 p.m. They are expected to reach Alexandria in seven days; it takes from seven to nine days to reach Marseilles from London. For my own part, I very much prefer the long sea voyage; and I think that most people who have experienced the difference between English and French steamers also will prefer two or three days' additional sailing in the former.

With respect to money, Messrs. Herries and Farquhar's, or Coutts's circular notes are best: get them cashed by *merchants* if you can: not by *bankers*, especially at Malta and Alexandria; the latter will give you 4 or 5 per cent. less than the former. About £50 a month cover

all the expenses that the traveller (once landed and outfitted), unless very luxurious, can require in the East; for two or more travelling together, I should think the expense was little more than half.

It is well to make your dragoman your purse-bearer: make him strictly accountable to you, but never pay with your own hands. Insist on the most profound respect; preserve your temper and non-chalance as your best title to influence and security. Never join in a row, if you can help it: let your people fight it out: if you must act, do so firmly, boldly, and fearlessly of consequences; there *are* no consequences that can concern a right-minded Frank. It is too frequently the habit among our countrymen to dress ludicrously or meanly. This is a great mistake, and militates much against the wearer: dress is naturally looked upon as a test of the stranger's quality, and he cannot be surprised if he is treated accordingly.

The English traveller should always remember that he has the responsibility of being considered by the Orientals as a representative of his country; and that, according to his liberality, courage, and temper, impressions are formed of the nation he belongs to, from which the East is now expecting great things. The people of the West are known to the people of Egypt and Syria only as *Frangee*, or Franks, and *Ingeleez*, or English; I think I may venture to say that they make a wide difference in favour of the latter, which it behoves every British traveller to maintain.

APPENDIX.

NOTE I.

ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF EGYPT—RAILWAYS AND CANALS.

(Vol. i. p. 202.)

The Valley of the Nile, which constitutes Egypt, was beyond doubt once an arm of the Mediterranean, and corresponded to that of the Red Sea. In those days, the barrier of granite, which now lies strewn in fragments round Assouan, was unbroken: and, by means of such embankment of the river and its inundations, Nubia enjoyed that fertility which their disruption transferred to Egypt. When the vast volume of water, accumulated above Philæ, poured down upon the present Valley of the Nile, it must have carried with it *débris*, and soil, and slime enough to fill up the gulf for many a mile. This deposit continued to increase until it drove back the sea to the aide of the Delta, and, finally, almost within the memory of history, to its present shores. The same process has been continued ever since with such regularity, that a chronological calculation has been made of its deposits at the base of the monuments, which harmonises singularly with our received dates. From Assouan, a chain of hills continues on either side to Cairo, almost uninterrupted—a distance of about six hundred miles, passing from the granite of Syene into an argillaceous sandstone, alternating with carbonate of lime, and finally becoming altogether calcareous. Chry-

soberl, chalcedony, and jasper, are found among the pebbles of the Upper Nile; and iron, sulphur, nitre, and natron, are occasionally met with here; mines of emerald formerly, and now quarries of alabaster also exist here.

The soil of Egypt is Nile slime, of which I subjoin an analysis, made by a friend of mine,¹ who has twice visited the country.

Silesia	.	.	.	.	.	70	0
Alumine	.	.	.	.	.	8	0
Lime	.	.	.	.	.	6	0
Potash	.	.	.	.	.	2	0
Soda	.	.	.	.	.	2	0
Magnesia	.	.	.	.	.	2	0
Sulphate of lime	.	.	.	.	.	1	0
Phosphate of lime	.	.	.	.	.	2	0
Peroxide of iron	.	.	.	.	.	5	0
———— of magnesia	.	.	.	.	.	0	50
Water	.	.	.	.	.	2	0
							100 50

The Flora has less variety than that of most countries. Very few plants are indigenous, and these are mostly of a pale, delicate appearance, that well becomes their home, the desert; but would appear to great disadvantage among the well-fed plants of Europe.

The native trees are the palms, the sycamore (which is called "the incorruptible," and of which mummy cases were made)—the gum-acacia, the white and black poplar, the cypress, the olive, willow, myrtle, and tamarisk. The plantain, oak, and beech, have been partially introduced, and the fruit-trees of every climate seem to prosper here, with the exception of the pineapple and cherry, which do not thrive. If there be any fruits more especially Egyptian, they are the melon, cucumber, and other watery plants, which abound in perfection throughout the country.

¹ Dr. Noyes, of Moorgate Street, of whose skill and knowledge of the climate I can speak from grateful experience. I should be inclined to recommend delicate travellers to have his advice before visiting the East, where he has travelled extensively.

The Valley of the Nile has been, in all times, remarkable for its produce of wheat, with which, under its Roman tyrants, it was obliged to supply the *canaille* of the imperial city. I am told it is of an inferior quality; but it makes excellent bread, white, light, and well-tasted. Like its cultivators, it is always bearded, and looks like barley: its increase has been estimated at from fifty to one hundred fold; but now, they say, it rarely produces more than twenty or thirty fold, except in very favourable localities. Barley is principally cultivated as food for horses; and, being satisfied with a sandy soil, although it requires much moisture, they contrive to get ten or twelve fold increase on the seed.

Dourah, or Indian corn, is very extensively cultivated, as it does not require irrigation, though Nature only knows how it fills its gigantic stalks with sap in the arid soils, over which it waves its seas of verdure. Maize, millet, and rice, are also cultivated; the latter is denied antiquity in Egypt, as it does not appear in the monuments. It was probably brought from India, and is only cultivated in the lowlands of the Delta, and latterly in the swamps of Sennaar. The sugar-cane thrives well; but as yet it is not cultivated in sufficient quantities, or quality, to supply Egypt. Beans, peas, lentils, lupines, and onions, and all kitchen-herbs and vegetables, grow almost wild.

With respect to the Animal Kingdom, I have already spoken of the human species, which appears to be rapidly diminishing under the enlightened tyranny of Mehemet Ali, having shrunk one-fifth within the last ten years. The other animals seem to have followed Egypt, when it went a-pleasuring on the Nile from the interior; at least, there are no animals found in Egypt that do not also exist in Nubia and Abyssinia.

The horse appears to advantage in this country, where a good practical mixture of races has taken place, between those of Dongola, of Arabia, and even of Europe. The Egyptian horse is taller than the generality of Arabians; his eye full of fire and intelligence; his head well set on; his forehead rather straight for our taste, but fine at the withers; his quarters are well-turned: his barrel, good; his legs, clean; his pasterns, long; and, altogether, he is the most

serviceable-looking horse I have seen in the East. He is found on all the tombs and sculptures, as well as in the stables.

The camel is considered an alien, because his antiquity is not blazoned on the monuments; but he is mentioned in Genesis. He is, whether as dromedary or camel, the most useful animal in the East; the former is, in fact, the thoroughbred camel; he is called *Hadjim* in Arabic, from being the pilgrim's (Hadj) bearer. He is trained for the saddle, and will travel from nine to twelve miles an hour for ten hours together, or for a month at a slower pace. The camel, in a country where wheel conveyances are unknown, acts the double part of a dray and a dray-horse; he will carry half a ton on his back for short distances, or eight hundred weight on a journey. Every one has heard of the epithet "ship of the desert," as applied to these creatures; but the expression is a paraphrase of the original term applied to ships by the Arabs, who called *them* "camels of the sea." This appears a most natural figure of speech to those who have watched a fleet of these animals, towering over the undulations of the wide desert.

The buffalo is also an alien, according to the sculptures and monumental paintings; but he is a very useful animal, for all that; they supply the country with water¹ and the people with milk.

Though the buffalo is not found among the monumental paintings, the common bull figures there frequently. At Hermonthis, in particular, there is the very *ideal* of this animal, as an English breeder would imagine him.

Sheep and goats abound in Egypt with little variety. Dogs live in a state of nature, are generally harmless, and, what is remarkable, considering their vast numbers, and the heat of the climate, they never go mad. Cats were worshipped by the ancient Egyptians, and so esteemed by Mahomet, that his favourite having gone to sleep on a corner of his robe, he cut it off when obliged to rise, rather than disturb her. This fact or fiction secures her great popularity among the Moslems; and there is even at Cairo, as I have observed, a sort of almshouses for decayed cats.

The wolf, fox, jackall, and hyæna, come sometimes under the

¹ By the exertions in the sakeevah.

sportsman's aim; and the wild boar is found in great numbers in the Delta.

The hippopotamus is scarcely ever seen, in these days, below the Second Cataract, though there is a report of one of the species appearing near Damietta, in 1836; and there was one seen last year near the Wady Halfa. The giraffe is almost as rare, but sometimes seen in very lonely places: the gazelle is found everywhere on the border of the desert, and in the markets of Cairo.

The ichneumon, or Pharaoh's rat, was adored by the ancient Egyptians, on account of its destroying the crocodile in his adult state, as they asserted, by jumping down his throat when he yawned, and eating its way out from his stomach; but particularly for its propensity for sucking the eggs of this animal. These creatures are very numerous, and are often domesticated like cats, to destroy rats and mice. Lynxes, founarts, and jerboas, also abound.

As to birds—fowls, turkeys, geese, and very few ducks, are found in the poultry-yards; wild ducks in clouds, wild geese, pelicans, vultures, falcons, hawks, eagles, buzzards, and all the night-birds down to bats, abound in incredible multitudes. The birds most peculiar to English eyes are the ibis and the Nile goose, the latter perhaps the most richly plumaged bird in creation. The real ibis is only to be found (if there) at Lake Menzaleh, where it makes its nest among the stalks of the only true papyrus that is known here. There is something singular in these two surviving specimens of antique animal and vegetable races being found limited to the same locality. The common ibis is snow-white, and of a very graceful form, resembling a very well-made stork in miniature. It hovers in flocks over the corn-fields, and, contrasted with the rich green, its hue is only less beautiful than when seen gliding gracefully and slowly on its wide wings among the dark forests of the palm.

As to insects, imagine everything disgusting, and horrid, and monstrous, that can crawl, creep, buzz, bite, or sting; imagine them in every place where they are most nauseous, unwelcome, and you will form some idea of the entomology of Egypt.

Of reptiles, the most respectable is the crocodile; the most classical, the carastea, or horned asp, which baffled Cæsar: of the former I

have before spoken; the latter is avoided even by the serpent-charmer, on account of its deadly bite. Other serpents of various species abound, and we had several on board our boat; these, having had their fangs torn out, were quite harmless. There are two species of tortoise, abundance of scorpions, bull-frogs, whose nightly croakings amount to bellowing; and, lastly, the only apparently useful reptile that is known, the monitor lizard, which utters shrill cries whenever a crocodile approaches.

As to fish, I caught some hundreds, and never caught two of the same species. Their names in Arabic would tend little to enlighten the most scientific reader, and of their habits I am ignorant. I am told that salmon of immense size and delicate flavour are taken in the Nile, and that perch abound; but I never saw fish that could be identified in English.

Canals are the very life of agricultural Egypt, and require all the power and vigilance of the government to keep them in repair. It is evident that, among this indolent, narrow-minded people, who never look to second causes, that the inhabitant at the entrance of a canal would never keep it in order for the sake of those at a distance, so that government is obliged to take their management entirely into its own hands.

The principal canal in Egypt is called after Joseph, though by most geographers supposed to be the work of the Nile itself. It commences near Mellawi, and runs through the Said to the Fayoum, where it exhausts itself into many branches.

The next canal in importance is that of Moeys, which extends from near Cairo to Lake Menzaleh, a distance of 120 miles, and is navigable all the way. The Mahmoudieh canal has already been described; besides which, there are half a dozen others, very important, no doubt, to the Egyptians, but little interesting to the general reader.

The effect of these canals is immensely increased by banks, or dams, that regulate the supply of water into the lower districts, as well as by large reservoirs, that retain the waters of the inundation, and economise its outlay.

The works of this nature, carried into effect by Mehemet Ali, are

incredible; they extend over a space of 104,356,667 cubic metres. M. Linant, the Pasha's able and indefatigable chief engineer, has proposed a plan for embankments to cross the Nile, near the junction of the Damietta and Rosetta branches, which would produce amazing results, not only for the Delta, but for the lands on either side the river as far as Cairo. Its importance may be estimated by the calculation that it would save the employment of 25,000 *sakeeyehs*, involving the labour of 25,000 men and 50,000 oxen.¹ These canals are exclusively interesting to Egypt. I now turn to those that interest the whole commercial and travelling world.

The formation of a canal from Suez to the Mediterranean is first in importance. It would shorten the passage to India from the Levant, by 8,000 miles; that from London by 5,500 miles; that from New York by 3,000, to say nothing of

“ Many a day and many a dreadful night
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape.”

Sesostris attempted to unite the Red Sea with the Nile, and Nechos, says Herodotus, attempted to carry out his views with the cost of 100,000 lives in the enterprise. Fortunately for the population of Egypt, an Oracle forbade him to advance the undertaking, saying that it would “open Egypt to the invasion of strangers.” Probably the same Oracle, issuing from his own profound brains, may have operated on the mind of Mehemet Ali, who certainly has hitherto not displayed his usual energies in emulating the useful labours of his predecessors.

It would seem that this canal was at length completed, and not only conveyed shipping from the Nile to the Arabian Gulf, but, by irrigation, converted the desert into fruitful fields, on which rose (and fell), with its fructifying waters, the cities of Heroöpolis, Phlagriopolis, and Serapeum, near Arsinoë. Trajan and Armu re-opened this canal at intervals of about 500 years; but now it has vanished,

¹ Any person curious in these matters may consult “*Histoire sommaire de l’Egypte sous Méhémet Ali*,” par M. Mengin; the “*Sémaphore d’Orient* ;” and Clot Bey’s inestimable “*Aperçu général sur l’Egypte*.”

except a small portion reaching into Cairo, called the Kalish. If this canal once existed, there is no reason that another, infinitely more important, might not be created and maintained across the same deserts.

The level of the Red Sea is thirty feet higher than that of the Mediterranean, and fifteen feet higher than the lowest period of the Nile at Cairo, but five feet *lower* than the Nile at its highest period. By means of the latter fact, turned to good account, the desert could be irrigated by fresh water during the very season in which that process is necessary.

A railway from Cairo to Suez is more popular, and perhaps more feasible. It is asserted that the cost would little exceed that incurred for rails and sleepers; as the level is already obtained by the banks that have been erected, and also those of the ancient canal.

The desert, between Keneh and Cossier, affords the shortest interval between the Nile and the Red Sea; it is only seventy miles in length, and offers but slight undulations of ground. Should the atmospheric railways come into use here, they would obviate every difficulty of level, and the houses of the stationary engines might constitute a useful chain of forts, whose guns could command the whole range of the journey. The water is deep and the anchorage good, moreover, at Cossier; and the most difficult and dangerous part of the navigation of the Red Sea would be thus avoided, and exchanged for the safe and tranquil navigation of the Nile.

NOTE II.

AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTORIES, COMMERCE, ETC., OF EGYPT.

The Egyptian considers himself as fortunate indeed if allowed to devote his industry to the light labours that the land requires. He turns up the easy soil with a wooden plough of the simplest construction, unaltered in its pattern from those we find upon the tombs of

three thousand years ago: when the seed is sown, a trunk of a palm-tree, drawn by two oxen, serves all the purposes of harrowing and rolling. When the corn is cut, the sheafs are collected in a heap on some hard spot of ground, and then strewn in a circle, over which buffaloes draw a light sledge, and thus thresh out the grain.

The inundation of the Nile affords a universal, and the only manuring of the lands of Egypt. When the waters retire about the month of November, the seed is sown, and harvest appears in March. Thus, new wheat and barley can be offered in the English markets in the first week of April.

Until 1821, the cotton plant was only found as an ornament in some gardens of Cairo. It is now, after wheat, the most important production of the valley of the Nile. Its culture, adopted by the Pasha at the recommendation of M. Jamel, a Frenchman, succeeded beyond expectation. It is planted in March, and gathered in November or December: it requires a good soil, and renewal of seed every third year. Indigo is also a recent introduction, and produces considerable revenue to the Pasha, particularly that which is grown in Nubia. Rice is kept in water, and afterwards under damp straw, until it begins to germinate; then planted in moist land. It is sown in November, and threshed at the same time, and in the same primitive manner as the wheat. The more fruitful soil in Egypt produces three crops in the year; once by inundation, and two by irrigation. The last I have already described as very severe labour, and as employing 150,000 men, with 50,000 oxen, at the shadoofs and water-wheels.

The Pasha has established a number of factories, in which cotton, linen, woollen, silk, and other stuffs, are produced, besides iron founderies, and manufactories of arms. There are fifteen cotton factories, containing 1459 spinning-jennies. That called "Malta," at Boulac, is well worth a visit, and, to a superficial observer, appears as well conducted as any in England. The wool employed in the cloth factories is native, except a small quantity imported from Tunis.

The manufactures of Egypt are altogether monopolized by the Pasha, and only maintain their existence by his fiat. Notwithstanding the low prices of the raw material, and the small expense of human labour, this extensive speculator can be undersold by Europeans in

every branch of his various manufactures. Besides this, the articles are all inferior in quality to those of Europe. The climate appears to take part with the inhabitants against manufactures: the heat of the weather is injurious to the material, and the fine sand that pervades every breeze of wind is very destructive to the machinery. Moreover, the cultivable soil of Egypt, which the most inveterate political economist will allow should first be attended to, requires more labourers than the present population can afford; and thus the country suffers as much from Mehemet Ali's passion for manufactures as from war.

All these considerations, together with Ibrahim Pasha's preference for agriculture, only give to the factories a life-lease in Egypt; and before many years pass away, we shall probably see a new and extensive market opened to England, by the return of the unwilling mechanics to the agricultural labours from which they have been torn by their tyrant. I have not been able to learn the number of persons engaged in manufactures in Egypt, but it must be very considerable, owing to the number and variety of the latter; while their novelty makes them felt as a still severer hardship by the poor men and children who are doomed to the tending of them.

Alexandria must, probably, sooner or later, become the most important commercial port in the world; not only from its central situation, its admirable harbour, and its being the point of confluence of three quarters of the globe, but as the port of all India and southern Asia, whose resources are only now beginning to be developed: to these wide regions China has now been added by England's rapid and momentous victories over barbarian power and prejudice. Until lately, India was four or five months distant from England. Steam has now caused oceans to shrink into mere channels, and these channels are bridged over by our steamers. From London to Alexandria is England, from Suez to Chusan is England still, and Egypt presents a mere bank of eighty or ninety miles in breadth. This will soon be spanned by a railway which English iron must supply, and which English steel must guard.

The present commerce of Egypt consists principally of wheat, cotton, rice, indigo, and opium, as exports: of cloth and linen, timber

for building, iron, cutlery, paper, glass, oil, and wine, as imports. The value of the importations in 1842, was about £2,679,000, that of the exports about £2,190,000; of these the imports from England amounted to about £600,640; while her exports thither only reached about £216,000. The exports and imports of Turkey nearly balance each other, as do those of Austria.¹

The whole annual commerce of Egypt, by way of the Red Sea, and caravans, is valued at about £400,000. Every year a caravan comes from Abyssinia with a number of black slaves, gold-dust, gum, ivory, ostrich feathers, &c.; another caravan from Morocco, with pilgrims for Mecca, comes through Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis, across the desert, to Alexandria. There are also caravans arriving occasionally from Damascus, with silks, dried fruit, and oil. In 1822, there were only sixteen mercantile houses in Alexandria, there are now forty-four; of these thirteen are French, nine are Austrian, and only seven are English. There is a tribunal of Commerce established by the Pasha, by which all mercantile disputes and differences are heard and adjudged.

In 1814, suddenly appeared that astonishing decree, by which the Pasha announced to the inhabitants of Egypt that the whole country belonged to him, and that all the dwellers therein were but labourers on his great farm, or at best but tenants at his will. Mehemet Ali made a pretext to visit Arabia, while this decree was being carried into effect by his minister. The men bowed tamely to his decree, but the women rose tumultuously, and excited some leading sheikhs to make a demonstration of resistance. One of the latter was arrested and executed on some pretence foreign to the occasion; the women were allowed to talk out their indignation, and Egypt has been ever since the unquestioned private property of the Pasha. Soon afterwards, he appropriated all the revenues belonging to pious institutions, and took them under his own protection. This last measure created more dissatisfaction than the former one, as it ren-

¹ A merchant at Alexandria told me he could ship wheat at Alexandria at 12s. per quarter, and beans at the same price, yet that neither paid in the English market, except under peculiar circumstances.

dered many desperate. Previous to this appropriation, 6000 persons received daily alms from the mosque of El Azhar alone, and 2000 slept within its walls.

It is true that Mehemet Ali had a precedent for thus taking possession of all the land in Egypt in the case of Joseph's Pharaoh, Osirtesen the First, in the year 1706 B.C.; but, in the latter case, the Egyptians received a consideration for the loss of their possessions, and Pharaoh only virtually possessed himself of quit-rents, amounting to one-fifth of the value of the agricultural produce. From Mehemet Ali the Egyptians received nothing in lieu of their possessions, except a somewhat better administration of public affairs and some better irrigation for the lands. In return for this, the Pasha claims four-fifths of the produce of the land.

NOTE III.

THE MOUNTAIN TRIBES.

The people of the Lebanon have been in all times most rebellious to foreign powers, most loyal to their own.

Divided, and dismembered as they are, there is the material of a great nation among these various tribes: they require only peace and union to make them powerful—only power to make them free. Want of union, the sundering of the fabled faggot, is their chief cause of weakness; to concentrate the energies and unite the interests of the several tribes, would require a powerful and enlightened intellect, and such has never appeared among them. Two of their Emirs,¹ Fakreddin, and the Emir Beschir, wanted but honesty and singleness of purpose to enable them to convert the populace of a thousand villages into a people: the former ruled from Tripoli to Mount Carmel, the latter was the sovereign, or at least the universally acknowledged source of rank and power all over the Lebanon.

Fakreddin, however, went to Europe to seek for assistance against

¹ Pronounced "Ameer."

his Turkish oppressors; he took advantage of a theory that had just then become popular, that the romantic history of the Druses had begun with the Count de Dreux, at the time of the Crusades. This claim on Christian sympathy, together with the rank, eloquence, and majestic appearance of the claimant, procured him immediate popularity in Italy, but the Chieftain of the Mountains soon sank into the voluptuary, and forgot the cause he had come to plead in Capuan luxury. When, at length, he did return to the mountain, all his energies and resources were dissipated in selfish schemes of policy, and building fantastic palaces. His family, all of whom were Druses, became extinct about one hundred and fifty years ago.

On the death of the last of his line, the aristocracy of the mountain elected an Emir of Hasbeia as chief governor, and this dignity, under the title of "Hakeem el Djebal," has since lineally descended in the Shehâb family from father to son. This illustrious family came originally from Shabha, in the Haourân; and are lineally descended from the Standard-bearer of the Prophet Mahomet. I could not learn from any of the Emirs the date of their arrival in Syria; they spoke of it vaguely as "several hundred years ago." It would seem that they came as conquerors, since they obtained large possessions with feudal privileges in the country about Mount Hermon, and the sources of the Jordan. Their chief castles are named Hasbeya and Rascheia, both of which I have described.

The Emir Beschir is now the first man among the tribes, nominally, though a prisoner: to him belong the beautiful palace of Beteddeen, and the sovereignty of the Lebanon. He was able, it is said, to summon 15,000 armed men to his standard at three hours' notice.

When the Egyptian forces invaded Syria in the late war between Mehemet Ali and the Porte, the Emir remained neutral for some time, neglecting the orders of the Sultan to attack Ishmael Pasha, and at the same time abstaining from any communication with the latter until he had possessed himself of Acre, and his cause appeared to be triumphant. Then, in an evil hour, he invited him to his palace, and professed himself his faithful ally.

Ishmael accepted the invitation, and so arranged his plans that on

the evening of his arrival at Bteddeen, 15,000 Egyptian troops encamped on the hills around. The Pasha then explained to the Emir that he wished the mountaineers to give up their arms, and the poor Chieftains were obliged to comply. The Egyptian had already obtained by spies and bribery a return of all the arms on the Lebanon; and his troops, surrounding each village, now required the complement assigned, whether truly or otherwise. The Maronite priests, I know not why, exhorted their people to comply: the Druses resisted. This has already changed the character of these sects; the disarmed Maronites have become timid and unwarlike, the Druses proportionably bolder, and more free.

The Egyptians remained long enough in Syria to make a most favourable reform, and from this fact may be estimated the state to which the Turks had reduced it. The name of Mehemet Ali became a terror to the Bedouin in his desert, and to the Druze upon his mountain. Commerce returned to the seaports, security was bestowed on the public ways, mines were worked, crushing imposts abated. I am no panegyrist of Mehemet Ali's, but I think it only just to his character to mention these circumstances, which are universally admitted in the East.

It was only this forced disarmament of the mountain tribes, and the Dreaded Conscription, that turned Syria against his cause, and enabled the languid and unwholesome sway of the Porte once more to establish itself in this country. When England dispossessed Mehemet Ali of Syria, in order to restore it to the Turks, the aged Emir Beschir was brought to account for his unprofitable intimacy with the Egyptians. He and his three sons were inveigled to Constantinople, where they have ever since remained under strict surveillance, with the exception of the youngest, who was permitted to reside in poverty at Bteddeen.

The chief authority is now possessed by the Emir Sadadin of Hasbeya; the Emir Afendy of Rascheia is next in consideration. These families are both Moslem, though the Emir Beschir and his ancestry were Christian, which they became in order to conciliate the then powerful sect of the Maronites. This people derive their origin from Maron, a saint of the fifth century; persecuted as

heretics by the Greek empire, they have long survived their oppressors, and preserved their own peculiar faith with little alteration up to this hour. It is true, they have occasionally acknowledged obedience to the See of Rome; but the Legate is subordinate in power to the Patriarch, and their priests marry and celebrate mass in the Syriac instead of Latin. The Pope entered into this compromise with them, they refusing to learn Latin, but deferring so far to the Roman pleasure as to consent to use the old Syriac language in their masses, as equally unintelligible to their hearers as the Latin. The Patriarch bears himself as despotically in his monastery of Canobin, near Tripoli, as if he still held his ancient rule at Antioch. Nine bishops and one hundred and fifty priests minister to about 150,000 souls. They have numerous monasteries, and are exceedingly ignorant and poor, but very tolerant. The chief Maronite districts are the Kesrouan, Djebail, and Katch Bukfaijet.

The Metoualis, or Moslem sectaries who follow Ali in preference to Osmar, are the wildest and least civilized, but also the fewest in number of the tribes. They do not amount to more than 20,000, and inhabit Akaleem, Sidon, Baalbec, and the mountains near Djebail.

The Druses are the most characteristic people, and their worship is wrapped in mystery. To them, the form of religion they outwardly profess appears a matter of indifference. If thrown among Moslems, they follow their usages; if among Christians, they adopt theirs. The founder of their faith was a lunatic Caliph of Cairo, called the "Hakeem," who announced himself as the long-promised Messiah of all faiths. He, they say, was taken up into heaven; but his faithful follower, Hamza, was graciously left on earth to enlighten it with his doctrines. Banished from Egypt, he found a refuge among the mountains of Lebanon, where his creed spread rapidly. On his death, Moktana, his disciple, carried on the Prophet business, and reduced it into order. He announced seven commandments, inculcating Veracity, Charity, Renunciation of Mahomet, Submission to God's will, Confession, Fidelity to their Faith, and acknowledgment that all other religions are mere types, more or less perfect, of this, the perfect one.

They were divided into two great classes and many sects; the

former consisted of the "Initiated" and the "Novices;"¹ the latter, amongst others, were divided into "Nosairi" and "Quadrिमousi." The Nosairi, or Ansairies, performed daily the most obscene worship; the Yeseedies are supposed to adore a golden calf, as the Persians do Ahrimam, the Origin of the Evil; this calf symbolizes Eblis, the spirit at issue with that of the Hakeem.² The principal Druse districts in the Lebanon are called "Thoof," "Arkoob," "Shebhâ," "Garb," and "Mattu." They are also found in the Haourân, Antilebanon, and Jebel el Alah, near Aleppp. Their whole number may amount to 120,000.

However differing in creed, these various tribes are all under the same form of government; a sort of feudal aristocracy, consisting of Emirs, Mokaddems, and Sheikhs. These are each independent in his own district. The chief Emir, or "Hakeem el Wâpt," bestows all rank, and entitles a man and all his descendents to be Sheikhs, or even Emirs, by calling him brother. All the Emirs, whether Druse, Metouali, or Maronite, acknowledged the Emir Beschir as supreme, and kissed his hands. In case, however, of making war, the Emir cannot summon the dependants of the inferior Emirs to accompany him to battle; but must apply to the respective Sheikhs, or Mokaddems, who seldom refuse to furnish their contingent.

After the Shehâb family come the Bêt Belâmâ, whose ancestor was only a Mokaddem; but, having acquired a great reputation, he called himself Emir, and was confirmed in that title by the Chief of the Emirs. Next is the Resstan family, who are all Druses.

The Chief Emir alone had the power of life and death, which is now monopolized by the Porte: the inferior Princes and Sheikhs frequently, however, take the law into their own hands, and few Druses would be found base enough to appeal from them to a Turkish Pasha, even to save his life.

The Emirs are subordinate at present to the Pasha of Damascus, who has nominally the power, (which he dare not test) to remove them.

¹The Metoualis, and the few orthodox Moslems in the Lebanon,

¹ Called the *Fawil*, or "interior;" and the *Teizil*, or "external."

And the same that the Israelites worshipped in the wilderness.

are devoid of conviction of the Divine right of the Sultan, and have no religious scruple in carrying arms against the "Vicegerent of the Prophet."

All the chiefs possess property and tenants: but there are many independent freeholders who, together with the tenants, pay all the taxes: the nobility and clergy being exempt. I have spoken of the industry of the people in a former chapter; I must also observe upon their fine, martial bearing, their freedom from many of the vices of the Plains, their tolerance, intelligence, and hospitality.

Some years ago, the Druses sent a deputation to our Consul General, offering to place themselves under the protection of Great Britain, to receive and build houses for our missionaries, and to send all their children to the Christian schools. The proposition was coldly received by Lord Ponsonby, treated with indifference by Lord Melbourne, and the chiefs returned to their mountains, affronted and disheartened.

The people of the Lebanon seem to have no idea of union, or any thoughts of Syria as a whole: their patriotism seems confined to each village or district.

I regretted very much not being able to devote more time to the examination of this magnificent country, and its interesting people. I would beg to direct the attention of travellers to the following subjects:—

1. To geographers, the Lebanon is almost a "terra incognita;" every information as to distances and elevations is of great importance. The source of the river Liettani is unknown, yet must be somewhere in the plain of Baalbec, or on the hills towards the Cedars.

2. There are two MS. histories of the Shehâb families existing, which would throw light upon the obscure history of this people. The Emirs Sadadeen and Afendy told me they knew of these books, but did not know in whose possession they now were.

3. There are two printing-presses on the Mountain; one at Kisbeia, near Eden; the others at Mar Hanna el Shiveir, one day's journey from Beyrout. No copy from the former has ever reached Europe.

4. There are some curious ruins of a Greek temple between Baalbec and Zahle; and the ruins of a Roman city are to be found near Fakra, on the western declivity of Djebel Sunnin. Neither of these have ever been explored, that I am aware of, by any person able to form an opinion as to their merits.

The traveller will also find a visit to Antoura and the Natural Bridge repay his labour well. They are only one easy day's journey from Beyrout.

These are all points on which I was unable to satisfy myself, owing to my limited time.¹

NOTE IV.

ON THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS AS SYMBOLS.

(Vol. ii., p. 277.)

Le Père Lafitan, in his "Manners of the American Savages," shows, from various authorities, that ~~the~~ **THE** Cross was received as an object of worship amongst them before the discovery of that Continent by the Europeans, and was considered a religious symbol by the ancient world. It is seen in the hands of Horus Apollo, on the neck of the god Apis, of Jupiter Ammon, in the Thyrsis of Bacchus, on the bosom of vestal virgins, and on the sacred vases in which libations were offered to the gods; and its traces may be found in the oldest words of Phœnician and Chinese History.

The student may also consult *Lipsius de Cruce*, lib. i., cap. 8; *Gretser de Cruce*, lib. i., cap. 51; *Pignotius in expos. mensæ Isiacæ*; *Kercher in Ædipo.*; and *Obelisc. Pamphil.*

"**THE CRESCENT** was the symbol of the city of Byzantium, and was adopted by the Turks. This device is of very ancient origin, as appears from several medals, and took its rise from an event thus related by a native of Byzantium. 'Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, meeting with great difficulties in carrying on the siege of

¹ I am indebted for the principal part of this information to the Rev. Dr. Kerns (missionary at Aleppo), M. Schultze, H.P.M.'s Consul at Jerusalem, Colonel Churchill, and Assaad Yacoob y Kayat.

this city, set the workmen one dark night to undermine the walls. Luckily for the besieged, a young moon suddenly appearing, discovered the design, which accordingly miscarried; in acknowledgment whereof the Byzantines erected a statue to Diana, and the Crescent became the symbol of their state."—A.P.

NOTE V.

GOVERNMENT OF CORFU.

(Vol. ii., p. 285.)

When England accepted the protectorate of the Ionian Republic, assigned to her in 1815, she undertook to grant or to continue to them a free constitution. This consists of a House of Assembly, containing forty members, returned by the Seven Islands in a proportion relative to their population. From this House of Assembly, a senate, or council, composed of six members, is selected by the Lord High Commissioner. These are, in fact, the ministry of the Republic, each presiding over a particular department, and receiving a salary of £800 per annum, while the President of the Council has an income of £1300. As the members of this council (whatever island they may belong to) are obliged constantly to reside at Corfu during their administration, this allowance is necessary to induce them to accept office. The House of Assembly only sits for three months in every second year; the power of convening or proroguing is vested in the Lord High Commissioner; that of dissolution, in the Crown alone.

This appears a sufficiently free form of government; and the only complaints I heard against it were, that the system of representation was corrupt; that there was no freedom of the press; and that Corfu was taxed to pay England.

With respect to the former, a list of the persons whom the Lord High Commissioner deems eligible for representatives is sent to each island previous to an election: the electors may choose from out that list alone: if they don't like A., they must have B. To this objection I heard it replied that the islands, if left to their own selection,

would return none but deputies of the Anti-English party, which would involve the government in perpetual difficulty.

With respect to the Freedom of the Press, however invaluable that liberty may be in a great country, it appears to be productive of very indifferent results in a small community, where its spirit must be mainly fed upon personalities and imaginary grievances, as is the case at Malta.

The third ground of complaint is the tax of £36,000 per annum claimed by England for purposes said to be unconnected with the interests of the island. It is true that this sum was formerly levied and applied to the repair of the existing fortifications and the creation of new; but it has not been levied for the last five years, and probably never will again. Moreover, the expenditure of English money in the island amounted to at least five times the amount of this tax.

I mention these accusations against the English government as proving how little reason exists for complaint. The benefits conferred upon the Republic, and upon Corfu especially, by English rule, are not so easily enumerated. Sir Thomas Maitland (familiarily known in the island as "King Tom") first reduced the island to order and security: roads were made in every direction; lazarettos built; schools established; the town and fortifications repaired; commerce encouraged; and a native police created.

The island appeared, to my superficial observation, to be prosperous and thriving, with full employment for its people, and a fair rate of remuneration for labour. We may proudly contrast its present state with that which it exhibited under the tyranny of the Venetian "proveditori," the Russian "commandants," and—worse than all—of its own factious native authorities.



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