EXCURSIONS

IN THE

HOLY LAND EGYPT, NUBIA, SYRIA, &c.

INCLUDING

A VISIT TO THE UNFREQUENTED DISTRICT OF THE HAOURAN.

BY

JOHN MADOX, Esq.

CALCUTTA PUBLIC LIBRARY

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty.

1834.

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Drawn on Stone by R. J. Ramsden.

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MOHAMMED ALI.

Viceroy of Egypt.

Published by R. Bentley, New Burlington Street.

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ERRATA.

VOL. II.

Page 16, line 6, for "every Arab" read "the head of every Arab."
33, 6, omit "in the same disguise."
— 22, for "though the would" read "thought he would."
34, 13, for "is" read "was."
43, 29, for "have" read "kept."
54, 6, after "Mr. Abbott" read "English Consul at Beirout."
57, 6, for "the Wolf, or Dog river" read "the river."
— 18, for "Mr. Lewis's residence" read "Mr. Lewis's new residence."
83, 3, for "Deir-el-Khauman" read "Deir-el-Kamar."
106, 29, for "tied up" read "cut up."
107, 19, dele "we had before passed through."
157, 29, for "being on board" read "went on board."
225—233 a mistake in the paging.
283, 10, for "retreated" read "advanced."
306, 18, for "Deir-el-Kammar" read "Deir-el-Akhmar."
309, 26, dele "six piastres."
321, 10, for "ookah" read "hookah."
347, 28, for "Mr. Abbot" read "Mr. Abbott."

The plates of Costumes given in this volume, are erroneously stated to be from designs by the Author. The complexions both of the men and women, as represented, are made much too dark.

The letter of Miss Abbott, given at page 187, after the account of the Author's residence at Damascus, should have been introduced during his stay at Beirout, as well as the particulars relative to the Druses.

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March 19, 1824.—This morning all Gournou was thrown into consternation upon the appearance of two or three hundred soldiers coming from Gainouli. I was at the top of the house, and it was a curious sight to see the natives running up the mountains in all directions; men, women, and children, hiding themselves in the excavations. The soldiers passed close to the propylon

of the temple of Memnon, and had already had a skirmish with the Arabs about Beirat, of whom they killed four, and then retreated. In about two hours they returned quietly through Gournou, and the Arabs here began to think they were afraid to attack the rebels. In the evening the former assembled to the number of a thousand or fourteen hundred, and, headed by the old sheik or prophet, went off to Gamouli, it was said, to attack the soldiers there.

March 20.—Last night passed quietly, but this morning all was consternation. An Arab belonging to Gournou arrived, having been wounded by a bullet. He told us there had been some hard fighting early this morning; that the soldiers were now hemmed in, and that the Arabs were about attacking them again, though the old sheik was remonstrating with them, and trying to prevent them going on too furiously, for they had burned the village in many parts. At about eleven o'clock a boat passed near to Luxor, and fired two or three cannon. It contained soldiers escaping from Esneh, (which place had been taken by the Arabs,) and was afterwards attacked on its passing Gamouli, when two men were killed by the Arabs, who said they acknowledged none but God and the Grand Signor. It also fortunately happened, that a boat loaded with ammunition was going to Essouan, to the army which passed up some ten or twelve days since on its way to Darfour. The soldiers at Gamouli seeing it passing, stopped it, and by this means

were now well provided with ammunition. Janni was afraid they would destroy his antiques, but I told him that it was his horses, arms, and gunpowder they wanted.

March 21.—The Arabs were now said to be ten thousand strong, and had driven the soldiers from Gamouli; these, finding their situation there hopeless, and headed by the cachief whom I had seen at Janni's house, and whom I thought a cool, brave, and determined. fellow, made a sortie, fought their way through the rebels, and made good their retreat; being afterwards joined by a party of disciplined Arabs. The prophet was reported to have gone on towards Es-Siout.

March 22.—In the middle of the night we had a storm of thunder and lightning, with a small shower. At eleven A.M. we learned that two Englishmen were seen in a cangea off Gamouli: and in an hour after, the Arab, whom the old prophet had made head of a thousand men, arrived from Negadeh, to which place they had advanced. They burned a church belonging to the Copts; to which burning, however, the sheik had objected, until they said it contained the riches of their mosques, when he allowed them to set it on fire. This man sat talking in our room, surrounded by Arabs, for an hour: and amongst other things, told us, that the sheik had blessed the gunpowder which Janni had given them, and in his hands it had increased to an immense quantity! The sheik was now reported to be upon his return, saying he had no orders to go farther,

and to have many followers with him; some, who wished it, were allowed to return to their different villages. He told them the great battle was to take place at the first cataract. This looked as if he was alarmed, and saw danger in pursuing his route down to Es-Siout. We understood that the prophet asserted he could bring down the angels from heaven to fight in his cause, and said to his followers, "It is not you who fight; I can see Mahomet and the angels fighting for us!" This they all believed, and even said that "if cannon-shot were fired at him, he would not be touched by them."

March 23.—At ten A.M. we heard that the prophet had arrived at Gamouli, on his return: at noon a great number of Arabs, in parties of fifty or sixty, went downwards to join him, some of whom were mounted on horses. About one P.M. he repassed, with drums beating and colours flying. We sent our servants out to ask for a paper, as a sort of passport, to prevent us from being molested in going down; but, as the Arabs did not halt, our servants did not speak about it, though the old sheik asked them how the English were, hoped we had no fear, and begged we would remain quiet. He enquired if we had any gunpowder, and could give him a little, for which he would be obliged, and added, if we had none to spare, it was of no great consequence, and he must do without it. Previously to leaving Gamouli he sent a large body of his men over to Gheneh, and went on to

Esneh, at which place we learned a battle took place the day before between the Arab inhabitants and the sheik's followers. More than one hundred were said to have been killed.

The tardiness of the government in sending a force sufficient to suppress this insurrection placed us in an awkward and perilous situation; for, if the Arabs continued quarrelling amongst themselves, we might soon expect that the safety we had hitherto relied on, from the well-known mildness of the sheik's character, would be endangered, and that we should be robbed of all we possessed. The two following days all remained quiet, with the exception of a few false reports.

March 26.—In the afternoon a man arrived from El-Arabat, and reported that a great body of soldiers, with many cannon, were leaving that place for Ghenèh. The people here were in a state of great suspense, considering that a battle would decide whether the old sheik were a prophet or not.

March 27.—At about noon he appeared in sight near Medinet Abou, and soon after halted at the village of Beirat. Between one and two P.M. two cangeas came in view, containing, we hoped, the four Englishmen who left us on the 1st of January. After some difficulty I got an Arab to ride down and ascertain if this were so; but, to our great disappointment, we found they belonged to the prophet, being two of his captures. At about six P.M. he again passed down, flags flying and a drum beating, and, having halt-

ed just beyond, he sent for some bread. We learned that a small village near Gheneh had been totally destroyed by the soldiers, who had slain all they met, men, women, and children.

March 28.—There was a report this morning, that the disciplined Arab troops who passed up some time since on their way to Darfour, having got as far as Essouan, had returned from that place and arrived at Esneh. Another report was, that in an action at Gheneh, the Arabs had killed thirty-five of the soldiers there.

March 29.—This morning, we heard that the Essouan infantry at Esneh had beaten the Arabs, and that eight hundred Arabs and four hundred Mamelukes had been killed.

March 30.—The prophet had returned, and was now at Carnac: having crossed the river in the neighbourhood of Gheneh, he heard that a large force was soon expected there, and marched his men immediately up to Carnac and Luxor, whence, crossing again to our side, he went to Erment, whilst some of his men came to Gournou to collect as many followers as they could. Very few remained at the latter place.

At Erment, it was reported that the prophet had a battle with the military, another division of his followers having previously engaged the Essouan troops. A wounded man brought this intelligence; he said the bullets fell like rain; and another said they came about him like wasps.

March 31.—There were false reports this morning, of the disciplined Arab troops having joined

the insurgents, brought by an Arab who came to fetch back some females that had fled from Erment.

We learned in the evening that, after the Essouan soldiers had beaten the insurgents yesterday at Crocodilopolis, they went to the island of Rizacát, just below that place: this was a manœuvre of the French officers who commanded them to draw the Arabs from the open plain; for they knew they would soon gallop off from the quick and sharp fire of the battalions disciplined in the European manner, which was quite new to them. The manœuvre succeeded; for the Arabs, confident from their numbers, and infatuated by success, imagining that no infantry could withstand their cavalry (having about two hundred horse), and, above all, by the blessing of the prophet, followed the soldiers into the island, and so fell into the trap that was laid for them. As they advanced, they were fired upon in battalions, and, retreat being impossible, almost all were killed. Of the number of cavalry which got on the island, only seven made an attack, amongst whom were three sheiks of Erment and a brother of the great sheik. These set an example which fright at the European mode of fighting prevented their men from following, and they were all four, horses and riders, instantly killed. The instruction of his troops in European tactics, by French or Piedmontese officers, has been by some thought bad policy on the part of the Pasha; but, in quelling this insurrection, at all events, he derived

benefit from it. The prophet remained at Erment; three villages near were burned, and all their inhabitants fled or were destroyed.

April 1.—Many of the inhabitants of this village (Gournou) returned early this morning, after yesterday's defeat, and said that the insurgents were nearly dispersed, the prophet himself having only about fifty men with him at Erment.

April 2.—Absurd rumours daily arrived, some showing the cunning of the Arabs, and originating probably with the old sheik himself, and others indicating the extreme credulity of these infatuated and ignorant people. At one moment we were told of reinforcements of ten thousand men from Cosseir, at another that the Prophet himself had gone alone amongst his enemies, who immediately commenced killing each other, until all were destroyed. Again, it was said that all would be soon finished at Cairo; that the Pasha had left that place and gone to Alexandria, there to embark on board one of his ships. On the other hand, we were assured that four thousand English had arrived at Cairo and taken the Pasha prisoner, at the request of the Grand Signor, and had delivered him up to the Vizier, to be taken by him to Constantinople.

In the evening the soldiers set fire to the village of Erment. Standing on the top of our house, I saw the fire rage with much fury; it was seen burning throughout the night, and was still smoking in the morning.

April 3.—Many of the inhabitants, both of

Erment and Beirat, arrived with their cattle, horses, camels, and asses, and passed on over the rocky tract towards Gamouli; some going up towards the excavations in the mountains. The sheik himself crossed this river, with those of his followers who went to Luxor. There were some who now began to think that he was an impostor, though they owned they were afraid of saying so.

April 4.—All seemed quiet throughout the night, but we learned this morning, from the Arab who had been stationed on the bank of the river as a sentinel, that the Essouan infantry had passed down in the middle of the night in sixteen or twenty boats, and were supposed to have gone to Gheneh. Two hundred Bedouins, of the Atouni tribe, inhabiting the northern part of the desert between Cosseir and Gheneh, were said also to have arrived at Luxor from Cosseir, armed with matchlocks, and to have accompanied the old sheik yesterday-evening to Gheneh.

April 5.—In the middle of the night an Arab called up the sheik of the village, and told him the soldiers were coming: upon this the whole village became alarmed, and these heroes of Crocodilopolis and Erment ran up into the mountains, until they found that the report was false. The prophet had sent for those Arabs who had seceded, saying that if they did not return to him he would burn their houses: a few horsemen did in consequence again join him. There was a report that a body of one thousand soldiers,

remaining at Essouan, had become disaffected; that ten of them had agreed to murder the ten Mamelukes who commanded them; but, one of the conspirators having given information of the plot, the remaining nine had been put under arrest. All had their arms taken from them, and tranquillity was restored.

The Essouan infantry who passed down last night stopped short of Gheneh, under pretence of being in want of ammuniton, having, as they said, only seven charges left. This was a *ruse de guerre* of the French or Piedmontese officers who commanded them to draw the insurgents on, and it had the desired effect; for, grown bold by the report, they attacked the Essouan infantry on their arrival at Gheneh, and, whilst thus engaged, Achmet Pasha made a sortie from the town with two thousand six hundred horse and pursued them, previously routed by the Essouan infantry, sword in hand, making a terrible havoc amongst them, and killing more than five hundred in a very short time. Many men, women, and children, to escape the sabre, ran into the Nile, and were drowned.

April 6.—I was informed that, when Achmet Pasha arrived at Gheneh about a week since, he brought only three hundred cavalry with him from Beni Ali, and was much surprised to find the Arabs in such force, having treated the whole affair in too light a manner. He chose to wait for reinforcements, which he immediately sent for, not even knowing that the infantry had

returned from Essouan until some time after their arrival at Erment.

Previously to the attack, Achmet Pasha gave the Arabs time to disperse, foreseeing that the slaughter would be great, ten or fifteen thousand Arabs having assembled. He wrote them a firman, telling them it would be better to disperse and return to their villages. To this they replied, by a verbal message, that they should not retire, and that either he must come out or they would go in.

The Arabs of Luxor all returned very early this morning from the battle of Gheneh, and about twenty of them crossed over to Gournou, thinking they should be more secure here. Those natives of this place, who left us yesterday in consequence of the great sheik's summons, returned safely, not having been in the battle. All the men of Gournou now, therefore, were at home, and ready to run off into the mountains on the first appearance of the soldiers. At about nine A.M. I plainly saw through my glass some thousands of scattered Arabs retreating along the borders of the mountains on the opposite side of the river, all making towards the distant mountains of the desert, and at two P.M. many were still passing over the plain. There were a great number of horses and some few camels. Many Arabs were also going down with loaded camels.

April 7. — A great many Copts fled from Luxor, and were now at Gournou, having taken up their abode for the night in the ancient tombs,

from one of which (a square, having four or five entrances), I counted twenty individuals coming out—a ragged, miserable-looking set of men, women, and infants. Seeing my old servant, Abdrebbo, (whom I had discharged from my service on my return from Cosseir,) among the party, I went out and spoke to him; asking, why they slept there, and why they did not go higher up into the mountains, where there were many larger excavations? He replied that they were driven thither by fear of the soldiers, from whom they considered themselves safe, for should they fire into the tombs, they would not be able to injure them, the excavation extended so far in the rock, and had so many turnings. It struck me, however, that they might all be easily suffocated by burning straw at the entrance, though I did not say so, thinking they were sufficiently alarmed already. Achmet Pasha was said to be at Negádeh, and the prophet to have passed Luxor yesterday, and gone to the desert; some say, to Abou-l-Hadjadj. The chief sheik of Erment, (the only surviving one, three having been killed,) who had been to Achmet Pasha, to make his apology and submission, returned hither accompanied by a courier, with a firman or letter from Achmet, addressed to all the villages from Gournou to Esneh, saying, that if they would come down from the mountains, and remain quietly in their villages, he would not molest them. He proceeded to Beirat to read the firman, where the Arabs, having heard it read, laid hold of the sheik and the courier

who accompanied him, and bastinadoed them both, taking the courier's camel and sword. Many of the inhabitants of Beirat were here sleeping in the excavations. The young Pasha had offered to the sheik of the Ababdé Bedouins, who was with him to make his submission, the prophet's weight in gold and a village if he secured and brought him alive to him. The Pasha Achmet was reported to be at Ghous, on the opposite side of the river, on the borders of the desert, and the prophet was also in that neighbourhood.

April 8.—Three Arab horse-dealers arrived at Gamouli, their residence, from Cairo, and reported that all was quiet there, and had been so the whole time, and that Mahomed Ali was in quarantine at his palace at Schoobra. There was now a report that the sheik of Girgeh, a large town with a turbulent population, had written to the prophet, to advise him, if he did not find himself strong enough to fight, to go higher up, adding that all the Arabs of Girgeh were ready to rise and follow him. No sooner was this report known than the inhabitants of this village, finding there was still some chance of the prophet's assembling a large force in the neighbourhood of Ghous or Hágaze, sent two men on horseback to Negádeh, to ascertain what was really going on, having a full intention, should there be any large force collected, of joining it, notwithstanding their defeat at Gheneh, and the pardon they had received from Achmet Pasha, in consequence of their submission and quiet return to their homes. One of the

Coptic priests, who accompanied the sheik of Luxor to wait on Achmet Pasha at Ghous, had returned, bringing intelligence that he had decapitated the son of the sheik of that place, together with some others whom he considered most active in the rebellion. The Pasha ordered them to prepare everything for his reception at Luxor to-morrow.

April 9.—The deputies sent by the Arabs of Gournou yesterday returned, without bringing any other information of what was going on than that Achmet was on his way to Luxor, where he arrived in the afternoon. He had left two hundred Turkish horse and six hundred disciplined Arab infantry for the defence of Gheneh; and had with him four gun-boats, each containing eight cannon, besides four field-pieces. Of the two thousand six hundred Turkish cavalry who were with him, one thousand were Moorish horsemen—Turks from Tunis and Tripoli. They were in general a very strong and ferocious set of men, and had a particular enmity to the Arabs. The Pasha and his cavalry approached on the opposite banks of the Nile, but some of the Essouan infantry came up in their boats, twenty-six in number, on our side of the river, their large white sails but little affected by the wind. Janni was in alarm the whole day, with his telescope in his hand, imagining that the Arabs were returning in greater force, and fancying the bushes in the opposite mountains were horsemen.

was said, in great force, massacring every soldier they found alone. All showed much detestation of Mohamed Ali, one of them telling Mr. Hull that they would rather the devil himself governed them than the Pasha!

At about 6 P.M. a courier arrived on a camel from Luxor, bringing a firman or letter from Achmet. The Arabs standing round, armed with their spears, Hull and myself went into the midst of them. The paper was then read; Hull took it and explained it to me, the surrounding Arabs being surprised at his reading their language. The purport of it was merely that "if they would remain quietly in their villages, there would be no danger for them; but if they still refused to obey his commands, he would burn them, villages and all!" This small paper was beautifully written by his Coptic secretary, and had the usual stamp of his seal or ring. The courier then went on to Beirat, leaving some of the people here apparently inclined to obedience, whilst others, on the contrary, were displeased, and seemed to advise opposition. The Pasha gave a backshish to his Arab infantry whilst at Luxor; a piece of good policy, for Arabs are always pleased with any present in money.

I saw to-day from the window, several columns of sand rise majestically to the height of at least six hundred feet, between Luxor and Carnac, raised by the Khamseen winds which blow at this time of the year. These are curious phenomena, from their rising in general so perpendicu-

larly, and at so great a height, and then so gradually vanishing.

April 10.—The Pasha left Luxor about an hour before sunrise for Esneh, firing a salute from the boats at his departure. During his stay, he offered two or three dollars for every Arab who did not quietly return to his village; and, in consequence, some Bedouins went out in pursuit of them amongst the mountains, and brought down four heads.

April 11.—It was reported that a sheik of Girgeh had been attacked and killed by the soldiers, in his attempts to stir up the neighbouring villages to join the Arabs of his own town in the general revolt. These villages also had been destroyed. An Arab belonging to Carnac told us in the evening, with much glee, that he now thought himself perfectly safe, as Achmét only cut off the heads of the sheiks of the different villages: and we learnt from him, that, in a charge of cavalry at the battle of Gheneh, eighty Arabs, belonging to his village alone, were killed.

April 12.—I was informed by Janni that the four Englishmen who had left me on the first of January had passed early this morning. Why they did not stop here I could not then account for; but Janni, evidently annoyed at losing this long wished-for opportunity of leaving, what had been to him at least, a scene of terror, said with a sneer, "Ecco! la maniera di vostri compagni Inglesi!"

April 13.—During the greater part of last

night the Arabs of this place (Gournou) were going up into the excavations, not having the smallest confidence in the pardon promised them by Achmet in his firman; and, there being a rumour that he was on his way hither, determined to surround the place. At twelve, Janni brought me a letter and a card, having the names of the four Englishmen who had passed yesterday morning. The purport of it was to inform him (for they were not aware I was detained at Gournou) that they had been in a very perilous situation at Essouan, and that everything was going on badly in Nubia; that they had escaped and got down to Gheneh, where they had inquired after him, having been told at Essouan that he and all his family were killed; but, hearing he was still safe, they had sent a courier to ascertain if they could be of any service to him. I do not know if he wrote, but I sent a letter, saying we would join them as soon as we could procure a boat here, as they said we could hire a cangea at Glieneh. My servant was sent over to Luxor immediately, to see if a boat was to be obtained, but in vain, for the usual small boat had gone downwards. I concluded the letter by saying, we would not detain them, though we hoped to see them in a day or two, if they could wait so long; and cautioned them (should we not meet) to beware of the plague at Cairo; an account of which I had had about a month since from Mr. Salt, and of which they might not yet have been apprised.

April 14.—We sent our two servants to Luxor

very early, to bring to us the reis of the maash, which we heard last night was lying there. It was a large vessel, and he asked us a large price, viz. five hundred piastres to take us to Gheneh and Siout only. In an hour afterwards he said he would go for half that sum; but as the usual fare is only 350 to 400 per month, we declined it, and offered a fair price, two hundred piastres, for any boat that would take us, but we could get none; the reis would not take less than his last offer, and therefore we remained where we were, not thinking any danger was now to be apprehended.

About four P.M. the natives became much alarmed by a report that Achmet Pasha was coming, having arrived at Erment from Esneh; and in the evening some ten or twelve came into Janni's room, beseeching him to speak favourably of them to Achmet on his arrival, and talked of hiding themselves in the excavations, as some had done in the morning; this Janni strongly advised them not to do, but remain quietly in their homes.

April 15.—At eight A.M. all was confusión, from a report that the soldiers were in sight, and at ten A.M. I saw a few going about, singly, to the excavations. One entered our room with Janni, who soon went out, on the way to Beirat, which was then burning, to meet the young Pasha. Janni dressed himself in the European style, and got on his horse, finely caparisoned in scarlet cloth, with pistols, &c. and was attended

by his cook, who was also well mounted, having a sabre and plenty of pistols round him. This man, a Greek, was really a brave and determined fellow. At eleven A.M. the whole pathway on the plain was covered with cavalry; these were soon followed by the Pasha himself, who arrived in his cangea at the usual landing-place, and sent up for Osman, the sheik of the village, and also an invitation for us to come down, which, from the distance and excessive heat at the time, we declined.

Achmet was accompanied by seventy-five cachiefs, each having forty soldiers under him; they soon passed by, though the Pasha stopped all night under his tent, on the bank of the river. Janni sent up to say that there was a cangea at Luxor, which Achmet would let him have, and our servant found another there, in the evening, which we agreed to take for 200 piastres. On his return to us, Janni said that Achmet advised our leaving Gournou immediately, as they had not been able to take the old prophet, who might again suddenly appear. The Pasha had heard at Es Siout that we had all been murdered, and was surprised at our escape, which Janni attributed to the good conduct of the Arabs of Gournou; but which, as I have before said, was entirely owing to the mildness of the old prophet's character, although Osman, the sheik of this village, certainly behaved well. It was reported to-day that, all the way from Gheneh to Hazuga, there had been much

slaughter, as well as on the mountains about Rizacat, from which twenty-six men had been taken to Gheneh to be shot; and that the village of El Arabat had been burnt.

April 16.—Last night everything passed quietly. A Piedmontese officer, who came from the village of Bene-Ali, called upon us this morning, and told us that the troops were on the banks opposite. Achmet Pasha had fixed his tent there, close to the large tree, where strangers usually land when going up to Gournou. He told us that in the pursuit at Gheneh, six hundred was at most the number of the insurgents killed; that only about a thousand stood the attack, and that the rest, by various reports, said to amount to between six and ten thousand, made off in all directions as fast as they could, going among the mountains and into the desert. Mr. Hull and myself walked out with this officer to see the infantry passing the rocky tract, and got to them just before the second battalion had arrived at the Temple of Memnon, where they halted, and the officer joined them, inviting us to march on with them, which, as it was very hot, and as they were only going to procure some sheep, we declined.

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Having had all our property already packed, we procured camels to take it down to our maash, and in the afternoon, about six o'clock, Mr. Hull and myself at last left Gournou, having been kept for nearly a month in a state of complete blockade, always liable to be plundered and murder-

ed by the insurgents, who so frequently passed our residence both by day and night. Thus it appeared, for the time at least, that this affair was finished; it seemed to have begun in folly and fanaticism, and ended in sorrow and disappointment.

On leaving the house we had to pass through a scene of perfect confusion. Cases of mummies, statues, and antiques of all sorts lay scattered in every direction, and all packed up by those very Arabs who only a few days before were taking an active part in the general rebellion, some of whom were even now looking on, not in the most pleasant manner. But we quitted Gournou with feelings far different from those we should have experienced, had not this commotion broken out; for, as I could not have gone down to Cairo in consequence of the plague being there, I had intended to take possession of the mud cottage which I had built upon the top of the great western propylon in the midst of the gigantic ruins of Carnac. There, surrounded by wonders, columns innumerable, obelisks, statues and sphinxes, I meant to have passed the hot months away, and amused myself by excavating largely, and then to leave in June, at or about the 24th, when the plague is said generally to cease. However, as it was, we were yet destined to witness scenes more bloody than those we had hitherto beheld. We arrived at the bank of the river by sunset, and, after having walked about amidst the encampment, both of horse and foot,

went on board our maash, congratulating ourselves on our escape.

The Pasha's infantry were a new raised corps of young men, disciplined in the European manner. Here they were all Arabs, and of a swarthy complexion. Their dress was a dusky scarlet jacket made of camel's hair, and very large trowsers and gaiters in one, down to their morocco slipper, but tight at the knee; no stockings, and their gaiters fastened sometimes behind and sometimes on the side, without buttons. Their other accoutrements were the usual red skull-cap, with a long blue tassel on the top, over the white cap, cross-belts of white leather, a bayonet on one side, a cartouch-box on the other, and a knapsack.

April 17.—We were annoyed all night by thousands of mosquitoes, that had hidden themselves on board during the day; there were also numbers of cockroaches of enormous size, and rats squeaking and running over us in every direction. The prophet was again heard of this morning, and said to be at a village just beyond Luxor, having with him three hundred Arabs, and thirty-five disciplined infantry, deserters from Essouan. The Pasha went after them with his cavalry before sunrise.

A party of deserters, about thirty, were brought in, fastened together by a chain round their necks, passing through a loop. Another party of peasants sat in the middle, tied with a rope round their necks, and having their arms secured behind them. The young Pasha (who was about twenty

years of age) was seated in his tent with his khuzndar, or treasurer, near him, on the ground; an attendant was fanning him to keep away the flies, and others were standing round.

April 18.—Two maashes arrived and reported that, in passing the village of Hamámdi, just below, the Arabs had the audacity to stop and rob them, although they must know that the Pasha could be immediately upon them and burn their village. This day three Arabs were shot from the cannon's mouth at once, and their scattered limbs thrown into the Nile. Another Arab was bastinadoed nearly to death, and then flung down the bank, where a Turkish soldier, seeing he was not quite dead, slipped a cord round his neck, set his foot on his head, and, pulling the noose tight, strangled him, and then threw him into the river.

April 19.—I received a letter from Mr. Henry Parke, one of the gentlemen who passed here on the 12th instant; he informed me that he had sent a cangea for us, which, having been fired at when within a mile or two of Gournou, had returned; he congratulated Mr. Hull and myself on our escape, and said that Gheneh was quiet, where he hoped soon to see us. In answer, I wrote that we waited, wishing to have the protection of the Pasha who was down at Gheneh, and sent a long letter for him to forward to Mr. Salt, giving an account of the proceedings here; this was the first opportunity I had had of doing so since the commencement of the insurrection, during which I could not get an Arab to leave

Gournou for any money. Achmet sent one hundred and fifty cavalry to burn the village below, because its inhabitants yesterday had robbed the two maashes.

April 20.—All was quiet last night; but this morning a number of Arabs were brought here from the villages and from the mountains on the other side of the river. There were ninety-five of them, generally speaking, well-made and fine-looking fellows, with scarcely any dress on, except round the middle. When I saw them, they were sitting very quietly on the ground, tied together by a rope passed round the arms and back of each. Returning from a stroll on the banks of the Nile, I was accosted by the Piedmontese officer, who informed me that Achmet had just walked from his tent to the place where the Arabs, who had been taken prisoners were; that, after just looking at them, he gave orders for them to be shot—*en masse!* I was disgusted at hearing this, and I kept on my way, but, after a pause, thinking as I was here I might as well be present, I returned and stood among the throng, and witnessed this dreadful butchery.

A battalion of one hundred of the new-raised Arab infantry advanced and fired, but few, apparently, fell at the first fire; they fired again, both times at the word of command; and, finally closing in, discharged their muskets a third time. The Turkish soldiers, who were looking on, then used their sabres to pierce those who were struggling!

This was a revolting spectacle; but I confess, though I felt so much shocked in returning to see them, yet during the scene it did not strike me with that horror I had anticipated. Whether it was from the colour of the people, not observing the blood to flow, or from their taking it so quietly, (most of them sitting with their arms akimbo, and the moment the Arab soldiers fired, seeing the heads of the party fall, drooping as it were on their shoulders, and with little or no noise,) I cannot tell; but I confess my feelings were not so worked upon as I had expected. Perhaps the true cause of this was, that my attention was partly taken off from this horrible scene by the circumstance of two of the Arabs, who had broken loose at the first fire, and dashed into the Nile, trying to swim over to the other side; but the current proved too strong for them, as it propelled them more to this side, and whilst carried down the stream, several shots were fired at them; this continued during the massacre of their comrades.

Much confusion and shouting were going on during this tragedy. It seemed fine sport for the Turks, for these poor fellows kept continually diving, and still struggling to gain the opposite shore. Oh! how I wished at this moment they might escape! besides it struck me that it would have been good policy to let them, that they might have told the dreadful tale as a warning to their fellow men. One of Achmet's boats shoved off, and came up to one of them, who, though

wounded, was a good swimmer; but, seemingly much exhausted, he caught hold of the boat; a soldier forthwith cleaved his head with a sabre, and he immediately sank; the other, after diving, came up again close by the boat, and was instantly shot through the head.

Thus terminated this bloody affair. Soon after sunset the bodies of the whole party were dragged down the bank, and thrown into the Nile. The Piedmontese officer and his friend the doctor, together with the Sardinian officer who commanded the battalion which shot these unfortunate Arabs, came and smoked and took coffee with us as if nothing had happened.

April 21.—Achmet had another tent pitched. A Cadi of Erment was brought before him to-day, having acted a conspicuous part amongst the rebels. After hearing what he had to say, the Cadi made an attempt to retreat from the tent, though it was surrounded by soldiers, which so enraged the young Pasha, that he drew his sabre and struck him on the neck, and the soldiers finished the business by cutting off his head and throwing the body into the stream.

April 22.—The thirty-five deserters, who were brought here on the 17th, with their iron collars round their necks, still remained alive. I passed by them all lying or sitting on the ground, seemingly careless of their fate; though they were to be sent to Essouan to be shot there as an example. Two hundred Tartar cavalry arrived this morning, and six hundred more were said to

be advancing. They wore very high caps, and were in general a fine body of men, coming from the confines of Persia.

April 23.—The khamseen still continued hot and disagreeable; I did not go out of the maash. Some of the infantry went off in their boats early this morning, and Osman Bey of Essouan sent word that more had deserted. The Pasha waited here in consequence for another letter from the Bey. Hull received a letter from Captain Pringle, wishing him to go down to Gheneh, as in three days he was going to join a caravan going to Cosseir, Hull having promised to accompany him to India.

April 24.—The night passed quietly. The Bedouins were employed by Achmet to bring in not only the deserters, but all the disaffected Arabs they might find in the mountains. The Tartar cavalry set off in the dead of the night for Esneh, where the disaffected infantry were said to be attempting to get to Hajaz to join the Arabs, and many troops with cannon were reported to be coming up from Cairo.

April 25.—The morning was cool and pleasant: being told that the Pasha's treasurer was going to Gheneh, we availed ourselves of the opportunity and left the encampments, bidding adieu to Thebes at half-past three P.M. Janni's maash soon followed, and came up to us, though the treasurer never made his appearance. In the night, which was dark, we stopped opposite Negádeh, and kept watch all night. We saw some

Arabs on the beach, from which we were at no great distance, but the inhabitants of Negádeh were Copts, and did not join the Arabs.

April 26.—We started very early, and approached Gheneh at about two P.M. but the river being so low, we were obliged to fasten our heavy maash to the banks of an island; we dined, and in a small boat soon arrived at Gheneh, where we found two cangeas and a maash, and all the English who had lately been in Upper Egypt, viz. Captain Pringle, and Messrs. Wilkinson, Parke, Scoles, Westcar, and Catherwood. We were all delighted at meeting, and congratulated each other on our fortunate escape. Here we found also the courier whom we had sent to Cairo from Gournou on the very evening previously to our becoming aware of the insurrection breaking gut. He had only arrived here a few days before us, and we concluded he had been murdered, or perhaps had made off with the money he was to have brought us. He said he had been stopped and bastinadoed, and had some powder and shot taken from him.

April 28.—We heard that Captain Elliott and Mr. Snow were in the bay of Cosseir, on their way from India, and that they had attempted to pass through the desert to Gheneh. Eighty soldiers, the remaining part of five hundred, returning from Arabia, after an absence of five years, accompanied them. They had not advanced more than thirty or forty miles amongst the mountains, when they were fired at by Arabs in

ambush; twenty-six or twenty-seven were killed and several wounded, and amongst the latter was Captain Elliott; they then all returned to Cosseir.

April 29.—We learned that the six hundred disciplined infantry who had revolted at Essouan had been met at Esneh by the Tartar cavalry, who had orders not to destroy them, but to take them prisoners; but the infantry formed themselves into squares and waited the approach of the cavalry, who, thinking it not prudent to come to close quarters, attacked them with their cannon. The infantry returned the fire with their muskets, but with little effect. Their ammunition being soon expended, the Tartars cut them to pieces, excepting about one hundred, who took shelter in an adjoining village, which was quickly set fire to, and about sixty of them were taken alive.

The Pasha arrived from Gournou, and encamped on the opposite bank, having slept last night at Negádéh. Four sheiks were bastinadoed to death at Gamounli and Hamámdi, by his order.

May 4.—We left Gheneh in the evening by moonlight, with a gunboat accompanying us, the Pasha having gone on by land. Our maash was impeded by the mud for nearly two hours, but was not molested; and, as the cangeas waited for us, we got up to one of them early next morning.

May 5–6.—We all met at the village of Haou, and fastened our boats to the banks. The Pasha

had arrived before us, with all his cavalry, and was in a large garden belonging to Ibrahim Pasha.

May 7.—Some of our party and myself walked over ploughed and cultivated ground towards the borders of the desert. We passed a mud wall, enclosing an immense number of palms, evidently the remains of a ruined village. The relics of a small temple were here, the lower part of which only, covered with figures, still existed. One of the party entered the interior, and saw a variety of hieroglyphics, which he copied, as well as those on the exterior. Close by were several tombs of sheiks, at which our Arabs said their prayers. We found the khamseen winds excessively hot, but a house well built with burnt brick afforded us comfortable shelter.*

May 8.—The morning was remarkably cool and the wind high, blowing up and ruffling the Nile. The Pasha, having had a cannon fired an hour before sunrise, we all started up immediately, and found the whole shore lined with his soldiers, passing onward.

May 9.—We arrived at Girgeh in the middle of the night, after a very cloudy day with much wind.

May 10.—Girgeh is a large town, in a dilapidated state, much of it being annually destroyed

* These winds generally commence about Easter-tide and continue to blow for fifty days, and, together with the stagnant state of the Nile at that time, they are supposed to occasion the unhealthiness observed to prevail at this season.

by the river; it has ten or twelve mosques. Several boats were here, of all sorts, two filled with black slaves, going to Cairo. We were told that the plague is at a village just below Es-Siout, and even at that place. A cangea came up from Cairo, in which all died in their way up, except the reis, and he expired at Es-Siout a few days since. At Cairo, ten or twelve died daily in February, from sixty to one hundred and thirty in March and April, and from three hundred to three hundred and sixty at the end of April and May.

We left Girgeh in the evening by moonlight; the banks of the river were crowded with negroes, enjoying their large fires.

May 12.—I was up soon after seven o'clock; all hands were still asleep. It being now the Ramadan, these fellows talk all night, and sleep as much as they possibly can during the day, when they are allowed neither to eat, drink, nor smoke until after sunset, and this lasts during the whole of the moon. As we were passing down the stream to-day, a fellow, belonging to the Turkish infantry, who was sitting in a boat with some women, pointed his gun at us, I suppose by way of joke. As we were tolerably close to him, it would have been no joke if he had fired; and it was well for him that Mr. Hull did not immediately shoot at him, as he was standing at the time outside the cabin with his gun in his hand, loaded with ball.

In the evening we again got aground; but we were safe from the attacks of the Arabs, for the

villages above Es-Siout had not joined in the rebellion. The day was very hot, and we glided down the river without rowing.

May 13.—At eight this morning we heard the report of cannon, and concluded the young Pasha had arrived thus far by land. Messrs. Parke and Scoles arrived in the evening.

May 14.—Janni arrived this morning, and said that both his boat, and that of the Pasha's treasurer, had been fired at by Arab soldiers near the village of Tahta, merely, as he supposed, to bring them to, as they were in want of boats. He said that the plague was then raging at Es-Siout, fourteen or fifteen dying daily, although the fellows who brought us melons said that there was no plague there. Janni also mentioned that a Greek merchant of Siout had arrived from Cairo, and brought the melancholy intelligence of the death of Mrs. Salt.

May 15.—We moved our boats to another island, better situated, a little lower down, and uninhabited. Here we put up our tents and sheds of mats, and agreed to keep watch by turns of two hours during the night, from seven in the evening to seven every morning, for the purpose of preventing any one landing, and hindering our own men from swimming across to other places to commit depredations. This precaution was necessary, as the plague was now close to us, Elhamra being about half a mile and Es-Siout one mile from us. At a village a little below the latter place, and even all the way down to Cairo,

it was said to be raging. Our party here amounted to thirteen.

May 18.—This morning between two and three o'clock, Mr. Snow arrived in a small boat from Gheneh: he came from India to Cossier, and crossed the desert in the same disguise, accompanied by the Arabs who went to Cossier with Captain Pringle; with whom his friend Captain Elliot, (who had lately been travelling in India and Persia,) being too unwell to come on, had returned to Mocha. In their first attempt to leave Cosseir they were shot at, and Captain Elliot was badly wounded in the hand, so that they were obliged to return. The Arabs kept firing; attacking the advanced soldiers, some of whom were killed and others wounded and compelled to retire to Cosseir. These Turkish soldiers had been in Arabia, about Hadjuz, for five years, and were on their return. Their original number was five hundred, but they were now reduced to about fifty. Captain Elliot became so ill that it was though the would not recover, and was too weak and feeble to attempt to cross the desert. Mr. Snow, who belonged to the 47th regiment, and was coming home on leave of absence, was robbed of his trunk, containing his regimentals, five hundred dollars, &c. at the town of Cossier. After his friend was wounded, much confusion continuing in that place, they prepared to embark again, and put in some of his luggage, leaving the boat with his friend near it; but during Mr. Snow's absence, the boatman rowed off

with his things. Captain Elliot, being wounded, was not able to prevent the man from escaping.

May 19.—Mr. Snow having prevailed upon Messrs. Catherwood and Westcar to accompany him up to Thebes, which I also strongly recommended them to do, as they had seen nothing on the side of Gournou, they unfurled their sails and started about sunset. In the evening we visited our friends, but our plan of keeping watch was broken up.

May 20.—Janni left us this morning, intending to stop at Eraramoún three or four days, at which place Signor Passalacqua is performing quarantine.

Finding our maash leaked very much we had her moved, when her rotten rudder came off and was thrown on the sands. The high wind of to-day blew the sand about very unpleasantly.

May 21.—One of the cangeas went over every day, when hailed from the shore, for provisions, every sort of which was passed through, or únder, water. Mish-mish, which now frequently formed part of my food, consists of dried apricots stewed in water with sugar, and, when poured over boiled rice, is both excellent and wholesome food.

May 28.—The Ramadan being over, there was a grand festival; guns firing on shore, and the red Turkish colours flying. All our men were dressed in their best, that is, an additional coarse shawl over their shoulders.

May 30.—For some few days the wind kept

blowing high, which we found cool and refreshing; at times, however, it was close and hot.

June 7.—The party who left us on the 19th ult. returned this morning, highly pleased with their excursion. They found the people of Gournou very civil, but those of Luxor still discontented, and ready to break out again in rebellion. My mud cottage at Carnac was destroyed, the walls only remaining.

June 10.—We left the little sandy islands on which we had lived for twenty-nine days, about ten o'clock this morning, with a strong wind blowing up the river against us; we got on but slowly till sunset, when the wind dropped. Our boat was fastened near a village, to the muddy bank of the Nile, for the night.

June 11.—Started an hour before sunrise, with less wind. At about eleven A.M. it began, however, to blow so hard that we fastened our boats together and stopped for the night.

June 12.—Started long before sun-rise, and arrived at Manfalout. We should not have stopped, but the wind blew so hard that it became dangerous to proceed, the Nile throwing up its breakers in all directions. I went up the banks, almost blinded by the dust, amongst the palms and ruined hovels. No one had died here of the plague for the last fortnight.

It is surprising to observe the difference in the appearance of places on the banks of the Nile, at its height and when lowest. This town particularly shows it, as its ruined houses and palms

extend along the banks for some distance, on the edge of a cliff, in some places, forty or fifty feet in perpendicular height. Against this the overflowing Nile annually rushes, and, the yielding soil being carried down, a new cliff is formed, till at last it has encroached upon the tombs of the dead, the arched ways of which are now all in ruin, and their mortal contents exposed. The shrouds hang loosely and are blown about by the winds, and the bleaching bones fall in succession down the steep bank into the rapid stream.

June 13.—The wind having abated, we departed in the middle of the night, by the light of a full moon. In the morning, we saw a couple of crocodiles on a sandbank, with their usual attendant, the pelican; one soon glided into the water, but the other, with the bird, showed no haste or fear, and gave us a good view of him. He appeared to be about ten or twelve feet long. We landed on a small slip of cultivated ground, on which only one family, with their cattle and sheep, lived amongst about a hundred palms. A boat, with three men on board, kept us company, Hull having allowed them to fasten their bark to ours for some little time: the steersman was dressed as a Turk. The wind being high, we did not advance much, and in the evening glided gently on by moonlight, two of the men rowing; at eleven, all being quiet, we retired to rest.

June 14.—The morning was very pleasant and cool, but by twelve o'clock the wind became so high and the Nile so rough, that we were compelled to stop.

June 15.—I sent a letter to Signor Antonini at the sugar manufactory, saying that, as I had escaped the Theban spear and dagger, I had stopped, according to former promise, to pay him a visit, but first wished to know if there was any plague near him; to which he answered, that three only had died of it at Rhademoum, but that, at the large village of Melawi above, many had perished. We accordingly ventured to visit him, as his house was not in the town. My servant's mother and family lived here; he asked to go on shore to them; but Signor Antonini, though he considered it might be safe, advised me not to let him go, but to send for his relations; they consequently came down to the boat. Wilkinson came up with us again to-day.

June 16.—I started a full hour before sunrise for Hermopolis, distant about an hour and a half's ride over a flat country, with a few villages and trees scattered about. Near Rhademoum, the road lies between many date or palm-trees, but there is no shelter afterwards. An immense quantity of beans and corn was here lying about on the ground in the open air, and much thrashing was going on. This is done by means of cattle harnessed to a sort of car, having small solid iron wheels, which are drawn over the corn, and act as our thrashing-machine: they then fling the straw up in the air, the wind blowing it away, and leaving the corn; it is afterwards piled up, but not under cover.

I never saw, for so many miles, sands so level

and so abounding in rats, which inhabit the numerous fissures of the dry soil. Nobody molests them, for even the dogs do not touch them, and they are in consequence not very shy; so that, when standing still in the fields, I have had them running between my feet, and even gnawing at my slippers. At Beni-Ali, and two or three villages adjacent, they roast and eat them: they are called by interpreters *pigeon di terra*. I saw also various species of very large birds.

At Hermopolis are the remains of a long, narrow portico, which in going up the river is, I believe, the first Egyptian temple you meet with; it is surrounded by high mounds of tiles, broken pottery, bricks, and stones, and consists of twelve double columns, all tolerably perfect, except their bases, which are rapidly going to decay: three of them have been cleared from the light rubbish around, and appear resting upon brickwork. Along the plinth, on the tops of all, are hieroglyphics and figures on the large stones in the middle, which appear to have been preserved by a sort of pale yellow paint.

June 17.—During the few days we remained here, I observed by a branch of the river that it appeared to be rising very fast. We left early, and arrived at Sheikh Abádeh with a high wind at four P.M. and here fastened our boat. We walked amongst mounds of broken pottery, bricks, and stones, which form a sort of valley of rubbish, among which are several fractured

columns, the remains of Antinoe. Here is a large village, bearing a bad character, and the natives kept at a distance.

We left before sunset, but did not advance much, and at about ten P.M. the moon began to show itself; but the boat rolled so much that we did not retire to rest till we had passed some high mountains, against which the river was dashing.

It was here that I personally experienced the propensity of the Arabs to thieving, and their dexterity in carrying off their plunder; for, about half-past three, I was awoke from a sound sleep by the reis giving the alarm that robbers were on board, and crying out, "Rammeè! rammeè!" (thieves! thieves!) most violently. Immediately all was confusion. I jumped up and awoke Mr. Hull, but could see nothing of the culprits. It was ascertained, however, that three Arabs had gōt on board by silently climbing up the rudder, which the reis had left only, as he said, to light his pipe: they were provided with knives or daggers, according to his account, with which they so alarmed a man lying close by that he did not dare cry out, though they robbed him of his turban. Upon the reis's return to take the rudder, they dashed into the river and escaped with their booty.

June 18.—In the morning, I found I had been the principal loser, for Mr. Hull's packages lay less in their way; my property was stowed near the rudder, but a couple of men were sleeping

there. The loss, however, was principally clothes, as our boxes would have caused too much noise. They must have drawn all towards them with a hook, for had they come in front the reis must have seen them. We did not stop the whole night, nor this morning, until we arrived at Beni Hassan, about two P.M.

As night approached, we agreed, in order to prevent a repetition of the nocturnal robbery, to watch alternately two hours each, for we knew it was useless to trust to the vigilance of an Arab servant. The moon rose soon after twelve o'clock; but all passed quietly till half-past one, when I, being on watch, leaning against the mast, with a large pistol in my hand and a sword at my side, pensively contemplating the reflected light in the rippling stream, suddenly perceived at a distance a small boat making towards us, impelled by the stream, one man only being visible, resting on his oars: when he had approached within pistol-shot, and I had gently roused my sleeping servant, he immediately rowed off to the opposite side of the river, and we saw no more of him. I had not the slightest doubt but the turban of the servant showed him that we were on the watch, and that he was one of last night's party making another attempt to board us. It was supposed that there were several on board, lying down at the bottom of the boat. Hull, who had slept soundly all this time, succeeded me on the watch at two o'clock, and the remainder of the night passed quietly.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Mahugga.—Tombs and Excavations.—Minieh.—Atouhoúsara.—Slaves for the Market at Cairo.—Benisoúef.—Extortion with the Bastinado.—English Captives.—Mosquitoes and Rats.—Fire at Cairo.—Leave Cairo.—Mohamed Ali's Fleet.—Rosetta Mouth of the Nile.—Arrival at Rosetta.—Return to Alexandria.

JUNE 19.—We arrived early this morning at Mahugga, the residence of our reis, whose father was the sheik of the village. The reis was permitted to go ashore to see his family, from whom he had been absent some months, they supposing he had been killed at Luxor. He was welcomed by all the village with their peculiar noise of rejoicing. Our boat was full in the evening; among the motley group was a Turkish soldier, who was stationed here, the old Arab sheik himself, and a man from the north of Persia: we gave them araki distilled from dates, coffee, and pipes, and were soon glad to get rid of them.

June 21.—Our rudder not being yet repaired, I crossed over to the other side of the river before

sunrise, in the common ferry-boat, with a guide and another man, leaving Hull fast asleep; I and my Arab servant being well armed. We walked over the sands to the bank, and, passing among some palm or date-trees, soon came up to the object of my excursion, the excavations there. The first place that attracted our notice was a sloping, sandy plain, between the mountains and the dates which border the Nile. This is the burial-ground of the sheiks and saints of several villages. Their tombs, as well as many others, are mostly built of brick and mud, well put together, and of a half-oval shape, like so many ovens. There are from five to seven hundred of them, and great care seems to be taken to preserve them; they are better ornamented than usual. A small village joins them.

Leaving these, I proceeded to examine the excavations, several of which extend a great way into the mountain: the chambers are small and numerous, generally leading into one another: in some there are square pillars, and in others, hieroglyphics, different from what I had before seen: a few contained some well-cut figures, much pains evidently having been taken to form the ornamental parts, and as much to destroy them. Others had small square holes, as at Benihassan, with little notches, as if meant to receive the foot in descending to the apartments below; but all the chambers were so much filled with dust and stones, that I could scarcely stand upright in any

of them. Thousands of bats were flying around us in the various chambers, which rendered them extremely disagreeable. These excavations are all on the western side of the mountain, and lower down are some high mounds of rubbish, principally of fractured red pottery. I ascended to the top of the mountain, from which was a view over the open flat country on one side, and the extensive sandy desert of mountain and valley on the other. The air was very cool and refreshing, and I then descended, and again passing this village of the dead, returned to the maash in time to breakfast with my friend.

We could not get away from Mahugga before two P.M. and not even then until many threats were made use of; the reis took five or six new hands on board, and we arrived at Minieh in about two hours.. This is a large town, having some few good houses on the border of the Nile, the rest all ruin and rubbish. It was the residence of Ibrahim Bey, and four hundred soldiers were quartered here. We found our friend Wilkinson, who stayed with us all the evening, and gave us the pleasing intelligence that the plague had nearly ceased.

June 23.—We got off early, but did not make much progress, and arrived late at a village, where, securing our boat, we remained all night. Since the robbery we generally have a lamp burning, and our pistols and sword in the bed close by us.

June 24.—The wind was so high that we could

not get on, and after much delay, we arrived at the ruinous village of Atouhoúsara, abounding as usual in poverty and rags.

June 26.—Saw a number of pelicans and other birds on a sandbank, and a species of gull flying about, and apparently attacking them. The river began to rise at the beginning of this month, and was of a muddy green colour: it generally sinks again at the end of September, at least I observed it to do so last year when at Gheneh and Dendera.

June 27.—We were off early, and the day became excessively hot, much wind coming over the sands at the north-west as usual, as if from a furnace. We halted during the middle of the day, proceeding again from sunset till midnight.

June 28.—The river being very calm, we resumed our journey, and met three or four boats going up, and three maashes passed us going down. One of these contained slaves for the market at Cairo; the women to be sold, and the men to be made soldiers; for the men at Dongola and Berebber are never taken as slaves, except in rebellion, though they often are from Sennaar. We arrived at Benisoúef in the afternoon, after an exceedingly hot morning, and, whilst our servant was making inquiries as to there being any plague in the town, a Turkish soldier, assuming a fierce air, thinking thereby to frighten us into the measure, demanded our maash to convey some soldiers down the river. We told him we were Englishmen, and would not give it up; he said

he must have it, and we began to think we should have had to perform the remainder of our journey on camels. Our servant, becoming enraged, immediately went with our firmans to the commandant of the boats, and told him we belonged to the Consul, upon which, without looking at the papers, he allowed us to pass.

This is a large town, the residence of a Callata Bey. It contains three or four mosques, and some good buildings, but those near the bank are injured by the inundations, and are going to ruin. We stopped a few hours here, purchasing meat and fruit, and some very fine grapes from Rosetta. It was excessively hot, the wind from the west. We left about sunset, but the wind soon getting up, and driving us to the other side, we fastened the maash there for the night. Many vessels and boats were lying at Benisoúef, and amongst the rest the two slave-boats which had passed us, and another full of black slaves.

June 29.—The mornings were pleasantly cool, whenever there was any wind except the khamseen, but to-day it was too high to allow us to make much progress. The Arabs from this place to Cairo are said to be a bad set: one of them beat a boy belonging to us when on shore, but could not be overtaken.

June 30.—Passed what is called the false pyramid. The Arabs on shore abused our men whilst towing, and Ibrahim, to make an example, bastinadoed one old fellow, who took it very quietly, as indeed they generally do, for

when a soldier, armed by the authority of Government, in order to extort from an oppressed fellah the customary taxes, orders him to lie down and be bastinadoed, he not only readily obeys, but when he begins to feel the pain of the lash, cries out in his simplicity, "Why flog me so much? why not bastinado my brother? he is much richer than I; he has more sheep, more money, and more corn!"—"Oho!" says the soldier, "more money has he?" and, after getting what he demanded from the poor Arab, immediately goes to his brother, and flogs him in his turn until he pays what is expected.

July 1.—We left long before sunrise, and passed the two large pyramids of Dashour; many boats were scudding about, some containing pigeons' dung, which is brought down to Cairo from Thebes, Luxor, &c. for manure, and sold for a great price. The multitude of vessels gave a lively appearance to the scene, and convinced us of our approach to a large city. We did not, however, advance very fast this day, and as the wind was getting high at sunset, we fastened again to the bank.

July 2.—At sunrise I walked about, having all the pyramids in view, though the tops of those at Dashour were obscured by the shadow of the clouds. We passed the village of El Massara, at the back of which are mountains excavated for a considerable length, and some of great magnitude. A large white palace is built on the banks near the village of Toura, but not a tree near it.

July 3.—We fastened our maash this evening near an old round castle in a ruinous state, having five cannon, four mounted and one lying on the ground; the largest had been taken from the English at our last affair in Egypt, when, being without ammunition, they were obliged to surrender. When the English were driven from the town of Rosetta, their disasters were amazingly great, and the cruelty with which the prisoners were treated exceeds all belief. Among other things too horrible to relate, every English captive was obliged to carry in his hands the head of one of his slain companions as a present to the Pasha.

In returning down the Nile with Hull, we were tormented with all sorts of vermin—mosquitoes innumerable among the rest. I gave my mosquito-net to Hull, seeing the wretched state he was in, and slept soundly by covering myself well up with my sheet, well wrapped round my head to defend myself from these noisy and biting animals, sounding their bugle-horns, and giving notice of their approach.

Our old maash also swarmed with rats; we amused ourselves by attacking them with a sword, and frequently ran them through; for the moment we lay down to repose they made their appearance, even entering our beds.

July 4.—Once again I arrived at Cairo, and early in the morning Osman came to us. Finding the plague had ceased, we got all our pro-

at Alexandria, we took up our abode at an inn or hotel.

On my arrival at Cairo I saw the ruin and devastation that had been produced by the destructive fire that had taken place there on the 21st of March last: it first broke out in a large building near the arsenal. The Kaya Bey and other great men in command went immediately to the spot, but, the wind blowing fresh from the north, all their exertions to arrest its progress proved unsuccessful; at about sun-set, a magazine containing five hundred and sixty cantars of gunpowder, caught fire and exploded with a tremendous noise. This explosion caused a terrible shock, that was severely felt all over the town; the windows of the French quarter (distant about three miles from the citadel) were broken to pieces. Amongst those who lost their lives, were Ali Bey, Inspector-general of the linen-manufactory, the man who commanded at Rosetta in the last action with the English; and Emin Effendi, Chief of the Engineers. The Kaya Bey was but little hurt; but Mustapha Effendi, the warehouse-keeper of the gunpowder, was not afterwards heard of. The conflagration now gained ground, and the arsenal as well as the adjoining buildings were soon in flames. Another magazine with four hundred cantars of gunpowder was next blown up. On the morning of the 22nd it was reported that the great vault under ground, containing the main deposit of powder, was surrounded with fire, so that nobody dared to ap-

proach the citadel. This deposit amounted to ten thousand cantars.

This circumstance naturally impressed great terror on the minds of the inhabitants, who, thinking only of the fire, forgot the danger of the plague, and fled towards Shoubra and Bulak, and to the western side of the Nile, in order not to be exposed to the effect of the explosion if it should take place. Others repaired to the gardens near the town; Signor Rosetti's was full of Europeans and Levantines. The Neapolitan, Swedish, and Spanish consuls, with their families, were received in Mr. Salt's garden, as well as the family of the Pasha's physician, his interpreter, and others: the most complete disorder reigned amongst the inhabitants till the evening, when the intelligence was spread that the fire was not near the large deposit, and had almost ceased. Some, however, did not return to town till the next morning; amongst these were the families of the Austrian consul, Dr. Martini, and others.

The conflagration having much diminished this morning, the Kaya Bey returned to the citadel, and after many exertions succeeded in stopping it.

In consequence of some conversation with his Highness at Bene Ali, Mr. Salt was persuaded that the fire could not penetrate to the large deposit of gunpowder; in fact, it is kept in one of the ancient subterranean caverns cut in

the rock on the Mokattan, forty feet deep, and the entrance is defended by three iron doors, of which the inner one is blocked up with earth for greater precaution. The Pasha during this time remained at Shoubra, and did not come to Cairo, owing, no doubt, to his being in quarantine; but sent an order for one hundred thousand piastres to be distributed among those who would venture their lives in extinguishing the flames; and by giving from five hundred to a thousand piastres or more to each man, the miners were at last induced to set seriously to work.

It was impossible to ascertain how the fire originated, but it was supposed to have been occasioned by negligence. It is now said that five thousand persons were deprived of life by this most lamentable accident.

July 7.—Wishing to have Mr. Salt's opinion about my accompanying Hull to India, I again quitted Cairo this evening, on board a cangea, with some friends, and, after a pleasant sail of three days and a half, arrived at Alexandria on the 11th, very early in the morning. I then went to the late Mr. Lee, Consul at Alexandria, and there I found Mr. Salt, who advised me, for many reasons, not to proceed on my intended journey to India;—that the season was too much advanced—that the monsoon, or rainy season, would soon set in, and that we should be detained at Mocha, independently of the length of

time such a tour would take;—in short, he said, we most likely should never come back again. I in consequence wrote to Hull, and advised him to start as soon as possible, as I had, by the advice of my friends here, given up the intention of accompanying him.

Upon my arrival at Alexandria all was upon the alert, all bustle and confusion; the harbour was like a forest from the number of vessels it contained. Mohamed Ali's fleet was about sailing for the Morea. It consisted of sixty-three men of war, including thirteen frigates; one hundred and four transports, of various nations, but chiefly Austrians, no French, and only one English. They have on board sixteen thousand of the newly raised Arab troops and about two thousand Turkish cavalry: his Highness, the Pasha, having for some time past been engaged in having the Arabs taught the European tactics by French and Sardinian officers, had assembled here a large fleet. The expedition was under Ibrahim Pasha; it was said to be the last effort to accomplish the destruction of the Greeks. There had not been much plague here, but it had not entirely ceased, as a person died of it so late as the 23rd of August.

After remaining a few days here, I set off with Captain Woodall, in the brig Eliza, accompanied by Messrs. Gathwaite and Snow, and having crossed the Bay of Aboukir, we arrived at the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. The wind being high and the waves boisterous, and the river also

being much agitated and on the increase, made our passing the bar there extremely dangerous; but we had on board the well known old Hamed, Lord Nelson's pilot; after, therefore, having now and then shipped a sea, and passed by numerous wrecks of the last and former years, lying about on the sandbanks, we left the foaming waves and glided into the river.

The country on either side is very flat and luxuriant. We passed a few villages, and by a large and elegant building amongst palms, originally intended for barracks, but now used as a warehouse for cotton, immense quantities of which were dispersed about in the open air. After an hour's sail, we arrived at Rosetta, and, having a letter, we called upon Mr. Lindley, took up our residence in his house, dinner being daily sent from an hotel.

July 22.—We visited the cotton manufactory, which is of great magnitude and strength. The buildings of Rosetta appear in general to be in a ruinous state; they are all of brick, some having columns in the front, and appearing as if they had once been strong, Many houses were closed, and the population was much diminished. The streets, as usual in hot climates, are very narrow; the houses are high, and there are many mosques and minarets. The shores of the river were lined with boats, which added to the beauty of the scene.

July 23-4.—The weather was very cool and pleasant, except in the middle of the day, and we

walked about amongst the numerous fruit-trees, which grew in the most luxuriant abundance. The land all round is remarkably flat, and of course plentifully irrigated. Around the back part of the town is a long brick wall, having bastions and loopholes; beyond this the sandy desert commences, and fertilization ceases, though there are a few palms. At the south-west extremity is an extensive burial-ground, crowded with tombs of various shapes, but mostly going to ruin. Beyond the gateway are more tombs, built amongst the sands, and scattered about at a considerable distance.

July 25.—Two of the party, with Hamed, went up this beautiful stream of the Nile to Cairo, and Snow and myself set off on our return to Alexandria. We took our way through the sandy desert, and, halting between eleven and twelve at night, bivouacked on the sands near the sea, under the open canopy of heaven.

July 26.—We started this morning an hour before daybreak, and arrived early, but much fatigued, at Alexandria.

CHAPTER III.

Haddet.—The Tantoura.—Foot of Mount Lebanon.—Mountain Pass.—Syrian Convents.—A Syrian Bishop.—A Khan.—Cottages.—Baalbec.—Emir Bechir's Party.—Town of Hums.—Hammah.—Arabs of Tadmour.—An Entertainment.—Danger of our projected Journey.—An Arab Robber.—Architectural Remains.—An Alarm.—Aleppo.—Ermoom.—The Orontes.—Ruins of Antioch.—Singularly arranged Supper-table.—An Earthquake.—Village of Casab.—Murder of Pasha Mohammed.

We remained at Alexandria for some time, refreshing ourselves after our fatigues, and making a tour of visits. At length we procured a passage in a vessel bound to Beirout, which we reached in safety. After a pleasant sojourn there, in the house of Mr. Abbott, I left it on the 2nd of September, about an hour before sunset, with Mr. B. Barker and the Rev. W. Lewis, and soon arrived at the village of Haddet, the residence of Mr. Lewis. In our ride through the lanes we passed many pieces of broken granite columns, some lying as if intentionally placed to check the torrents which rush down these roads in the winter. The hedges were formed principally of the

prickly pear, then in high perfection. Wells of fine water, large and well built, are judiciously placed on the side of the road; to these the women come for water with large jars, and dressed in a peculiar manner. Some wear the tantoura of great length, which seems to have the advantage of keeping off from the face the long handkerchief which hangs from it. The country all about is planted with the mulberry for the silkworms, a great quantity of silk being sent hence. The silk sashes which are so generally worn, both around the waist and head, are made here. These trees are kept low, that the leaves may be gathered with facility.

Mr. Lewis's cottage is strongly built of stone, but was unfinished. The situation is singular and well-chosen. The house was intended for one of the Princes of the Mountain, now unfortunately deranged, and living in a hovel close by. The following day we walked into a court, and there found him, the picture of melancholy, sitting on a stone, under the direction of his keeper, a man with a sort of whip in his hand, and a boy who occasionally talked to him and patted him on the back. The former sang as loud as he could bawl into his ear; the prince alternately laughed and cried, and running to another part of the court, again sat down "smiling at grief." I left the place, but in a different mood to that in which I entered it.

Sept. 3.—The view hence is beautiful; the

olives and figs intermixed with the mulberry. It is distant about three miles from the sea. The mountains and valleys are studded with houses of stone; those on the former being the residences of the princes or head families of Mount Lebanon. In the valley is a small Turkish village called Burgos, the earth about which place, and particularly towards the sea, is remarkably red and very fertile. The tantoura is worn here.

Having a long dispute about hiring mules, no uncommon circumstance, and seeing the very unpleasant way of proceeding with hired donkeys, I determined to buy a horse and mule for my servant. Mounted on a steed of M. Rossel's, who with M. Probens had joined us on the road, we proceeded on our journey at one P.M. and, riding over rough and stony roads, and through villages, whose inhabitants appeared to show every civility, we passed the fertile plain, and having ridden through some rapid streams, came down to the sea: Beirout was on our left.

We rode along the sands at the foot of the chain of Mount Lebanon for four hours, when we halted to refresh ourselves in an open shed, in which were some Turkish soldiers from Cyprus, and a few Arabs with mules and ponies. Here, seated on a mat, we drank with our luncheon that delicious wine of Mount Lebanon, which, from its excellence, is called Vino d'Oro, and smoked our pipes. We soon arrived at the foot of the mountains which we had to ascend by a very rocky road. Steps are formed in the rock,

which is otherwise full of holes, and rather steep in places. From the top of this pass we had a fine view of the mountains, with the Nahr el Kelb running between them. Descending by an excessively bad road of stone and rocks, we came to the Wolf or Dog river, the banks of which were covered with the mulberry. On the opposite side is an ancient aqueduct formed on arches against the rock, from several of which the water was falling through in cascades. Having crossed the stream in a shallow part, we began to ascend as bad a road over the rocks as I have ever passed, even in Switzerland, and again arrived amongst plantations of mulberries, and mountains covered with pines. The Convent of St. Lucra was seen delightfully situated on a pinnacle overlooking the river Kelb and the sea.

Sept. 4.—We soon arrived at Mr. Lewis's residence, formerly the college of the Jesuits at Antoura. I was delighted with our sojourn amongst this romantic scenery. We are surrounded by monasteries, eight or nine being in sight. In the evening we went to the nunnery, and took coffee with the head monk.*

Sept. 5.—Walking with Mr. Lewis upon the terrace of his residence, he pointed out to me the Armenian-Catholic Convent, wherein the Patriarch lives,† and which is very high up in the mountains. The monks of this denomination are

* Probably the Bishop Mar Hanna Maroni, who superintends the nunneries.—*Jowett.*

† The Convent of Ybzumár.—*Jowett.*

considered the most intelligent in the vicinity. A Syrian-Catholic Convent is also very high up, and lower in the range are the ruins of the nunnery of Kourka, rendered so infamous by the conduct of the last patroness. These are on a rough barren mountain, but might easily be made tenantable. Still lower and nearer the sea, is a nunnery of Greek-Catholics or Melchites, and further to the left, and yet nearer the sea, (though all are upon mountains,) stands the monastery* of the Catholic-Greek Patriarch, who is about eighty-two years of age, and has been blind for the last three years. In the valley and adjoining the village of Antoura, is another, generally called the Frank nunnery, though the ladies are all natives of this country. Adjoining this is the Convent of St. Joseph, the residence of Monsignor Gandolfi, the Pope's Apostolic Vicar. From hence in a straight line is the Latin convent of Arissa, and again further to the left is the Maronite nunnery of Mar Elias, which I visited yesterday at sunset. From this last is an extensive view of the sea, and of the valley of Zoak Musbach, in which the best wine of Mount Lebanon is to be found, and near it is to be seen Zouk Mykayl, where the best abbas or robes of the mountaineers are manufactured for the princes and sheiks. Some curious specimens of them were brought to us, for which they asked from fifty to one hundred piastres each. They are generally worked hand-

* Monastery of Mar Michael, where dwells Ignatius, the Catholic-Greek Patriarch.—*Jowett.*

somely, particularly at the back, in wool or silk in stripes, and are ornamented with gold or silver. Many other convents are in the mountain, principally Maronite. Mr. Lewis's residence, which was the Jesuits' College, is now the property of the Maronites. The upper part was destroyed to avoid the too frequent visits of the Princes of the Mountain, who, whenever they chose, came and regaled themselves here. It is a large square building, having a good supply of water, and has been put in order by Messrs. Way and Lewis, the former of whom left the place in consequence of illness.

Sept. 6.—The Bishop Mar Hanna Maroni dined with us. I had seen him before at Mr. Abbott's at Beirout: he is a pleasant old man, rather thin, of a red complexion, and has a long beard. He has been lately ill-treated by the Maronite Patriarch and the Emir Bechir. The latter, using every method to raise large sums of money from the mountaineers, in order to pay a certain tribute to the Grand Seignior, does it through the means of the Bishop; but, finding much difficulty in the exaction, he had four or five soldiers placed by the Prince in his house until he raised the sum required.

I sent my man to procure horses at Beirout, as they asked an enormous price for them here, and he returned on the 7th with four mules, and also brought my Turkish dress.

Sept. 8.—We left Antoura at sunset, and ascended a stony road to the top of the moun-

tains, where the rocks had a most extraordinary appearance, like castles and temples. Having descended to the river Saleb, we crossed it, and again ascended for five or six hours, when we arrived at Mimelmizara, and lodged at a stone cottage under a shed adjoining it. The cottages were all flat-roofed, and on them the inhabitants walk and work.

Sept. 9.—Ascended the mountains by a tolerably good road running through young oak plantations, and afterwards through a very barren district, near the extensive stony valley of Mount Sanene. At twelve o'clock we reached a small khan formed of the boughs of trees, where we took refreshment. A woman who attended us wore the tantoura, which is not much unlike the lower part of a trumpet. It was of silver,* highly-wrought, and had a black handkerchief thrown over it. Near us was a prince of the Emir Hyder family, who are of great note here. He was living in a tent, the usual custom in the summer.

Passing over the mountain, we descended towards the plain of Bakaà, and arrived at the increasing village of Zahle, consisting of about five hundred† cottages, situated in the midst of the

* They are tinselled over so as to give them a silvery appearance.—*Jowett.*

† Burckhardt says nine hundred, and that it is one of the principal towns of the Emir Bechir, all Greek-Catholics, except four or five Turkish families. The Christians, says he, have five churches, one monastery, and a bishop. The Turks have no mosque.

lower mountains, and shelving down to the valley, with a fine stream which turns two or three mills. The mountains are covered with vines down to the village. The cottages are built of stone, and consist generally of two or three rooms on the ground, though some are only of one large room. They are flat-roofed, some being level with the pathway, so that you can step from it on to their tops. The inhabitants appeared happy, and the children numerous. The dress, both of men and women, was gay, and the latter had a red tassel entwined with their hair, and hanging down almost to the ground.

The Greek-Catholic Bishop called on us, and we returned his visit. He was a pleasant, hand-some old man, and we found him superintending his workmen, who were building a place of wor-ship. Pipes, liqueur, and wine were given us, and the door was surrounded by the natives to see the strangers. You can sleep, that is if you can resist the torments of fleas, at any one's house; all being very willing to give up their rooms for money.

Sept. 10.—After much trouble in procuring mules, we left Zahle at eight P.M. by moonlight, with eleven horses and mules and two donkeys. It happened to be the day of a feast; all seemed gay, and the tambourines sounded merrily. Hav-ing arrived at the lower part of the town, we cross-ed over a strongly built bridge of one arch, and, proceeding by a narrow path, and through a large plantation of poplars, passed by the village of

Maleré, a little up in the mountains. Soon after this we came upon the open plain, and to a road so good that we had no occasion to follow the leader, but rode abreast and enjoyed our conversation. We passed Nebbi-Noah, where they point out the sepulchre of the great patriarch. Two or three parties passed us, and we kept along the foot of the mountains for four hours; and at about four in the morning, having found it very cold, arrived at a small octagonal temple, standing quite alone, within a quarter of an hour of Balbec.

Whilst our tent was pitched, I took a partial survey of the ruins by moonlight, and as the dawn of day fast approached, I returned to the tent, took coffee, and soon again went to the ruins. and measured some of the immense stones, of which those in the fosse are the largest. The stone at the corner forms two sides of it, one of which sides measures 67 ft. and the other 20 ft. 6 in. Eight stones in the north wall or skreen, each measured 30 ft. in length, 9 ft. 9 in. in breadth, and 12 ft. 6 in. in depth. A small doorway is cut through the second of these, through which we went into a space, (filled with shrubs, fig-trees, and rubbish,) measuring 26 ft. 4 in. between the temple and the skreen.

	Ft.	in.
One stone in the wall is	7	2
Last ditto	15	9
The arched passage running east and west under the temple is 405 feet long, and in breadth	19	0
Another passage is in length	294	8
——— breadth	19	0

At the end is a large square room, very dark, and nearly filled up.

A beautiful octagonal temple is in another part; and, amongst other ruins, a large mosque and minaret, in a garden, with about thirty columns, several of them of red granite.

We returned through the bazaars and the village of modern ruins, containing now only a very few families, though within a very few years its population amounted to five or six thousand. Fine fruit-trees, walnuts and apples, abound, with streams of excellent water running amongst them. We returned to our tent, and, after dining, continued our route through this ruined village, fortunate in having escaped seeing the sheik, or emir, of Baalbec, on account of his being absent since the late disturbances in the mountains higher up, in which he was now residing, as from the absurd custom of some English in making him presents, he now always expects one.

It was nearly sunset when we left the ruins at Baalbec, and we had not proceeded more than half an hour before we met about a score of the Emir Bechir's party and his younger brother. They were well dressed and well mounted, and expressed some surprise at seeing us, eyeing us from head to foot, and inquiring whence we came: upon saying "Beirout," we went on. It was the opinion that, had either of us been alone, he most probably would have been robbed and stripped. Continuing our course, we met a few

a few ruinous hovels called Rariss Baalbec, viz. the Hand of Baalbec, at about four in the morning very cold and fatigued, after nine hours' travelling. A family gave up their room to us, relinquishing their warm abode for the sake of a few piastres, for such is the custom. It was a room in which they worked cotton; the roof low and flat, having large holes in it, which admitted both air and moonlight. Some of the family still kept in bed, and others on it, looking at us; and, as soon as I could, I retired to rest, placing my pistols under my pillow, and my gun and sword by my side.

Sept. 13.—Left this place an hour before sunrise, and in four hours came to Caften, a lake and canal, and a castle. We left Caften at one, travelling all day, in expectation of meeting with Arabs and of being plundered. In two hours we passed by the town of Hums, a large place, with eighteen or twenty mosques, and several Arab tents, surrounded by camels, on the desert plain near it; and, continuing through the flat open country, and descending over a chalky soil, we passed the village of Restain, inhabited by Turks, and under it came to a khan, near a bridge of eleven arches over the Orontes, which washed its walls. Here we fixed our tent inside the building, and kept watch.

There were several apartments under cover, having arched entrances, but full of filth. This khan is very capacious, being about sixty or seventy yards in length by twenty or thirty in

width. The walls are strong and well built, the apartments being on the ground only. In the middle were the remains of a mosque.

Sept. 15.—We set off from Restan about sunrise, and gradually ascended the hill along the banks of the Orontes, on which the Arabs were in tents. Leaving the river, we entered upon a large and cultivated plain, and passed a village or two on the desert, where not a tree was to be seen. In four hours we arrived at Hammah, an occurrence on which we had reason to congratulate ourselves, as this route is reckoned a hazardous one. We had, in fact, incurred the danger of being attacked by the Arabs, but were lucky enough to encounter only a few stragglers, who perhaps, seeing we were all well armed, thought us too strong to be molested.

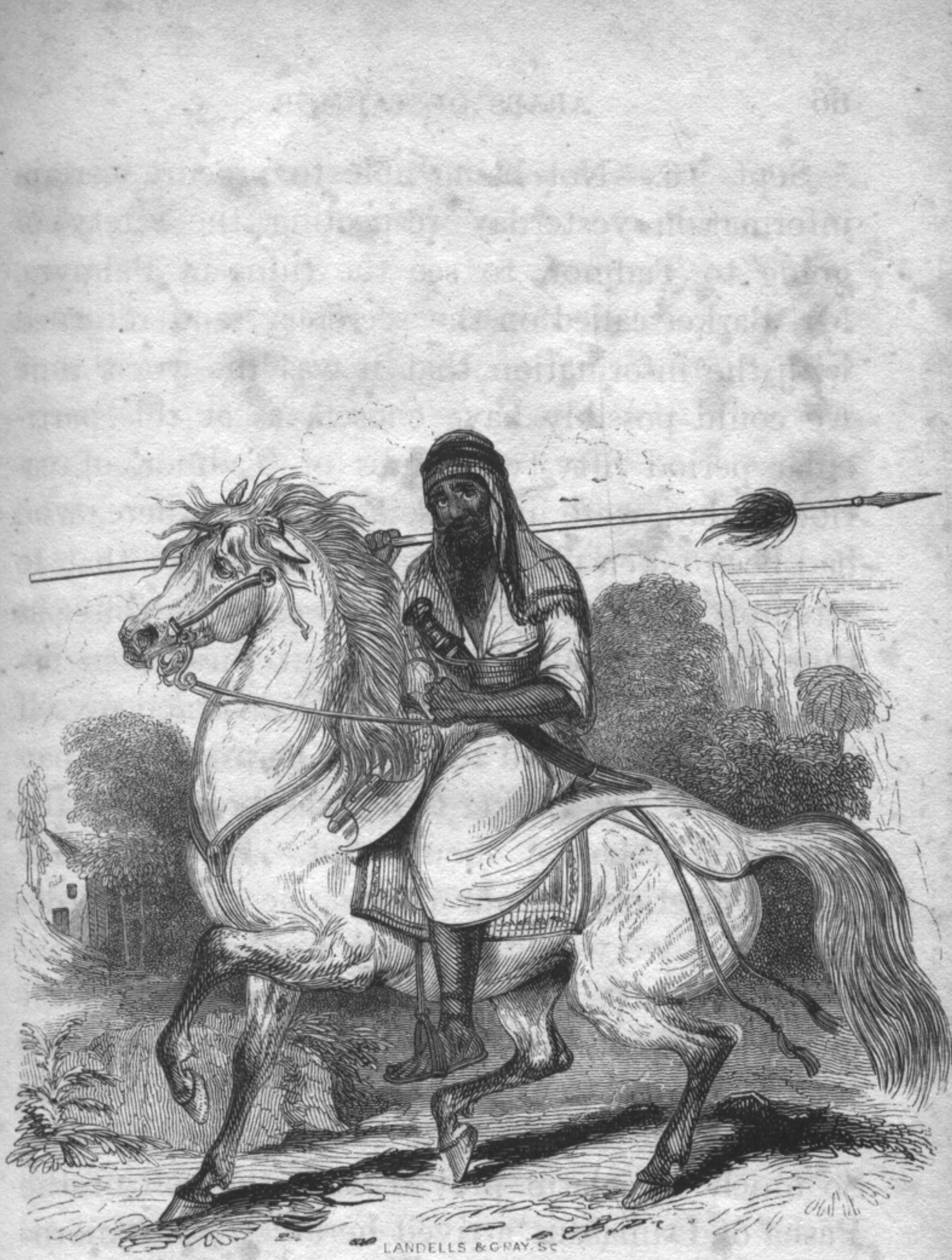
Hammah is surrounded by an open plain, though it is situated in the midst of hills, and part lies in a valley. It has several mosques, and is built, at one part, in the form of an amphitheatre. Many parts are picturesque, with waterwheels, aqueducts, and a parklike appearance. The weather was excessively hot, and we procured a tolerable lodging of one large room, in which we lived and slept, at the house of a Turkish widow; this was on the side of one of the hills, and commanded a good view of the town below us.

In the afternoon Selim, the Governor's secretary, called, but he talked so wildly that we could not comprehend his meaning.

Sept. 16.—Not being able to procure certain information yesterday respecting the safety of going to Tadmor, to see the ruins of Palmyra, Mr. Barker called on the secretary, and returned with the information that it was the worst time we could possibly have chosen, as at this particular period fifty-two Arabs of Tadmor, of various tribes, were in the seraglio prison here, who had been taken plundering the caravans; that to attempt the journey would be extreme folly, as they were exceedingly enraged at these men being prisoners; that though Mr. Lewis and myself might be determined to go, yet he must say, nay insist, that Mr. Barker (who was brother to the Consul at Aleppo) should not. Having made these objections to our design, he ended by desiring that we would sup with him at sunset.

These Arabs, it is well known, are always well mounted, and carry spears. They sometimes come close up to the walls of the town, and it was expected they were now at no great distance. So much did alarm prevail, that the son of the Pasha of Damascus arrived here yesterday morning, on his way to Damascus, having a guard of three hundred men, and the governor of . . . . . with him.

At about four P.M. we set out for the secretary's house, and soon after arrived at one of the most lovely spots imaginable. Here were wheels of enormous size at work, conveying water into aqueducts, supported upon arches, in the midst of a garden: the *tout ensemble* formed a delightful



A BEDOUIN SOLDIER,

IN THE PAY OF ABDALLAH PASHA OF ACRE.

scene. Upon our arrival at the secretary's house, aqua vitæ, in small cups, was given to us; and we walked out on the terrace on the top of the house to survey the scenery around. This was in the form of an amphitheatre, the middle of which was a delightful garden, full of a variety of trees, and the houses gradually sloping down above each other towards it. Returning from the terrace, aqua vitæ was again offered us, and we walked into the garden and shrubbery, through an extraordinary and narrow entrance. We then returned to the divan, and music was introduced —a Jew playing a sestonet, a Turk two little drums, and another singing. Candles were now brought in; sherbet was handed about, and sixteen or eighteen dishes were placed on the round dinner-table, principally of vegetables, fowls in soup, &c. Bread and napkins were given us, and a sort of plate. We had brought knives and forks, and each helped himself from whatever dish he pleased. The room was under an archway and quite open to the air, and I observed on the walls some sketches of a horse-race, drawn in pencil, by Mr. Bankes, who had lately been here.

Dinner being concluded, a place was arranged just beyond this room where we regaled ourselves, having the same music and singing, and numerous attendance, smoking elegant Turkish and Persian cigars, and occasionally our pipes, but not a word would the secretary say about the excursion to Palmyra. He appeared half asleep with

the music and smoke. The sounds at last ceased, and we began to speak to him about the danger of our intended journey. He then opened upon the subject, saying that there were men who would undertake to go with us upon being well paid, but that they would only lead us into danger; that the Arabs were all upon the look-out, being at war with the town; that there was every reason to say we should be taken and most likely murdered, knowing we had come from the town, or they might think us a good prize, to be exchanged for the Arabs now here, and should that be the case we might be detained in prison many months, and then a large sum would probably be required of us from the government here for giving up the Arab prisoners in exchange for us; that, go which way we would, there was danger, and we must be upon our guard on our road to Aleppo. It was, therefore, agreed to give up seeing Palmyra, and to start for Aleppo on the following morning.

The party now broke up, and, our horses being announced, Selim got down from his cushion, and we arose and put on our slippers, and, preceded by servants carrying paper lanterns at our horses' heads through the narrow and dirty streets, arrived at our lodgings.

Sept. 17.—I walked out early to survey the town, which lies in a hollow, forming, in the part by the secretary's house, a sort of amphitheatre. Another portion extends further into the plain, which is quite a park, watered by the Quoi-

with a large wheel and aqueduct on arches amongst the trees. The burial-grounds are on the highest parts, and there was once a strong fortress, now in total ruin, an immense mound only remaining. Our lodgings were rather high up, and the weather was excessively hot; we had to pay for water; and wine was not to be procured. At twelve we found, by the firing of their guns, that the soldiers of the governor's guard had just returned, having accompanied the son of the Pasha of Damascus. There were about one hundred and fifty of them, well-armed. I tried to purchase a couple of horses here, but was not able to suit myself. The dealers, however, as in other parts of the world, endeavoured to take me in; but here there is a betah, or horse-doctor, to whom you pay ten paras for his opinion, and this man sent me word that a horse, for which I had been asked five hundred and fifty piastres, (but from which sum the owner came down to three hundred and eighty,) was good for nothing.

Sept. 18.—Left Hammah at five P.M. and, whilst passing over a large, and in some places cultivated plain, a well-dressed and well-mounted Arab joined us, saying he lived in the neighbourhood. He proposed to race with one of us. This we considered merely a shallow attempt to rob us, and, finding he was unsuccessful in this, he endeavoured to lead us another way from the right road. We arrived at nine P.M., being very dark, near a ruined village, opposite which was a dilapidated khan, close to a branch of the Orontes.

Here in the valley we halted in the midst of ruins, and slept in the open air. Here is a bridge of twelve or fourteen arches, with shrubs and trees growing about it. The old town is on a hill above the bridge, and without a tree, but it had a castle at each end, and the entrance to it was over a high bridge of two or three arches. A few families still reside there. In the road below is a sort of mausoleum on arches. An aqueduct, made of brick, runs along the side of the mountain, and crosses the road. Gradually descending, it took its course direct into the valley which it rendered very fertile.

Sept. 19.—Leaving just before sunrise, we continued for miles at the foot of the hills, the corn being nearly ripe, and, after some hours, came to a small place, consisting of a few hovels, though most of the inhabitants we found were Troglodytes, living in cells under ground, like rabbits. Water was given us, and we bought grapes. These with bread made a good breakfast. The weather was excessively hot, and many of the people were close by in the valley, thrashing and parcelling out their corn, as the aga had arrived for his share. A little further on was a small village in total ruin, the rugged barren mountain, called Jebel Richa, continuing at the back. This village commanded a fine view of the distant open country. Several of the buildings appeared to be ancient. We soon after began to descend gradually by rough roads over hill and dale, with olive-trees at the top, and

again another village in ruins appeared, containing a few inhabitants. We left this on the right, and, after drinking of the water of a well, called Marbayleen, a convenient hiding-place for the Arabs, and commanding an extensive view all around, proceeded through an avenue of olive-trees, gradually descending into an immense plain, and arrived at Sermein, a tolerably large Turkish town, between ten and twelve o'clock, much fatigued in going so slowly with the caravan in a burning sun. We lodged at the house of a poor Turk, in a large arched room, and partook of the provision which we had brought with us. This route had been chosen from its being more private, and to avoid meeting the Arabs. The plain is very extensive, and full of Turkish villages mostly in ruins.

Sept. 20.—We left at four o'clock, by moonlight, and, being in the very midst of the Arabs, it was thought prudent to hire six or eight men well armed, at ten piastres each, to accompany us, as from the unpleasantly slow pace of the caravan we meant to leave it. We had intended to start sooner, for it is better to go off in the dark, as the Arabs seldom attack in the night. After travelling by an excellent road over a vast plain, in constant apprehension of an attack, just at sunrise two Arabs were seen at a distance. The alarm was given, and some of our men dismounted from their mules, expecting a fight. At sunrise we descended into a large valley, on the opposite side of which the two Arabs were discovered. We

once more expected an encounter, and the muleteers linked their animals together. Two Arabs are generally sent out as scouts to reconnoitre, and a large party remains in ambush. We arrived at the village of Terban at eleven o'clock. Here was a khan in ruins, the effect of the late earthquake at Aleppo; a room and terrace being left. The huts of this small village are made in the shape of bee-hives.

We arrived at Aleppo just before sunset, and went to the house of Mr. Barker, the British consul, who happened to be absent from Aleppo.

Sept. 23.—Rode round the city, which lies rather in a hollow, and nearly surrounded by burial-grounds.

October 25.—I left Aleppo with Mr. Lewis; the Rev. Pliny Fisk and Mr. Jonas King accompanying the caravan. The weather was delightfully cool, and we started soon after eight o'clock. Passing over rather a flat but extremely stony country, which about Aleppo and in the valleys is cultivated, though scarcely a tree was to be seen, we came to Jakid, having seen four or five small villages on the way. This place had a more fertile appearance, there being several olive and fig-trees. Descending thence amongst rocks and stones, we went through a cultivated valley to the village of Ermoom, nearly at the foot of Mount St. Simon, and the caravan came up soon after us. We spread our carpets and dined in front of the hovel in which, after smoking, we retired to rest.

Oct 26.—Started before sunrise: the morning was very cold. Crossing a rich plain, at a village called Darner, we found Mr. Barker. Here are the ruins of a small temple. Continuing across this rich valley, in which cotton is cultivated, we came amongst the stony mountains, at the foot of which are some ruins and arches, and farther on, more arches and columns, as if there had been a large temple. We overtook the caravan in the mountains, and remained with it for some time, over an extensive plain, succeeded by immense mountains. In this plain were several high mounds. We crossed two or three streams on the plain, and at five arrived at the Aaszy or Orontes, the bridge over which was in total ruin, having been destroyed at the time of the late earthquake at Aleppo in 1822. The river ran rather rapidly by the remains of the bridge, and is about a stone's throw across; the country round is mountainous and beautiful, but apparently totally neglected.

We lodged at a village in a tolerably clean thatched hut, being that in which Mr. Bankes had slept two nights before. He thought we should not have gone this way, as many Turkmans, living in tents like the Bedouins, were said to be prowling about. The chief of them knew Mr. Bankes, and recommended him to take this as the best way. The village contained about three hundred people.

Oct. 27.—Started soon after the caravan, and, riding at the foot of mountains, pursued our

route over an immense plain through which wound the Orontes. Arrived at the village of Beestan, or Hosal Bourge, situated in the midst of trees, verdure, and herbage, and containing two hundred inhabitants. We passed through the gateway of a ruined castle, having fine oaks and other trees close to it. This was the gate to the entrance of Antioch. Having traversed a paved road, shaded by gardens and fruit-trees, in half an hour we arrived amongst the awful ruins of Antioch, the first place in which we were called Christians. The earthquake appeared to have done greater damage here than even at Aleppo. The inhabitants are said to have been twenty thousand, of whom from four to five thousand were destroyed. We went through the town, and came to another castle, with an immense wall from the summit of the mountains to the city. Other walls in different parts of the mountains were built by the Romans soon after the time of Alexander. The plain of Antioch is beautiful, and the river turns eight or ten wheels of immense diameter.

Our lodging was at the house of a native, a Greek Arab, and agent to the French and English Consuls. The inhabitants of Antioch were living in thatched wooden houses of one floor, scattered about just outside the city on the banks of the Orontes. We dined early with the master of the house, and immediately after walked to the house of the Greek Patriarch of Damascus, who is also Patriarch of Antioch, and happened to be here. He was reposing, but soon made his

appearance, in company with the Bishop of Beirout. Mr. Fisk had a long conversation with him in Greek; after which we again mounted our horses with an intention of visiting an ancient church cut in the rock, but were dissuaded by the man in whose house we lodged, and who told us that the Turks would suspect us of some sinister motive, and forbid our entrance to the place. The Patriarch was a middle-aged man, with a large grey beard and vulgar countenance. His residence was in the midst of ruins. After a ride along the banks of the river amongst romantic scenery, we returned at sunset to supper, which was curiously laid out. In the first place, the cloth was not placed on the table, but on the mat on the floor; secondly, the small octagonal table was set on this, not on its legs, but reversed, and hereon stood a round metallic dish. The supper consisted of rice soup, boiled mutton, a stew of meat with vegetables, another with onions, a rice pilau with butter or gravy, some fried vegetables, and olives with oil, &c. Seven of us sat round the table, and two women were in the back-ground, with servants in attendance. Wine not being to be obtained here, the Patriarch had sent two bottles. After smoking, all four of us slept in the divan, the women passing us to their rooms adjoining.

Oct. 28.—We resumed our progress just after sunrise, and crossed the river at a bridge where we had to pay a toll or backshish, and thence passing, sometimes through a mountainous coun-

try, and at others through most delightful valleys, having occasional views of the Orontes, we arrived at Souvadia, a small village on the sea, and the residence of Mr. Barker, who had nearly completed a cottage there. In this we took up our abode, having been five hours and a half on our road. In the evening the house shook very much, and some cried out, "An earthquake!" All were in consternation. The servants looked at each other in astonishment; everything moved, but all were silent: in about fifteen seconds it passed. The night was quiet and serene. Every one felt the shock, and it was considered to be a severe one. At half-past eleven all seemed very quiet, but towards the morning there was much wind and vivid lightning.

Oct. 29.—We started at about eight A.M. with new muleteers, and soon had to pass the Orontes running rather rapidly up to our horses' bellies in the stream. Our ride was along the side of the river, often being close under very high and rocky mountains, from the foot of which springs rushed out in various places, amongst shrubs, &c. the land being excessively productive. Coming to the village of Bazgoh, of about fifty houses, inhabited by Mussulmans, we sought for shelter from a storm, which at last was granted us by a cobbler, in whose house we remained three hours, enjoying a good fire, with bread and dried figs, and a sort of treacle called dibs, made from the grapes. Thus regaled, we thanked the cobbler, and offered him a backshish, of which, as a Turk, he would not

accept, but, as is always the case, when we told him it was for coffee for his wife and children, he took it.

From this place, alternately ascending and descending by very rough roads, the mountains being covered with trees and shrubs, and the valleys cultivated, we came to the village of Casab, consisting of about one hundred houses. Here we found those of our party who would not stop at Bazgoh, and we took up our lodging in a miserable hovel. The hovels were built close upon the rocky side of the mountain, one above another, so that the tenant of the one above could walk on his neighbour's roof beneath him. The people here were all Christians.

Oct. 30.—Quarrels amongst the muleteers prevented our getting off before eight, when we descended into the valley, and thence rose through a forest of pines into the mountains, where we came to a plain, which took us three hours to ride over. We arrived at nine, by moonlight, at Latichea. Mr. Lewis had preceded us about two hours, and had gone to the English Vice-consul, a Greek, and told him that three gentlemen were coming who had been on their horses all day, and were much fatigued. He, however, made no offer to give us refreshment, but sent out and procured for us a tolerably comfortable though half-finished house. To Mr. Lewis he offered a pipe and a cup of coffee, but on our arrival we found nothing prepared for us in our new abode. The cotton bags were cleared out, the rooms swept,

About five or six months since, the Pasha Mohammed of Latichea was murdered. It was during the Ramadan, that, going round the city, he saw a party playing at cards, and a young man was taken by him and put into prison. The father of the young man, at the head of a party, came up, evidently to kill the pasha, and remonstrated about the detention of his son, whom the pasha had determined to punish. The man retorting insolently, the pasha, being alone, fired his blunderbuss and shot him and another Turk, and was himself immediately shot by one of the party. Mahmood Effendi, and four or five more, with a Greek belonging to his party, were also killed. The pasha was an old man, and had been here only a short time; a supposition that he was an Anzeyrian was considered to be the reason of their killing him. They burnt his body. About three weeks before our arrival, a party went up to a village of Anzeyrians, at no great distance in the mountains, and murdered thirty or forty of the people there, taking all the women and children and bringing them down to Latichea, where they were sold for thirty or forty piastres each.

Achmet Jingdee, father of the man who shot the pasha, was placed at the head of the police by the new pasha, who was then, and is now, at Tripoli, with his brother, the governor there.

CHAPTER IV.

Latichea.—Castle and Town of Markab.—Inmates of our Hovel.—Worship of the Ismaylys.—Villages of the Ismaylys.—Tartoose.—Bedouins' Tents.—Tripoli: the Marina.—Sheik of Eden.—Batroon.—Antoura.—Departure from Beirout.—Coast of the Mediterranean.—Convent at Marabda.—Aramoon.—A gambling Party.—Wilderness of Stones.—Convent of Mar Antonius Kosheir.

NOVEMBER 1.—Latichea is pleasantly situated near the sea, its port being partly choked up by the fall of its ancient castle during the terrible earthquake of 1822, the effects of which I had just seen at Antioch and Aleppo. Part of the castle remained, but in a totally ruined state. The houses of Latichea are low and of stone, the bazaars narrow and dirty; a few palms and other trees are dispersed about. In the middle of the street the gutter acts as a road for donkeys, and to carry off the torrents, which, as yesterday, flow through the town occasionally. The population is about ten thousand, principally Mussulmans.

Nov. 2.—No mules having arrived as we expected, we sent out at nine, and found that the

owners had doubled their price, which, rather than be detained, we agreed to give, and at half-past nine directed them to be sent; but, as they did not arrive, we came to the determination of going to Tripoli by sea, and found a boat just arrived from that place. Having got our horses and luggage aboard, and paid a dollar demanded at the custom-house, we left the port of Latichea at sunset.

Nov. 3.—At seven A.M. the castle of Markab and part of the town came in view. The former is on the summit of a mountain, and contains an aga and a company of soldiers. The road from Latichea to this place was very dangerous. At nine, a storm coming on, we landed at Banias, an hour's distance from Markab. Here we took shelter in a khan on the beach, where we found a man who provided coffee. No houses were near, but there were some ruins. We determined to leave the vessel, but could not procure donkeys.

Some servants were sent on board to take out packages to Tripoli, and at about half-past one P.M. set off for that place. The plain over which we rode extends down to the sea, and is backed by an irregular mountain, the castle of Markab commanding the whole; the town is at the back of it. It is said to be large, and the population is composed of Turks and Christians, having six or eight churches and a minaret; we then descended to the small village near Markab. Here we got a hovel, one story high, as they all were,

having a little elevated summer room on poles, to sleep in. The roofs are flat and proof against rain; but we had much difficulty in getting a lodging, for, having a Turkish guide, the men said they had no room. Seeing a fire, we were glad in our drenched state to get in. The old man of the house and his wife, who, with their son and his wife and children, were sitting round, with a tame lamb and two cows, seemed rather disturbed at our coming. The women retired to the farther end of the room, amongst bags of cotton, in much astonishment, and, the fire being supplied with wood, we began to change our dress, and all sat round the blaze in the midst of wet baggage, as there was no other place to put it in. Our servants, who walked, soon came in thoroughly drenched, and we gave them dry clothing. A fowl was then roasted, and we drank wine, aqua vitæ, and coffee, and smoked our pipes. There was no chimney, but being so exhausted we fell asleep in our places. Mr. Fisk reposed at our feet, and Mr. Lewis laid his legs over him, but as Mr. King and myself could not sleep we continued smoking, and entered into conversation with the son of the old man in whose house we were, and who was an Arab of the Greek church. In answer to our questions, he said that the inhabitants of this village were Christians and Anzeyrians, and that the latter resembled the Druses in their religious worship, though none but themselves knew in what that consisted. He told us that the Ismaylys lived within a day's journey of the village

and that they had about five hundred men who bore arms; that their whole population, including men, women and children, was between two and three thousand, residing in two villages in the mountains; but that at the present time it was dangerous to go amongst them, as they were quarrelling and fighting between themselves. The old man's son said it was generally believed that the Ismaylys kept up the remains of the worship of the Venus of Libanus; "the expiring embers," says Clarke, "of those holocausts which once blazed in honour of Sidonian Astarté."

The storm continued during the night, with much thunder and vivid lightning, and the wind blew so hard that we thought it almost impossible that the vessel in which we had left our luggage could ride it out.

November 4.—Descending the mountain, we went more into the interior, though we always had the sea in sight, and arrived at the fine ruins of a castle at Tartoose, washed by the sea, in which we took up our residence. A fire having been lighted in the middle of a room, a Christian of Latichea paid us a visit, and to our inquiries respecting the Ismaylys, he said that there were about two hundred small villages of them, and four principal ones, which were large, and had fortresses or towers; and that these Ismaylys lived up in the mountains about a day's distance. He corroborated the accounts we had heard of the Pagan rites of the Ismaylys, and said that he had his in-

Tartoose, who had been amongst them. Pietro Abbo Jube, my guide afterwards at Deir el Khauman, also confirmed the accounts which had been given me. During the conversation, the old governor or aga came in to visit us, and remarked both of the Ismaylys and of the Anzeyrians, that they came there to buy and sell, and then went to the mosques and prayed as Mussulmans; but, he added, we do not know their hearts. This was said as if he meant to imply that he did not believe them sincere.

Dinner being announced, we passed through some dirty rooms and dirtier attendants, and then crowded round a table about a foot high, to the number of eight or ten besides ourselves; the governor, to our surprize, standing up amongst his guards and servants. The dinner, or perhaps it was their supper, was the most simple I had seen, consisting of three piled up dishes of rice and one of wheat, and round the table were a dozen brown earthen dishes filled with beans, garlic, balls of wheat, and gourds, with a sort of soup or gravy poured amongst them. The bread was laid on the floor at our feet, and large wooden spoons were placed on the table. With these we helped ourselves to the rice, and then dipped it into the little dishes of soup. There was no meat on the table. In about five minutes a pan of water was brought to us, and as some got up, others in attendance took their places. We were soon glad to escape to our own apartment, where we obtained some roasted fowl and tea, and after

smoking, retired to rest. The apparently strange conduct of the governor in remaining standing, we were afterwards told, was meant as a civility to us, and he sat down to the table as soon as we left it.

Nov. 5.—Tartoose consists of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred houses, about fifteen or twenty of which are inhabited by Greeks, and the rest by Mussulmans. The present town is now merely what was formerly the castle, a magnificent ruin of vast extent, having portcullises to each entrance, and a ditch round it, once filled by the sea. The Governor's apartments seemed to be the only place kept in repair, excepting two large sheiks' tombs. We saw no cannon, and the soldiers were the dirtiest set of fellows I ever beheld. Within a quarter of an hour's walk are the ruins of a church; the roof is nearly entire, and the columns in the interior are curiously constructed.

Proceeding on by the sea, we passed some ruins, formerly the resort of thieves; and, going through a sort of shrubbery, said also to be dangerous for travellers, we passed here and there some ruins, and, on the left, upon rather higher ground, two short columns, and farther on two more. Continuing along these extensive plains, and having crossed two or three rivers we came, after about five hours' ride, to the river Abrosh, which we forded, and in the shade of a large tree near some uninhabited hovels, took our refreshment. Here our guide left us, and, pointing out Tripoli at a great distance, said we should easily

find it. Upon taking his leave, to our surprise, he did not ask for anything, and we gave him a dollar.

We continued along the plains and came to the river Bered, which was so high and rapid that we had much difficulty in getting through. On the banks of the river were several tents of Bedouins, between which we rode; the women ran out to us, saying, "Do not go! for your heads, do not go!" making a motion with their hands, as if cutting their throats, to make us understand that our lives would be in danger if we attempted to cross. Seeing Mr. Lewis sitting on the ground on the other side, we enquired how he got over, and found that he had been nearly lost, his horse having swum across. A Bedouin offered to show us a safe place, and, taking the bridles of our horses, led us through the water one after the other. We were crossing the river at its mouth: the wind was high and the sea rolling, and, had either of us fallen we must have been washed into it. We now began to leave the great plains, and going to the right came to a large khan, where, as it was late, we thought of sleeping; but, finding it a miserable place, filled with cattle, we proceeded, and, passing over a bridge, in three hours we arrived by moonlight at Tripoli. The last hour's ride was over a rough road, and we diverged into a way cut into the rock, at the end of which there was not room for a horse to pass. A servant went first, and we followed, and had some difficulty in backing our horses, one of them coming down in

the attempt. The gates of the town were shut, but the wicket-door was soon opened, though the locks and bars were in such a state, that it was nearly a quarter of an hour before we, tired, half-starved, and wet through, were let in. We passed in the midst of guards, through streets in which the glimmering lights only made the darkness visible. The bazaars and shops were all shut, and, having rode through half the town, we at last arrived at the consul's, where a cordial welcome was given us.

Nov. 6.—In the evening, Mr. Fisk and myself walked towards the Marina, which is between two and three miles from the city. Here are a number of small houses, belonging to sailors and fishermen, though most of them were empty, the Christians and some of the Turks having fled from the tyranny of the pashas. The Marina formerly contained between two and three thousand, though there were now only about as many hundreds. The pasha's palace is near the gateway. Having passed this, we were at once in the country; and the road appears like a grassy by-lane leading to the sea, with hedges of the prickly pear, gardens, and orchards, and groves of oranges and lemons on each side.

After sunset, we returned by moonlight, and met three of the pasha's disbanded soldiers; but, my servant being with us, no molestation was offered. The castle or fort stands in an elevated situation in the middle of the city; it appears in tolerable repair, and contains some soldiers. The

houses are flat-roofed, and many are in a ruinous state, though the earthquake of 1822 affected this place only in a small degree. Some of these dwellings are built shelving down from the castle; others are scattered about on the hill, as if in a garden amongst orange-trees. The town is supposed to contain from ten to fifteen thousand inhabitants. Its situation is beautiful, but in the months of July, August, and September, it is unhealthy from malaria. Along the coast stand six or eight towers, formerly built for its defence: these are large and strong, but are going fast to ruin. On the 10th, we ascended by the ruined staircase to the top of one of them, and had a fine view of the surrounding country, with the town and its castle, the mountains at its back, and the still higher Lebanon, the whole ridge of which was then covered with snow.

During our stay at Tripoli, an old man from the mountains, with his two sons, fine young men, called upon us, being known to Messrs. Fisk and King. The father was the sheik of the village of Eden; he spoke French very well, and was extremely civil to the English, who generally take up their abode for the night at Eden in their way to the cedars of Lebanon. He had been persecuted by the Emir Bechir for the last year and a half; had fled with his sons from the village, and was residing at Tripoli, under the expectation of being soon able to return, on account of a change, in which the sheik Bechir would be restored. In conversation with him

respecting the Anzeyrians and Ismaylys, he told us of another sect, called Yesidiens, who professedly worship the devil.

Nov. 12.—Our boat arrived early in the morning, after a bad passage, having put back, as the storm continued for four days. She then got as far as the island of Ruad, and was again obliged to stop. At about half-past one, we left Tripoli, and continued our route along the coast for some time; then, going along the side of the mountains by a very bad road, we came just at sunset to a khan, but, finding it dirty and small, and in possession of a party, we determined not to stop; and, after ascending and descending through some tremendous ravines, came to the Maronite village of Batroon, and slept at the house of the priest. Batroon has about two hundred and fifty houses of Maronites, fifty of Greeks, and five of Mahometans.

Nov. 13.—Resumed our journey at about sunrise, and saw the ruins of an old castle at Batroon. The ride continued along the shore at the base of the mountains, and the road is generally good, though sometimes stony, particularly as we approached Gebail. The land hereabout appeared neatly cultivated, and we passed an old church or temple and other old buildings romantically situated. At night, we arrived at Antoura.

Nov. 18.—I called with Mr. Lewis on Monsignor Gandolfi, who resides in a convent close by. His brother had lately arrived from Piedmont, and was with him. Gandolfi was a lively

little old man, with a long beard, and received us apparently in a very kind manner. On account of a recent quarrel, he was about to quit the convent, having lived there thirty-nine years.

Nov. 19.—Went to the convent of Kourkey, and afterwards to the village of Zouk Mykayl, to the residence of the sheik. The village is delightfully situated on the side of the mountain, at no great distance from the sea, of which it has an extensive view, with Beirout on the left.

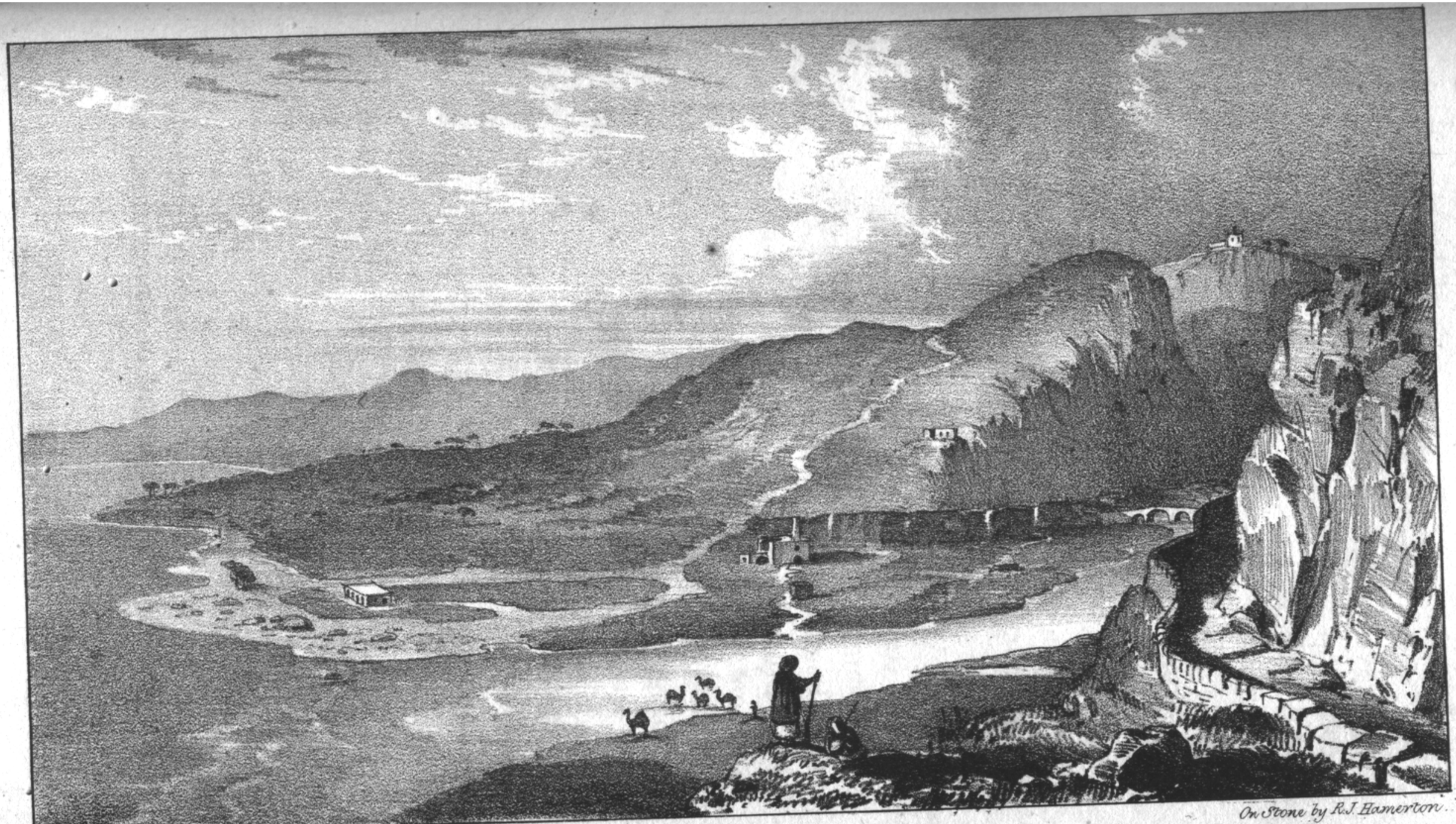
Nov. 20.—I arrived again at Beirout, from Antoura, with Mr. Lewis, and, on the 3rd of December, again left it for the cedars of Lebanon, Damascus, the Haouran, and Jerusalem, accompanied by my servant Gergeis, a Greek, belonging to Cyprus, who had been a servant to Mr. B. Barker, and whom I took into my service at the time I purchased Mr. Barker's two horses when at Aleppo. I had also a mountaineer as a guide. The weather was favourable; we went by the coast, and, after about two hours' travelling, were compelled, as the sea came up to the rocks, to ascend part of the mountain, and pass over a rugged road cut out of the rock, full of immense stones and numerous cavities. This was, I believe, the old Roman way. Two or three inscriptions have been cut on the side of the rock, though these are totally defaced. One was Arabic, and, in descending, I observed on one of the stones, which serves as a step, a few Roman letters.

A little way up between this opening of the

rocks is a bridge for the winter, when the waters come down at times in torrents. Plantations of mulberry and other trees are scattered about, which, with the bridge and the general verdure of the place, render the whole very picturesque.

From this pass I descended to the river El-Kelb, and, having crossed this, again came upon the sands. Several villages and cottages are situated on the slope of these mountains of the Kesrouan, and on their summits were convents in every direction, overlooking the Mediterranean. After about two hours taken up in riding round the large bay of Djouni, I turned off into the mountains, wishing to see the villages in this neighbourhood, and knowing that Monsieur Aubin, with whom I was acquainted, resided in one of them. The ascent was rocky, steep, and crooked, and about half-way up I found the waters rushing down in torrents. Though the season was late, the women were sitting at work by the stream; but the day was heavenly, with a cloudless sky, and not a breath of air. I came to the village of Gazir, and, on seeing a man in the European dress upon a terrace, I hailed him, taking him for Monsieur Aubin. He, however, belonged to the prince here, and said Monsieur Aubin was at the next village.

Gazir is a pretty village, containing about two thousand people (Maronites). The houses are all of stone; some are good; and there are several convents. But the access to the place is very awkward, standing on the summit of a mountain, the



On Stone by R.J. Hamerton.

From a Sketch by Jn.º Madox Esq.r

NAHR EL KELB or DOG RIVER.

earth on the sides of which is kept in its place by stones piled up so as to form terraces, which is the way here in all directions.

I went through the village, and, continuing along a narrow pathway at the edge of a precipice, arrived at Marabda. Having ridden for some time along the river Ibrahim, amongst trees still retaining their autumnal tint, I got a sight of the convent where I had been told Monsieur Aubin was to be found. Here I perceived him sitting before a cottage, smoking his pipe, a priest and two or three others being with him. As I was in the Turkish dress he did not at first recognise me, but, my name being mentioned, he appeared happy to see me, wondering what could have brought me to such an out-of-the-way place.

This convent has about twenty priests, and when the superior dies his nearest relation succeeds him. The situation is most beautiful, being hidden amongst the mountains at the end of a fine valley; but though thus concealed, the richness of the valley, the variegated foliage of the trees, the cottages scattered amongst the mountains, and the convents here and there dispersed upon them, all combine to produce the most cheerful appearance. In front of the convent is a covered promenade with arches, through which you look into the valley, and here we walked at sunset with the superior, a fine pleasant fellow with a long beard, and three or four others. My room was at one end of this place, and Aubin's at the other. After our walk, I adjourned with the

old father, a priest who had accompanied the doctor, and himself, to his room, where a good supper and excellent wine were provided. Here, sitting on the ground, cross-legged, round a little table, we pulled the fowls to pieces, and ate *à l'Arube*, and then, after coffee and pipes, retired to our rooms.

While at breakfast, a priest of the Emir Bechir came in. There are three or four of these reverend men here, who take their duty regularly, and then return to their homes. They dress as gaily as the mountaineers. The priest asked me if I had called on the prince, saying that the English generally do; and, conjointly with Monsieur Aubin, gave me a letter for the sheik Gergeis, at Bshirrai.

About ten, having paid my fees to the superior and the servants, I departed, and soon ascended the mountains, in doing which I could not but admire the scenery on the opposite side of the valley, the well-built convents and cottages on the mountains around, and the industry displayed in erecting the stone walls on the sides of the mountains, forming steps or terraces in every direction to the tops. Not far from the convent, and on the left, is the village of Aramoon, containing between four and five hundred Maronite inhabitants.

Having reached the summit of the mountains, whence I had a fine view of the sea and the mountains around, I descended, sometimes by good pathways, and at others by rocky ones, till

I again came to the sea-shore, and continued along this till I arrived at Batroon soon after sunset, and went to the priest's house, where, having made a fire, I supped with him upon some excellent fish.

Whilst smoking my pipe afterwards, a party of twelve came in, and, finding I did not speak Arabic, began to dispute warmly about their own affairs. I discovered that some of them had lost their money by gambling, and had become refractory. The priest interfered, telling them he would not allow gambling—that they might play, but not for money, and made them pay what they had lost (more than twenty dollars), which I thought a large sum for such a place as this. The priest went to the more riotous party, and having given them a lecture, they knelt, and, pulling off their caps, the holy man put his hands on two of their bald heads at a time and said a prayer. Thus the whole party, one of whom was a sheik, seemed reconciled; and the priest finished by telling them that they must all go to church to-morrow.

Dec. 5.—Leaving Batroon, I rode over part of a rich plain and entered a grand pass between the mountains. At the foot of these was a ruined castle; soon after which I passed the road to Tripoli on the left. Ascending a winding chalky road, leaving a fine stream on our right, I came amongst the mountains, where the road continued for the whole day, ascending and descending among most extraordinary scenery, seeing very

few villages and but few individuals. Passing on the top by a small hamlet of Maronites, the men asked who I was, and where I was going. My road soon lay across a fine open plain, having three or four villages on it, at the base of the mountains. I again ascended by a winding pathway, and about a quarter of the way up, passed a large convent, standing conspicuously, and built partly upon a rock, a deep ravine, with a stream at the bottom, being between it and the mountain. Continuing amongst these rugged rocks, we came to a wilderness of stones, from ten to twenty feet in height, and of all sorts of forms. Amongst these was an arched doorway, with a cross in the middle of it, belonging to the convent of Mar Antonius Kosheir. Here we dismounted, and walked about this extraordinary-looking place, my servant telling me that mad people were sent here to be cured, who, when they have gone as far as this gloomy archway, have been so struck with fear, from looking into the abyss below, that they have slunk back and refused to go on, until compelled by those who attended them.

We proceeded through this solitary arch in this bleak and barren region, and began to descend into the dark abyss by a narrow winding path amongst bushes and trees, whose boughs overhung our heads. Having crossed a bridge, we continued descending for a full half-hour, fearful at times of falling to the bottom, which appeared of a tremendous depth. Arriving at what seemed

a look-out house, we heard voices and the barking of the watch-dog, and then the deep-toned bell of the convent, at which, in a quarter of an hour after, we arrived: the moon, now glimmering upon it, showed me my abode for the night.

My servant having ascended a flight of steps, shaded by a very fine willow, and not returning, I followed him and entered a gloomy passage, where I heard the priests chanting their prayers, to which the bell I had lately heard had summoned them. I walked into their long and dismal apartment. At the altar stood a couple of wax-lights, and at the foot of it were two parties of eight or ten priests, standing round a small lamp placed on a desk, with a book before them, chanting at each end of the altar; they seemed much engaged in their devotions. Behind them, and in about the middle of the room hung a large dirty lantern, and a few miserable attendants were kneeling here and there. Daubs of paintings, of various saints, were hung up.

Prayers being over, I found the superior was absent, and was conducted up a few stairs, and then along a dark, arched passage, with cells on each side, into one of which I was shown. The priests seemed very friendly, and, after supper, I retired to my cell.

CHAPTER V.

Inmates of the Convent.—Casting out Devils.—View of Mount Lebanon.—The Tantoura.—Female Costume.—Sketches of Costume.—Remarkable Basin.—Cedars of Lebanon.—Ascent of the Mount.—Convent of Deir el Akhmar.—Wretched Hovel.—Suspicious Strangers.—The Priest of Deir el Akhmar.—Village of Sleiffe.—Villages of Metawalies.—Dr. Honigberger.—Ruined Temple.—Repairing Roofs.

DECEMBER 6.—This gloomy convent is built low down against the rock, the waters running through it; it is of great strength, though much out of repair. The interior is dark, with long passages over each other, and a cell for each inhabitant, the key of which he carries, tied to a string round his waist. The inmates generally sit down to dinner in number about ninety or a hundred. They wore a dark blue cowl and the usual loose black gown, tied round the waist, and blue trowsers. Most of them had long beards. Previously to my departure, whilst standing at the doorway admiring the romantic scenery, four or five of the brotherhood near me began to exa-

mine my sword. One of the party drew it, and then they all kissed it; for what purpose I did not understand, but supposed it to be as a sort of blessing. They seemed pleased with the motto upon it, "Pro Deo et Patriâ," when it was explained to them. I now bade them adieu and descended the steps, at the foot of which is a large cavity wherein, I was told, they put the mad people.

I soon after enquired of my servant if he had had any conversation with these people, as I had desired him, respecting their pretensions to cast out devils, which I had been informed they professed to do. He said they had told him, that sometimes mad people were brought there and were immediately cured, in the following manner. They were bound and fastened to the rock inside the gloomy cavity at the bottom of the steps, and in the one adjoining, and after being bastinadoed were left there for the night, in the middle of which St. Anthony came and relieved the sufferers, by driving out the devil and killing him with a pitchfork. Next morning the patients were found quite recovered. Six months before, he said, the sheik of a village sent his daughter, who was deranged, to be cured, which was effected by the above means, and the sheik remunerated them by a considerable sum of money. They also told me of a woman who was possessed, and came there, and was cured by their driving out the devil.

Passing among various sorts of trees and ever-

greens, by a very steep and winding path to the top, I observed some of the priests at work, for the earth is scarce here, and what they have is cultivated with much industry. I continued over the mountains, having an extensive view, with the village of Eheden at a distance on the left, and that of Haddit on the mountains, on my right. Descending by a narrow pathway amongst woody scenery, with villages a little below, where the women and children were sitting at their doors in the sun, I arrived at Bshirrai, commanding a fine view of the summit of Mount Lebanon, which I was told is always covered with snow. It appeared from this place to be in the shape of a horse-shoe. I proceeded to the house of sheik Gergeis, who is friendly to the English, and to whom I had a letter from M. Aubin; he was from home, but I was shown into a room amongst some of his relations. His wife, who is a pretty young woman, soon came in, and I produced my letter. After some time supper was prepared. The ladies drank, as I thought, freely; but the liquor was thin and light, and taken in tumblers.

After the repast, a light tin perforated basin is brought to each person, and water is poured over their hands from a vessel in the shape of a coffee-pot, having a long spout. This is the practice also throughout Turkey and Egypt. Pipes and coffee were then handed round, and more of the villagers came in, and my servant acted as my interpreter. Soon after nine I retired to rest, on a

sort of large elevated platform. The room was filthy enough, not paved, and without a mat, and the dirty dishes were lying in the window and corners.

The costumes of the inhabitants of the mountains of Lebanon are very curious, and of great variety of colours; those of the higher order are particularly rich and splendid. That portion of their dress, however, which most attracts the notice of the traveller, is the silver and gold tantoura. This is a hollow tube, worn generally by the females. Those worn by the princesses are embossed and studded with diamonds and other precious stones; it is fastened on the forehead, and projects about sixteen inches. Over this is flung a white muslin or crape veil, which falls rather gracefully down the back. The women appear to be remarkably shy. If perchance you happen to be passing a fountain, whither they resort with their pitchers or jars for water, they immediately conceal from view their faces, drawing the large loose white veil, which covers the tantoura, closely over their head, leaving sometimes only visible a sparkling black eye; when an opportunity presents itself, they have no dislike to this being seen by a European. They frequently stop while you pass them, with their backs turned towards you, their faces directed to the bank or hedge. These tantouras are principally worn by married women, but some unmarried females of the lower classes also wear them; these latter are sometimes made of wood or thick

pasteboard. It undoubtedly at first sight has a very extraordinary appearance; but a still more curious effect is produced by the side tantoura, or trumpet, for I know not exactly what to call it. This is worn in other neighbouring districts. It is tied on close to the temple, a little above the ear, and is of a very different shape, being much larger at the projecting end: they are generally of silver, or silver gilt, with ornamental engravings, and are, like the others, hollow; for if solid they would be insupportable.

On meeting a group of these females coming from their religious duties out of their sanctuaries or chapels, I was much surprised, on approaching near to them, to find they were looking a contrary way to what I imagined, owing to the veil of this tantoura, hanging over the shoulder, forming a conical shape, or sort of coalskuttle-bonnet, the face being in a contrary direction to the bonnet. They sometimes sleep with this tantoura on the head, as they can shift it round without being obliged to remove it altogether. This latter costume I have certainly more than once taken occasion to ridicule, but spoken in praise of the other, considering it of some utility; for, besides being ornamental, it assists very materially to keep off the heat of the scorching sun. All these females wear large loose trowsers, sometimes worked very tastefully close to the ancle, and hanging *en negligé* over a handsome morocco slipper. On visiting a daughter of a prince, or sheik, I observed that, when they entered an



Woman of Mount Lebanon



A Lady of Aleppo

On Stone by R. J. Hamerton from a Sketch by J. Madox Esqr.

Printed by C. Hullmandel

apartment, they carelessly flung off their yellow slippers, showing a very prettily turned, small, naked foot, it not being their custom to wear stockings, but instead, they have their toe-nails painted red. The hair is usually worn remarkably long, plaited behind, twisted into a cord of silken ornament, having two or three silver balls with tassels at the end, extending almost to the heels.

I engaged an honest Greek, if I may be allowed the term, of the name of Constantine, whose employment was chiefly to clean the pictures, or otherwise ornament them, at the different convents or Greek churches. My friend Mr. Abbott, our consul at Beirout, had given this man some encouragement, finding him industrious and deserving, and suggested to him to try his skill in drawing costumes; for which purpose I availed myself of his services, and, having given him some little instruction and idea on the subject, he made such progress as to furnish me with several. I here give a specimen of these sketches.

Some few have already appeared before the public, I having furnished them to a brother traveller, not anticipating at the time the object for which he requested to have them.

Dec. 7.—Having ordered everything to be ready, and taken provisions with wine and spirits, and three additional guides, in case I should be able to proceed on my journey across Mount Lebanon to Damascus, I got off soon after nine,

and, ascending a winding and very steep pathway, proceeded by the side of a mountain, some of whose rocks hung over our heads appearing ready to overwhelm us, and others were scattered about in our way. We next came into some well-cultivated land, and from an eminence I beheld what seemed the commencement of the range of mountains I had been travelling over. Directly beneath, and of vast depth, was a large bowl, as it were, of cultivated land; the different shades of green in the valley forming a curious contrast to the snowy ridge around me. A fine stream ran through this bowl into a chasm where the mountain first divides. Bshirrai, the nearest village to the Cedars, was in sight. This village is delightfully situated, with its torrents rushing down, and forming cascades, at the foot of other mountains. The ravine in these rugged hills, and the yawning gulf, gradually extending, inspire one with a sensation of terror. Much as I admired the fine opening of the rocks at the Devil's Dike in Switzerland, with its noisy fall of water, and picturesque wooden bridge, I thought this more striking, upon a grander scale, the snowy mountains standing so preeminently majestic in front. Proceeding a little further, I came to the large and lofty Cedars of Lebanon, and just as we arrived a fall of snow began. We were an hour and a quarter coming to them from Bshirrai. We rode into the forest of trees, for such it appears, there being between five and six hundred. They stand upon hillocks, some in a valley at the foot of the

higher part of the mountain, and a few scattered about the lower parts of it. The snow increasing, and the mountain becoming enveloped in fog, we got under one of the largest trees, and till all the guides arrived, I endeavoured, under the shelter of its branches, as others had done before me, to cut out my name: a place was prepared with an adze, but I found the tree too hard to yield to my knife, and could only inscribe my name and the date in ink.

The guides at length being all present, and leaving with them a partridge they had shot on their way, I desired a fire to be made, and dinner to be prepared under another tree, and while this was being done, cut out my name on it, finding it would yield to my knife, and seeing the names of Messrs. B. Barker, Fish, and King, and of several others whom I know. This tree measured twenty-seven feet in circumference a little way from the ground. Under the branches of this noble tree, (which, when we arrived, were of a fine green, but which had become loaded with the snow that was falling,) we made, between one and two o'clock, a large fire; and, having roasted a couple of fowls, a piece of mutton, and the partridge, and spread my carpet, we dined, having given up all idea of crossing the mountain on my route to Damascus, for this day. Being provided with wine of the village and aqua vitæ, I and my guides and servant, six in number, soon made ourselves comfortable round the fire. The guides sang and danced, drinking my health, "Viva Signor Ma-

dicks!" and declaring that they never had such a treat under the Cedars before. At about four it cleared up a little, and I prepared to return to Bshirrai, but previously to this went to see the largest of the Cedars, which is on the northern hillock, a little on the side of the mountain, and which I found to be thirty-nine or forty feet in circumference. This has three very large stems and seven large branches, with various smaller ones. I dated and began five letters under the largest tree, the snow falling part of the time. Three guides preceding me, I now made the best of my way to the village, and was welcomed back by the ladies of Bshirrai. Pipes and coffee were handed round, and some of them told me a long story about five men who had set out the night before from Tripoli for Damascus, two of whom had perished on Mount Lebanon from cold and fatigue. This, however, I only considered "a weak invention of the enemy" to deter me from going at this late season to Damascus, and told them that none but a madman would have thought of going on to-day, but that we should see to-morrow, a word always to be heard, everything being put off by them.

A hot supper being prepared, a larger party than last night's assembled round the table. When the repast was over, pipes and coffee as usual were introduced, and, there being a good wood-fire in the middle of the room, I desired the people to boil some water for punch, and the sheik's brother, (one of the visiters,) having a swelled face,

I cut off the sleeve of my flannel jacket, which I made his wife tie under his chin, and having given him some hot rum-punch, I sent him to bed, and the party soon after broke up, as I quitted the room.

Dec. 8.—The morning did not appear very favourable for my journey, but, as it cleared up after breakfast, I ordered preparations to be made for ascending the mountain as quickly as possible, and endeavoured, though in vain, to procure a mule to carry some of the luggage, to relieve my horses, as there was much snow on the mountain. The road about Baalbec, and along the valley of Bekaa, being infested by a dangerous tribe called Metawâlies, guides are necessary for protection, and I hired four. They are Maronites, and a good set of people, in general well-armed, no mountaineer ever travelling here without his gun. At about ten A.M. I mounted my horse in the midst of the villagers of Bshirrai, and ascended for an hour and a half the same road as yesterday, leaving the cedars to my left, which appeared from this place almost all together, and not so numerous as represented to me. In a steep and stony road, the foremost guide came to the body of one of the poor fellows who perished two or three days since. He was on his back, and had a placid countenance. All his clothes were on, his cap only being gone. He evidently was a poor man, and probably had expired more from fatigue than cold. However, the truth of the story I had heard last night was proved. My

guides surrounded the body, and asked me to stop a little that they might bury it. I consented, and they dragged the poor fellow by the heels to a little hillock, placed him upon it, and laid large stones over him. My man told me he was a Druse.

We continued a winding course through the snow, and my party having descended into a valley of snow before me, I halted, and with wonder surveyed the vast expanse around. Advancing, I soon saw my guides in the midst of snow, and my horse went deeper in it than I expected. We now followed each other in a line, the four guides going first, then my servant leading his horse, and I following. It was rather laborious work for my horse, as I did not dismount, and he stopped short, panting for breath, every five minutes. At length, at about two P.M. we reached the summit of Mount Lebanon, and passed over it at nearly its highest part amongst the brilliantly sparkling snow. The sky was clear, the day delightful, and far from cold; and even up here we felt scarcely the least breath of air. We now began to descend, and soon got clear of the snow: this side of the mountain has many short firs on it. Here we found a mountaineer who had shot more than he could carry away, viz. two wild boars, one of which he had compactly tied up, and had secured part of the other to his back. He was leaning under the weight against a large stone. I sat close by, delighted with my present situation, and took refreshments,

wishing at times for a companion. My men also regaled themselves, sang, and smoked an argillée. I had ordered my servant to buy some of the wild boar, when one of the guides, looking to the top of the mountain, and observing a mist coming on, and rolling down upon us, exclaimed, "We must be off," and we instantly resumed our descent; but we were nearly enveloped in the cloud, and for a time lost sight of the mountain; the vapour soon, however, rolled away, and all was clear again.

We met a party coming up the mountain, one of whom had a wild boar at his back. These, my man said, were Metawâlies: we had a short parley with them, and, being nearly down the mountain, I mounted my horse, and having rode through a lonely but pleasant valley, we came, at about four P.M. to the woody region we had before passed through, and at sunset arrived at an old convent in ruins, situated at the foot of the mountains close to the plain of Baalbec, upon the magnificent ruins of which the last rays of the setting sun rested, nearly opposite to the deplorable dungeon at which I was compelled to stop for the night, it being considered more dangerous to go on. The convent is called Deir el Akhmar, and appears to be the remains of a temple. Four priests belong to it, and there are six or seven hovels of Maronites here, with some stone enclosures for cattle, sent to this place by the sheik Gergeis of Bshirrai, and under the care of the priests, two

of whom generally reside here. Part also of this fertile plain belongs to this sheik, which at one time he cultivated; but the Metawâlies of this district cut down all his corn, and carried it off. The place is so convenient for these marauders that nothing escapes them.

My horses having entered before me, I went to look at my place of rest, which I found low and dark, the sides and top as black as Erebus; the horses and mules occupied the larger space in it. I proposed to sleep outside under a shed, but my man begged I would let the place be swept out and lighted up, and then determine; for he had already learned from the poor old priest that ten or twelve Metawâlies were here for the express purpose of plunder, making the priests give them provisions, the priests themselves being sometimes obliged to retreat.

Having looked about the place, I again entered the hovel. My carpet was spread in the middle of the room, which, though very low, was spacious, having a step up and two posts merely to divide it from the place in which the cattle were housed. Dinner was brought in, and having shot a fine partridge as we came along, this, with some of the wild boar, which proved excellent, being cut into rather small pieces and roasted, together with some good cheese I happened to have with me, and some wine and aqua vitæ, made not a bad repast after my fatiguing journey. My attendants partook of it with their mess of rice, sitting near my carpet;

and some few were in the rear, looking on. I put my pistols under my pillow, but I thought it best to keep my sword on, and, whilst thus lying and smoking, the guides doing the same, more strangers came in—two dressed *à la Turque*. I questioned my servant in Italian as to who they were, and was told they were some of the Metawâlies. Fourteen or fifteen persons were round me, at a proper distance, the latter part of the evening, with the priest, and two or three women, who kept behind. The place was evidently a dangerous one; and the priest told my servant that it was fortunate I had four well-armed guides with me, as these Metawâlies were here upon the look-out. One fellow played a pipe like a double flageolet very well; this I encouraged, to keep all parties amused, and offered to purchase it, but he said it was not his. The company was kept in good humour for a long time, but, observing the two suspicious-looking, though well-dressed Turks, asking many questions about me, and wishing much to know whither I was going, I told them, perhaps to Baalbec or Tadmor, and all at once jumped up, and ordered my man to say that I desired to sleep a little, and therefore wished them all good night. It was about twelve o'clock; they soon left me, and I had the little wicket-door shut, though this was of little use. A small lamp was set in a hole in the wall for the night, and my servant and guides slept near me, with their arms under them. I wrapped myself up in my great-

coat, and, having some covering laid over me, lay down to repose.

All was soon silent, except the snoring of those around me; of sleep I could get none, until my man had had his nap out and had gone to feed the horses, after which, telling him to be on his guard, I dozed a little, and was up before sunrise.

Dec. 9.—I was glad, after breakfast, to get safe from this dangerous and gloomy dungeon, which proved, however, to be the hovel of the poor priest. I should not have discovered this, had it not been for his entering the dark abode very early in the morning with a light and a prayer-book; for it was his only place for prayer, and his attendants only one poor woman and a child. He knelt down, and rapidly muttered over some prayers, so low that I could scarcely hear him, though he was close to me, and raising his voice as much as his breath, exhausted by his volubility, would let him. The priest told my servant that four men had been murdered a few days since by the Metawâlies, and that one of those who had entered the hovel last night had been concerned in the murder. Soon after our departure, we met a party of five men, well mounted, followed by two on foot; some of my guides knowing them, they stopped and touched hands. An inquiry was made as to where I was going, and they were told as had been said at Deir el Akhmar, considering I was in rather a dangerous situation—that I was an Eng-

lishman, and brother to the British Consul at Beirout. The Turk asked if I had plenty of money about me, and if I were not afraid. He was told that I was well armed with English pistols, and that if I had been afraid I should not have ventured there. These men were going to Deir el Akhmar.

In about an hour, we passed the village of Sleiffe, on the right, at some distance, at the foot of the mountains, containing about one hundred inhabitants of the Greek church, or Greek Roman Catholics. Soon after, two gaily dressed Metawâlies on horseback passed us, and then halted to look at us, without a word being uttered. We had seen them some time, coming from Sleiffe, where, no doubt they had regaled themselves, according to custom, at the expense of the villagers, by whom, on account of their numbers and well-known desperate character, they are always made welcome, and supplied with whatever they may have.

At nine A.M. we passed the small village in the plain, called Barhami, containing about fifty Metawâlies; another, close upon the mountain, called Boodi, with between thirty and forty inhabitants; another, called Sciedi, in the plain; and a fourth, called Nahirechary, at the foot of the mountain; this latter contained about thirty Metawâlies. At twelve we sat down by the side of the stream to refresh ourselves. Two of the guides, full of fun; at sight of the spirit-bottle being placed before them, pulled off their red caps and kissed the ground. These guides, or

rather guards, walk the whole way, carrying their guns sometimes on their shoulders, or slung at their backs; but as soon as they see a party advancing they keep together, and hold their guns in readiness for an attack, generally carrying bullets in their mouths for quickness in loading.

The next village we passed was Bednail, situated on the mountain, and containing about two hundred and fifty Metawâlies. After this, we passed the village of Nehar, half-way up the mountain, with between thirty and forty of the tribe; then came Temieni Tod, with about thirty; and on the plain to the left, Temieni Tartar, a stream of water running from the upper one to that on the plain. The village of Nebbi Io, or Ido, is a little way up the mountain, having about thirty or thirty-five Metawâlies; from which also, a stream ran down to another village on the plain. Here is a hamlet called Hablah, the inhabitants of which are Catholics. At sunset we arrived at Zahle, and I went to the same house which I had occupied with Messrs. Lewis and Barker, two months before.

Dec. 10.—As I intended to stay a few days here I looked out for other lodgings, my room belonging to a weaver, who wanted to go to work. I rode out amongst the mountains in search of what is called the Sepulchre of Noah, but could not find it; and on my return went to a ruin near the village.

Dec. 11.—Called on Dr. Martin Honigberger, who yesterday wished me to see him perform the operation of lithotomy, but I preferred riding out. I found him this morning in the room of his patient, and he described to me his method of operating, which appeared to me an extraordinary one: he, however, had extracted a large calculus, and was to be paid if the man survived, but not without. I accompanied him to a dropsical patient, whom he had punctured in three or four places; and also to a paralytic woman, who was improving, under his care, and returned with the doctor to his lodgings. Finding a good clean room, which I could have there, belonging to a dyer, I engaged it; and, it being up a few steps, I could walk out of the window, or rather doorway, for no glass is used, on to the roof of the house and of some others, from which there was a fine view of the valley and the mountains on either side, with Anti-Lebanon running across the scene.

Dec. 12.—The doctor prevailed on me, though much against my inclination, to witness his method of performing the operation of lithotomy. The patient, in this instance, was a boy about nine years of age, and the room being low and dark, the operation was done by candle-light. The boy was tied up by the feet to a beam, with his head downwards, and resting upon a pillow. After a disagreeable process, the calculus was extracted. The operation was borne with great for-

titude, the patient now and then calling out upon the saints for assistance. The priest gabbled a prayer over the boy as rapidly as he could, to which no one seemed to pay any attention. The operation appeared to me to be too long, and I told the Doctor that I should consider he had done wonders if both his patients survived. They were the first operations he had ever performed in this way, and the poor boy expired on the following morning.

Dec. 13.—I hired a guide and rode through the upper part of the village, and, passing a convent, crossed the river here, which is the Berdoun, a branch of the Latane, and continued my ride amongst some extraordinary and craggy mountains of great height, being part of the range of Mount Lebanon. The lower mountains had a few shrubs and some grass, and the plains between were fertile, and in some situations cultivated. A ruined temple stands in the midst of the mountains. The valley was cultivated, and there was an opening, looking into that of Baalbec. Having measured the ruin, I soon left it, the guide wishing to depart, as it stands amongst the Metawâlies. I could not help imagining what Mrs. Radcliffe would have made of such an old castle, in such a place, with so gloomy a sky as came on: what a haunt for banditti! I returned to Zahle, and passed the convent as its bell was ringing. The evening had become dark, and the higher mountains enveloped in clouds.

Dec. 14.—It having rained much in the night and following morning, I found many of the villagers, both men and women, occupied in rolling the tops of their houses, each house having a rolling-stone. They rub in with their feet chopped straw with the mud, to stop the leakages.

CHAPTER VI.

Sepulchre of Noah.—Plain of Bekaa.—Mountain Pass.—Village of Demas.—Join a Caravan.—Damascus.—Visit to M. Beaudin.—Bazaars.—Mosques.—Mud Houses.—Turkish Singing.—Castle of Damascus.—Greek Convent.—Christian Burial-ground.—An Entertainment.—A troublesome fellow.—Sepulchre of the Forty Sleepers.—"Cattiva gente."

DECEMBER 15.—MUCH rain having fallen, it was impossible to walk about this village of Zahle: the clayey soil became dirty and slippery, and the natives are too idle to bring gravel, of which there is abundance in the adjacent mountains; but, as they walk about without either shoes or stockings, they do not mind it; some having high wooden clogs.

Dr. Honigberger and I rode to the sepulchre of Noah, at Kerak, a small village of eight or ten houses, about an hour from Zahle. A thunderstorm came on, and detained us in one of the hovels.

Dec. 16.—Much snow fell in the night, and, as the mountains, the valley, and houses, were covered with it, I did not go out.

Dec. 17.—Very hard frost—ice thick. The doctor rode with me into the plain of Baalbec. We passed through the miserable village of Malaka, which contains about three hundred inhabitants, chiefly Maronites, and is under the Emir Beshir. We shot several sorts of birds, and refreshed ourselves close to a stream—a branch of the Letane, coming from Ain Naena, over which was a neglected bridge of one arch. Parts of the plain here were cultivated, and there were a few plantations with hedges, and three or four mounds of earth. Some mountaineers passed us on horseback, and we saw others shooting on the plain. We returned about sunset, and I supped with the doctor and the man of the house, when two Druses, friends of his, came in well armed, and having eaten their rice fell asleep.

I left Zahle at about nine A.M., taking one guide only with me. The road lay through Malaka, where I found many of the inhabitants sitting at their doors, and in the midst of the frost and snow, enjoying the heat of the sun, spinning their silk and cotton. But in this plain of Bekaa, when the day is clear and without wind, it is always warm, and indeed I found it, in crossing, extremely hot. Two bridges and several villages were on my right, pleasantly situated at the foot of the mountains. In about two hours I passed close by the small village of Parragleas, without a tree or bush near it. After this, the ruins of a large castle, called Maesdell, on the summit of a high mountain, were seen upon my right;

and then a caravan of twenty-seven well-laden mules.

We now began to ascend the heights of Anti-Lebanon, having a fine view of the immense plain of Bekaa, with its magnificent mountain-boundary on both sides, covered with snow, as far as the eye could reach. Amongst the lower mountains we met a shepherd attending his cattle and goats, which were numerous here, and soon after a man on horseback, well armed, and having an attendant on foot. This man belonging to Bshirrai, as well as mine, they had a parley, and he told us to be on the look-out, as there were some bad fellows about, and robberies and murders had been committed.

The clouds thickened, and the pass became more mountainous, when, after a little time, we descended into the plain of Ish Dedar, and, riding over a swampy turf, came to another pass through the high and rugged mountain. The guide, holding his gun ready against a sudden attack, told us to be upon the look-out, as this was a dangerous pass, and I certainly never saw a place better calculated for a resort for plunderers, there being many recesses or caves, very favourable for banditti. We, however, did not meet any one, though I began to think I had done wrong in not bringing more guides, as I learned it was one of the most dangerous passes of Anti-Lebanon. The usual way of travelling through it is with a caravan, though, as that is so tedious, I

would rather recommend four or five guides who could be depended upon.

We continued for about two hours amongst high mountains of all shapes, solitary and rugged, and appearing as if divided asunder; at times riding amongst the ice or over the rugged rocks. We now came into a more open though still mountainous region, and again arrived at another pass through the mountain, of less extent, but equally stupendous; and after this, came into a valley, possessing a fine stream called Merge Aieune.

Leaving this stream on our right, we again ascended, and came to the small village of Demas about sunset. This village, which consists of about thirty or forty houses, is in the midst of low mountains, and without a tree near it. The villagers were all Turks, and very poor. I was shown into a clean and fresh white-washed hovel, having a good fire-place and chimney. A fire was immediately made and my carpet spread, and I lay down and smoked my pipe whilst my servant attended to the horses.

A large fat woman, smoking her pipe, and another woman with two or three children, sate down before the fire with me. To the children I gave some pomegranates, though my civility is always the forerunner of a demand for backshish. I was informed that, about an hour before my arrival, a poor man came into the village, who had been seized in the pass I had just come through

by four fellows, who, being up in the rugged part of the mountain, hailed him to come to them; he pursued his way, but on their pointing their guns at him he went to them, and was stripped and plundered of his mule and baggage, and, but for his pleading for his wife and children, would have been murdered.

Dec. 23.—My guide being much alarmed, wished to return, as there was a caravan going his way back, which arrived from Damascus just after us last night. After remonstrating with him on his breaking the agreement which he had made to accompany me to Damascus, I gave him a dollar, which was only half of what he was to have been paid if he had gone on, and he departed, leaving me to overtake another caravan which had left the village for Damascus. With this I soon came up, and found it a very small one, of mules and asses, going provokingly slow. The poor man who had been plundered yesterday had set off with it. He told his story to my servant, and said that the robbers had seen us coming along, and observed that we were well armed and upon the look-out. On desiring my man to give him a dollar, I was told I had better not, as it would be known, and I should be thought rich, which might turn to my disadvantage. He accordingly gave him a rubia, about three piastres.

Passing through an open and hilly region, we at length came to a large plain, and descended from this to a fine pool between the hills, a few yards in breadth, from which a stream ran

down through a vale upon our left, being one of the sources of the famous water which supplies Damascus and fertilizes its soil, the Barrada. The very slow progress of the caravan was excessively irksome, particularly as it rained; but, as I was told it would be very hazardous to go on alone, I had no remedy but patience, and, by way of amusement, lighted my pipe and crept on in the rear.

Having passed a village on our left at a little distance, in the midst of trees, a vast plain of a forest-like appearance, with the city of Damascus, towards its western side, came almost suddenly in view, some of its houses extending beyond its gardens to the gravelly slope of the hills on that side; but the morning being hazy, or perhaps the lateness of the season, deprived me of the sight of those beauties with which some travellers have been so enraptured.

The caravan having divided, I descended with part of it amongst sandy banks and through lanes, having high and neglected mud walls on each side, which enclosed orchards and gardens. At one part we passed a grove of olive-trees, and at another tall poplars, vines, walnut, and other fruit-trees, having, even at this season, a few leaves of the golden autumnal tint. Some of the hedges were still green. We scarcely met any one till we arrived at the entrance or port of Damascus. Here I dismounted, and followed my servant; and, having gone on a little way, a young man, who was in dispute with another

when we entered, asked me for my entrance or gate-money.

Having a letter from Monsieur Aubin to the French agent, Monsieur Beaudin, I found out his residence and delivered my letter to his servant, he not being at home. I next endeavoured to discover the residence of Haiîm Ben Tobi, a rich and respectable Jew, friendly to the English, to whom I had a letter from Mr. Abbott, the Consul at Beirout. This I had much difficulty in doing from the jealous nature of the Government, which makes all suspicious of each other, and particularly of a person dressed and armed as I then was. I inquired at a shop which happened to be close to his residence, but the man could not read Arabic, and knew of no such person. A young man who was near made out the direction of the letter, but did not know the person for whom it was intended, though I found afterwards that he was an inmate in his house. At last the man himself came up to his own door, and, having seen him at Beirout, I addressed him, delivered my letter, and he invited me to walk in, the young man entering with us.

Being seated, lemonade was produced, and soon after coffee; but, seeing I could have no accommodation in the house, I desired my servant to take some rooms he had shown me in the morning. I then walked out in search of my lodgings with the Jew and his young man, and, meeting my servant seeking for me, we all went to them, through narrow and filthy streets. My horses

were fastened for the night under an arch-way close to the door. The Jew left me, and, after dinner, I retired to rest on the divan, congratulating myself upon being well housed, as it poured with rain.

Dec. 24.—Soon after breakfast, my friend, the Jew, with his young man, called and offered his services. Taking a man from the house as a guide and my servant, we all set out together for the residence of Monsieur Beaudin, whom we found smoking on his divan. He was a very pleasant man. I remained with him more than an hour, much pleased with his conversation and the information he gave me. The Jew informed him that I was in rather an awkward situation, both for myself and him. Mr. Abbott having said in his letter that I had a firman from the Grand Signior, and that he was to get me another from the pasha here, immediately upon my arrival, he had applied to the pasha for a firman, saying, unluckily, that I had one from the Grand Signior. The pasha had sent word that a firman would be ready when I chose to call for it, but he wished to see what the Grand Signior's firman said. Now, *not* having any such thing, it was thought most prudent *not* to call, but to consider what was to be done, particularly as I intended going into the Haouran to the south of Damascus. It was at last agreed upon, as the following was Christmas-day, and the next a festa, to defer the affair until the third day, when Haiîm Ben Tobi would see the minister, or some

one of the head men, and ask for the firman, without mentioning that of the Grand Signior, which, if inquired for, was to be said to be left at Beirout; and, if the firman was not granted, then Monsieur Beaudin would give me a letter, which might answer every purpose for my route.

Having left M. Beaudin, we walked through the bazaars, which were crowded. The shops were about eight or nine feet square, with the goods arranged at the back and sides, the front being all open, and here the owner of each little room sits crosslegged, clean, and well-dressed. Some shops are cleaner than others, and better over head. Some are under old stone arches, and a few are domed and open at the top, but most are of wood. I looked into a large square bazaar, where the gold and silversmiths were busily at work, and into some of the khans, which are mostly large square places, with tanks of water in them surrounded by stone-work. They are generally lofty, having pillars with arches above, and are either for cattle or merchandise.

One of these, built many years since, by a Pasha of the name of Hussard, and called after him the Khan of Hussard Pasha, is a fine large building of stone alternately black and white, and has ten or twelve domes. It is supported by four very large square pillars, and has in the middle an immense basin from which the water is always running. There is a good walk all round, with a gallery above.

As I was looking about in the khans, my guide and servant were asked if I was a Frank, and if an Englishman, though, being in the oriental dress, I was not much noticed in the great crowd of the bazaars. My servant pointed out to me a well-dressed Turk, who was sitting with others in a large khan, and was a friend of Mr. B. Barker. Having made myself known to him, he was very polite and civil, saying, he was glad to see Englishmen, and would be happy to assist me. This Turk, I afterwards learned, was a great friend of the Pasha's, and was originally from Bagdad; his name was something like Abderrahman Arshim.

I saw several Turks going into the mosques, which are not to be compared with those of Constantinople. The entrance of one is directly from the bazaars; in a well-paved court was a large stone cistern full of water, into which they dipped their hands previously to entering the mosque.

The mosque (formerly the cathedral) of St. John, is a noble building. It has a large and beautiful marble court, with a tank of water, and granite columns of the Corinthian order supporting arches, the upper ones being half the height of the lower, and forming a double cloister. No Christian is permitted to enter, but the exterior of this is well worth seeing, and there are three wide gates, with brass ornaments, through which is a good view of the building. The head of

Dec. 25.—The houses are constructed of mud, plastered and whitewashed, but it was surprising to me that they have never built with stone, being surrounded with plenty of that material. But custom, I suppose, keeps them to their mud, as it does to their wooden locks and keys, which probably are of the same construction as those anciently used; some old doors, as a priest told me, having been found with this sort of fastening upon them, which are precisely the same as those in use in Upper Egypt, where I had one made for me in my presence. The key is a straight piece of wood, about half an inch in thickness, and eight or nine inches in length, having four, five, or more small spikes towards its end, either of iron or wood; these spikes meet with a corresponding number in the bolt of the lock, which are loose, and being pushed up, like the keys of a pianoforte, the bolt and the key slide out together. The entrances to the houses are bad, the doors of most being so small and low as to oblige you to stoop on entering a beautifully-paved court, containing a stone or marble tank for water, and sometimes a fountain. There being, in general, no windows to the streets, at least low down, the rooms are quite secluded: these in the better houses are spacious and elegant, having a divan at one end, with cushions at the back, and well carpeted; this is generally a step or two higher than the rest of the room, upon which, having thrown off your boots or outer shoes, sitting cross-legged, you smoke and drink coffee.

The house in which I was, though that of a poor person, and much out of repair, was built in the style of the larger houses, and seemed to have once been a good one, having its paved court and cistern; my room was small, but furnished with carpets and cushions; the windows were without glass, but had iron bars and shutters to keep out wind and rain. The gloomy appearance of the day, the hard rain preventing me from going out, brought to my mind the contrast between my present lonely situation, in this far distant city, amongst a set of men whose marked and rooted hatred of Christians surpasses that of any other part amongst Mussulmans, and the comforts of Old England at this season, and the joyous hours I had formerly passed with my friends on this blessed day.

Dec. 26.—The rain continued and prevented my going out, but I dined early with the master of the house and ten or twelve of his friends, at the head of whom he placed me. They pulled the meat to pieces, and the fowls limb from limb, in their usual manner, my neighbour throwing some into my plate; after washing their hands, they retired to another room to smoke, drink coffee, and sing. They showed me the manner of the Turks' singing, holding each other by the hand, and all bowing: also that of the Jews; when the room became so full of smoke, that I left them all in high glee, and retired to my room.

Dec. 27.—Lounged about the bazaars, but found the streets in consequence of so much rain

filthy in the extreme. Some men were scraping the mud together, taking it up in their hands and putting it into small tubs, and laying it upon the pathways and at the corners of the streets. I went to the castle, into which strangers are not often admitted, few or no Englishmen having been in it.

The castle is much in ruins, but must have been a place of great strength, and was, as it now is, in times of disturbance, the retreat of the Pasha and his soldiers. Observing a few soldiers at the entrance, I desired my servant to say to one, who was at some distance from the rest, that I wished to see the castle, and would give him a few piastres for going over it; he immediately conducted me. I passed many cells or prisons, some of which are very good, with large tanks of water. An orange tree in full bearing was in one which I entered. This place had three rooms, and there were two men here; one, to whom we spoke, was confined for debt, having been here twenty days.

Passing a place in which they were grinding corn, we came, on the other side of the castle, to the ruins of a palace, in which a former pasha lived. I then walked up the ramparts, and looked over towards the pasha's palace and gardens, which are at no great distance, and was going up higher, to have a better view of the city, when the soldier said he would show me a good view, but wished me not to go up higher, as the pasha might see me from his palace and make inquiries.

The greatest number of cannon are on this part, being about twenty. We were just entering one large arched cell, when he suddenly returned, with his finger and thumb at his nose, saying that some men had been killed there by order of the Pasha, and that the stench still remained: we then descended to others from which the water was running out through iron gratings, and subsequently ascended a very obscure place leading into a long arched apartment, in which a man was at work, making cottons in very long strings of various colours. A dark and narrow flight of stone steps conducted me to the top of the castle, commanding one of the finest views of the city. The mosque of St. John was elevated above all others, and there lay before me a range of mountains, half-way or three parts up which is the Sepulchre of the Forty Sleepers. At the top are only two or three badly-mounted cannon.

The machinery for making gunpowder, under an open archway upon the ground floor, is curious. Six or seven mallets are worked by a man jumping on the end of a beam, at the other extremity of which are placed the mallets. Having given the soldier his fee, I retired, passing by a number of armed men. The castle has four large and excessively strong battlements.

In my way home, my guide, who was a Maronite, and lived in the same house, told my servant that he was glad not only that he had seen the castle, but that he was safe out of it, and was surprised at the confidence I had placed in

the Turkish soldier, in venturing with him into such dark abodes.

Dec. 28.—Went to the Greek convent, and, saying I was an Englishman, was ushered into a room in which four or five men were smoking: the party was soon increased to twelve or fourteen. Candied sugar and a tumbler of fine clear water were handed to me, and afterwards a pipe and coffee. After some conversation relative to the Turks and Greeks, I was shown into the church, which is very spacious and airy, and contains many pictures of martyrs and saints. A smaller church adjoins it, partly open at the top. From the convent I went to a hovel, in which, close to the door, is a cell or grotto; and, having descended sixteen or eighteen steps, I came to two arched cells: this is called the house of Ananias, who restored St. Paul's sight, and in this miserable cellar prayers are said on particular feast-days. From this I went to one of the seven* gates or ports of the city, called Bab Sharkiek, or the

* The following are the names of these Ports or Gates:—
La Port di Dio.
——— St. Thomas.
——— Lorian.
——— Jarbi.
——— Chargour.
——— Serregie.
——— Mesella, *i. e.* di Prier.

There are also between two and three hundred large wooden gates dividing the different streets, which are said to be shut every evening, and fastened by a large wooden bolt.

Eastern gate, which must once have been of great strength.

Passing through this gateway, I went along the ruinous walls, with gardens on the opposite side of the road, and came to the place where, my guide said, Paul was let down in a basket, to escape the fury of the Jews, who would have sacrificed him for his conversion to Christianity. I was soon after shown the spot where it is said he hid himself when pursued by them. A priest, however, afterwards told me that the place where St. Paul hid himself was at some distance. There is a grotto at the top of a mountain before you arrive at the village of Sasa, called Salak de Camp. This is in an open Christian burial-ground, at one corner of which, nearer the city, is a curious little tomb, protected by a wooden covering, and kept in tolerable repair. This, they said, was to the memory of St. George, meaning, as I understood, of a good man named George, much beloved by the Christians, who kept the adjacent gate, and had been decapitated for defending it, thereby allowing Paul time to make his escape. I returned by the same gate, and looked into the Armenian and Syrian churches, which are small, the latter being very dark.

About five P.M. I went to dine with a Maronite priest, but it was nearly an hour before we sat down, the meal being, in fact, his supper. Eight or ten persons were smoking, and arrack, in small glasses, was handed round: the party increased,

and we all smoked till dinner was announced; I was placed at the head of a double table, having a priest of the French convent on each side of me. The table was well filled, and from twenty to twenty-five sat down, but such pulling to pieces of meat and fowl I never saw. I was allowed a knife and fork and spoon, but the rest ate *à l'Arabe*. We soon got up to make way for others, and, the ceremony of washing hands being over, smoking was resumed. The wine and arrack were placed on a round carpet in the middle of the room, with fruit,—oranges, quinces, pears, and apples. The wine was handed in large glasses, by some of the younger men of the party, with a slice of fruit upon a fork. The company, upwards of thirty, were squatted all round the room at the top of which I sat between the two priests. One of these reverend pastors was very inquisitive as to my motives for travelling, and where I was going, particularly when he found I knew Messrs. Lewis, Fisk, and King. I soon saw through it, and told him that I had nothing to do with the Bible Society, but was travelling for my amusement. I did not return to my lodging till late.

Dec. 31.—The day being fine, I rode, accompanied by my servant and guide, to the Sepulchre of the Forty Sleepers. In passing the eastern gate of the city, the guide, who had ridden through, a little in advance of us, was hailed by a Turk, a sheik, who happened also to be going that way. I had dismounted and walked on; the guide also had dismounted. We were all, however, again

upon our horses, and were turning by a fountain to the left, when the Turk, whose wrath was still unappeased, had got by a shorter way before us, and, in a vehement passion, made the guide again dismount, and walk by a place of prayer and burial-ground which happened to be on the other side of the road. Then, turning to my servant, he inquired who I was. He was told that this was no affair of his; that I was not a Christian of this country. Not understanding what the altercation was about, I looked stedfastly at this troublesome fellow; and perhaps it was fortunate he did not attempt to make me dismount, which, having conformed once to the folly of these people, I certainly should not have done a second time. We went on, the guide walking past the tombs called Sheik Slam, over a badly paved road for some distance, with mud walls and trees on each side. After quitting this pavé, and the termination of the walls and trees, we rode along a rapid stream, and began to ascend the hills, whence the country is all open up to the mountains, and in some places cultivated. I sent the guide on to a village at the foot of the mountains; called for a guide up the mountain to the Sepulchre of the Forty Christians; and waited for his return near a sheik's tomb.

At last, a guide, stone-blind, arrived with the key of the sepulchre, and was abused for his tardiness by a couple of armed Turks, who were resting on the side of the mountain and wanted to enter the tomb, which is also a place of prayer.

They ascended to it with us, and, the Turks having washed their hands, we entered, my horses being secured in the usual Turkish manner, with a chain to the ground and their legs tied. The Turks, having slipped off their shoes and said a prayer, went into one room and I into another. In a light open hall were eight or ten tombs, made of mud. Walking through an empty chamber, on the whitewashed wall of which a good deal of Arabic was written in ink, I came to the front, where there is a railing and a platform. From this place an extensive view may be had of the vast plain and distant mountains, with Damascus directly in front, surrounded by a forest of trees and by fine streams flowing abundantly in all directions. The city in shape is long, and the houses have little courts, generally containing orange-trees. Its circumference may be about twenty miles. The trees extend some miles to the east beyond the city, and I observed amongst them many villages, some being very large. This part of the plain is by far the widest. I went into the room where the Turks had been, which was matted, and a small lamp was burning in it. Having left this room and inquired about the sepulchre, the blind man lighted a wax taper, and, showing me three small holes, about the size of a dollar, pushed it through one of them, whilst I looked through the other; but nothing was to be seen but the stony side of the mountain upon which this sepulchre is built. He pointed out a crystallization as the place where a man, holding

his hand against the rock to prevent its falling upon the head of one of the forty sleepers, had left the mark of his fingers. The dropping of some water he called the weeping of the mountain for the massacre of the forty saints; and, in the second room, a hole, rather larger in circumference than a man's head, was made, he said, by St. George standing up and running his head against the place.

Tired of this nonsense, I wished to depart, but he begged I would go up a few steps cut in the solid rock leading to the back part of the building. I did so, and, passing an apartment in which the two Turks were again going through their prayers and ceremonies, came to a place amongst the rocks, a little higher up, where the stones appeared of a reddish colour; this, the blind guide said, was the spot on which Cain slew his brother Abel. I had now had quite enough, and, desiring my servant to give him a few piastres, we descended to a sheik's tomb, from which is a nearer view of Damascus, looking over the village of Salhaié, inhabited by Turks and Croats. This village is at the foot of the mountains, and without a tree. A Turk, a labouring man, and shabby in his appearance, came to meet us, and, claiming acquaintance with my servant and guide, we went on to his hovel in the village, where, seated on a mat in his little fore-court, more to please the man than myself, I smoked a pipe and drank a cup of coffee. The women, according to custom, had disappeared, having been told that some

one was approaching. He then accompanied me through the village, wishing to show me every civility, having, as he said, known some English travellers.

We again came upon the open plain, and by a shorter road arrived at the termination of the trees, or, as it is generally called, the gardens. Some five or six Turks, at a distance on the high road, hailed us, inquiring where we were going. The guide was a long way before us, and my man requested I would come on, saying that these were "cattiva gente," and would, if possible, carry off our horses. An hour after this, returning by the same lanes and pavé through which we left the city, we again arrived at one of the gates, and in another half-hour at my lodgings.

CHAPTER VII.

Visit to the Palace.—The Dervishes' Gardens.—Place of Prayer.—Turkish Villages.—Convent of Sidonaiia.—Church of the Convent.—Curious Sepulchre.— Paintings.—A Greek Convent.—Church of St. Thomas.—Interview with a Sheik. —The Sheik's Party.—Convent of Mertaclere.—Leave Damascus.—Village of Djedeide.—Scene of Saul's Conversion. —Return to Damascus.

JANUARY 1, 1825.—A man, who had been from his infancy amongst the Arabs, and spoke the language, undertook to take me with safety to Tadmor for one hundred and twenty dollars. He said it would take, at this season, five days to go thither, and I had no doubt that we might have accomplished the journey with safety; but not liking either to go alone, or to give one hundred and twenty dollars for going, I declined, and determined to pursue my intended journey into the Haouran.

Jan. 2.—Haiîm Ben Tobi called, and I accompanied him to the pasha's palace to get a firman. I was ushered into a wrong room, into which, after I had smoked my pipe and taken coffee, an

ugly negro, one of the pasha's eunuchs, entered, and I discovered the mistake. My removal to another apartment gave me an opportunity of seeing some of the pasha's horses, handsomely caparisoned, in a square in the interior. Not finding the person we wanted, we left, and, after some search, met him. He was an Armenian, holding a situation under the pasha, and was told by Haiîm Ben Tobi that Mr. Abbott had written to the pasha for a firman for me, saying that I had one from Constantinople. The Armenian observed, that as I had no such thing, it was of no use his speaking to the pasha, and thus the affair finished. We then adjourned to Monsieur Beaudin's, and, on my telling him what had just passed, he said I had better not give myself any more trouble about it, as he would procure me a firman on the following day.

Jan. 3.—Upon calling on Monsieur Beaudin, the firman, which he had taken the trouble to get from the Pasha, but which the Jew was not able to obtain, was produced. I met at the khan M. Antonio Rosolio, who had travelled with us to Aleppo, and who got his living by buying horses of the Arabs. We went together to the dervishes' gardens outside the city, and walked through part of them, passing a fine stream. The old dervish, the head of them all, was sitting upon a stool under a large tree. He was dressed in a silk robe lined with fur, and wore a high cap, round at the top, and having a white shawl or handkerchief circling the lower part of it. His

attendant wore a similar cap, but without the shawl, and quite plain. His robe and clothes were of a bright yellow. After some conversation, he showed me their place of prayer, which is in a delightful situation in the gardens, with several good apartments near it, uninhabited. The interior is spacious, the middle floored, and confined by a railing; here they go through their ceremonies of twirling round, as I saw them at Constantinople. Having ascended a flight of steps, I had a good view of this part of the city.

We then left the gardens and proceeded along the road to the residence of the dervish, where, descending two or three steps, and passing a dark room and passage, we reached, by a few steps, his apartments. Here, being seated upon cushions, sweet water, pipes, and coffee were introduced, and the dervish entered into a long discourse with M. Antonio Rosolio, who spoke Arabic fluently. Being informed that I had witnessed the religious ceremonies of the dervishes at Constantinople, he inquired what I thought of them, and said, that what was called a dance, was not so in reality, but a religious observance. A small library was in his room, and round it were several Arabic inscriptions.

Jan. 5.—I started for the Greek convent of Sidonaiia, about five hours' journey hence to the north east, going out of Damascus by the northern gate, or Bab Tumer, at which we were involved in a dispute with the gate-keeper, who

demanded a piastre of my servant. He looked furiously at me, and was very abusive. A mob began to collect, and, my servant being as determined as myself not to give him the piastre, (the English being exempted,) we went on and the man followed, till I showed him my firman, the sight of which altered his looks, and, with a smile, he asked for a few paras to drink a cup of coffee.

Proceeding by the road to the Sepulchre of the Forty Sleepers, we passed close to the village of Berdzie, at the back of which a fine transparent stream rushed through a cleft in the mountain. Having passed through these mountains, we entered a more open country, still continuing by the stream. On the left was a village called Maraba, situated on a hill, and containing between four and five hundred Turks. A small village in ruins, and nearly concealed by trees, called Sourley, was soon reached. Riding amongst trees, and continuing by the stream, we came to the village of Tull, where the men and women were at work in the open air; a number of the latter turning a wheel, spinning cotton. This place contains about six hundred Turks, and is in a pleasant situation. In another half hour we reached the village of Manein, containing about five hundred inhabitants. Here, at the foot of the mountain, and close by me, was the fountain-head of the fine stream, by the side of which I had been riding, and which in various places had formed cascades. Close to the spring is a sheik's

tomb. The poor Turk who held my horse complained that his eyes were very weak, and I recommended him to put a little arrack into some of the water from this fountain-head, and wash them with it. This water is called "Dien Menein," or the "Eye of the water of Menein."

Pursuing my journey, I soon entered a short and rocky pass, from which we came into a valley or plain; not a tree was to be seen. We continued along this, and, passing a ruinous village about a mile distant, called Telfeta, containing not more than thirty inhabitants, we gradually ascended a rocky hill, and descended to the village and convent of Sidonaiia. The convent is upon the top of a rough barren rock, on the left side of a valley, and by steps cut out of this rock, you ascend to it; but for these, it would be almost inaccessible. Entering by a low door covered with iron plates, where some priests received me, and ascending another flight of steps also cut in the solid rock, I was shown into a room kept for the Patriarch of Damascus alone, when he visits the convent. From this I went by more steps to the top of the building, which is walled in, and of a long octagonal shape. The roof is flat, and composed of stones and a cement, with straw well rolled. The village is directly below, the houses of which are built of small stones, and have flat roofs; but many of them are in ruins. This place, though high in the mountains, is surrounded by still higher ranges.

delightfully upon the snowy mountain to the west, called Djebel Sheik, I went down to dinner, and the head man* of the convent, a Greek of Damascus, not a priest, dined with me, and several others came in the evening. Before dinner I went into the church, which was lighted up, and found the congregation at prayers, the priest reading as fast as he could. A man showed me into the sanctuary, which is highly gilded and lit up, and contains a small ornamented iron case, with a curtain before it, and several tolerably painted pictures.

Jan 6.—This day being a festa, at about half-past three in the morning, I heard them calling to prayers by beating a sort of tune with sticks,† the Turks not allowing them bells.‡

At five A.M. I rose and went to the church, which contained a congregation of both men and women, apart from each other. Soon after eight I proceeded to the top of the convent, and at eleven mounted my horse, and went with the villagers, a priest or two, and the head of the convent, to visit some small places which they call churches. A few of these are cut in the rock; some in total ruin; and in others prayers are said only once in the year. The only well built

* The *Lay Superior;* it is the same at Nazareth. *Vide* Jowett, p. 181.

† "Striking a piece of wood"—"instead of the ringing of a bell."—*Vide* Jowett, p. 211.

‡ Except in Mount Lebanon—"a most pleasing distinction in the heart of Turkey."—*Vide* Jowett, p. 68.

square building in the village was dedicated to St. Peter. I next saw a curious place cut in the rock, which has been a sepulchre, with six arched cells, large enough to contain two bodies in each; but the cell on each side of the entrance may be said to be double, making them equal to eight cells. The place is eight or ten feet wide by fourteen or sixteen in length, and contains much rubbish. The entrance is small, and over it are the mutilated remains of six figures, nearly as large as life. These are cut in the solid rock, and stand in pairs, in three niches, but are without heads, and so defaced that the form only remains. An ornament like a large shell is placed over the heads of each pair, and at the foot of every niche is a Greek inscription, much destroyed by exposure to the weather.*

From this sepulchre I proceeded to a curious excavation in the rock opposite, called the church of St. Babylas, not far from which are the remains of another church of the same name. The arches and pillars still remain, with an altar-piece and paintings on the wall: a little farther is the church of St. Peter, the most perfect of any I had visited; it has many columns, and there is an Arabic inscription in it. Before visiting these places, I rode down to what they called the Garden, passing to it through a number of fig-trees. It is full of mulberry and other trees, well sup-

* Maundrell copied these nearly one hundred and twenty-eight years before, and even then speaks of their obscurity. *Vide* his book, p. 131.

plied with water, and surrounded by a hedge. Whilst my servant and guides sat round a pool of water and smoked their pipes, I walked through this garden.

We now repaired to the village directly across the plain. The church there is a tolerably good building, and contains a few paintings; two, representing angels rescuing the good from the grasp of the devil, and a third, the beginning of the world, and the temptation, fall, and banishment from Paradise of Adam and Eve. The population (about one hundred) of the village seemed very poor, and the houses were in ruins. My way back was amongst the vines with which this valley is covered in many places, and in my road to the village of Sidonaiia, I visited the places of prayer, called churches, before-mentioned. After leaving that of St. John, I attempted to ascend the highest mountain, near Mount Sherbere, though all said there was no road. After, however, being a little baffled, I found one, and passed some vast and rugged rocks, on which were the ruins of a convent and its buildings. Still continuing to ascend, my servant and guide not having followed me, I was approaching some suspicious-looking cavities, and it occurred to me that, being up a vast height, without attendants, and hidden from all below, it might not be safe to proceed. I therefore descended, and met my servant just before entering the village, he and I having arrived there by different roads.

This convent contains many chambers for pilgrims, and has now only five priests and twenty-five nuns in it, though when Maundrell was here it was possessed by twenty Greek monks and forty nuns, who seemed, as he says, to live together without any order or separation. Two years since, it had nearly been demolished in the same way as the other small places of prayer near it have been, at various times, by the Turks; for it happened that a Turk arrived and demanded meat and drink, and, after partaking of every thing, attempted to depart without paying the fathers a single para. This displeased them, words ran high, and at last they beat the Turk, who, upón his arrival at Damascus, represented this in such terms that the pasha gave an order for the convent to be burnt and the village destroyed. To avert the execution of this order, the Patriarch went to the pasha and offered to pay a sum of money, if the convent and village were spared. This was agreed to, and ten thousand piastres were demanded, to raise which, the Patriarch and many Christians at Damascus, and all the Christian villages near, contributed. Thus the place was saved; and this may account in some measure for the poverty of its inhabitants. They told me that there had not been an Englishman at this convent for the last ten years.

Jan. 7.—After a fog, which enveloped us all the morning, had cleared up, I again set off, with an extra guide or two, to ascend the highest

mountain near, Mount Sherbere, and at about a fourth of the way up from the Greek convent, came to the ruins of the church* of St. Thomas. One part of the church remains and is kept locked up. In the interior some pillars and arches and the altar remain, but the roof is entirely destroyed. Several caverns and sepulchres are near; and at a little distance some large tombs.

After an hour's steep ascent, I arrived at what they called the dangerous part of the ride, and here one of the guides went into a small square entrance in the stone, directly behind some immense rocks, and capable of containing a great number of people. Finding all was safe we proceeded. Close by, and at the back of this high and stony mountain are the remains of another church, from the top of which the view just then was singular, for the whole country, excepting the high mountains, was enveloped in fog, as far as the eye could reach. To this, the brilliancy of the sun, (for the sky was without a cloud,) gave a white

* Maundrell says, "Here upon this rock, and within a little compass round about it, are no less than sixteen churches or oratories, dedicated to several names:" as to

St. John.	The blessed Virgin.
— Paul.	St. Demetrius.
— Thomas.	— Saba.
— Babylas.	— Peter.
— Barbara.	— George.
— Christopher.	All Saints.
— Joseph.	The Ascension.
— Lazarus.	The Transfiguration.

Vide his book, page 129.

woolly appearance. Looking to the left, I was surrounded by the distant high range of Anti-Lebanon and Djibel Sheik, covered with snow, while at some distance and in a valley was the village of Rencouse, the only one I saw, containing, it is said, about two hundred Turks. More to the left was the road to Aleppo. My servant fired at two large eagles which were upon a rock, and I sprang several brace of partridges close to this church. Some of the stones of the edifice are of considerable size, being from six to nine feet in length, and above two in breadth and depth.

On returning, we ascended the neighbouring rock, on the top of which there was formerly a small tower. Having discharged our pistols, and the guide, who remained below with the horses, having returned the compliment, we began to descend. Passing the convent of Barbola, we arrived in an hour and a half at that of Sidonaiia. A message was delivered to me that a Turk, a sheik, had arrived from Damascus, and desired to pay me a visit, or would be glad to see me in the Padrone's room below. I preferred going to him, and, being ushered in in due form, all rising on my entrance, I found fourteen or fifteen persons in the room, including the sheik, two men who appeared to be attendants, and a servant dressed as an Arab. I was seated at the top of the room, and, after smoking and drinking with them for an hour, for the Turk drank plentifully of the wine, a fellow began to play upon a pipe. The com-

pany consisted partly of the working people of the village, and they seemed to be in fear of the Turks, who only come as spies, and to extort money from them. They do not sleep in the convent without an order from the Patriarch of Damascus. The sheik ordered music, and two or three of the party got up and danced, as they called it, whilst we continued smoking and singing. The sheik informed me of two battles that had been fought some little time before, between the Emir Bechir's party and a numerous horde of Metawâlies, and some Christians, in the neighbourhood of Baalbec, in which the Emir's party had been defeated, and his son, it was said, killed. His palace had been attacked, and he had fled. The sheik offered to find a man who would take me in security to Tadmor for five hundred piastres, and one of the Turks offered to accompany me as a guide, and said he should like much to go to England with me.

Jan. 8.—Left the convent of Sidonaiia soon after nine A.M. the whole of the country towards the east being still enveloped in fog. When we arrived at the pedestal we fired off our pistols, and in two hours and a half came again to the village of Menein, where a Tartar courier passed us on his way to Aleppo, two men being with him. Before entering the village, we arrived at a rocky pass, and, leaving our horses, ascended the mountain by a very steep path. Nearly at the summit are the remains of steps cut into the rock, and two pedestals and columns. The view hence is beau-

tiful up the winding and cultivated valley, with Menein and its single minaret directly below. I entered a room cut in the rock, which is lofty, and about twenty feet by sixteen in size. The entrance is very large, and the sculpture which went round it, part of which remains on the top and on the right hand side, is very beautifully executed. The doorway resembles that of the temple of the sun at Baalbec. Close to this apartment is another, also excavated in the rock. This latter is about twenty feet by thirty, and very high, the roof being arched, but part of it has fallen in. This apartment has twelve or fourteen steps leading up to it, with a platform and columns and a seat all cut out of the rock. Other apartments adjoin these; but all I could learn of the place was merely its name of Mertaclere, or the convent of Mertaclere.

Proceeding onwards, I passed through the village of Tull, and, in going through the rocks in the valley before coming to the plain, met several people. One man in particular, was armed and well dressed; but, being so much wrapped up, I could not see his face, which he evidently wished to conceal. He was attended by a black servant, also armed and well dressed.

At about four P.M. I again entered Damascus, and had another dispute with the same gate-keeper about backshish.

Jan. 9.—Called upon Monsieur Beaudin, who told me it was true that there was a revolution amongst the people in the mountains, but not

that the Emir Bechir had left his palace or lost *his son.*

Jan. 11.—Left Damascus with a Turkish guide and my servant to see the place* where Saul beheld the "light from heaven," and "fell to the earth." Having to travel amongst a bad set, we were well armed, and, after passing ruinous mud walls and open fields in which water was flowing in all directions, and by tolerable roads through well arranged groves of olives, we came to the village of Abaabut, where I found the upper parts of the mud houses built in the shape of sugar-loaves, having a singular appearance. In about an hour and a half we came to the village of Dierraye, half-way to the place I was going to. Here is a large café, and, the guide proposing a cup of coffee and a pipe, I dismounted, and entered a large room in which were about twenty men smoking principally argillées. Having finished our pipes and coffee, we left the village, and were again on the open plain with Djebel Sheik far on our right. The road is excellent, but the wind was directly in our faces and very cold. The Turk tied a handkerchief round his throat and face, and tucked the ends into the folds of his turban, just leaving an opening to see through. My servant threw his great coat before him, hiding his face, and I had my turban made tighter. We proceeded, at times galloping, along the bank of a fine and rapid stream (el Berdè) which

* Authors differ as to the place.—*Vide* Maundrell, Wilson, Richardson, and Acts x. 3.

flows from the snowy mountains to the Bahr el Margi, or Lake of the Meadows. Low stone houses are built over it, at certain distances, upon arches through which the water runs and turns wheels inside for grinding corn. Riding through a grove of olive trees, we came to the village of Djedeide, which contains about one hundred and sixty persons, of whom the greater part are Druses, the rest being Turks, and about thirty Greeks.

As the guide said we were near the place to which we were going, we halted here to take refreshment, in a room in which they cleaned and spun cotton, and without a window, having only small air-holes. Pipes and a pan of fire were brought to us, and soon after fried eggs in an earthen bowl, olives preserved in oil in another, and what they called Debis, made from grapes, in a third, with a small dish containing pieces of bad cheese mixed with oil, and plenty of tolerable bread; but of wine or spirit there was none, the Christian inhabitants having been threatened with punishment by the Turks if they drank or sold any, on account of a riot with a drunken party which had occurred only a few days since. They wished me to sleep here, but I declined the offer, and, accompanied by three men of the village, we again mounted, and, after riding for half an hour, at times at full gallop, along a stream and through swampy places, we came to some high hills, the most elevated of which, of a conical shape, we began to ascend, amongst large stones and pieces

of lava. When about three-fourths up, we came to a small cavern, into which you descend by four or five steps. Here I was told that Saul was placed after having seen the light from Heaven.

On one of the neighbouring hills are the remains of a village, and on another, the lowest, is a good square building belonging to some servants of the Pasha's. They said that there once was a convent upon the hill, and perhaps, from the great quantity of stones, this might have been the fact. These hills stand in the plain, which they seem to terminate, but having ascended above the cavern to the top of one (from which the high wind obliged me to retreat), I saw the continuation of the plain. On my return, after the villagers had left us, we proceeded rapidly, taking a road more to the right. It was getting dark very fast, and we hastened our pace. In a burial-ground through which we passed, we obtained some light from a lamp hanging to a sheik's tomb; and at length arrived at *il Porta di Dio* of Damascus. The Turk desired us to come on, and keep close, and my servant charged me not to speak Italian. It began to rain as we passed through this gate, after which, riding through a wide and paved street, we came amongst the bazaars. In the street, lamps were hung here and there opposite to the coffee-houses, which seemed well lighted up, having a curtain before the doors and windows. After passing these, it was so dark, that I desired my servant to stop the guide, as I could not see him when

close to my horse's head. I trusted to my horse, and getting among the narrow bazaars, luckily now and then we had a light, but, in darkness and in rain, the way appeared long from the *Porta di Dio* to the stables at which we stopped, from whence, abusing my man for his negligence in not purchasing a light of one of the men at the stable at any price, I was pulled through dark passages and mud for twenty minutes, till I arrived at my lodgings.

CHAPTER VIII.

War in the Mountains.—Public and Private Buildings.—Pilgrims to Mecca.—Visit the Maronite Priest.—Start for the Haouran.—The Khan Denoun.—A Lava-built Village.—Ruins of Ezrah.—Turks at Prayer.—Contention with an Arab.—Village of Tearrie.—Soueida.—Rouchar.—Hebran.—Ruins of Greiah,—and of Buserar.

JANUARY 13.—The whole of Damascus was this morning covered with snow, as well as the mountains and plain around it down to the houses.

Jan. 15.—Monsieur Beaudin called upon me, and said that there had been another battle in the mountains between the Sheik Bechir's party and that of the Emir Bechir, in which the former had lost eighteen men, and twelve or fifteen were wounded, and the latter had lost fourteen or fifteen. He added, that as a day or two since the courier in coming from Beirout had been stripped and robbed of his letters, I had better not think of returning thither at present. He thought there

were from 120,000 to 130,000 Druses in the mountains, but as soldiers only three or four thousand. Abdallah Pasha of Acre had, however, arrived with or sent to Sidon a thousand soldiers to assist the Emir Bechir. In answer to my questions, in what consisted the beauty of this dirty place, in which at this season it was totally impossible to walk after rain or snow; and whether it was not at the end of the summer extremely hot and disagreeable? he said that now it certainly was seen to great disadvantage, though, when the spring was more advanced, in two or three months, it was very pleasant. The dust that prevails in August and September, if there be any wind, is excessively disagreeable, and productive of bad eyes. This is the delicious and so much bepraised country, though I allow it ought to be seen in April and May. After all, it is a confined place, a plain full of trees surrounded by mountains amongst a desperate population.

After Monsieur Beaudin left me, I walked into the bazaars, and into the street leading to the Porta di Dio, eight or ten times wider than any other, having shops on each side In some of the houses the upper parts projected beyond the lower; good-looking buildings are nevertheless seen here and there, and some well-built mosques, but the domes of several of these were in ruins. The coffee-houses have a lamp hanging in the middle of the street at night, and those are the only lights in this street, the shops being all shut in the evening. These coffee-houses are one large

square room, having the earth for the floor: they are entered through a high arch, with a door and two windows on each side, and a small court with seats. Other strong buildings for corn are mixed in confusion with mud hovels, shops, mosques, and coffee-houses.

I next arrived at the Porta di Dio, on the Mecca road, the paltry entrance to the filthy city, which is simply two high arches, and a parapet, or mùd wall, a foot or two higher, in ruins: through this gate, the pilgrims who have assembled at Damascus annually pass on their way to visit the tomb of Mahomet. The Pasha of Damascus, who has the title of El Mer el Hadjee, or Prince of the Caravan of Mecca, accompanies them, and on this occasion some villages are compelled to supply his soldiers gratuitously with a certain quantity of bread. The number of pilgrims sometimes assembled is astonishing, fifteen thousand having been known to be present, with as many, or more, camels and mules, though sometimes the caravan has consisted of only a few hundred. They are divided into parties; the pasha's band goes before, and they are always provided with cannon. Their time of starting is generally about April or May, and last year four thousand Persians visited this city as pilgrims. This year, on the 15th of the moon after the Ramadan, the whole caravan of hadjees was supposed to have amounted to fifty thousand, assembled from Persia, Bagdad, all the Addjam, Constantinople, &c. at Damascus, called the Gate of

Mecca, which it leaves by the Porta di Dio, leading to the Mecca road. Forty segmans, or soldiers, mounted upon as many camels, went before, having very long guns fastened before them to their saddles. Ten camels were in front, drawing five cannons upon wheels; and then came a thousand camels with the pasha, who, upon this occasion, is titled the Emir Hadjee. Five hundred carried the tents, provisions, presents, and the harem, and five hundred were unloaded, in case of accident to any of the former, all richly decorated. The harem being shut up, is carried in handsome vehicles, splendidly adorned with gold and silver, each between two camels, one before and one behind. The caravan halts in the Haouran till all the hadjees join; it then starts for Mecca, remains there fifteen days, and returns again to Damascus, in four months from its first departure.

Jan. 17. — Called upon the Maronite priest, who promised to procure for me a janizary to accompany me to the Haouran. He told me there had been much bustle at Beirout, Abdallah Pasha having procured all the rice he could lay hands on, and sent it to the Emir Bechir for his soldiers. A Greek vessel, having obtained intelligence of a Turkish vessel lying in the harbour, came in with French colours and seized her. The English and French Consuls, being on board, requested to have her liberated, which was immediately complied with, and the Greek sailed off.

Jan. 21.—Called on Monsieur Beaudin for in-

formation respecting the Haouran: a man who came in said it was extremly dangerous to go thither, as the Arabs were plundering the inhabitants.

On my return home, I sent a servant to bring me the guide who was to accompany me into the Haouran. Monsieur Beaudin was kind enough to come and meet him and settle the affair. The guide was a tall, good-looking Arab, gaily dressed, and said that there had been a stir amongst the people in the Haouran a few days since, but that it was now safe, as some soldiers of the Pasha's went thither yesterday; so it was settled that I should start on the day after to-morrow, and pay him five piastres a-day, though he could not be absent more than twenty-five days. I heard that a battle had been fought in the neighbourhood of Sidon, in which the Emir Bechir was victorious.

Jan. 22.—The caravan for Beirout has returned, being unable to get on.

Jan. 23.—Left Damascus for the Haouran, by the eastern gate, soon after one P.M. and passed over much the same road as I had done before, viz. through the Christian burial-ground, wherein and close by the road is a heap of gravel, &c. beneath which is a sort of arch, nearly filled up; and here St. Paul is said to have alighted when let down from the castle; but Maundrell mentions another place as the scene of that event. The village of El Kessoue, consisting of four hundred houses, inhabited by about two thousand Turks, is built with mud bricks, and the houses are plas-

tered with mud and straw mixed. It stands upon the plain, surrounded by mountains, of which that to the east, Djebel Kessoue, is the most elevated. At a distance, in the opposite direction, is Djebel Sheik, now covered with snow; and there are some villages between this and the foot of the mountain. Here I obtained a tolerably good room for the night.

Jan. 24.—Left at half-past eight, and, having crossed the river Arawadj, in half an hour we passed the khan Denoun, a large square building, in which the pasha sleeps when going to Mecca, it having been erected expressly for him. The house stands low, and was now surrounded by water. Having passed, after this, through Hoobargib, containing about three hundred houses of Turks, in a ruined state, the walls, though of stone, being so placed together as to be seen through, we continued across the plain, which was full of pieces of lava, but in some parts cultivated. We next reached Meutbene, consisting of about forty houses of Turks, some of which had been well built. Passing some mountains (Soubbet Faraoun) in the plain, and always amongst lava, we arrived at Ghabarib, and continued over the dreary and stony plain till four P.M. when we arrived at Cuabbub, a most extraordinary place, all of lava, so that I fancied myself in the neighbourhood of Mount Etna. The inhabitants are Christians.

Before dinner, my Arab guide pulled out my firman, and after the priest had examined it, he

passed it to his neighbour on the mat, who read it aloud. "Ben venuto!" exclaimed they; adding that the house was mine. There was a party of eighteen or twenty present, all sitting round a fire-place cut in the middle of the room out of square pieces of stone, and I endeavoured to explain by my servant that all the houses were once liquid fire, and came out of the burning mountains, at which they laughed, and asked why the stones now in the fire before us were not affected by it. After my dinner, that of my guide and servant came in, in which repast some of the company, including the priest, joined. They had a large dish of rice and boiled fowls, which they pulled to pieces with their hands; two or three had wooden spoons for the rice, but the rest ate it with their hands, which one afterwards wiped upon the bread. Others followed the first set. I gave them wine, and we smoked and drank coffee, and passed away the time in singing till near eleven o'clock, when I said I wished to repose, and, my bed being made, they departed, one of them telling my servant not to sleep too much, but to be on his guard.

The door of my apartment had no fastening, and I could be seen from without as I lay in my bed; but my guide and servant were in the same room. The door of the outer entrance was made of very thick lava, formed with a round pivot at the top and bottom, which went into corresponding sockets, and on this it turned. The village was said to contain about four hundred houses,

or two thousand inhabitants, but I do not think there were so many. It appeared to me, that part or most of this village stands in the crater of an extinguished volcano, the whole place evidently showing the action of fire.

My journey was resumed soon after nine, and in an hour we passed the village of Tebné, of about one hundred and fifty houses, inhabited by Turks. Mehadge is another place of the same size, near which are the remains of a considerable and well-built place, called Keratha. Here are three or four small temples. We next rode through the wretched hamlet of Neghia, and, crossing the plain, amongst corn just springing up and birds darkening the air by their numbers, came into the high road, and passed the Turkish village of Shockrah. At about three P.M. we turned off this road to the left, and, going over a very bad and stony road, came to the village of Ezrah, built in the midst of rocks, and containing about three hundred houses, half Turks' and half Christians'. Here we halted for the night. This place, from its ruins, appears to have been of some consequence. One of the Christians conducted me to see the remains of a church, which has been well built, round in the interior and square externally. The arches and a dome are still standing.

After being asked to place a backshish upon the altar, which I did, I returned to dinner. A large mess of boiled rice being placed before me, of which three men partook, and no-

thing else but bread being brought in, I directed some cold meat which I had with me to be broiled, and drank my wine with it, offering some to two or three near me, which, as there were Turks present, they refused, but drank coffee and smoked. Whilst the Christians were smoking, a party of Turks went to prayers, one being in front of them, as a sort of fugleman; for when he knelt, bowed, kissed the ground, or stood up, they did the same; when he repeated his prayers louder, or sat down with his legs under him to utter other prayers, they followed his example, face to face: this continued for about twenty minutes. Five Turks slept in the same room, which was without a door, with myself, my guide, and my servant.

Jan. 26.—With my former Christian companion and my servant, I again repaired to the ruined church. While examining the top of the ruin an Arab came up to us; I thought him a suspicious-looking fellow, and under his cloak he had a sword, which he took care I should see. I did not notice him; but presently, whilst we were walking amongst the ruins, in a place where no one could see us, he asked my servant for money as a backshish, holding him by the arm. I was close by, and, hearing the contention, desired my servant, whom I blamed for being without his pistols, to tell me what was the matter, at the same time striking the Arab's arm which held his. The old guide, who was with us, perceiving that the affair was becoming serious, came up, and

I, seeing that the Arab had seized the handle of his sword, and was making a feint at drawing it, interfered. Having a small pocket-pistol, I stood so close to him that he could not draw his sword upon me, and browbeat him, saying, that he should not have a para. The old fellow of the place advised him to go away, for he knew, if I had shot this Arab, others would have come and plundered the village. He retired; but in crossing the ruins we met him again, on horseback, carrying a lance; another was riding with him. We were upon a narrow pathway on a high bank, my servant hurrying on, as he said, for his pistols, and betraying his fears, by calling upon me; but, being on a level with the Arab, I was prepared, if he had offered to throw his lance, to vault upon him. The guide fearing I should shoot him, ran after me to prevent mischief: thus we entered the village. Whilst relating these circumstances, the men came in, but my Damascus guide, Hadge Ali, having spoken to them, they retired, and we thinking it better to continue our journey, left the village between ten and eleven, and saw no more of them. My servant told me that, on his refusing to give money to the Arab, as our letter from the Pasha exonerated us from such demands, the former said that the Pasha was nothing to him, nor the Sultan either: that the country was theirs, (the Arabs';) that all the villages paid them something, and if any one came there, he must yield the like tribute. It was upon his again refusing to pay that the Arab

was about drawing his sword, when we interfered.

After riding, upon the look-out, though my guide said there was no chance of our being attacked unless these two Arabs should meet with others, we passed the villages of Dour and Summar, and arrived at the miserable one of Tearrie, like the rest, all amongst stones. On the first parley with the sheik, I offered to show him my firman, but he declined looking at it, and requested me to dismount. I was then shown into a dark cell in a small court-yard, descending three or four steps into it; it was so low that I was obliged to stoop. The sheik gave me coffee, and we smoked till my dinner of boiled fowls and rice was ready, when five or six men came in, nearly filling the small apartment, and had their mess brought to them. I offered them wine, but this they declined, though my guide, who was a Mahomedan, drank it. After going through their prayer and ceremonies, two or three retired. I sat up in my bed till the lamp went out, unable to sleep, the horses moving about in the court-yard, and the dogs barking; but my men slept soundly.

Jan. 27.—Left at nine, and passed close by the ruins of the village of Wulgara, and then over an immense plain, and, gradually ascending, came near the Turkish village of Remee, situated upon a rising and very stony ground upon my left; the corn was springing up, and the turf was of a fine green. Gradually ascending, we wound up

to the town of Soueida, beautifully situated, and having an extensive view of the plain and mountains. I looked at a temple near this place, which was nearly perfect, but as the weather was cold, and I as intended to return this way, I proceeded, and at one o'clock arrived high in the hills, nearly at the foot of a high round mountain, which had been our direction all along the plain, and was covered with snow. There are many trees on these mountains, above the miserable village of Rouchar, which supply it with fuel. Here I engaged a hovel for the night, and gave the letter to the priest's brother, which I had brought for him from Damascus. The priest himself was absent.

Jan. 28.—The priest arrived at about eleven o'clock, and I gave him my letter which I had brought from the Greek convent at Damascus. Soon after twelve I set off with the priest's brother, besides my servant and guide, for the village of Herbran. We kept along the hills and passed the Druse village of Sarharway, and then, ascending by a very rough road, came to a fine rapid stream, called Nahr Darhab, (which rising in Djebel Haouran, falls into the Sheirat el Mandhour, which enters the Jordan a little to the south of the Sea of Tiberias,) and amongst snow to the village of Herbran, which is on a long and high rocky mountain, and commands a fine view of both plains. It is, like the rest, much in ruins, and there are the remains of some fine buildings; among the rest, those of a church with six arches

and a small temple. It might have been a place of extraordinary strength.

Jan. 29.—Rain detained me till half-past nine o'clock, when we resumed our journey, and, passing amongst large and loose stones in all directions, and in some places piled up, we came in two hours to the village of Greiah, which has been a tolerably large place, containing many buildings, now in ruins. Here are the remains of a church, with water running through some lower arches, and also the relics of two small temples, one of which is tolerably perfect.

Of all the villages I had seen, this appeared the most desolate; it was situated on a savage-looking plain, entirely covered with loose stones as far as I could see. Though appearing to have once been a place of some consideration, the buildings were in a state of total ruin, and the inhabitants were living mostly under-ground, in hovels formed by stones, rubbish, and lava, and plastered on the inside. The melancholy feeling inspired by the place was increased by the lone appearance of one solitary tree. All else was bare and desolate.

Passing midway between Grist and Bourt, I arrived in two hours at Buserar. Four columns stand by themselves on the plain, the capitals of which are beautiful. A narrow street, more than a quarter of a mile in length, leads up to them; on each side are low archways all the way. Here is a church or mosque, with a belfry or minaret, having twenty plain columns, with capitals of different orders. Some are of mar-

ble, and some of lava, and they appear to have been put up at different periods. Close by are the noble remains of a church, having six perfect arches, supported by twelve plain columns, with beautiful capitals, much dilapidated, and half covered with earth. At the end of the arches is a very large one. The workmanship all round it is beautiful. The whole is upon a large scale. The sheik's room in which I lived had only a doorway, with air-holes at the back, and the fire, as usual, was in the middle of four pieces of stone.

CHAPTER IX.

Leave Buserar.—Aacre.—Soueida.—Sheik of Soueida.—Magnificent Ruins.—Extinguished Volcanoes.—Ruins of Shukkah.—El Hait.—A Village Party.—Sheik Bechir and Ali Hamet.—Wretched Dwelling.—Villagers of El Hait.—Arab Visiters.—Miscellaneous Memoranda.—Departure from El Hait.—Plain of Damascus.—Return to Damascus.—The Druses.—Idolatry of the Druses.—Emir Bechir.—Palace of the Emir Faccadine.—Reception of an English Lady.—Marriage Ceremony.—Singular Ceremony.

FEBRUARY 3.—The morning being fine, I left this place after breakfast. Much has been said of the danger of sojourning here; if a large party of Arabs came in, resistance would be useless; the sheik could not prevent them from robbing you if once they got into the room, but a little resistance will repel them, as the doors are always small and low, and there is no other entrance. Whilst taking a last view of the ruins, being considerably behind, my servant came back and called out to me to come on, as there were Arabs about, assuring me that two or three had been near upon the look-out, a sign that others were not far off. Having gone on, we

soon saw a man riding at full gallop directly across to us, which proved to be the sheik whom we had just left at Buserar. He had come after us to say that he had seen between thirty and forty Bedouins, and to advise us to be upon our guard, and make the best of our way. He rode with us some distance, and we continued at our usual pace. Having passed two or three villages in ruins, we arrived in two hours at the village of Aaere, where, being told that about forty Arabs were upon the look-out for us, we thought it better to take up our quarters for the night. This village is upon a rocky hill, and contains eight or nine hundred armed men, of whom a few are Druses, the rest Christians. The Bedouins are afraid to attack them. I went into a large room with two arches in it, covered with mats and swept out; this was the most cleanly apartment I had lately been in. The sheik and the priest, and twelve or fourteen others, were sitting round a wood fire: after smoking and taking coffee as usual, I walked for a couple of hours up and down a stone terrace till dinner, with all the inhabitants round me making their remarks.

Feb. 4.—Left Aaere early, and again arrived at about ten A.M. at Rouchar.

Feb. 5.—Hard frost. Left at ten, and before eleven arrived at Soueida. Here I was taken into a large room, wherein I dined with a numerous party, after which I went out and copied some inscriptions. On my return, a head sheik

came in. I inquired if the Arabs had taken us, what would have been the consequence? and he said that they would most likely have murdered us; but I might meet some who would only strip us and take away our horses, and then let us go on. This sheik, whose name was Useph, was a Druse, and a friend of the Pasha of Damascus, as broad as a Harry the Eighth, and like a beef-eater, dressed in scarlet. At about three P.M. two Druses of the mountain, soldiers who had fought against the Emir Bechir, were driven in by the hard rain. They sat over a great fire, and the sheik ordered them some dry clothing.

Feb. 6.—I had a further conversation with the head sheik this morning. He said that it was five or six years since Sheik Ibrahim (Burckhardt) was here, and he did not know that he was dead; that an Englishman had been here about ten years since. This I was told at all the villages, but could not make out who he was.

Left Soueida, and in two hours, gradually ascending through a dangerous part, amongst a woody and stony country, in which men were cutting fire-wood and attending cattle, which the Arabs often come and drive away, I arrived at the ruins of a beautiful colonnade of an oval shape, of which seven columns and nine pedestals remained. The capitals were beautiful. It is at the foot of the Druse village of Garnavate, which is in ruins, and stands high up, the country regularly shelving, amongst trees, small oaks, and stones, down into the plain. I walked all round

it; it is large and built upon arches. The ruins here are beautiful. Magnificent temples or palaces, with columns, all of great strength and beautiful workmanship, greet the eye. Round one door the vine in clusters was sculptured; and floral ornaments appeared on others. All is in a state of ruin: part of the ground is paved: water gushes down in all directions, forming cascades amongst these once well-built houses.

At the back of the village a large stream flows between two stony mountains on which stunted oaks grow, and a round turret or small square tower is placed here and there. The waters run with great force from the snow, and fall in cataracts, forming a romantic though rather savage scene. On the back and side of the mountain, several houses are erected; the distant hills are covered with snow.

Feb. 7.—I went early to the temple, which is about a quarter of a mile from the village, and again visited it between eight and nine A.M. Trees are growing amongst the masses of ruined columns and arches; and, sitting on the stones in the sun, sheltered from the wind, I found it delightfully pleasant, though not far from snow and frost. My second guide, Hazzah, a good one, well-known in the villages, and who was the brother of the Greek priest at Rouchar, or Rahah, said that this place, adjoining the village of Kanaout, was called Seriah-arupe.

Descending from Kanouat at twelve o'clock, I came towards the ruined Druse village of Eselaim.

Passing close by it, and near two or three other small villages on the plain, we gradually ascended, and at about two o'clock arrived, amongst lava and evidently extinguished volcanoes, at the village of Shackaba. The weather was fine and frosty. This is an extraordinary place, being entirely amongst lava, and having four large hills or mountains near it. The first is of an oval shape, and appears plain, with good earth, smooth all over, down to the rough clinkers at the foot. The second is near, and is rugged in the extreme, like Vesuvius at the top; the bottom is beginning to get even. The shape of this is not so long as the first. The third is at a little distance, and is a little longer than the first, and plain and smooth. The fourth is of a more handsome conical shape, having a tree upon its summit, and one lower down. Masses of lava are all around, particularly at the old arched gateway to the village, which they join, hanging in some places over your head as you ride in; there can be little doubt that these mountains have been thrown up by eruptions of a subterranean volcano.

Feb. 8.—Shackaba was once a large place, from five to seven miles round. A large wall was formerly here, the entrances and arched gateways remaining, but there is nothing now in it particularly worth visiting. After passing the old arched entrance, you ride along a narrow pathway amongst and under masses of lava, and pass a large basin of water on the right. In the village are the small remains of a church, with five large

columns in front, and some few other buildings, all in ruins.

Left Shackaba at half-past ten in the morning, and, passing through a valley with a stream of water running down, and over rich cultivated land, I arrived in one hour and a half at Shukkah.

Feb. 9.—Judging from its ruins, Shukkah must have been a large city; it is built in the plain, upon rising ground, amongst stones and lava, and not a tree to be seen. Its present inhabitants are Christians and Druses. The ruins here are of a strong entrance, or castle, and of churches and large well-built houses, having ornaments round some of the doors and windows. One or two fine large arches remain, and in the interior of one house are several arches, the largest being in the middle of it, and the smallest on each side.

Left this place between nine and ten; and, winding our way amongst rich corn-land, we as gradually ascended to the miserable village of Djenein, like the rest in ruins. This is also situated upon rising ground, and in some places on rocks of lava. All here are Christians except the sheik, who is a Turk; and they said there are only forty natives.

Feb. 10.—Left Djenein, and arrived at El Hait. This has been a place of consideration, having look-out towers beyond it. The sheik was ill; he nevertheless sent for me soon after I arrived, and I found him in bed and very weak.

Feb. 11.—Saw the sheik early, and administered medicine to him. He was a good-looking old man with a long beard, a Druse, and had a family. Detained by bad weather, high winds at night, snow, sleet, and rain. It being nine hours' ride to the next village in our way to Damascus, I thought it most prudent to stop.

Feb. 13.—Up at seven o'clock. Much snow on the ground, which I saw as I lay in bed, the doorway (for there was no door) being unfortunately rather larger and higher than usual. The day was gloomy, and as there was no chance of getting away, I endeavoured to make myself contented with the miserable cell in which I was. Unfortunately, I had neither coffee, wine, nor spirit. I had been too liberal of these at first, having used or given away almost all my tea and sugar. My dinner this day was therefore confined to boiled rice and snow water; though I never was an admirer of "lenten fare."

Feb. 14.—Up as usual about seven. Much snow had fallen in the night, and it lay some feet deep on the ground. The wind had been tremendously high, and this day was more gloomy even than yesterday. Shoubelee Abbait, "head of the Grotto for Viaggiatori," was a lively fellow, and kept all in good humour; made the coffee, brought the dinner, &c.

Feb. 15.—Up at seven, being about the hour, or soon after, that a man comes in to stir up the fire, which is left all night in a small square place in the middle of the apartment. Several

of the villagers enter; coffee is made, and they all sit round on mats, and talk and smoke with their legs under them, covering themselves all round with their immense wrappers. As at this season, during snow or rain, they cannot plough the land, here they sit discussing their affairs and telling strange stories, often appearing to me to be quarrelling. At present they were discoursing on the late battles between the Emir Bechir and the Sheik Bechir of the Druses, and another grand Sheik, Ali Hamet; the last two having been taken at one of the villages visited by me a fortnight since.

The following, I collected, through the interpretation of my servant, from their observations, and from those of a Druse. Abdallah, Pasha of Acre, had joined the Emir Bechir, but at first the Sheik Bechir and Ali Hamet had the best of it, for as the soldiers of the Pasha advanced at the bottom of a mountain, those of the two sheiks hurled stones upon them from above and killed many; but during this, another party of the Pasha's men unexpectedly arrived at the top of the mountain, upon which most of the mountaineers belonging to the sheiks, joined the Emir Bechir's party. On seeing this, the sheiks fled with about two hundred men towards the Haouran, and were met at the village of Salamine by about the same number from the Pasha of Damascus, to whom the intelligence had been sent. The two sheiks wanted to fight the Pasha's soldiers, but the commander of the latter persuaded

them not to be afraid of going to the Pasha, as it was not his intention to massacre them, and said that he would put on their heads the long caps of his soldiers, so that none would know, or molest them. The sheiks, though aware of the general bad faith of their enemies, submitted, and accompanied the Turkish commander and his soldiers, with their Druses, who were plundered, stripped, and dispersed, contrary to promise, though an equal number, or even a third less of the latter will always beat the Turks. On their arrival at Damascus, the sheiks and some of their followers were put into the castle, and the next day were sent for by the Pasha. Little was said, but the Pasha ordered Ali Hamet to be massacred, and his head to be delivered to the Pasha of Acre, who had sent for it, together with that of the Sheik Bechir; but him the Pasha of Damascus kept in the castle: being the richer man of the two, he expected him to pay a heavy ransom. Ali Hamet's son, about twenty years of age, who was with his father at Damascus, was left at liberty.

Tired of sitting cross-legged, and smoking over the wood-fire, the fumes of which at times half smothered me, by way of amusement, I took the dimensions of my dungeon, which was one of the best, and, had the weather been finer, would have had fifteen or twenty men in it. Though without a chimney, it had a square hole at the back opposite to the entrance, which luckily drove the smoke through, though the cold wind also enter-

ed night and day. The room measured twenty-two feet in length by eighteen and a-half in width, and ten in height, having a large arch in the middle, inclining to give way, though supported by a stone column. It was entered by three steps down to a landing-place, above which the floor was raised a foot. The roof was made of a mixture of wooden planks (which is not often the case) and slabs of lava, built very strong, and plastered inside with mud and chopped straw; but the snow, which continued to fall, penetrated and dropped through in several places. Altogether, this cell, like many others in which I had rested, would have had considerable merit as a wine-cellar, though a fastidious person might have objected to it as a bed-room. Three Druses of the village being present, my Arab guide told one of his long stories, as fast as he could speak.

In this village several strong arches remain, some in the sheik's apartments, where my horses were; and, whilst searching for inscriptions, I got into a large building, having lofty arches in the middle, and smaller ones on each side: like all the rest, the present hamlet has been walled in. From the accumulation of ruins and rubbish, the miserable race live nearly under-ground, generally having steps to descend into their rooms, in one of which I took shelter a day or two since in a squall, and found five or six men and a coarse, dirty, fat woman seated round a blazing wood fire. I sat down amongst them to dry myself,

when the woman began to complain of her fat and of being short-breathed. I felt her pulse, and made her walk up and down the hovel, endeavouring to convince her that she wanted nothing but exercise. An elderly man present gave me to understand that he was her husband, and laughed much at my showing her how she was to walk. One of them handed me his short pipe, which I could not well refuse; and then another came in half wet, with his gun, for these people walked about bare-footed amongst the wet and snow, occasionally coming in and sitting round the fire. I handed the pipe to the lady, and she nearly smoked it out, and gave it to me again, and I soon returned it to its owner.

I now left them, and returned to smoke in the midst of fifteen of the villagers, who are Druses and Christians. All the villages, being built of lava, have a coal-like appearance during rain, but now are covered with snow. Each village has a hovel on purpose for strangers, be they who they may, villagers, mountaineers, Turks and Arabs, good or bad. This hovel always belongs to the sheik of the village, and coffee is handed round, and eatables provided for all for one day. Those who stay longer than this, pay something to the sheik's man as a backshish, according to their circumstances. All sleep in the same apartment, in which a lamp is left burning during the night, and the embers of the fire collected together; but be it understood that in these journeys you do not undress.

The expense for horses is not much. Two Arabs of the Cattiva set came in this day, one of them an elderly man, with a long beard; they surveyed me and my book as I was writing, and were talked to by the rest, as if they were honest men, and of the party. At half-past five the lamp was lit, and soon after dinner was brought in, consisting only of rice, boiled wheat, and a tumbler of bad water; I was so fortunate as to get a couple of eggs boiled, and afterwards a fowl; the two Arabs and the rest eating the remainder of the rice and wheat. Between eight and nine, all having gone away, except the Arabs, my servant broiled the fowl, which we ate, the Arabs picking, and actually devouring most of the bones. After this I went to bed, with my sword and pistols under my pillow; the two Arabs lying down close to the fire.

Feb. 16.—The wind abated last night, but I felt the room tremble. The snow, which was several feet deep before the doorway, made the room muddy and wet inside, and, by dropping through the roof in various places, rendered every bed very damp, and gave me a sore throat. The snow continued to fall heavily all the day, and in the afternoon the wind again got up. The Arabs last night inquired when and where we were going, but my guide was careful to leave them quite in ignorance on the subject, saying we might go to-morrow, or stay a fortnight, or a month, if this weather continued. To-day, whilst they were asleep, or affected to be so, my guide

and servant spoke the Turkish language. I, luckily had one book with me, "Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem in 1697;" but he did not visit the Haouran. This day I had a tolerable dinner; a fowl boiled with rice, and another stewed with onions. Afterwards we smoked and took coffee; the party (two or three besides ourselves, and the two Arabs,) telling their long stories over the fire till eleven o'clock.

Feb. 17.—Wind in the night, but little snow, and none in the day; about the middle of which the sky got a little clearer. The plaster of the walls began to come down, from the damp, and the snow to penetrate and drop in every direction. At half-past five P.M. the lamp was lighted and dinner brought in, consisting of a fowl stewed with onions, and a heap of rice, a cold fowl, and a dish of a vegetable called zetune, with a tumbler of water. All squatting round the fire, my guide told some of his Arabian stories, two hours long. At half-past nine I went to my bed or mat, but could not sleep, from the excessive cold, all night. One of the Arabs had left us; the other, the old one, sat with his short pipe and his nose almost in the fire, and though the foot of my bed touched the stones which enclosed this, I could not get warm, but was obliged to rise and seat myself beside the Arab, and put my feet on the fire.

Feb. 18.—Hard frost. After breakfast ten or twelve sat round the fire talking, and looking at me as I perused Maundrell's Journey. At one

P.M. the sheik's man brought me some bread and a couple of roasted eggs, but I could not drink the water, which was bad, being in part melted snow. At half-past five, a fowl stewed with onions and a draught of water were again my dinner.

In all the villages of the Haouran, they drink water out of a wooden vessel, like an English corn-measure, but having a wooden handle. This is passed from one to the other, and whilst each drinks, he who is next to him mutters a sort of prayer and then takes the bowl himself.

Feb. 19.—Up early; very hard frost, having been bitterly cold all night, the northerly wind blowing in at the doorway. I could not get my feet warm all night; and as the sky was this morning without a cloud, the sun shining bright, I determined to be off. Having packed up, and breakfasted, I took leave of the sheik and left El Hait by half-past eight, after having been detained there nine days by snow and bad weather. For the first hour we went through deep snow, gradually descending into the plain, where there was not so much; but the lower parts of this were very marshy, and my Arab guide, Hadgee Ali, with one I took from El Hait, being first, were nearly swamped. As the horses were scarcely able to extricate their hind legs, the men dismounted and got through, and we then passed eight or nine villages on our left, all apparently in total ruins; with a few herdsmen and a great quantity of cattle near them. We passed a rapid and serpen-

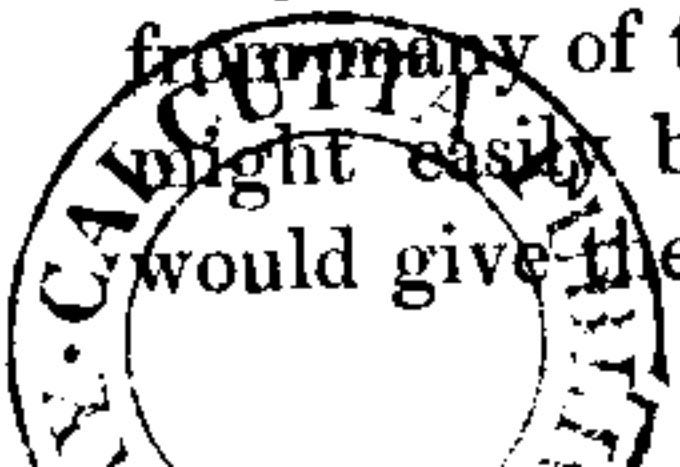
tine stream called Auadge, which in summer, I believe, ceases to flow. Much lava was about, which in some parts is in layers, about a foot thick. Having had Djibel Sheik all day nearly before us, leaving the district called Haouran at about sunset, we crossed over the plain of Damascus, and passed by an encampment of Bedouins. The plain in this part is strewed with fragments of lava, the mountains near appearing as if formed by volcanic eruptions. At length, after dark, cold and weary with a ride of eleven hours, I arrived at the village of Nedgehak. Here, so benumbed as to be scarcely able to walk, we were kept a quarter of an hour before we gained admittance into a fore-court, and from that, into a modern-built room for the reception of travellers, having a fire place in it. Exhausted as I was, I could not wait till my carpet was brought in, but threw myself down upon a mat, whilst an attempt was made to light a fire with a piece of old wood, which would not burn, and a few heads of Indian corn. Nothing, of course, was to be procured; neither wine, spirit, nor coffee, nor even water without difficulty; but luckily we had some bread, a roasted fowl, and a little tea left. My guides fell asleep, whilst I enjoyed a cup of tea and my pipe, and got the sheik in a tolerably good humour, by asking him if he would sell his door to make a fire with. He at last procured a little wood, and at about twelve o'clock I got into my bed.

This was a bad finish to my tour through the

Haouran, for the horses were worse off, having only a shed to stand under, though it was a severe frost, and nothing to eat. The sheik, who was a Turk, excused himself by saying, that the place (which contains about forty Turks) was in the hands of four or five soldiers, who had been placed there.

Feb. 20.—We started early without taking any thing, and, the sun cheering us in our way along the wide plain of Damascus, in an hour we came to a neat and picturesque village, having both trees and water; here we thought to have fed the horses and got breakfast, but were hailed by a Turk from a balcony, who said we could not enter the place, as the waters had surrounded it. On, therefore, we were obliged to continue, sometimes through water and ice.

In about three hours I again entered Damascus by the eastern gate, after being absent a month; a journey which, upon the whole, I do not think worth the trouble, danger, and anxiety attendant upon it; with such dungeons to sleep in, the chance of being detained by bad weather at places, where neither wine, spirits, nor coffee, and sometimes scarcely any eatables but rice or boiled wheat, are to be obtained. Independently of being obliged to sleep (if the fleas and vermin will permit you) with your sword and pistols under your pillow, ready if taken by surprise, which from many of the hovels being without doors you might easily be, were it not for the dogs, who would give the alarm.



At various times during my excursions I fell in with the tribe denominated Druses. It is difficult to trace the origin of these people, who are divided into two very opposite and distinct sects. The first, from their reserved and distant manners, are supposed to be extremely pious and learned; they do not mix with the other party, and are said to deny themselves all participation in the good things of this life. They never drink spirits or wine, do not smoke, and their dress is comparatively simple. These are styled Akals, or wise men, and are initiated, something like Freemasons, into the mysteries of their religion, under vows of secrecy. They may be regarded as ecclesiastics.

The second, or inferior class of Druses, are called Djahels, or ignorant, not being admitted, or at least but slightly so, within the mystic pale. They eat, drink, smoke, and laugh, like good fellows; have no affectation of superior sanctity, and are, in my opinion, much the wiser of the two. We find impostors everywhere, and, I suspect, the initiated Druse is one of the species. Let the reader, lady or gentleman, look at the costumes and decide. I have seen some remarkably fine men among the Druses, with long bushy beards, and the traveller cannot fail to be much struck with their appearance. On emergencies, it is also said, they will afford him every protection and assistance.

The Drusic ladies are in general well-made, and of a lovely brunette complexion; they wear



A Druze or Akals.



A Common Druze or Djahels.

Printed by C Hullmandel.

the tantour, and seem much more sociable than the men.

The Druses are numerous, but they do not form so large a body as the Christians. In some villages both parties live amicably together, yet they never intermarry. These people are reported to be idolaters, worshipping the golden calf. It is said to be exhibited in their chapels, from which all but themselves are excluded; but I rather think they attend the service of the mosque, and go through the Mussulman forms of worship, or at least comply with its ceremonials so far as to avoid offence to the professors of that faith. I have been told that, during the Ramadan, in the presence of Mahometans, they fast, but are not so scrupulous at home.

When residing at Solema, a woman who lived near my cottage, inquired whether we had not many Druses in England. I had observed some conversation passing between this woman and a priest who was at work in the garden, and having asked the subject of it, it appeared that the priest had remarked to her that I never confessed nor fasted, and hence she was induced to put the question.

The Druses, I believe, imagine that the souls of the good and virtuous pass, after death, into the bodies of well-fed and kindly treated horses, while those of the vicious are confined to the half-starved and cruelly treated. We are here reminded of the Brahmins, who suppose that the soul of the benevolent man abides in the dove, while the

spirit of the tyrant exists in the bloodthirsty vulture.

The principal village or city of the Druses is called Deir-el-Kammar. This place is not far from Beteddeen, the residence of the Emir Bechir, prince or chief of the mountains, but the Druses inhabit many parts of the Lebanon range. The Emir is not of their order; he professes to be a Christian, having, it is reported, embraced that religion in order to secure the attachment of its followers, who are here tolerably powerful. He has always been anxious to retain supreme authority, and his policy has therefore been to encourage the party-spirit of the mountaineers, which was at one time very high, and to incite their feuds, so as, by keeping them divided, to render them weak.

When I was absent in the Haouran, much fighting occurred in the mountains and near Beteddeen. The Emir had a rich and influential rival in the Sheik Bechir, who dwelt near and occasionally visited him. The sheik was a Druse, and had considerable weight with the tribe. He attacked the Emir, but delaying to follow up the advantage he had first gained, and the former receiving assistance from the Pasha of Acre, the result was his complete defeat and overthrow: he was subsequently assassinated at Acre. His palace, a fine building, stood in an exquisitely picturesque situation. A stream of water rushes through one of its archways, along a spacious paved square with large open corridors on either

side, and at length falls, in a beautiful cascade, into the rich valley beneath. Now all is neglect and ruin, and I have bivouacked within the walls.

At Beirout, also, are the remains of a noble palace, formerly inhabited by the Emir Faccadine, a prince of the Druses. He lived for some time in Italy, and, returning to Syria, erected this palace in a style of magnificence before unknown, though the apartments which I have seen are small; the building is of stone, and strongly constructed; one end is used as public baths, and what were once orange-groves and gardens are now fields and walks. The end of this man was melancholy. The Turks grew jealous, and drove him from Beirout; for some time he sought refuge in the neighbouring mountains, but, being forced from this retreat, repaired to Constantinople, where he was very soon after made away with.

The British Consul's daughter, Miss Abbott, accompanied her father in a little trip into the mountains; she is a clever, intelligent young lady, and speaks Arabic fluently; and to her I am indebted for the following interesting description of her reception and treatment at Brumana, a Druse village, from which she wrote to me thus:—

"The inhabitants, as I passed, invoked blessings upon me, as upon an Arab bride, and appeared not a little surprised, I being the first European lady they had seen. Some, in order that they might present me with bouquets, begged I would

stop my horse, wishing me a long and happy life; and joy was depicted in the features of all. I seemed rather to be received with the affectionate welcome of an old friend than with the mere courteous greeting of a stranger. On the following day, baskets of fine grapes and figs were brought me by the women, who, urged by curiosity, resorted to this expedient to obtain an interview. They declined all remuneration, and were extremely clean, though apparently very poor.

"At the period of our visit, the village was in mourning for its chief prince, whose death had taken place a few days before we arrived; but six others yet remained, which struck us as a tolerable supply for so small a territory. One of these princes called upon my father, who shortly after returned the compliment. On this occasion, the chief princess (a Druse) sent word that she wished to see him, and offered either to receive him in her own apartments or to come to him. My father left the matter to her own convenience, and she preferred the latter. The princess in a short time entered, when my father, with the princes rose. They, however, almost immediately resumed their seats; but he, observing that his fair visiter remained standing, did the same, and, on her desiring him to sit, explained to her the custom of England in such a case. She sat down directly, and entered into conversation, offering the usual compliments, and excusing herself from visiting us, as contrary to

the custom of the Druses while in mourning, adding that, as soon as she was able, she would not fail to do so. She came soon after, and was extremely kind. At her invitation, we attended her daughter's marriage, of which ceremony I will give you some little detail.

"When betrothed, the prince, her future husband, sent the bride-elect a ring, and other golden ornaments for her person, after the acceptance of which, neither the prince nor any male stranger was permitted to see her; certain prayers are then read by a priest, and from that moment she is regarded as espoused. A short time is suffered to elapse, after which her husband sends for her. There is no fixed period at which he is obliged to do this, but, during the fourteen days which precede his requisition, he repeatedly forwards presents to her, and, five days before she is summoned from her father's house, despatches a confidential woman with others of greater value, such as diamonds and pearls for the head, necklaces, armlets, dresses, &c. Under the care of this woman she is bathed. Her hands are stained red, and her face painted like that of a doll. When this is completed, she is seated in a corner and required to keep her eyes closed during the whole day, except at the hours of eating.

"The day before her removal, a prince and princess, with a considerable retinue, are sent by the bridegroom to escort her to him. In the evening after their arrival, the bride is taken from her room and paraded round the court-yard,

for the gratification of the villagers, who flock in to see, and take leave of her with benedictions. In the procession there are about fifty women, bearing lighted candles, who precede and follow the bride; and a princess on either side of her acts as her supporter. As before, her eyes remain closed. There is a second night of parade, and, on the following day, the princesses, who are relatives, take leave. The bride is then mounted on a richly caparisoned horse, sent by her husband, and, accompanied by the princes and princesses, with about fifty men and twenty women, proceeds to his residence. Here she is received with every honour and respect; the inhabitants of the village in which the bridegroom dwells welcome her; and, on alighting, she is led to a room, where an attendant priest joins the couple in 'holy matrimony.'"

From Miss Abbott I obtained many anecdotes connected with the habits and customs of the Druses. In describing to me the ladies' baths, she mentioned that it is usual for a bride, after bathing and dressing, to walk several times round a fountain, during which promenade she is decorated with a succession of dresses equal to the extent of her wardrobe, a richer one being put upon her at every turn she makes, till the whole are exhausted. This ceremony is accompanied by lighted candles, and the joyous cries, or rather screams, of the attendant women.

CHAPTER X.

Murder of Ali Hamet.—Turkish House.—Public Bath.—Arrival of a Caravan.—Leave Damascus.—Miserable Hovels.—Khan El Sheikh.—Halt of the Caravan.—Resume our Journey.—Bad Roads.—Ruined Khan.—Khan of Joseph's Well.—Ruined Aqueducts.—Tiberias.—Keffer Kenna.—Nazareth.—Jennin.—Surmargah.—Caphar Arab.—Arrival at Jerusalem.

I WENT to Monsieur Beaudin's, and here found the son of Sheik Georges of Eheden, who had taken refuge in Monsieur Beaudin's house, having been one of the party against the Emir Bechir. M. Beaudin protected him though he dared not stir out: his father, the sheik, was at Tripoli.

A man, who was stripped by the soldiers, and was sitting on the divan by me, said, that on the arrival of the two sheiks at the palace at Damascus, the Pasha spoke to them from a window, and, after asking a few questions, ordered Ali Hamet to be thrown from his horse, when he was immediately cut to pieces by some black attendants; whilst lifting his hands up to request time to speak, a sabre fell on his wrist, and cut off the hand.

Feb. 22.—Called on Monsieur Beaudin to inquire about my seeing the interior of a handsome Turkish house. He sent my guide to the house in which Lord Belmore had resided during his stay here, to say that an Englishman wished to see it, and he returned with permission. I immediately went to it, but found it not worth inspection. The entrance was good, and the court-yard large, having in the middle a tank of water, with a paved walk and orange-trees round it, with seats or outhouses. I was shown into the rooms which were small, out of repair, and dirty, and ascended by a flight of lava steps into a few indifferent apartments, appearing as if not used: I descended and went into a small room where, taking off my boots, I sat on the divan, and the attendants, (of whom there were six or seven, some blacks,) gave me coffee and a pipe. I was afterwards told that the women's apartments were much handsomer.

The post from Beirout was obliged to return yesterday on account of the snow on the mountains, and all say they do not remember such a winter as this for cold and snow.

Feb. 23.—The inlaying of the handles and blades of knives with gold, formerly done here, is abolished as well as the manufactory of sword blades. Called on Monsieur Beaudin, and found with him a man of consequence from Bagdad, with whom we had a long conversation. Afterwards I went to a bath: upon descending a few steps, I entered a large and lofty room, where the master

of the baths sits, and takes cognizance of all who enter, receiving the money. In this room are four or five large arches, between which and all around are seats to lie upon or undress, before entering the inner rooms. I undressed upon a place holding ten or twelve, and, towels being brought to me, I was led, walking on clogs a foot high, through other rooms to the bagnio, the steam and heat of which were so great, that I could hardly bear it: here many were being washed; some were smoking, some singing, and others groaning, so that I fancied myself in a mad-house. I was conducted into a small room, in which hot water was flowing into a basin. Here I sat down and washed; presently an attendant came in and rubbed me with flannel and soap, turning me round unceremoniously. He left me, and another man brought towels, after which I was led out on clogs, and again mounted upon the seats, where I sat, enveloped in towels, upon the carpet, and had coffee brought to me, and having got a little cooler, dressed myself, happy when this unpleasant though cleanly ceremony was over.

Feb. 26.—The Pasha started for Jerusalem with about five hundred soldiers, a band of music, and cannon, and, as I was going thither, I determined to follow, but Monsieur Beaudin said I had better wait till the next caravan went; as, following in the same route, I should be badly off, and get nothing to eat for my horses, and the other road was impassable from the snow. I was the

more inclined to go from the bad conduct of the people here, who, caring little for the Pasha, when they found he was about to depart, began to plunder all they met in the streets. The soldiers also robbed those they encountered, taking their turbans, so that I dared not go out in the evening, and was obliged to change my turban, which happened to have a sprig of green in it. The padrone of the house and three others joined me after dinner. One of these was a Maronite, and one of the party against the Emir Bechir, who had been stripped: another had been wounded by the soldiers, because he was found making a sort of bread, called nesha, an employment belonging to the Turks, and which they would not allow him to work at, though in his own house.

Feb. 27.—A caravan arrived from Beirout, having been delayed for several days. I found that a caravan would start for Jerusalem on the first of March, the head-man of which is a Christian. He protects pilgrims to Jerusalem, and has a tent with which he would accommodate me; he will also provide oats for my horses.

March 1.—Called on M. Beaudin, who informed me that it was not the rain alone which had prevented the caravan from starting for Jerusalem this morning, but that late last night some soldiers arrived from the Pasha of Acre, demanding the Sheik Bechir to be delivered up, which was done immediately, and he proceeded for Acre with his son and the son of the late Ali Hamet, taking with them several of the mules which

were going with the caravan to Jerusalem, and thereby preventing its departure. But as the mules would not be taken all the way to Acre, they might return to-morrow, and the caravan might get off the following day. Of the Sheik Bechir they all wanted to make money.

Damascus appeared very quiet. After the Pasha had left, there was an order that no one should be seen armed in the bazaars or streets, nor should any person walk about in the evening without a lantern, under the penalty of being taken up and massacred; the only way they appear to have of keeping these Turks in order.

March 2.—The rain continued. My servant told me an extraordinary story of the Emir Bechir having, a few days since, entered a mosque in the mountains belonging to the Druses; here he found them at prayers, worshipping a silver calf, which he immediately ordered to be taken from them, and sent to the Pasha of Acre, who caused the mosque and minaret to be destroyed.

A species of hawk was shot at Damascus in June 1825, having a billet of wood round its neck and on it, "Landsberg in Prussia 1822."

March 4.—The day being fine, I left Damascus by the east port, and round by the fields and mud walls, coming into the Mecca road by the Port di Dio. On my arrival at another gate, a little way on the road, I was stopped by a stout fellow on horseback, who desired to see my benadie, (not firman, which is generally from the Grand Signior,) and demanded three piastres per

horse. I resisted this, and, turning back, would have gone to the palace, but he, finding I was not going to Jerusalem upon a pilgrimage, gave up the paper, and said I might proceed.

The roads were bad and swampy; the villages surrounded by water, and there was not the least appearance of spring in what is called the garden, the mountains being covered with snow. We overtook the caravan at the village of Artouse, consisting of about twenty-five hovels inhabited by Turks, to the right of the mountain where Saul fell to the earth. Those of the caravan who had tents, put them up, others lay and smoked upon their luggage. The muleteer who had promised mé a tent was not to be found, but amongst the hovels, most of which were full of water, I obtained a dry one, and my horses being put under a shed, in this cold and miserable situation I took up my abode for the night. I was told that some of the Pasha's soldiers had perished from cold and wet, and some dead camels were lying about here.

March 5.—At six I heard preparations for breaking up the encampment, and the tinkling of the various bells of the horses, mules, and asses, there being no camels of the party. At seven we started, and, continuing along the plain, passed a wood on the left, and some villages scattered about, surrounded by water. With difficulty we got on, occasionally going out of the way, and overtook the caravan, which had got ahead of us, in less than an hour. The caravan consisted

of about one hundred individuals, a motley set of Turks and Arabs, men, women, and boys, going to touch or get some of the holy fire. We proceeded quietly, walking our horses; when dispersed, the muleteer halted, and we again set off. The day was very fine, and we had the whole range of snowy mountains, too dazzling to be looked at, on our right. At eleven, a Tartar post and his companion galloped past us on their way to Damascus. On our left, a rapid and serpentine river was running towards Damascus in great force. Before twelve the caravan passed a large square stone building, (Khan el Sheikh,) having a large mosque and hovels inside, and entering through a large, arched, and most filthy gateway, I procured some corn for my horses.

On resuming our journey, our way lay amongst fragments of lava dangerous for our horses' legs and our necks. Some places were rocky, and others flat, with a rippled surface, the whole lying low in the plain, over which Djebel Sheikh towered. After continuing about three hours in this extraordinary scenery, we crossed a ruined bridge over a stream which had been running on our left, and at four P.M. halted on a small eminence with the snowy mountains around us. There was not a hovel of any kind within a day's ride, and here, in two or three large squares or fields with divisions of lava, we were to pause for the night. Each party now chose its place for rest: some fixed their tents, and some searched for fuel; luckily there were trees and bushes at hand. I

took an upper part of one of the fields, and walked about and smoked, whilst my servant made a stone fire-place, and spread my carpet over a horse-cloth, to which I retired after being nearly smoke-dried. Others in all parts of the camp around me were doing the same, each preparing his materials according to his wishes. I dined by the light of the full moon, upon part of a leg of mutton with some onions and roasted bread, and had a bottle of white wine. A respectable old Armenian, wearing his long red cap hanging down behind him, as all the mountaineers do, was seated near me, with his son, a fine lad about eight or nine years of age. I asked him, through my servant, to take a tumbler of wine with me; he accordingly came and sat on my carpet, and we emptied the bottle, and smoked our pipes together. After taking coffee, he retired.

By eleven, many of the caravan were asleep, but some were singing, and I prepared for sleep, dreading the effects of the cold, the night being frosty, and the snow having only been washed away a day or two before. However, I wrapped myself up in my great coat and my bedding; and, with my head resting upon the provision basket, (my servant having the saddle-bags,) and the cold stone fence at my back, I dozed till half-past one, when I was awoke by some one singing, and found the fire out, and my envelopes as wet as if they had been under water. After taking some coffee and spirit I dozed again.

March 6.—Got up before six, by moonlight. The muleteer having given his orders, some began to strike their tents, and all soon became bustle and confusion. The dawn of day was fast approaching, and it was a hard frost. I walked about till just before sunrise, when I mounted my horse. The dark clouds quickly dispersed, when the sun began to cheer us, and revive my almost drooping spirits, for I was fearful of the consequences of last night's lodging. I once thought sleeping in hot weather on the sands, between Rosetta and Alexandria, might be dangerous, but this, in frost and snow, I confess more alarmed me.

We resumed our journey exactly at seven, and after we had advanced for about an hour over a swampy road, a caravan of eight or ten camels, carrying wool, passed us. A soldier, returning on foot, told us that the tents of the Pasha were pitched on a plain about an hour's ride before us, having lost many of their cattle. This produced dismay in all, and a consultation was held, for they knew if they went the same way, their horses and mules would be seized for the use of the Pasha. Accompanied by about ten of the caravan, I left the rest in high debate, and apparently determined to halt at a khan, which was near. This, however, we passed. As some carcases of camels lying about, and stripped of their skins, indicated our approach to the Pasha's tents, our little party took another direction nearer to the

mountains, when we soon saw on our left the encampment, consisting of about one hundred tents, most of them white, with three or four of a pea-green, and two or three light red.

Continuing amongst streams and swamps, through which we passed with some difficulty, and wheeling about in all directions, at times amongst lava, we got to the mountains, some of which were covered with trees. Winding round these, we again descended and returned to the road we had left, the identity of which soon became evident to us, from the number, not only of dead camels and horses, but of men, which strewed the way, all alike left to be devoured by the carrion-eaters of the air, and by the wolf and jackal. Some of our mules now became knocked up, often falling, and with difficulty extricating themselves out of the swampy ground.

We next came to a marshy plain, having the fine lake of El Ram directly before us. Observing some donkeys taking a road much to the left, to avoid the more boggy parts, I was for following them, but the small part of the caravan came up, and my servant hailed me to go as the muleteers directed, which I was obliged to do against my better judgment, leaving what was, without doubt, the best road for one which went directly across, and than which nothing could have been worse. This error on the part of the muleteers, and obstinacy on that of my servant, who would not explain to them what I suggested, of going round instead of across, had nearly cost

us our lives; for at about sunset, some of the mules stuck in the swamp to rise no more out of it, and we met with carcases of both men and camels. The muleteers, in despair, gave up all idea of proceeding, and declared they would stop here all night; but, rather than perish in the swamps, which I thought I should do, if I stopped, I determined to attempt getting through them, and two Arab brothers, having but one horse, resolved to go on with us. The Arabs' horse soon stuck, and his rider was dismounted; he then led him, and my servant was soon obliged to follow his example. I again insisted that they had done wrong in choosing this road, but, still sticking on my horse and following the Arabs, proceeded in the dark, having some high mountains on the right and the lake in front. We passed more dead horses and camels, (counting at least twelve or fourteen of the latter, before it became too dark to see them,) and some people endeavouring to extricate those which were alive.

The ground now became something better, and at last we saw through the darkness a few distant lights, and began to descend by a very rocky road, and then amongst streams, rushing down in torrents. At length we arrived safe at an old ruined khan at Jacob's Bridge, and entered its dismal gateway. Here, after some difficulty, I got a situation in a room on the platform of the khan. The khan is upon a large scale, with a square open yard. It had two arches, one for travellers, and the other for their animals, was

without a door, and open at one end; but, bad as it was, with a good fire, and after having been fourteen hours on my horse, without tasting anything during that time, I found it rather better than sleeping, as last night, in the frost. With the Arab brothers opposite, and my servant close to the fire, lulled by the roaring of the Jordan, which rushed through the bridge just below us, I slept soundly.

March 7.—We left at eleven, and, having crossed the bridge, my servant had a long debate about backshish, which was demanded of him, which of course he would not give, but told them if they chose to go after me and take it by force, they might; but this they declined. We began to ascend, and, having missed the trodden path of the camel, got again upon swampy ground, into which my horse suddenly sinking, I was thrown over his head: the guide, whom I had taken here, came to my assistance, and with some difficulty I again mounted. A Turkish soldier, and two men who were with him, called to us to keep the camels' track, which we did, and proceeded safely across the hills, seeing little else but a few shepherds and their cattle, and overtaking a number of camels belonging to the Pasha. Whilst riding at the foot of high mountains, it began to rain, and we made the best of our way to Khan Djob Yousef, or the Khan of Joseph's Well, a solitary place, built by a Pasha for his soldiers, and com-

Two soldiers here told us there was no room, and, as it began to clear up, we rode on and descended by a bad road towards the lake. On approaching it, we arrived at some ruined aqueducts, where, as it was getting late, though the weather now was delightful, I determined if possible, to stop. We went through the arches of the aqueduct, and amongst water flowing on all sides, into the lake, and then entered a long dark abode, arched, and standing upon the edge of the lake, or rather, as it then was, partly in the lake, which probably was increased by the snow and rain. At the end of near a hundred feet I found a good-humoured Turk at work, who gave up to us this long room, which proved to be a corn-mill, its wheels being turned by water coming down from the mountains, along the aqueducts. There was a square open window, close to which my carpet was spread, and from which I saw an immense quantity of fish in the lake.

I walked out till sunset, to survey this fine expanse of water and the verdant hills around it. No buildings were near these ruins, which are called Tewer-Ain, or Raverdene. There were once hot baths here; and a stream, which I tasted, I found very hot. I ate my cold mutton at half-past seven, and got some good fish at nine; the Turk and others coming in and taking coffee.

March 8.—Up early, and saw abundance of fish in the lake, and birds swimming and diving in all directions. Leaving the two Arabs, and

my guide and servant asleep, I walked amongst the ruins and up one of the hills, where, seated upon a stone, with a solitary camel feeding near me, I had a fine view of the lake and mountains.

After breakfast we set off and continued along the border of the lake, which was much higher than usual, the shrubs on its margin being half under water. We next went by a road cut in the rock, and then descended into swampy ground, having some difficulty to get on. Passing the ruins of a house built by a Frenchman, who had intended to cultivate coffee in the adjacent ground, but died before it was completed, we soon came to a few huts, and then, ascending by a delightful road, obtained a view of Tabaria, -or Tiberias, situated in a hollow, and looking like an old castle We entered the town at about half-past three, and had some difficulty in procuring a lodging, which I at last obtained, at the house of a Christian.

March 9.—Tiberias is a small town on the margin of the lake, which is perhaps twenty or thirty miles long, by six or eight broad; there is one boat upon it, having twelve or fourteen men to row it, being occasionally used either to fetch wood or for fishing. The town is walled all round with circular towers, about thirty yards from each other. The houses are small, low, and flat, and many in a ruined state. The inhabitants are principally Turks, and there are a few Greek Catholics and many Jews; the whole population being from twelve to fifteen hundred. We left

at half-past nine, taking another guide. It was very warm, and I found the corn forward, and beans in full blossom. As we ascended, the guide pointed out the place where our Saviour fed the multitude: some stones mark the spot. At twelve, we passed the Turkish village of Lubié, which is pleasantly seated in an elevated situation amongst olive-trees. After this we crossed a dreary plain, with mountains on either side; and at two o'clock, ascending, we passed close to Kefer Kenna, where the water was changed into wine; this small village seemed much in ruins, lonely, but prettily situated, embosomed in the mountains. In the valley below, we noticed a fine spring or well. Here the women were washing clothes, or rather beating them with a sort of mallet. There is also a handsome stone trough. The tombs were well arranged, and taken care of, all seeming to denote that this was once a better place.

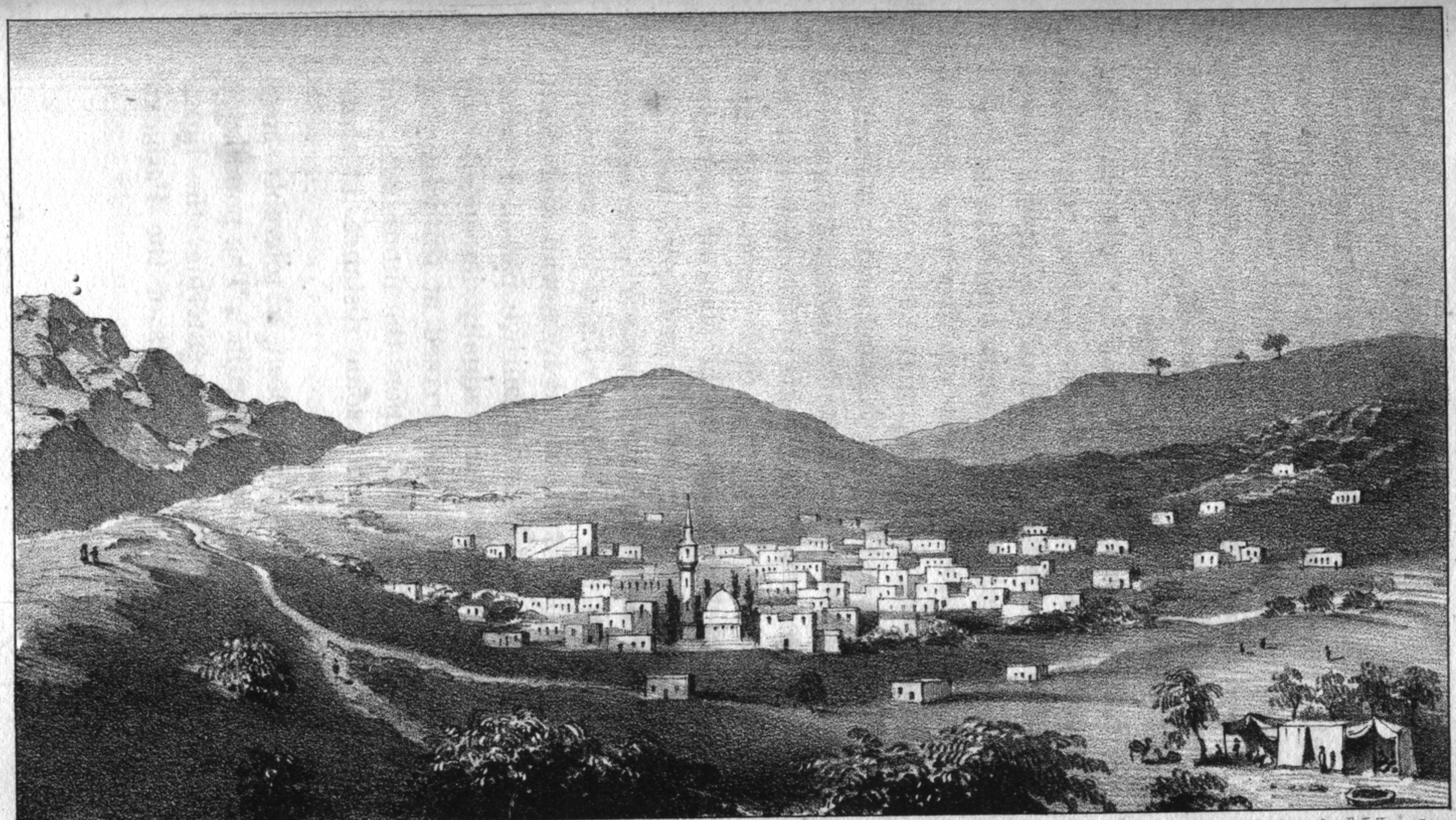
Having crossed some very high and rocky mountains, called, I believe, the Nazarene mountains, we went through a rich and cultivated valley, in which a neat village, called Rane, stood close on a pleasant stream. Going over other hills, we saw Nazareth, where, having passed through some olive-trees, under which were the tents of some Bedouins, we arrived at four P.M., and passing the Greek church, and between hedges of the prickly pear, which grows in great quantities amongst the houses, went to the house of the Greek priest.

March 10.—Called on the brother of the consul, who was gone to Acre. His son came and smoked with me and the priest. The convent received us on our arrival. The part for prayer is well worth seeing, and there is a good picture at the altar of the Virgin Mary.

Nazareth is situated on the side of a hill, one house overlooking the other. The houses are small, flat-roofed, and built of a light and porous stone. The bazaars are small square rooms, having only a doorway, and a gutter runs through the middle of the narrow streets.

March 11.—We left Nazareth with a caravan at about twelve o'clock, and passing at the end of the village some more tents of the Bedouins, we ascended over high and rocky mountains, and from them descended into the plain of Esdraelon, which we crossed, and found in many places very swampy. In about four hours we began again to ascend, and saw a ruined village on our right, upon a mound, surrounded by a wall and ditch. At the top of the mountain we passed a rather large village, and then gradually descended over another large plain, and arrived at the village of Jennin, which is close upon the mountains, and which had been seen for some distance, at about half an hour after sunset.

This appears to have been a tolerably large place, but is now much in ruin. The population is about one thousand. On entering, the lights of three or four hundred tents of the Pasha of



From a Sketch by Jnß Madox Esq^r

On Stone by R.J. Hamerton

NAZARETH.

Damascus, whom we had again overtaken, appeared like an illumination. We went to the house of the Greek priest, the only entrance to which was through the stable. My destined habitation for the night was a sort of platform, upon which the priest and four or five others were sitting over a fire. Nothing fit to eat, except bread, could be procured. At twelve, I endeavoured to repose, but found this to be totally out of the question, the fleas tormenting me almost to madness.

March 12.—We left the village early and, ascending some rocky mountains, and passing some verdant plains, came near a large lake, rarely seen to the extent it now was, in consequence of the quantity of snow and rain which had fallen this season. We passed also close to a strong castle on a hill, called Callar Seagur. Continuing amongst the mountains, we arrived at the village of Surmargah, near which was a forest of olive-trees, and, at a little distance from it, chambers in the side of the rocky mountain, inhabited by some families. From the brow of these mountains we suddenly had a view of Nablous, in the beautiful and fertile valley of Sychem, between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. Riding through the bazaars and narrow filthy streets of this place, we proceeded to the khan, which is upon a large scale, being a square, with double rows of arches. For a trifle, I secured one of the rooms used for cotton, in beating

and cleaning which they seemed to be much employed.

March 13.—Left Nablous early with the caravan, my servant having received two small written papers from a sheik, which we were to show to some Arabs, who might demand a backshish of us when in the mountains. After leaving the gate we rode amongst olive-groves, and then to an open plain, turning towards the high mountains upon our right; but, still continuing upon a stony plain surrounded by hills, we passed Caphar Arab,* and here three or four Arabs asked for backshish; a few paras were given, and some showed their papers or passports, which seemed to be only a matter of joke—the man who gave them and the Arabs probably understanding each other very well. We next came to a fine well on our left, and near it the ruins of a few hovels, and, going onwards, traversed a barren tract of country, and a stony and steep mountain. As we passed a village on the left, I was surprised to find we were to sleep at a mosque not far distant, and in the open air, as my servant said all the villages hereabouts were inhabited by a bad set. With difficulty they made a fire; but I had nothing to eat but bread and cheese and a few onions, not having brought any thing with us, supposing I should have stopped at a village. I smoked and drank coffee by

* Caphar Arab is placed in the map on the road to Acre by Sebaste, much to the north of this. There may be two places of that name.

the fire till it was late, and then wrapped myself up and dozed a little.

March 14.—Arose by moonlight at five o'clock, all being in preparation to start. I felt cold and uncomfortable on leaving the place, without even a cup of coffee. Our road was over a mountainous and barren country, and we arrived at Jerusalem early, after a miserable journey of ten days from Damascus.

CHAPTER XI.

Jerusalem.—Franciscan Convent.—View from the Terrace.—Church of the Greek Convent.—Model of the Holy Sepulchre.—Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—Sepulchre of Our Saviour.—Mount Calvary.—Procession of the Palm.—Revisit the Sepulchre.—Ceremony of washing the Feet.—The Crucifixion.—Pasha of Damascus.—Mr. King's Journal.—Tomb of the Virgin.—Mount of Olives.—Aboo Ghoch.—The Field of Blood.—Letter of Aboo Ghoch.

On approaching Jerusalem, the domes, particularly those which respectively cover the Sepulchre of Our Saviour and the Greek church, with the Temple of Solomon, first attract the attention; and the appearance of the city is rather imposing. In descending to it, the road was so bad and rough that we were obliged to leave it, and ride along an adjoining field amongst the olive-trees, from which a sudden descent brought us to the walls.

We entered the Holy City by the Port of Damascus, where a soldier demanded three piastres per horse, but, being told I was an English-

man, we passed on, through narrow streets and between high walls, and stopped at the Greek convent, where I was shown a couple of rooms. As one had only a doorway and no window, and the other appeared damp, I refused to occupy either, and on their telling me that their best rooms were locked up, I proceeded to the Terra Santa, or Franciscan Convent, a little further on, to present Monsieur Beaudin's letter to the superior.

Entering a small court-yard, I passed through a dark aperture to the convent, and, ascending a flight of steps, was shown into the apartment of the superior, who, finding my letter was for the Prior-general, took me to this monk. I had coffee, and was then shown a room or cell; I took one in a quiet situation, having a paved court, and my servant had the room adjoining. Here I was settled, as long as it might suit me, in a room fifteen feet in length by eight in width, arched and rather damp; the window was without glass, but had iron bars and wire instead; there was no chimney; a cupboard and table, two seats and a chair, were brought to me, and a bed was formed of boards placed upon irons, at the height of a foot from the plaster floor. These, with a large jar of water, and a pewter wash-hand basin, completed the furniture.

I rejoiced to get into so clean a place, with an attentive and good servant, speaking Italian, belonging to the convent, but sleeping out of it. The room had been whitewashed, though it

needed a repetition of it. Over the small door was a printed paper, thus:—

AVE MARIA PURISSIMA.
I. H. S.

At eleven, some good baccalo, rice soup, and vegetables, with a mug of very bad white wine, were brought me. After this, I smoked and took coffee, and received visits from a Frenchman, or Sardinian, and his friend, who had been in Buonaparte's service, and who were waiting for a caravan going to Bagdad, through which they were travelling to Cachmere and Persia. A communication was also brought me from Mr. Allen, a traveller last from Alexandria, who had come to Jerusalem with the Frenchmen and a drogueman, a native of Trieste. I supped at sunset, after which, Mr. Allen and the drogueman came in and stayed till ten, when, being much fatigued with what I had suffered on my journey, having slept scarcely twelve hours in the ten nights, I retired to rest, and slept soundly.

From the terrace of the convent an excellent view may be had of Jerusalem, and I was rather surprised to find it lying in such a concavity, and appearing much smaller than I had expected; it looked lonely and deserted. The dome of the church of the Sepulchre is heavy, large, and broad; it is covered with lead, and of a sombre appearance.

The wine of the convent was so bad that I could not drink it, but I sent out and got some very good for half a piastre a bottle.

March 18.—Much firing of guns and cannon from the castle, announced the capture of the castle of Lydda and four other villages by the Pasha of Damascus. The Governor of Jerusalem having written to him that these villages would not pay the demands upon them, he had in his route hither proceeded to violence, and taken them.

March 20.—Walked to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, but found it shut, and a Greek priest sitting inside and looking through an aperture at what was going forward. I saw through a hole on the other side of the door seven or eight lamps burning. Over the door in the middle is a small bas-relief, representing the triumphal entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem; on the right of this is the subject of the Supper, and at the other end, the Tomb or Resurrection. I then went through the bazaars, which are narrow and dirty, and much in ruins. From these I proceeded to the Jewish quarter, where the streets are poor and filthy, and then into a synagogue, a miserable-looking place, and much in decay. The number of Jews in the town is between six and seven thousand. I then visited the Armenian convent, an extensive and fine building; the church was not open, but there were some large and badly-executed paintings in the ante-room, descriptive of our Saviour's birth and of other Scriptural events.

March 25.—Visited the church of the Greek Convent again. The organ, though small, produces a good effect, and the voices of the priests are bold and deliberate when reading. They are

in number from forty to fifty, and their dress much the same as in all convents, namely, a large dark brown gown, with a hood and large sleeves. The hood generally lies back, or partly on the head; a cord of a light colour is twisted twice round the body, the ends hanging nearly to the ground on the right, with sometimes a cross of pearl to a string of beads, and on the left occasionally a key. They have a brown skull-cap, but seldom any stockings, and their shoes or slippers, of brown leather, are open a little at the toes, and fasten with a button at the side. No other trade but that of a shoemaker is carried on in the convent. In cold weather the priests wear a large cloak with a hood over the rest.

From the terrace of the convent, a man, who had been an inhabitant of it for twenty-two years, pointed out several places in the city as that at which Christ was scourged, that from which David saw Bathsheba bathing, and another place, outside the walls, where Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations. But of the ancient city not much, he said, remained. I was shown a well-cut model of the Holy Sepulchre in stone: it was a model of the present tomb, which is of modern date, put up soon after the fire which consumed this church with the large dome over the Holy Sepulchre, and much of that part called the Greek Church, (though their dome escaped,) in 1808. A candle or lamp, having been left burning on a table in one of the galleries, set it on fire, which communicated to the dome, and this, being made

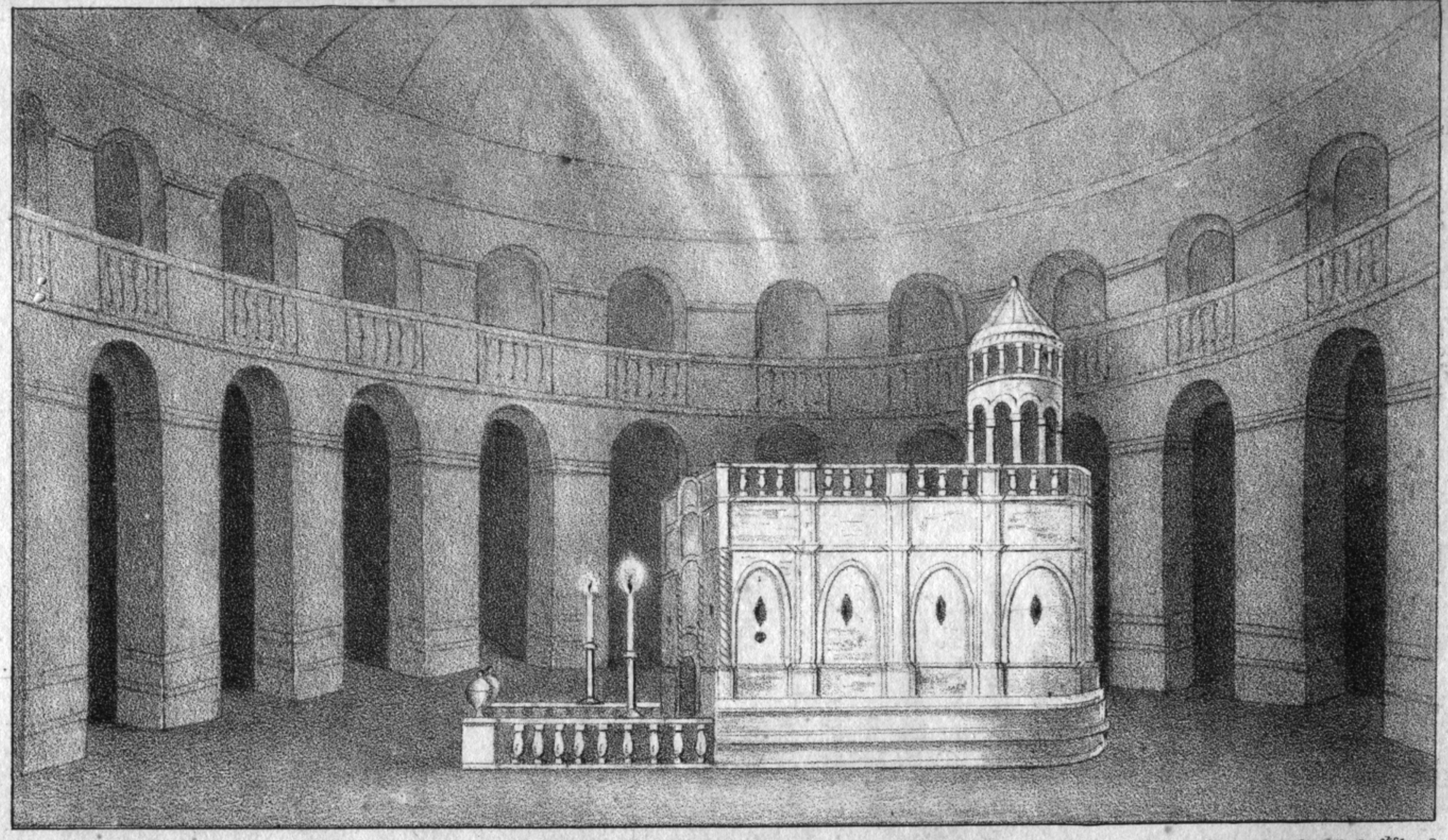
of wood, soon became an entire blaze. The Greeks rebuilt it, at the expense, I was told, of sixteen millions of piastres, making it larger, though not so handsome as before, being previously to the fire much like the Rotunda at Rome, though smaller. I understood it might have been repaired, but they preferred building it from the foundation, the large marble slab, where the tomb is, remaining in its proper place, about two feet above the floor of the church. There are no cells beneath this part of the church.

We have heard that the soldiers of the governor took possession of the villages of Baitsurfarfa and Sourbarel, the inhabitants of which fled with their effects to the mountains.

March 26.—Much rain and snow all the morning till about one o'clock, when I went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on my showing to the Turks, waiting at the door, where they sometimes smoke and drink their coffee, the paper from the Pasha of Damascus, they told me to pass on, and soon after the paper was returned to me in the church. Immediately as you enter, and elevated about a foot above the pavement, is a large slab of yellow-veined marble, with a sort of marble frame-work, about a foot high. At each end are four large candlesticks with wax-lights, and directly over it eight lamps are burning. On this slab was placed the body of our Lord when taken down from the cross to be anointed before burial; and here, as people enter, they crowd around, men, women, and children, falling upon

their knees, kissing the slab, and rubbing their cheeks upon it. I went forward and entered the rotunda, or chapel, between the columns or pillars which support the dome: of these, there are eighteen, and upon each is a painting. Directly under the dome was the Sepulchre of our Saviour, in a chapel or skreen of stone, of an oblong shape, with one end as it were cut off, and forming the entrance. Many pilgrims were going in, pulling off their shoes or boots at the door, but this is not done by Franks. Stooping through the low doorway, I entered the chapel, which is about eight or nine feet square, and not more than six or seven in height. It is paved with marble, and has marble ornaments on the sides, with a great number of massive lamps kept constantly alight. As soon as the number of pilgrims, who were kissing the place, permitted me to proceed, I squeezed into the other room, of about the same height but less in breadth, in which there is scarcely room for two people to pass beside the tomb, at least whilst they are kissing and rubbing their faces upon it, which some pilgrims kept doing for so long a time that the attendant told them to go.

This is the spot on which our Lord was deposited, and a priest occasionally sprinkled the slab with honey-water. The attendant took money from those who chose to give it, and I observed my servant, (who had kissed and rubbed his cheeks upon the marble like the rest,) throw him down a three-piastre piece, and on his telling



Sketched by Jn° Madox Esq.r

G.E. Madeley, lith. 3 Wellington St. Strand.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Pub. by R. Bentley, New Burlington St.

him I was English, he poured some of the scented water into my hand. This room was also well lighted up. At the round end of this skreen is a small chapel of the Copts, having been added afterwards to the Sepulchre. This part of the church consists only of the dome, and receives a good light through a large circular aperture at top, which has only an iron network. On entering, the church appears smaller than would have been expected from the external ponderous appearance of the dome, but more lofty, from the whole building being in such a hollow. The entrance of the Sepulchre faces a few steps that lead into and through the body of the Greek church, passing under the other dome of the Greek part of the church, to which you ascend by a few steps.

Going through rather an obscure passage, and then ascending about thirteen steps, I came to the part called Mount Calvary, which, however, with the whole church, lies considerably lower than most other parts of the city, and, in approaching it from the Franciscan convent, you descend very considerably, one street being cut into steps. The part called Mount Calvary is higher than that part in which the sepulchre is situated. The rock is all covered with stone, except where a long brass grating is let in to show the bare rock; directly under it, and close to this, is the place where the cross was erected.

March 27.—Went to the church at eight, and remained four hours, to see the Procession of the Palm. After mass and chanting, the priests went

in regular order to the door of the Sepulchre. On each side of the door was an armed Turk; and there is a small balustrade, in which were three immense waxlights burning in massive candlesticks. In the Sepulchre, branches of the palm-tree, plaited and twisted, are deposited to receive the benediction; they are then given to the priests, to the boys of the convent, to the pilgrims, and to the populace in succession. The singers go in front, leaving a passage for the people, and their chanting, in which the boys join with all their might, covers in some measure the shameful confusion and noise which occur at this time.

It seemed strange that armed Turks should guard the entrance to the tomb of Christ, and that others, with short-handled whips, should absolutely flog away some of the rabble; for such they are, appearing dirty and miserably poor. But, if it were not for this, what a scene of noise and confusion would it be during the time the branches are being distributed, which is from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to the number of the pilgrims and the populace. A sort of battle took place during the distribution amongst six or eight, who attacked one poor fellow and pulled off his red cap. Others began beating one another with the branches they had just received; in short, the scene was quite disgraceful.

The Sepulchre door being closed, a procession was made round it three times; three crosses were carried, together with waxlights and palm-

branches. There was much chanting all the time. In the front, and near the door of the Sepulchre, carpets were laid down, and an altar erected; the singers took their former places, and the way was blocked up so that none could pass; a fine-wrought chair, and silk stools, were placed upon the carpets, and the priests, having changed their handsome silk robes, the regular service was chanted, without the organ, the superior and others standing the whole time with their palm-branches in their hands. The four principal singers then retired, and this part of the ceremony being finished, the sacrament followed, and terminated the service of the day.

March 30.—The Rev. W. Lewis, who had arrived yesterday from Jaffa, called upon me with letters, and I dined with him and Messrs. Fisk and King, who also arrived here yesterday, at the Greek convent.

March 31.—I again went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and, the mass being over, saw the procession round the tomb and the marble slab at the door. Signor du Requello, the Spanish Consul, who had arrived yesterday from Aleppo, with an attendant, followed the procession, carrying a waxlight. The train was preceded by six janizaries; then followed the boys of the convent, carrying large wax tapers; then the priest, then the canopy, supported by six priests, under which were the superior and two others, one on each side, surrounded by boys carrying waxlights. Having gone three times round, and

passed out of the church towards the door, they then encircled the marble slab, and again went into the church and Sepulchre. In passing this slab, the boys sprinkled it with honey-water, and a Turk holding out his hands, a boy poured some into them, which he rubbed over his face, wiping his hands upon his beard.

At about two, I went again to the church to see the ceremony of washing the feet, in company with Signor du Requello, the Spanish Consul, who was accompanied by some of the friars of the convent at which we both resided. There were but few people in the church, and the Sepulchre was lit up inside and out with waxlights. To this they proceeded directly, and entered, accompanied by two priests, a party of six or eight following; but, remaining in the entrance-room, I inquired if I might enter, and was assisted in taking off my boots and requested to take off my turban. I complied; and passing some priests who were kneeling at the entrance-chamber, which was lighted with massive lamps, came to the low door of the tomb, and knelt down to have a better view. Here two priests, the Consul, and his attendant, were kneeling, apparently in devout prayer; they nearly filled the room, though two or three more might have crowded in and stood up at the same time. In about ten minutes we retired, the priests to their rooms, and the Consul and myself to our seats in the front, to wait whilst the preparations for the next ceremony were going on. By way of passing the

time, the superior took us up a flight of eighteen steps into the part which is called Calvary.

We again descended into the church, where they were preparing carpets and seats for washing the feet. This ceremony takes place in front of the Sepulchre. The names of the twelve monks of the convent being called over, they seated themselves, six on each side: a large silver dish, containing hot water, was placed upon the carpet. The superior took off his robes of purple and gold, under which he had on a white one, and with the assistance of a priest put on a long white apron, with a red cord over his arms and shoulders, which held up his large sleeves. The first priest had the water placed before him, and, taking his shoe off, just dipped his foot in; the superior, on his knees, washed it, and, a towel being handed by another priest, wiped it. The superior then presented the priest whose foot he had washed with a crucifix, and the latter kissed the superior's hand and then the cross. Another priest was in attendance with the crucifixes. The large silver bowl was passed on, and the next had his right foot washed in the same manner, and so on with all the rest. Another priest handed round a number of strings of beads to each, with a small cross. They now walked in procession, chanting, to their room, and the whole ceremony broke up.

April 1, Good Friday.—In the afternoon I went again to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and was conducted up to a small apartment at

the top, where I found Messrs. Lewis, Fisk, and King, and a young man of the Greek convent. Here we had coffee. About sunset, they began the ceremony of the Crucifixion. They pass through the body of the church to the chapel, where, with closed doors and the lights extinguished, a friar at the altar preaches in Italian, and, when he alludes to the cross, one is brought in with a waxlight and taken to him, upon which he falls on his knees, kisses the cross, and finishes his discourse. The doors are now thrown open, and all, elegantly robed and carrying waxlights, with solemn step and singing hymns, pass at the back of the church by the different sanctuaries. The first party proceed with the cross, and a figure of Our Saviour of a small size; other priests follow; the superior brings up the rear, and two men follow with a handsome chair. A crowd now pressed onwards, but all was conducted with tolerable propriety. I walked by the side of the Spanish Consul, and carried a wax taper (which the superior ordered for me) during the whole procession. In five minutes they halted at a sanctuary, around which we stood; a priest was in front holding the cross, to which the body, painted and crowned with thorns, was now affixed. Here an ecclesiastic preached in Spanish for half an hour, after which we again advanced to the next sanctuary, where another discourse took place.

Slowly proceeding, we arrived at, and ascended the steps which lead to the chapel at Mount Cal-

vary, where, at the furthermost altar of two, they laid down the cross and the body. Here was a crowd of men and women. The altars are handsome, and were well lighted up, and the priests formed a row on each side, with the superior at the farther end from the altar. After a hymn, a priest preached here in Spanish, for three-quarters of an hour. They then moved to the adjoining altar, at which they show the hole in the rock, which they say is the same wherein the original cross was erected, and here they fix that bearing the image. All the priests are arranged before it, and after singing, a priest at the altar preached in Italian for about half an hour; after which two others, one on each side of the cross, proceeded solemnly to draw out the nails holding up the arms, which fall to the body. After kissing these nails, they, with the hammer and pincers, are given to another priest, and the body is taken down and put into a sheet. The procession descends down the eighteen steps, (the effigy coming last, carried by a priest,) to the place where the body of our Saviour was said to be anointed. Here the image is deposited; the superior has his white apron tied on, and, after sprinkling it with rose-water and throwing over it some powdered spices from two silver vases, he kneels down and rubs the body over. A priest from an elevated place, now preached a funeral sermon in Arabic, for near three-quarters of an hour. Tired and worn out, I still followed in the procession, which went

with the body to the Sepulchre, where it was deposited. The priests then retired to their room, and the people left the church, it being past ten o'clock.*

April 2.—The Pasha of Damascus arrived soon after twelve before the walls of Jerusalem, and pitched his tents on the highest parts, as he never

* The following is the rough translation of a letter, which was received from Aboo Ghoosh, by the Procurator of the Latin convent.

"To his presence, the glory of the Christian sect, our friend the Procurator of the convent of the Franks.—May he remain in safety!

"After abundant longing after your intimate friendship, with regard to your welfare and health, we commence [by saying] to your friendship, that what has happened with regard to us, and the injustice done to our brother Abd Er Rahman, is not concealed from you. And now the sum of thirty-five purses is demanded of our brother, and your friendship understands that, although the whole country should be sunk, we would not give five paras. And now we will not permit the roads to be travelled until we shall receive them [the thirty-five purses]. What is hoped from your friendship, is, that you will make some arrangement with our friends, the Armenians and the Greeks, with regard to them, and in some way or other, avert them from us. [That is, pay them.] And you are now most fully informed on this subject.

"What is hoped from your friendship, as we have mentioned, is, that you may not render it necessary [to proceed] to things which men will hear of. And your friendship understands that, although we should go from this part of the country, we would not give two paras.

"At all events, however you may arrange this affair, arrange it. And may you remain [in peace].

"Your devoted friend,

"Ibraheem Aboo Ghoosh."

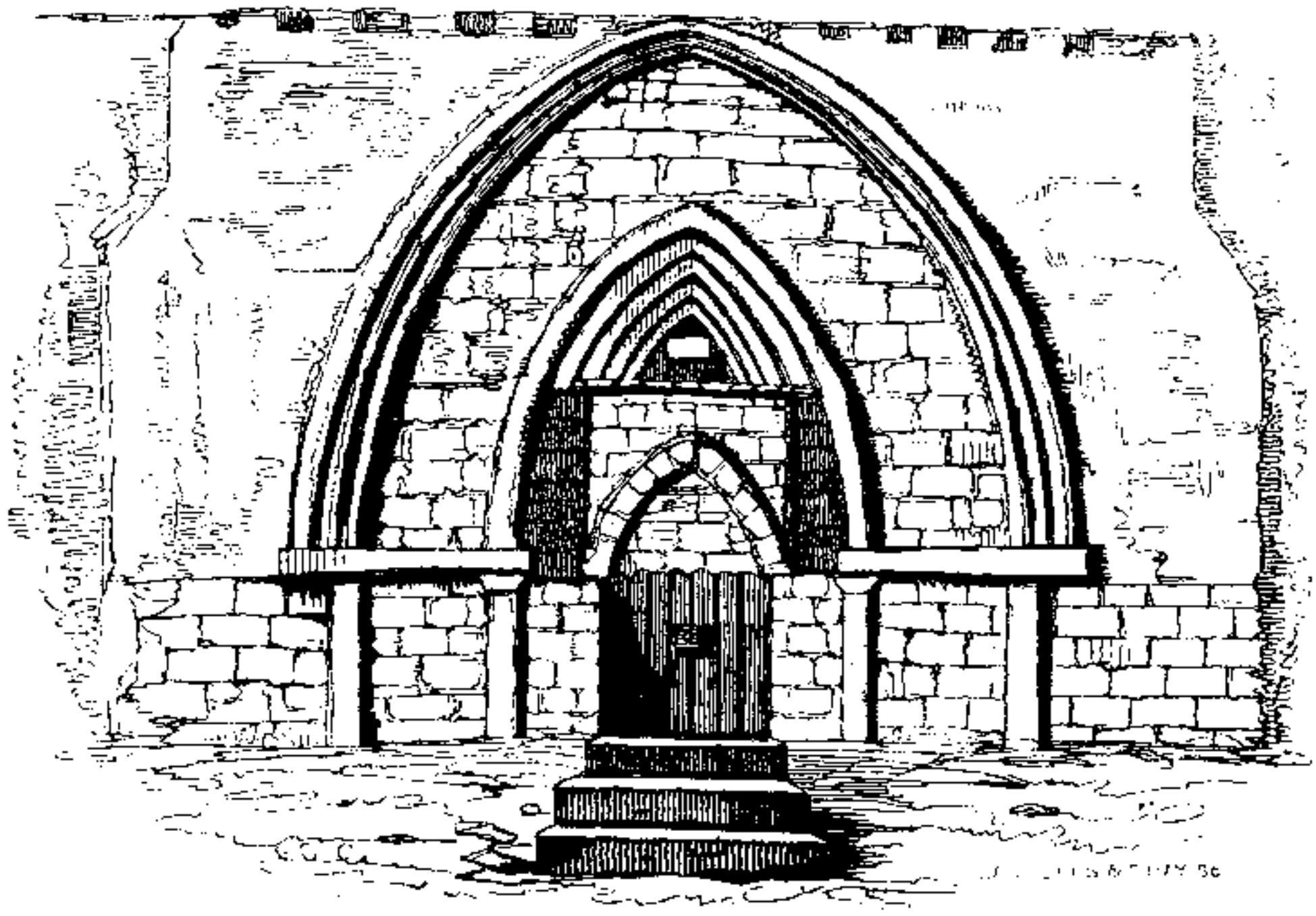
enters the city. He had more than two thousand soldiers with him, whom I saw from the top of the convent, descending amongst the olive-trees —a motley crowd without order, and having wretched music. The castle saluted him, and the walls were lined with women (in one part and mostly alone) as well as men. The Pasha of Damascus comes annually to this place to demand money of the people.

I was very unwell, and confined to my chamber till the 21st of April, when, as I was considered to be in much danger, and as my Italian physician seemed fearful of administering more medicine, Dalton, and a missionary, paid me a visit, in company with Messrs. Fisk and King.

April 21. — Being much better in health, I rode with Mr. Bromhead, accompanied by our servants well armed, out of the Zion gate, and descended into the valley to the farther fountain, where there was a tank of muddy water. The valley appeared fertile and verdant, and men were at work. We returned, and went to the fountain or spring of Silöe, and descending about seventeen steps, came to a platform; then going under an arch, we descended about thirteen more, and partook of the water of the beautiful spring, clear, sweet, and rather warm.

Mr. Bromhead fired off a pistol, and we then rode up this valley of Jehosaphat, and passing the village of Silöe, on its other side, with cavities, tombs, and houses, one above the other in the rock, came to the Jewish burial-ground, going by the tombs of Absalom and Jehosaphat, cut out

of the solid rock. From this we went to the Tomb of the Virgin Mary. In this is a sanctuary, with paintings and lamps burning.



We now proceeded to the olive-trees in the Garden of Gethsemane.* Of these there are eight, which are very large. I measured three: one was

* "Gethsemane means the Vale of Fatness, in allusion to the fertile olive-trees which anciently adorned the adjacent Mount of Olives, and which even yet, in scanty numbers, reach from the summit of the mountain down to some parts of the vale beneath. This vale of fatness, which was witness to the agonies of the Man of Sorrows, may still claim the title of Gethsemane, having several low and aged olive-trees, eight of which are pointed out to pilgrims as denoting the site of the Garden of the Agony."—Vide Jowett, p. 303, who quotes from "Roland's Palestine."

two or three inches less than twenty-four feet in circumference; another two or three inches more than twenty-four feet, and the third was twenty-two feet: these appeared the largest. Some are hollow, and have stones piled up in them, and there is a young plantation of about ten or twelve more.

We next ascended the Mount of Olives, in the midst of which is a sort of cupola, wherein is shown a stone, on which, they tell you, is the mark of our Saviour's foot when he quitted the earth. From hence we had a fine view of the Dead Sea, and also of Jerusalem, to which we now returned, and entered by St. Stephen's Gate.

I got into another apartment, adjoining that of Messrs. Bromhead and H. Lewis, and we always dined together, being detained here by Aboo Ghoch, who took all who passed his way on the road to Jaffa. The Spanish Consul wrote to Jaffa for assistance, and an answer arrived on the 24th, saying that they had not a sufficient number of soldiers to oppose Aboo Ghoch, but had sent an express to Acre.

A message was received on the 24th from Aboo Ghoch, saying that we (the Franks and the Consul) had nothing to fear; for that his brother would protect us, and conduct us to Ramla or to Acre.

The Consul wrote in answer, that he was obliged by his offer of protection, but that he had some affairs to arrange, which would detain

him here a few days longer; that at present he did not know when he should quit, but that if he came his way he would let him know, and then would be obliged to him for his protection: that the English were under no apprehension, having proper firmans from the Grand Signor.

Thinking the offer of Aboo Ghoch a mere trap to ensnare us, we waited the result of the despatch to the Pasha of Acre from the Spanish Consul; for it was supposed that Aboo Ghoch would rather keep on terms of friendship with this pasha, having land contiguous to him.

April 26.—When the Pasha of Damascus left this place, near a fortnight since, he took with him a brother of Aboo Ghoch, the other brother not having paid the demands made upon him. This caused much confusion throughout this part of the country, and it became unsafe to go out. Murders and robberies were committed, and Aboo Ghoch and all his followers (the population of about fifteen villages) were up in open rebellion. Thus we were hindered, under the fear that, if we pursued our journey, we should be taken; he having detained some pilgrims, and sent out a party to take the Spanish Consul of Aleppo, who was with us at Jerusalem, as an hostage for his brother. The Consul, on being apprized of this, wrote to Jaffa. The first messenger was robbed, but returned with the letter; a second, however, was more fortunate, and reached Jaffa with his missive; from this place another was sent to the Pasha of Acre, from whom we expect assistance.

April 27.—The brother of Aboo Ghoch, after having been detained at Nablous, arrived last evening at Jerusalem. This morning he called upon us, and said we might pursue our journey, for his brother would not molest us; in proof of which assertion, he offered to conduct us in safety; but we declined his proposal, not choosing to place any confidence in him, and preferred waiting for the escort which had been written for.

April 28.—We went out by the Bethlehem gate, and ascended to the mountain called Mal Concellio. In one of the rooms of the building here is a tomb, and a good view may be obtained of Jerusalem, the valley of Jehosaphat, and the distant mountains of Moab. We descended, and went to what is called The Field of Blood, and entered several of the excavations in the rocks about, which have evidently been tombs, cut into rooms, having places for the bodies, some of which were made sidewise, and the lower ones longwise, into the rock, one above and four under: from these we returned to the Zion gate.

April 30.—A messenger arrived last night from the Pasha of Acre, saying he could not interfere with Aboo Ghoch; that it was not in his pashalic. And a messenger was said to have arrived the day before from Aboo Ghoch, saying that all was perfectly safe for the English to pass, now his brother was liberated. He is also said to have liberated the Armenian pilgrims whom he had detained.

The governor here offered us soldiers to con-

duct us three hours towards Nablous, thereby avoiding the road by Aboo Ghoch.

The first demand made by the Pasha of Damascus upon Aboo Ghoch was fifty thousand piastres, part of which was paid and hostages sent; upon which the Pasha of Damascus liberated his brother, whom he had taken with him as an hostage for money demanded of Aboo Ghoch, and which he refused to pay. Other hostages were then taken to Damascus, and, on the other hand, Aboo Ghoch kept some of the pilgrims. The Pasha of Damascus then demanded thirty-five purses, which is more than two thousand dollars. This Aboo Ghoch wrote a letter to say that he would not pay, but expected that the convents would; and that he was determined to take the Spanish Consul, if possible, and of course all the English here, to make us contribute largely towards paying.

TRANSLATION OF ABOO GHOCH'S FIRST LETTER.

"To the presence of our peculiarly beloved, our particular friend, our beloved and esteemed Mr. Matthew, dragoman of the Frank convent. May he be preserved!

"After the great longing towards you, beloved friend, for your welfare and health, we begin to you.

"In a blessed moment we received your esteemed and desired letter, in which you inform us of the design of our friend the Consul, and that he is agitated on account of the pilgrims being detained by us. The fact, Oh beloved! is, that the pilgrims are one thing and our friend the Consul another. We desire from you, beloved, that you let him set out; and God is witness, and Mohammed, the apostle of God, is witness, that

he shall see nothing but respect and honour from us, for, thanks be to God most high, we understand the business.

"But, if he is not disposed to set out, or has business, then just as he pleases.

"And, as to the pleasure of our friend the Procurator, let this affair be as it may, let him not be troubled, and let there be no uneasiness to our friend the Procurator about it. As you please. If he is disposed to set out, we will bid him welcome, and escort him to Ramla.

"We wish you also to inform us concerning one of your people who was plundered near the White-hill, the man that was plundered being in company with Ibu Omar. We desire from you, beloved, that you inform us on paper what he lost, in every particular, and without delay; and send us an answer by the bearer that we may examine into this affair; for this is the Holy Land, and, please God most high, he shall lose nothing at all.

"Give what is customary from you for all our family, and deliver it to Elias, son of Nasar Cost, and let him bring it, and the messenger a piastre and a half as his pay. And desire for us, from our beloved, the Procurator, a rotolo of coffee and a rotolo of sugar, and send them by the messenger, because, Oh beloved, it is now Ramadan. And it is not concealed from you, Oh beloved! and to your intelligence there is no need of farther explanation.

"May you be established,
And we pray for you,
Your devoted friend,
IBRAHIM ABOO GHOCH."

"7 *Ramadan*, 1240."

CHAPTER XII.

Letters to the British Consul.—Exactions of Aboo Ghoch.—Quit Jerusalem.—Visit Aboo Ghoch.—Plain of Sharon.—An Alarm.—Apprehension of the suspected Thieves.—Attacked by the Arabs.—Mount Tabor.—View from Mount Tabor.—Lake of Tiberias.—Nazareth.—Acre.—Tyre.—Beirout.—Nazareth.—Source of the Ain Leban.—Convent of Harissa.—Deir el Kammar.—Robbers executed.

MAY 3.—HAVING been now detained more than a fortnight, i.e. ever since the departure of the Pasha of Damascus on the 15th of April, we sent off a letter to Mr. Abbot, the British Consul at Beirout, together with an official letter, written by Mr. Bromhead; stating our situation and detention here by Aboo Ghoch, and signed by Signor Angelo Durighello, Spanish Consul at Aleppo; the Rev. Pliny Fisk and Mr. King, American missionaries; the Rev. Mr. Lewis, Dr. Dalton, Messrs. H. Lewis and Bromhead, and myself. A letter to Mr. Salt, Consul General at Cairo, accompanied the above.

May 4.—In the evening the consul sent to say that the governor was much alarmed, and that Aboo Ghoch had sent a letter demanding the

money of the governor, who thought of resigning; acknowledging to the consul that he was only as a "piece of wood" here. This was the new governor, the former having left Jerusalem with the Pasha of Damascus, who was his brother.

To take the Spanish Consul and ourselves, and then keep us prisoners until the money was paid, was the primary object of Aboo Ghoch. We were told that he had three or four hundred horsemen constantly upon the look-out, besides three thousand or more Arabs under arms. The convents would not pay the sum demanded. The sheiks of two revolted villages, as well as the sheik of Nablous, were here, treating with the Governor, who sent to us to say, that he thought it would be a good opportunity to return under their guidance, as they belonged to two villages on the road to Nablous. Aboo Ghoch arrived in the neighbourhood, and the governor was given to understand, that he would not listen to any accommodation, but must have the money demanded.

May 5.—A rich Turkish merchant arrived from Bagdad, and offered to protect the Consul and the English, saying to the aga here, that he would deposit ten thousand piastres to show that he would protect us. The aga said he had better write to Aboo Ghoch, which he did: and was advised in answer, that, as it was the Ramadan, it might be dangerous to carry his intention into effect. The hint was taken, and the merchant thought it prudent not to interfere. In the

mean time, articles of provision were getting dearer, and rice double in price.

May 6.—The consul having had a conversation with the Capo Verde and the Governor, the latter said that, as the former would be answerable for our safety, he thought we might go, and sent to the aga to have the soldiers ready, to whom we were willing to pay a moderate sum for conducting us, but not any as ransom. In the afternoon the Greek and Armenian convents consented to pay their share of the sum demanded by Aboo Ghoch, but the Latin convents still refused to do so; they (as well as the others) had all paid enormously already. The Capo Verde became answerable for our convent, however, so they would be obliged to pay; and, matters being thus arranged, and a message sent to Aboo Ghoch, it was expected we should quit the following day.

May 7.—There being a report that the Greek convent had not paid their quota, we sent to inquire into the fact, and learned that they had not even given a promise to that effect. We thought this looked suspicious, and warranted the belief that Aboo Ghoch meant to entrap us. The consul, however, said he should go, as the Capo Verde had promised us protection, and Messrs. Bromhead, H. Lewis, and myself, determined to depart also: the Rev. Messrs. W. Lewis, King, and Fisk, could not procure mules. We started accordingly at four o'clock, having only one soldier with us.

After passing over a very stony road, with the

village of Lefta and two others on our right, and one on the left, at the top of a hill, we came to the village of Jeremiah, the residence of Aboo Ghoch. This is pleasantly situated, and the ruins of a church are near. The consul proposed resting here a few hours. He called upon Aboo Ghoch, and, a message arriving for us to go and take coffee with him, we immediately repaired to his house.

Here was a curious scene; it was nearly dark, and we found the Consul and the Capo Verde sitting with Aboo Ghoch and his two brothers upon the terrace of a low building, about our own height, to climb up which we had to put our feet upon the projecting stones; and then we joined the circle, consisting of at least twenty people. The Capo Verde, a grave, but good-looking man, was seated on his cushion, with Aboo Ghoch, an elderly man, on his right hand. The brother, who had been detained by the Pasha, and in whose countenance low cunning was depicted, was present. Next to him, on the left hand of the Capo Verde, was the Spanish Consul, and then a younger brother of Aboo Ghoch's. This last was well-looking, with a sharp keen eye and small features; he was better dressed than the others, and seemed to possess some sort of civility.

May 8.—We left at two A.M. by moonlight; arrived at Ramla at eight, and went to the Frank convent. Having dined early, we walked to the ruins of a convent or church, and had a fine view of the surrounding country, with the

mountains of Judea on one side and Jaffa on the other.

May 9.—After an early dinner, the consul left for Acre; and in the afternoon we walked through the miserable bazaars, where we met in the crowd the Rev. W. Lewis and Dr. Dalton, who had just arrived from Jerusalem, which they had left in the morning; and soon after Messrs. King and Fisk joined us, and went to the Greek convent.

May 10.—Messrs. Bromhead, H. Lewis, and myself left Ramla, and, passing through a fine country, well clothed with the olive, then in blossom, and across an old bridge over a dry channel, and by the village of Lyd, pleasantly situated amongst trees, we came to a more open and flat country. Proceeding straight on through nearly the middle of the plain of Sharon, we arrived at and pitched our tent near the village of Calan Sowwa, at four P.M. near some fig-trees, and opposite to some ruins. The rest of the party came up an hour afterwards.

May 11.—Off early, and continued in the plain until two, when we gradually ascended, and arrived at a ruined mosque, or what must have been a mosque and khan in one, called Legune, the minaret remaining. We ascended to have a view of the plain of Esdraelon. Here, though we were told by an old Arab, who sat down by us, that we were surrounded by a bad set, yet as we liked the situation, and as there was a stream and bridge near, we stopped, though there was much

altercation with some of the muleteers, who wanted to go a few miles farther. Our two tents were pitched in the large square formed by the arches and walls of the khan, which were broken down in some places. Not far from the walls, and on the stream, was a grist-mill, between which and the khan were a few miserable Arab huts. Having dined and smoked our pipes, we retired to rest at about ten, and it was settled that a watch should be kept by some of our servants. The Rev. W. Lewis's man was one of the first sentinels, and took his station in an old tower, which rose above the wall of the khan, on the eastern side. As my rest the evening before had been much disturbed, I was in a sound sleep, when, between twelve and one o'clock, we were all alarmed by the cry of "Thieves!" and the firing of a gun. Up we started, and ran out with pistols in hand, and all was confusion. When the noise had subsided a little, we learned that a trunk belonging to the Rev. W. Lewis, which had been left outside his tent, had been taken away by a couple of Arabs, through a breach in the walls. A Turk, who with several others was going the same road with us, had tied his mule to his leg, so that he might be awaked in case any one should attempt to steal the animal. The mule being, it was supposed, frightened at the thieves, by a sudden jerk awoke his master, just in time for him to see and fire at them as they left the khan. He then set up the cry of robbers, but could not extricate himself from his mule till they had escaped.

May 12.—We were up before sun-rise, and agreed to seize some of the natives at the grist-mill, having learned that an Arab who brought some milk yesterday, and whom we suspected, lived there. Presently three Arabs came to look at us, whom it was thought proper to detain, and they were accordingly bound with cords by our men, who certainly used them too roughly. A party of us, walking down through the corn-fields, now proceeded to attack the place, which consisted of only two or three hovels, and one or two of the natives made off. In the first hovel, an old man, originally from Cairo, and known to Messrs. Fisk and King, resided. At the other houses, two men were on the top, and four or five below. We seized three at the mill, but one was left, and the two, after much struggle, were bound and brought to the khan. One of these being the suspected man, who had procured the milk, we liberated our first three prisoners, and set off for Nazareth, with these two led before us; who, as we left the khan, and passed over the stream, made signs, and called to three or four men who were sitting down near the village; in a short time we heard shouts from all sides. I then became certain that we should soon have all the country in arms against us, and, riding up to Mr. Fisk, who was of the same opinion, said it would be impossible to detain the prisoners, and that we had raised a nest of hornets about us.

The kafleh or caravan was at this time stretched along in Indian file, with the muleteers and

baggage in the rear. Our path lay down the gentle declivity of one of those hills which skirt the western borders of the plain of Esdraelon, and on either side were high weeds and grass, so that we naturally fell into the position above mentioned. Presently an Arab came riding furiously along, by the side of the kafleh, then stopped suddenly and set up a loud cry. In a moment we saw a large company pouring down upon us. The dragoman of Mr. Bromhead now levelled his piece to shoot the man who came first on horseback. If he had fired, we should in all probability have been cut down by the infuriated mob which was coming, but he was ordered not to fire, and as he did not seem to hear, a Moslem, one of our companions, ran up, caught hold of his gun, and prevented him from shedding blood. The Moslem had scarcely got hold of his gun, when one of the Arabs who were pursuing us came up in a most determined manner, with his sword drawn, and running to the prisoners, with one blow of it severed the rope which bound them together, then cut the cord which tied their hands, and set them at liberty, giving one of them a heavy blow on the shoulder; for what reason we could not understand.

Whilst this was passing, every part of our kafleh was attacked by the Arabs, who poured down upon us like a torrent, some upon horses, some on foot, with drawn swords, guns, and heavy clubs, at the same time setting up a terrible yell. It was no time for parley. All was confusion, and

death seemed to stare us in the face. Some of our servants fell from their animals, and we were all driven like a flock of sheep before a band of wolves. The cry was, "fly!" and we fled, or rather were forced on by the Arabs, who were amongst us, around us, beating us with their heavy clubs and guns, brandishing their swords, riding by us upon their swift horses, and yelling like furies. One of them aimed a deadly blow at Mr. Fisk with a club, which providentially but just grazed his forehead, knocked off his turban, and slightly touched his arm. Flight was impossible; we were for the most part badly mounted; their horses are as fleet as the wind; we had twelve miles to ride over the plain, were unacquainted with the road, and our pursuers knew every turn.

Our baggage being at length cut off, there seemed to be a little cessation on the part of our enemies, and we hoped that, contented with our property, they would let us go in peace. But in a moment we saw them coming on again, and thought that all was lost, and that, as they had stopped our baggage, they now intended to take our lives. In the words of Mr. King, "It was an awful moment. I could only say, 'Heaven defend us!' I was in front of the kafleh, and a little distance ahead, when an Arab sheik came flying up to me on his steed, with a large club in his hand. Making a halt, I addressed him, calling him brother, and said, 'Do me no harm, I have not injured you.' I spoke to him in words of

peace and gentleness. Upon this he let down his club, which he had been brandishing, halted, listened, and presently turned away, and soon after I saw him driving back some of our pursuers. The cry of 'ayman' (safety) was heard by us, and I need not say, that it was a welcome sound to our ears."

The baggage was permitted to come on, and arrived soon after us; only a few trifling articles were lost: no life was lost; but if it had been the intention of the Arabs to kill us, they could have accomplished it with the greatest ease. The attack was a gallant one, and made by the Arabs as if they were determined to carry their point through life or death; and I have no doubt that, had one of their party fallen by our hands, it would have been the signal for the slaughter of us all. On arriving at Nazareth, Messrs. Bromhead, H. Lewis, and myself, went to the convent of the Terra Santa; the rest of the party took lodgings in the house of a Greek priest.

May 13.—Our party left at two, and began to ascend Mount Tabor at four. At five we were on the summit. We saw several partridges, wild pigeons, doves, &c.; wild flowers of all sorts; honeysuckles, oats, and barley, growing wild. We chose a spot at the east end, whence we looked down into the plain. Ordering our carpets* to be spread and a fire to be lighted, a leg of mutton was roasted. There was a well of excellent water near, cut in the rock, and several ruined arches. After our dinner and pipes, we

lay down to rest, unsheltered by a tent, for we had left that behind us, the road winding much, and being greatly obstructed by trees and shrubs. All was darkness, excepting the starry host of heaven. Some of our men were asleep, and others were watching our horses, which were grazing near us. The air was mild, and happily there was very little dew all night: we slept pleasantly on the top of Mount Tabor, and were awakened early by the singing of blackbirds and thrushes.

May 14.—Mount Tabor is a very remarkable mountain, of sugar-loaf shape, standing alone on the plain of Galilee, but surrounded by hills at some little distance. Its summit is flat and very fertile, being pretty thickly studded with trees and shrubs, though towards the south it is more open, and from that quarter there is a most agreeable view which amply compensates for the exertion of the ascent. Round the mountain the plains of Esdraelon and Galilee spread their beauty to the eye, and the Mediterranean rolls afar in the north-west. Mount Hermon is descried in the east, as also the sea of Tiberias, and further to the right rises the high ridge of Gilboah: at the same time the scenes of our Saviour's life are continually brought before the mind as the eye surveys, and the ear almost at every turn catches the names of, places hallowed by his presence. There are some wells of good water, and here and there the fragments of walls, &c. particularly on the edges or brows of the mountain. Having arisen soon after day-break, I walked to

the north-east end, and found the remains of many buildings, consisting of large arches with various deep cavities which seemed to have been rooms; one with a pipe in the floor presented the appearance of a bath; it was a small arched chamber, and the plaster still remained on the walls. I rejoined my party a little before seven o'clock, and we descended, passing some men who were cutting wood, and meeting others on their way towards the top. It is perhaps worthy of remark that so great were the profusion and thickness of the wood in some places, during my ascent, that at one spot I was actually caught by the branches and drawn from my horse. At the foot of the mountain were two encampments of Bedouins, through the centre of which we proceeded, though somewhat annoyed by the dogs, and, after traversing a fine woody valley, arrived in the open plain and stopped at a khan about nine o'clock.

In the plain we passed the Mount of the Beatitudes on our left, soon arrived at Tiberias, (my second visit to that place,) and proceeded to the Greek church.

May 15.—Arrived at the ruins of a bridge which crossed the Jordan at its exit from the lake of Tiberias, from which it rushes with considerable force, though it is now forded by the Arabs, who swim their animals across. All the way along the margin of the lake fine oleanders in full blossom were growing, most of them in the water. The corn on the plain was ripe and being cut. On either side of the lake are high mountains; many of those on

this side are of a strange form, and have much lava scattered about them. At the edge of the water at some places are the remains of strong walls and of a tower. Tiberias itself is almost all built of lava, but is in a miserably ruined state. We returned and dined in the Greek church, and putting a few dollars on the communion-table, for the priest who was gabbling over prayers to the people, we left Tiberias at six, and again passing the Mount of the Beatitudes before nine, and the village of Lubié on a hill on our left, descended into the cultivated plain of Zebulun, and at eleven arrived at Cana. Our road now lay over a stony mountain and fertile plain, and passing a village on our right, we ascended a hill, and then descended over a chalky soil into Nazareth, where we arrived soon after one.

After dining, we went to what they called the house of Joseph, where there is a small chapel; part of the original wall was shown. We then proceeded to the house of our Saviour, one tolerably large room, having an immense block of stone in the middle, where, they said, he and his disciples dined. The column in the Convent Church here, which is broken, with its upper part still remaining in its situation, is fastened into the rock. The lower portion is one foot nine or ten inches long; the superior may be about four feet, and the space between them two feet nine inches. The other column is in an adjoining closet.

May 16.—Left Nazareth early, and passing Cana, and through fertile valleys to the plain of

Acre, arrived at the town at three, where, although we had sent on a servant to prevent our being detained, we were kept at the port an hour, the Pasha being asleep! It was the last day of the Ramadan. We had met my friend the Rev. W. Lewis on his way to Tiberias, having been to the Pasha to make a complaint against the man who had stolen his trunk.

May 17.—Walked round the walls, which are of some strength, having cannon, about twelve-pounders; they had evident marks of the late attack of the other Pashas, a few months before. After dinner we took a boat, and rowed a short way out, but were not permitted to go round the point. On our return we sat upon the top of the convent, which is higher than the houses, and enjoyed a good view of the town, bay, and Mount Carmel. The bazaars, streets, and houses, are bad and ruinous, though some bazaars were being built upon a better plan, arched, lighter, and more airy.

May 18.—After some difficulties with the muleteers, we left at half-past eight, and, continuing all the morning along the coast, at one time going up a precipitous ascent, and at others over a bad road or along the beach, having a hilly though fertile district on our right, we halted at five, within about an hour of Tyre, and our muleteers came up in the course of an hour and pitched the tents on a sandbank near a stream.

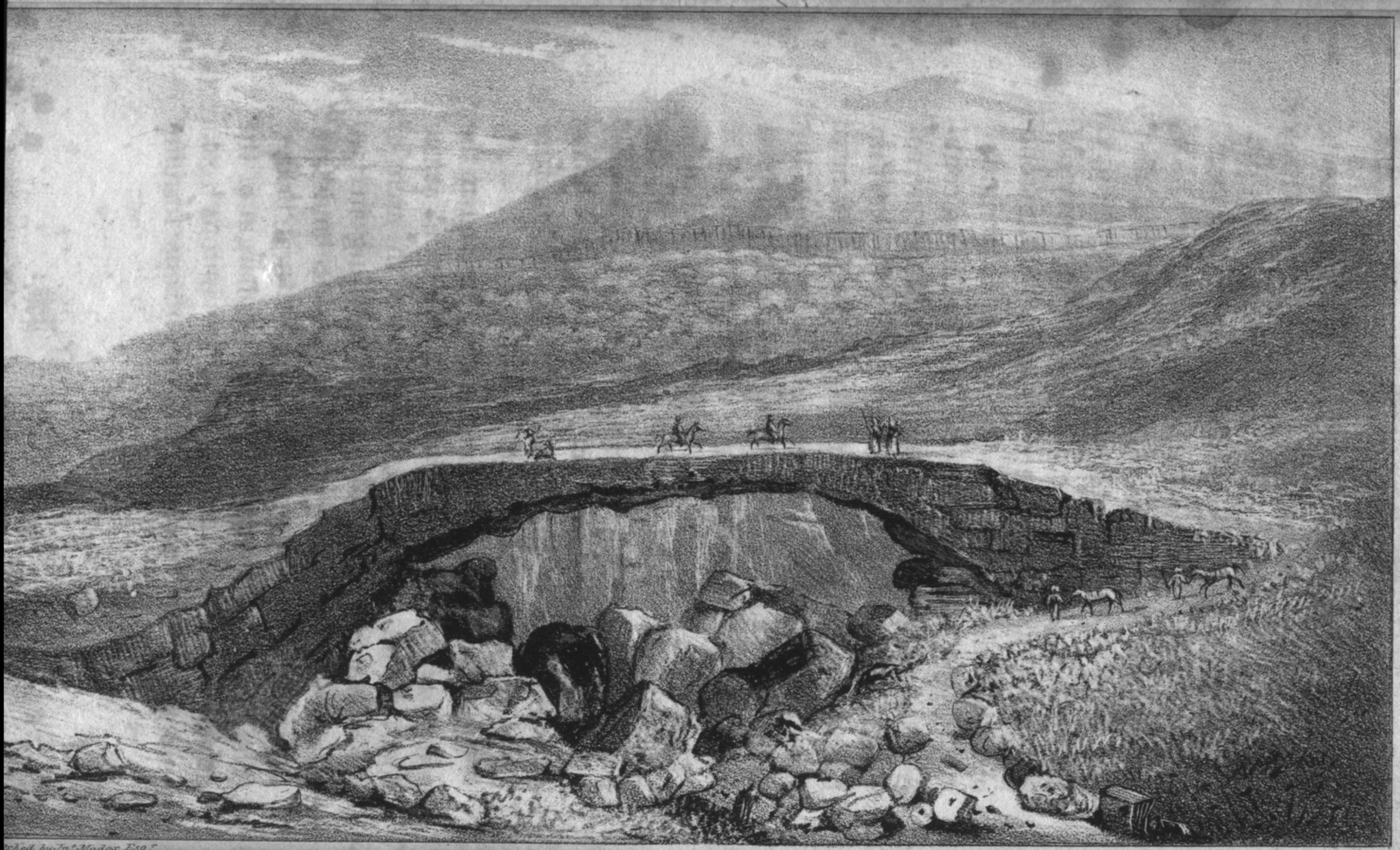
May 19.—Up early, and rode over the sands to the narrow streets and huts of Tyre. Many

broken columns were lying by the sea; along the coast are some old ruined khans, and a hut at which coffee is supplied. We continued along the coast or on the sands till we arrived at Sidon, which, however, we did not enter. The day was excessively hot and the people all amusing themselves, it being the last day of the Beiram. Our tent was pitched near a burial-ground at the back of the town, surrounded by trees.

May 20.—We left at sunrise, and, continuing along the coast, and passing over a bridge across the river Aouly, we pursued our journey over a rough road, and came to a rapid river, the Kahdi, which we rode through, the torrent having destroyed a bridge which had lately been erected higher up than where we crossed. The Spanish Consul, whom we had passed at Sidon, and the Austrian Consul at Beirout, joined us here, and we all partook of a lunch which the latter had prepared under the cover of a khan facing the sea, and then set off for Beirout by a delightful ride through a grove of olives, leaving the baggage to be taken a shorter way. Arriving there in an hour and a half, I went to the house of my friend Mr. Abbot.

At Beirout we found Captain Stopford, who had arranged to proceed with his vessel to Acre, for the purpose of liberating us from Jerusalem.

May 29.—Dined at Susà with an Arab merchant, in company with Messrs. Bromhead, H. Lewis, and Brown, and four or five strangers. Our host could only speak Arabic, and a party of



ched by Jn.o Madox Esq.r

A NATURAL BRIDGE near the source of NAHR-EL-LEBEN.

G.E. Madeley. Wh. S. Wellington St. Strand

well-dressed Arabs, his relations, were in attendance. The dinner was excellent, and every thing clean, with, for the first time, knives, forks, &c. The house was delightfully situated, and commanded a fine view of Beirout.

June 3.—Arrived at Mazarah about half-past one, and, finding it very hot, halted for the day. We dined and slept in a hovel. The merry old priest of the place joined us, and sang a song or two, while many of the natives stood around.

The general appearance of the surrounding country is extraordinary; the lower mountains are covered with mulberry-trees, the earth being kept up by stone embankments forming terraces; the next tier of mountains is rugged and irregular in the extreme; and the higher range nearly covered with snow, and extending a vast way around.

June 4.—Left this place at six, and arrived in two hours at Fakra. The ruined temple, in the midst of high stony mountains beyond, is almost a solid mass of stone, with passages, loopholes, and staircases to the top. There is no sculpture about it.

At a short distance from this, we arrived at the source of the river Ain Leban, gushing out at the foot of the mountains from under an arch of snow, forming a cataract, and running in two streams, which unite at a short distance and flow in great force between rocks to a natural bridge. The land is cultivated close to the margin of the stream. We descended these precipitous rocks into the valley, passing various streams forming

fine cascades; crossing the river, we ascended the mountains amongst mulberry-trees and cottages, and arrived at three at Antoneu, and procured of the priest a room adjoining the church.

June 4.—We descended by a rocky pass to Marabda, and I felt gratified at again arriving at so hospitable a mansion. The old priest was pleased to see me.

June 5.—As my companions were going to Gazir, I left early, with my black and a guide from the convent, for Harissa, and, passing over a bad road amongst mulberry-trees, going round the valley on the side of the mountains, having the village of Marrab, containing about seventy Christians, amongst the trees, I again ascended by a bad road and came to the ruined castle of Marrab, so blocked up that I could not find the entrance. Descending from this, I passed the convent of Ain Warka and arrived at the village, which we again left, and, after taking refreshment under a tree with six or eight men of the mountains around, who brought wine, we descended to the convent of Harissa by half-past one.

In the evening, after ringing the convent bell thrice, and then a small bell in the church, the priest went in to read and sing the prayers: my black servant walked in with him, lighted the thin wax tapers, and knelt down opposite to the figures of the Virgin Mary and Child. This man was his sole auditor, for not an individual else came to his church. The little monk got on as fast as he could.

June 7.—There are only seven or eight houses near the convent, and I could get nothing either for myself or horses. The little priest lived entirely by himself: if he employed a labourer to assist him, he was sure to quarrel with him. He said that they were all Ladri about him, and they said he was mad.

June 8.—Left Harissa by eight, and by a steep and stony road came to the ruined convent of Kirker, whence was a delightful view. Pursuing my course over the rugged mountains, we descended and arrived at the khan, where I had been before, close to the river Kelb. Directly after crossing the bridge of three arches over this river on the way to Beirout is an inscription; further on are the defaced remains of a figure, and then, a foot or more above the road, the remains of another.

Returned to Beirout.

June 14.—Set off with Messrs. Bromhead and H. Lewis for Deir el Kammar, near the residence of the Prince of the Mountains, and, going through a lane of the prickly pear and olive-trees, came out on the sands, and dined at a small khan near the sea. After pausing for three hours during the heat, we turned in amongst the mountains, and, crossing the dry beds of torrents, we ascended a steep hill, and at last arrived late at Deir el Kammar.

June 15.—Deir el Kammar is high upon the mountains; it is a large place, and the houses are well built of stone. Here are two convents, one

of Greek Catholics and one of Maronites. The country is very mountainous and the valley tolerably rich. The palace of the Prince of the Druses is on the opposite side of the valley, half an hour's ride from the town. The prince professes Mahometanism, but has a Catholic chapel in his palace, and probably is of no faith at all. After having given his solemn oath to Sir Sidney Smith (who had saved his life and restored him) that he would never injure his three nephews, the heirs to his principality, he put out their eyes, about fifteen years ago: two of them are still alive.

I afterwards learned, on my return to Deir el Kammar, that this prince had taken four robbers just above Banias, and sent them to the Emir Bechir, who immediately had them hung; two upon a large walnut-tree, under which I had dined a few days before, near his palace, and the other two at a public pass near a fountain, the source of the Mâarsâ. After hanging three days, they were thrown into a cave adjoining a tomb built for several princes, in which other bodies had been deposited about thirty years since. The usual mode of punishment is by strangulation.

June 16.—Left early, and returning over the mountains, I passed close by Haddet, and arrived at Beirout by six to dinner.

CHAPTER XIII.

Leave Beirout.—Palace of the Emir Bechir.—Muktarra.—Maronite Convent.—Funeral Ceremony.—Ancient Tombs.—The Jerrarde.—Arrive at Banias.—Source of the Jordan.—Prince of Hasbeya.—Native Dance.—Ruins of Banias.—Hasbeya.—Leave Hasbeya.—Mountains of Lebanon.—Marharser-il-focar—Source of the Barook.—Fanabra.—Medjelmoush.

JULY 2.—Again left Beirout, with a Mahometan Arab of the name of Achmet, who could not speak a word but Arabic, my black servant having suddenly left me. In my way I paid a visit to Dr. Francisco's at Chamlan, who was kind enough to give me a bed and a good supper; and the next day arrived and slept at Signor Domani's at Deir el Kammar, *i. e.* Convent of the Moon, where I met with Mr. King.

July 4.—I again left this place at nine o'clock, with a Christian Arab guide of the name of Abou Jube Buttres, and my man Achmet. The Christian spoke French with tolerable fluency, having been three years at Cairo with Buonaparte and

Kleber. At the end of the village, we immediately descended by a bad road, nearly opposite to the palace of the Emir Bechir, called Bteddein, to which, after crossing the valley, we ascended. The Prince was making a terrace and an addition of thirty or forty rooms to his palace, and many men were at work cutting the rock and building. From this we ascended by a winding road, and in half an hour passed the ruined village of Soumcarnée, where the first battle in the late disturbances between the Druses, Maronites, and Turks, was fought, in which the former were routed by the two latter. The mountains appeared barren, but in the valley were vines, mulberry, olive, and other fruit-trees, and a fine stream of water, with a fountain. A little farther on is another village in a more open situation, called Keilwart, where the second battle was fought, three days after the first: it was considered a great one as it lasted eight hours. Not far from this is a mosque, belonging to the Druses, in total ruins.

In half an hour we descended to a forest of olive-trees and the once pleasant and well-built village of Ishdaedee, which was now deserted and in ruins. This was a large Druse village, beautifully placed in a rich open valley, and surrounded by lofty and barren mountains, being part of Mount Lebanon. We next crossed another branch of the Aoule by a bridge of two arches. The borders of the stream were covered with trees, and many fine walnuts. Ascending by the

side of a fine stream amongst mulberry, olive, and pomegranate trees, I came to Muktarra, the residence of the late Sheik Bechir; the population was about eight hundred, but now all was in ruins and deserted, and I was struck with surprise at the devastation I saw in going over the ground which had been the scene of the late battles.

After having dismounted, I walked through the empty bazaars, which, contrary to their usual structure, had been well-built. These places, once so full of busy life, were now all quiet and deserted, with the exception of one or two men, who followed us. I next entered the court of the palace, and, was much struck with the romantic beauty of the place. The palace is handsome, and being in an elevated situation, commands a fine view of bold romantic scenery in front, and a beautiful valley full of trees. The court is paved with large flat stones, and through the middle ran a rapid though narrow stream, forming a small cascade, which flowed into a basin, and then, gently gliding through the court, sank down amongst the cottages, and into the valley. On one side of the court were two or three small apartments, sheltered from the sun, and on the other was a large open octagonal building, having eight lofty arches. The whole is built of a light-coloured stone; the rooms are rather small, but prettily painted, and the ceilings covered with floral ornaments. The two upper court-yards are small, but pretty, each having a fountain and

basin going to ruin. Adjoining are rooms of trellis-work. The hot bath was much damaged, some of the marble floor being torn up. In descending, I saw over the parapet of the fore-court a heap of rubbish, which, as appeared by two small marble tombs, was the remains of what had lately been a handsome mosque and minaret. These had been beautifully situated in a grove, surrounded by villages, but of the trees two tall cypresses alone remained.

Descending from Muktarra amongst olive and mulberry-trees, we came to a small bridge of one arch. The water fell in beautiful cascades over a rocky bed in a chasm in the mountains. At about a quarter past four we entered upon a more open plain, from which we ascended to a forest of pines. Having passed a house belonging to Lady Hester Stanhope, occupied by some peasants, we arrived soon after six at a convent of Maronites, called Deir Meshmushy, where I was civilly received, and offered a cell, which I might occupy as long as I chose.

The dress of the monks is a loose black or very dark blue gown with a cowl, and under this is a coarse white shirt; some have light blue loose trousers, slippers, but no stockings, and a black leather belt round the waist, to which the key of their room is attached, which is sometimes made as a cross. They generally wear the cowl on the head, but, when it is thrown back, a black skull-cap is shown. They all have long beards, and are in number seventy, with twenty-

five attendants. The novices are obliged to wear a peculiar dress for two years previously to admission into the fraternity, during which period they are not allowed to speak to any stranger. The monks appeared to be very happy together, and I found them very friendly. My guide said that they were glad to see the English. They are very industrious, and were busy bringing their silk-worms up the mountain.

The convent is built near the summit of a triangular mountain, surrounded by a higher range. The view is beautiful and romantic into the valley beneath, in which the Nahr Bisry takes its serpentine course.

A burial took place this morning: the body of a female was brought upon a bier into the church, followed by about twenty-five or thirty women, all wearing the tantour, of whom a few only, the deceased's relations, were permitted to enter. The body being placed in the middle of the church, the relatives knelt in a corner near the door, and eight or nine priests read and chanted the service, at times throwing back their cowls or taking off their caps. The corpse was then carried out and deposited near the convent, and whilst it was partly uncovered, the priest continued chanting and the women loudly crying, or rather screaming. A sheet was held over the body during its removal, but previously to its being deposited in the earth, which was of very little depth, it was entirely stripped. Poverty was the cause of their thus disrobing the dead.

I went into the houses of those who took care of the silkworms, which are neatly arranged with shelves, but are much later here than at Beirout, though the silk is said to be better.

At twelve I rode up the mountain at the back of the convent, on which are two hillocks, each containing a kubbi, or tomb. One of these is amongst trees, and said to be the tomb of an ancient prophet. Tradition ascribes the other to his sister, Ize-Laykar. They both appear perfect. The prophet's tomb is of a hard white plaster, and about four feet high, having a wooden framework over it, with a cloth covering, the sides near the top being of open work. The kubbi, or outside, is built of stone, square, and flat-roofed, having steps outside for ascent to the top, which is occasionally rolled and kept in repair. There are three rooms in the building, one large and two smaller. The first is always open, and in it is a well or tank of rain-water. This elevated spot seems dedicated to solitude; it is rarely approached by a human being.

July 7.—Left the convent about nine with an extra guide, and ascended the mountains to the south-east, passing on our left the village of Gezyn, inhabited principally by one hundred and sixty families of Maronites, and ten or twelve families of Metawâlies. After this we came near a small village on our right, called Farhoona; here is a small rivulet, whose fertile banks afforded a pleasant relief to the eye from the rocky mountains and roads I had just passed.

After some time we came in sight of the village of Ballart, half Greeks and half Metawâlies; a little farther was the village of Debené, inhabited by Metawâlies, and another called Ibbel, half Druses and half Christians; after this stood the village of Mazaret-dejenere, inhabited by Mata-wâlies. I soon arrived at a place called Jedaidee, inhabited by about one hundred Christian families, where I was truly glad to pause for the night, being much fatigued.

This was a miserable place, but the sheik's house was clean, and, whilst I was reposing on my carpet in his court-yard, he came in and did his best to receive me well, saying he was always happy to see an Englishman at his house. I must have slept well, for, on rising, which I did early, I found a man in the room, fast asleep, with his sword and pistols by his side; but he had not disturbed me.

We left at eight, and gradually ascended in an open country, surrounded by myriads of insects, some flying, but most on the ground; they are called jerrarde, and are a sort of locust; the villagers were employed in driving them from the tobacco-plants with boughs of trees, and so numerous were they as to make a loud buzzing noise when they rose.

By nine we had passed a village high up in the mountains, called Clayah, inhabited by Maronites. The mountains appeared barren and burnt up, with corn and trees in the valley. We came to a fine spring, and an encampment belonging to the

Pasha of Acre, consisting of twelve or fourteen tents, this part or district being frequently plundered of its fruit, corn, &c. At a little distance farther is the village of Lardreham, containing about two hundred families of Maronites, Greeks, and Metawâlies.

Continuing for some time along a plain, we ascended and crossed a hill, and then descended into another plain, and at about half-past ten halted to repose under a tree. Continuing my way south-east, we suddenly came to a wide and deep chasm and a fine rapid stream, with trees and shrubs on its banks, all concealed till our close arrival. I descended and rode for some distance along this stream, passing a few natives washing their clothes, and appearing alarmed at sight of us. They directed us farther to the west, but, as my guides were at a stand, seeing I was already going too much in that direction, and as the water, though rushing over its stony bed with considerable force, was not of any depth, I determined to cross through it, and did so without much difficulty, as did my guides, who were on foot; but my attendants Buttrus and Achmet would not venture.

After riding through a forest, principally of stunted oak, I arrived by three at the end of the plain at Banias, and reposed on my carpet in a paved square, enclosed by a stone wall between three and four feet high, having in the middle a noble tree affording both shelter and shade. My attendants arrived in an hour afterwards,

having found a bridge considerably more to the right than where I crossed the river.

At half-past four I proceeded to visit one of the sources of the Jordan, which is only five minutes' walk from hence, going through some shrubs and bushes. The present source is somewhat in the shape of a half-moon, and the water bubbles up in various places beautifully clear, forming a small pool in front of a cavern, which also contains water, smooth and still, from which it rushes forward in two principal streams. This is about forty or fifty feet from the rock, but my guide said it used to issue from the cavern itself, which was formerly well arranged, though rocks and stones are now scattered about its entrance and in the water, part of the rock having been thrown down by an earthquake. I drank of the spring as it came up out of the rocky soil, and bathed my feet in the tranquil grotto. On the left of the cavern is a small ruined building with three arches; this is a kubbi, or tomb, of a sheik, and has a picturesque effect upon the side of the rocky mountain.

I had scarcely returned to the enclosed square before-mentioned at Banias, when I heard the beating of a small drum, and found that the Emir, or Prince, of Hasbeya, with about thirty of his soldiers, had arrived, and presently his carpet was spread near mine, under the branches of the fine tree which shaded the whole place. As he advanced, I arose from my carpet and saluted him, and he, all smiling and serene, returned my salu-

tation, and, sitting on the wall with eight or ten servants around him, took coffee; afterwards a lad brought an argillée, which he held whilst the Prince smoked. This being over, he left the square, and his brother or son, a fine lad, with three or four others, sat down by me. I offered him my pipe, which seemed to please him, and then gave each of them a tumblerful of wine, which elicited a smile from the Prince, who happened to return whilst they were drinking it. After he had fallen on his knees and repeated a short prayer, I offered him some sweet biscuits which he liked, but he would not accept any wine. He then smoked an argillée, and, soon after sunset, having again repeated a short prayer, returned to his couch. Finding I was proceeding to Hasbeya, he begged I would go to his palace, saying he could not be there himself for at least four or five days, as he was going from village to village to look after a bad set.

Supper was now spread at our feet. Sixteen dishes or plates were laid nearly in a straight line, and the Prince descended from his couch and squatted down with all his attendants upon the pavement before them, inviting me to partake of them with him. The bread, like pancakes, was thrown upon the pavement in quantities, the lowest serving as a plate for the rest. They all began by dipping their fingers into the dish they preferred, scooping out some of its contents with doubled pieces of the thin bread. I sat next to the prince, and we, with a few near us, had wooden

spoons. Seeing I was eating some rice which was merely boiled, he helped me from his own dish, to some that was seasoned upon meat, and with his spoon mixed them together. After the repast we resumed our seats, and the rest of the party cleaned the platters with their bread. We then smoked, and coffee was handed round.

The Prince wore large moustaches, but no beard; he was handsomely dressed in a maroon-coloured cloth robe, with much gold embroidery upon it, a handsome vest, and blue trousers; his turban was large, with gold ornaments upon it; his sash elegant, and he had a couple of yatagans on his left side, the handles of beautiful filigree-worked gold, with his beads twisted round one, with which they number the times of their prayers. He appeared to be a mild and pleasant man, and always spoke with a smile upon his countenance. After he had retired (for he slept at one of the hovels in the village) the music of a sort of double flageolet, which I have before often heard amongst the mountains and on the Nile, was commenced, which, though not very harmonious, was amusing. The place and situation I was in, surrounded by beings so different from those of my own country, from which I was so distant—the fine moonlight night displaying the mountainous scenery around—the murmuring of the stream as it rushed from the rocky mountain near—not a friend to speak to—all combined to make me feel that my situation was an extraordinary one.

The music brought up the young prince, his cousin, and another, who began dancing. Holding each other by the hand, they advanced the foot, and, just pointing the toe to the ground, retreated one step and then advanced three, beating time with their feet: the motion was slow, and the outside party waved a handkerchief with the arm which was at liberty. Thus they passed away nearly an hour, during which time I was reposing upon my couch, and a party were smoking round a fire in the corner opposite to me. After the dancing, the young prince began to joke with his attendants, and then most of them retired, though a few slept there.

July 9.—The prince and his people came at about five, and I was up to receive them. After the usual salutation, we took coffee and smoked. He then ordered his secretary to write a note of introduction to his brother at his palace at Hasbeya, which he dictated, and having stamped the paper with his ring, gave it to my guide, who was known to him. I thanked him, and said I should certainly go to his palace, where I was told his brother would receive me as well as if he had been there himself. He now mounted his fine horse, and with a friendly smile took leave. His kettledrum or tambourine gave forth its hideous noise and he followed in procession, carrying in his right hand a long Arab spear; all the rest followed, the young prince having set off before.

I rode to the ruins of a castle at an hour's dis-

tance, standing conspicuously upon the summit of a high and steep mountain. It occupies much ground, and must have been of great strength. Some arches, a portcullis, and towers with loop-holes, and some large cisterns containing water, remain: it is now the occasional resort of robbers. There is a broken inscription in Coptic, or Coufic. The ascent to the ruin is first through corn-fields, in which the labourers were reaping; and then amongst olives and other trees: the surrounding country is beautiful. On my return from the castle, I walked about the ruins of the old town of Banias, of which little remains but the gateway, with an Arabic inscription over it, and some old baths, nearly concealed by trees. It appears to have been a strong place, having had a dyke round it. The waters of the Jordan run through it in every direction. Outside the walls are the remains of a paved road. I went to a tomb, with stones piled around it, which the sheik's son called the tomb of Aschum, or Azheum; and he told me an odd story of its having been often handsomely repaired, but that some one inside as often destroyed it. He was therefore in fear of repairing it in a better manner than he had done.

At half-past one I took my departure from Banias, and, riding along the foot of the mountain, in two hours arrived at a bridge of one arch across the Nahr Strade, and then, descending more into the plain, passed the Nahr Shibbaha, after which, going amongst mountains we descried the

small village of Aboharnmie (or first of the corn) amongst olive-trees. Gradually ascending, we suddenly came in sight of Hasbeya at about seven, and, whilst descending to it, I was agreeably surprised with the beauty of its appearance and situation.

Passing through part of the town, we arrived at the Prince's residence, a large old building. Having dismounted and ascended a flight of steps, I went through the principal entrance into a spacious court-yard. I produced my letter, and was shown through a crowd, into a long though small room, in which the Prince's brother, the present governor, and another, sat in the window of the divan in private conversation; they were elegantly dressed, but without beards, which it is not customary to wear here; they received me very kindly, rising as I entered the divan part. I sat down with them, another party of four or five young princes and a secretary being a step lower, and several others on the side. Sherbet and coffee were handed, and, after smoking for half an hour, the Prince appearing full of business, from the papers and messages which were brought to him, and the various orders he gave, I retired to the apartment allotted to me, and with which I was not much pleased, being a dirty and unfinished room on the other side of the court, though my guide, by way of comfort, told me it had been occupied by Mr. Bankes about four years before.

July 10.—Not being well, I did not go out until just before sunset, when I paid a visit to

the Prince, in company with a man who spoke a little Italian. All the day, the men from this and other villages went to join the Prince, his brother, who had sent for them, expecting an attack from the Bedouins, who were plundering within an hour's journey of Banias, so that I must have had a lucky escape from them.

During my visit this evening, much discussion seemed to be going forward, another governor being seated with the one above mentioned. I found that when the princes of these mountains want to raise a body of men, they send to the villages, the inhabitants of which are obliged to go, finding their own arms, ammunition, and even provisions. Five or six hundred left this town yesterday, starting from the palace in a body.

The town of Hasbeya is large, and upon the slope of a mountain: it contains between four and five thousand inhabitants, of whom, half are Greek Catholics, a fourth Turks, and the other fourth, Maronites, Druses, and Jews.

July 11.—I left Hasbeya at two, and descending amongst the barren mountains by the side of a stream, one of the sources of the Jordan, passed through another, and then came to a small bridge over the Nebba Hasbeya. At six we rested on a flinty white rock, from the foot of which a clear stream issues. The mountains about here are called Tellarsee. Tobacco was cultivated close by, and the only individual I saw was a man turning the stream on to his tobacco-ground.

Continuing northerly from this, and ascending the high mountains, I arrived, at half-past seven, at Nabi Sarfa, a few hovels, with about thirty-six Turkish inhabitants; here was a tomb of the son of Jacob; the remains of a temple were also on the spot.

July 12.—Off early, and, descending in a northerly direction, we came in half an hour into the open and cultivated plain of Bakaa or Cœlo-Syria. Our way lay directly over a steep and rugged mountain, at which we arrived by eight, and in half an hour again got into the valley, in which there were cattle and goats. A pleasant-looking village, the first I had seen this day, called Ayet-alheit was directly in front, on the range of Mount Lebanon. We now inclined easterly down to a fine river flowing rapidly through a bridge of several arches, called Del Bekar; the river has the same name; and there is a village directly above the bridge. At half-past nine we passed this bridge, and, gradually ascending by a very bad road, passed a Greek Catholic convent of about fifteen priests. Continuing our ascent northerly, at times through dwarf oaks, and afterwards amongst snow, we at length arrived at the bleak and dreary summit of Mount Lebanon, and had an extensive view of the range, mountain after mountain. Now descending by a winding path, we arrived at the village of Marharser-il-focar, which is inhabited by Druses and Christians, and lies amongst trees in a hollow of the side of the mountain.

Being fatigued, we obtained permission to enter a house here, though we had just been told by a Druse female that no one would give us anything, and that we had better go on to the next village. The women, however, brought me eggs, cream, cheese, &c. and I was soon surrounded by many of the natives, principally females and children, the latter being pleased with my umbrella, which the men appeared to have as much pleasure in showing. The Christians were extremely attentive and civil, bringing us every thing we wanted, and wishing us to stay all night; but I paid them well and left at four, and within an hour entered a thick wood, at the termination of which is a beautiful and large tree which my guide said was called St. Denis; from this is a view of the valley, and the village of Barook below and its river, the verdure around which affords a pleasant contrast to the barren ridge of Lebanon.

At six I arrived at the village, and, being taken for a Turk, was at first refused admittance, but afterwards obtained a lodging in a miserable hovel, outside of which, seated upon a log of wood, I smoked my pipe, whilst a fowl was being boiled; a number of women, wearing the tantour, and girls sitting upon the flat roofs of their houses, were around me. After my repast, when it became dark, I retreated into my hovel to rest.

July 13.—I rose early. This place contains about one hundred houses, and there may be five hundred inhabitants, about equal numbers of

Greek Catholics and Druses. At this time they had no sheik, their last having been made prisoner in the late disturbances and taken to Acre, where he was murdered. A few soldiers were living here. Opposite, below, is another village, with about three hundred inhabitants, Druses, Maronites, Greek Catholics, and Greek schismatics. Three or four soldiers are also placed here. It is a poor place, and partly in ruins, the Emir Bechir having made the people pay all they possessed. I rode to the source of the river (Nahr Barook), which, issuing from the foot of a rock at the base of Mount Lebanon, bubbling up in two or three places, and flowing with considerable force to form one stream, runs through a chasm in the mountains near the village, and ultimately into the sea a little to the north of Sidon, under the name of Aouly.

Pursuing my ride for some time along its banks, amongst plantations of trees, at half-past ten I passed a small Druse village on the left, and a few minutes afterwards, higher up, a larger one of fifty houses, both being called by the same name, Betcloun. A little farther is a third village, and these three had been under the rule of Sheik Ali Hamet, before-mentioned as having been beheaded at Damascus, (during my absence from that city, in the Haouran), in consequence of being engaged in the late disturbances. In half an hour I passed the village of Fânâbrâ, containing about fifty houses, of Christians, Jews, and Druses, and met a caravan

of ten or twelve mules, laden with silk from Deir el Kammar to Damascus. At some little distance on my right was the village of Medjelmoush, where the Emir Bechir had the tongues cut out, and the eyes blinded with hot irons, of four Druses who had deserted his party and joined the others; another village is near, in which he mutilated in the same manner three emirs or princes, his relations by marriage, but who had fought against him.

Having descended, and passed a long stream or aqueduct, we arrived at half-past twelve at a fountain and a few houses, called Ain el Mazzer, where we halted; my carpet was spread under a large walnut-tree, and we procured a boiled fowl and some wine. Having reposed for four or five hours, we continued down the valley of Bteddein, passed an aqueduct on our right and the Emir Bechir's palace on the left, and then, ascending by a bad road, arrived again at Deir el Kammar.

CHAPTER XIV.

Atrocious Act.—Ayn Aanoub.—Deir El Kammar.—Return to Ayn Aanoub.—Palace of the Emir Bechir.—Interior of the Palace.—Aynsturt.—Makden.—Allayé.—Family of Sheik Ibrahim.—Death of Mr. Brown.—Zouk Mykayl.—Gazir.—Gebail.—Return to Zouk Mykayl.—Wedding Procession.—Death of Messrs. Fisk and Blaine.

AUGUST 1.—Dined with the secretary of the Emir Farez, at Haddet, who, being in opposition to the Emir Bechir during the disturbances in the mountains, was made prisoner by that prince, to whom he is related by marriage. The latter, according to the barbarous custom of the country, ordered the usual punishment of cutting off part of the tongue and burning out the eyes. After the first part of the sentence had been executed, and whilst they were burning out his eyes, he exclaimed, as the blood gushed from his mouth, "Oh, my brother!" upon which this bloody-minded hero of the mountains, the head of the Christians, as he calls himself, replied—"The dog can speak! cut off more of his tongue!" and this was actually done. Mr. Brown related this atrocity

to me, both in English and Arabic, in the presence of the Prince's secretary, who admitted that it was true. In speaking afterwards of the cruelty of his treatment of his relations who had opposed him, I was answered, that it was the intention of these princes, if they had got the upper hand, to serve the Emir Bechir in the same manner, as well as shaving off his beard, which, they seemed to imply, justified, in some measure at least, such barbarous proceedings.

At the termination of the disturbances, the Emir Bechir also murdered many in cold blood, both Christians and Druses, who had been against him.

From Haddet I went on to Ayn Aanoub, a small village, pleasantly situated on the slope of the mountains amongst trees. One of the women of the house, wearing the tantour, supped with me, and after supper all the folks of the house came in. I slept in a hovel at the corner of the terrace, made of reeds and leaves, which, though cool, was, for want of being swept out, so full of fleas as to deprive me of rest.

August 2.—Left the village early and descended into a valley, and riding among many large firs came to a khan, adjoining which is a horizontal bridge of two arches, one large and the other small, across the Nahr Damour, which rushes over a rocky bed, forming cataracts. Ascending the opposite side, I arrived in less than two hours again at Deir el Kammar, where I met Messrs. Crumpton and Blayne, who were going

to Damascus, to whom I sold my horses, disgusted with the servants who had the care of them. I obtained a room, and my old guide Abou Jube Buttres, for a cook.

Aug. 7.—I walked up to a cave or chapel, called St. George, where the inhabitants pray, and (according to the good old universal rule) leave money for the priests. I also went to the tombs, which are built like small flat-roofed houses, those of a prince being more elegant, and round at top. Close to one is a hole in the rock, with a loose stone laid over it; into this the bodies of delinquents are thrown, as were the four men lately hung by the Emir Bechir. Most of the women at Deir el Kammar wear a bandage round the forehead, of gold coins, just shown under a handkerchief, (but sometimes quite concealed). Generally three tassels, though sometimes only two, hang by silk cords, fastened on by pieces of gold mahmoudies, at their backs. They are, however, poor, and brought up in ignorance. Some of them are very pretty, and not of very dark complexion; the children are fine, and generally appear very healthy.

Aug. 8.—A few days since, three men who had broken into a house were taken; they were imprisoned six days, and then had their thumbs and the fore and middle fingers of both hands cut off, and released. About seven or eight years since, (my guide Buttres told me,) a man who had coined money for some time, and lived in the village of Bateishbab, near Zouk, in the mountains,

was taken in the fact, and imprisoned at Deir el Kammar for two months, and then according to law, had both his hands cut off and was set at liberty. He soon learned to write, and very well, with his toes; he went to Cairo, where, after residing three or four years, he died.

Aug. 9.—I left Deir el Kammar upon a donkey, with my Arab servant, Buttres my guide, and two muleteers: at the bridge of the Damour, Buttres left me, and I again arrived in the dark at Ayn Aanoub, where I slept in the open air, on the terrace of the house I occupied before.

Aug. 10.—Got a room next door, and had the floor fresh plástered to get rid of the fleas. Mud mixed with finely-chopped straw, was spread over the floor by two old women, who rubbed it smooth with a flat stone, and the room is considered fit to sleep in the same night, though I thought it almost too damp.

Aug. 30.—I set off from the place mounted on a donkey, with my Arab servant upon another, having been invited to see the Emir Bechir's palace near Deir el Kammar, by Dr. Francisco and Monsieur Aubin. Having arrived at Bteddein, the palace, about twelve, I found the Doctor in an outer building in the midst of the mulberry-trees. This situation is pleasant, but the rooms are small and dirty. Three or four priests live in this, and some other outbuildings are inhabited by men and women; to these the country people are sent when they arrive, and many horses were here belonging to them, fastened to the ground, either

by a chain or rope and an iron spike, or with a rope, generally from the head to the fore-leg. This is called "knee-haltering."

All around this place is mountainous, with mulberry plantations extending gradually up the mountains, from one of which a fine spring of water, flowing down in considerable force, forms cascades. The stream is conducted in an aqueduct all round the palace, and then into the valley, making the barren mountain fertile, and the valley beautiful. All the grounds, except the fore-court of the palace, are open, and the people come in as they please. Soon after my arrival at the Doctor's, and just as he was going to show me over the palace, he was unfortunately sent for by the Emir Bechir, and ordered to go to some one who was ill, at about six or seven hours' ride hence. He first procured a man to show me over the palace, a servant of one of the Emirs, who were then at the palace on a visit to the Emir Bechir. The latter was ill, and also one of his sons, about twenty-five years of age, who had been staying in Egypt with Mohammed Ali for the last year, and had returned about a week or ten days before.

The man behaved very well, and I had no difficulty. Entering a small doorway, I found some hundreds of workmen digging and cutting away the rock to enlarge the ground within. They were building also, upon a large scale, foundation-walls, about four yards in thickness, of the rough stone used in these buildings. I next passed through another doorway, (by a number of

idle fellows, all in different dresses, and who appeared to be servants of the various Emirs in the palace,) into a large square, in the middle of which is a tank with a fine fountain. From this I was led into a room, (passing sundry attendants at the door,) where several of the Emir's visitors were seated upon the divan, smoking, and apparently in full conversation. All eyes were fixed upon me. My guide spoke to them, upon which I retreated, making the usual salam. I heard them ask if I were an Englishman.

There are many apartments, all in a line, with open rooms or divans between them, furnished with cushions or raised seats, directly opposite to the palace. To these are added a promenade or flat pavement, with a few trees and a parapet, beyond which, and considerably lower, is the ground for the horses, with the stables at the end. The horses are fed out of holes cut in the solid rock, each having his separate cavity. Some of them were fine animals; they were fastened by the legs, and so tied in rows that they could not kick each other. The ground upon which they stood was dug up and made loose, and sprinkled all over with water. From the promenade is a fine view of the valley and mountains, and of the villages scattered below.

I next ascended by a flight of steps to a platform, a sort of gallery with small rooms, opposite to the fountain and the rooms before described. A larger room I did not enter; the Emir was there,

and probably the ladies. My guide now returned with me, and brought me out from the crowd at the entrance, and I returned to the outer buildings, having seen nothing of elegance at the palace.

Aug. 31.—I slept in the room belonging to Dr. Francisco, but, as he had told me there were twenty or thirty people ill with bad fevers about the palace, two or three in the outer buildings, and many more than he ever remembered, about the mountains, I thought it best to be off, and arrived at ten at Deir el Kammar; in ascending to which place, the road passes close by the tombs, which, not being dug in the earth, but built on the side of the rock, are most offensive, from the stench of the dead bodies. As I went by, the people were committing one to the tomb. I left Deir el Kammar after dinner, and arrived again soon after sunset at Ayn Aanoub.

September 3.—Set off again, and, ascending the mountains eastward, by a very bad road, in about twenty minutes passed the Druse village of Aynsturt, of about thirty houses and one hundred and fifty inhabitants. Soon after I rode by some noble trees, and at nine came to the Christian village of Makden, through which a fine stream flows. Here is a convent of Greek Catholics, amongst rocky mountains and plantations of mulberries, and having a good view of the sea. Continuing on, I passed at the middle of the valley, Ain Romani, or the Fountain of Pomegranates; consisting of a few houses and a small church.

The Christian villages of Absource and Warde Chacrower, were situated upon hills in the rich and cultivated valley below me.

Again ascending, in a quarter of an hour I came amongst tremendous rocky mountains, though with mulberry-trees all round, and well-built stone walls in every direction.

I now arrived at the Druse village of Allayé, the residence of the rich sheik, Ibrahim Talluc, who was ill. Monsieur Aubin was here attending him. This sheik was a great friend of the Emir Bechir, and was the man to whom he sent Dr. Francisco when I was at Bteddein. He behaved with much bravery during the quarrels in the mountains, and with his family took the side of the Emir Bechir. He is rich, and has sixteen or eighteen villages under his dominion. A very extensive view of villages upon mountains, in all directions, and of the sea, with Beirout nearly in front, is commanded here. I slept in an open arched gallery. Early, before sunrise, I was disturbed by the arrival of a hundred camels, loaded with corn for the sheik; there was a great noise directly under me, though a dragoman from Beirout, of the name of Antonio, who was near me, was not disturbed by it. Others slept in the old rooms adjoining; and in the gallery were stationed some rough villagers, who had called to inquire about the sheik, and who on these occasions are always supplied with what they want to eat. The place needed repair. The sheik's son was idiotic, or half an idiot, and had been once

confined; his fingers were covered with rings; he was good-humoured, and full of fun; played a variety of foolish tricks, and wanted to change watches with me.

Oct. 4.—The old sheik sent for me. I found him on his bed upon the floor, looking ghastly; his wife, a pretty woman of about twenty-five, and his son's wife, with some other women, were round him. They wore the tantoura, but the handkerchief was frequently thrown on one side. They were much ornamented with trinkets: their wrists and the backs of their hands were curiously dyed, and on their arms were blue and red rings, and some of gold; they were further decorated by silver chains with clasps. On entering the room, their slippers were thrown off; and, as they always go without stockings, the manner in which they ornament their feet was displayed; the toe and nail are stained with henna, and the joints blackened. The foolish son came in, and began to joke in some curious Arabic expressions which they all appeared to enjoy. I now left the sheik, who was better, and returned after dinner to Ayn-Aanoub.

Aug. 9.—Received a letter from Beirout, saying that Mr. Brown was ill of an inflammatory fever, and inclosing another for Monsieur Aubin, for him to go down to Mr. Brown, which letter I sent to him at Allayé immediately.

Aug. 15.—After reposing an hour or two, we set off before sunrise, but, upon approaching

Beirout, observed that the flag was half-mast high, indicating that all was over; we found that poor Brown had died about sunrise, having been taken ill on the 4th. He was buried the same evening, between some orange and lemon-trees belonging to the convent; Mr. Abbot the Consul, and all the English, attending the funeral, and the Rev. Pliny Fisk reading the service.

Oct. 14.—I left Beirout on a mule at eight, and arrived at the Nahr el Kelb in three hours: then, continuing amongst mulberry-plantations, and by a sort of aqueduct, for half an hour, I turned amongst the mountains and came to Zouk Mykayl at half-past twelve. Here I went to the Sheik Bashara's, who was very ill, and had Monsieur Aubin attending him. The Bishop Hanna Maroni lives here. The sheik of this village is said to be rich, and, having no family, should he die, the Emir Bechir will claim his property, leaving only a small portion to his widow and relations. Several have called to inquire about the health of the sheik. It is the custom in the mountains for them to bring presents with them, and they generally stop the day and smoke away their time; dinners are given to all. I called with Monsieur Aubin upon Signor Fournotti, brother to the Consul at the Dardanelles, and upon Signor Antonio Carrac, whose house is more pleasantly situated than the sheik's. We returned to dinner after sunset, the Bishop and two others, a sheik, and a doctor, dining with us; after which, the room was soon filled by a

very miscellaneous company, smoking and taking coffee.

Oct. 16.—Visited the convent of St. Joseph, the missionary lazaretto, and afterwards went to that called Visitendenes, which contains twenty-four women, mostly young. I sat and smoked my pipe, and talked to them for half an hour through the trellised window.

Zouk Mykayl contains about six thousand inhabitants, Maronites and Catholics, and there are two churches. They manufacture silk robes here.

Oct. 17.—I left Zouk Mykayl at nine, and arrived at Harissa at half-past eleven. Here I dined, and afterwards went on to the convent of Deir Sherfi, the residence of the Syriac Patriarch, Pietro Gervay, who gave me a good reception.

Oct. 18.—Breakfast being despatched, I departed from Harissa; passed the little village of Aghosta, and went on to the Armenian convent, which I left after dinner. Having traversed the worst roads imaginable, I arrived at half-past five at the convent of Ain Warka, where is a school of about twenty-five youths, for Arabic, Syriac, and Italian. I slept here, and left it at half-past nine.

Oct. 19.—I stopped at the sheik's, and went up to the small remains of an old fortress. After dinner I proceeded, and, passing amongst stony mountains, and by the villages of Losum and Redamoon, arrived at the convent of Marabda

at half-past six. It was my third visit; the old padre seemed quite happy to see me, and gave me a good supper.

Oct. 20.—We left at three in the afternoon, and arrived in an hour at Gazir, at the convent of St. Francisco Capuchino, in which there are no monks living now. Monsieur Aubin had sent forward for rooms to be got ready. The Prince of Mere Abdalla resides here, but, being imbecile, his brother is the governor. All was gaiety, as the latter was going to be married on the following day to a daughter of the Emir Bechir. Here is another convent, called St. George's, which contains four or five Maronite priests.

In the evening we went up to the Prince's; they were making a bonfire before the palace, the fire being placed in iron hoops upon a pole, and supplied constantly with wood: some few rockets were also let off. Being amongst the people who had assembled upon the occasion, coffee was handed to us, and in half an hour we were sent for. We ascended a few steps to a lodge, in which was the son of the Emir Bechir, who had lately returned from Egypt. Coffee was offered us; and he ordered a paper to be written, which he stamped with his ring, to allow us to see Gebail.

Oct. 21.—Gazir is delightfully situated, high up in the mountains amongst trees, and surrounded by high and barren mountains. The houses are of white stone, and the inhabitants, between three and four thousand, are Maronites

and Greeks. We left it at two, and arrived at the Nahr Ibrahim at about four, by rocky and precipitous roads. This river is crossed by a bridge of one arch, through which the stream rapidly runs into the sea. We arrived at Gebail about six, to which place the roads may be called good. Here we went to the house of Monsieur Lewis, a doctor, and friend of Monsieur Aubin, who was married to a young Arab. He gave us a very friendly reception.

Oct. 22.—We proceeded to the castle, which has been of great strength, and built of rough stones of large size, two or three of them being five paces in length. The upper part is modern, and about two years since was repaired for the residence of the Governor. Gebail is situated in a plain close to the sea, abounding in vines, mulberry-trees, fruit, and tobacco of the best quality. It contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants, equally divided into Turks, Maronites, and Greeks. Here is a large church, built in the time of the Genoese; also a Greek church, a Maronite church, and a small mosque. The whole place is in a ruinous state, and many granite columns lie about and in the water. The bazaars are bad enough.

We dined early, and received two letters, one informing me of the death of my friend Bromhead, at Conieh in Caramania, on his way to Constantinople, on the 1st of September, after four days' illness, and the other summoning the Doctor back to Zouk Mykayl, which altered our

route. We accordingly left Gebail at five, and got back as far as the Nahr Ibrahim at half-past six, where we slept in a miserable khan near the bridge, and supped upon fish, roasted kidneys, and arrack. The talking of several other lodgers, and the arrival of more, prevented my sleeping.

Oct. 23.—A bull was slaughtered in the night, and there was much confusion in cutting him up this morning, the carver cutting off the tit-bits and eating them raw.

At eight we set off, and reached Gazir by ten; dined at the convent, and arrived by moonlight at Zouk Mykayl, where Monsieur Aubin found the sheik better; but there were two women ill in his house. We supped at the Maronite priest's, the Bishop Hanna Maroni being with us.

Oct. 24.—We left soon after breakfast, and having arrived at the Nahr-el-Kelb, waited in a hovel there to see the procession that accompanied the princess who was going to be married to the young prince at Gazir. The place was filled with spectators and soldiers, who fired their guns. After waiting two hours, the procession made its appearance, passing over the elevated and bad road on the rock opposite to us. The train were all gaily attired and mounted on good horses, richly caparisoned. The Prince came first; his party went on; and then succeeded two chiefs of the Druses at the head of a body of that tribe, firing their guns, which reverberated through the chasm in the high and rugged mountain along which the

river runs; then came ten or twelve mules, loaded with boxes, dresses, sofas, &c. all ornamented with embroidered gold. Some time after, arrived the ladies, who dismounted at the top of the rugged way and arrived at the bridge. There were about thirty-two of them, all wearing the tantour, which had a curious effect. They reposed under a tree for about two hours, and took refreshment, the day being very hot. At about four the chiefs and soldiers proceeded, leaving these hoodwinked damsels to follow, with a few attendants. They passed by me in single file, with the Princess at their head, some looking very hard at me, as I was alone, with an umbrella over my head; but a more motley group, or a more ridiculous sight, I never saw. They rode astride, in yellow or red half-boots, and were dressed in white, with a long white handkerchief hanging from the horn down their backs. The Princess's face was covered with a green handkerchief, edged with a gold ornament, but the others were mostly black. I had an opportunity of seeing some of their countenances, as from the heat of the day they had pushed up the black and dropped the white handkerchief which concealed their faces, some of which were plain enough. After all had passed, we mounted our horses and started, Monsieur Aubin for Zouk Mykayl, and I along the coast for Beirout, where I arrived by moonlight, and heard with regret that the Rev. Pliny Fisk had died early in the morning of the previous day, having been ill for about a week with fever.



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Oct. 27.—A letter arrived from Tripoli, communicating the melancholy intelligence of the death of Mr. Blaine at Latakieh, on the 10th of October, having left this place with Mr. Crompton on the 26th of September, in Lord St. Asaph's vessel.

CHAPTER XV.

Leave Beirout.—Baitchibbab.—Prince of Salyma Hieda.—Dine with the Prince.—Resume our Journey.—Superstitious Ceremony.—Salyma.—Coal-mine.—Palace of Prince Marad.—Journey to Baalbeck.—Batroon.—Quit Tripoli.—Cross Mount Lebanon.—Demand of Backshish.—Ruins of Baalbeck.—A Dispute.—Arrive at Zahle.

NOVEMBER 17.—LEFT Beirout with Monsieur Aubin and Padre Nicolo, at four in the afternoon, and arrived in about two hours, by moonlight, at the convent of St. Elias, which is small and low, and near the sea, at the foot of the mountains, by the river Antoun Elias.

Nov. 18.—We resumed our journey at nine, and, proceeding directly up the steep mountain at the back of the convent, arrived in two hours and a half at the house of Abdalla Vescovo, of Cyprus; having passed the Maronite village of Cornichevan, high up in the mountains. The bishop appeared sulky and stupid, and we learned that the Sheik Bechir, during the late rebellion in the

mountains, had eased him of several purses. This had affected his spirits, and he now scarcely ever went out of his house, to which the priest came to pay homage, bending to the ground and kissing the bishop's hands. He, however, behaved very friendly to us, and gave us an Arab dinner, in every dish of which, and there were many, the pineoli (kernels or seeds of the pine) were mixed. After dinner the bishop retired to sleep, such being the way in which these people, who dine at twelve, generally kill time. I smoked with an old priest and some visitors who came in. We got off about three, and, some priests accompanying us, rode through mulberry plantations and over bad roads, and arrived at the Maronite village of Baitchibbab, said to contain above a thousand inhabitants. Here we stopped, and had some excellent wine brought us in a jar. The mountains near are very rugged, some having pine-trees upon them; the roads so bad, that it was like riding up steps. All the married women here about wear the tantour, and we passed many fetching water, in jars, from a fine fountain at the head of the village. We now began to descend, and arrived at the large Maronite convent of St. Peter, at which we stopped for the night.

Nov. 19.—The convent of St. Antonio is close by, higher up amongst the pines; and the mountains around display the usual industry of the natives in the formation of walls or terraces, like steps, to keep up the earth in its place.

Nov. 20.—We left the convent, and, ascending considerably, arrived in about an hour at the house of the grand sheik, pleasantly situated amongst trees, and having a view of the sea. The Prince of Salymă Hiedă was here on a visit to the sheik, and soon came in and sat down beside us, with ten or twelve other persons, all smoking. He was a good-looking, dirty fellow, and had not been shaved for some days. Whilst with us, several letters were brought to him, which he generally answered upon the same paper, throwing it upon the ground, when the boy who attended him, or the person who brought it, picked it up. After this business was over, we were invited into the house, where we sat in an open archway upon sofas, pipes and coffee being handed to us. Soon after, his two daughters made their appearance, and sat on the sofa opposite to us, with their father. They were rather gaily dressed, having coins, suspended by gold chains, hanging by the sides of their faces. The sofa was higher than usual, and they did not sit upon it in the Turkish manner, but with their feet to the ground; they wore red morocco slippers, but no stockings. These girls were rather pretty, and appeared good-tempered; but an hour passed away without much being said, except by Padre Nicolo, Monsieur Aubin, and the Prince.

Preparation for dinner now commenced, and liquor and arrack were handed round; a mat was spread, a carpet over that, and a small round table

or stool, placed in the middle; a metallic dish, three times the size of the stool, was then put upon it, and flat cakes of bread were thrown underneath. Various dishes, how composed it would almost be impossible to say, were now brought in; some containing pieces of meat dressed with herbs, some rice, and some pineoli. A cabbage, stuffed with rice, pineoli, or kernels of pines, and small pieces of meat, proved good. I was delighted to see the young princesses sit down by the side of their father, Padre Nicolo, Monsieur Aubin, the sheik of the house, and myself. We dined à l'Arabe, having only wooden spoons, and one of the ladies, seeing I had some difficulty in detaching a piece of meat from the bone with my spoon, offered me another piece with her fingers, which I took with mine, and of course ate with great gusto! Her hand was stained, or painted, yellowish red, except the third joint of the fingers, which was left without dye. She wore many rings, and had ornaments round her wrists. One of the dishes was a small calf's head, which of course was pulled to pieces with the fingers, and the Prince made a smaller dish of part of this, by picking it to pieces and laying it in a plate, and then, dipping his greasy fingers in the pepper and salt, he put some of each over it.

They all partook of this, except myself; I had had enough; but I took wine with the ladies, giving it to them in a silver dish, about the size of a saucer, though rather deeper, the middle

being burnished with gold. The wine was clear and good, and was handed to us by women who were in attendance.

After the dishes were removed, fruit, mostly grapes, was put upon the table, and good-humour was the order of the day. The old priest Nicolo and the sheik rose and washed their hands, and soon after I got up. The whole party then rose, and we washed our hands in a metallic basin, perforated at the bottom, which, with soap, is brought to each, a person pouring water from a pot of the same metal. After this we went to the sofas, and pipes were handed to us. The water and basin were then taken to the princesses, who had also two large cushions brought to them. The stool and platter were taken away and the carpet was swept. The ladies washed their hands, making a great lather with common soap, which they collected and put into their mouths, and with their fingers cleaned their teeth. They then smoked an argillée, handing it to each other. In about half an hour coffee was served, and we departed. Putting my right hand upon my breast, the usual salute, I advanced to the princesses and offered my hand, which I evidently saw was not exactly the custom, but the Prince said, "Give him your hand," which they did immediately. We then left, giving the servants, as is usual, a good backshish.

At three we mounted our horses, (the old padre taking a shorter path on foot,) and descended by a bad road into the little Maronite village of

Parnes, where we could not get any corn for our horses; and, again rapidly ascending, went on to another small Maronite village called Bardad. Here we waited at the church-door for the coming out of the priests, of whom there were three, who told us we could have no lodging. In the evening there was a procession round the church, consisting of a few women with their children, who had arrived for the express purpose, being ill, and having a superstition that parading thus, before the picture of St. Elias, (who was drawn with a sword, galloping over the bodies of the Jews, of whom he was slayer,) would cure them. The priest gave to each a wax light, at the same time handing to Monsieur Aubin and myself each a very large one. A priest went at the head of the procession, chanting a prayer, and another sprinkled some frankincense. They walked three times round, and the large bell was rung to add to the effect. He then gave them a benediction, which finished the business, for which they of course paid something, each according to her means. Thus ended the humbug; the priests laughing all the time. Giving them a glass of wine, the poor dupes departed; but those who had far to go were allowed to sleep in the church. We returned to our room, smoked and drank wine, the priest singing some Arabic songs. I then tried to sleep, but, lying on the stone floor, (and others sleeping in the same room,) was annoyed by smoke, as an old woman continued boiling her rice till about twelve.

Nov. 21.—Early in the morning we set off, having Salyma before us; the Prince's residence appearing like a castle in the midst of small flat hovels, upon the side of a high and lofty mountain. We descended by a steep and bad road, passing a ravine or two; and, again ascending amongst mulberry plantations and vineyards, we passed the palace, and arrived at the convent of St. Pietro Capucini Francisi. Here we found Padre Nicolo, who has lived here twenty-nine years. He never reads or says mass, being ordered not to do so, to prevent disturbance amongst the Druses.

The lower mountains here are covered with trees, principally pines, with which their summits are fringed for miles. Mount Sarneen is to the south-east, and just below this, the village of Melan, containing about a thousand inhabitants; Maronites, Greeks, and Druses. Nearly opposite to this convent is the Maronite convent of Mar Mouse, containing about twenty inhabitants, but only five priests. The situation of Salyma* is beautiful and romantic, but the inhabitants, who are Maronites and Druses, appear very poor; their low flat-roofed hovels are scattered along the mountain, which commands a view of the sea. The women wear the tantoura, which all the Druses of the mountain have made of strong

* The picturesque village of Buckfayà, of which a sketch is here introduced, is within a few hours' ride of this place. I resided at Buckfayà some time, at the house of the self-taught artist Constantine, which commanded a fine view of the adja-



VILLAGE OF BUCKFAYÀ.

paper, except the wives of the sheiks, who have them of silver, and the princesses, of gold.

When the Prince of Salyma is absent, as at present, Padre Nicolo manages all the concerns, both of the Druses and Maronites, keeping all in order; but if any particular disturbance should arise, he writes to the Prince. His convent was much shaken by the earthquake which did so much damage to Aleppo in 1822, some of the walls being cracked in various places.

Nov. 22.—Monsieur Aubin left me, having been sent for by the Emir Bechir.

Nov. 28.—I set off with Padre Nicolo on a walking excursion, and gradually ascended the mountains to the east amongst pines. At their top, some fine scenery is exposed to view. In less than an hour, we passed on our right a hollow declivity in which coals are found, and whence the Pasha of Egypt took away two shiploads about two years since, but no one works here now. Passing on through fine scenery, parts of which reminded me of Switzerland, we soon came upon our left to the Maronite village of Zebdene, which also contains a few Druses and Greeks; in all, between two and three hundred inhabitants. It is situated on the slope of a mountain, on rich land, amongst pines and mulberry trees. We next ascended a very rugged mountain, passing in places some well-cultivated vineyards and mulberry-gardens, and saw the kubbi or tomb of a prince of Cornelli, close to

ing about one hundred and sixty inhabitants, who do not bear a very good character. The first object that presented itself here, standing pre-eminently conspicuous, was the palace of the Prince Marad. It was a strong building, but, like most others, in a state of ruin and neglect. Near it were the ruins of several houses, which he had ordered to be burnt, and the mulberry-trees to be cut down, as a punishment for the revolutionary conduct of the inhabitants at the commencement of the late disturbances.

We went to the house of the Maronite priest, where we had some fruit and wine, and smoked our pipes. On our return we explored the ruinous village, which would not have been worth going to see but for the noble mountain scenery amongst which it stands: that to the south-east is remarkably barren, and called Jebel Ackenesee, the mountain of a church, one having been built there in the time of the Romans, now a ruin. Lower down we passed a fountain, but saw very few of the people. Descending through pines, we again came to the coal-mine, which is in the shape of a basin or funnel, surrounded by mountains covered with pines. It is about half-way between Salyma and Cornelli, but there is scarcely a hovel to be seen. Two or three excavations had been made; the principal one had fallen in; and in another they do not appear to have found any coal. From this place we again ascended, and arrived at Salyma to dinner.

Nov. 30.—Much rain fell this morning, and the high mount, Sénin, was now covered with snow. I thought of leaving, but could not procure an animal of any kind.

Dec. 1.—I left Salyma after breakfast, the day being beautiful.

[AT BEIROUT.]

Dec. 13.—I again left Beirout for Baalbeck, with Messrs. Bell and Scoles, who sent word they would wait for me at the first khan on the road; but, not finding them there, I went on, crossed the Nahr Beirout, and had advanced some way before they overtook me. We crossed the Nahr el Kelb. At three we arrived at Jennin, where we rested under a tree and took coffee; and, having passed over a very bad road at the foot of the mountains round the bay, we arrived at a miserable hovel on the Nahr Ibrahim about six, by moonlight. Here we brought some fish, which, being boiled, proved very good, and soon retired into a small inner room, which we had prevailed upon the man to give up to us.

Dec. 14.—Left at seven, and arrived at Gebail a little before nine, where we breakfasted in a shed. Several broken columns of red and grey granite are scattered about here on the ground and in the hedges. We walked through the town down to the port, which is small. A great many broken columns lay about in the water. Having afterwards purchased some tobacco, for which the place is celebrated, we returned to our horses,

and left at half-past eleven. A man was exhibiting a tiger-cat in a wooden-barred cage; it had been caught in the mountains, where I was told there were many. He was going with this as a present to the Emir Bechir.

Dec. 15.—Arrived at Batroon, and slept at the house of the Maronite priest. The room in which we slept was divided by a brick wall, for three parts of its height, into two apartments, in one of which ourselves and servants, and a Maronite, who was ill, slept, and in the other some women and children. After all had retired to rest, the priest read for an hour, sitting at the door, and then blew out the lamp. All was silent till the dead of the night, when we were roused by the groans of the invalid Maronite.

Dec. 16.—Started from Batroon at eight o'clock, and passing the Greek convent of Shaaccà, on the top of a high precipice on our left, we entered a romantic valley, through which a fine stream (the Nahr Meszabeha) ran by the side of the road, near which is the ancient brick castle of Imsailhah, which is built on a rock, and well placed as a defence for the pass. Crossing some high mountains, we descended into the plain and halted at a khan. The road hence over the plain is good, after which it is in some parts very stony, and has large holes in which the animals put their feet. After this, we arrived at the sands, and, passing through a grove of olive-trees, and then a burial-ground, we arrived at Tripoli at three, and went to the house

of the English Consul, who was a young man of an Arab family, and, as well as his brothers, always very civil to strangers.

Dec. 19.—We left Tripoli at a quarter past nine, and, traversing the mountains at the back of it, continued by a good pathway along the Nahr Abou Ali, which we crossed, and then, ascending slowly along the lower mountains, at about twelve, passed on our left the Turkish village of Eyarte, which was built about ten years before, of white stone, at the foot of the mountains. After this, we turned off to the left into a dell, where there was a good spring of water. It is surrounded by curiously-formed rocks, in which, near their summits, are some excavations about four feet square. A village, called Argel Ahrge, is to the right; here we halted and took some refreshment. From this we ascended some very rugged mountains, and then passing a rapid stream, arrived at Eheden, at the house of Sheik Latouf, at about a quarter past five, the semicircular snowy range of mountains in full view. A priest gave us some woodcocks for dinner, and the whole party slept in one room.

Dec. 20.—Fine hard frost. We left at eight for the cedars, and, when about half-way, sent the mules across the country to Bshirrai, taking only my servant and a guide. After going over a rugged pathway, amongst ploughed land, and up and down through rocky places, we at length

arrived at the trees, which had much snow upon them. Returned to Bshirrai in one hour and a half, by a very bad and steep road.

We got there at about half-past three, and went to the house of Sheik Georges, who gave us a large, new, but unfurnished room to ourselves; the villagers seemed glad to see me, calling me by my name. The day had become very cold and cloudy, and all Mount Lebanon was covered with snow.

Dec. 21.—We left at half-past eight for Baalbeck, and passing the cedars at a distance on our left, in crossing the summit of Mount Lebanon, a fog came on and snow began to fall, so that we could scarcely see each other. Descending, we came to a fine spring, called Ain Nete, where we halted: after this, we arrived at that most miserable place, Deir el Kammar, where I passed a night in a former journey, surrounded by the Metawâlies, who were then on the look-out for plunder. All were obliged to sleep in one apartment—ourselves and servants, horses and mules, and the proprietors of the hovel in which we were.

Dec. 22.—We left at sunrise, frosty, foggy, and cold; and, passing a column which stands in the middle of the plain on the right, arrived at Baalbeck by eleven, and went to the house of the Catholic priest, with whom we examined the ruins of the temple. In the evening a young man, who proved to be the sheik of the place, came in with three attendants; he seemed to be

making many inquiries about us, and then went away.

Dec. 23.—As my fellow-travellers, who were going off at eight, were mounting their horses, the sheik and some others, who were waiting for them, demanded a backshish, which they said it was customary for all strangers to give; this was resisted, and on the servants being told to go on, the bridle of the foremost was seized by the sheik's attendants. The travellers had taken a guide from this place, and, having given up those they had engaged at Bshirrai, had no one to defend them. Observing the altercation, I went to them. The servants seemed not inclined to resist. Mr. Bell got the man loose from George's horse, but he seized another, when Bell, getting hold of one of the servants' sticks, struck the fellow over his knuckles, whilst the sheik sat quietly down and smoked his pipe. Upon asking what was their demand, they first said forty, and then twenty piastres. Bell told them to go on, but no one would move; upon this, we sent for the priest, who advised them to give ten piastres, which they thought it best to do, and then set off.

Dec. 24.—I walked with the priest to the old quarry, about a quarter of an hour from the walls. Here I saw an enormous stone, amongst many others, almost ready to be removed; this measured sixty-eight feet and a half in length, by seventeen feet in breadth at one end, and above fourteen feet at the other, and fourteen in depth.

In the midst of this quarry are the remains of a small church, Mar Elias, in Baalbeck; an archway remains, and you enter through a narrow place into a small room, which is twelve feet four inches by five feet six inches; it contains four lamps, and is cut out of the solid rock. There was formerly a room above.

From the quarry I went to a small round temple, having eight columns of finely-polished red granite. Between two of these is a hollow stone, large enough to contain a human being upright. The building was said to have been a kubbi, or place of prayer, and is called Kubbi Duris. It was covered in, but is now open, the stones being scattered about. This is on the edge of the plain, and about twenty minutes farther on the road to Zahle than the quarry. A small burial-ground adjoins it.

Dec. 25.—Went to a ruined mosque at about half an hour's distance, going through the village and its gardens of fruit-trees. Several arches still remain; some broken columns lie about, and there is an inscription at the largest entrance. This place is close to the source of the Rais Ain Baalbeck, or Head of the Eye of the Waters of Baalbeck, which is surrounded by a semicircular stone work, having some steps to get to the water. In the mountains near the village are some excavations, probably cemeteries. Just below the city walls a narrow place has been opened, cut into the rock, which leads into rooms,

of which the priest knew nothing. On my return I was told it had been opened only a year before, by an order from the Pasha of Damascus. The man who told me this was a Greek, by name Tourni, living in the mountains. He said that some rings and a golden cross had been found, which he had seen, but this is all I could learn of him from the priest, who appeared surprised or jealous at my inquiries. I proposed to descend into these dark apartments, but he feared that, if he went with me, the Turks would murder him and his family after my departure, and that I had no way of entering but by a firman, or order, from the Pasha; so I gave it up.

Dec. 26.—In my walks I scarcely ever met any one except at the corn-mills; the weather was frosty all the time I was here.

Dec. 27.—I left Baalbeck at nine, and gave the sheik a dollar, as I had promised during the disturbance with Messrs. Scoles and Bell; but I had a dispute with the muleteer, as nothing less than the whole price for his horse would suit him; so, after using my stick over his knuckles, and threatening to knock him down with the butt-end of my pistol, the priest advised me to pay the whole, which I did, viz. six piastres.

Going along the foot of the mountains and inclining to the right, I came to a stream (the Litani) in the middle of the vast plain, which I crossed, and then passed a village on the right, called Sneyd. At about three I passed the long

tomb of Noah, and, after traversing a village, began to ascend, and arrived at Zahle at four, after a ride of seven hours, over a good road all the way. I went to my former habitation, the house of the Christian dyer.

CHAPTER XVI.

Carrar.—Masara.—Gazir.—Beirout.—Nicosia.—Mosque of St. Sophia.—Convent of St. Chrysostom.—Ruined Fort.—Convent of Bella Paese.—Ruins of Lampousa.—Curious Customs.—Residence of the Aga Mutvelli.—Convent of Paratoms.—Ancient Church.—Merito.—Church Paintings.—Convent of Morfo.—Governor of Lefcar.—Gellinee.—Lutro.—Mountain Ruins.—Pomos.—Poli.

JANUARY 1, 1826.—I rode into the plain to shoot, and up to the little village of Carrar, where is what they call the tomb of Noah. Here I found a man whom I knew, having been with me to Aleppo. I returned after dinner to Zahle. In going, two fellows insulted my servant Giuseppe, he having on a ridiculous cap, and being in a Frank dress, with a short jacket. I rode full gallop at them, which, after some little abuse, ended the affair.

Jan. 3.—Left Zahle, and, passing over Mount Lebanon, amongst snow and through a rugged and tremendous looking pass, arrived rather late at Masarà, and slept at the sheik's house; he was

excessively civil, and his family very handsome. I made them some presents, and promised to pay them another visit.

Descending through fine mountain scenery at some distance at the back of Harissa, I at length came in sight of Gazir, and descended to the convent occupied by Signor Fernando, a Sicilian doctor, married to a very pretty Arab girl; and remained there till the 8th, when I left, and arrived at half-past four at Beirout, where I found Messrs. Bell and Scoles, with whom I agreed to set out for Cyprus on the following day.

Jan. 9.—Left Beirout for Cyprus this afternoon, with Mr. Thomas Bell, but, owing to a calm on one day and a contrary wind on another, did not arrive at Larnica till the morning of the 13th.

Jan. 15.—Finding my friend Bell disinclined to move, I hired mules, and having, by the advice of the consul, provided myself with a janizary, in addition to my servant and the muleteer, I set off for Nicosia, the chief town of the island. Passing over an open flat country, I arrived in an hour and a half amongst hills, and, continuing my route over a dreary waste, almost without meeting an individual or seeing a tree, arrived at a village, considered half way to Nicosia; and, soon after, crossing over a bridge and the bed of a river, nearly dry, I passed some curious mountain scenery, rising directly out of the plain, and slightly resembling that which I had formerly

noticed in Egypt. On my right hand stood a long ridge of very high mountains; the road, however, which was excellent, continued almost all the way on the open plain.

At about four P.M. the minarets of Nicosia appeared in view, and, passing through a burial-ground, I very shortly arrived at that capital, the journey having occupied six hours and a half. Nicosia is situated on a large plain, and is between three and four miles in circumference. It is surrounded by a strong wall, close to the gateway of which is a fort with four or five cannon. After riding through narrow dirty lanes, and amongst ruined and neglected houses, I arrived at the dwelling of Signor Aigessino, a merchant, to whom I had letters. Here I found a party in the divan playing at chess, and, after coffee and pipes, we sat down to a good supper.

Jan. 16.—An incessant rain for twelve or fourteen hours, prevented me from seeing more than the Greek church close by.

Jan. 17.—Went to the palace of the governor, accompanied by Signor Aigessino, and presented my letter to his secretary, a Greek, who, to save his head, had turned Mohammedan. He spoke Italian fluently, and seemed an amiable and pleasant man.

I was introduced to the governor sitting in his divan, with another Turk of consequence, attended by many servants.

Jan. 17.—After conversing with me about the tranquillity of Syria, Beirout, &c. the Governor ordered a passport to be written for me to see all I wished. I then retired; and, in returning through the gallery, the secretary took me into another apartment, in which was the vice-governor or minister, a fine old man, with a long grey beard. An aga and three well-dressed men of rank entered with us: pipes and coffee were again presented, and during this interview a person wrote out my passport, which the minister, after reading over, delivered to me, and I departed, much pleased with my reception.

The mosque of St. Sophia is a fine building, something in the Venetian style, and contains a double row of seven large columns, which support arches. The mosque of St. Catherine is small, and has a high minaret like that of St. Sophia.

Jan. 18.—The grand Feast of the Epiphany.—On this day it is customary to pay visits of ceremony. The Archbishop, with several attendants, called on us in the morning, and we had a long conversation with him, after which I set off for Fongee, where Signor Stephano Salitovich, to whom I had a letter, resides.

I left the city by a different gate to that through which I entered it, and, proceeding by the side of the city wall, came upon the surrounding dreary plain, where I met with Signor Salitovich. He expressed regret at not being at his house, and recommended me to go by another

road to the mountains to the Greek convent of Chrysostom, and thence to Fongee. I followed his advice, and, after passing through wild scenery and two or three villages, arrived at the convent. This is situated high up on the mountain, sheltered by others more lofty, and has a commanding view over an extensive plain. It is in ruins, and only two monks reside there.

On the top of one of the mountains is a castle and village, ruined and totally uninhabited.

Jan. 19.—Rain detained me from proceeding till eleven A. M. when I gradually descended into a plain, where the road continued for three hours along the foot of this rugged range. Again ascending, I entered a pass cut through the mountains, and at length came into an open valley. Crossing another mountain by rude and narrow paths, with the sea before me, I finally descended a steep rough precipice, and found myself in the midst of a forest of olive-trees, where girls were gathering the ripe black fruit, and in the centre of which stood the cottage of Signor Salitovich. I had ridden for five hours and a half, and was truly happy to be housed as it was pouring with rain.

Jan. 20.—The house is rather high up on the slope of the mountain, and must be a delightful situation in summer. Vines overhang the door, and groves of orange and lemon-trees add to the beauty of the scene. There is a small village near of Greek peasants. Signor Salitovich's family being at Nicosia, he sent a servant to me

with provisions, saying he would be at Fongee this day, and he arrived by moonlight in the evening.

Jan. 21.—This morning Signor Salitovich was kind enough to offer to ride with me, and explain what was worth seeing; we, therefore, mounted our nags, and, after an hour's amble over some rich land, abounding in olives and evergreens, came to a quarry and excavations which appeared to have been cemeteries, near which is a fort built by the Venetians, with the stone taken probably from these excavations.

The fort is large, containing about twenty or twenty-five cannon, but the outer buttresses or towers are in ruins; here also we found the Venetian arms of the Lion. The place is called Cerinia, and was occupied by about fifteen soldiers, and thirty families, Turks and Greeks.

We afterwards began to ascend the mountains, but, rain coming on, halted at a sort of farm-house, where we stayed for the night.

Jan. 22.—After riding through a forest of olives and several hamlets in ruins, but delightfully situated, we encountered a path so overgrown with shrubs as to be difficult to pass through; this brought us to the convent of Bella Paese. Near the spot was a small village formerly inhabited by Greeks, but now in the hands of about two hundred soldiers, whose chief we visited. He received us very civilly: coffee and pipes were handed to us, and he added presents of oranges, pomegranates, and citrons. These

soldiers had been sent from Egypt by Mohammed Ali about a year and a half before, but had not received any pay. They seemed ignorant of everything relating to the war, and inquired how things were going on in the Morea and at Alexandria. We now proceeded to the convent, which is romantically situated in rather an elevated spot, having a fine view of the plain and the sea, backed by the range of mountains which extends from east to west throughout the island. This is a noble gothic ruin; built, according to report, long before the Venetians had possession of the island. In fact, it is understood to have been a castle, the lords of which exercised a feudal dominion over the neighbouring population, who were compelled to cultivate the land and serve their superior in war. It then bore the designation Dell' Obbedienza—the Castle of Submission—and its present name is a corruption of those words.

This convent contains many apartments in good condition; in the interior is an open square, in one corner of which stood a marble sarcophagus, ornamented with festoons hanging from female figures and rams' heads alternately. Some columns remain, and there is a stone on which the outline of a figure holding a crosier is cut. This appears to have been brought from a tomb, probably by the Greeks, and placed upon a pedestal, forming a table at which prayers are said. The church is large, and has a noble entrance; all is upon a grand scale. Over the doorway

of a large hall in the convent many names are cut out, principally Italian; I did not see one English. We returned to the farm-house and dined, and from thence proceeded to my friend's cottage.

Jan. 23.—At about one P.M. Salitovich again accompanied me through a delightful country abounding in olives, to the convent of Archero-pete, situated in the plain between the mountains and the sea. This convent is large and in tolera-ble repair, with a church in good order, strongly built upon arches. Only one priest was here. Another of our party was Captain Bardinado, a lively, active little man, who spoke the Turkish language well, and who, having suffered ship-wreck and the loss of his entire property, had lived some time on the island. We were now seven in number, and, when in line, headed by my janizary, cut rather a formidable appearance. Near the convent are the ruins of Lampousa, almost concealed by trees, with a small church adjoining, and a ruined castle close to the sea, where, in digging for stone, ancient coins are sometimes found. On the neighbouring moun-tains and at their foot are several villages, inha-bited principally by Greeks; one of these, La-pitos, is a complete garden, indeed the whole country appears so. It has abundance of good water, and produces cotton, silk, and oil; cloth also is woven in the neighbourhood.

A mosque was built here a few months since, after which the Greeks were not allowed to have

pigs on their premises. This part of the island belongs to a powerful family of Constantinople, and in civil matters is not subject to the governor of Cyprus; he, however, takes cognizance of crimes and offences; but a local governor, an Aga Mutvelli*, who is independent of the Grand Signor, and less taxed than the other inhabitants of the place, exercises the civil jurisdiction.

Cyprus is divided into sixteen ecclesiastical provinces; the Archbishop of Nicosia and the Bishops of Bafo, Larnica, and Cerinia, each presiding over four. These prelates were beheaded at the commencement of the revolution, when the Turks first required the Greeks to give up their arms; then began the work of slaughter, in which between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and eighty persons perished, many being taken to Nicosia, and there destroyed, and many being privately murdered.

A curious custom prevails on the island on the 6th of January. It is believed that on Christmas-day the devil goes abroad with his imps, and continues on the earth for twelve successive nights, during which time the people fear to go out alone. At the termination of this period, the water in the churches is re-consecrated, and the priests go to the houses of the inhabitants and sprinkle them with it. This ceremony is observed by the Greeks and Catholics. Another custom prevailed before the war between the Turks and Greeks: on a great feast held on the second

* An Aga Mutvelli means literally an authorised governor.

day of Pentecost in May, the people went together to the sea, and there sailed about and bathed. This was supposed to have its origin in the ancient worship of Venus, but is now called Catachrismo.

The following custom still exists: when a person dies, the water which at the time happens to be in the jars in the house is thrown away, under a superstition, that in it the Angel of Death has washed the sword by which the deceased was slain, and that those who might drink the water would certainly die. I was assured this custom began in the time of Abraham: at any rate, it still continues, and when a dead body passes on its way to burial, they throw out water into the street.

Jan. 24.—We left the convent of Acheropete in the morning, and in three-quarters of an hour arrived again at the village of Lapitas, and went to the house of the Aga Mutvelli. He was an old man, with a long grey beard, dressed in a flowing scarlet robe, lined with ermine, and wearing a green turban. His secretary, also in scarlet, was sitting with him. The house, to which he was making large additions, is beautifully situated half way up the mountain, and commands a fine view of the sea, as well as the magnificent garden scenery below, in which the dark-green carubia, the light-green olive, the lemon, the citron, and the golden orange hung in full and interwoven clusters. Rivulets were seen running in all directions, and disappearing amid the ver-

dant shade of fig and mulberry trees, interspersed with poplars. Here also is the vine, which of late has been much attended to; and the cypress and laurel are the evergreens of the hedges. In this beautiful picture the mosque appeared with great effect—indeed, the entire view is perfection.

The villages in this neighbourhood contain nearly six hundred families, principally Greeks. We stopped about twenty minutes with the Governor, who offered me his Turkish ookah, with its long snakish pipe, and laughed when he saw that I could not well manage it. Resuming our journey, we passed through olive-trees, along the side of the mountain, arriving at a more open and well-cultivated country, and, soon after, riding directly up the high and rugged steeps by a path so overgrown with shrubs as to be almost impassable, arrived first at the village of Verseillia, and then at the old convent of St. Parascovghi, which is under the jurisdiction of that on Mount Sinai. It contains few rooms, and the remains of two small chapels; one of them, a total ruin, has two marble columns in it; the other is still occasionally used, though without a door. Some old books and paintings of Saints were lying about: by giving a trifle I was allowed to take away a couple of the latter; they represented St. Parascovghi and St. Catherine.

The only priest residing here was a young man, who made no objection to my having the pictures. His former companion, an old man, had his head taken off by the Turks about five years before,

when the Pashas of Egypt and Acre sent troops into the island, and nearly one hundred Greeks were destroyed: he had begun to repair the chapel, but since his death it has remained totally neglected.

Passing on by a still more elevated road, we crossed this long mountainous barrier, and came amongst hills of a different character, covered with myrtles and various evergreens. Upon these is situated the small convent of Madona Kathari, at which we next arrived. This has more the appearance of a farm-house than of a convent. We were hospitably treated by the priest, who gave us an excellent supper.

Jan. 25.—Resuming our route, we came to an open plain of rich land, and passed the village of Candele, much in ruins, and containing a few Turks and Maronites. Soon after we arrived at a very small village, containing only four or five families, where we found an old church, falling rapidly into ruin. It had contained many marble columns, a few only of which remained, the rest having been taken to ornament the Greek church of St. Pantaleoni, about a quarter of an hour distant, where we next arrived. Here also is a village of Greeks, called Merito. The convent, which is the residence of the Bishop of Cerinia, is large, well built, and in good order; the columns above mentioned, are arranged all round, and form a covered way. A garden is attached to the edifice, and plenty of water is brought by an aqueduct from the lower mountains. I was told,

that when the Turks decapitated the former bishop, they found property to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, mostly in gold. Ten or twelve priests were in the house; but they looked dejected, and were in continual fear of the Turks, who frequently visit them, and not only refuse payment for the accommodation they receive, but often take away whatever strikes their fancy. The patron saint of this place was a doctor, and dubbed a saint probably for some supposed miraculous cure.

Jan. 26.—In the morning we went over the church, which is large and in good order, containing various paintings, mere daubs, of saints; two or three of these are covered with gold, excepting the face, and are concealed behind a curtain. These were shown with much care, and as a lamp had been lighted I paid the oil-money, and proceeded on my journey. After a quarter of an hour's ride over the plain we arrived at the small Greek village of Diorio, and again ascended, having the sea and a range of mountains, extending far into it so as to form a long promontory, partly covered with snow, immediately before us.

Continuing our route westerly we passed for about two hours through a forest of wild pine or short firs, and then arrived at a hovel or goat-shed, where the road divided in two directions; taking the left, and, soon after, fording a rapid stream, we came upon an extensive plain partly cultivated, and passing two villages on the left reached Morfo, at which place there is a convent

of the time of the Venetians, though evidently not finished when they lost the island to the Turks. It has since been completed by the Greeks in their simple manner, and is a strong building, surrounded by a wall, forming a square; a colonnade runs half round, with stalls for horses and mules.

The columns are put up carelessly, with their capitals placed where the pedestals ought to have been. Many columns are also in the church, which is much ornamented round the upper part, and contains several modern and ill-painted pictures. The saint, who is called St. Marmar, is represented mounted on a lion. One priest only lives here; he treated us hospitably.

The greater part of the large plain of Morfo, near the centre of which this convent stands, is the property of a noble family of Constantinople, who are independent of the governor.

This family annually receives twenty-five thousand piastres by way of rent for the district, to raise which sum the men of Morfo are compelled to cultivate the land: if it produces more than the sum it is to their own advantage; if the contrary, they are still compelled to make up the amount and pay it to the governor, who being only the procurator, sends it to Constantinople. Other parts of the island are under the same regulation, and all the Greeks pay a contribution to the governor of from eighty to three hundred piastres a head, according to his caprice.

Two hours' ride from this place we came to a

long mud-constructed building, nearly square, and having carts under cover, something in the way of a farm-yard ; at one end was a well-built church, called Xeropotamo. These are dependent on the convent of Chicco, higher up in the mountains, eight hours distant.

Jan. 27.—Setting off about nine, and still going over this large plain, fertilized by numerous streams, and abounding in olives, we passed on our left the ruins of an old convent, and a small Turkish village. We afterwards entered a valley of the most beautiful scenery, and came to a long village called Lefcar.

Here we visited the governor, and found him on his sofa smoking with two companions. He received us pleasantly. Some questions being asked relative to my journey, I told him we were going round the island, but not exactly knowing the road to Paphos, (Bafo,) we wished for a guide : this he readily granted. On showing him my passport, he first looked at the seal, and then read the paper. He told me that, when residing at the fort of Cerinia, twelve years before, he had received a visit from a " Milord Inglese," and expressed satisfaction that I had come to see him, asking if I would eat any thing, which I declined. Amongst other questions, he inquired whether America was near to England. Coffee being again handed to us, and a basketful of oranges supplied, we departed, attended by an old guide.

Riding through an orange plantation, we soon entered amongst the mountains, and gradually

ascended through a valley of firs, several of which were cut, and lying ready to be rolled into the gulf below, thence to be shipped in the first vessels bound for Alexandria. Near the summit of these mountains we came upon a wild plain, over which about twenty-five low flat-roofed cottages were scattered, forming the village of Gellinée. Some of the inhabitants seemed to shun us; but others brought bread and fowls, which we purchased, and dined on in the open air. When leaving them, all the people came round us, and we parted better friends. The province of Tillirgar commences here, and terminates at the village of Pomos. This province differs singularly from the others. The houses are generally detached, and built in a varied manner. The women, who are coarse and ugly enough, were without shoes or stockings, though some of them had large thick boots like the men; and, on the arrival of strangers, they abandon their dwellings and fly to the mountains. These people formerly paid no tribute to the Grand Signor; but by degrees the Archbishops have levied contributions upon them, and they are now taxed. We left Gellinée, and, after crossing the mountains, and passing through a rich country interspersed with hill and dale, parts of which were in tillage, chequered with corn fields, descended into a small village of six or eight houses, called Lutrò. This is in ruins and deserted, and is now nothing more than the browsing place of a few goats, the inhabitants having been driven away by the excesses of the

troops of the Pasha of Egypt. Another village has been built by them higher up, also called Lutrò, where we saw some of these fugitives.

Having once more passed between the mountains, by the side of a stream, the banks of which were covered with evergreens, we reached an open valley and cultivated plain, extending down to the sea; then, crossing over a hill, we continued along the coast, on a fine green turf, and passed a ruined tower, which stands high up on one of the mountains. At this point we turned more into the interior of the island, and saw a kind of barrack, built at the beginning of the revoultion for fifteen or twenty soldiers, but now deserted. Some ruins stood in a romantic situation in the midst of the mountains, where we spread our carpets, delighted with the tranquil scenery. Again ascending, we saw several hovels, the tenants of which had fled; but higher up we hailed several people, though we could not get them to come near us. Having sent on our old Turkish guide to secure us a house, his appearance had created the alarm; for, though he was a mild and quiet man, he happened to be in the employ of the governor, as collector of the tribute, and consequently was regarded as no welcome visitor among these people, who are all miserably poor.

Two or three, however, afterwards ventured down, and we took possession of the best cottage in the place: this had been lately built by a renegade Greek, whose son and brother, being Christians, had fled when the Turks threatened them

with compulsory conversion to Islamism. The brother was at this time a servant in the house of M. Vondiziani, at Larnica. The cottage consisted of one large and long room, and here we all slept, excepting the Turk, our guide, who not only would naturally refuse to repose among Giaours, but no doubt easily found a resting-place elsewhere. My people, over anxious to be comfortable, had loaded the fire with too much wood, and in consequence we were during the night nearly suffocated with the smoke and heat.

Jan. 29.—About nine we again descended to the fertile plain, and came to the sea, where the old guide took leave of us. Proceeding along the coast, sometimes on the sands, we passed the valley of Pomos, and mountains clothed to their summits with trees, from which much timber is sent to Alexandria.

After a journey of seven hours and half we arrived at Poli, a ruinous village, containing twenty-five Greek families, and ten or twelve Turks. Here we had some difficulty in procuring a house to sleep in. The mountains at this place, like those above Diorio, extend a long way into the sea, and form a promontory; and it is said that wild oxen and asses are found among the thickly entangled woods, which cover this wild headland to the water's edge, and effectually oppose the approach of the traveller, who strives to visit the remains of antiquity which the spot contains. Nothing can be done without a party of men to clear the way, and the enterprize would be one of great labour, if not of hazard.

CHAPTER XVII.

Turkish Villages.—Terra.—Catheca.—Bafo.—Antient Paphos.—Ruins of Paphos.—Courduatier.—Delightful Scenery.—La Madonna de Cicco.—Millecori.—Village of St. Nicholas.—Limasol.—Site of Old Limasol.—Return to Larnica.—Environs of Larnica.—Beauties of Cyprus.

JANUARY 30.—At one o'clock we set off, leaving the promontory behind us, and proceeding through a valley arrived at a Turkish village, well supplied with water. In less than three quarters of an hour we came to a second, very beautifully situated, where again was abundance of water, as well as a rich shelter of trees, among which was seen a mosque, with its tall minaret, producing the most agreeable effect. The general appearance of the place, however, indicates neglect, and the road is bad. We next passed *under* a bridge of one arch, and commenced an ascent of the lower range of mountains covered with green, but unproductive, wild mastic trees. Having gained the summit we found ourselves on a plain where, as in a previous part of our journey, Turks

were observed at plough. Crossing a point of land on which were the ruins of one old church, we descried upon our left a village, with the small dilapidated remains of another: two villages, a little higher up on the right, succeeded, the larger of which is Turkish, and called Terra. This is of some size and delightfully situated, being sheltered also by the higher mountains. After this we reached a large Greek village in ruins.

By four P. M. the top of these rocky mountains was passed over, and, after skirting a small village on the right, we arrived at a fountain of fine water, and soon gained the Greek village of Catheca, which, standing high, struck us as rather cold; the opposite mountains were covered with snow. The trees here had a wintry appearance; very different from the scene through which we had passed a few hours before; and the place was going fast to ruin, for the Turks tax the inhabitants exorbitantly, and, as usual, when they cannot pay, seize their corn. We found them ploughing and sowing: a man guided the plough, and an old woman followed it with corn in a sieve. From one of the families we obtained a room and a good supper; the apartment had a large fire-place, and while we occupied one end of it, the cattle slept at the other.

Jan. 31.—From Catheca we descended by a steep and bad road to the bed of a mountain-torrent, and again ascending we came to a village half-way up the mountains. A second descent brought us to another stream, upon which, at a

little distance, we saw four or five corn-mills: from the lowest of these a man, who proved to be a priest, came to show us the way.

About mid-day we arrived in the plain close to Bafo, the capital of the province of Paphia, and halted to refresh ourselves on the sloping bank of a little valley, spreading our carpet in the hollow of a rock surrounded by evergreens, whilst the servants and mules enjoyed their repast under the shade of olive trees, a little below in front, a fine stream running between us. As we thus rested another priest passed: we hailed him, and he returned, and quaffed a social goblet with much satisfaction. He was a shabby-looking young man, going about to collect money for his convent.

These priests a few years since were so numerous that the bishop levied a tax upon them. We soon after entered Bafo, or Kitma, for the Turks and Greeks have respectively so named it; and, the resident aga being absent, immediately paid a visit to the Commandant, a colonel, who has four hundred of the Pasha of Egypt's troops under him. He resided in the house of the bishop, and was young, but apparently very unhealthy, and said that he thought the air was not good. We found him extremely civil, and received the customary attention of pipes and coffee.

Bafo, though at the end of the plain, stands high, in a rocky situation, somewhat like old Syracuse, and, at a distance, notwithstanding its internal ruinous condition, has a pleasing appear-

ance. The colonel permitted us to inspect the remains of antient Paphos, and directed the Turkish commandant of the castle, which was garrisoned with eight men, to accompany us. Having crossed the plain we approached the antient city, which is beautifully situated close upon the sea, and though totally in ruins formed the residence of eight or ten families. We had previously passed through three large arches upon a hillock, where we obtained a fine view of this once celebrated place. These arches are said to be the remains of a Temple of Venus, but there is no trace of any noble building to be discovered on the spot.

On entering Paphos we found ourselves in a long street, on one side of which is a range of small arches, probably the remains of shops and bazaars, and at the end stands a large church or cathedral, with many pieces of marble columns dispersed about it. This has been converted into a mosque, within which none but Turks are admitted. The ruins of many churches built at a very early period lie around, as also various columns of grey granite; and before two or three of the former I observed two large columns still standing, but wanting their capitals. Several of these ruined churches are used as places of shelter for cattle; some less dilapidated are employed by the governor as granaries, while others serve for baths. One large well-built bath, with four domes, is in tolerably good order. This seems to have been constructed by the Turks, though probably

from the remains of some previously existing church or temple.

The land surrounding these buildings is cultivated, and produces corn and tobacco; there are also some fine date and orange trees. From this spot we went to a large mound of ruins nearer the sea, under which I observed arches choked up with rubbish, into which entrances had been made; many columns, some broken and others entire, were scattered around the heap which is evidently the remains of some vast structure. On the edge of the sea is a castle, and from the point of land extending from it towards the south, it is asserted, a chain was at times passed to the opposite side in order to shut the entrance of the port; but the passage is now shallow, and, as well as the port itself, only calculated for small vessels.

We passed, through marshy ground and stagnant water, round the back of the port and city, and, on our return by the plain, observed, within a short distance of the latter, an excavated rock or quarry (possibly a catacomb); and further on the plain are many Turkish graves, with head and foot stones, but bearing neither inscription nor sculpture. When, however, Sir Sidney Smith visited Paphos, he discovered a few interesting fragments, which I understand he took away with him. Having now re-crossed the plain we came again to Bafo, or Kitma.

February 1.—We resumed our journey at noon, and once more traversed the plain. Passing a

Greek village at the foot of an ascent, we pursued our course through a cultivated and well wooded valley, at the upper end of which was a fountain; and, entering a second Greek village, where the soil was chalky, and the houses constructed of stone, we gained a mountain summit, whence we had a fine view of Paphos and the plain. Continuing our route over hill and dale, we arrived at a small convent embosomed in the mountains. The bishop of Bafo resides here, the commandant having taken possession of his house.

Here we met with so good a reception, that I determined to stop. The Turks come to this house and eat and drink as they please, sometimes demanding money; such is the slavery and terror in which the priests exist. They however live well, and the land around is well cultivated; there are also a few olive and mulberry trees, but the mountains in this part have rather a barren appearance.

Feb. 2.—Our road took a downward course, and we had an extensive and magnificent mountain view. In a rich but uncultivated valley stands the small village of Courduatier. Again ascending we passed through the small village called Latempo, and soon after missed our way, when not meeting with any one to set us right we returned to the valley, and lunched, spreading our carpet under a clump of olive trees near a stream. All this part of the country abounded in game.

We once more ascended and passed two vil-

lages, one of which is called Sarto, or Starto, and in a short time discovered an old convent, in a lonely situation, apparently deserted; we therefore went on, still ascending by a good road, from which we had a view of the sea, and, subsequently descending a little, came to the large convent of Crisoriatisa, standing well at the extremity of an elevated and beautiful valley, which produces cotton and silk, grapes, figs, almonds, and walnuts, but is too cold for the orange and lemon.

A president, and fourteen or twenty men reside here, who received us with much attention, and supplied us with every thing.

Feb. 3.—We left this convent with a priest as guide, and going round the valley came to the village of Parno Parneijèa, much in ruins. From this we continued our way through wild mountain scenery and forests of pines, and over several rivulets, till we arrived at a delightful spot on the bank of a fine murmuring stream, in the midst of the most romantic mountains, the rocky sides of which were richly clothed with evergreens and fragrant shrubs.

Fascinated by the enchanting scene, we halted for an hour and refreshed ourselves, enjoying the day which had thus far been lovely. About four o'clock we approached the top of the ridge, passing at times over snow, with which the front of the mountains was in general covered. The appearance of the country was still wild, and our road in some places very steep. We were now at the summit of one of the mountains, but felt not

a breath of air. The roads were frequently bad, stony, and precipitous; the scenery most peculiar, mountain within mountain as far as the eye could reach, and the whole entirely covered with forests of pine.

The convent of La Madonna de Cicco soon appeared in view, and we arrived there after a ride of six hours and a half. This is the largest convent in Cyprus, and has much land belonging to it. At the time of the Greek revolution the governor of the island plundered it of the robes and silver ornaments, and of every thing he could lay hold of; he also carried off the cattle, consisting of camels and mules; but, though the Grand Signor ordered him to restore all, he only returned what he pleased, and even then demanded money, which he continues in the annual receipt of.

The soldiers of the Pasha of Egypt, as well as the Turks of the island, live upon this convent whenever they please. An instance of this occurred whilst we were there: ten of them came on mules, and, demanding every thing they wanted, ate, drank, and slept in the building, without offering any kind of remuneration; in consequence of these continual visits, the convent is daily becoming more and more impoverished.

The picture of the Madonna di Cicco, said to have been painted by St. Luke, has been taken from the convent to that of St. Michael Archangelo, near Nicosia, as being more in the centre of the island, and easier of access to the Greeks.

The three or four thousand pilgrims, who used to come here on the grand Festa of the eighth of September, now go to the latter.

Feb 5.—Our party left the convent about two o'clock, P. M. Here my excellent companion and guide, Signor Stefano Saletovich, with his friend Capitano Bardinado, and the cook, took leave of me, on their return to Fougée, and I proceeded to Lemasol. Their loss caused me sincere regret. My route lay amongst the snow, and I gradually descended by a crooked and steep road till I came to the village of Millecori, curiously built, house above house, upon one of the mountains, and quite hidden from the world.

Coming upon it unexpectedly, and struck with the odd appearance of the place, I felt much inclined to halt here; but my servant, saying we should find other villages better situated, persuaded me to go on.

After descending and again ascending by tolerably good roads amongst the most wild and beautiful scenery over mountains covered with firs, and by paths running among myrtle and evergreens, we came to a beautifully clear stream, winding between the mountains, and its banks ornamented with fine timber, which we crossed and re-crossed at least twenty times; when ascending again by a rocky path I discovered that the muleteer had lost his way. It was dark and gloomy, and had not the ground been chalky we certainly must have halted. The only plan was to go on; and, after riding up a high chalky

mountain, by a very steep road like steps, we arrived at a village. Here we knocked at several doors, but could not gain admittance; at last we met a Turk, who led us back half a mile to a large sort of farm-house. All was darkness; a priest put me into a miserable room; but a bright fire was soon made, and he produced some roast pork and good wine. The village was called St. Nicholas, and contained about sixty houses inhabited by Turks, and five belonging to Greeks.

Feb. 6.—Leaving this village, I passed over high mountains, upon the snowy tops of which I for the first time felt the wind blow keenly, and in one hour came to the small and lonely convent of St. Nicholas; then penetrating amongst mountains of a light and chalky nature covered with vines, which produce the best red wine in the island, I entered a ruined village, in which is a large convent called Omodos, where one of the priests, (whose invitation to stay, having been out so short a time, I declined,) showed me the way on. Descending, I passed over a rich valley, and came to the village of Gellarni, in a ruinous state like most of the rest, containing both Turks and Greeks; I observed that the former had a mosque.

From this place I continued along a narrow pathway on the side of the mountain, and arrived at the miserable village of Lofe, consisting of sixty or seventy low flat-roofed houses, into one of which I gained admittance, and procured some eggs and bread and cheese, having a small supply of good wine with me.

After this, gradually descending to a valley rich in evergreens, among pine, wild olives, and carruba trees, we passed a fine and rapid stream, near which were scattered about a profusion of oleanders in full bloom. These enhanced the picturesque effect of the scene, and contributed greatly to its varied loveliness. In this beautiful spot we encountered a small party of Greeks on donkeys, the first individuals with whom we had met.

Having surmounted the confines of this valley, and proceeded for some time between the mountains, we again descended to a large plain, and bent our way through a forest of carruba and mastic trees; here I discovered that my men did not know where they were. We nevertheless pursued our course, and arrived, after dark, at a village, in which I obtained information that a little further on we should reach Limasol. Though very tired, we persevered, and with the assistance of a guide got thither in about an hour, and were received very hospitably at the house of the British agent, Nicolo Frangudi.

Feb. 7.—Limasol is situated in a fertile plain, and is a clean and neat sea-port. A commandant and some soldiers of the Pasha of Egypt were quartered in it. It produces and exports a large quantity of fine wine and arrack. The common red wine, which is good, is seven paras per ocha, about two bottles for a penny. When ten years old, the price is increased to two or three piastres per ocha. The best white wine is

the commanderia, which sells for twenty-five piastres the ocha, and will keep for years. It is very sweet, and only drunk at the end of dinner, when about two glasses are taken. Provisions at Limasol are also cheap.

From Limasol an excellent road, over a large plain and along the coast, brought me in two hours to the site of Palæo-masol, or old Limasol, which was destroyed by Richard Cœur de Lion. Part of the town stood in a commanding situation high on the mountains, and, judging from the remains of the walls and from a ruined tower, it must have been a place of great strength. I ascended, and found amongst the ploughed land fragments of the ruins, and some pieces of columns, and on the highest part two large vases or jars, half buried in the earth. An evergreen nearly covers them. One is broken, but the other is still perfect, and in four places upon it has the figure of a bull standing within an ornament of a semicircular shape. In the fields below are vast quantities of stones and some parts of columns yet standing.

Further on to the left are discovered the remains of a Greek convent, consisting of several arches and walls, on which there have been paintings, but these are almost obliterated. Here, under a large tree, I took a slight repast. This spot, though rather elevated, is in a delightful valley, backed at some distance by high mountains, bearing some resemblance to an amphitheatre, and having a large plain, abounding in evergreens,

gradually sloping to the sea. In several parts I observed the plough at work, which contrasting with the devastation before me, added greatly to the interest of the scene.

Continuing my journey towards the left, I ascended the mountains, and came to the small Turkish village of Mari, but as I could not get a lodging I did not halt; in an hour I arrived at Maroni, a very poor village, and readily obtained a couple of houses for the night.

Feb. 8.—Crossing an extensive plain, I came to an old church near Kitti, at which place I next arrived. It stands on the site of the ancient Citium, and I noticed the ruins of an arch and palace; there is also a fountain. In an hour and a half from Kitti, I passed through the village of Bromo-luxor, which I found in an uproar, and asking the cause of a girl who was crying, I learned that the Turks were demanding a capitation-tax of four piastres upon each person, and had threatened to take away her mother. I interfered, and paid the money, after much altercation, during which my janizary abused the Turk soundly. We rode on, and, passing a large pool of water and some salt-pans, about five P.M. arrived again at Larnica, highly delighted with my satisfactory though somewhat rapid tour.

Here, to my surprise, I found Mr. Bell, who, being too idle to accompany me, had remained in the house of M. Vondiziani, and, being attacked with the malaria fever, was compelled to postpone his return to Syria. At particular seasons

of the year this fever is very prevalent, and may certainly be attributed to a large stagnant pool of water immediately adjoining the town, but which, from its proximity to the sea, might easily be drawn off, and filled up with the rubbish close at hand, which was originally dug out of it. Many people die annually, and I saw several who appeared to be languishing from the effects of this nuisance, to which Cyprus stands indebted for its unhealthy character; but the island by no means merits this reproach. During the sultry months the several consuls sleep out of Larnica, and so avoid the mischief.

I endeavoured to promote some exertion towards remedying the evil, but was told that all efforts were useless, as, notwithstanding subscriptions had been raised to defray the cost, the Turks, from some unaccountable reason would not suffer the pool to be filled up, or the adjoining swamp to be drained.

The country about Larnica is flat, and the town somewhat small, though there are several coffee-houses, baths, &c. and almost everything may be purchased at the bazaars.

The consular residences (excepting that for England, which is a little way in the country,) are near the Marina, the landing-place in front of which is very open, and at the back the houses are very pleasant, having gardens. During my excursion, I was particularly struck with the thinness of the population, as in passing through the country I met with few individuals. On the

eminences are several castles, but deserted and in ruins.

As to those female beauties for which the island has been so famed in history, I certainly saw none; their boasted loveliness is gone. The only little Venus I met with was the youngest daughter of the consul.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Greek Fleet before Beiroot.—Attack on the Town.—Retreat of the Greeks.—Reinforcement of Troops.—Albanian Troops.—Visit to the Emir Bechir.—Soor.—Cisterns of Solomon.—Soor.—Ruined Palace.—Sidon.

FEBRUARY 8.—We took leave of our kind host Vondiziani, and embarked for Beiroot, at which place we kept up a social intercourse with the American missionaries, whose custom it is every Sunday to read prayers, and give a lecture or a sermon, at the house of the English consul.

March 10.—The time passed away pleasantly and all seemed quiet, when, on the evening of the 18th of March, we were rather surprised at the sight of thirteen Greek ships, gliding quietly through the moonlight with a favourable breeze, and coming to anchor in the roadstead, about a mile below the town. This created some bustle, an attack from the squadron being most probable, and every person knew the facility with which they might enter Beiroot.

March 19.—A sharp firing of musketry commenced about four o'clock this morning, and, from the consul's house, where I resided, the Greeks were seen attacking an angle of the town, near the only fortifications it possessed. Four or five hundred had landed, and begun to scale the wall in two places; the Turks, few in number, and not expecting the attempt, having mounted upon the wall of a mosque, fired upon the intruders, and shot four or five of them; the rest hastily retreated, and fled towards their ships. Had they been any thing better than a set of dastardly pirates, they might have taken Beiroot as easily as I could drink a bottle of Mount Lebanon wine. The Turks then jumped down, and cut off the heads of the slain. In the pocket of one, who appeared to be the leader, a few English sovereigns were found, the first I had seen of that coin, and a bottle of wine was taken from under his jacket.

Not being pursued, owing to the smallness of the garrison, the Greeks remained on shore, and took possession of a small ruined fort, half way between the town and anchorage. Their vessels were now observed to be under weigh, and, coming up in line towards the town, they cannonaded it as they passed. Two or three poor Greek residents were killed and as many wounded. A strong breeze blew off the land, so that the ships rolled considerably, and as the firing was badly executed the shot rose high into the air,

whistling over the English consul's house, which stands in a very exposed situation, at a short distance in the rear of the castle; but none struck it. The several consuls had displayed their flags at break of day, and it is probable that the assailants intentionally respected the British ensign, and spared the British consulate, as the residences of the Austrian and French consuls were each entered by two or three balls: many shot also passed over the town into the country, where one lodged itself in the breakfast-room of Mr. Abbot's private house.

The Turks in the castle, having obtained a supply of gunpowder, of which they were previously destitute, from an English merchant, kept firing away at the Greek vessels as they passed; but such was the confusion and hurry of the moment that I imagine they loaded their few and worn-out cannon without the least attention to what charge they could bear: the consequence was that one of them, either from this cause, or from not being rammed home, burst, and killed one man, and wounded two or three others. This created great astonishment, and the accident was attributed to the strength of the English gunpowder!

March 20.—The resident Greeks took shelter in the different consulates. The bustle continued; but there was so little disturbance that several Franks ventured out, and walked about the town, and the wind continued too high to admit of the vessels leaving their anchorage.

March 21.—About two hundred Turkish troops arrived from Saide, and as the governor had ordered that no person should be seen out of doors after sun-set, all remained tranquil.

March 22.—The Emir Bechir came down from the mountains with his troops, and pitched his tents at the famous old pines, within half an hour's march of the town. The gates were closed to all, without a written order from the governor. At noon the Greek flag disappeared from the ruined fort, and the Greeks returned to their ships.

March 23.—The Kehaya Bey arrived with troops from Acre, having been despatched by the Pasha, to whom he was lieutenant, quite as much with the view of watching the Emir, as of repelling the enemy. His Bedouins plundered several houses outside the walls, and among others that of Mr. Goodell, the American missionary, from which they took away several articles, and would have carried off more, but that some Mussulmans of the town coming by dispersed them; in fact, the Turks of Beiroot behaved uncommonly well.

March 24.—More troops arrived, and the inhabitants were called upon by a proclamation from the Kehaya Bey to return to their houses and shops, under penalty of confiscation.

March 25.—We were once more quiet; and I accompanied Mr. Abbot to the Kehaya Bey, for the purpose of complaining of the Bedouin soldiers. Their chief sat next to me, and Mr. A. between him and the Bey. He denied that his

that they never robbed! but Mr. Abbot persisted, and the Bey promised redress if the offenders could be found.

In the course of the day the following unfortunate circumstance occurred to a Turk. The Greeks, having placed a flag at a khan or coffee house, a short distance from the town, had in the hurry of retreat left it behind; the Turk fetched it away, but displaying it at his approach to the gate, another Turk, mistaking him for a Greek, shot him.

March 26.—The Greek inhabitants, having recovered confidence, went to their church; but during service the gates were closed, and as they returned they were seized, and carried before the Kehaya Bey, who demanded from each a certain sum of money; and, as most of them were unable to comply with the requisition, punished them with the bastinado on the soles of the feet. This man's house was opposite to Mr. Abbot's, so that we saw and heard all that was going on: it was lamentable to hear their cries. They were then sent out, hobbling along the streets, and with an attendant, to raise the sum demanded, either by contributions from their friends, or by selling their property. This system was continued for the ensuing four or five days.

March 31.—We saw the Bey with his retinue going to the mosque; petitions were presented to him as he passed through the streets, according to the usual custom.

April 1.—The storehouses and shops of these

Greeks who had not returned, in obedience to the proclamation, and which had in the first instance been sealed, were, by order of the Kehaya Bey in person, broken up, and the merchandise and goods sold. In a walk outside the gates the ruin and desolation caused by the landing of the Greeks were very apparent; we had intelligence that upon leaving us they had proceeded to Cyprus, and landed at Larnica. On the 3rd and 4th the confiscation of the goods in the bazaars continued in the presence of the Kehaya Bey, and, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th, order became so far restored that the Emir Bechir withdrew his troops: another proclamation was however issued, to the effect that all who should be detected in committing depredations, should be hung up at the gateway.

April 8.—An immense host of locusts showed itself during the last three or four days, apparently coming from the east. The number of these insects absolutely obscured the atmosphere, which otherwise was clear and serene, though the vibratory motion of their wings in the brilliant sunshine had a peculiar and rather pleasing effect. They flew heavily, and frequently struck against the houses, and, falling to the ground, the fowls and dogs devoured them with much avidity; particularly the latter, who ate them so voraciously that they made themselves sick. These locusts were of the size and form of large grasshoppers, and many alighted on the neighbouring grounds to deposit their eggs upon the verdure; the

governor, however, most providently sent people to collect and destroy them, which was effected by burying them deep in the ground, or by burning them in heaps. I afterwards saw innumerable swarms of these insects floating on the sea, and covering the whole line of coast.

Two of the gates continued closed, and the Turks began to be fearful that the Bey would in turn levy contributions upon them.

April 9.—Many soldiers departed, including the Delli-Bash, (mad heads,) who wear high caps made of leopard skin, and are always employed in the most desperate undertakings.

April 11.—The Turks it appeared were divided into two parties, one in favour of the Emir Bechir, and the other in favour of the Pasha. Three of the former, who had abused the Kehaya Bey, were to-day flogged and fined.

April 12.—Some Albanian troops arrived, and the three Turks were sent under an escort to Acre.

April 13.—The Albanians took possession of the castle, and turned out all its occupants; the following fortnight passed away quietly. The Bey however still remained.

May 1.—The consul having written to the Pasha of Acre in behalf of Mr. Goodell, received a sum of money for him, to make good the damages done to his dwelling.

May 10.—For the ensuing few days I amused myself by riding to Gazir and about the mountains, and on my return found the Kehaya Bey

departed, tranquillity being restored; but the *locusts* remained, and were devouring every thing.

May 23.—Left Beiroot with Messrs. Bell and Jasper Chasseaud, and arrived in the evening at the Maronite convent, at Deir el Khamma.

May 24. — Having sent to the Emir Bechir, prince of the mountains, and chief of the Christians as well as of the Druses, to say that we wished to pay him a visit, and received for answer that we might do so when we pleased; we proceeded, about ten o'clock, to his residence at Bteddein. After passing through a crowd of attendants, we found him in conference with his secretary. He received us with apparent kindness, and, dismissing those about him, conversed very freely with Mr. Chasseaud, who spoke Arabic fluently, at the same time observing that I had visited him on a former occasion. Besides the common attention of offering sherbet, pipes, and coffee, he insisted that we should take additional refreshments, with which we were supplied in another apartment. Various dishes were brought to us, but no wine! luckily we had some of our own.

The Emir Bechir is a pleasant good-looking old man, neatly dressed in green and wearing a long beard. He seemed about sixty years of age, and is remarkable for never having been reduced to the Turkish dominion. On quitting Bteddein we proceeded over a tolerably good road, and arrived in the evening at Sidon, at the house of the English agent, Jacob Agà, who, we found, spoke only Arabic or Turkish.

May 25.—Mr. Bell, who had been to visit Lady Hester Stanhope, at D'Joun, three hours distant from Sidon, returned and reported that her ladyship had expressed a wish that I would call upon her on my return from Soor.

May 27.—We arrived this day at Soor, antient Tyre, by a good road, at no great distance from the coast. On the following morning I visited the ruins of an ancient church, and the port said to have been filled up by Alexander the Great, which is now about half a mile broad. The next day we went to the bath, and the following morning, after an hour's ride upon the sands, came to the cisterns of Solomon. The small village is called Rasolyne, and the cisterns have an abundant supply of water: the largest is rather of octagonal shape, and the stream rises from the bottom with considerable force; it then flows through a channel, and divides into two branches, which in their descent turn two mills. These branches run into the sea at the distance of a mile or less.

Having reposed for some hours, we followed the direct road of the ancient ruined aqueduct, which led us to another cistern, and continuing along the old ruins, reached Marshouk, where there is a mosque, and a few houses mostly in ruins. At this place the old aqueduct turns off directly to Tyre, forming an elbow; its ruins, both here and at the cisterns, are curiously incrusted with petrifactions.

On the 31st we sailed to the mouth of the river

Cassimir, (which runs rapidly into the sea, about three hours hence,) and caught some fine fish: having made a tent of our sails, we remained on the spot some hours.

June 1.—Soor contains nearly two thousand inhabitants; one large mosque; a large church, with two of smaller size, and three convents. It is rather an improving place, though much decayed. The people, who are poor and chiefly fishermen, are under the control of a governor, a cadi, and five or six agas. At the south point the old walls are in ruins, and remains of ancient towers are on the sea shore. Outside the walls stand the relics of a former palace; several arches still remain, which may be seen from a considerable distance at sea. A Turkish burial-ground extends down to the beach and close to the sea. I observed several columns lying under the old wall, and some actually among the waves. From a more modern tower, at the south point, is a view of that part which joins Soor to the main land. The sand has accumulated nearly to the top of the walls; I was told that they are obliged to clear it away annually.

Everything, by comparison with other places, was dear at Soor, in consequence of the produce of the land throughout the mountains being devoured by young locusts. Indeed, at the plain of Esdraelon, and at Acre, (which latter place is supplied by aqueducts,) the locusts were so numerous that no one could drink the water.

June 9.—The Turks fired a *feu-de-joie* and saluted with all their cannon, (three pieces,) on

account of the re-election of Abdallah, the pasha of Acre, to his pashalick.

June 12th.—I hired a boat and left Soor, and in four hours landed at Sidon, of which place there is no forming an adequate idea, except from the sea. It has a sheltering ridge of black rocks, and a castle built out into the main, at the end of a bridge of eight or ten arches, near which is a tolerably good landing-place. A few broken columns lie about, and the houses appear in confused masses. The surrounding territory is quite a garden, with delightful mountains; those in the foreground being backed by others much higher.

The residence of Jacob Aga, in which I took up my abode, was the ruinous and neglected remains of a palace; its court-yard was well paved with large slabs of white marble, intermixed with polished red and yellow stone, and contained an octagonal tank in the centre.

I learned from an old woman who was spinning cotton that "the padrone" was at his country house, four or five hours distant. I therefore remained where I was, a room being afforded me for my accommodation, and my servant acting as maitre d'hotel, cook, and groom.

Here then, for the present, I conclude my wanderings in the East; but, should these volumes meet with a kind reception from the public, it is probable that a third may hereafter be presented to them, illustrative of my sojourn among the Arabs of the Lebanon and neighbouring districts, and of my second residence in the Holy Land.

APPENDIX.

I. LETTERS FROM THE REV. W. B. LEWIS.

II. JOURNAL OF MR. KING.

III. MEMOIR OF MR. HULL.

IV. LETTERS FROM MR. SALT.

V. LETTER FROM OSMAN NURIDDIN BEY.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

LETTERS FROM THE REV. W. B. LEWIS.

THE following letter from the Rev. W. B. Lewis (extracted from the Missionary Herald,) will no doubt be perused with interest by the readers of the present work. The Author was with Mr. Lewis at the time alluded to in the first letter.

Beyrout, June 21, 1825.

I write a few lines to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated Dec. 14th, 1824. I wish also to inform you, that I am on the eve of starting for Smyrna or Constantinople. It is about a fortnight since I arrived from Damascus, having witnessed the departure of the hadgees, or pilgrims, for Mecca and Medina. I had previously revisited Safed and Tiberias, &c. and spent nearly six weeks in Jerusalem, in company with Messrs. Fisk and King, as well as with Dr. Dalton. We were in time for the Easter ceremonies, and to see how much God is mocked, and man deceived, in a spot the most interesting of all others, and by many, even at this day, looked upon as the most holy in the world. God requires "to be worshipped in spirit and in truth;" but the Christian religion, as exhibited in Jerusalem, most truly and very justly appears in the eye

of the Turk, the Jew, or the infidel, to be only a lying vanity—the work of men's hands; and this especially at every return of that season which is appointed to commemorate the death and resurrection of the Saviour. One sect is almost as much in error as another, although widely different in many things, and their annual exhibitions, in the view of reason and religion, would seem equally wearisome and abhorrent.

Thousands of devoted pilgrims were formerly in the habit of going up to Jerusalem to attend the ceremonies, but, owing to the Greek war, the number at present is greatly diminished. Great opportunities were then consequently afforded for the distribution of the Scriptures of truth, and channels were opened, by means of which the living waters might flow into distant lands. But, alas! this year nothing could be done in the Holy City in the way of circulating copies of the Word of God, as on former occasions. I need not say how much this was calculated to distress those who had it in their power, but could not give away a single copy, except privately, and with the greatest caution. This was the effect of our fears, and the fears of the people, and of our present weakness in opposition to the Goliahs of the Terra Santa convent. We were well persuaded that these monks had too much to do in the issuing of the prohibitory firman against the Scriptures, not to be particularly on the alert to make use of it in Jerusalem, as the mischievous instrument of attack whenever the opportunity permitted. God grant, for his own name's sake, that all their evil designs may at length be wholly frustrated, and that all the enemies of Jerusalem may be brought low! Oh! when (as one is often led to exclaim) when are the days of Jerusalem's mourning to be at an end, and the happy days to

" The Lord shall comfort Zion — joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Then " awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; shake thyself from the dust, arise, sit down, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion!"

Let us feel for the unhappy state of Jerusalem, and weep over her miseries of every description; let every Christian do something that may help in any degree to relieve her, and to cut the cords that tie her to the grave. But, for encouragement to proceed, let us look to, and depend upon the promises of God—if we look elsewhere death (scarcely any thing but death) will stare us in the face. The more I have seen of the state of things in this country, and the more I have reflected on the subject, the less do I feel inclined to hide this view of the case from the eye of the Christian public. At the same time it must be acknowledged, notwithstanding many difficulties, that the door of access is gradually opening, and this particularly in reference to the Ashkenazim Jews. This is so far favourable, and I am glad to hear that the Committee have resolved on sending out one or more of your German missionaries to Palestine. May we all be men of faith and men of prayer, zealous but prudent, persevering but patient, humble-minded and compassionate. Truly we have had a very miserable time of it during the six weeks we spent at Jerusalem. The Pacha of Damascus was there a fortnight, encamped outside the walls of the town, and we had every day to hear of the cruelties he was committing in all directions. As soon as he departed, in consequence of his exactions and depredations, the country around Jerusalem was in a state of uproar and rebellion. The roads were rendered impassable or unsafe. Dangers were starting up everywhere, and even quiet

pilgrims and strangers were laid hold of and detained. For particulars I must refer you to my journal, extracts from which I hope to copy out on board ship or in quarantine, and to forward to you. As to our party, we kept ourselves prisoners in the convent nearly three weeks, I believe until the way was opened, and a good sum. of money paid the Nakeeb Effendi, &c. for effecting our deliverance, as well as that of other English visitors, and of the Spanish Consul for Aleppo, who was at Jerusalem at the time. This same gentleman, as well as many others, fully concurred with me in opinion, as to the necessity of having a resident consul in the Holy City.

Constantinople, August 24, 1825.

I have now to give you an account of an European Jew, whom I saw a good deal of during my stay at Smyrna; and as any change, I think, in the Jewish mind, so that it turns not to perfect infidelity, must be viewed as encouraging in the present day, how much more encouraging is it when this change is effected in the minds of any considerable number of the Jews? Mr. C—— has lived many years at Smyrna; he is a man of good character, intelligent, and liberal-minded; more than this, he has long since forsaken the traditions of the Talmud, as well as the many common unscriptural practices of the Jews. Having boldly avowed his opinions at Smyrna, attempting to bring others to agree with him in the same sentiments—he was sadly persecuted by his brethren. He had gained over nearly 200 Jews, when a representation was made to the Turkish authorities; in consequence, several of those who were led to believe as he did were bastinadoed and punished in various ways; he himself narrowly escaped with his life, being obliged to fly from his house at three o'clock in the morning. A great num-

ber of Jews entered, or were about to enter it, with the design of murdering him. From that moment he wholly quitted the Jew quarter, and now lives, as he told me, more securely amongst the Turks. Several of his disciples remained steady to the new doctrines taught them, notwithstanding the persecution, and they are still in the habit of assembling privately, and in small numbers at a time, to hear his lectures, and to converse with him.

Surely a field is here opening for the missionary bearing the glad tidings of salvation. The great barrier, humanly speaking, between the Jew and the missionary is the Talmud; but when this is removed, how easy does the way seem to be prepared before us? I allow, indeed, that the next great danger to be apprehended is infidelity, but this I do not think to be applicable to the case of Mr. C——. He appeared duly to respect the Scriptures, and with these I endeavoured to lead him to Jesus Christ, and him crucified, on account of the iniquities of a lost world. I endeavoured to point him beyond the mere light of nature to the light of the Gospel, which is sufficient to enlighten the most ignorant. He gave me to understand he had held conversations with Mr. Fisk, and, I think, with the late Mr. Parsons, when they were at Smyrna: he also told me he was in possession of the New Testament; and I was glad to hear from him that he refused to give it up, at the time the above-mentioned orders were issued to destroy every copy which had found its way into the hands of the Jews. When I urged the necessity of believing in Christ, and acknowledging the truths of Christianity, he set forth the difficulties which would lie before him, in case he were to avow his sentiments, and to become a Christian in the country of the Turks; but he confessed at last that, if he could go to England with his family, he was willing to do so. I could only urge him

to be fully persuaded, in the first place, that Jesus is the Christ, and then that it would be his duty, wherever he was, or however circumstanced, to profess him as his Lord and Saviour, leaving all the consequences and difficulties in the hands of the Almighty.

No. II.

In the Journal of Mr. King, (published in the Missionary Herald,) are embodied many interesting particulars of events in which the author of the present work was concerned. On this account, he thinks his readers will be gratified by the following extracts from Mr. King's papers, although he has already given a part of the information they contain.

JOURNAL OF MR. KING.

DEPARTURE FROM RAMLA.

May 10, 1825.—We all left Ramla together, and, pursuing our journey to the north, through the beautiful plain of Sharon, we came, in about ten hours, to a place, called Calan Sowwa, where we pitched our tents for the night.

May 11.—Left Calan Sowwa, at an early hour, and pursued our journey northwardly for about four hours; then, turning towards the east, we came, in about four and a half hours more, to an old ruined khan, called Lejoon, which stands on the confines of the plains of Esdraelon. Near by, flows a beautiful little stream of water, which I take to be a branch of the ancient river Kishon. On this stream, and near the khan, is a grist-mill, between which and the khan are a few miserable Arab huts.

After pitching our tents in the centre of the khan, an old Arab came and sat down by us, and told us that we were in a bad neighbourhood, and that we must be on our guard through the night, if we wished to keep our things from being stolen. This caution he repeated two or three times. We had two tents, which were pitched near each other. In one were Messrs. Madox, H. Lewis,* and Dr. Bromhead; in the other, Messrs. Fisk, W. B. Lewis, Dr. Dalton, and myself. Before retiring to rest, I proposed that a watch should be kept by some of our servants, as I supposed, not only from what the Arab had told me but from what I had heard previously, that the place in which we were was rather dangerous.

A servant of the Rev. Mr. Lewis was one of the first to keep watch, and when we lay down to sleep, took his station in an old tower, which rose a little above the wall of the khan, on the east side.

Being much fatigued, I soon fell into a sound sleep; but, about one o'clock at night, we were all suddenly awaked out of sleep by a terrible outcry and the firing of guns. From the noise, I supposed we were attacked by a band of robbers, and that they, and our servants, and the muleteers, were perhaps actually killing each other.

Some sprang up in a fright, crying out that we were attacked; one, as he started out of sleep, hardly knowing what he did, got hold of his pillow instead of his pistol; others seized their arms, and all was confusion. When the noise had a little subsided, we learned that a trunk of the Rev. Mr. Lewis had been stolen by a couple of Arabs. The alarm was given by a mule. Ali, one of our muleteers, had tied the mule to his leg, so that he might be awaked, in case any one should attempt to steal the animal. The mule being, as was supposed, a little frightened at the thieves, gave a sudden jerk, which awoke

him just in time to see them as they left the khan, and he set up the cry of robbers, but could not extricate himself from his mule till they had gone.

ADVENTURES ON THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON.

May 12.—This is with me a memorable day. We were on the borders of the plain of Esdraelon, famous for many a battle. When the morning came, we agreed to go in search of the trunk. Presently three Arabs came to look at us, and some of our party seized upon them, and bound them with cords. I remonstrated, and said I can have nothing to do with such violent proceedings.

These were afterwards released, and two others, who were suspected of having stolen the trunk, were seized at the mill, and brought in, with their hands tied behind their backs, fastened to each other, and with ropes about their necks, and led off before us. Seeing this, I gave up my journey over the plain to Tiberias, and determined to make my way to Nazareth, which I supposed to be only two or three hours distant. We found it, however, five.

As we left the khan, and passed over the stream, which I call a branch of the river Kishon, the two Arabs, who walked bound before us, made signs, and called to three or four men, who were sitting down near the village, and in a minute or two after, I heard those men calling as if to some one at a distance.

In the land of the Philistines, I had seen the Arabs spring up like grasshoppers, where, at first, only two or three seemed visible, and I felt very sensibly that our situation was now dangerous. So I hastened on to speak with ——, who were in the foremost part of the Kafila, near the Arabs who were bound; for the Kafila was at this time stretched along in Indian file, with the muleteers and baggage in the rear. Our path lay down the gentle

declivity of one of those hills which skirt the western borders of the plain, and on either side were high weeds and grass, so that we naturally fell into this position.

On coming up to the prisoners, I said to ——, "You had better let these men go—you will be in difficulty—the safest way is to let them go." To this I had no reply. But the words were scarcely out of my mouth, when an Arab came riding furiously along by the side of the Kafila, then stopped suddenly, turned, and set up a loud cry. I then said, "They are coming," and again requested that the two Arabs should be liberated. No answer was given; but in a moment we saw a large company of Arabs pouring down upon us, and I then ordered a Mussulman, who was near to me, to untie the prisoners, and let them go.

At this instant, the dragoman of Dr. B. levelled his piece to shoot the A'rab who first came on horseback. I presumed that if he fired, we should, in all probability, be cut down by the infuriated mob that was coming, and I cried to him, not to fire, and Dr. B. also ordered him not to fire. But he did not seem to hear, and a Moslem, one of our company, ran up, caught hold of his gun, and prevented him from shedding blood.

The Moslem had scarcely got hold of his gun, when one of the Arabs, who were pursuing us, came up in a most determined manner, with his sword drawn, and as I was close to the prisoners, I feared that his first pass would be at me. So I turned a little from him, and stopped to see what was coming upon us.

Running up to the prisoners, with one blow of his sword he severed the rope that bound them together, then cut the cords which bound their hands, and set them at liberty, giving one of them a heavy blow on the shoulder, for what reason I could not understand.

While this was passing, every part of our Kafila was

attacked by the Arabs, who poured down upon us like a torrent, some on horses, some on foot, with drawn swords, guns, and heavy clubs, at the same time setting up a terrible yell, like the war-whoop of the savages of North America.

It was no time for parley. All was confusion. No one knew whether to expect life or death. The latter, however, seemed to stare us in the face. Some of our servants I saw falling from their animals, and all of us were put in motion, and driven like a flock of sheep before a band of wolves. I was unarmed. If I had had arms, I should not have used them. I came here not to fight, but to bring the Gospel of peace.

The cry was fly, and we fled, or rather we were forced on by the Arabs, who were among us, around us, beating us with their heavy clubs and guns, brandishing their swords, riding by us on their swift horses, and yelling like so many furies. One of them aimed a deadly blow at Mr. Fisk with a club, which providentially did but just graze his forehead, knocked off his turban, and slightly touched his arm. Flight from the Arabs was impossible. We were for the most part badly mounted; their horses are fleet as the wind: we had twelve miles to ride over the plain: we were unacquainted with the road, and our pursuers knew every turn.

Our baggage was at length cut off; there seemed to be a little cessation on the part of the Arabs; and I hoped that, contented with our baggage, they would let us go in peace. But in a moment I saw them coming on again, and I thought that probably all was lost, and that as they had stopped our baggage, they now intended to take our lives. It was an awful moment. I could only say, "Heaven defend us." I was in front of the Kafila, and a little distance ahead, when an Arab sheik came flying up

to me on his steed, with a large club in his hand. Making a halt, I addressed him, calling him brother, and said, "Do me no harm—I have not injured you."

I spoke to him words of peace and gentleness. Upon this he let down his club, which he had been brandishing, halted, listened, and presently turned away, and soon after I saw him driving back some of our pursuers, and the cry of "ayman," (safety) was heard by us, and I need not say, that it was a welcome sound to our ears. We proceeded on, and arrived at Nazareth, and soon after, to our surprise, our baggage arrived.

No life was lost, and I presume that it was not the intention of the Arabs to kill us, for had this been their design, they could have accomplished it with perfect ease.

The attack was a gallant one, and made by the Arabs as if they were determined to carry their point through life or death; and I have no doubt, that had one of their party fallen by our hands, it would have been the signal for the slaughter of us all.

AT NAZARETH.

On arriving at Nazareth, Messrs. Fisk, Lewis, Dalton, and myself, took lodgings in the house of a Greek priest. The rest of the party went to the convent of the Terra Santa.

May 13.—Mr. Fisk, Dr. Dalton, and myself, set out for Tiberias. The morning was fine, all around me was peace and stillness, and I could not but feel in my bosom emotions of gratitude and joy. I had been for about two months at Jerusalem, in the midst of sorrow and sighing; I had seen the tear of oppression, and heard the groans of the bruised, the wounded, and the dying; our journey from thence was through a troubled country; and we had just now escaped as it were from the jaws of death.

This I might say was the first day of peace that I had enjoyed since my arrival at Jerusalem in the month of March.

AT CANA OF GALILEE.

In two hours from Nazareth we came to Cana of Galilee, where Jesus and his mother and his disciples attended a marriage, and where he turned water into wine. It is now called Cana of Galilee, and also Kafar Cana. Its situation is beautiful, lying on the slope of a hill, looking towards the west and north-west; and on the north is a most lovely plain, beyond which rise lofty mountains. The country south is also hilly, as you go towards Mount Tabor.

A little before we entered the village, we came to a pure stream of water, springing from the earth. Of this we drank, and I think it the finest water I have seen in any part of the country south of Mount Lebanon. The upper part of the village is inhabited by Mussulmans, and the lower by Christians.

Were I to select for myself any place for a missionary station between Tyre and Jerusalem, I think I should select Cana of Galilee, both for its beautiful situation, its vicinity to the mountains, the excellence of its water, the character of its inhabitants, half of whom are Christians, and from its situation with regard to other places, being six or seven hours from Akka, five from Tiberias, about the same from Safet, and only two from Nazareth. From the latter place it lies about north-east.

AT TIBERIAS.

In seven hours from Nazareth we arrived at Tiberias, where we took lodgings in the Greek Catholic church. After resting a little while and taking some refreshment,

we went to see the Jordan, where it issues from the lake, at the south-west part of it, which is two hours from Tiberias. On our way, we visited the hot bath, supplied by a hot spring, which rises, as I was told, in the mountains above, and, proceeding under ground, comes out in five or six places, at Ammaus, near the shore of the sea. The thermometer rose in the water to 139 degrees of Fahrenheit.

Returning to Tiberias, we pitched our tent in the court of the church, and partook of an excellent supper of leben, bread, and fish. The fish here are very excellent.

May 14.—Early in the morning I went with Dr. Dalton to visit the Jewish synagogues, of which there are two close by each other, one for the Sephartim, and one for the Ashkenasim Jews.

We were informed that there are here about six hundred Jews, four hundred Mussulmans, and one hundred Greek Catholics. The situation of the place is very low, and the air hot; still it is considered healthy, much more so than Safet, which lies high on the mountains. The water of the lake is pure and good.

AT MEJDEL AND SAFET.

About the middle of the day we set out for Safet. In a little more than an hour, we came to a small village which is called Mejdel. It stands on the sea-shore, and must be, I think, the ancient Magdala.

In seven hours and a half we arrived at Safet, where we took lodgings in the house of a Jew.

Sabbath, May 15.—We remained at Safet. Visited some of the Jews. They are very numerous in this place, and live apparently in a very miserable manner, their houses being small and filthy. Some estimate the Jewish population at several thousands, but I think this estimate

is quite too large. The place is considered unhealthy, being subject to fevers. I think, however, that its unhealthiness may in great part be owing to the filthiness of the people.

Over against Safet, on the north-west, is a high mountain, which the Jews call Tabor, and close by, on the east, is another, which they call Hermon.

AT TYRE.

May 16.—Set out for Tyre, where we arrived after thirteen hours' ride. Near the middle of this day's journey, we passed a beautiful village, standing on a hill, a little distance to the left, which, I am told, is inhabited by Mussulmans and Christians. It is called Yaroon. Besides this, we passed many other villages.

The whole country, through which we passed, is diversified with beautiful hills and villages, which appear to be exceedingly fertile. It is well watered, and, for this country, abounds in wood. We saw in the valleys numerous herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats, and many Bedouin tents; at a distance from us we saw very many beautiful villages on the tops of the hills and mountains, and in the valleys.

This, I think, is one of the finest parts of the country that I have visited. The more I see of Palestine, the more I am convinced that it is a goodly land, and capable of sustaining an immense population. Were it under a good government and proper cultivation, Palestine would be one of the finest countries in the world. It is even now fertile under the blasting breath of Turkish tyranny.

At Tyre we lodged with Mr. Chasseaud, the British Consular Agent, who ever treats us with the greatest civility. He is well calculated for the station he holds, as

he is very decided in all his measures, and makes himself very much respected, not to say feared, by the Turks.

AT DER EL KAMER.

May 18.—Arrived at Beyroot, where I remained about a month; then went to Der El Kamer, where I remained six weeks, about four of which were spent in the study of Syriac.

During my residence here, I had, as formerly, many opportunities for conversing with the people, and of declaring to them those truths which are contained in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

At length I was compelled, by ill health, to quit my studies, and I decided to go to Beyroot, where I might be more comfortably situated, than I could be among the Arabs.

REMARKS ON ASAAD SHIDIAK.

My teacher, Sheik Asaad, was a Maronite, and formerly a student in Ain Warka. He has been much with the Patriarch, at Canobin, and is one of the most intelligent men I have met with on Mount Lebanon. He was with me from morning till night, and hours were spent by us, almost every day, in discussing religious subjects.

One day, after a long discussion with him about the Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches, he took up a New Testament, written in Carshun and Syriac, and opening it said, "The first passage I cast my eye upon shall be for the English." The chapter to which he happened to open, was the first of Luke, and he read, beginning at the top of the page as follows:——"The word: It seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto

thee, most excellent Theophilus; that thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed."

He seemed to be struck with the passage, as the first words were "the word," and remarked, that it was very appropriate, as we distributed "the word."

Then closing the book, he said, "Now I will open it, and the first passage shall be for the Pope."

On opening, the first word that met his eye was "*Unclean*," and he read as follows:—"the unclean is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out. And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits, more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than the first." (Luke xi. 24—26.)

August 3.—Went to Beyroot, where I took lodgings with Mr. Bird. From the change of air and mode of living, I soon felt much relief.

Aug. 4.—Dined with Mr. Abbot, in company with Lord St. Asaph, who very kindly invited me to take passage to Smyrna with him in his vessel.

Aug. 12.—One of my eyes became very much inflamed, and I feared an attack of the ophthalmia, as one of Mr. Bird's little children is now afflicted with it, and it is said to be contagious.

September 5.—Was occupied most of the day in writing a valedictory letter to my friends in Palestine and Syria.

Sept. 7.—Finished the translation of it into Arabic, and made some corrections.

Sept. 12.—Spent the forenoon with Mr. Fisk, in correcting the Arabic of our reply to the Maronite Patriarch.

Sept. 18.—Preached in Arabic, from Acts xxiv. 14.

" But this I confess unto thee, that, after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets."

AT HADET.

Sept. 23.—Went to Hadet, with Messrs. Fisk, Bird, and Goodell, to visit the family of my teacher, and the two emirs, who, the last winter, had their eyes burned out and their tongues cut off by the Emir Bushir, the prince of Mount Lebanon. After spending a little time at the house of my teacher, Messrs. Bird, Fisk, and myself called on the Emir Fares, who professes to be a Christian.

He told me that, when his eyes were put out, a hot iron was thrust into them " half a finger's length." This may be a little exaggeration; but a man suffering with a hot iron run into his eyes, might well be allowed to suppose that it was as he represented it. His eyelids seem to be grown together, and " his orbs" are indeed " quenched in everlasting night."

His tongue, he told me, was cut off twice, yet a little less, he thought, than two fingers' width. He speaks with perfect fluency, and finds no difficulty in pronouncing any of the letters of the alphabet, except R, which he pronounces like the English R.

With him we had much interesting conversation on the subject of religion. He belongs to the Maronite communion, but is inclined to be more liberal in his sentiments than the Maronites generally. He confessed that the worship of images was not right. On leaving him, he requested that our visit might be repeated befere we left Hadet.

From his house we went to call on his brother, the

Emir. Silman, who appears to be much older than the Emir Fares, and who is a Mussulman.

On my addressing him, he asked me if my name was King, and spoke of having heard read my valedictory letter, which was, he said, "good and unanswerable."

This led to much interesting conversation about the character of Jesus Christ, as God, and Man, and Mediator; the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; the state of man by nature, and his need of a Saviour to save him from sin, and of a Mediator to reconcile him to God, whose holy law we have broken. He was inquisitive on all these subjects, and listened to our replies with much attention, as did also his son, a fine youth of about sixteen.

The eyes of the Emir Silman, like those of his brother Fares, are sealed up for ever; but his tongue, though cut off, still articulates every word.*

Delighted with our visit, we returned from the Emir Silman's to the house of my teacher, where we had a dinner provided in the Arab style, and of which we partook, sitting on the floor, according to the custom of the country.

AT BEYROOT.

To-day Mr. Fisk engaged my teacher to open a school for Nahhoo (that is, for teaching Arabic grammatically) at Beyroot. If this school can succeed, I have great expectations with regard to its utility. It is what I have long been wishing to see established. The grammatical knowledge of the Arabic is principally con-

* It may be necessary to remark that the Emir Bushir put out the eyes of these two men, and cut off their tongues, on account of their having taken some part with the Sheik Bushir in the disturbances on Mount Lebanon during last winter. Another emir also shared the same fate; and all were, I believe, nephews of the Emir Bushir. Three others were formerly treated by him in the same manner.

fined to the Mussulmans, who will seldom condescend to teach a native Christian; and at the Maronite college in Ain Warka, no one is allowed to enter except with the intention of becoming a priest. Thus a knowledge, often indispensable in order to understand the Arabic Scriptures, is almost entirely shut out from the common people. This school would be useful not only to the people of the country, but to European travellers who might wish to acquire a knowledge of Arabic. It was often with the greatest difficulty, and in many places absolutely impossible for me to find a man capable of teaching the Arabic language. I trust this school will not be relinquished for the want of support. One hundred and fifty dollars a year would, for the present, be quite sufficient to render it a free school.

Sept. 24.—The Emir Fares sent a message to me at Beyroot, requesting me, if possible, to come with Mr. Fisk, and spend a day with him.

Sept. 25.—In the morning Mr. Fisk preached in English. In the afternoon I preached in Arabic. In my discourse I made some remarks on the manner of St. Paul's preaching, and the manner in which he was received, and drew a comparison between him and modern preachers generally in the East.

DISTRIBUTION OF BIBLES AND TRACTS.

Mr. King gives a summary view of the bibles and tracts distributed in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, from 1822 to 1825.

From 1820 to 1822, Messrs. Fisk and Parsons distributed 13,800 tracts in English, French, Italian, and Greek —the greater part in Greek. They also gave away 218 Bibles and Testaments, and sold 293 for 195 dollars. Total, 511 Bibles and Testaments in Greek and Arabic.

From 1822 to 1825, Messrs. Wolff, Fisk, King, Goodell, and Bird, sold 2,622 Bibles and parts of the Bible, for 626 dollars, and gave away 707. Total, 3,329. In Syria, 3,050 tracts were distributed, and in Egypt, 3700. Total, 6750.

In all, nearly 4,000 copies of the Bible, and parts of it, and about 20,000 tracts, were distributed.

Mr. Temple has also distributed many thousands of tracts.

In the above computation those books are not included which Mr. Wolff distributed when alone.

DEPARTURE OF MR. KING FROM SYRIA.

Sept. 26.—I took leave of my friends in Beyroot and went on board the Sardinian brig Achilles, chartered by the Right Hon. Lord Viscount St. Asaph, who had very politely invited me to go with him to Antioch, from thence to Tarsus, and then to proceed in his vessel to Smyrna, as it was his intention to proceed from Tarsus to Smyrna over land.

Messrs. Fisk and Bird accompanied me to the ship. On our way, the conversation turned upon the dangers to which we were likely to be exposed; the little probability of our ever meeting again in this world; the importance of being faithful while it is called to-day; and the hope of meeting each other with joy when our labours and trials should be finished. After remaining a little time with me in the ship, we bade each other farewell.

It is now three years, within three days, since I set out on this mission. They have passed away like a dream of the night. Whether any good has been accomplished through my feeble instrumentality, the last great day will disclose. The account is sealed up in the books of heaven, and when they shall be opened, I feel that I must surely confess that I have been but a very unprofitable servant. My joy is,

that I have been permitted in some degree to aid in a divine and glorious work men whom I consider as far more worthy than myself to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. The mission, I doubt not, will prosper, though it be in the land where the crescent and the red banner wave, and where ignorance, and superstition, and vice have combined to make a mighty stand.

The passing traveller may ask, What have you done? —what can you do? And we will only say, The Lord is great in Zion, high above all the people, mighty in battle; and, through faith in his name, kingdoms may be subdued, lions' mouths stopped, the violence of fire quenched, weakness made strong, and the armies of the aliens put to flight.

The true missionary acts from a higher policy than that which sways the kingdoms of this world: he reckons not the victories he is to win by the numbers he can bring into the field, or from the single strength of his own right hand. With meekness he looks up towards heaven, and hears the consoling promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." With the eye of faith he sees round about him, as about the prophet of old, multitudes of horses and chariots of fire, and he fears not the host of the Syrian king. The host of Amalek may press sore upon him; but he holds the "rod of God" in his hands, and is sure that Israel will prevail. He looks continually to Him who was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and whose name is called the Word of God. He sees upon his vesture, and upon his thigh, a name written, "King of kings and Lord of lords;" before whom the beast and the false prophet must inevitably fall. The true missionary walks by faith, and not by sight. He endures as seeing Him who is invisible, who is the High, the Living, the Mighty;

before whom the kings, princes, and potentates of the earth, and all the nations, are as nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity. Let not missionaries, or missionary societies, be discouraged because they see no present fruit of their labours. Seed-time and harvest seldom meet together. They shall reap in due time, if they faint not.

No. III.

MR. HULL.

This gentleman, whose name has several times occurred in this work, and of whom the reader may consult a more detailed account in the seventy-sixth number of the Classical Journal, was a young Quaker, who, inspired with an extraordinary ardour for oriental literature, undertook an overland journey through Egypt into British India. By what the author, since he arrived in England, has learned from one who knew him intimately, (Mr. T. Grimes of Colchester,) Mr. Hull appears to have possessed great facility in the acquirement of languages; and, in this respect, to have rivalled Sir William Jones. His principal object in visiting the Indian territory as a traveller, was the attainment of a more intimate knowledge, than he could gain in Europe, of the customs, religion, language, and literature of the Hindoo and other Eastern nations. By his indefatigable industry and perseverance, united with a ready command of the languages spoken in those countries through which it was his intention to pass, he would, in all probability, have thrown much additional light on the more abstruse points of ancient Hindoo learning and science; but, alas! if such were his design, he was not permitted to complete it, for soon after he reached

India he became seriously ill with fever at Darwar, (where it appears he had four writers engaged in copying manuscripts,) and his existence terminated before medical assistance could arrive, on the 18th of December 1825, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Thus perished that enterprising and learned votary of science, John Fowler Hull.

His extensive and valuable library was left by will to different individuals; some portions of it to his friends and relations; but the Oriental department to the Trustees of the British Museum, by whom it is highly and deservedly appreciated. This consists of rather more than one hundred and twenty manuscripts, and about six hundred volumes of printed books, many of both of which are of great curiosity. The manuscript collection is very rich in Persian poetry, and some of the manuscripts illuminated in the best Oriental style. Besides Persian, there are many other manuscripts in the collection, in the Sanscrit, Chinese, Arabic, and Hindostanee languages; and one containing the *Sha Nameh*, is particularly valued.

No. IV.

THE following Letters were addressed to the Author, whilst in Upper Egypt, by Mr. Salt, the Consul-General.

Camp of Beniadi, 16th Dec. 1823,
near Manfalout.

MY DEAR SIR,

I had the pleasure of receiving from you a long letter at Cairo, which gave me the gratifying information of your being satisfied with your trip; of which indeed I did not much doubt. I yesterday had the satisfaction of

getting your letter here of the 9th instant. I am pleased to find that Yanni does all in his power to make your tour agreeable. With respect to your excavating, there can be no difficulty; and I have desired Yanni to afford you every facility to this effect.

I was delighted with the news of his having found the two boats, with which I shall be very well satisfied, though Passalaqua may have two better, as the latter may be a little jealous about showing them to me at Cairo. I shall feel greatly obliged to you to note particularly in *his* such parts as may be wanting in mine, so that I may be able to get them restored; particularly about the sacrificed Ox—how it is placed? the man with his knife, &c. the fastening of such cords as may be wanting, &c. and the position of such figures as mine may not have. Make little sketches of the same as for your own use, and they will be of great importance to me. I hope you continue to make sketches of what interests you, as I am sure they will hereafter give you great pleasure.

I should have had great pleasure in making a trip to Thebes, but, having promised my lady to return by the 1st of January, cannot manage it. Tell Yanni that, on arriving in Cairo, I will send him up an order for a little cash. If you should have a surplus when you leave Thebes, I will thank you to advance him as far as *a thousand piastres* on my account.

I envy you the enjoyment you must have among the noble ruins of Thebes. Yanni says he will confide to you a small Greek papyrus for me and the boats; pray tell him, if you are good enough to take charge of them, to have them well packed.

Believe me your's very truly,

To John Madox, Esq. HENRY SALT.

I am glad to inform my friends at Thebes that I have to-day been fortunate enough to obtain the liberation of the father of my domestic Moosa, who will return in a few days to his family at Gournou. If my voyage here had had no other result, I should feel happy in having made it, as the poor man has children yet young, and no one else to provide for them.

Your's again,
H. S.

Cairo, 28th Feb. 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am very sorry that, owing to my having been absent at Alexandria on business, I did not receive your letter until yesterday. I hasten to answer it and to send you the money you desire. Mons. Taunzian, at my request, has furnished two thousand piastres on account, which I send up to you, as you desire, by the bearer, in small gold money, now ordinarily called "burgoot." We shall not be able to send you, I fear, the wine in time, as there is no immediate conveyance; but we will see about this, and expedite it if there be any chance of its reaching you.

I am sorry to inform you that we have got the plague at Cairo, of which malady six, eight, to ten die per day; and as it is rife in the neighbouring villages, there is fear of its increasing. I have to recommend you, in case of your returning, to come up directly to my house, without touching or having communication with any one, and in this case we shall be happy to receive you; though, perhaps, it may be necessary, to satisfy the ladies, to put you in quarantine in your chamber for a day or two. Be careful in this case to have your box well packed, so as not to have anything outside that can be susceptible. I am sorry to hear that you have not yet found anything;

but hope you will be more lucky. If you should determine to stay in Upper Egypt till the plague be over, (probably in June,) let me know by first occasion, that we may send you up a small boat with all that you may want.

Be good enough to put the other English gentlemen aloft, if you should see them, on their guard. If they want anything they had better send for it by the occasion which the *small boat* proposed may furnish.

Upon the whole, however, I think you had better join our party as soon as you can at Cairo. Though shut up, we are *doing well*, and with your company should be in better spirits.

Your's very truly,
HENRY SALT.

To J. Madox, Esq.

It is possible I may go to Europe with my family in *May* next. Perhaps you may like to join us.

H. SALT.

TO JOHN MADOX, ESQ.

Cairo, April 1st, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

We received safely your letter, and return the money you desire by the courier. I wish you success in your new undertaking; but have not much hope, as I worked myself without success a long time in the point you mention, and it may be an useful notice to you, that directly in the line of the small granite propylon, where you are going to work, I discovered, under and in the rock, another of those curious vaulted chambers covered with hieroglyphics, but no passage into the interior of the mountain. I found also there what appeared to me to resemble the site of an *oracle*. As these are now again

covered up with the stones from the mountain, you might perhaps, had I not mentioned them, thought it *a new discovery*. I would recommend you to work more on the left, (left-hand as standing with your face to the mountain.)

Pray remember me to Mr. Hull, your companion, whom I shall be glad to see on his return. And believe to be,

Your's very truly,
HENRY SALT.

I am sorry I did not see Mr. Roxburgh, whose father I knew, and had a great respect for, at Calcutta.

No. V.

The following Letter, addressed to me by Osman Nuriddin Bey, Generalissimo of the Egyptian sea and land forces, is given as an evidence of the attention and friendly feeling of this high and confidential Officer of Mohammed Ali to travellers. It is more remarkable for the kindness of its expressions, than for the purity of the Italian in which it was written, and I, therefore, prefer giving a translation instead of the original document.

Benali, 17th Dec. 1823.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am much concerned at the misconduct of your boatmen, and approve highly of your intended journey to Cosseir. You need not be under apprehension of banditti, as the roads are frequented by travellers, people of the country, and caravans continually passing without molestation; nevertheless it would be better in many respects to have a Turkish soldier with you.

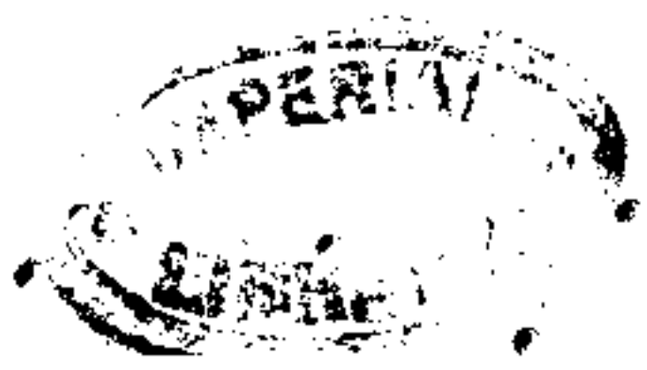
About five-and-twenty days since we were honoured by the arrival of his Highness my master, who always considers himself at home here.

I shall shortly write, as you wished, to our mutual friend Mr. Finch, and shall not fail to say much to him regarding your journey, endeavouring at the same time to impress upon him the expediency of following your steps, and not forgetting to offer him your compliments. I am well, and trust you are equally so. Pray write to me frequently, you shall be punctually answered, and let me know your opinion on the stupendous monuments of antiquity you will meet with, as well as of the manners and customs of the country. Believing me to be always

Your humble and affectionate servant
and friend,
H. OSMAN NURIDDIN.

Since this work was printed, the following notice appeared in the Morning Herald of February 7th, in a Letter from Constantinople, dated 7th January. From the Author's knowledge of Nuriddin's character, he has little doubt of the accuracy of the statement.

"One of the Egyptian officers lately arrived here, is Osman Nour-ed-din Pasha, Admiral of Mehemet Ali's fleet, who is said to have quitted his command in disgust at the atrocities he had been ordered to direct at Candia. He has offered his services to the Sultan, and will probably soon get a high appointment. Meantime he remains the *Musafir* guest of the Captain Pacha. Osman Nour-ed-din has received a finished education in France, and is quite a gentleman."



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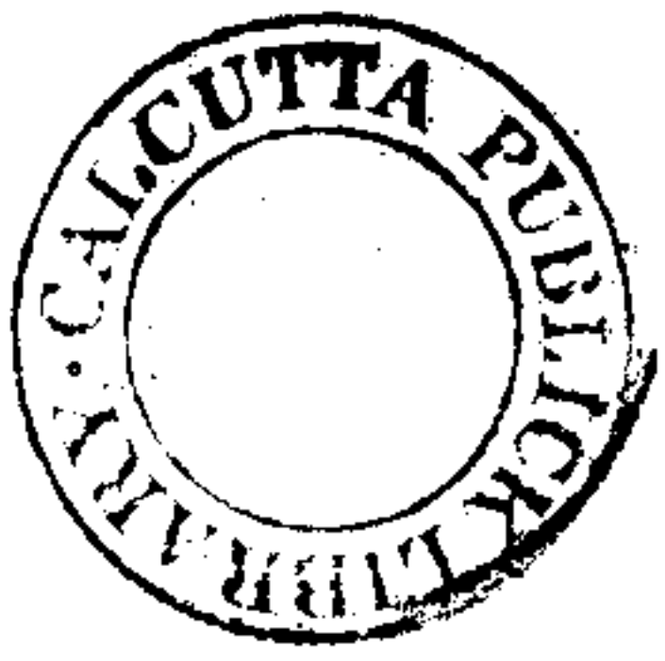
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END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

WIPER



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