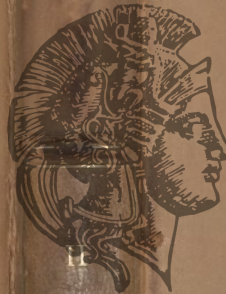




BARTLETT
AND PURSER
—
SYRIA
THE HOLY
LAND
ASIA
MINOR



AKAΔHMIA

AOHNON

LONDON
1856



ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑ

ΑΘΗΝΩΝ



PICTURESQUE VIEWS
SYRIA, THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,
&c. &c.
ILLUSTRATED.



THE CONVENT OF ST ANTONIO, NEAR EDER, IN LEBANON.

FORBES, DEB & CO LONDON & PARIS, 1841.

ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑ



ΑΘΗΝΩΝ

BAR

SYRIA,
THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,
&c.

ILLUSTRATED.

IN A SERIES OF VIEWS DRAWN FROM NATURE

ΑΘΗΝΑΝ ^{BY}
W. H. BARTLETT, WILLIAM PURSER, &c.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

Author of "Letters from the East."

Second.

FISHER, SON, & CO.; LONDON, PARIS, & NEW YORK.

ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑ



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ADVERTISEMENT.

ON the completion of a new volume, the Publishers refer with pleasure to the expectations they held out, of its increasing interest and beauty; expectations, they flatter themselves, that have been fully realised. Gratified as they have been by its encouraging reception, they are deeply sensible at the same time how much they are indebted to the taste of an enlightened Public, and to the sacred and intensely absorbing nature of the subject. No efforts have been wanting to render the work as perfect as possible—to extend that liberal support, and that enthusiastic interest awakened in the popular mind throughout many lands.

Teeming with the noblest associations supplied by history and religion—the scene of the most wonderful events that can engage the human mind—~~Syria and the Holy Land~~ have only recently been explored by modern Artists capable of doing full justice to the infinite beauty and variety in which they abound: the sites of empires, awe-inspiring and memorable spots—interesting ruins of temples, tombs, and palaces—these, as they are seen here represented, hold forth no slight inducement to tourists of every class to make them the favourite field of their future wanderings and researches. Compared with every other, it may with truth be said that they impress the mind with all “the glory and the brightness of a dream;” the sight of them awakens an enthusiasm felt in no other region of the earth; while the general desire to behold them is strengthened by the daily increasing facilities of communication, the various incentives to enterprise held out by science, by commerce, and by the gradual progress of European ideas and civilization,—insomuch that it may almost be averred, that all who read, or write, or travel, like the Artists who first trod this virgin ground, seem to have caught some rays of fresh enthusiasm from the beauty and sacredness of the scenes and recollections brought to mind.

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SYRIA, THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,

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THE CONVENT OF ST. ANTONIO,
NEAR EDEN IN LEBANON.

THE white walls of this convent are boldly perched on the rocky side of a very deep ravine, that descends from near the cedars towards the Nahr-el-Kadesha, and are very picturesque from every side. The situation is romantic, the approach rugged and precipitous: waterfalls are heard in the valley below. It is not far from the celebrated convent of Caipha, which much resembles it, and is a yet more enduring edifice. This dreary residence does not tempt the traveller to linger beneath its roof: he passed a day here with some companions, they purchased a lamb in the neighbourhood, which was served in the refectory for their dinner; the convent provided good wine and vegetables, among which was the gourd, stuffed with rice, spice, and small pieces of meat—a favourite and common dish in the East. The cells had a tolerable appearance: but when there are such magnificent retreats offered by other monasteries in Lebanon, so clean a chamber, so soft an atmosphere—why should the guest tarry in St. Antonio? it is the monastery of penance, not of enjoyment: the sun sinks so early behind the awful crags, and the gloom of the depths beneath is chilling: the sound of falling waters comes warningly up; the nervous visitor may almost fancy himself at night in the valley of shadows, where Christian heard the voices of fiends, and the rushings to and fro. The aspects of the fathers do not cheer the spirits, being dull, joyless, and solemn: their ideas at a stand-still for many years; their feelings, at least the kindlier and warmer feelings of our nature, frozen for want of exercise. It is impossible not to pity these men: the figures in the foreground are an exact portraiture of them: they all wear long beards; many live to very old age, from the very untroubled state of their life, the keen purity of the air, the unbroken regularity of every habit. The iron never enters into their soul: the march of intellect can never scale the walls of St. Antonio. It is slumbering, not dreaming away life: they are not imaginative enough for dreamers: were they enthusiasts, they would be blest.

They rise at earliest break of day, to say the morning prayers; but before they dress, a prayer must be said in bed: a few hours are consumed in devotion, or rather in its appearance: the visitor attended the evening service in the chapel; a few fathers

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only were present; the priests read the offices in a loud, mechanical, and rapid voice: observing that he was very attentive, they were much amused, and nodded at him and at each other, in derision of his interest in what they were about. But the constant habit of repeating prayers, or any set forms, during several hours of the day, is enough to wear out the spirit of devotion, if indeed it ever existed.

A recent but painful celebrity has been given to St. Antonio, by the arrest and imprisonment of Assad-ish-Shidiak, whose crime was an attempt to introduce a mere pure and simple faith into Lebanon. There is, in the Maronite church, on any attempt at reform or purification, a spirit of bigotry, intolerance, and persecution; it was cruelly evinced in this instance. Assad was a young man of some property and influence in the mountain: he undertook to teach the Syriac to Mr. King, one of the American missionaries in Beirout, a man of considerable talent, and a resident for many years in Syria. Whilst reading the Old Testament together in the ancient Syriac, Assad would often comment on various passages, and point out the errors and defects of Mr. King's belief, and expatiate upon them. In doing this, however, he had not counted the cost: he was often met by his pupil with arguments and comments more clear and powerful than his own: the result was, that in the course of a few months the mind of Assad slowly yielded to conviction: he at last threw off his Maronite errors, and became a sincere Protestant.

The decision of Assad made a great sensation over Lebanon; he was a skilful teacher; he continued to teach and to reside among the Protestants. He was said that he was about to translate parts of the Gospel into Arabic, for circulation among his countrymen; for the services in the Maronite and Greek churches are mostly performed in the ancient Syriac and Greek languages, not one word of which the people can understand: in the schools, the Psalms are allowed to be read in Arabic. The spoken language of Lebanon is Arabic, the literal, not the literary Arabic: by circulating the New Testament in this language, which a portion of the people can read, and the remainder can understand when read to them—an inestimable boon would be conferred. This was afterwards effected, but not by the hand of Assad. His example might be contagious: the priestly authorities resolved to stifle this heresy in the bud, and Assad was seized, and conveyed as a prisoner to the convent of St. Antonio: he was inveigled from Beirout into the mountains, and there arrested. In a narrow cell within these walls he passed several months: a vigilant watch, some austerities, and a close confinement, did not abate his firmness, but made him cling to his new and loved sentiments the more. He contrived to make his escape from the cell and walls of St. Antonio, and gained a neighbouring hamlet. Having tasted of the tender mercies of the priesthood, he should have fled from their retreats to Tripoli or Beirout, where they dared not molest him, and he would have been safe under European protection. But in the integrity of his purpose, he desired to convince them that he was no firebrand or hypocrite, as they proclaimed him, and that his faith could make him fearless: he therefore lingered a few days in the vicinity, and was again arrested, and conveyed, not to St. Antonio, but to the stronger monastery of Canobin.



Here resides the great patriarch of the Maronites, by whose order Assad had been imprisoned in St. Antonio: at his hands little mercy could be expected. The captive was closely confined in a cell, kept from breathing the fresh air, with scarcely enough sustenance to support nature: bread and water twice a day, is said to have often been his fare. It is uncertain how long he thus lived; not many months: his health failed fast under this treatment; and the priests at last gave out that he was dead. The missionaries had strove for his liberation: but the country was at this time in a most disordered state: the Egyptian army was in Syria, and individual grievances were almost unheeded: the situation of the consuls depended on the success of the invader. On the report of Assad's death, Mr. T—, merchant of Damascus, went to Ibrahim Pasha, who instantly gave him an officer to search the convent of Canobin. On arriving there, they were conducted, not to the cell of the living Assad, but to his recent grave.

Canobin, where this unfortunate youth perished, is worthy to be a tribunal of the Inquisition: built on a steep precipice, it appears as if suspended in the air, being supported by a high wall built against the side of the mountain. There is a very deep rupture, or chasm, running many hours' walk directly up the mountain; it is clothed with wild verdure from top to bottom, and many streams fall down the sides. Canobin stands about midway down in the side of this chasm, at the mouth of a large cavern: some small rooms front outwards, and enjoy the light of the sun: the rest are all under ground. In one of the latter the captive was imprisoned; the light was dim that entered his cell, and was scarcely sufficient, even at mid-day, to allow him to read. Taunted by the monks, menaced by the patriarch, he had no companionship, save his own lonely hopes and meditations: it was a bitter trial to be thus forsaken, in the infancy of his career, by those who had called him to it, and who could not now save him. Exclusive of the bolts and bars of Canobin, the power of the patriarch is very great on the mountain—a minute, widely extended, inquisitorial power, whose ramifications and influences enter into every Maronite convent, hamlet, and home. Assad was destitute of the subtlety and daring with which to meet such a power: yet he will not have suffered in vain; the complaints of the poor Maronite, the appeals from his prison-house, to which no one replied save in scorn and hatred, will come forth from the deep chasm of the mountain, and call others to bear testimony to the truth for which he was a martyr. One or two of the more aged fathers sought to turn Assad back to his lost hopes and superstitious observances, unable to conceive why he was thus changed, to forsake the belief and the church of his ancestors, his relatives and friends. At last they troubled him no more, perceiving that he was neither to be moved nor persuaded: he might well anticipate death with pleasure; his failing health had no pity: his sufferings were watched with pleasure by his keepers; on his cell no cheerful beam ever fell, and in winter its cold and dimness were like those of the grave.

The founder of Canobin was the emperor Theodosius the Great: it has been several times rebuilt, but the church, being hewn out of the rock, remains nearly as when first consecrated. It is dedicated to the Virgin, and a great number of old patriarchs frown from their portraits on the walls. The present patriarch generally resides here; all

around is saintly, if not literary, ground: the once fine library has been gradually dispersed, and not a vestige of it now remains. Canobin is the La Trappe of Lebanon, in situation, in rigour of climate, though not in diet, for the wines are good, and the table well supplied in the refectory: but the Syrian recluses are less interesting and intellectual than many of the Trappists.

The chapel of the convent of St. Antonio is cut out of the rock, and faced with stone; it has no pulpit: service is performed here twice a day, the officiating priest placing himself in a kind of reading-desk, while the others stand: there are no seats, even of the simplest form, in the Maronite chapels; the congregations who assemble on Sabbaths and festival days, stand during the whole service. In the garden of St. Antonio are a great variety of vegetables, and many fruits, as grapes, pomegranates, &c.: on these rude rocks no garden ground existed: a wall was built almost against the declivities: the rains washing down the soil from above, it was arrested by the wall, and thus in time formed an embankment, which was gradually spread into terraces or beds.

Mad people continue even at the present time to be sent from the surrounding country, to be cured at St. Antonio: it is much more likely to drive sane people mad than to cure lunatics. The descent into this gloomy vale, as you pass hence, is so sad, the cliffs on each side so grim, that you think you are taking leave of the gay and blessed things of nature, of the sweet grove, of the sun-lit shore, of the shepherd and his pastures, of the beautiful sea and its wild waves. The convent is so overhung by the heights, as to receive slenderly the beam of the sun in the plate, which is taken at noon, a flood of light is thrown too lavishly on the roof and walls: noon is the only hour in which this could happen: during the greater part of the day they are cold and sunless. Each point, each nook or ledge of rock around, is covered with crosses which do not appear in the plate.

The cemetery of St. Antonio has little Orientalism about it: the gloomy shades, the avenues of cypress and yew, do not invite to contemplative walks, or shadow deeply the tombs beneath. Like the desert graves of the Arabs, placed beneath the precipice, where the tempest cannot come, or the heat destroy, are those of Antonio: many generations sleep here; were their history written, what an awful blank of the mind would it present, and of the soul! Men have long ceased to be interested in the solitary musings of the recluse, in his conflicts, sacrifices of all that is tasteful, graceful, or delightful in life. Yet what an original paper, or rather series, might be written, of those who sleep, as well as those who live within the walls, if one of the fathers had the gift of writing, and, like Father Prout, could indite matter from the manuscripts of his library and from his own thoughts!



ΑΘΗΝΑΝ

BEIROUT, AND MOUNT LEBANON.

This is the best view of Beirout, taken from near a villa formerly occupied by Mr. Farren, the consul-general for Syria, now resident at Damascus. The distant range of Lebanon is from hence particularly fine; the square-topped mountains, which nature, however, has made less square than the artist's pencil has made them, are conspicuous from all parts; the villas, just without the walls, are those of the American missionaries. On the declivities of the mountain are seen many monasteries in noble positions, each with its grove and garden, and overlooking the sea, the shore, the plain. On the left are the old Moorish castles, which help to set off, by their feudal and antique aspect, the poor, prison-like looking town; on the right is the tower of the new lazaretto, lately built by Ibrahim Pasha.

The women in the foreground wear on the head the favourite ornament of Lebanon, the silver horn, carved with grotesque figures and characters, and adorned with false jewellery; it is hollow, more than a foot high, placed upright on the head, secured under the chin by a silk cord; the veil is carried over it, and falls down low, in a theatric manner, on one side of the face and shoulder. In the more wealthy families, the ladies, the wives of the sheichs and princes, wear a more splendid horn, brilliant, not with false, but real jewels; on marriage ceremonies, it is often worn by the bride and her many bridesmaids. It is not elegant or beautiful, and, if worn in the streets of cities, the effect would be almost ludicrous; but on the mountain sides, and barren and solitary places, it relieves the monotony of the peasant costume, and looks bold and original.

In the foreground is the prickly pear, so abundant in the environs; it grows with wonderful rapidity; if a single leaf is planted, in four years its produce is sufficient to fill a room; indeed, the whole substance, stalk, pulp, and the voluminous covering of the fruit, is little else than leaves folded together and intertwined: when the mass of leaf, &c. is stripped, the fruit within is of the size of a jargonel pear; the flavour is not pleasant at first, being of a sickly sweet; but many persons become fond of it: the flower is small, and of a bright and beautiful yellow. The hedges of the paths and gardens around the town are often composed, in part, of this plant: it is an effectual guard against forbidden feet, which would find it difficult to break through its intricate foldings and prickly masses.

Beirout is the most desirable residence in Syria; the situation is lovely, as also is the scenery on every side; the town is dirty and disagreeable, when compared with the well-built Tripoli and its fine-flowing Kadesha; Lebanon is grand from Beirout, it is also grand, but more distant, from Tripoli. The former, however, is the port of Damascus and central Syria; it is more conveniently situated for receiving intelligence, shipping, &c., from Europe; and has more commercial activity than any other Syrian port. Many merchants reside in Beirout, besides the consuls and agents for the various European powers: to a European it is infinitely more lively and interesting as a residence than Damascus, where, in the midst of many luxuries, and streams, and groves, he will often be induced to say, "I am alone; my companions and my people are far from me;

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BEIROUT AND MOUNT LEBANON.



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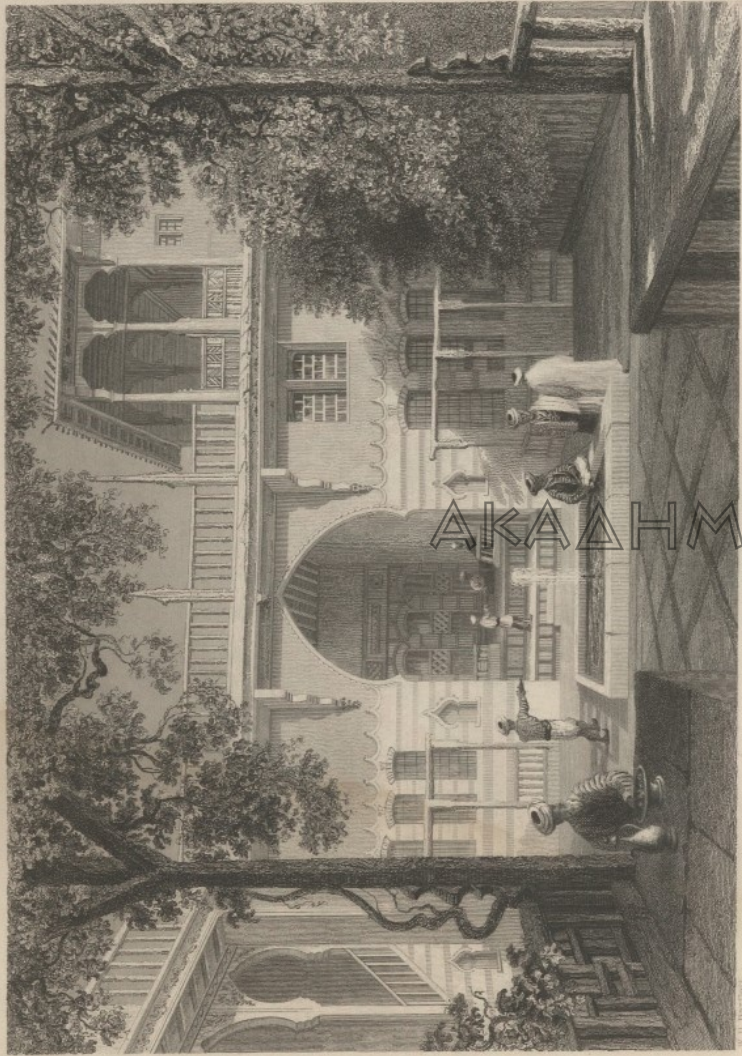
and no man regardeth me." Beirut is the dearer place of the two; yet a resident can soon gather as many comforts and enjoyments to his home, as if he dwelt in Damascus; the sea and the splendid bay offer a more attractive, a more varied spectacle than the Barrada, the Abana, and their three brother streams; and Lebanon offers excursions and visits to monasteries, glens, and castles, that bring vividly to mind Italy and Scotland in the heart of Syria. The town and neighbourhood are of late greatly improved, and are rapidly improving; many new dwellings and villas have been built, some of them with much taste. The rent of a good house, for a small family, is £30; for a larger, a villa and garden, forty or fifty pounds a year; rent is thus risen, because of the many Frank residents lately settled here: meat is 4d. the pound; wine 4d. the bottle; superior wine of Lebanon, 9d. or 1s.; the latter is white and red; the strong white wine, slightly sweet, is the best; the vin d'oro, the most delicate; it is the champagne of the East, mousseux when bottled, and inspiring. Two or three Frank bakers are settled here, so that the bread is good, a rare luxury in the Levant. The consuls and merchants of different nations live on a friendly and social footing, with dinner and evening parties, and excursions and pic-nics in the beautiful neighbourhood. Syria, at least this portion of it, is not a remarkably cheap country; less so even than the south of France and many parts of Italy. The air of the coast is said to predispose to nervous complaints and fevers; some complain of its often languid influence on the frame and mind; this effect will probably be felt if the resident allows himself to yield to the indolent habits and tastes of the natives; but if he uses an active exercise, keeps his spirit and fancy alive by frequent visits to the mountain and plain, and leads a simple, vigorous, and English life on this splendid land, he will find its air healthful, its climate delightful, and the fine old age of the Maronite and the mountaineer may at last be his portion.

Beirut has another and eminent advantage over the other towns of Syria, in its religious services and privileges; many ministers of many lands reside here in villas, where are to be met, occasionally, learned men from the monasteries of the mountain, bishops, priests, savans of the Maronites, Greeks, and Catholics. The Sabbath does not here, as throughout most of the East, oblige the stranger to feel himself in a strange land; a home-feeling of calm, of consolation, comes with that morning sun; the church, or chapel where he has worshipped, familiar to his earlier life, endeared to his riper years, rises in fancy before him as he walks through lanes of the pomegranate and prickly pear, and woods of the grey olive, to the Syrian chapel, surrounded by beautiful gardens. A respectable congregation attends here; the service is conducted impressively and simply.

In the vicinity there is a representative of the Church Mission; but the American missionaries are the principal labourers here: great praise is due to these able and earnest men, who have undertaken the slow and arduous task of removing ancient prejudices, enlightening a grossly ignorant people and priesthood with the pure light of truth: a long lethargy has slept on the Syrian churches of all denominations, and among them there is not one spirit, of energy and sincerity enough to shatter the errors and corruptions of Lebanon, which cover it as with "triple walls of brass." Slow



ΑΘΗΝΑΝ



COURT OF A TURKISH COUNTRY HOUSE, AT SALAHYEH, NEAR DAMASCUS.



must be the progress towards this consummation, and few the converts: yet it would be vain to deny that a spirit of inquiry, of anxiety, of thoughtfulness, has shown itself in many of the monasteries and retreats; earnest conversations are often held between the priesthood and the missionaries; several recluses, as well as natives, have forsaken the degrading dogmas and comfortless illusions of their creed, and embraced with joy the more pure and consoling hope and faith of the stranger. The education of the rising generation is the surest foundation of success; this the missionaries perceive, and their schools for children and young people are numerous, are well attended, and anxiously taught and watched over.

COURT OF A TURKISH COUNTRY HOUSE AT SALAHYEH NEAR DAMASCUS.

This is a very good specimen of the villas about Damascus: it is situated in the midst of a garden: entering from the street by a garden gate, you pass into the court, which has a fountain in the middle; the recess, which is mostly seen in the courts of Eastern houses, is in front. The private apartments are on the opposite side, and also the offices: the staircase leads to the gallery at top, which looks into the garden, and over the city and hills. The arch in front is Moorish: and the lightness of the architecture of the dwelling, and the coolness of the apartments, well suited to the climate. The recess in the court is the favourite seat and lounge of the inmates during the heat of day: two or three steps ascend to it: the floor is carpeted; it is furnished with a divan, is open to the air and light, and shaded from the sun: the fountain falls directly in front. In this little cool retreat it is delightful to breakfast, when the sun is about two hours high, and the breeze, not yet sinking before the increasing heat, is yet heard in the trees of the garden. There is a rich indolence in the hour: you have risen with the sun, and taken a ride on the plain, through the groves, along the streams; have looked into the desert, that opens far and sublimely away towards Palmyra and the Haouran, and breathed its inspiring air.

This house was a few years since occupied by one of the wealthiest merchants of the East, or rather by his four wives, for whose peculiar use he kept it: here they dwelt together in much comfort and luxury.

An English physician, an acquaintance of the writer, used to visit these ladies here: the husband was one of the strictest Mussulmen as to etiquette about women; yet he allowed him to have interviews with them at first in his presence, or in that of his son, and at last without any witness, save one of the eunuchs. The ladies were extremely unwilling to uncover their faces, and wished to compound with the feeling the pulse, putting out the tongue, &c., till the physician was absolute, that to do them any good, he must consult their looks. Their charms, and those of other female patients, were not powerful enough to rob him of his presence of mind.

They use no stays, and appear, when seated, or when the outer robes are laid aside, to have little grace or symmetry of shape: but they have a good deal of grace of

manner and gesture; and they walk well, holding themselves very erect, and with dignity. Their beauty, when young, is the mere beauty of the rose, red or white, unintellectual, unsentimental, unexpressive of esprit or fancy. Lamartine's indiscriminate rhapsodies about Oriental loveliness have little foundation in truth: it is probable he saw many fine eyes, and heard sweet tones of voice. The accents of Oriental ladies are not generally sweet; the want of energy, excitement, and variety of feeling, is visible in their monotonous and charmless intonations of voice.

The merchant, who was the lord of these four recluses, was a rich merchant of Bagdad, which he had quitted during the troubles and disorders prevailing there, and come to Damascus to establish himself, accompanied by his household. He went into Damascus almost daily, to transact business; he had dealings in most of the products, and with most of the countries, of the East. His favourite and best loved wife was the youngest of the four; she was also the chief invalid, but her complaints were partly fanciful, and partly the complainings of a petted child, so indulged and fostered, that she seemed to fall ill for the sake of exciting a sensation, and giving herself airs. The first intimation to uncover her face to a stranger, was received almost with horror; her foot and even leg, laid naked on the divan, would have given but a feeble shock to her nerves in comparison. Her complexion was pure red and white, the eyes and hair dark, the hands and feet small: a very pretty, companionless, idealess woman, who dressed richly, was attended anxiously, bathed, lodged, and perfumed luxuriously: and she was a suitable mate to the merchant: a Turk's ideas of women go little beyond this. Between these four wives, living together under one roof, often in the same table, whose sole partner in life and affection had been this man—there was tolerable concord and harmony, and but little heart-burnings, rivalries, malice, and bitter envyings: and this comfortable state of things was owing mainly to the disparity of their ages: in the ladder of life, an almost equal number of steps divided each wife from her fellow. The oldest was very old; the second was almost elderly; the third was past her Eastern prime; the youngest was very young, and was to the others even as a young, wayward, and indulged sister, whose vivacity and good nature often enlivened the dulness of the interior. The husband was a man of sixty years: it may be thought that so many wives could take care of each other, that the elder might be trusted to watch over the temptations or levities of the younger; and that their eyes would hardly be closed, or their tongues silent, when any thing suspicious was in the wind. Not thus thought the merchant, who placed two black eunuchs to guard, and two little Circassian boys to attend and observe his little harem: it was ludicrous as well as painful to see the anxious, peering, nervous looks of these sable guardians, who were by no means of the fierce aspect and withering smile of the Kislar Aga, the chief eunuch of the Sultan, who was a dark fiend, an incarnate demon.

These ladies did not enjoy much liberty: at long intervals they went into the country, in a carriage, at a slow pace, or walked in the environs. Surely our frail humanity, whether Turkish or English, is very fond of extremes: it so happened that a sudden spirit of travelling seized upon the whole: the troubled husband believed it to be an

afrit or evil spirit that had entered into his four wives. Was it to Balbec, or Aleppo, or the sea-shore of Beirout or Lebanon: these were extensive journeys for such recluse persons. It was nothing less than to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, a fearful journey of weeks and months: a hazardous, bold, heroic affair, enough to blanch, even the very thoughts of it, their delicate cheeks, and make their long braided hair creep for fright.

It seems that Mr. Farren, the English consul, had gone with his lady to Jerusalem, passed a week or two there very pleasantly: on their return to Damascus, Mrs. F. who was intimate with the Turkish ladies, had spoken so warmly of the pleasure of the journey, that from that moment the husband had no peace: they pestered him every day, and from morning till night, till he was forced to give his consent to go, and take them all with him. All the preparations, and they were many, being made, all the farewells to friends and relatives paid, the four ladies mounted their camels, on whose backs were placed houdahs, a kind of divan, canopied, curtained closely, so that neither sun or wind could penetrate. Many sorrows and ills, many terrors met with them on the way; but they were like the desert winds, they came and passed quickly, without breaking the courage or endurance of the fair pilgrims: even the youngest, the beauty, forgot to be ill; the English physician was not at hand, neither was the languor, and luxury, and emui of her home at Salahyéh. They accomplished their pilgrimage, dwelt in Mecca, saw its wonders, wept over their sins, and came back in safety to their quiet home and garden.

This journey was performed two years since: whether, during its progress, any seeds of disease were sown in the merchant's frame, is uncertain; but a few months after its termination he began to droop, and soon Azrael called him: in death he still distinguished his youngest wife above the others, leaving her the larger portion of his wealth, and to each of the other wives a comfortable provision. Little more than a year has elapsed since his death: his nephews sought to dispute some parts of the will, and interfere in the affairs of the four surviving wives: more than one home was open to receive them; the youngest went to dwell with a relative of her husband, and soon got married again, being rich, young, and pretty, and moreover a hadgée, exalted above most of her sex in sanctity and celebrity.

A startling change has come over the interior of this house of Salahyéh: from being the home of the rich man of Bagdad and his many wives, it is now the residence of Mr. T., a merchant, and correspondent of the Bible Society: the traveller sometimes rests his wearied limbs in the chambers, and perhaps on the divan where reclined the four hadgées on their return from Mecca. The consul-general Mr. Farren occupies a similar but larger house at a short distance.

Does a man who leaves four wives behind him, feel more bitterly than he who leaves one? There must be a strange clashing of remembrances, in those last hours, when the memory is so vivid; an odd confusion of kind thoughts, about first love, and second love, and last love, all whose objects are living, looking on, standing around his dying bed. The first wife calls to his mind, perhaps, that she was the love of his youth, the "first green spot on memory's waste:" the last appeals to his latest feelings, to the impressive

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evening of his life. To the European, such a scene, such a conflict, would be dreadful; he would be tempted to wish that the grave had covered one or two, or perhaps three of his better halves, or quarters, who seem to stand mockingly, and call up buried love, buried joys, and thoughts to confuse and perplex. The Turk takes it more like a philosopher, and looks at each face, and each gush of tears, tries to balance his regrets and memories between the three first—and turns to the last, the young, the beautiful, untouched by time—in whose arms alone he desires to die.

DJOUNI, THE RESIDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

The view of the residence of this celebrated woman is taken on the approach from Sidon: in its intricate, wild, convulsed appearance, this scene resembles many among the Apennines; the road is seen in front, winding up in a zig-zag course to the building; a kind of break-neck road, as if her ladyship wished to make the pilgrim toil and murmur to her dwelling, and, like Christian going up the hill Difficulty, "endure hardness" ere he reaches her bower of delights. A more capricious choice of a home has never been made, in this world of caprice and eccentricity; the land abounds with sites of beauty and richness, vales and shaded hills, screened by loftier hills, with many waters. Lebanon has a hundred sites of exquisite attraction and scenery; but this woman, ever loving the wild and the fearful more than the soft things of this world, has fixed her eagle's nest on the top of a craggy height that is swept by every wind. The dark foliage that appears above its walls are the gardens, which are remarkably beautiful and verdant, the creation of her own hands. Nowhere in the gardens in the East is so much beauty and variety to be seen—covered alleys, pavilions, grass-plats, plantations, &c. in admirable order. It was in a pavilion in these gardens that the artist had the honour of spending some hours in conversation with her ladyship. In the village on the right, he passed the night in the open air. The precipitous character of the glen between it and Djouni prevented his seeking the latter in the dark. The high central chain of Lebanon, spotted with snow, shuts in the view. This mountain chain is here too monotonous to be either grand or beautiful; the path from Beteddein to Damascus crosses the summit, from which there is a view of vast extent over the sea, and inland as far as the waters of Merom, or lake of Tiberias. The costume of the women in the foreground is that in use in Lebanon.

In winter, in the rainy season, let not the resident of Djouni be envied by the humbler dwellers in the land, or by the recluses of the convents and monasteries which cover the declivities of Lebanon. If a quiet mind and a consoling faith be the chief ingredients of happiness in this world, they mingle but slightly in her ladyship's cup: the dreams and revelations of astrology have for many years past been the favourite excitement; without them the evening of her life would now be wretched, and she would feel like Norna of the Fitful head, when conscious at last that her power over the elements was a delusion. Her views on the Christian revelation are as wild and unortho-



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dox as some of her divinations: one of them is, that the Messiah is to come again, and shortly; the beautiful Arab steed, white as the driven snow, attended and served in the stables of Djouni with a care and luxury surpassed only by that of Commodus for his horse, is reserved for his especial use, when he shall enter Jerusalem in triumph; her ladyship is to follow in the train, on a brown mare of great beauty. During the visit of the Rev. L. W. (not Wolff) to Lebanon, the Arab chiefs, lured by the report of his great wealth and influence, came in crowds to offer their flatteries, and their arms and services, if he purposed, as it was said, to set up some new dominion.

His better sense, aided by a protracted illness, declined the temptation. He passed three days at Djouni, to which he was invited in order that his physician might attend a favourite domestic of its mistress. Thus, under the same roof, were two of the wildest enthusiasts of the age, sternly opposed to each other in sentiment and purpose; the one devoting his wealth, and time, and talent, with undying zeal and sincerity, to the conversion of the Jews—traversing every land and city, entering the palaces of kings, that he might reclaim the lost race of Israel. A thousand pounds was not too much to expend for the conversion of a single Jew, nor a thousand miles too far to traverse to receive a Hebrew family into the fold. On all such doings Lady H. looked with unutterable scorn and contempt. Unaware, however, of the career of her guest, she treated him with much civility. The denouement took place towards the close of his visit; it was highly characteristic. The guest had desired to find a suitable moment to lead her thoughts more earnestly to religion—such moments were rare at Djouni; however, as the hour of departure drew near, they were convenient, and she was indulging in some wild sallies, when he assumed a serious tone: he was listened to calmly, and with what he conceived at last to be a growing emotion; then there was a pause of a few moments. Was that proud heart touched? Only with surprise and indignation: there was a derisive smile, that was bitter to be borne. “I thought,” she said, “that I was entertaining a gentleman under my roof; but I see that I have harboured a fanatic missionary.”

It is said that those only are great actors, who, whether the part be a prince or peasant, act it with like intensity: this praise belongs to her ladyship, who has acted her character and played her part intensely, however changing and diversified it may have been. During the first years of her abode in Syria, she often traversed the deserts, and was the very queen of Bedouins, à l’amazon, on a superb Arabian, spear in hand. When visiting the princes and pachas, admiration from the great, wonder and homage from those of lower rank, seldom failed to attend her: there was a cool daring and dignity in her bearing, a vigour and versatility in her conversation, to which in woman they were utterly unaccustomed. The first act of the play was over; the buoyant strength of the spirit and frame began to give way; then came part the second, astrology: her beautiful steeds were idle in the stalls: the desert journeys and dangers were braved no more: the queen of Palmyra now sank into a nervous, home-keeping, retired woman: the sheichs and princes no longer saw the cavalcade of the “great lady” galloping to their gates. Yet a like enthusiasm, a like restless fervour, were now given to the dreams of superstition: she lives intensely on the future: the present has few charms, few

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joys: a failing health, declining age, no taste for active exertion, or even to leave for a day or an hour the walls and gardens of Djouni. The third act of the drama is yet to be played: its close will scarcely be tragic; assuredly it will not be happy, or fortunate; but no woman could thus bear to see the "sere and yellow leaf" falling fast around her, could meet firmly the king of terrors in the halls of Djouni, friendless, faithless, desolate—save lady H. Stanhope.

In the character of her mind there is an entire want of simplicity: she has ever the air of a dramatic being, of acting a part, whether it be to astonish the natives, or her visitors. In her interview with Lamartine, the mystifying of the astrologer is beautifully contrasted with the vanity of the poet. The following scene with the gentleman who drew this view of Djouni is interesting: no traveller hitherto has so lauded her personal charms.

"Around its portal were groups of wild-looking Albanians and Janissaries, and a most polite major-domo conducted us to our apartment, that was half English and half Oriental. In a few moments her ladyship sent for us, to conduct us round her gardens. I, who had expected a crabbed imperious old woman, was most agreeably surprised by the noble but gentle aspect of our strange hostess. In youth she must have been most beautiful: her features are remarkably fine, blending dignity and sweetness in a fascinating degree. Her dress was fantastic, but impressive: her turban of pale muslin shadowing her high pale forehead. There is certainly a slight vein of fitful insanity in her expression, but its general and ordinary cast is that of one calmly persuaded of the truth of principles reposed on with deep satisfaction. She conducted us to an appar in the gardens, quite English in appearance. I made this observation, when she replied: "Oh, don't say so; I hate every thing English." Then nodding to my companion, who was an American, "he has a good star—very good:" then addressing herself to me, "You are of a cheerful disposition, see every thing *en couleur de rose*; one of those beings who pass well through life. You will rise about the middle of your life. You are apt to be violently angry on occasion, and I *could* let out more." We then walked round the gardens, all of her own formation, and were surprised at their verdure and beautiful arrangement. We then retired to dinner: her ladyship's nonentity of a meal had been previously taken. The dinner was most inspiriting, and my last lingering bitterness for the freak of last night was buried in an inimitable apricot tart. In the evening we were again sent for, and found her in a pavilion in the garden, reclining on an ottoman, with a long embroidered pipe: placed in a recess, her hand across her brow, she mutely scrutinized our features, as if to complete or confirm her fancied knowledge of our characters. Coffee was served by a little Nubian girl. In the course of conversation, she said that the good genius would shortly appear; that the evil one was now on earth, busily employed in canvassing—that she knew of his whereabouts: that at the advent of the good genius, men would flock to his standard, leaving wives and children, and that a grand and decisive struggle would take place, to end in the establishment of the former. Our poor wild world will thus be called to order. I ventured to ask, whence originated so profound an acquaintance with futurity. Her ladyship with some



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hesitation replied; "Chiefly from reading." I noticed the similarity of these views to those entertained by Irving, founded on certain passages of scripture: "Irving," she said, "must then be right:" she sometimes looked into the scripture for confirmation. But when she descended from the clouds to ordinary topics, she displayed great wit and penetration, which, with a fund of anecdote, and great fascination of manner, rendered our long familiar interview perfectly delightful. Her personal kindness too must not be forgotten: she advised me not to peril my life by visiting the disturbed districts, and offered me her hospitality, should I be willing to protract my stay in the mountains."

REMAINS OF THE PORT OF SELEUCIA, NEAR SUADEAH.

MOUNT CASIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

This ancient city, the ruins of which now cover part of the shore, was built by Seleucus Nicator soon after he had vanquished Antigonus, and derived its name from the founder. It was at Seleucia that Paul and Barnabas, when sent forth from the church at Antioch, embarked for Cyprus. It is also referred to in Maccabees.

About the port there was once a well-fortified suburb, where, for convenience, they held their markets. Its interest is derived from the early history of the gospel, rather than from still existing remains. The scene at present is wild and impressive: a desolate and rocky beach, Mount Casius on the left—a few country barks crossing the bay of Suadeah, to enter the mouth of the Orontes. The two piers of the ancient port are seen projecting into the sea: the ruined tower on the rock was built for its protection; and near this, one of the piers runs into the sea, constructed of very large stones, "some of them twenty feet long by six feet in width, and five in depth: they have been fastened together by iron cramps, the marks of which are still to be seen." Mount Casius, that towers on the left far above the other heights, is the finest mountain, and of the most striking appearance, of any in Syria: its summit is a pyramid of rock, its sides are broken into deep and precipitous glens. Pliny, with the exaggeration to which the ancients were so prone when describing cataracts, rivers, or mountains, makes it four miles in perpendicular height: it is seven thousand feet high; its larger portion is bare and naked; yet it is more sublime in its barrenness, than if sheltered entirely, like many of its neighbours, by luxuriant forests: the setting sun, resting long on its aerial deserts of rock, on its wild and waste crest, is glorious to behold.

In how picturesque a region were situated the birth-place and first wanderings of St. Paul: the range of Taurus, the valleys and plains of a country superior in beauty to any other land; the ruins of famous temples and cities gave a sad interest to the scene, and often perhaps aided the Apostle's warnings against pagan seductions. Persecutions awaited and met him; and he felt that his lone footsteps in city, and hamlet, and wilderness, were to herald countless other steps to follow, till the earth should be peopled

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REMAINS OF THE PORT OF SELEUCIA, NEAR SUADEAH.

SCENE TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.



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with the ashes of saints and martyrs, and be drunk with their blood. The foresight possessed by the Apostle must often have been a source of keen anxiety, and responsibility, and perhaps of sorrow: conscious that his own faith was equal to the assault, and his own strength to the awful burthen—but on how many weak and delicate and untried spirits was that burden soon to be laid! How many bruised reeds were to be broken, hopes and loves rent asunder like flax—when the eyes of the rich and noble, of the youth, the maiden, the mother, streaming with tears, should be turned to the example set by the great Apostle, for encouragement, for imitation: they would recall his words, every expression of fortitude, joy, and victory. Justly might he say, that he lived not for himself, but for others: and “that he died daily,” with mental anxieties, thoughts, and concerns, in which few could sympathize, and no one could lighten or relieve.

On this solitary beach, covered here and there with ruinous heaps, is the very spot where St. Paul embarked, where he first sailed for a foreign land, and left his native shore: “sent forth by the church of Antioch, after they had fasted, and prayed, and laid their hands on him.” The face of nature was impressive, even as now: Mount Casius alone in his naked splendour, the rich Orontes rushing at his feet, and Seleucia covering the declivities with its temples, and columns, and palaces; and now the solitary shepherd, reclining on one of the fragments, is watching his scanty flock, that seek a miserable herbage on the sea-beat shore: the dilapidated tower, on its rocky pile, can scarcely afford shelter from the rain and wind: the sea breaking on the poor memorials of pagan greatness, advances with a louder murmur on the broad beach, several miles in width, to the opposite barrier of mountains. In such a scene, the traveller blesses the purity of the Eastern atmosphere, that throws a brilliancy and excitement even on melancholy and dreary objects, and saves him from many a desponding thought; were the desolate and ruinous places, and wilds of the East, covered by the dull sky and humid air of our own land, he would be tempted half the time to goad on his weary camel or mule, and exclaim, From Dan to Beersheba, all is barren!

SELEUCIA.

The ruins are so much overgrown as to be almost unapproachable; and it was exceedingly difficult to obtain this view: on the side of the hill were hollowed a great number of sepulchral caves; some of which are spacious and handsome, and approached by broken steps: others are supported by pillars of the solid rock, and have the remains of inscriptions. The rocky mountain on whose face are these remains, is about a mile from the sea, and boldly overlooks the plain, Suadeah, and the Orontes. This view embraces a gate of entrance in ruin, obstructed by fallen masses: the trees and shrubs shooting from the broken wall, the verdure on the sides of the cliffs and at the mouth of the caves, soften the ruggedness of the scene. These sepulchres, hollowed out with patient industry and skill, extend along the mountain to a great distance, and attest the ancient impor-



tance of the place. There are the remains of pavements here and there, overgrown with bushes. More than one of these grotts would serve as a tasteful hermitage for a recluse who desired here to retire from the world, in a dry and salubrious climate, where the air both from sea and land bears balm on its wings: the mouth of his retreat looks on a world once famous, and still most beautiful. It is said that in old times there were two hermitages in these cliffs: much regarded for the sanctity of the inmates, who were more comfortably lodged and roofed than Simon Stylites, whose mountain, on the summit of which he lived fifty years on the top of a pillar, is full in view, at no great distance from this place. At present, the only people who come here are the shepherds, whose sheep and goats browse on the wild pastures, and are admirably in keeping with the desolate character of the place.

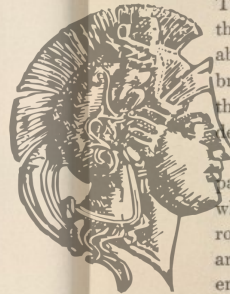
The great ravine or excavation, also situated on the site of ancient Seleucia, is of as singular an aspect as the sepulchres: it has now the appearance of a vast drain or quarry, or whatever the fancy chooses to make of it: it is partly natural, and partly artificial: formerly there were steps to descend into the abyss, some of which are still to be seen. The city of Selucia occupied the slope of the mountain and part of the plain at the base; the vast number of its excavated tombs, of which this plate gives a partial view, extends for about two miles along the face of the rocks. This ravine or excavation, perplexing to the brains that are not of antiquarian mould, is probably the artificial channel cut out of the rock, by which the ancient city communicated with the sea, and which Pococke thus describes.

“It is a passage from fourteen to eighteen feet wide: the first part is about 260 paces in length, and forty in height, and is cut under the foot of the mountain; the rest, which is about 820 paces in length, is sunk down from fifteen to twenty feet, in the solid rock; it ends at the sea. The last part is cut down lower, and great pieces of rock are left across the passage, to make the entrance difficult. This extraordinary channel ends a little way to the north of the northern pier: the water formerly ran that way, but now it does not go through it, unless after great floods.”

The ride from Mr. Barker's villa to the ruins of Seleucia was through lanes, and the scattered houses of Suadeah; the hedges were odoriferous with clematis, bay, myrtle, and arbutus; the pomegranate in profusion: the transition from this luxuriance of foliage and fruit to the sepulchral mountain and its dark and silent caves, was striking. This plain of Suadeah might be a paradise, if it was the seat of civilization: there is a happiness in the site—open to the sea, and sheltered by mountains, with a delicious climate.

Curiosity was at last satisfied at this mountain of tombs; and we returned before noon, with joy, to the cool and hospitable retreat of our host who accompanied us: no monastery, or khan, or okkal, was ever half so welcome: the heartless monks of the one, the bare floor and walls of the other, whose only refreshment was its fountain, the dirtiness of every thing like an inn in the towns—yet it is almost a pity to be thus luxuriously lodged at starting, at the very threshold of the way: it spoils the wayfaring man for several weeks, he looks fastidiously on his floor, his dinner, his suspicious home for the night, which myriads are to share with him, who are waiting for a fresh victim.

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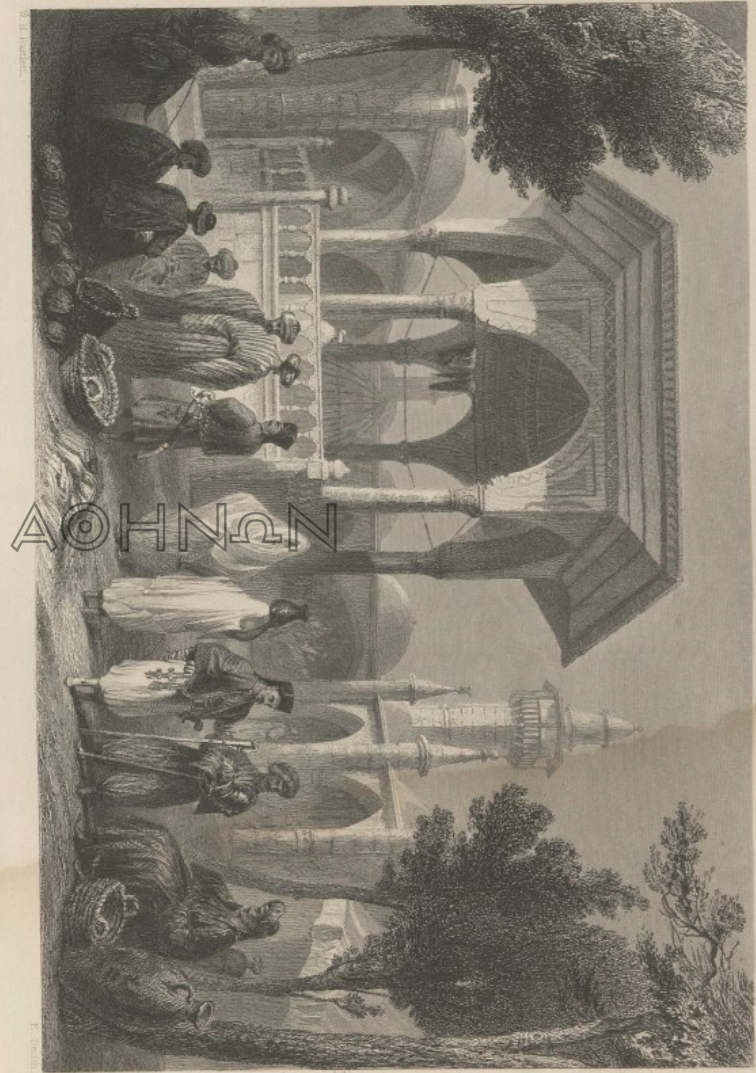
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It is easy, after a time, to "endure hardships" of this kind: they can be borne with a smile or a sigh: but the loss of intellectual society and converse enters into the soul. In this Syrian villa, hour after hour passed in the interchange of thoughts and feelings, on subjects of which we could never hope to hear in the cities and homes of the land: they were a sealed book to its people; they were vain imaginings, unprofitable sayings, to the dull Turk or mercurial Arab and Syrian; whose oracular sentences, solemn common-places, or childish sallies, were a miserable exchange for the lively and varied talk, the poetry, the music, the tale, that made the evening a very happy one.

BAZAAR AT JAFFA.

This building is less Oriental and more Gothic in its character than the generality of bazaars; the richest sort of merchants sell carpets and clothing here; and some of the poorer sort have also their place in more humble guise: two janizaries are in front, with their long staffs of office, and haughty air and heavy weapons; a seller of water-melons, of garb and air strongly contrasted; two women in long white cloaks, that wrap their figures so closely as to allow the eyes, lips, and nose to be but dimly and sadly seen, like the features of a spectre in some vision of the night. One of the women carries a pitcher of water on her head, in the manner of the East; the other, who appears more like a lady of the land, is come to look at the wares, and perhaps to purchase. There is no gracefulness in the figure, no attraction in the countenance of the Eastern ladies, thus cloaked, and swathed, and veiled: their appearance is clumsy, and altogether a burlesque on female elegance; the hair, hands, complexion, are all shrouded; the feet are put into shoes or slippers, that to a Chinese beauty would be the size of canoes: shuffling along, the "light of the harem" leave all their light and beauty behind: the watchful and keen glance of the dark eye, that is sometimes shot through the folds of drapery, has more of a duenna than a Leila look. Were the women of the East always thus shrouded in ancient times? Certainly not among the Hebrews, either in the patriarchal or after ages. The custom is chiefly of Mahometan observance: the Prophet found it to exist among the Arab tribes, and perhaps rendered it still more strict. Even among the Bedouins in the interior of the deserts, an exceeding caution is observed among the women, who pass from tent to tent, and across the sand of the encampment, carefully veiled, even from their neighbours and friends. We dwelt many days in one of these camps in the wilderness; and during that time many daughters of the tribe passed to and fro before our tent, or the adjoining tents; but the shroud that covers the head, and gently keeps the fading features from the living, could not more effectually do its work than did the long white cotton veil of the Arab girls: their gait was graceful, their figure light and slender; the small foot was set off by the sandal, that only partly covered it; but the face was impenetrably closed.

These bazaars are a favourite lounge to the idler inhabitants: at an early hour people begin to gather here, for the partial shade and coolness is a refreshing contrast





DJBEL SHEICH AND MOUNT HERMIN.
FROM THE TOP OF BAROUK.



to the sultry and wretched streets of Jaffa. Handsomely-dressed Turks, graver attired Armenians, and Bedouin Arabs in their ample blankets, mingle here together: a few of the more aristocratic are seated under the trees, in all the fulness of dignified idleness; musing, not thinking, wire-drawing their few ideas. The long and solemn silence of a Turk has nothing impressive in it; if you look in his face, you see no working of the intellect, no busy or playful movement of the imagination, no thoughts sublime, or deep, or absorbing; the face, even in very handsome men, is one from which you quickly turn away—"the soul is wanting there." One of these solemn triflers, of patriarchal beard, was seated on a stone bench to the left; his pipe was for a time suffered to recline unoccupied, his legs crossed, his face bent in earnest observation on the group at a short distance, as if he would read their very souls: this man has probably sat on the same bench, about the same hours, each day, during many years: this bazaar has been the area, the boundary of his observation on men and manners, on time, fore-knowledge, and eternity—for the latter very often is an ingredient, strangely coloured, in the chalice of Turkish meditations. Whether many days or years shall roll by ere he shall be summoned from that stone bench—whether death shall to-morrow take the favourite pipe from his hand, which he shall smoke no more for ever—it matters not; he is perfectly submissive and resigned: not a single sigh shall accompany a single whiff of his pipe, though the sunset of life is close at hand. The usual sedative words will be uttered, "Alla is great: he is merciful." The intense love of life, so often observable in old men among ourselves, here, in those who do not shrink from a hereafter, is felt less vividly by the Orientals. Yet it is not fortitude or faith that saves the latter from the fond clinging, the anxious lingering on the brink of the grave;—it is fatalism in some, and in others the long habitude, in all sorrows and bereavements, of a calm and apathetic resignedness to the Divine will. Yet the picture of a fine and aged Turk, who waits for the coming of Azrael, waits at his threshold as for the coming of a friend who has been often in his thoughts, is beautiful: if a false faith can arm with this submission and stillness, the Christian, pausing to admire the Turk, may take a lesson from his subdued and unrummuring temper, give his own fears to the winds, and, with his lamp of hope burning, rush from the portal as the night is closing, and the voice of the Bridegroom, not of fate, is heard afar off.

DJBEL SHEICH AND MOUNT HERMIN, FROM THE TOP OF
LEBANON.

This splendid view is from the top, or nearly so, of the pass from the large village of Barouk to that of Djob Djennein, on the road from Der-el-Kamar to Damascus. The spot commands all the length of the great plains of Bekaa and Balbec, and from that place into Palestine, in the distance. This is quite an Eastern scene, melancholy in aspect, wild, uncultivated or nearly so—but glorious in association. Djebel Sheich in front, its summits covered with snow, is the highest mountain in Syria, and it sinks into

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the long range of Mount Hermin, which runs into Palestine. Lebanon is here nearly uncovered; its declivities spotted with crags. Melancholy is the feeling that grows on the traveller, in this pass, as he slowly traces his way by the vivid moonlight: the solemnity and the stillness of night add to the awfulness of the scene: all seems to be desolate: the eye looks wistfully into the plains of Asia, and asks for its towns, and hamlets, and populous places, and sees only mountains like brass, bare and terrible; plains over which the flight of the destroying angel seems to have passed: distant Balbec is but a green spot against the calcined hills. Yet the passenger, though the way is rude and difficult, looks again and again, and can hardly tear himself away from the scene, whose sublimity, whose sadness is fast communicating itself to his own thoughts and imaginings. A lake was gleaming afar off among the mountains: it was probably the waters of Merom: the guide said it was the sea of Tiberias, but this was not possible.

This mountain pass, always rugged and savage, is crossed in winter only by small caravans, when, to prevent the hoofs of the mules from sinking deep into the snow, the muleteers are accustomed in the difficult places, to spread carpets before them as they pass. "I crossed it," says Burckhardt, in March: the summit was at that time covered with snow, and a thick fog rested upon it; we were an hour and a half ascending from the village of Barouk, seated on the wild banks of the torrent of that name. Had it not been for the footsteps of a man who had passed a few hours before, we should not have been able to find our way. We several times sank up to our waists in the snow; and on reaching the top, we lost the footstep. Discovering a small rivulet running beneath the snow, I took it as our guide; and although the Druze was in despair, and insisted on returning, I pushed on, and, after many falls, reached the plain of the Bekaa, at the end of two hours from the summit." The summit of the Djebel Sheich is always covered with snow: it is finely visible from Tyre, and forms a noble and refreshing point of view from the plain and city of Damascus, during the summer and autumn. On its white wastes of snow, the eye, satiated with groves, and bowers, and gardens, delights to linger. Often, when wandering through the defiles and sultry places, we have loved to look on its cold and dazzling summits, as if the very sight of them soothed the restless fancy, and made the heat and thirst more gentle.

ALAYA.

This is quite the "Pirate Town;" and the inhabitants, as far as their opportunities allow, do not fail to merit, in disposition and often in action, their ancient designation. We had got quite under its melancholy walls before we observed them, and the place appeared like a dream, so wild its old towers encircled it, and its immense mass of gloomy Greek houses hung in strange confusion on the slope. They are mostly built with galleries, and of the most picturesque appearance. The whole scenery around Alaya is awfully sublime. A very few trees are sprinkled among the houses, in whose gallery it is wildly pleasant to sit or walk at evening, with the pipe and one's own thoughts for companions.



An open boat was hired, to coast Asia Minor as far as Adalia, intending thence to go overland to Smyrna, not above six days' journey, passing Ephesus in the way. We got out to sea early in the morning with a slight breeze, and were becalmed the greater part of the day: it was the month of August, sultry in the extreme, in an open boat, whose only shade was a blanket, which served also to keep off the dews by night. We had two Turkish sailors and a boy; they behaved with the greatest attention. Next morning we got to Soli, and crept along the shore. Here the artist fell ill. At evening what a sublimity in the mountain ranges of Taurus, near the island of Provençal; and how glorious was the sunset which was reflected upon the sea of Cilicia, the sea of St. Paul's wanderings! It was beautiful, though melancholy, to track this sea alone, to fall asleep under the canopy of heaven, and awake to see the sun rise over its lonely waste of waters. Sometimes we caught a distant sail; and now and then a suspicious-looking felucca, skulking under the rocks, led us to fear pirates; perhaps our insignificance preserved us: sometimes we ran into some little cove, where the clear blue water played among the rocks, and washed the pendent foliage: one sweet and solitary spot we remember, where we went to seek water; the men waded on shore, and, discovering a delicious fountain, brought off a most welcome supply. How sweet was that cold water, clear as crystal, sweet as the Nile waters, thus drank on a desert shore beneath the burning cliffs!

One evening we landed, and reposed an hour beneath the shade of pomegranates, in a lonely plain hemmed in by mountains: it was a romance, this coasting voyage; and many a sublime, many a delicious spot, many an impressive ruin, was passed, all solitary and forsaken. The fever that had seized the artist was now alarming; he grew delirious: at last the boat reached the fine bay of Kalendria; and there his recollection, as if called back by the exquisite scene, came again; but of all that he saw on this coast, he was most struck by the romantic and unparalleled situation of Alaya, and its fortified cliffs: here he landed, but was utterly incapable of ascending the hill. And here he lingered during fifteen days of suffering: is it any wonder, if its rocks, and waves, and fantastic aspects were indelibly remembered? The whole place is like a wild and beautiful pantomime, something that one sees in a troubled dream; so suddenly it rises, or rather starts from the waves, so defying is the look of house, and rock, and tower. Few were the comforts to a helpless invalid, who was obliged to recline on his mattress all day, and whose greatest effort was to creep, or be carried into the gallery, to look on the shipping, and the sea that seemed to dash on the very chamber walls.

At length he left Alaya, and soon saw the hill of Adalia, its old castle, and its picturesque Turkish houses. He was carried out of the boat on shore, and reposed a moment under the gate, where is a beautiful spring, from which he drank copiously: this spring is the very life of Adalia and its population; a large cup, according to Turkish usage throughout the East, is suspended by a chain; and many are the draughts that are taken daily and hourly of its cold and limpid water. A room in an empty khan was appropriated for a lodging, and he repaired thither; it was quite

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empty, and as quiet as the grave. Here he suffered exquisitely from weakness and depression; no one to speak to but a servant—no one to render the smallest kindness required by his reduced condition; unable to sleep all night for the mosquitoes, or to go out for more than a hundred yards all day from weakness. He begged his servant to find some garden where he could go in the day, to break the horrible solitude of the empty khan. When *en route* in good health and spirits, even to be the sole tenant of the caravanserai is a small misery; with the morrow we leave it for ever, for fresh excitements: and when its floor is peopled with many a group, and fire, and costume—it is a romantic and welcome home. But when even the voice is faint, and there is no other voice; when the wearied limbs can hardly drag themselves from one desolate pillow to another—this is real loneliness, real agony. The servant came to say he had found a garden. Oh, it was a most delicious spot, as if it was made on purpose for the repose of an invalid; it was enclosed by the old walls of the castle, which rose above with their mouldering Moorish battlements, that were pierced for large cannon on the side next the sea, which dashed against the rocks below.

The garden was a citron grove, with palms and vines; it was one continued shade, with the sea-breeze and the perfume of blossoms: nor was it all lonely, there was a poor woman, evidently fast sinking, to whom a friend was trying to administer consolation: she came here also to breathe the fresh air in the cool of the garden. On the following day some of the officers of an Egyptian corvette in the roads also came to enjoy the shade, and to sing and play the melancholy music of the East. Here every day the hours were lounged away till sun-set. Thus passed every day, when a cutter parted for Rhodes; he gladly took passage in her, and, descending the steep hill, left for ever Adalia, its castle, and its mournful khan.

LANDING-PLACE IN A SMALL HARBOUR AT RHODES.

These old towers on the walls of Rhodes were built by the knights of St. John: they are very beautiful, and the palm-tree trembling near, combines Eastern with Gothic associations. The fine remnants of their great hall, and decaying towers, the massive and triple walls and battlements which they nobly defended against the Turks, add the interest of chivalrous history and antiquities to that of the exquisite scenery of nature: and in the latter, Rhodes has scarcely a rival in the Archipelago. Let not the traveller forget to linger here a few days, or rather weeks, it will not be time wasted; even if it be only to verify the proverb, "that the sun shines every day in Rhodes," not on purple crags and wastes, but on forests, gardens, and lovely dells.

This landing-place is very bustling; it is a comfortable and sheltered place for shipping: small vessels are always arriving and departing; and fruit is landed in vast quantities: the coffee houses under the trees are continually resorted to: one sees here all sorts of people—mongrel Europeans, friars, dervishes with their wild gestures, but the predominant characters are Greeks and Jews. There is a dervise in the foreground,



LANDING-PLACE IN A SMALL HARBOUR AT RHODES.



beside the pillar, grasping his long pipe, his long beard on his breast, the conical hat on his head: his mouth open and his eyes lifted as if on the look-out for revelations, to gull the populace, and increase his own reputation for sanctity. A woman, closely muffled, is seated on the steps, either waiting for merchandise, or for some relative returned from sea. The gestures and attitudes of the traders and sailors, while engaged in their avocations, manifest an indolence and calmness peculiar to the Turks, who hate bustle and noise; the coffee houses on the right are open in the sides, for coolness: composed of wooden pillars and roofs, with wooden seats within: it is pleasant to sit here, at the water's edge, and sip mocha, and smoke slowly, and gaze on the busy scene on the wave, and listen to the seamen's cries, that come feebly, not like the hearty cheer of an English sailor. To enter into the spirit of the place and of the characters, some of them rich and original, who fill the cafés, it is necessary to understand two or three of the Levant tongues: the dervish is perhaps fresh from his wanderings in wilderness and city, and has marvels and adventures to dilate upon, with an air of sanctity and wild grimace very amusing: the cautious Jew, sipping coffee with a host of unbelievers, with an eye and ear bent on the main chance, (bargains, prices, sales,) is just the reverse of the fanatic Santon. The house in front is a private dwelling: its five windows, or wooden casements, are exactly of the form and appearance in use in the East: without glass, without any external beauty or relief to the dull exterior of the houses, they admit the air freely and the light dimly, no small luxury in hot weather: and the women can sit behind them, and look at their ease on the scene and people without, and cannot themselves be seen.

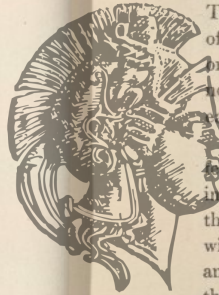
Such a scene as this landing-place, or similar ones, is perhaps more exciting to the female eye than the calm interior of the garden, or the walls and pavement of the street: in an island-life like that of Rhodes, there must be a dull monotony, to the inmate of the harem, or the wife of the merchant and country gentleman. The traveller can bring with him a living world of his own imaginings, and people fountains, palaces, gardens, and serais with glowing images and forms: but this beau-ideal of existence, these genii of the brain—that go with us by the way, sit with us in the divan, and rest with us beneath the shadow of the rock—are as unknown to the luxurious dwellers of the land that awakes them, as Labrador or Cape Horn.

Minute and every-day realities, thoughts that never breathe, and words that seldom burn any thing but the temper, are the routine of a Rhodian lady's life. In the villas embosomed in trees, without the town, to dress richly, perfume themselves, sit in indolent state in their heavy ornaments, is almost its chief excitement. They love music, and very often it is played to them, but not in a concord of sweet sounds; the clash of the cymbal, the shrill note of the pipe, the rude twang of the guitar: "at their sharp sounds, love faints, and fancy bleeds;" yet custom is every thing: these concerts are melody to the Oriental ear. In the society of the friends and intimates of her own sex, as numerous as she pleases, and in the very little circle of gentlemen, relatives of her husband or herself, she is contented: the excitements of general society, admiration, and display, she has never known. And when she looks from her windows, or garden

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terraces that overhang the sea, on the vessels of every clime sailing slowly by, it is without a sigh for scenes and lands that are for ever sealed to her. In the society of her children she finds her chief excitement and joy: the Turkish children are generally beautiful creatures, set off by their Eastern dress, the little despotic turban, the graceful robe. The equanimity of her temper can rarely withstand the dwelling of another wife beneath the roof: let not the Turk who values his peace and comfort, who loves when at home to "take his ease in his inn," venture on this experiment: poverty entering the door like an armed man, is not a more disturbing inmate than the second wife, who demands a second establishment, servants, suite of apartments, affection, attention, presents, &c. &c. "From what I know," writes a learned Turk, "it is easier to live with two tigresses than with two wives: it is a rule never to be dispensed with, that the husband shall allow each of his better halves plenty of cash, that she may enjoy feasts, and excursions, and the bath, and every other kind of recreation. If he stint her in these matters, he will assuredly be punished for all his sins and omissions on the day of resurrection. The second wife must invariably assume that her husband's mother, his first wife, and her relations, are at heart her enemies: she must make, as it is said, his shoe too tight for him, and his pillow a pillow of stone; so that at last he becomes weary of life, and is glad to acknowledge her authority. Why should he deprive her of the full enjoyment of this world's comforts? Days and years roll on and are renewed, whilst a woman continues the same secluded inmate, in the same dull house of her husband. She has no renewal of happiness—none. So will talk and reason the women of that man who takes two spouses." There is little doubt but that he often repents of his folly, and would not wail loudly if one of them were put by mistake into a sack, and caulked into the Bosphorus: but this easy way of getting rid of ladies who are growing wearisome, is the privilege of the Sultan and the Pashas. There is a warning in the Eastern lines—

Be that man's life immersed in gloom,
 Who weds more wives than one;
 With one his cheeks retain their bloom,
 His voice its cheerful tone;
 These speak his honest heart at rest,
 And he and she are always blest;
 But when with two he seeks for joy,
 Together they his soul annoy,
 With two no sunbeam of delight
 Can make his day of misery bright.



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CASTLE NEAR DJOUNI, MOUNT LEBANON.

CASTLE NEAR DJOUNI.

In the immediate vicinity of Lady H. Stanhope, this scene is finely expressive of the character of the territory she has chosen for her home: a scene which Mrs. Radcliffe would have selected for a romance, but that it wants the gloom of the dark forests, the exquisite solitudes that stir the soul. The shepherd and his flock, the bearded priest toiling up the steep, the waterfall, the deep glen, the beetling crags, the misty summits—all are here: yet it is not a land of inspiration, a land of song or feudalism. Who would not feel as an exile on these heights, in these prison-like vales?

We had left Sidon, its gardens and groves, behind us: the last bright green had passed from the soil: a few convents here and there on the cliffs, soothed the loneliness which the surrounding region pressed on the heart: even their walls and little windows were cheerful. Villages, as we went on our way, began to peep over their precipitous sites; and gardens, little beautiful gardens, were beside them. The ancient castle, to attain a good view of which it is necessary to scramble through pathless dells, is supposed to have been built by the Druses: nothing could be more nearly magnificent than the scene. From the sharp summit of a profound ravine, winding down on either hand among rocky hills of the wildest aspect, you look down on the remains of this castle, tenanted only by the beasts of chase, who seek shelter there. The situation is so intricate, that the wayfaring man or the Bedouin never seeks its chambers, even for a night; it is a place, not of the forgotten knight or of the harp's wild tones, but of the goule and the afrit: a fit hold for the old soothsayer or magician, who has so long been the intimate and counsellor of the mistress of Djouni. The ruin, overhung on all sides by high mountains, is upon a rock surrounded by a rapid torrent, glancing through the wild woods that fringe its banks.

The fidelity and skill are admirable with which the artist has sketched this and the other views around Lebanon. He left this spot in order to reach a convent, a terrible ascent up the mountain, without path or track: it was inhabited by Maronites, who were hard at work preparing silk, with several women, in a detached building. Entering the convent, coffee and sherbet was served, the chapel was shewn, but not the fair recluses, who were seen peeping through the lattices: for many nuns live adjacent to the convent. Neither the aspect or life of these Maronite monks appeared to be dull and cheerless: they were a set of merry anti-ascetic-looking fellows. The bishop of the next convent was a being of higher and purer calibre: his monks were more quiet and subdued, but more apathetic than those just visited: they conducted the visitor into the apartment of their bishop. Nothing could be more impressive than this venerable old man, eighty years and upwards; his face, pale as marble, expressive of extreme benevolence, and sympathy with human sorrow and infirmity: there was a melancholy also in it, so rarely

seen in the features of very old men, that added to its interest. At times there was a momentary lustre in his eye, that seemed to tell of the world to which he was fast drawing near. He brought to mind the dying St. Jerome of Domenichino. "You are aged, venerable father," said the guest. "Yes, I shall soon depart, replied the old man, I am ready." It was delightful to see the affection with which he was regarded by the younger brethren. On taking leave, the former was conducted through the church and vast range of apartments by the monks, who seemed much to pride themselves on the tawdry trumpery which decorated the sacred structure. A skull was placed above the long table in the refectory. In a detached building, some monks were engaged in superintending a school: indeed, they are not idle, as their ordinary employment is the cultivation of the vine, olive, and mulberry, and especially silk. The hospitality of this convent would have been most welcome on the preceding evening, when with great difficulty, after wandering through ravines in the darkness, he came to the top of a deep hollow, and proceeded along the moon-lit path, for the straggling lights of a village were not far off: breaking at last through a hedge, he lighted on a group of Maronite Christians, seated by the light of a lamp, on a raised dais of plaster in front of their house, who gave their guest a courteous reception. A handsome dark-eyed girl brought a bowl of hot milk; her costume was graceful, one of its peculiarities being a number of gold coins and ornaments, braided into the hair, and hanging down on each side the face: a family heirloom. The hosts, though ordinary peasants, had much natural dignity of manner: spreading his cloak on the dais of which he was soon left in undisturbed possession, and the wind sweeping freshly from the summit around, he sought a little sleep: but it was too wild and unkind a couch on which to seek it.

MR. BARKER'S VILLA AT SUADEAH.

The traveller left Ruad with the land-breeze at twilight, and next morning was off Latakia: the scenery soon after became very fine: Mount Casius rose out of the sea with stupendous grandeur, rearing its craggy sides and lofty peak of naked rock into the sky: the woody precipices along the coast seemed to drop into the sea; their forms were cast in the most magnificent mould, much finer than the heights of Lebanon. The little boat with its swan-like sail shot along the dark blue sea, before a strong breeze; as it ran nearer to the land, the boatmen appeared very attentive and anxious: suddenly they came on the bar, where the water was rough; it is rather a critical spot, on which the boat seemed for a few moments to be striking, but soon entered in safety the calm water of the Orontes. It is not a large river; the banks at this spot are rushy: he landed at a small hut, of which the inhabitants seemed to carry on a large trade in pottery: from hence a messenger was despatched to Mr. Barker, who immediately sent horses and a servant with a polite invitation. The path skirted the Orontes; how delightful after the night-voyage in a boat, was this ride in a splendid country, till now unseen and untrodden: the air was full of the freshness of morning, and the perfume of



MR. BARKER'S VILLA AT SUADEAH.

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many odoriferous shrubs and plants. A voyage in the Levant, whether short or long, is sure to prepare both the frame and fancy for a vivid relish of Eastern groves and hills, especially when they terminate in a kind and comfortable home. What a talisman in the East, is there in that word *home*: the wanderer hardly dreams it can ever be realized: often he thinks of the lost circle, where every look and voice told of welcome, and every hand sought to minister to his wants or his caprices. And when a roof of similar mercies seems to open, is it any wonder if his heart is delighted within him? Mr. Barker was an admirable host; receiving his guest with a frank and affectionate courtesy, that sought every novelty that could amuse, and every comfort that could gratify. Part of the first day was passed in looking over the house and gardens: the former, built by himself, is commodious and picturesque: a gallery in front is covered with the choicest vines of Europe: a handsome music-room with an organ is detached from the house; and from a tower above, the view is truly charming. The eye rests upon the immediate environs of the house, as upon a singular spectacle, for here Mr. Barker has succeeded in cultivating almost every species of European fruit, introducing fresh ones every year: the vines, apple-trees, and apricots are in fine order: and the guest had the pleasure of tasting the finest fruit he had met with, for many months, either in Europe or the Levant. The consul is certainly conferring a great benefit on the country by this introduction; for the state of neglect into which cultivation has fallen, has suffered every thing to go to decay, and the fertile soil to become comparatively useless: although the Turks are very fond of this fruit they are as yet too rootedly idle to cultivate the cuttings he gives them.

Beyond the gardens the eye ranges over an amphitheatre of mountains inclosing the plain of Suadeah, from the promontory of Seleucia to Mount Casius: the latter is from every point a sublime feature: but the most beautiful point is the gorge in the mountains, through which the Orontes finds its way to the plain and sea: there is a loveliness in the folding forms of the mountains, a solitude, a wildness, which makes one long to track the romantic course of this river. To the left is seen the mountain of Simon Stylites; in this part of the country there is a rich verdure, and usually a fresh and healthy air all the year round. If the traveller were to judge by the invigorating influence of the air on his own spirits and frame, he would pronounce the climate to be a most inspiring one. To the lover of the East, whom fate has not suffered yet to behold it, who dreams of its scenery by his own fireside—a more exquisite pleasure could not befall, than to be transported by some peri to the veranda of this villa: how splendid are the forms of the Asian mountains, on which the sun is setting with an almost unearthly glory! the hamlets in the plain, and by the river side, and the little groves, have all a foreign aspect; so has the fountain beneath the veranda: the camel bell comes faintly from the plain, with the chant of its driver. And now twilight is falling far and near, the vivid twilight of the East: the lights are in the Turcoman hamlets, the fires around the tents on the hills. Bring the pipe and coffee to the veranda; the night-breeze is like balm, and let us yield to the delicious thoughts which the first scenes of a first journey inspire. O freshness of the feelings and the

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fancy, when all is new; when each impression is wild and irresistible; when the Oriental world is to the wanderer the world of his aspirations, his dreams, his prayers, his tears: can any joy be greater than *his* joy? But this cannot be realized a second time: he must not believe that he can go again, and reap the same exquisite harvest: it is better that he should live on the past, and let memory be to him what hope was before—a blessed memory, that shall be a constant companion through life, full of indelible things that will come back by the way-side, when he sits in his house, or wanders along the shores, and listens to the storms of his own land.

Mr. Barker, however, like all who reside long in the land, is glad to make the substantial go hand in hand with the romantic: and to blend the *couleur de rose* of Orientalism with what a German calls “the grey monotonies of life.” He has changed his Syrian into an almost English home: apples, apricots, &c. and various vegetables and flowers, put one in mind of the land that is far away. The villa is a little oasis of comfort in the wilderness; its owner can wander amidst the plantations and the walks and gardens which he has laid out with his own hand: if it be beautiful on our native soil to say, “these are the favourite trees, and shrubs, and fruits of my own planting;” it is far more so on a foreign soil, where, but for this watchfulness and care, each stalk, each leaf, each shadow would have been alien to our memory, our love, our pride.

The evening at the villa was in keeping with the day—the society of Mr. Barker, his lady, and family—several airs of Rossini and Mozart were given in beautiful style on the piano, the first and last time that we heard them during the journey. And while listening to the din of Turkish pipes and baglamas, or rouda Arab guitars, we often thought of the melodies of that night in the Syrian villa.

ENCAMPMENT OF IBRAHIM PASHA, NEAR JAFFA.

This animated scene of the camp of Ibrahim in the environs of Jaffa, was visited on a lovely day in May, the heat tempered by a fresh sea-breeze: the foliage and fruits on every side were out in their fullest glory. The usual stillness without the walls had given place to the sounds of a busy but not tumultuous camp: order and discipline were every where visible; the Arab, the Nubian, the Turk, the Frank, all met under the same banner; the knolls, the sands as well as shades, the dells, were white with the tents, and peopled with flashing piles of arms, and beautiful coursers feeding, and officers smoking at their ease. The tents of the Pasha were on a lofty mound fronting the sea, on whose bosom he waited to see afar off the coming of his succours, ere he advanced into the interior. Since the hour when Napoleon encamped beside Jaffa, with the similar design and ambition of conquering Syria, no army had till now been here; yet who would venture, from the aspect of this motley force, to predict that the Egyptian would have better fortune than the French arms. Time, the great enemy of the general as well as of the traveller, did not war with Ibrahim as with his mighty predecessor: it allowed him to consume six months before Acre, which was worn out rather than conquered.



ENCAMPMENT OF IBRAHIM PASHA, NEAR JAFFA.



Whoever goes to the East, should have nothing to do with Time; should renounce his dominion and influence, the moment his foot touches the shore—otherwise he will become a very taskmaster, an Eastern despot; and in a land where crosses, changes, disappointments track the route continually, the day of departure comes, and the traveller laments bitterly how much is yet unseen, how much unenjoyed. O voice of Time, that summons the pilgrim for ever away: the knell heard at midnight or at cock-crowing, that comes over the desert, the city, the valley of beauty; his days are accomplished, and he must go hence. If it be possible, let no man go on this journey who has not time at command, if he would save himself from bitter anguish of spirit; for let him remember, that once in his life only is it given him. Chateaubriand says that men visit the East but once: yet the Viscount was a week at Cairo, and could not spare an extra day to visit the Pyramids, because, as he said, *he had not time*: he begged a friend to write his name on that of Gizeh, that it might hereafter be believed that he was there. Lamartine spent a year in Syria and Palestine, and at last would fain have visited Palmyra, which would have required an extra fortnight: will it be believed that he never saw it, and never shall see it, because he had not time? Many a wanderer the writer has known, who left many an exquisite cup untasted, and even turned from the ruin, the walls, whose arches and minarets they almost saw afar off, because a fancied or an imperious duty at home arrested their steps, and, like Lot's wife, they stood hesitating, and intensely desiring, in the desert; mourning for the lost city, yet obeying the mandate of duty.

Had the march of Ibrahim, after the battle of Konia, not been arrested by Russia, he would have, in all probability, entered Constantinople: rapid in movement, decisive in plan, his night and noon-day marches, even in hottest weather, brought him to the very walls and tents of the Syrian pashas, when they thought him afar off. The time cannot be distant, when Mahmoud Ali, now seventy years of age, must yield the dominion to his son; more the warrior than the legislator, he will not pursue with like intenseness the European improvements, manufactures, and arts; having tasted richly of conquest, he will perhaps discard the nominal subjection and heavy tribute to the Sultan.

APPROACH TO CAIPHA, BAY OF ACRE.

The afternoon on which we landed at Caïpha was gloomy, and the sky overcast with clouds; no sun on the brow of the sacred hill; a sad and sombre light was on its pastures, rocks, and groves: where, we were tempted to ask, is the pastoral beauty, the unfading excellency of Carmel? The few dull walls and towers of the ancient town of Caïpha, the dirty narrow streets, slippery from the late showers, were welcome after a tedious voyage: even the adjacent burial-ground, peopled with its little Turkish tombs, screened by its cypresses, had an almost comfortable look, after the waste of waters, and the misery of ten long days and nights. Yet our first evening in Palestine was an



APPROACH TO CAIPHA, BAY OF ACRE.

DESIGNED BY A. C. LONDON & PAUL WELCH



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inauspicious one; the wind rose, and howled through the poor dwellings of Caipha, and the rain beat without intermission. But the morrow was calm and clear; the air balmy and inspiring: the waves of the Mediterranean broke in long glittering lines with a gentle sound upon the beach: on its scarcely ruffled surface were the white sails of the small boats: the morning sun was on the crest and higher acclivities of Carmel: the wood of venerable olives that sweeps partly down its side, and over the plain at its base, was still wrapped in shade, and heavy with the dews and rains of the night. The environs of Caipha are fertile and pleasing: we took a solitary walk through some fields, that were tolerably cultivated: in the thickets on the left were wild goats and much game; few passengers were met with. The convent was a fine object, on the height of Carmel, above the town. Caipha was anciently a bishopric, and, on account of its proximity to the sacred scenes of Scripture, was much resorted to: it affords a more secure anchorage than Acre, and vessels come to its roadstead in preference to the more unsheltered coasts and shallow waters around the latter town. Nearly the whole beach of many miles between Caipha and Acre is flat and monotonous: about two-thirds of the way from the latter town is the river Kishon, that here enters the sea after flowing through the great plain of Esdraelon: narrow, deep, and impetuous, its passage on horseback was attended with some difficulty, as it was swollen by the rains: the ford is a short distance from its mouth, where the water is usually above the horses' knees; on this occasion it reached nearly to the saddle. The river issues forth through thickets of palm, pomegranate, and odoriferous shrubs, that luxuriantly skirt the beach.

How often and strangely, through how many ages, have the echoes of this river heard the sounds of war, of fear and sorrow; the wail of Sisera, the cry of the mighty who fell in the battle of the Lord; the armies in the plain of Esdraelon, often fought near its waters, and purpled them with their blood: the Crusaders lighted the watch-fire on its banks, and their fainting hosts drank of its stream. Even in the heats of summer it is not even partially dry, nor creeps lazily, like the Jordan, through its bed: when flowing through the great plain, where the banks are covered only with wild grass, it has a pastoral character. The spectator is tempted to deck it in fancy with some sweet cottage, just by the waters, shaded by a few palms and scented shrubs, and a garden of the flowers of the East by its side: how dear a retreat, how indelible a resting-place! the hallowed calm of the scenery would surely enter into the soul, when the moonlight was on the ancient river, and its every rock, ruin, and lonely hill seemed to have a voice, an appealing voice, not unto man, but unto the heavens, that once looked on them in love, and shall bid them rejoice yet again.

The ascent of Carmel, where it fronts the sea, is just behind the town, and is steep and rugged; the path was still wet with the previous rains. No trees or flowers here soften the desolation of the summit: it is covered with rocks and brushwood, among which browse the wild goats. The views seaward, and along the coast on each side, are bold and splendid: the height of Carmel is about two thousand feet; and there is scarcely a mountain in Palestine more lofty: most of its eminences, in character and loftiness, may be termed hills rather than mountains.



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The situation of the monastery is very fine; the breezes both from land and sea bear health on their wings: and can the recluse forget that this very spot was visited, so says tradition, by the wanderings of the prophet Elijah? The recluse *does* forget it; at least, the remembrance adds no unction to his prayers, no spell to his memory. There are no privations within the walls on this wild summit; their inmates do not "endure hardness:" the traveller was conducted to a suite of apartments, whose air of comfort, cleanliness, and even elegance, was very rare in this part of the world; and the Padre Julio soon entered, a venerable figure, in the long brown robe of his order. Eighty winters had silvered his beard, which shaded his bosom; but his cheek had still the bright ruddy hue of health, and the fire of youth was in his piercing eye.

The vaulted refectory at evening presented a cheerful scene, where the guests and the brotherhood assembled to as excellent a supper as the former could desire: the wine, which was very good, went round generously; the friars were all, seemingly, good-natured and obliging, and a few were sensible men. Compared to the monasteries of La Trappe, Sinai, and the Chain in Upper Egypt, this of Carmel was the beau-ideal of conventual life: but for its hospitable gates, the wanderer might make his bed among the rocks and caves, drenched with the dews and chilled by the sea winds. The chamber was prepared for the guest, clean linen, sweet smells—luxuries which those only can appreciate, whose slumbers have been for a long time at the mercy of Oriental vermin; and they have no mercy.

At night closing in it was delightful to walk forth for a short time: far beneath, at the foot of the cliff the waves fell faintly upon the beach: above, the silence was alone broken by the shrill sweep of the wind through the brushwood, and the howl of the convent watch-dog: very soon, the scene was dimmed with vapours, the air grew chill, and the rain fell fast.

RUINS OF SOLI, OR POMPEIOPOLIS—ASIA MINOR.

That "all the world's an inn," is especially true in the East, whose caravanserais in town and wilderness are the only homes that receive the traveller: he takes his coffee and his pipe with the prince, the merchant, and the peasant; but, as night draws on, the door must open for his exit; the divan, whether of silken cushions or the bare earth, must be emptied of his presence; and he seeks, with a friendless feeling, that indiscriminate home of all wanderers, the prison-like chambers of the khan, that have been tenanted by every people and tribe almost of Asia. Here, if he is sick, he must lie sad and solitary, his servant his only trust: no woman ever enters, to nurse or attend the patient: and here, looking forth, not on sweet gardens or groves, not on gentle or merciful things, but on the dim and dirty walls, the paved and dry area, he must breathe his last. This is the thought which the wanderer must never suffer to dwell on his mind,—of death without medical aid, perhaps without any aid or pity, in some obscure place in the interior of the country, where his end is "without honour, and he is buried with

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RUINS OF SOLI, OR POMPEIOPOLIS.—ASIA MINOR.

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the burial of a dog." While health lasts, Orientalism is still fresh and glorious; its rainbow hues do not grow dim, though famine, danger, and misery are nigh: but when the strength departs, and we cannot go on our way, but must remain in some monotonous hamlet or resting-place, then the spirits sink, the future comes upon us like "an armed man." How bitter is the contrast! but a few hours, a few days since, all modes of living were alike, all modes of enduring: we passed the night in the damp cave, and kindled our fire with a wild joy: we slept under a tree, on the shingle, or in open boats, and sometimes, wearied to extremity, snatched a hurried slumber on horseback, in an unsafe and desert tract; and now! O death, this is thy victory—O grave, this is thy sting! arrested in the heart of our loved career, the prey of fever, of pain, helpless as a child, farewell for ever all that we have seen, and all that the soul pants, even in its anguish, yet to see! not wife, not child weeping beside the bed, are beheld with more fond emotions than the mountains, the plains, the ruins, which he can see perhaps even from his tent, from his terraced roof where he seeks the faint breeze—the sun is upon them, painting them in every lovely colour of gold and purple—the setting sun. More than one instance of a similar fate and feelings has occurred within the knowledge of the writer.

On approaching these remains from the sea, part of the pier, a theatre, and an immense number of columns, apparently forming an arcade, as well as scattered fragments—present themselves to the view: Mount Taurus is beyond; in the foreground, sand and wild stunted shrubs. Capt. Beaufort gives a minute account of the ruins of Soli, or Pompeiopolis, which he calls magnificent, he rather overrates their character and their grandeur. They are distant eight or ten leagues from Tarsus: the French consul at that place said that it was almost impossible to get near them by land, the thickets were so impervious. Indeed, the whole of this naturally magnificent coast is in most admired disorder: once the seat of high civilization, it is now almost deserted; its plains choked with underwood, or stagnant with pestilential morasses: to carry on researches in the interior, without a large cortege, means, and appliances, is almost impossible. In the foreground of the plate to the right, is part of the ancient pier, which is fifty feet in thickness, and seven in height; being united by a strong cement, and faced and covered with blocks of yellowish limestone. On the extreme left of the columns is the gateway, dim and solitary, outside of which there is a paved road to a short distance. Of the theatre the remains are inconsiderable, and the antiquary turns unsatisfied from them to the noble colonnade, the only impressive vestige of ancient splendour: the almost impenetrable thickets which surround it, tantalize the spectator for some time; he is obliged to approach at the pace of the sloth; his hands, feet, and face scratched and wounded in his progress. Since Capt. B.'s visit, the thickets and underwood have thrived marvellously: the facility and comfort with which he walked about the place, was truly enviable. And when standing at the base of the columns, it is mortifying to be aware that the rather distant view was finer than the close one: the architecture of the pillar being poor and capricious, the material coarse. About forty are standing of the two hundred columns of which the arcade consisted: the remainder



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still lie where they fell; partly overgrown with the thickets and rank foliage: their appearance in so lone a situation is desolate and mournful: there are no dwellers near them, either shepherds or peasants.

A numerous people once lived here, whose tombs, sarcophagi, and fragments of dwellings are scattered around. Soli was at one time the chief city on the coast of Cilicia: it was founded by a Rhodian colony: Strabo speaks of it as an important city. It had fallen into decay, chiefly through the ill treatment of Tigranes, when Pompey, having reduced Cilicia, rebuilt it, and named it Pompeiopolis: the public edifices were most probably erected by him. The two or three peasants, gathered beneath a rude open tent, supported by four poles, are in keeping with the surrounding desolation: they are the owners of the scanty flocks which they conduct here for the sake of the wild pasture, and erected their tent as a shelter from the sun. Between the shore and the mountains there is a considerable space of low ground, on which numbers of horned cattle, horses, and some camels, were feeding: some miles in-land, there are two large villages. On the hill to the right of the columns is a ruined castle, with a round tower, and space sufficient within its walls to accommodate a small caravan. A few hours were passed amid the ruins, near which there was no pleasant places of the times of old; no shadow from the heat, save thickets, where the beasts of prey could scarcely have made their lair: an unwholesome shore, whose neglected plains and rank morasses warned the traveller, of delicate health or failing strength, to depart.

ΑΟΗΝΩΝ

CAMP OF IBRAHIM PASHA, NEAR ADANA.

The cavalry of Ibrahim were encamped on the shores of the river Sihoon: their white tents almost at the water's edge, and military groups scattered up and down, smoking and conversing. The scene was finely characteristic: over the very ancient bridge of Justinian, the soldiers and camels were passing; the river flowing with a broad current beneath the arches, a glorious sight in a thirsty land: beyond the shores, and the plain, is the grand range of Taurus, craggy, snow-crowned, finer than Lebanon, more striking than any thing except the Alps. We approached Adana through a long burying ground, and over the long bridge; the dirty gloomy town was crowded with soldiers, and there was a great activity in the bazaars. When night drew on, we traversed the place in a pitiable condition for two hours in search of a lodging, and were in utter despair, when the apparition of a nankeen jacket was discerned: hastening after its owner, he turned out to be a young Italian doctor to one of the regiments. He insisted on our going to his home, which was wretched enough, and relinquishing his own couch to the stranger. Poor fellow! he was one of those ardent but misguided youths who have made vain attempts to revolutionize Italy, and who were forced to fly. He complained bitterly of the misery of his position among a horde of barbarians, and declared that he would cut his throat if he had to remain at Adana six months longer. Yet even here, in his wretched lodging, books inculcating the most melancholy principles



CAMP OF IBRAHIM PASHA, NEAR ADANA.

THESE, SEE ACT SECOND & THIRD, 1841.



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were scattered about, which he had brought from Paris: he was a specimen of a large class of youths in France and Italy, who would die with enthusiasm to-morrow, to effect they know not what.

There is a great deal of cultivation round Adana; the vast plains would almost support millions, if well cultivated: they were burning brushwood, to clear the surface; the storks, which were in great numbers, did not seem to like it. The situation of Adana is one of great importance; it is the key of this portion of Asia Minor: a strong body of soldiers is kept here. In the present rage for emigration, what fertile and extensive territories would the emigrant find in this country, which it is to be hoped will soon be accessible to his industry! a climate and a soil peculiarly blest by nature, almost forsaken and uncultivated. When shall the harvests wave on the wide plains, around many a hamlet and village of enterprising and thriving people: the spire or grey tower rise above the groves, and the white sails of England come up the ancient streams a few weeks only after parting from their native port?

In this sad lodging in the gloomy Adana, ours was only the fleeting misery of a night: it was impossible not to pity our host, whose ill-regulated and unsettled mind was perfectly unfitted for a situation sufficiently trying even to the happiest temper. With more self-command and firmness, he might have reconciled himself, for a time at least, to the duties and society every day forced upon him—a disciplined but motley soldiery; officers of many nations, ignorant, often brutal and bigoted; and he who only breathed freely in the atmosphere of revolutions, and thought and imagined freely in the region of scepticism and impiety—how could he ever rejoice under a despot, under often severe requirements, where he was, or believed himself to be, watched and sometimes suspected? It was a melancholy spectacle of mental energy and endurance, utterly shaken by difficulties and disagreeables, which a hopeful, confiding spirit would have overcome, or borne well: but to this poor surgeon the past was full of disappointment, the present of bitterness, the future of hopelessness: even in Adana he clung to the belief that his soul was not immortal.

SYRA,

A GREEK ISLAND.

After leaving Rhodes, and wandering three days among the islands, near Patmos, Delos, &c., it came on to blow at dusk, and the night set in with a high wind and sea, when Syra came in sight: its bright lights, dispersed as it were in the sky, were delicious to our longing eyes; we neared them fast, and still they seemed not of this world,—from the foot to the crest of each peopled cliff they streamed; and when at length we entered the still water among the shipping in the harbour, the magic of the scene did not disappear. The white buildings looked like masses of snow on the mountain-side in the dimness of night; we only saw distinctly the windows, whose lights were like spectre-gleams over the silent town. Morning disclosed this immense hive of buildings,



A GREEK ISLAND.

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glaring in the face of the sun; without trees or gardens, without comfort or cleanliness; narrow, very dirty, and precipitous streets, houses climbing on each other—a splendid panorama to the eye, a hateful residence to the feelings.

On the extreme right is the house of Mr. Wilkinson, the English consul and merchant, of handsome and comfortable interior, a very palace to the traveller, after he has threaded his way through the squalid, white-washed, and confused homes of the Greeks. Here he will find a hospitable reception, with the tastes, and manners, and usages of his own land; and that land's female beauty is there also, worth all the Sciote and Samian faces, and all the "maids of Athens" put together. Grecian, as well as Turkish beauty, is a great illusion, a beau-ideal of the poet, who loves, as he goes along, like Lamartine, to people every shore and every home with exquisite eyes, and voices, and forms. A greater number of fine and splendid women may be met with every day in the walks of London, than in Damascus, Greece, or Syria during a whole year. At the back of the consul's house is the principal church of the town, with its lofty tower: the long building in the middle of the plate, near the sea, is the Greek school, conducted chiefly by native masters: the edifice on the summit of the hill, above all the others, is that of the primate, a mixture of convent and palace. The most wretched of the homes of Syra would have been comfort compared to the interior of the lazaretto, which is a disgrace to Syra, and a disgrace to England in permitting it to exist even a day longer. The walls rested on the naked rock: the floors were of rock, only a boarding was raised in one part, four feet above the floor, and on this the beds were laid: the rats ran in and out by dozens, the whole place swarmed with them; and every thing, provisions, clothes, sketches, were slung up to the roof for safety from their inroads. When it rained, (for Lord Byron's praises of "benignant clime," &c. do not apply to all the Archipelago,) it poured without mercy: the inmates were half drowned; the rain formed a large puddle just inside the door, and it was necessary to wade through it in order to get out, or to make a bound over it. The company within was in keeping with the accommodations; certainly such a horde of dirty ruffians, with an exception or two, never before was seen: next door was a Russian officer and his wife, vulgar but well informed; he made grievous complaints of the rain running in at the roof, and spoiling a splendid copy of Humboldt.

The island of Syra is very barren: it only produces some wine, barley, dried figs, and vegetables: it is obliged, therefore, to receive provisions for its inhabitants from the neighbouring isles and from Turkey. Living is here very dear: owing to the great influx of strangers, house and warehouse rent is dearer than in England: a good house does not let for less than 350 to 400 Spanish dollars a year. The present trade of Syra is very considerable, and is rapidly increasing: the great convenience of its position, &c. as a depôt, is the chief cause of its rising commercial importance. No less than a hundred vessels of various nations are sometimes seen in its port, some laden with grain from Odessa and Alexandria, others with iron and other exports from England. The Greek government receives, from the customs, the harbour, quarantine, and transit dues, about eighteen to twenty thousand Spanish dollars a month. The steam-packet from Trieste

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to Constantinople and other parts of the East touches at the island once a fortnight. About one hundred and fifty thousand tons of shipping come annually to this port, from five tons and upwards. Syra owns about three hundred vessels under Greek colours, from ten tons and upwards, but very few above eighty tons. The governor of the island extends his jurisdiction over all the Cyclades; he was styled the monarch, but this title, sweet to Greek as well as Turkish ears, must now be mute under the authority of Otho. A tribunal of commerce is established at Syra.

This isle cannot boast of any renown in ancient times. It was subject to the Venetians when they had the Morea, and passed with the latter to the Turks. Under the latter it was governed by a few leading or popular men, chosen amongst its inhabitants, who were Catholics of the church of Rome, and lived in the upper town on the conical hill: the population was then calculated at about five thousand, and on the Marina there were only a few store-houses. Since the beginning of the Greek revolution, numbers of the Greek refugees from Turkey, and merchants and traders, especially from Scio and Ispara, came to Syra, and began building the lower town, which contains now a population of about eighteen thousand souls, independent of the population of the upper town.

JAFFA.

Not the faintest memorial at present exists of the ancient Joppa, its site being occupied by the modern town of Jaffa, a place of commerce rather than of strength. The streets are steep; the hill on which they stand rises abruptly from the sea, on which they look down, and are swept by its keen winds in winter, and tempered by its cool breezes during the hot season. The gloomy town is inclosed by a strong wall: great is the change from its depressing interior to the pleasant environs, shaded by the palm, the large fig-tree, and the cypress, beautified by the prickly pear with its yellow flowers, by the pomegranate, and the vine: there is a freshness of verdure on every side, and you quit the sandy beach, on which the wild surge was beating, and the prison-like streets, to walk in the way to Ramla, through lanes bordered by luxuriant hedges. The scriptural interest of Joppa is but feeble, and is confined to the remains of the house of Simon Peter the tanner—the dull and miserable fragment of some old dwelling of a few centuries back, at which many a pilgrim's eye has gazed in tears, and many a knee knelt fervently. The ruin is in possession of the English consul, Signor Damiani, and he is anxious that no traveller should depart from his roof, destitute of the unction that a visit to it is sure to impart. This dignitary's religion is something like his garb, of a mixed and confused character; the English three-cocked hat giving an official dignity to his head, while his large person is enveloped in the full Turkish dress. He is a worthy, hospitable, talking person: he had given shelter to Napoleon beneath his roof; and related part of his conversation with the general, as he sat in the same salon in which his guests were now seated: his father had been ruined by the invasion.



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of the French, losing the greater part of his property. Napoleon asked him if he could recommend him a guide to accompany the army along the shore to St. Jean d'Acre. Damiani described the route so minutely, that the former told him he should himself be the guide—to the dismay and sorrow of the Signor, who thus saw himself compromised as the pioneer of the French army into his native territory, and perceived, from Napoleon's decided manner, that all excuse or remonstrance was useless. Sadly and reluctantly he marched—fulfilling his charge, however, with fidelity, and rewarded with the barren applause of the conqueror. It was Lent season with the consul, who drank only water himself, and prejudiced his character for hospitality, by giving us, after a hot and fatiguing journey, water only: no wine sparkled on the board.

The cemetery in the plate, in the declivity without the walls, was destitute of the shade of trees, that shrouds so calmly and appropriately most of the Eastern burial-grounds: the sea-winds swept wildly over these shelterless graves, the sun beat upon them; even the long and oval tombs had little that was Oriental in their character; they were most probably Armenian.

At this time Ibrahim Pasha was encamped without the walls; the travellers visited him, with the consul at their head, who marched with a dignity of gait and freedom of soul that he did not feel when the guide of Napoleon's army. Beyond was the valley of Sharon, its near openings displaying the glittering tents of the soldiery; and in the distance, the purple-hued hills of Judea, blending with a fierce and cloudless sky. The quarters of the Pasha were on a bold mound, commanding both sea and shore, and crowded by a small mosque or tomb, around which were irregularly grouped the tents which contained his suite: and in the valley below were those of the officers, some of whom were reclining in the shade, their coursers tied up, or freely pasturing where a spot of verdure could be found. No ceremony was required to obtain an interview with Ibrahim: the travellers, introduced by the consul, were ushered into the mosque, and had full time to scrutinize him. His person is corpulent, and his long white beard heightens the effect of his striking features. He was seated smoking, and received their respects with a frank and cheerful courtesy, sending for his dragoman, who shortly entered. Omar Effendi, the dragoman, had been educated at Cambridge, and spoke English well, and there was about him an openness very engaging; he explained their object to the Pasha, who received it with marked attention. It was evident he was playing the courteous Frank, smiling at one thing, gravely admitting another, and breaking forth very often into boisterous merriment; for it is quite a point with him to create a good impression in his favour, among Europeans. From time to time, during the interview, his eye glanced anxiously towards the western horizon, upon which the sails of his expected succours, impelled by a favourable breeze, were just discerned: and he explained to us, that as soon as they entered the port, he should march against the rebels of the mountains, and restore peace in a very brief period. The guests then took their leave, after he had made them the proposal to accompany him, if they pleased, in his march upon Jerusalem: they strolled among the Arab soldiery of the camp, and were struck with their lively passionate gestures, their activity, and delight in the simple music of their

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tribes: one day famishing with hunger, and almost naked, in the mud cabins of the Nile—the next, seized, enrolled, clothed with what to them must be splendour, and well fed: inflated with their new positions and success, these poor victims of a debasing oppression are now become its readiest instruments.

VILLAGES OF BAROUK—MOUNT LEBANON.

These villages, inhabited by Druse mountaineers, are situated on one of the wildest positions of Lebanon: the torrent Barouk rushes through the glen beneath: loftier summits rise beyond, at one and two hours' distance. In winter, a cold and storm-beat, in summer a welcome residence on account of its pure and bracing air. To the monk and the shepherd, Lebanon is the most picturesque region in the world: the former, amidst solitudes of awful beauty, wildernesses, gardens, and groves, can look down from his terraces on the sea, covered with a thousand sail: the latter daily leads forth his flock to the rich slopes, the deep glens, the mountain shores, whose shadow is flung o'er the deep. Even these villages of Barouk, that seem hung in the clouds, or on the verge of precipices, have their little belt of cypress, pine, and other trees, covering the crags, and relieving the desolation of the site. The path by which they are approached is a nervous one; and seems to be cut out of the masses of limestone of which the heights are composed. The dwellings are built of limestone, the roof flat, the windows always small; the door in the middle; the fronts are not unlike those of the Lebanon homes have generally an earthy aspect. In stormy weather, the traveller is confined within doors, which, as there are no glass windows, is very uncomfortable: he is obliged to shut up the lattices with the wooden shutters, and sit almost in the dark. On asking the family how they managed in the long dreary weather of winter, they replied, that they entirely shut up the rooms, and use lamps in the day-time. In the evening, the family, and a few of the neighbours, who perhaps drop in, meet to smoke, talk, and lounge away the hours till bed-time.

When, at the close of autumn, the storms of thunder, lightning, and rain break over this pass, its homes must be dreary and cheerless: thick mists also set in, and cover for hours, and even days, the mountains. Poverty, however, is a stranger to the dwellings, many of whose owners are men of considerable possessions, for these villages are the principal settlements of the Yezdeky tribe, and the traveller will find a hospitable reception from the sheichs: a portion only of the dwellings is seen in this view. Some of the young women are handsome, and, on occasions of ceremony or festival, dress themselves richly, in the ancient fashion of their tribe, and often in the very dresses and ornaments of their ancestresses. There is a wild excitement in passing a few days in this isolated scene; in sharing the plentiful repast of the families, listening to the mountain song at evening, and smoking and conversing with the grey-headed old men. After toiling good part of the day through burning defiles, and up weary ascents, it is sweet to rest on these friendly heights, and pause a little ere we assail



VILLAGES OF BAROUK, MOUNT LEBANON.



yet more rugged ones. Even here, the ancient fashion—and when does fashion change in these mountain solitudes?—of wearing the high silver horn on the head, is used by the young women: while walking on the precipices, their long veil drooping low from this ornament, they have a very graceful and theatric appearance. The love of dress is as rife in Barouk as in Paris or London: was it not so also in the solitudes of Padan-aram, in more simple and primeval days? when Rebekah, though she drew water for the camels, and saw men only as dwellers in tents or in the wilderness, had her store of ornaments, and was delighted with the jewels of Eliezer. “I had a full specimen of it this evening,” says a traveller on the heights of Lebanon, “in the lady of the house. She produced from her wardrobe at least ten heavy outer garments, coats of many colours, embroidered and spangled with gold and silver flowers. They are some of them as old as the date of her marriage, some still older. They are only worn on great festivals, when she sits in state to receive her friends, and hands coffee and pipes to them. It is whimsical, however, to see how her splendid dresses are contrasted with her humble daily occupations: for in the ordinary duties of the house, she is to be found sweeping out the kitchen, boiling the pot, &c.; and she eats her meals when her husband and his friends have finished, sitting on the ground with her children and servants at the parlour door: and such is often the condition of females in these countries. She wears an infinity of braids, which hang down all the length of her back, and terminate in gold sequins, which, together with those that she wears on her head, may be worth from five to ten pounds sterling. But none can go to greater excess in this particular than the bishops and clergy themselves, who, on all high festivals, are decked in gorgeous and almost effeminate robes. The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is very little known in this land, but the adorning of plaiting the hair, and wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel, is most studiously retained. I was weary with her shewing me her dresses; at which she seemed surprised.”

This censure was scarcely necessary on the ancient and loved usage of rich dresses, which were only worn on rare and set occasions; and which included no thirst of fashion, of expense, or change. In the priesthood, it was an inconsistent and injurious penchant: but in the case of the solitary lady, whose life of few excitements, of much humiliation, would have lost a chief charm, if bereaved of gala days, the only days in which she sat as a lady in the land—it was hardly generous or merciful to blame it. On leaving the villages of Barouk, the traveller passed on to the loftier and adjacent summits; on descending from whose desolate elevation, the night overtook him ere it was possible to reach any inhabited house: he halted by the roofless ruins of a deserted cottage; no shelter was to be had there, and he was obliged to seek that of a small cave, overhung by a fearful pile of rock. The loose stones were cleared out of the cave, the carpet spread on its floor; where his wearied limbs were glad to rest: a scanty supper on the remaining provisions, was succeeded by as profound a sleep in this desert home, as if the luxurious beds of his chambers beyond the Atlantic were there.

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DAMASCUS—DISTANT VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

This point of view is from a small mosque above the road from Zibdané; hence the city first appears in sight: the artist has adhered to the local character at the expense of effect, being anxious to give a correct idea of the scene: in doing this, he has too much massed the city and groves, and rather shorn them of their beauty. In truth, it is very difficult, in a view or an engraving, however finely done, to give a faithful impression of this celebrated scene: so much of its beauty is derived from the glow of the Oriental sky, the charms of the Oriental clime, and from the illusions of the atmosphere: even the faint purple haze is like a thin transparent shroud, and when this floats away before the mild or the fierce glory of the sunset—the city and its groves look enchanting. But neither Damascus or its vast gardens have any peculiar beauties of their own: in a northern climate, left nakedly and coldly to their own effect on the eye and imagination, they would lose more than half their fame.

The foreground and mid-distance, as far as the gardens, is dreadfully sterile and arid: not an opening appears in the mass of the latter; the field of Damascus, in which is the encampment of pilgrims, fills up the centre: the only stream visible is the Barrada or Pharpar. The spot whence this view is taken is bleak and solitary, as is the whole mountain range by which the plain is on two of its sides invested: no group of trees, not a single tree, no flowers, no shadow save that of the passing cloud, is on its gray and craggy bosom.

Damascus is now a more agreeable residence to the European than formerly, when he could not, without being insulted and assailed, walk the streets in his English dress. The bigotry and intolerance of the people is perhaps undiminished: but all outward manifestations of these feelings, save in sullen looks and stifled words, are avoided, out of fear of Ibrahim. Even English ladies now walk about the city as freely as if they were in London or Paris, to the great scandal and annoyance of the faithful, who hold the sight of them, with faces exposed and eyes confronting those of men, as an abomination. The entry and reception of Mr. Farren, the consul-general, into Damascus, were brilliant: an immense cortege accompanied him. He is on good terms with many families of distinction, whom he visits: a noble Turk one day invited Mr. F. and the artist to see his chief lady, wishing the latter to sketch her; they went: after waiting a short time, the lady came in veiled, and the fancy of the sketcher pictured many a rich charm and delicate feature, in one to whose portrait so much importance was attached: like the veiled prophet of Khorassan, the mystery should have been undisturbed, and the dimness still covered her face, from which she at last removed the veil, and disclosed a very ordinary countenance. "The clouds of disappointment were on the visiter's thoughts, the film of despair in his eye;" the other women of the harem peeped in at the door; he saw some fine eyes among them, but this was all he saw: the other parts of the face were covered. Was it easy for the hand to draw a faithful sketch, or for the temper to be perfectly calm, under such a disappointment?



DAMASCUS—DISTANT VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.





REMAINS OF THE PORT OF TYRE.



Things are greatly changed in Damascus; for Ibrahim is the Liberal of the East: he has established a good daily market for meat and other provisions; the traveller can now partake of roast beef and mutton, and excellent sherry, at the house of the hospitable consul. He may, if he chooses, take a house and garden, which he can rent, very good, for twenty-five, and very superior for thirty pounds a year, unfurnished: but it is easy, at a small expense, to provide the scanty furniture, divans, cushions, and table of an Eastern house. A single man may live here very well, exclusive of rent and servants' wages, &c. for thirty to fifty pounds a year: meat is three pence a pound, fruits and vegetables very cheap and plentiful: a cook's wages, twelve and even eighteen pounds a year, besides his board and lodging—rather high for the East, where the cuisine is so confined and simple. Wine is less scarce in the city than formerly, though it is difficult to procure it of superior quality: the best kind is kept in the Spanish convent. Two or three European merchants have settled here within a few years, but they found that their business could be more conveniently transacted at Beirout: and they now keep only their clerks and offices at Damascus. Although the traveller may wander through the streets, the cafés, the bazaars, in his Frank costume, yet he dares not attempt to approach the great church, or mosque, which is held so sacred by the people, that a few years must yet elapse ere the foot of the Giaour is allowed to sully its pavement. There is still a fanatical spirit very rife among the lower and middle classes of Damascenes, and quick to embrace any cause of tumult: the strong arm of Ibrahim can alone keep it down.

It is beautiful to come up these barren mountain sides a little after sunrise; all is silent and solitary around, all is sternly contrasted with the fairy gardens and streams and minarets beneath: the air is cool and inspiring: by degrees little caravans begin to wind down the mountain side, making towards the city, their bells tinkling clearly on the morning air. The larger caravans are seen leaving the city, and journeying through the plain towards the desert: and that desert! how boundless, and hushed, and faint it seems! nature is feeble there, yet in its feebleness how sublime! like old age, cold, drear, yet awfully impressive, in whose voice and features we seem to read the past and the future: As the sun ascends, the dim purple haze comes slowly on: the caravan is entering into it: at noon the merchant will give gold for "the cold-flowing water of the field."

REMAINS OF THE PORT OF TYRE.

All that now remains of ancient Tyre is the old wall of the port, of which this is a view, looking towards the main land. The causeway of Alexander is now covered with a vast accumulation of sand: it is situated on the right, and beyond it are the remains of the aqueduct, of considerable extent, but poor character; and still farther, a hill crowned with a mosque. Fishermen were dragging their nets on the ancient walls; a visible fulfilment of the prophetic words, "they shall break down the towers of Tyrus, and make her like the top of a rock; it shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea: they shall lay thy pleasant houses, thy stones, and thy timber in the midst of the water; and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard."

It was a scene and hour that in after days it will be delightful to remember: the noon-day heat was tempered by the light sea-breeze: the atmosphere was free from the thin purple haze that often dims the horizon at this hour: Lebanon filled the whole scene on the right, its every crest and peak seemed, in the exquisite clearness, to be near at hand: a few Tyrian boats were moored near the ruins: the voices of the fishermen, at intervals, came on the solitude like the voices of the past, for thus it had been predicted of "the renowned city, which was strong in the sea; though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord."

The modern town of Tyre, that contains several good stone dwellings, and a population of two thousand people, is situated at the extremity of a sandy peninsula, extending for about a mile from the line of the main coast. The breadth of the isthmus is about one third of its length; and at its outer point, the land on which the town itself stands, becomes wider. This sandy peninsula has the appearance of having been once an island; from its north-eastern end extends a range of fragments of former buildings, beaten down and now broken over by the waves of the sea. There are considerable remains of walls around the town, and of fragments of towers: there is a tower without the town about fifty feet square, and about the same height, turreted on the top; a flight of steps leads up to it: these remains, however, have no claim to the era of old Tyre, though far more ancient than the town, which has an almost modern aspect. It has a mosque, a bazaar, and three poor Christian churches. The traveller finds little cause, in the accommodations of modern Tyre, for thoughts or images of desolation: there is comfort to be found in her homes, friendliness and kindness in her people: he has not to lodge in the abodes of dragons or of owls, or listen to the satyr crying to his fellow: there are pleasant chambers still left, pleasant faces and voices within. The air is peculiarly dry and healthy; and many a more comfortless residence await the stranger, when he passes out of the gate of Tyre. Time need not hang intolerably heavy on his hands, even should he linger a few days within the walls: travellers in general take a hasty glance, and pass on to Sidon. The evening was soft and splendid; and the twilight, rarely so very short in the East as it is said to be, slept on the sea, and on the mountains to the left—when the writer came a second time to Tyre, whose barrenness he preferred to the gardens and fertility of Sidon; it was like coming to an aged caravanserai, whose lonely people loved the "shadow of their rocks in a weary land;" and many people slept beneath their feet, though they knew it not. The day's journey had been long, and the gate of the Interpreter was scarcely more welcome to Christian in his progress, than that of Tyre was to us as we slowly approached it over the loose sands. The sea fell with a faint sound on the beach; the streets were as noiseless as if the people had once more perished; the bazaar was closed: a few Tyrian women and an Armenian priest passed by; and one little group of tradesmen and fishermen were idly enjoying the balmy evening. Tyre has no Eastern luxuries or amusements; one bath only of the plainest kind; no story-teller to enhance the joys of the pipe and coffee, no fountains: no caravanserai for the stranger: he must trust to the hospitality of some private family, and he will not be deceived.



ΑΘΗΝΑΙΩΝ

The gate of Tyre, which you enter, is overgrown by a glorious spreading vine: it is like the gourd for which the prophet prayed, when the sun beat on his head: its vivid shroud contrasts beautifully with the long peninsula of sand, on which there is no foliage, or green thing. This noble vine covers the wall and portal, as if there still was brightness within, and the island city said again, "Look at my palaces and vineyards: I am perfect in beauty."

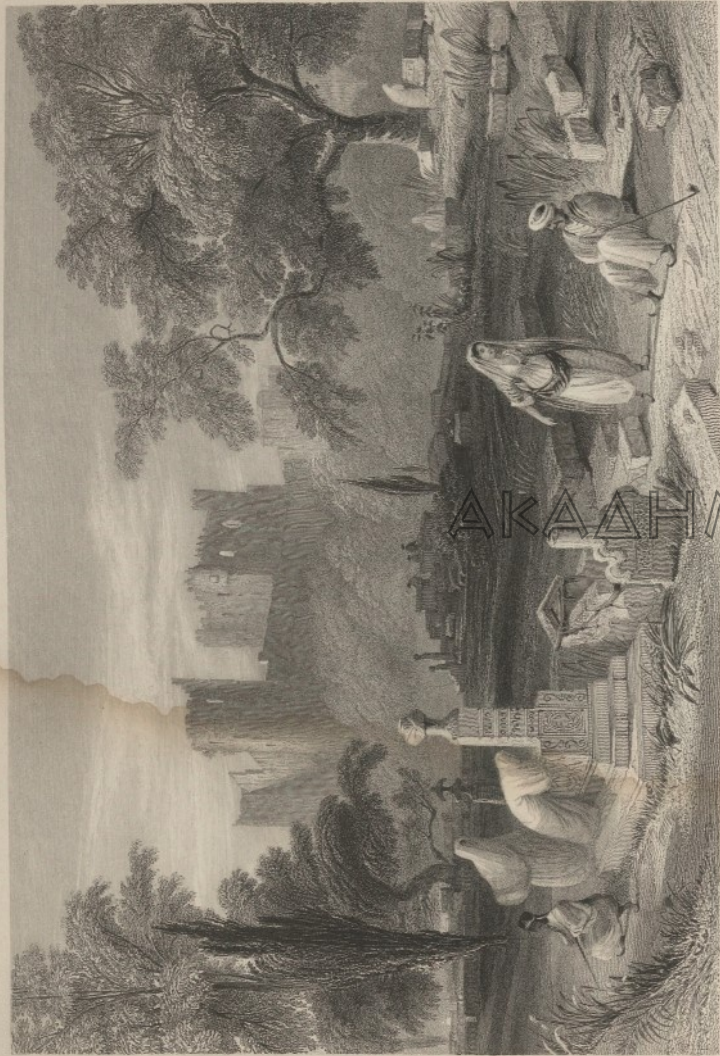
TURKISH BURYING-GROUND AT SIDON.

This town, the modern Saide, has a fine appearance at a distance. In the approach from Tyre, its venerable walls, and the mass of trees and gardens that surround them, are welcome to the eye, after the many hours' travel over the flat plain, with the sea on the left, and the line of low mountains on the right. The coasts of Tyre and Sidon, to which the gospel was carried, and the steps of the Redeemer wandered, were anciently very populous, as the many fragments of ruins, razed almost even with the soil, between Tyre and Sidon, broken cisterns, &c., evince. In flourishing times, there must have been many smaller towns for pleasure, business, and agriculture, delightfully situated on this shore. The view of this town and bay is richly picturesque and minute, from the heights which lead to Lady W. Stanhope's; looking down on them, we feel as if we were taking leave of the world of beauty and fruitfulness, as we pass into the savage region behind. Sidon is the nearest town to her residence; her servants often visit it to procure supplies for the household, and the most recent news of the neighbourhood for their mistress, who, like most recluses, is fond of hearing the little events, and doings and sayings of the neighbourhood. Her messengers seldom go empty-handed of relief to the poor, medicines to the sick, or promises to the unfortunate.

In the cool of the morning, it is delightful to go forth from the gloomy streets into the gardens without the walls: at this hour the coffee-houses and bazaar begin to fill, but the gardens are solitary. These gardens extend to some distance around the town, and produce quantities of fruit, of which great exports are made: pomegranates, apricots, figs, almonds, oranges, lemons, and plums: mulberry trees, which feed a vast number of silk-worms, are very abundant; the ilex, the weeping-willow, the ash and poplar, as well as the palm and sycamore, are also here, with a variety of flowering shrubs, and more useful vegetables. The land wind, which, on the coast of Syria, mostly prevails in the night, has now given place to the sea-breeze that sets in with the day. Early in the morning this is fresh and delicious, as is the fragrance of the flowers and fruits after the city odours, for the old towns of the East are not sweet-smelling places. The cottages of the peasants stand in the midst of these gardens: they are not the exquisitely neat cottages so often seen in England, the rose or honeysuckle trellised on the walls, the

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TURKISH BURYING-GROUND AT SIDON.



AKAΔHMIA

ΑΘΗΝΑΙ

clean floor and hearth inviting the wanderer's foot. Comfort is a thing unknown in the East, with the exception of some of the Maronite villages in Lebanon. The sun was now hot, and we returned to our poor apartment, with naked walls and floor, to breakfast on excellent coffee; but the traveller cares little for his squalid homes and discomforts, when each day brings new excitements, and scenes of inexpressible interest.

Sidon is no place of luxury or taste: its antiquities are of little account. There are the old castle of the celebrated Fakr-el-din, and its causeway, and the remains of the castle of Louis IX. Of the original splendour of the city, not a vestige remains. The castle of the Emir Fakr-el-din, a Saracenic structure, projecting into the sea, is the finest object in the modern town. He began his career in the seventeenth century; he was appointed governor of the Druses. By a politic and vigorous conduct, he so successfully enlarged the Druse territory at the expense of the Turks, that in 1613 he was master of the whole coast from Beirout as far as Ajalon. The Porte at last took the alarm, and began to fit out an expedition to crush him. It was at this period that he resolved to go in person to Italy, to form alliances and solicit succours, for he had already powerful friends among the Venetians. His arrival excited great interest in Italy, for he had elegant manners and an inquiring mind: in the court of Florence he spent nine years, and acquired a love for its civilization and refinements, and a knowledge of painting, sculpture, and architecture. During his absence, his son Ali had repulsed the Turks, and kept his dominions in tolerable order: nothing remained for the Emir to do, but to employ the knowledge he had gained to the real welfare of his people: but instead of turning his mind to the serious duties of government, he gave himself up to the expensive arts which were his delight in Italy, and for which the minds of his people were not yet ripe. He built, in every direction, country-houses: he constructed baths and gardens, and ventured, in open disregard of national prejudices, to adorn them with paintings and sculptures, which are forbidden by the Koran. The Druses, who continued to furnish the same tribute as in time of war, became dissatisfied: the Yemeny, a hostile faction, began to stir; the expensive proceedings of the prince were loudly complained of; while the pomp which he displayed rekindled the jealousy of the pashas. Hostilities recommenced, but Fakr-el-din repulsed his enemies; they then strove to render him an object of jealousy and suspicion to the sultan, who at last determined on his destruction. The pasha of Damascus received orders to march against Beirout, the emir's ordinary residence, which was invested both by sea and land. Relying on his former good fortune and his Italian allies, the prince met the storm with firmness: in two battles he had the advantage; in a third, his son Ali was slain, and his troops defeated. On this sad reverse, he lost his presence of mind; and, after ineffectual efforts for peace, took to flight, and, pursued by the Turks, shut himself up in the rocky fortress of Niha. Here they besieged him in vain for a year, and then retired. Soon after, he was betrayed by some of his companions to the Turks, and conducted to Constantinople. Amurath was flattered at seeing a prince so celebrated prostrate at his feet, and for some time treated him with clemency; but soon after ordered him to be strangled, in the year 1631.



The ancient harbour of Sidon was greatly injured, and partly filled up by this prince, to keep his enemies, the Turks, at a greater distance. The air of Sidon, like that of most of the Syrian towns on the coast, is very healthy: the necessaries, as well as some of the luxuries of life, are cheap: butcher's meat, of which there is no regular market, is very cheap; the fruits are various and excellent; the wines of Lebanon, as well as those of Samos and Cyprus, some of them of fine quality and flavour, are here sold at a moderate price. Sidon is much cheaper than Beirout, but it is utterly destitute of what the latter possesses—society. The tobacco-shops present a pretty and varied appearance, the handsome and often gold-flowered glass vases being filled with tobacco of various colours, from the strong weed of Bagdad, which, like brandy, intoxicates the stranger with a few puffs, to the mild and delicate produce of Latikea, of which he may smoke innocently several pipes a day. The population of Sidon is supposed to amount to eight or nine thousand: the narrow and winding bazaars, of considerable length, exhibit a tolerable supply of commodities, and respectably dressed passengers. The exports of Sidon consist of spun cotton, silks, corn, ashes, oil, &c.: the imports are cloths, spices, iron, and drugs for dyeing.

The burial-ground in the plain, with the old ruin, supposed to be the castle of Louis IX., is without the town: the tall trees cast their shadow on the sepulchres, some fallen and ruined, others newly whited and gilt, and covered with sentences in the Turkish character, the head-stones usually presenting a turban on a pedestal. Several women had come to mourn over the graves of their relatives, in white cloaks and veils that enveloped them from head to foot: they mostly mourned in silence, and knelt on the steps of the tomb, or among the wild flowers which grew rank on the soil. The morning light fell partially on the sepulchres, and on the broken towers of the ancient castle; but the greater part of the thickly-peopled cemetery was still in gloom—the gloom which the Orientals love. They do not like to come to the tombs in the glare of day: early morn and evening are the favourite seasons, especially the latter. This burial-ground of Sidon is one of the most picturesque on the coast of Syria. The ruin of Louis tells, like the sepulchres, that this life's hope and pride is like "a tale that is told." When the moon is on its towers, on the trees, and tombs beneath, and on the white figures that slowly move to and fro, the scene is solemn, and cannot be forgotten.

CASTLE NEAR PAMBOUK.

The two fortresses in the plate, uninhabited and partly decayed, are on the coast of Cilicia, and not very distant from the ruins of Pompeopolis; they are called Kirghos, or Pambouk; the one standing on the main land, and connected with the ruins of an ancient town, and the other covering the whole of a small island adjacent to the shore. The former has been a place of considerable strength, being enclosed by double walls, each of which is flanked by towers, and again surrounded by a moat, communicating with the sea by an excavation through the rock of thirty feet in depth. The castle on the island appears to be of a similar age, but owing to its insular situation it has been much better preserved: the wall, which is about eight feet thick and twenty-five feet high, is so perfect, that at a small expense it might still be rendered a strong post. At each of the angles are towers sixty feet high, besides five others of lesser dimensions. An arcade along the inside of the wall, afforded cover to the garrison from missile weapons, as well as from the weather; and two spacious reservoirs in the centre, hollowed out of the rock, contained sufficient water for a long siege. In 1471 these fortresses were captured by the Venetians. They might be converted into a dangerous hold for lawless men. During all the long disorders and wild deeds resulting from the Greek revolution, and of which the Levant has been the scene, the Greek pirates from the isles on the main would have found this fortress an almost impregnable refuge.

The castle on the main land is more interesting and extensive. Its inside area contains a church; and the walls of the city, of which it was the defence, may still be traced; and numerous tombs, catacombs, baths, churches, and dwelling-houses, invite to a patient examination. Of the dwellings, several stood on the margin of the sea, and flights of steps are cut in the rock leading up to their doors.

From these castles to Ayash, and for several miles beyond it, towards Pompeopolis, the shore presents a continued scene of ruins, all of which being white, and relieved by the dark, wooded hills behind them, give to the country an appearance of splendour and populousness, that serves only, on a nearer approach, to heighten the contrast with its real poverty and degradation. On this coast of Caramania, rarely visited by the female foot, lately perished a lady, whose enterprise deserved a better fate. Her Asian journey was the first of her life; she had never previously quitted her native land, but been content to dwell in a country town, whose quiet habits and excitements were suddenly changed, when youth was past, for the wild vicissitude and adventure of the East. There was nothing of the heroine in her temper, which was sedate and calm, resigned and thoughtful,—yet enduring all privations, and meeting all perils, without a murmur, and with few words. She went to Palmyra and Djerash as coolly and collectedly as to Epsom or Ascot, often speaking words of encouragement to her husband, and pacifying his disputes with the guides. The tent, the cavern, the sand for a resting-place, were alike to her equanimity: such a companion in such a journey, is, as the Persian saith,

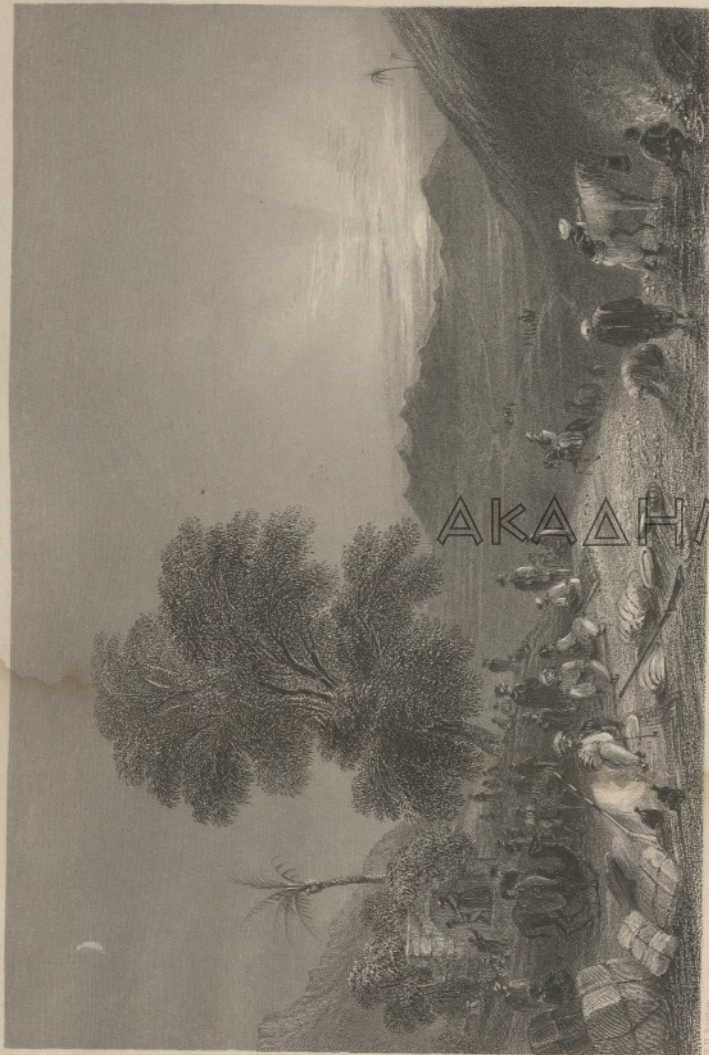


CASTLE NEAR PAMBOUK.



ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑ

ΑΘΗΝΑΝ



HALT OF A CARAVAN IN THE DESERT PLAINS OF CILICIA.

HERRING, SCOT & CO. LONDON & PARIS 1847

ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑ



ΑΘΗΝΩΝ

HALT OF A CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.

“like apples of silver on a plate of gold.” Attacked by the Bedouins in the desert, put in peril of life, dismounted, and plundered of all their effects, she set out on foot to return to the place whence they came. Fortunate in reaching all the most celebrated ruins of the East, and beholding more than any European woman had before beheld, she might perhaps look back from the great Temple of the Sun, or the sad splendours of Djerash, on the little events and waveless moments of her country home in England, where life had passed, till forty, like a dream—compared to which this one year was an eternity. A few neighbourly visits, a dinner party at long intervals, the joys and sorrows of a few mindless families, who had reasoned against her journey, the care of her own health and her husband’s, had filled up the great drama of life—to which a wild, a lofty, an inspiring life had succeeded. Yet it was to be a brief one. They crossed the Jordan, and advanced several days’ journey east of the river—a perilous route: the love of adventure grew by what it fed on: from Palestine they travelled to the foot of Mount Taurus; and at last, on the coast of Caramania, little dreaming of destruction, death overtook the unfortunate lady. It was a desolate region in which to die! and it was mournful that the mild and collected spirit, that had thus far triumphed over all ills, should here be doomed to take its departure. Did not the thoughts of home, the home of her youth, her love, her faith, come sadly to the tent on the dreary shore? was the king of terrors welcome here?

Between the frontier of Cilicia and Adana extend vast uncultivated plains and plateaux, across which lies the dreary caravan-route from Mount Taurus to Aleppo. The traveller fell in with this caravan on the brow of a hill overlooking a broad plain bounded by mountains; a tall tree cast its shadow along the arid slope: there was a well overhung by a fig-tree beside it. The people of the caravan, weary and glad of repose, had turned their horses aside to graze on what herbage they could find: many persons were stretched out on their carpets, and among their goods, smoking or reposing; two were at prayers, in front; others were quarrelling at the well, as in the patriarch’s time, who should first draw water for themselves and their cattle. The plain beyond was utterly desolate, and the wind swept clouds of dust from the track across its surface, along which the rear of the caravan was slowly advancing, a few on camels, many on foot: a diminutive scene of life and enterprise in so vast and silent a space: so shrunken did they seem while afar off, and their pace slow and feeble, like that of a funeral train. Yet the caravan was a little world of its own; the distinctions of rank and wealth were kept up; the poor trader sat and took his meal apart from the wealthier merchant: the latter sat beside his bales with as much consequence and dignity as if in his own divan, and almost seemed, by the complacency of his air and look, to say, “Soul, take thine ease, for thou hast much goods laid up.” The thirst and the hope of gain, as well by little sales and bargains as by great, was the dominant feeling that carried each indivi-

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dual across the desert. In our own busy marts and manufacturing cities at home, money is not grasped at with a keener hand and heart than in these desolate places: riches, or the reputation of them, are all-paramount here, even by the lonely palm and the scanty well. The two devotees continued at their prayers nearly half an hour; their mutterings heard, and their genuflexions and prostrations beheld, by most of the troop, not another of whom was zealous enough to imitate them. Arms and baggage, bottles and dishes, were scattered on the ground: some spread their soft carpets, others kindled a fire. No tent was pitched, as it was not to be a night's repose, but a bivouac of a few hours.

The traveller had left Issus early in the morning to proceed to Adana, with a guide. It was a solitary journey. He traced the celebrated shore where the battle of Darius and Alexander was fought, for several hours, sometimes along the sand, sometimes through the morasses caused by the stoppage of the mouth of the streams, under Mount Amanus. In the distance appeared some villages, but not a hovel gladdened the desert path. On reaching the end of the gulf, he entered a wild valley, and came to a ruin, apparently of Roman construction, and forming a very picturesque object: then passed over open downs, bleak and uncultivated, till evening, without a single habitation, and scarcely a human being in the way: "the land is utterly desolate." At length, a ruinous-looking place appeared on the sterile slope of a hill, which the guide said was Girgola, and that it was the resting-place for the night: a miserable spot, from which even the wearied frame instinctively shrank. On approaching its ruinous wall, it appeared to be a fortified station, for this country was formerly very dangerous, being scoured by robbers. At the portal, no beings were visible, save some beggars; and within, only a single cottage was inhabited. On lying down on the squalid floor to rest, despair of getting safely through this district crept over the thoughts, which the utter desolation of the spot had completely saddened. The wind swept in fitful gusts over the ruinous places of Girgola: there was no voice of kindness or welcome; even the mercenary welcome, so freely given to the Frank traveller, in the certainty of being well paid, was wanting: the beggars hovered about the cottage, and besought relief with clamorous voices. It was in vain to think of rest or refreshment here: night was drawing on, and no other place was within reach: but relief was at hand, from a source that even fancy could hardly have anticipated. The guide came running up, with the intelligence that a caravan was at half an hour's distance: this was joyful news: here was security and human society at once. The cottage was left, the horses mounted, and the caravan soon reached. It was truly cheering: with what joy was the carpet spread in the midst of the group represented in the plate! Never did the company of one's fellow-creatures seem more delightful. It mattered little that we were of various climes, complexions, and faiths: after the utter solitude and anxiety from which we had just escaped, there was a home, a glad, a social feeling about the group, even in their looks and voices, in the very fire that burned brightly beside.

The sun sank sublimely beneath the distant mountains; unbroken by a cloud, its glory fell on the dreary plain, from which it passed slowly and magnificently away,



ΑΘΗΝΑΝ

leaving a sadness behind, so cheerless seemed the desert after its departure. Very soon, the whole caravan slept around. Stretched on the ground, with the sky for a canopy, each one forgot his fatigues and cares: the rich man on his carpet, the poor man on the bare ground or beneath the tree: the deep silence was broken by the gusts of wind that swept the hill from the vast plain beneath, on which there was a faint star-light. The traveller fell asleep the last of the party, and at midnight was awoken by his guide. He was again all alone: the caravan had all started, while he slept, for Payass. The moon was rising feebly over the wild and now deserted ground. Again he pursued his solitary way, which for the first hour he could scarcely distinguish. The caravan had pursued an opposite direction. The plains were lone and dreary; the rank grass rustled in the night wind: on the distant side of Mount Taurus glared the fires of the charcoal-burners. The guide was seized with a panic, and master and man sometimes started at the sounds of their own horses' feet, fearing they knew not what. How welcome was the dawn, although it lit up the same unvaried desolation! This vast plain appeared wholly uninhabited. Passing the mountains, on which was not even a single hut, and starting gazelles and partridges at every step, he descended to the banks of the river Syhoon or Pyramus.

ALEXANDRIA.

ALEXANDRIA
The ~~sea~~ town, and dreary ~~vicinity~~, are seen to advantage in the lovely moonlight of Egypt. On the left, in the distance, is the large harbour, the men-of-war, and the palace of the pasha at the extremity, and the fort: to the right is the city, the dwellings of the consuls and merchants, the old harbour and its castle. The large building in front is a handsome mosque, erected by the pasha, and a tomb to receive hereafter his remains. The interest of this town is soon exhausted by the traveller, who in a few days becomes weary of its dulness and desolation: not a single pleasant walk or ride without the gates, into the flat, sandy, stripe of country, without trees or gardens. Its climate is not always the pure and brilliant one pictured by the fancy: even in June, the air on the banks of the canals is, in the morning, damp and foggy; in winter the rains are often heavy, the narrow and wretched streets full of pools, and unpaved. A rainy day in Alexandria in December or January is one of the most disconsolate things in the world: the inmate of the inn looks out of his casement window, scarce knowing what to do with himself: shivering in the comfortless rooms and the sharp sea-winds, he sighs for his native fire-side, or for the sultriness of Egypt, which he will soon feel after leaving this town. — After a Christmas dinner at the consul's, the whole party, Spaniards, English, and Italians, were delighted to adjourn to another and smaller room, where a capital fire was blazing.

There is much commercial activity here, in striking contrast to the indolence and want of enterprise so apparent throughout Egypt: ranges of storehouses, bales of goods, and piles of timber, often cover the beach: the numerous shipping give life to the scene,



ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΙΑ



vessels of various forms and dimensions, belonging to different nations; the pasha's sloops of war and sail of the line, the large European merchantmen: the Oriental small craft, with their curiously-shaped rigging; the trim-built Greek vessels of admirable construction; and the clumsy Syrian galleys which regularly navigate this dangerous coast, and in one of which, embarking for Acre, we had a tedious and comfortless voyage. The custom-house and arsenal, which is never without a ship of war on the stocks, are not far from the principal landing-place of the new port. The best, indeed the only good houses in the place, are those of the European consuls and merchants; the apartments are often spacious and even comfortable, and looking on the sea, which is the only pleasant and cheerful object. The quays of the two ports are in a great measure formed of the materials of old Alexandria. The mosques, the public warehouses, and even the private dwellings, contain fragments of granite, marble, and other stones, which clearly indicate that they once belonged to ancient edifices. In dry weather, full of dust, and of mud when it rains, the unpaved streets offer a wretched promenade; the houses of the native inhabitants present an entrance-door and a blank wall to the street, with now and then a huge projecting window above, so closely latticed, and its apertures so small, that the inmates seem to be immured in a gloomy prison.

Alexandria is a place of considerable trade, being the chief port by which the products of Egypt are exchanged for those of the various countries of Europe, most of whom have a consul resident here. In 1827, 605 ships entered the port, and rather more than that number cleared out. In the following year, there were about 900 arrivals, and rather less departures. The particular arrivals of the latter year will give a better idea of the trade of Alexandria: 293 Austrian, 136 English, 139 French, 102 Ionian islands, 23 Russian, 110 Sardinian, 34 Tuscan, 15 Spanish, 13 Swedish, 14 Sicilian; and the departures of vessels of these various countries were nearly equal in number.

The markets are tolerable in this place; ordinary provisions are excellent in quality, and of moderate price; figs, apricots, mulberries, and bananas, very plentiful; also, ices every evening in the Italian coffee-houses, to which large cargoes of snow are annually imported from Candia. Wine is very dear, being all imported: even the Sicilian Marcella wine, that sells in Italy at a shilling a bottle, brings treble here and in Cairo. The town has no fresh water; the inhabitants have recourse to the cisterns, which are filled partly by the winter rains, and partly by water brought from the canal. This canal, called the new canal, the ancient one of Cleopatra, was restored and completed by the present pasha, at a great expense, and still greater loss of life: out of the 150,000 Arabs, by whose incessant labours it was finished, 20,000 died of fatigue. These poor men, taken from their homes in Upper Egypt, from their hamlets and villages, were cheerful and unrepining in the midst of their severe and protracted toils. The writer often saw them toiling in the bed of the canal, in a most sultry day, and allowed no cessation of labour, save during their meal at noon. They were a very great multitude; instead of plaints and murmurs, they beguiled their tasks by a kind of wild and plaintive chant. Their meals, while at work, consisted only of bread and water, and each man received the amount of a penny a day; but money, even this small sum, is valuable on the Nile.

AKAHEMIA



This canal unites Alexandria with the Nile, and joins the Rosetta branch of the river at Foua: its length is about forty miles: it is navigable by boats of considerable size, but is already much injured by deposits of mud. It has totally ruined the trade of Rosetta, but has, in a measure, converted Alexandria into the metropolis of Egypt, and made it the seat of government, and the centre of commerce.

Donkeys are the only conveyance: they are the hackney-coaches of this town and of Cairo; for no native or stranger thinks of walking in Egypt: they are, more especially in the latter city, a handsome race of little animals, very superior in agility, as well as beauty, to their brethren of Europe. The population of Alexandria amounts to 35,000: of these, 3000 are English; Maltese and Ionians under English protection: about 500 French, Germans, Swiss, and other natives of the Levant, are under French protection; about 1,500 Greeks, Italians, Austrians, and Spaniards: making a total of nearly 5000 foreigners.

Divine service is regularly performed on Sundays in a suitable apartment under the consular roof, which is neatly fitted up; but out of the numerous body of English residents, not more than a dozen generally attend: the place is termed "The Protestant English chapel;" the service is performed by a resident missionary, who was a Wesleyan. There are three inns; the two largest kept by Italians. English travellers will find at the establishment of Mrs. Hume, on the plan of a boarding-house, a comfort and cleanliness which are strangers at the inns. There is every effort to please, with excellent accommodations: the hours of eating are fixed early, as they are in most of the European houses. The guest of the donkey here, and at Cairo must consent to dine, at first much against his will, soon after noon: at the most sultry hour of the day, the table is covered with a hospitable and substantial meal, for breakfast in Egypt is taken early and sparingly—a cup of coffee and a little bread. The evening meal is taken, as throughout the East, after sunset.

ACOPHONON

THE LADDER OF TYRUS,

A PASS ON THE COAST NEAR TYRE.

The route from Acre to Tyre is very wild and varied: a three-hours' progress over the fine plain of Acre, in which a lonely khan on the shore receives the benighted traveller, ends at the foot of bold cliffs, of toilsome ascent. The path overhangs the sea, which it commands beautifully yet fearfully, to a great extent, behind and in front. All is not barren; the naked masses of rock are often relieved by more fertile places, covered with lavender and rosemary, with a sprinkling of lofty trees: here the shepherd leads his flock for pasturage. It is a silent, sublime, and sea-beat scene, recalling vividly many portions of our native coast, where the Atlantic rolls its strength on the granite precipices; so like in feature, in sound, in description, that at times the fancy can scarcely believe this to be part of the ruined Land of Promise. Thickets of myrtle and bay at intervals border the path. The "Ladder of Tyre" is placed by some travellers on the mountain Nakhora, the first ascent from the plain of Acre; but this designation seems rather to belong to the white promontory represented in the plate. The path, cut through the calcareous rock, is narrow and rugged; in one part it is really perilous, vast perpendicular precipices, the sea below, and a horrible path above. The traveller will find it safest here to dismount, if he wishes to enjoy the wild sublimity of the scene, and listen calmly to the fierce music of the waves which beat against the rocky base. From the jutting point, on which is the ruined watch-tower, Tyre is first beheld. The noon-day light was full on its rocks, its peninsula of sand, ruinous places, and modern homes: no cry of the mariner, no voices from the crowded mart, or from the chambers of luxury, came over the waters.

"In thought I saw the palace domes of Tyre,
The gorgeous treasures of her merchandise;
I saw the precious stones and spiceries,
The singing-girl with flower-wreathed instrument,
And slaves whose beauty asked a monarch's price.
Forth from all lands all nations to her went,
And kings to her on embassy were sent.



THE LADDER OF TYRUS—A PASS ON THE SEA COAST, NEAR TYRE.



I looked again,—I saw a lonely shore,
 A rock amidst the waters, and a waste
 Of dreary sand;—I heard the black seas roar,
 And winds that rose and fell with fearful haste.
 There was one scattered tree, by storm defaced,
 Round which the sea-birds wheeled with screaming cry.
 Ere long came on a traveller, slowly paced;
 Now east, then west, he turned with curious eye,
 Like one perplexed with an uncertainty.
 And this was Tyre, said he, how has decay
 Within her palaces a despot been!
 She stood upon her isles, and in her pride
 Of strength and beauty, waste and woe defied;
 Her ships, of gilded prow and silken sail,
 Oh gallant ships! 'gainst you what might prevail!
 Ruin and silence in her courts are met,
 And on her city-rock the fisher spreads his net."

HOWITT.

ENCAMPMENT AT RAS-EL-AIN,
 NEAR BALBEC.

ΑΟΗΝΩΝ

This wild scene is on the plain of Balbec, about two miles from its ruined temples; the range of the Anti-Libanus mountains in front. The decayed walls and arches which the watch-fire is glancing, are those of a Christian church. The bivouac was that of an English party, so Orientalized by their robes, turbans, and beards, as to look like true believers in the Koran, and impose even on their own countrymen. A night and scene such as this, and they do not come rarely in a Syrian journey, is delightfully exciting: no pleasant chambers, gardens, or fountains are half so luxurious to the fancy as this brilliant night on the plain of Balbec—the great temples dimly yet awfully rising at a distance—the shepherd and his flock on the opposite bank, that was faintly covered, like the stream that bathed it, with the moonlight.

The traveller, previously furnished by the consul with letters to the party at Ras-el-Ain, proceeded to their encampment, and left gladly the straggling and ruined homes of the town of Balbec, great part of which, with the two mosques, is abandoned to decay; even in the principal streets, few houses seem to be inhabited. It was soon left behind, and he entered the open plain, bounded at a short distance by Anti-Lebanon. The night was fresh and inspiring: the wind swept down from the mountain, the stream of the Liettani looked cold and refreshing as the streams of his dear native hills; the air was



ENCAMPMENT AT RAS-EL-AIN, NEAR BALBEC.

W. H. DUNN.



ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑ

filled with the odour from the wild herbage and gardens: lights, from some cottages at a short distance, glittered in the river: on making for them, he came upon the scene represented in the plate. It was a glad transition: the squalid house of the Greek priest was a fit home for the satyr: in the town just quitted, all was dreary and desolate; nothing to be seen but encumbered streets, dilapidated houses, forsaken hearths—for this ill-fated place, in a district richly gifted by nature, and once so decorated by art, has so often suffered in the conflicts produced by the rival interests of neighbouring chiefs, that the habits of domestic life have been broken up, all stimulus to industry destroyed, and the population have gradually departed to other homes. The priest expected the return of his guest to his cell; but Ras-el-Ain was far too tempting a spot to be forsaken. Consigning his horse to the care of a servant, and entering the tents, the party were reclining, in great comfort, in the Turkish style, and received him with an earnest welcome. How quickly men become intimate, and feel at ease and at home, with each other in a lonely spot like this! even the restraint and reserve of the English, so anxiously maintained in cities and salons, melt away here like snow from the mountain; and he who at home would be stiff, and cold, and cautious in his advances, is, in the desert, at first a frank and confiding, and soon a sincere and attached, companion.

A young English lady, Mrs. —, was reclining on an ottoman, and, like her husband, who was chief of the party, was dressed à la Turque, in which she appeared to advantage: a celebrated artist, long resident in Egypt and other parts of the East, accompanied them. Refreshments were served, of a nature and variety that brought the tables of England to memory, and were very ~~consumed in this wilderness.~~ The hosts being accomplished and well-informed people, having also travelled much, the conversation was animated and interesting; the evening passed delightfully. To the mind, to the fancy, and the frame, this spot was an oasis in the desert. From the wilderness, dimly lit up by the rising moon, and through the rapid stream, the traveller had entered suddenly the encampment. The uncouth presence of the monk and the rude Turks of the town, was succeeded by the rare one of female gentleness and refinement: it was a long time since he had met with a countrywoman, and in this wild place, when least expected, her conversation, her English tones, were like music.

Quitting the tents for the side of the large fire which the servants had kindled, the scene without was remarkable: the domestics, well armed, were stretched round the pile, whose glare flashed on the white drapery of the tents, and on the dim walls of the ruined church. At a short distance, the fountains of the river, called the "sweet springs," formed a large glassy pool, the shepherds' haunt; and the delicious stream, rushing transparently over the green sedges, was of itself, to one who had crossed the sultry plain of Balbec, quite an engrossing object. How true to nature and to feeling are the scripture images of joy and prosperity compared to "a fountain of waters in a dry place, to the cold flowing water in a thirsty land."

The little grassy enclosure of the camp was sheltered by the walls of the ancient church, and shadowed by a noble old tree, through whose branches the moonlight fell.



ΑΘΗΝΑΙΩΝ



ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑ



ΑΘΗΝΩΝ

CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT TORTOSA.

The ruins of Tortosa, backed by the long range of the Anzayra hills, present a picturesque appearance from the island of Ruad. Landing from this isle at the mouth of a small river, a walk of half an hour along the sand brought the traveller to the ruin. It is not, as Pococke remarks, of the Corinthian order, but a bastard Gothic, probably built by the crusaders; the capitals of the pillars are a kind of Composite: the *tout ensemble* of the place is gothic. This church stands alone on the shore, at a short distance from the poor town of Tortosa: desecrated by vile uses, defaced by time and the tempest, it is surprising that it is still a strong and massive ruin. Maundrell observes in his time, "It is 130 feet in length, in breadth 93, and in height 61. Its walls, and arches, and pillars are of a coarse marble, and all still so entire, that a small expense would suffice to recover it into the state of a beautiful church again. But to the grief of any Christian beholder, it is now made a stall for cattle, and we were, when we went to see it, almost up to our knees in dirt and mire." Since this visit, it has fallen into further decay: the view of the sea and the brilliant sky, seen through the broken arches of its doors and windows, is very fine. In the island of Ruad, to which the boat returned in the evening, there is little to interest; it was anciently populous, and defended by two strong castles, which were necessary against the corsairs: at present one only of these exists, a Moorish

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CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT TORTOSA.

sort of castle. The population of the place are all Turks, and from time immemorial have been boat-builders and sailors. There was here a kind of gentleman who called himself consul, appointed by the consul of Syria: he kept a tobacco-shop, and was very civil. The shipping that come here take in tobacco, of which a great quantity is grown on the continent.

CASTELORIZO,

NEAR RHODES.

There is perhaps no navigation in the world so beautiful, varied, and ever-changing, as that of the Grecian archipelago. In his own hired bark, the traveller departs at sunrise from some favourite isle, where he has lingered a few days, and sees afar off in the horizon the hills and cliffs where he is to halt at the close of day; and on the right and left, as he cruises along with a fine breeze and brilliant atmosphere, are other isles, of wild or fantastic form, which tempt him sometimes to tarry, and try the hospitality of their homes, the flavour of their wines, the beauty of their scenery. The sea is sometimes peopled with the isles, and you pass slowly among them, and at sunset such a passage is delightful: the boats of the fishermen on the waves—their hamlets on the beach—the convent on the cliff.

The singular island and town of Castelozio are situated not far from Macri, on the coast of Asia Minor: their appearance from the sea is wild and witch-like. The island is very arid and barren; an immense rock of a dull red hue, relieved by the blanched tints of some lighter cliffs, by a few olive gardens, and a little stunted vegetation: the latter generally surround a villa, of which even the red isle is not wholly destitute. Most of the provisions are brought from the continent of Asia Minor, and it is rather puzzling to divine whence, for it appears nearly as barren as the island itself. Several vessels were on the stocks in the port. The servant landed, but could not contrive to bring off a loaf of bread. In stormy weather, when the wind is full on the opposite shore for a long time together, the inhabitants must suffer from scarcity. The vintage song, the shepherd's pipe, the sound of the wind in the grove, is not heard here, only the breakers' dash on the rocky beach. All around the island is what may be called a sponge-diving, which is the occupation of a great number of divers, who may be seen plunging from the rocks into the sea in quest of sponges, in which there is a considerable trade: they are sent to Rhodes and Smyrna. The aspect of the town is poor; it is thinly peopled; the local attachment must be strong that can bind the islanders to their rock. Castelozio would be a sea-beat dungeon to the traveller, who should be compelled by adverse weather to spend a few weeks there. Coffee may be had; but fruit, wine, bread, such as may enter civilized lips, fresh meat—all these are apocryphal luxuries: in an auspicious moment



CASTELORIZO, NEAR RHODES.





CASTLE NEAR TRIPOLI ON THE RIVER KADESHA.

Engraved and colored by H. B. B. 1852.



these may possibly be found, but rare indeed is their sojourn in the red isle. In some of the steepest streets, steps are cut out of the rock for an easier ascent; the streets are very narrow and winding, cleansed by the rains, that sweep down the rocky pavement all uncleanly and offensive things. A castle, partly ruinous, stands on the summit of the cliff, several hundred feet above the sea: it was built by the Genoese; its massive walls and battlements have long been almost useless, though the Greeks, once more a nation, will probably put them again into a state of defence, for the isle might be made a strong fortified position. The bold island-bearing of the Greeks is not visible among these people, who have more the air of captives; the consciousness of poverty and discomfort is in their look: the faces of the women look hard and sea-beat; there may be gentler and lovelier faces even in Castelorizo, but they were not visible in the streets. At noon-day, when the latter were deserted, and the inhabitants enjoying their siesta within doors, or in the shade of their houses, the place looked like a city of the dead, the feet of the traveller and his companions being almost the only ones heard on the precipitous streets. A walk of an hour along the cliffs leads to the site of the ancient city, on one of the loftiest parts of the isle. The view from the summit of the hill was splendid; beneath lay the barren, rocky isle, with scarcely a tree to relieve its fierce cliffs, and beyond it the broad expanse of the Adalian gulf with its countless isles; and on either side were the mountain shores of Caramania. Of the ancient city, the circuit of the walls can still be traced, about two-thirds of a mile in circumference: a few cisterns and reservoirs remain, as well as numerous traces of the industry of the former people, in the steps cut on all sides to lead from one steep to another.

CASTLE NEAR TRIPOLI.

ON THE RIVER KADESHA.

This castle is said to be a Saracen edifice, but was more probably built by the crusaders: it stands on a declivity above Tripoli, and looks like an old baronial hold of the feudal times. It is rarely entered by the traveller, who contents himself with a passing glance at its gloomy exterior: beneath its walls is the stream of the Kadesha, as it flows through its exquisite vale into the town. On the left is a coffee-house that looks as if it formed part of the bridge over the stream, and is, in fact, united to it: two small arched windows in the wall give light to the rude interior; yet this café, so singularly placed, is a comfort and refuge to the weary and thirsty man, who finds a rest here on the edge of the delicious river, and in the shadow almost of the castle walls.

The neighbourhood of Tripoli is peculiarly beautiful, though less varied and bold than that of Beirout. Inclosures of vines, mulberry, orange, pomegranate, and olive



GENERAL VIEW OF BALBEK AND ANTI-LIBANUS.



GENERAL VIEW OF BALBEK AND ANTI-LIBANUS.

A part of the cavalry of Ibrahim Pasha had halted for a few days near the ruins, and occupied several hours every day in their military exercises. They were active, well-looking men, and well mounted on Arab horses. Among them were many of the horsemen of Lebanon, furnished to his ally by the Emir Busheer: each was armed with a long lance, a sabre, some with muskets slung behind the shoulder. They went through their evolutions on the plain, at the foot of the great wall of the temple. Their appearance, in their light-coloured cloaks, amidst the ruins, was very picturesque: their movements were rapid, and they sometimes scoured, like the wind, past pillar and wall, breaking, with loud cries, the stillness of the place. Their white tents beyond gave life to the plain; the piled arms, the coursers fastened beside, the barbarian forms moving beneath the trees, or reclining on the fallen masses of the temple, were in wild contrast to its gloomy magnificence.

This is a general view of Balbec. The great outer wall, much shattered, is chiefly visible, with a part of the portico of the great temple, the half only of whose columns are on this side standing—*one of them has fallen, and still reclines with its capital against its parent wall, its foot resting in the transparent pool beneath.* Beyond, rising darkly above all the remains, are the six lone and mournful pillars, so remarkable for their beauty. The small stream of the Liettani encircles the great temple, and reflects its noble columns, and murmurs and chafes around its fallen fragments. Fortunately for Balbec, Ibrahim Pasha has not the destroying taste of the former conquerors who came here: what with the ravages of the Turks, of Fakr-el-den, the celebrated Druse prince, and of earthquakes—it is a wonder that so much yet remains of this majestic pile. More than once converted into a fortress, with the ancient materials towers and fortifications were raised. Although the frequent march and halt of portions of Ibrahim's forces, and the nearness of the seat of war to Balbec, endangered the safety of these precious remains, they have been uninjured. Homs, where the first great battle was fought, is only a journey of a day and a half distant.

On the extreme right is the small circular temple, detached about sixty yards from the other ruins: its simple beauty, its monumental aspect, are refreshing after the grandeur and vastness of the great temples. Like them, it is built of a compact limestone, capable of taking a fine polish, and resembling coarse-grained marble. It is found at a short distance, and is white when recently fractured, though exposure to the atmosphere gives it a yellow or reddish tinge. This edifice was at one time consecrated to Christian worship: its form, unusual and picturesque, is less suited to a heathen temple than to a calmer and purer faith. It is ascended by "a noble flight of steps

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leading up to a spacious doorway, richly ornamented with mouldings, and surmounted by a finely-wrought architrave. About forty feet may be estimated as the dimensions of the interior: its exterior exhibits the singular arrangement of six Corinthian columns, disengaged from the wall, each, when perfect, supporting a projecting portion of rich entablature, which gives it, at a distance, an hexagonal appearance: there are niches between these columns for statues." These slender columns, of which four only are in tolerable preservation, are very beautiful; the roof has fallen in; the material of the edifice looks at first to be marble, for which it has often been mistaken.

The accommodations for the traveller are wretched at Balbec: the Greek convent, if it deserves the term, is mean and dirty: in the small court are a few dreary cells, the refuge of Europeans, and one of which was our lodging. The spacious and dim vaults beneath the temples would have been a more clean and impressive asylum. A few Christian families reside in the town, to whom one poor priest ministers: the rest of the inhabitants are Mahometans.

FERRY OVER THE ORONTES.

This ferry is several hours distant from Antioch, the breadth of the river is here about sixty yards; the banks are high and picturesque, and are sprinkled with olive and other trees. The river here flows with a smooth and slow current, and is about six feet deep. This ferry is much used by the inhabitants of the villages and hamlets to some distance around, for the conveyance of their cattle and produce. A rude cottage on the right bank is the home of the ferryman, whose office is not a very laborious one, as the boat is towed or pulled over chiefly by means of a rope fastened to posts on each bank. The traveller in this region should be provided with a good tent, as the cottages and hamlets offer a disagreeable shelter by day, and a squalid one at night. The weather is sometimes so sultry as to render a progress on this route exhausting; many hours, and even a whole day, must then be passed in one spot in indolence and inaction: the shade of one's own tent, pitched beside the tree or the stream, wherever the fancy dictates, is the best asylum, where we can read the few volumes that are the companions of the way, and think at ease; and take the pipe and coffee, the only real physical luxuries of the East, as the sun is going down over the splendid landscape; and nurse the watch-fire when night is darkening, and the cry of the jackal comes from the hills. In such scenes, let not the wanderer complain of being solitary, or wish for a circle of his fellow-men, or even for one of the familiar faces of past days: he will soon learn, as he proceeds, that perfect independence is delightful, and is even essential to the full success and enjoyment of an Oriental journey, in which diverse opinions and tastes must not mingle: one will, one hope, one settled purpose, ought to be the sole companion. There



FERRY OVER THE ORONTES.



are few instances of fellow-travellers journeying long together in harmony in these countries; the frequent perils and troubles of the way, the uncertainties, and hopes destroyed, try the temper and patience: the route must be changed, and a favourite scene or ruin be given up; the choice of one is, perhaps, not that of his companion; each is unwilling to resign what he feels he can see but once in his life. The examples are not few, of men who have left home, associates for weal and woe in this enterprise, and have differed and separated during the first few weeks or months of the journey; others have agreed kindly till deeply tried by some bitter disappointment, or the crossing of some loved plan by another and more obstinate will; and they parted gladly, each to pursue his own career. A traveller of some eminence did not cease long afterwards to reproach his companion with the loss of a journey to Palmyra, an injury never to be repaired. The latter refused to go on account of the dangers of the way, from a quarrel between the Arab sheichs: the expense was too great for a single man; had both been resolved, the journey would have succeeded. Another explorer differed with his companion on the point of an iron bedstead about two feet high, which he insisted on carrying through Syria, to preserve him from the damps of the soil. An additional mule was necessary for this singular luxury, which gave more trouble than comfort. Several have felt their good agreement and union of purpose pass away in Egypt, as if the fierce sun had wasted them: a visit to the second cataract earnestly desired by one, while the other is satisfied not to proceed beyond the first. Damascus detained an Orientalist many weeks, who resolutely refused to leave its beautiful scenes, while his associate mourned daily the loss of time, opportunities wasted, and jewels and miles lost. Two friends as far at least as six months' companionship can make men so differed in opinion so seriously about the wine of a town where they were dining, that they parted, to see each other no more. One perished mournfully a few weeks afterwards: had his friend been with him, his life would have been saved; but the bottle of wine, the "fruitful cause of so much woe," cost ten thousand a year; for he was an only son, and the hope and love of his family: If the traveller can find an intelligent and faithful servant, used to the country, in whom he can confide, and can make a companion of in some of his desolate hours, let him seek no other; he will not then be shackled or thwarted in any of his movements, however wild or perilous: for success in these journeys often depends on the decision of a moment; and he will the less risk the bringing away with him unavailing sorrow for the loss of "what his eyes desired to behold, and shall see no more for ever."

The course of the Orontes is in this spot less attractive than a few hours below, nearer to Antioch. "We now began to follow," observes a traveller, "the banks of the river, and were astonished at the beauty of the scenery, far surpassing any thing we had expected to see in Syria, and even what we had witnessed in Switzerland, though we walked nine hundred miles in the latter country, and saw most of its beauty. The Orontes, from the time we began to trace its banks, ran continually between two high hills, winding and turning incessantly; at times the road led along precipices, looking down perpendicularly on the river. The luxuriant variety of foliage was prodigious; and the rich green myrtle, which was very plentiful, contrasted with the colour of the

AKAΔHMIA



road, the soil of which was a dark red gravel, made us imagine we were riding through pleasure-grounds. The laurel, laurustinus, bay-tree, fig-tree, wild vine, plane-tree English sycamore, arbutus, dwarf oak, &c. were scattered in all directions. At times the road was overhung with rocks covered with ivy; the mouths of caverns also presented themselves, and gave a wildness to the scene; and the perpendicular cliffs jutted into the river upwards of three hundred feet high. We descended at times into plains cultivated with mulberry plantations and vines, and prettily studded with picturesque cottages. The occasional shallows of the river, keeping up a perpetual roaring, completed the beauty of this scene, which lasted about two hours, when we entered the plain of Seleucia, where the river becomes of a greater breadth, and runs in as straight a line as a canal."

CONVENT OF MOUNT CARMEL.

The Carmelite convent recently built on the brink of the mountain, is a spacious and handsome building, solidly built of stone, two stories high. Its gates are ever open to the traveller and pilgrim: the reception is most kind and hospitable, not abounding in hollow phrases and flattering compliments, which are common in some Eastern convents, but in cheerfulness, frankness, and good nature. This house is a "hodge in the wilderness:" the wretched town of Caipha beneath offers a comfortless asylum; and gladly do the weary feet tread the steep ascent to the convent walls, in whose chambers there is repose, and a rare cleanliness, while their windows look forth on magnificent prospects. After weeks of dirty lodgings and foul associations, is it not delightful to be roused by the convent bells pealing over the wilds of Carmel, to find yourself reposing in linen white as snow, while the morning sun is on the bay of Ptolemais beneath, and on the crests of the mountains of Galilee?

The order of the Carmelites took its origin from the early resort of pious recluses to a place frequented of old by the prophets Elijah and Elisha. Some of the fraternity accompanied St. Louis on his return from Syria to France, and others had previously formed an establishment in Italy. The monks are cheerful and social beings, and trouble themselves but little about the affairs of the world, devoting much of their attention to the duties of their religion, to benevolence, and hospitality, which latter virtues they consider as specially belonging to their order. The necessary funds for the building the convent, which occupied six years, have been in a great measure raised by the personal exertions of one of the brotherhood, an able architect appointed by the papal government to plan and superintend the edifice. In the centre is the church, the dome of which is seen above the flat roof. It is a fine and spacious building, handsomely decorated: the principal altar is placed over the cave so long held sacred as the retreat of the prophet



CONVENT OF MOUNT CARMEL.



Elijah. The town of Acre is seen on the extreme left; the road to it leads along the shore, close to the sea: two of the fathers, in their conventual garb, are in the foreground. There is no hamlet or habitation near the monastery: the few villages of Carmel are at some distance, in its more fertile portions. In the back of the mountain, facing the sea, there is a cavern much venerated by both people and priests: it is more than half-way down the descent; a path cut out of the rock conducts to it. It is of great antiquity, even of the earliest times of Christianity; tradition, which in this case may not err, carries its hallowed use back to many ages previous. It is called the "School of the Prophets." To its shelter and privacy Elijah is said to have fled from the pursuit of his enemies, and the retreat is worthy to be a prophet's refuge. Its solitude is deep; each aspect of nature around is wild and lone, and, at times, beautiful: beneath is the sea. The entrance is partly screened by fig-trees and vines; within is a lofty excavation, of beautiful proportions, at least fifty feet long, with a recess on one side: here the prophet is believed to have taught his disciples and the sons of the prophets. His memory is equally venerated by Christians and Turks. The latter visit this cave, which is entered by a massive gate, in great numbers, and appear to be much edified by the sight, for they preserve a deep seriousness of demeanour. "As I stood," writes the gentleman by whom this and the other sketches were taken, "at the farthest extremity, the light glancing through the half-closed gate, the contrasted features of the Dervise keeper, of the Catholic monks and their European guests, the picturesque Arabs and Armenians, formed a strange sight: all were gathered with reverence on the spot sacred to the recollection of Elijah. From its portal we saw, at the foot of the promontory, the narrow path which Paul must have traversed in his journey from Ptolemais to Cesarea. This is not the only spot on Carmel connected with the prophet. At some distance inland, on the banks of the Kishon, which flows at the northern foot of the mountain, the spot where the guilty priests were destroyed is pointed out. On our ascent to the convent, we observed the distinct traces of terraces and vineyards, built up in the same manner as on the Italian coast. In the night, the howling of the winds, and the driving of the rain against the casement, only heightened our blissful consciousness of internal comfort and enjoyment. We arose late next morning, and found that the friars had been up some hours, and had prepared us such a breakfast as certainly never greeted us in this land before or afterwards. Excellent cakes, just baked, the rich cream of their flocks, Smyrna figs, Candiot cheese, olives, almonds, &c. were spread on the liberal board; and our good hosts seemed to enjoy themselves in waiting on us."

AKAΔHMIA



THE VILLAGE OF BRUMHANNA.
IN MOUNT LEBANON.

The difficulties in traversing Mount Lebanon try the patience of the traveller; a distance, in a direct line, of a few miles, to a village or monastery, is often so increased by the sinuosities of the way, as to occupy seven or eight hours: the paths wind round the base of the mountains, and go through the length of valleys, so as to cross them at their extremities, and then ascend hills by difficult traverses, or by steps cut out of the rocks, only passable to mules. But when the point is gained, magnificent is the prospect which it commands, and deliciously pure the air; sometimes eighteen or twenty monasteries can be seen at once. Inferior as is the scenery of Lebanon in many points to that of the Alps, it must be allowed that the Mediterranean, so often and sublimely blended with the Syrian landscapes, contributes wonderfully to their beauty—bathing the feet of precipice and forest, gleaming afar through the long vista of the valley, from the mountain's brow or the convent's terrace.

The pass represented in the plate is in the road from Beirout to Deir-el-Kamar; and, in the words of the artist who has so faithfully and admirably sketched the various views of this mountain and the rest of Syria, "this is the prettiest and one of the boldest passes in Lebanon." The view is taken in a forest of fir-trees, into which you descend just after entering the first lofty range. The village is Maronite, perched at the foot of bare precipices, and on the brink of a wooded descent, that falls into a deep and narrow vale; trees are richly interspersed among the dwellings, which are all flat-roofed, their little windows looking down the steep: on the left is the little church. The route from Beirout to Deir-el-Kamar, of which this is a favourable specimen, is a ride of nine hours: the road, though rugged, is not bad; the emir Besheer has had a new one made the greater part of the way, to facilitate the communication between Beirout and his capital and palace. Hamlets, cottages, convents, and forests, give a variety, a life, and an impressiveness to the way, whose occasional solitude is welcome, rather than dreary. The peasants have a frank and independent air, for their government is not an oppressive one: in their homes there is no poverty: their own industry and exertion procure abundance of the necessaries, and many of the comforts, of life: they are generally civil and kind to the stranger, who is sure of a welcome and a night's lodging, should he require them, beneath their roof: the fire of wood is kindled, the cake baked on the hearth; coffee, fruit, eggs, cheese, and poultry, set before him, which are not, however, given or received gratuitously. The air of this village of Brumhanna is very pure and healthy: the elevation is too partial for the winter rigours of the loftier regions, and the heights around screen it from the fiercer winds. "On ascending the mountain," says a traveller, describing this route, "neat caravanserai, where coffee and fruit were sold, invited the passengers to repose under the shade of some full-branched tree. Having advanced for about two hours, we refreshed at a well, where a cottage served as



VILLAGE OF BRUMHANNA, IN MOUNT LEBANON.



an inn, whose owner offered refreshments to us. We again proceeded up the mountain, striking off to the south-west, by the side of a range of hills, abounding with myrtle in full bloom, through plantations of olives, mulberry, and sycamore, to which were attached vines, twining themselves round the branches, or hanging in festoons. We passed two villages, Ain-el-Anb and Ain-el-Anoob, where the peasantry seemed fully occupied. We then descended into a valley, by a bad and almost impassable road, formed into deep steps by the rains and the constant passage of mules and travellers. The scene was for a short time barren, and even trees were distant from us; we, however, arrived at cultivation on coming to a second range of hills, which we crossed through thickets of myrtle, woods of fir, walnut trees, and crab trees, and descended to the source of the river Damour. We passed, by a stone bridge, over this river, which rushes through a rocky bed in a rapid stream, and ascended again a high range of mountains, from whose summit there is a grand and extensive view of the coast of Syria and the Mediterranean. The road then turns round the side of the mountain to Dar-el-Kamar."

A portion of the village is on the opposite bank of the ravine, and on the summit above is a building, apparently a convent. Many of the monastic edifices are situated in the most wild and singular as well as noble sites. That celebrated Jesuit one of Antoura, wedged among perpendicular crags, resembles a fortress in the side of a ravine, about a third of the way up the mountain; but in what manner accessible, whether from above or below, it is difficult at first sight to conjecture, for no trace of a road is visible. The convent of Ybannar is a noble establishment: its large divan, the most spacious and well-furnished room in Syria, in any Christian dwelling. In summer it is delightfully cool; but standing on so lofty an elevation, it is visited in winter by tremendous thunder-storms, and enveloped in thick and cold mists. The wall at the end of the divan bears witness, by a large fissure in it, to the alarms which the monks suffer during the mountain storms.

In the convent of Antoura a friend of the writer resided two months, for the purpose of studying Arabic, in which some of the fathers were skilled: he was not a favourite with the inmates, as he freely declared his religious views, and his desire to promulgate them in Lebanon. Many privations were inflicted on him—one meal a day only, and that so scanty, that he was half starved, tasting no animal food or wine. He often retired to the rocks without the walls, to study alone; and here he forgot the unkindness of men, and the savage scenery, wholly occupied in his beloved study till the convent bell warned him to return. His thoughts were often bitter enough, for though the fathers willingly aided his studies, they were not kind or friendly, and at night he sat in his cell, his solitary taper burning, his frame weakened, devouring his Arabic, in which he made a singularly rapid progress: he almost dined, supped, and slept on Arabic, for when he returned to Beirout, his face was pale and thin, his dress dishevelled, and his linen had known no fountain in the convent. He was an enthusiast, and his subsequent career, full of trials, adventures, and privations, was indebted to the lessons of endurance taught him at Antoura.

AKAΔHMIA



ZARAPHA,

THE ANCIENT SAREPTA.

The interest of this place is purely scriptural: it is a village situated on the side of a hill, two hours and a half distant from Sidon, and about half an hour from the sea: it looks on either side along a line of plain, tolerably cultivated, that leads to Tyre on the left, and to Sidon on the right. The situation has a wild beauty: the Christian who would fain pass a day amidst the undying scenery of the Old Testament, on the hills where the prophets dwelt, in the silent vales where they prayed and meditated—should desire to spend a Sabbath in Sarepta. The valley on which it looks down, extends some little distance between the hills: its dwellings and its people are homely and pastoral; no ruin of roofless walls or old gateway, covered with grass and wild flowers, is shewn as the remnant of the widow's cottage: tradition has given up its identity in despair, but has preserved the identity of the village; for Sarepta, now called Zarapha, has been inhabited from the remotest times. Although called "a city of Sidon," it was most probably a place of very moderate size and dimensions, the simplicity of whose manners and tastes was uncorrupted by the neighbourhood of Tyre and Sidon: it is sixteen miles from the former, and ten from the latter. The distant groves of Sidon, the fine summits of Lebanon, the wilder hills behind its own wild hill—are all visible from Sarepta.

There is no chapel in the village; it is destitute of religious service throughout the year: as if the numerous monasteries of Lebanon could not spare one priest out of their hives, to dwell here, or to gather on the Sabbath its villagers, who are Syrian Christians. The brook that supplied the wants of the widow and the prophet may still be on the hill-side, for "the cold-flowing waters that come from the rock of the field," are not wanting. Each of the cottages has two, or at most three little windows, and two chambers with earthen floors, and a raised divan of earth against the wall: the stranger is welcome, and the best fare they can supply is set before him: he wants little in such a scene, save the pipe and cup of coffee, and liberty to remain a few hours, and see the sun go down on the shore and sea, on the desert and the gardens, on Lebanon and on the noble Sheich mountain, whose wastes of snow are seen in front, towering towards Damascus. The air of the place is healthy, but the winds are wild in winter: there is pasturage in the plain, and even on the declivities, for the flocks: at the foot of the hills are some sepulchral grotts cut in the rocks, which were probably the burial-places of the ancient people.

ZARAPHA, THE ANCIENT SAREPTA.
A CITY OF SIDON.

When the writer was in this vicinity, the brook in the plain from which tradition says the prophet drank, was dry; like that of the valley of Elah, whence David took the pebbles for his sling, there was no moisture in its bed: some fragments of ruins were seen here, as also in the plain, where a portion of the ancient Sarepta once stood. It was noon, and the sea fell heavily on the desolate beach: there was not the shadow of a passing cloud on the hills: in a poor dwelling not far from the sea, coffee was sold, and an Arab came forth to invite us to drink. On the summits and sides of the hills were masses of grey rock; the shepherd was watching his flock, and his Syrian pipe was heard. It was a scene to which the Messenger of heaven might have loved to retire: how interesting and beautiful were the wanderings of the great and hallowed characters of scripture, in the desert and the plain, on vale and mountain, where their only communion was the love and presence of their God! The retreat of Elijah, in the gloomy vale at the back of Carmel, is far more desolate than this of Sarepta; yet to the prophet it was indelibly dear.

The poor Arab who sold this coffee could depend only on the custom of the chance passenger: it was seldom that the enthusiast passed his door, and still more seldom that the memorials of ancient and holier times found a responsive chord in the bosom of the native: even the pilgrim does not visit the place. Who is there, in the land, that cares for the grey rocks and ruinous places of Sarepta? who is there that pauses beside the forgotten stream, or hangs his harp on its willow?

The people at work in the plain below are gathering in the cotton on the plantations, on which are employed many of the villagers: in former times it was celebrated for the excellence of its wines, and its vineyards, no doubt, clothed the slope of the hill on which the modern village stands. Nearer to Sidon, the hills are fruitful, and are covered with vineyards; but in Sarepta no man now sits under the shadow of his vine and fig-tree. Yet their condition is not an impoverished one: the soil, where cultivated, is generally fruitful, and well repays the hand of industry: the wants of the natives are few, and their habits frugal: the cultivation of the vines, the cotton, and silk, and the care of the flocks, occupy a great number: vegetables of various kinds are easily and quickly raised: wine of the common kinds is cheap; and little animal food is consumed. The people, as in ancient times, love the hills for a habitation, rather than the vales; the greater part of the villages are on the declivities. The plain between Tyre and Sidon is wild, but never monotonous, the distant view being always fine: it is crossed by many a dry bed of a torrent, and many a stream, on whose banks are quantities of wild flowers, and the oleander in full bloom and beauty.

ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑ



APPROACH TO ANTIOCH FROM ALEPPO.

The most interesting portion of the road from Aleppo to this city, is its entrance, at the village of Ashat, into the mountains which divide the great plain of Aleppo from that of the Orontes. This village is built on the summit of a circular, insulated rock, so rugged and abrupt that it appears at first inaccessible. Some way further is Ain-el-Razee, a spring of fresh water, shaded by a single fig-tree, one of the wildest and most romantic spots imaginable. A solitary tree, shading thus a solitary well, has in some situations a strange effect on the fancy: in our ascent of Mount Sinai, we came suddenly to a little oasis of rich verdure, in an amphitheatre of precipices of the most fantastic forms: it was about two-thirds up the ascent of the mountain: we rested here a short time, allured by the singularity and softness of the spot, in a region where we expected only a frightful barrenness. We drank of the well, which was cold and delicious, and sat under the very lofty palm that rose from the bank, and gave its moveless shadow, for there was not a breath of wind, to the waters. There was something melancholy, as well as lovely, in this lone place of rest—welcome to the pilgrim and traveller toiling up the mountain in a sultry day. It brought to mind the wanderings of the Israelites in this region: what a blessing in their journeyings, when their wives and little ones fainted with thirst, must have been the remote and plenteous well! how glorious to the fading eye, the vivid green of the palm and sycamore that stood beside it, from such a spot of verdure, which was covered with soft and rank grass, and many wild flowers, the view of the neighbouring crags and precipices was majestic: many hours, even a whole day, might be passed in this hushed and sublime retreat: whose associations and remembrances will live when time shall have yielded to eternity.

The route from Ain-el-Razee leads for some hours over rocky mountains to Elmanas, a large village in a beautiful situation, surrounded with rich gardens: the whole of the route from Aleppo is varied and interesting: comparatively little of it is desert: cultivated plains and vallies, villages finely situated, whose homes may in the East be considered neat and clean: in the way are also found sites of ancient towns, castles, and temples, which are of the Lower Empire, and possess little interest. The soil of the plains is often very rich; and there is many a spot of exceeding loveliness; but the visitations of the earthquake destroy the prestige and darken the charm of the whole territory, portions of which are laid waste when the destroyer assails Antioch or Aleppo. The celebrated Mr. Woolff, the Jewish missionary, travelled this route more than once: in regard to earthquakes, he may be said to bear a charmed life; or rather that life, so devoted to the good of his countrymen and of the heathen, was guarded by a kind Providence. His past preservations, which had been many and merciful, should perhaps have induced him to hesitate ere he set out for the interior of Africa: even with the purest intentions, it is possible to presume too far on former success. He lodged in Aleppo in the house of a Sheikh, a man of property and influence: all the family of the host were



APPROACH TO ANTIOCH FROM ALEPPO.



kind to the stranger; for Mr. Woolff has often been fortunate in finding not merely a comfortable, but even a luxurious home; as in the excellent dwelling of the rich Jew at the lake of Tiberias, who had journeyed in his old age hither from his native city Aleppo, and built this dwelling, that he might spend his last days, and die, and leave his bones in Judea, and not far from Jerusalem: perhaps he still lives beside the lake of Galilee, a very old man; but his two sons perished in the earthquake at Aleppo—wealthy and hospitable men, for they were eminent merchants in the city. In the convent of the great patriarch of the Armenians, Mr. Woolff was also luxuriously lodged: he cannot say, with his countrymen of old, “from Dan to Beersheba all is barren;” for he has partaken deeply of the excitements and comforts, as well as buffetings, of life. But in the home of the Sheich at Aleppo, in the afternoon of the fatal day, the missionary felt restless, and entreated his host and family to go with him to the groves without the walls, where they might sit in the shade, for the air was intensely hot, and he would speak to them about religion. The Sheich consented; all the family left the house, and was beneath the shadow of the trees, nearly half a mile from the city, comfortably listening to their guest, when the earthquake came: they scarcely saw the convulsions of the earth, the fall of the walls and houses, all was so quickly shrouded in a dense cloud of dust, which rose over it like the smoke that ascended from the overthrow of the “cities of the plain” early in the morning. The Sheich’s house was utterly destroyed: and the whole family saved from destruction by the request of their guest that they might go forth beyond the city beneath the trees. It is not surprising that Woolff considered this a special and gracious interference of Providence, on behalf of himself and the friendly family: it filled his heart with gratitude. I never imagined, whilst his companion to Sinai and some parts of Syria, that he was ever destined to accomplish the journeyings, and to face the dangers he has since done: there was not “the mark and likelihood about him” to promise such a career, though there was fervent zeal, and a capability of great fatigue and endurance. Were he gifted with powers of description and style, few living men could write so interesting, so varied a volume as this gentleman: where will he find rest to the sole of his foot—in Timbuctoo or Pekin? Far better had he gone to Japan, a country and people for whom so little has been attempted, yet more worthy and inspiring than the people of Africa, or the wary and perplexing Chinese. The Japanese are generous, brave, clever: the time must soon arrive, when her gates will be open to the missionary, and to the traveller and man of taste. Mount Sinai was his first journey, when all was strange to him; when, rather than ride on the camel, he would sometimes walk for hours through the sands, keeping pace with the caravan: since then, he has explored the greater part of Asia: after a progress through Persia, he crossed into India, visited the Mogul, and had a conversation with him about religion: was intimate with Runjeet Singh, who made him a present of rupees of the value of £800, which was very acceptable. When did any missionary, in ancient or more modern times, traverse so many, vast, and various countries? even Xavier must cede the palm of extent and rapidity of movement to the Rev. Mr. Woolff.

AKAΔHMIA



On the nearer approach to Antioch, the road descends to Salkeen, a village on the south side of the valley of the Orontes, but separated from the river by a ridge of heights, and distant three hours from Elmanas. The river is crossed by a stone bridge, called "the iron bridge" from its gates, which are coated with iron. On the other side of the bridge is a village of Kourds, tributary to the Mutsellim of Antioch. The route from this place lies over the uncultivated plain to one of the ancient gates of the old city: before the traveller reaches this place, he observes the remains of an ancient pavement, and for nearly six hundred yards there is a paved road between pleasant gardens. Immediately within the gate is a clear spring, shaded with trees. On arriving at Antioch, the traveller will find it wisest to seek a home beneath the roof of some respectable native, rather than in the public caravanserai, which is sufficient for an Oriental's tastes and wants, and may serve him who "tarries but for a night;" but cannot be agreeable to the European who desires to prolong his stay. A house like that of Girgius Adeeb is an absolute comfort and luxury, where one feels at home, independent, sincerely welcome, and may remain for days or weeks without wearing out that welcome. We always made it a point throughout our journeys to find out first, in the village or town, whether an asylum could be procured at a private dwelling, before we sought the monastery or the khan. Often we succeeded in doing so, and felt at once at ease: it was the interest of the people to be civil and kind, though the inclination to be so was rarely wanting. Frequently the reception was as earnest and cordial as if we had been old friends of the family: the fowls were instantly killed and dressed, the eggs, the butter, and cakes baked on the earth, and the honey, furnished a luxurious repast, from which wine was seldom absent. The charge throughout Syria, &c. for supper, lodging, and an early breakfast before setting out, is very moderate: the people are thankful for what is given them, the value of the articles consumed being very trifling. If convenient, the traveller should set out long before sunrise, and advance several hours before breakfast; this will diminish greatly the fatigue, and increase the distance of the day's journey: sometimes it was necessary to stop at a little rural café, by the way-side, and, seating ourselves on the bank, beneath some trees, while the horses grazed beside, wait for our breakfast, which was quickly ready—excellent Mocha coffee, with indifferent bread, sugar, but rarely milk; however, the halt, the scene, the pure and fresh air, rendered this delightful. No man becomes an epicure in such a journey: his imagination is so excited and fed every day and hour, that his physical wants and tastes soon become simple, and suited to the way. I remember how acceptable was a piece of bread and some dried dates from the hand of the plundering Arab chief, as we descended the cliffs beneath a burning sun at noon-day, when even a cup of coffee was dear to the fancy only; it would have been a manna. We were approaching the region of Mount Paran; and after passing the sublime front of this mountain, at a short distance we rested at night, in the sand and in darkness, and the fire was kindled, and coffee at last given to us: the wind howled shrilly around us; we were prisoners, and exhausted with fatigue—yet it was one of the indelible moments of life.



ΑΘΗΝΑΝ

A few weeks may be most agreeably spent at Antioch: its interior is comfortless, and its populace uncivil and bigoted: the stranger rarely lingers within its walls. But it is now not difficult to procure a comfortable lodging, even should destiny, which is summary in its movements in the East, cut short the thread of the hospitable Girgius's life. The singular and sublime scenes in the environs, the splendid excursions, the memorable associations of Antioch, cannot soon weary.

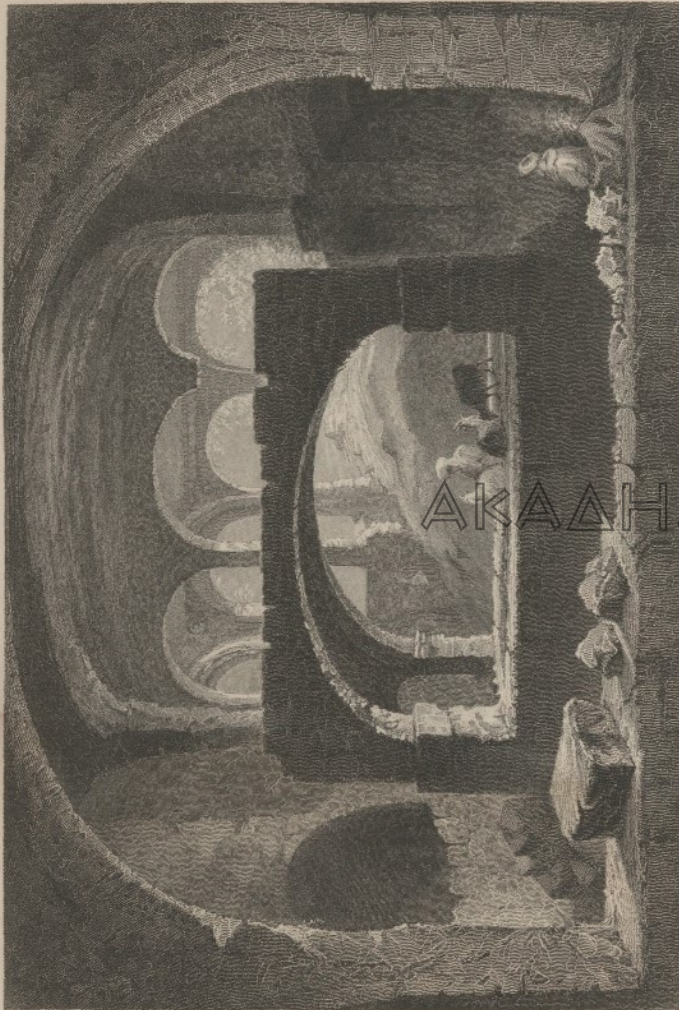
SEPOLCHRE AT SELEUCIA.

This is one of the most entire of the burial-places of the ancient people of Seleucia, the city whence the apostle of the gentiles first embarked on his mission. It was a place of a very remarkable situation, being built on the side of a rocky mountain: the walls stood on high cliffs overlooking the plain. On the south-east side of the city remains a strong gate, adorned with pilasters, and defended with round towers; this was called the Antioch gate, and was almost entire at the time of Poccocke's visit, but is now greatly defaced. The city communicated with the sea by an artificial channel cut out of the rock, of a very extraordinary nature and aspect, and described in a former paper on the sepulchres of Seleucia. Some of these sepulchral grotts, of which the plate is a specimen, are very grand: they have courts before them, with several apartments, one within another. This tomb is situated high up the rocky face of the mountain; it contains places for coffins, which were no doubt formerly placed here, stone or marble sarcophagi, in which the dead were borne to their mountain grave with honour, for this was evidently the tomb of one of the chief families, as to rank and wealth, of Seleucia. The ambition of the proud and the rich to eternize their memory, could scarcely have chosen a more suitable or wildly impressive situation: almost hung in mid air, on its pillars the eagle might rest, but the foot of man seldom draw nigh. Hewn with exquisite pains and taste, how simple yet beautiful is his sepulchre! the columns of its portico, worthy to be that of a heathen temple; the suite of chambers, the passages, carved out of the bowels of the mountain, so as to seem like a fancy-work rather than the gloomy home of the dead. The dead have long since passed away; their ashes scattered to the winds: no relie of a coffin or urn remains. It is impressive to sit in the shadow of one of these sepulchres, and look through its little colonnade on the many mountain tombs around, all hewn in the rock; on their courts and pillars the fierce sunlight, that cannot pierce the gloom of their interior: the stillness around is that of the grave: no sound of earth seems to come up to these lonely regions, save the wail of the wind on the cliffs above, and the distant beat of the sea.

In a sepulchre similar to this of Seleucia, save that it was without columns, the writer found an Eastern hermit, or holy man, who dwelt there apart from the world, for

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SEPOLCHRE AT SELEUCIA.

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AKAAHMAIA

AACHINAN

the purpose, or with the pretence, of devotion. He was a fine-looking personage, of middle age, of a tall and spare figure, and a serene and agreeable aspect. His home was dim and gloomy, light entering only through the door: a miserable bed was on the floor, that was thick with the dust of ages, into which the foot almost sank: myriads of bats dwelt in the sepulchre and its inner chambers, and their hideous shapes, flitting through the gloom, looked like the demon figures that visited St. Anthony's cell in the rock. It was in a noble position, and commanded a great extent of desert, river, and mountains; of rise and set of sun in all its glory. The hermit stood at the entrance of his sepulchre, and welcomed us with a smile: in its dimness he loved to pray, rather than in the glare of day without: he had lived here many years, his frugal fare supplied by the villagers at some miles distant; and here he purposed to end his days.

The following well-authenticated relation, apart from its romantic issue to the individual concerned, may serve to give an idea of the dangers formerly incurred in a voyage to the Levant:—

The ruined castles and gloomy caves, so numerous on the coasts of Asia Minor are fit holds for pirates, and these shores, in the late disorganised state of Greece, were much infested by brigands: the Mystics even still continue to prowl along the coast, and make the straggling merchantship a prey. The artist was more than once, in his voyage in the native boats, in fear of falling in with these rovers. The fate of a sailor from a village in the west of Cornwall, who was taken many years since by a pirate, was singular and interesting: he still lives, a prosperous and wealthy man, to tell his tale; but he has abjured his faith, and is now a Mahometan. The vessel, in which he was mate, was bound to the Levant, and was taken by a pirate, when within sight of the north coast of Africa, and carried into Algiers: the crew were sold as slaves in the market, for there was at this period, which was previous to the expedition of Lord Exmouth, a sale of slaves whenever prizes were brought into port. The captain and most of the crew were sold to purchasers in the town; but the mate became the property of an elderly Turk, who resided at a country house without the walls. This house was in a garden, and situated on one of the finest declivities around the town, and had a prospect of the sea-shore, that was very bold and beautiful. The captive was put to work in the garden: this was his daily and only employment; his treatment was kind, for his master was a humane old man; neither was his work too severe: his food was good and plentiful,—so that, except that he was a slave, his condition was comfortable enough. But he made himself very miserable at first, because he was not free, and knew not when he should be so: perhaps never again; and he would pause often in his work, and fix his eyes on the vessels of



various nations, sailing along the Mediterranean, full in view, though at a distance, of the garden. He would sometimes sit down on the bank, and weep at the thoughts of his home, and his parents, and sisters, in Cornwall: they knew nothing of his fate, and he had no means of informing them. He was a handsome young man, with the fine complexion of his native county, and of a gentle disposition: he never imagined, as he carefully tended every day the fruits and vegetables for his master's use, and cleaned the walks that wound beneath the trees down the slope—that he was soon to look upon these things with an eye of pride, not of dejection; and to say at last, with Crusoe on his lonely isle, 'I am monarch of all I survey.' The Turk had an only child, a daughter, of whom he was passionately fond: this parental affection is an amiable feature in the character of the Turks, who will caress their children with extreme fondness, even in the streets. The lady, walking often in the garden, which was her only promenade, (so secluded do their females live,) soon took notice of the young gardener, and though a Frank, and an infidel, would frequently stop and converse with him, for he had learned to speak a little in the language of the Moors: these interviews finally fixed her affections upon the poor captive; and with artless simplicity she made her father acquainted with her passion. He who had never denied her most capricious wishes, was not inflexible on this interesting point, but one day, looking graver even than usual, came into the garden, and, approaching the spot where the captive was working, made at once a proposal that he should marry his daughter, if he would abjure his religion, and become a Mahometan. The Cornish sailor was astonished at the proposal, and desired time to consider of it: he told some of his countrymen afterwards, who put into Algiers, that he had a long and severe conflict in his mind; that he could not bear the thoughts of casting off the pure and simple faith in which he had been brought up from a child: he had written a letter home, to which no answer was ever received; and seemed to be quite destitute, with little hope but of being a slave for many years, perhaps for all his life. On the other hand, the temptation was very great: a young and handsome woman was to be his wife, and he should be heir to all the property of her father. At last he yielded, and they were married, having previously abjured his Christianity, and put on the turban. He lived happily with his Turkish wife several years: then the father died, and all his possessions became theirs.—The husband abandoned all thoughts of returning to his native country, for ever.

The privations, and perils of a journey through Syria are often exaggerated: the discomforts are of late years greatly diminished, as well as the expenses. In his tour of above a year, Lamartine spent three or four thousand pounds, an unusually large sum; but this included the purchase of beautiful horses, with which he travelled *en prince*—the most unfavourable way for exploring a country, as well as the most expensive; for a traveller in this style is expected to make handsome presents to sheichs, governors, and their attendants. He received 80,000 francs for his book; so that he lost nothing.

His travels are, however, the very best we possess, of Syria and of many parts of Palestine: the descriptions are faithfully, yet exquisitely given: no traveller has hitherto explored Lebanon so interestingly: still there remains in this noble range of mountains much to illustrate. Its monasteries often afford a comfortable asylum; but the tourist, if he desires cleanliness, must keep clear of the more ascetic retreats. In several of these monastic homes, a few days may be spent most agreeably, in the wild and magnificent scenes of Lebanon, amidst which the sound of the convent bell is sad, yet pleasing. Lady H. Stanhope has observed, that the air along the coast of Syria is the most healthful she has resided in; upon the declivities and mountains it comes fresh and invigorating during a good part of the year. How delicious is the early morn in these regions!—you are summoned to depart as the sun is faintly colouring the sky; and you have many a singular and shadowy scene ere the mists are rolled away, and the gloom of the vales broken: the shepherd's pipe comes shrilly on the air; and the path winds up an ascent, or enters a glen down which the waterfall is dashing, and perhaps the chant of a neighbouring convent stealing: you rest at noon in the shade of some trees, or of overhanging rocks; and at evening your day's progress is agreeably finished at the house of the Maronite sheich, or wealthy villager: the whole family are in attendance; there is no female seclusion in Lebanon—the wife and daughters, neatly dressed, their fine hair braided in long tresses: they prepare his supper with their own hands; perhaps an ecclesiastic drops in, and joins the circle: cleanliness, and even comfort, are not wanting here. The population is considerable in many parts of the way, where it is not necessary to be in suspense, or wander long for an asylum: the declivities are covered with numerous little villages, around which the ground is highly cultivated, either with corn, vines, olive, or mulberry trees. Perhaps the day's wandering has been mostly solitary, in wilds and barren places: how joyous then and welcome a change is this cheerful little community of comfort and contentment!

ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑ



ΑΘΗΝΑΝ

END OF THE SECOND SERIES.

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