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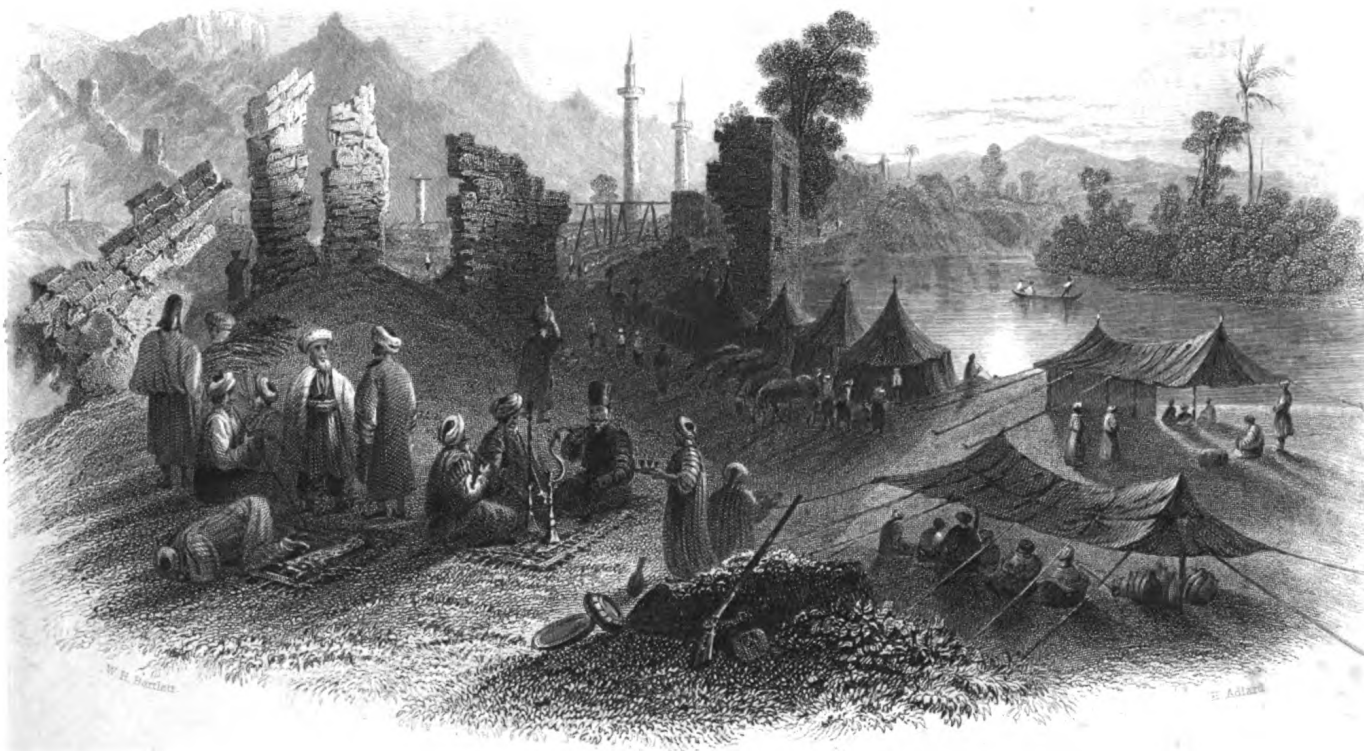
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John L. M.

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S Y R I A,
THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,
&c.

I L L U S T R A T E D.

IN A SERIES OF VIEWS DRAWN FROM NATURE

BY

W. H. BARTLETT, WILLIAM PURSER, &c.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

Author of "Letters from the East."

First.

FISHER, SON, & Co.; LONDON, PARIS, & AMERICA.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publishers of this Work are most anxious that nothing on their part should be wanting, to render it worthy of the subjects they have undertaken to illustrate, and the consequent approbation of the Public. Deeply impressed, not only by the interest but by the sanctity which is attached to every memorial of THE HOLY LAND—to its ancient and most sacred recollections, and to the prophesied contrasts of its existing condition—they have secured the literary co-operation of a gentleman whose name carries with it the assurance, that the task could not have been committed to talents more eminently fitted to do it justice; while, in the various departments of the Fine Arts, they have spared no efforts which liberality could suggest, to improve the effect of the written matter by pictorial representations of the highest class.

It is impossible to estimate too highly the great advantages which this country is about to derive from the Manufacturing, Commercial, and Trading resources, scientific discoveries, and rapid intercourse of the East: the march of intellect and the flight of steam are advancing hand in hand into the heart of Asia;—even while this volume has been in progress, new facilities have been opened in various directions.

At the conclusion of this volume, so liberally supported, the Publishers feel confident that the forthcoming ones will increase in interest and beauty; their Artist, now in Palestine, having lately taken a series of Views, the subjects of which have never been touched on before.

LONDON, October 1, 1836.

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INTRODUCTION.

MANY of the countries here illustrated were, till about a century since, almost sealed to the traveller's eye by the intolerance of the Turks. A journey to the East was to our ancestors, as "Sadak's waters of life," enchanting to the hope, precious to the soul, but guarded by a thousand dangers, terrors, and hardships. The songs of the wandering minstrels, full of tales of captivity and cruelty, of 'the heat that consumed by day, and the blast by night,' long kept up this impression. And in the castle hall, the harp's loved tones were of the knights who were slain, of the watch-fires gleaming on the dreary shores,—where the armies of Israel triumphed of old, and the mighty were broken.

The Pilgrim alone continued to visit the shrines and ruins of his faith, although he often gave his life for a prey: if he returned in safety, his relics and his legends were a live-long theme. But the good times of wild adventure, of delicious heroism, and suffering for the sake of the Cross—are gone for ever: men weep at the sepulchre of their Lord, and roam night and day the vales and hills of Judah—but they shed their blood no more, and cease to tell of sad separations from all they love, and of bitter and unspeakable sacrifices. It is true, that the wanderer in the East can no longer blend individual glorying or factitious excitements with the way: but his heart and fancy will be ever conscious of emotions, more pure and elevating than those of the crusader, the pilgrim, or the sceptic. Amid the forests of Lebanon, the ruins of the first illustrious churches, the solitudes of Midian or Padan-Aram,—throughout all "the land of the people of the East," he reads the progress of his faith, cherished, like the lonely child of Hagar—in the wilderness, beneath the shadow of the palm, by the fountain's side, till it became even "mightier than the angel, and at the rushing of its wings the nations were afraid."

The increasing facilities of conveyance already bring Palestine and Syria comparatively near to our own homes — and open to the traveller in Asia Minor, a scenery of more perfect and varied beauty than even Italy, Greece, or Spain can present. Her former cities are desolate: her fertile valleys untilled: and her rivers and harbours idle; but the despotism that has contributed to this ruinous state is, perhaps, soon to be destroyed: the half-independent and turbulent Pashas will be brought under the power of Ibrahim, and a state of comparative improvement and industry succeed to one of rapine, sloth, and misery. Yet it is strange, that while the spirit of modern discovery has

explored the most remote extremities of the globe, and the political convulsions of Europe forced the traveller into other continents—this extensive and famous territory should have so long remained undescribed, and comparatively unknown. Very valuable and interesting researches have recently been published on this subject; European travel begins to grow hacknied and familiar, and men sigh for some more novel and enterprising path:—many a footstep will soon be turned to this most interesting region—that contains the marches and battle-fields of Alexander and Cyrus; the precious remains of the seats of learning and the arts, of Asiatic refinement and luxury.

Most of the places illustrated in this Work had been visited by the writer, previous to the Egyptian invasion, when the land was in a state of comparative quiet, very favourable to a successful progress. To the Oriental traveller, the pleasures of memory are greater than those of hope: on his devious way, clouds and darkness often gather: the feuds of the chiefs may suddenly forbid all approach to the favourite ruin or city, imprison him in some hamlet or desert, where he is alone with his baffled hope, and despair. Perhaps disease or contagion overtake him, where there is none to help. But when his warfare is over, and his objects attained, when his own hearth and roof-tree receive him—then memory wakes, to “sleep no more.” In the murmur of his native wave he fancies he hears the distant rush of the Nile or Euphrates: in the night wind the blast of the desert again passes by: and on the bleak moor that “Rock of ages,” that has been his shadow from the heat, again stands before him, desolate yet precious. These feelings may by some be deemed enthusiastic: but no man ever succeeded in an Eastern journey, plucked its roses from its many thorns, and, in spite of fears and sorrows, went on rejoicing in his way—who was not an enthusiast.

Once more to retrace this route, although in description only, to depict its features, that change not with the passage of time—is a welcome task. Some of the scenes are less familiar than others, for it is rarely possible that the traveller is permitted to look on all he has most desired to behold: the thirst of novelty and beauty, in temple, landscape, or in the homes of princes, grows with its indulgence; and he is inclined at last to estimate his success, less by what a favouring Providence has granted, than by what it has withheld.

SYRIA, THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,

§c. §c. §c.

HADGI OR MECCA PILGRIMS ENCAMPED NEAR ANTIOCH, ON THE BANKS OF THE ORONTES.

THE Pilgrimage to Mecca is, perhaps, the highest excitement that life offers to the Mussulman: the lowliest condition, the most advanced age, or immeasurable distance—are no bar to its performance. From the interior of Africa and Hindostan, the shores, isles, and deserts of the East, an annual myriad advances to the tomb of the prophet. The march of the caravan, in the freshness of its strength and zeal, ere disease and misery have done their work, is a singular and splendid spectacle: the sacred white camel, gorgeously arrayed and attended, the guards, the banners, the hosts of various nations, complexions, and languages—all pressing on with a lightness of heart, a freedom of step, a face full of the sedate fanaticism of their faith. The more humble and numerous portion of the pilgrims are the most devoted: to worship at the shrine, to wash away their sins, and earn a Hadgi's honour, is their strong and guiding hope—the prospect of traffic and gain also animates the merchants, who, as well as the nobler pilgrims, are provided with servants, comforts, and even luxuries. But this pilgrimage is of admirable use in teaching men their utter helplessness, the vanity of earthly distinctions, “the rich and the poor meet together:” they weep in secret: “the servant is as his master.” The hour is sure to arrive, when the caravan, feeble and wasted, the courage lost, the enthusiasm a dream—is seen stealing over the desert, as if the angel of death sadly called them: when the poorer pilgrim, from his burning bed of sand, looks on the great and the luxurious, breathing faintly also; and the harem of the one, and the cottage of the other, flit before the failing eye. Perhaps the night brings the breeze or cloud, and they struggle on their way, till the water, fountain, or stream, is near: and its low sound is caught by every ear with an acuteness that misery only can give. Again all distinctions are forgotten, of sex, rank, and circumstance: the prince and the peasant kneel side by side, or prostrate, like Gideon's troop, drink insatiably, blessing the prophet, and each other.—The writer was once present at a scene of this kind, in a party, where one of the domestics, in his suffering, poured reproaches on his master: the rest were silent and dejected: they had walked from sun-rise till noon over a soil utterly

parched, and in an intolerable heat, no cloud in the sky, no moisture on the earth: the hills of white sand on the left seemed to glare on us like spectres: at last we reached a rapid and shallow stream, on whose opposite bank was a stone tower, where a few soldiers kept their lonely look-out against the Arabs. Too impatient to drink in the usual way, the party threw themselves on the shore, and, plunging their faces in the wave, drank long and insatiably.

The track of the great caravan, during an unfortunate season, is at intervals strewed with victims: the first are the old and the sickly: wasted by the cold as well as the fiery blasts, the bodies rest on the sands, without corruption, such is the excessive purity of the air: to those who have friends and property, a miserable honour is shewn.

“Just before we reached the wells in this desert,” says an Arabian traveller, “we passed by the tomb of a distinguished person, who died on this spot. His companions having enclosed the naked corpse within low walls of loose stones, had covered it over with a large block. The dryness of the air had preserved the corpse in the most perfect state. Looking at it through the interstices of the stones which enveloped it, it appeared to me a more perfect mummy than any I had seen in Egypt. The mouth was wide open, and our guide related that the man had died for want of water, though so near the wells.”

The caravan in the Vignette presents a picture of ease, and even luxury, in strange contrast to the usual hardships of the way: the Orontes, on whose banks the pilgrims are seated, glides deliciously and coldly by,—how different from the fountains, scanty and far between, which were long their only trust! It is possible, however, by fortunate arrangements, to visit the tomb of Mecca without serious calamity,—save some inroads on the health and beauty of the ladies, who actually went in this caravan, with an enterprise, and perhaps religious zeal, not very usual among Oriental women. Rarely, indeed, do the latter venture their round forms and exquisitely clear and colourless complexions, to the simoom’s deadly sweep: to go forth from the harem, into which the light falls through richly stained glass—to be by night the inmate of a tent during weeks and months, and the prey of the sun and wind by day: can the thickest veils, the most skilful precautions, prevent mischief to the eyes, the cheeks, the hair; the limbs will grow attenuated, and the spirits, unused to such stern excitement, languid and broken.

The conductor of this small caravan, to whom the ladies belonged, was a noble Turk, a native of Constantinople, whence he had proceeded through the rich provinces or Asia Minor to Damascus, thence by slow journeys through the deserts to the Red Sea, and there embarked for Jidda, which is six days’ journey from Mecca. They were now on their return; their consciences pacified, their imaginations bewildered, their memories stored. The trials of the way o’erpast, they were resting among the ruins of Antioch, musing, perhaps, on the tales of peril and change, to tell to the calm and luxurious circles of Constantinople—for which they were shortly to sail.

The Turkish nobleman and two of his friends were seated on a rich carpet, each smoking the hookah, and sipping coffee: the baggage scattered on the ground, the horses and camels grazing, some tents open: groups of pilgrims were conversing, or

sauntering about the shores. The tents of the women, closely curtained, were pitched in the rear, no less than six being occupied by the harem and its numerous attendants. The inmates had travelled across the deserts in houdas, a covered or open divan, placed on the back of the camel, and either rudely or luxuriously furnished. The writer met, one day, in the deserts east of the Red Sea, a Turkish gentleman of Cairo, returning, quite alone, from Mecca : he was seated in a houdah ; his solitary camel, seen from afar, the rider reclining as on a sofa, musing indolently, had a droll appearance in so desolate a scene : the little clouds of smoke that rose at intervals from his pipe into the pure air, told of his progress accurately : it was by no means unlike the slow movement of a small steam-carriage over the sands, save that no sound came forth : the Arab guide, walking at the head of the camel, was as silent as his master : even his melancholy song was hushed. But the Ottoman ladies, who had walked nine times round the adored Tomb, kissed the black and miraculous stone of the Caaba, and drank of the well Zemzem—will be marked and envied beings for the rest of their lives : in the divans, the baths, the promenades of the city—the words of the fair Hadgés will be received as oracles : and companies will hang as greedily upon them, and even more so, than their lords on those of the Arab story-tellers, for they will have the charm of truth. No gain-saying or scepticism can be feared from other ladies, who have never strayed from the banks of the Bosphorus, or heard more awful sounds than the murmur of its waves, or their own fountains.

The Mahometans, from the tomb of their prophet—halting on the ruins of Antioch, presented a mournful comment on the decline of the power and glory of this world, as well as on that of the pure and earliest church of God. The two greatest of the Apostles preached, Ignatius taught, and offered himself as a martyr in Antioch : and great was the prosperity and the joy, during many ages, of its Christian people.

And now—the lofty minarets of the mosques were seen above the broken walls of the ancient city : there are some remains of a church, said to be that of Chrysostom : there are tombs also, beneath the shade of the trees, but they do not contain the ashes of the early Christians : the stone shaft carved, and turban, shew them to be the sepulchres of the Turks. The valley of the Orontes is very partially cultivated, save in the immediate vicinity of the river : the range of Mount Amanus, the Amana of Scripture, rises boldly beyond : far to the right, at a few hours' distance, is the pass in this mountain, through which Darius marched his mighty army from the plains of Assyria to the coasts of Cilicia, a few days before the battle of Issus.

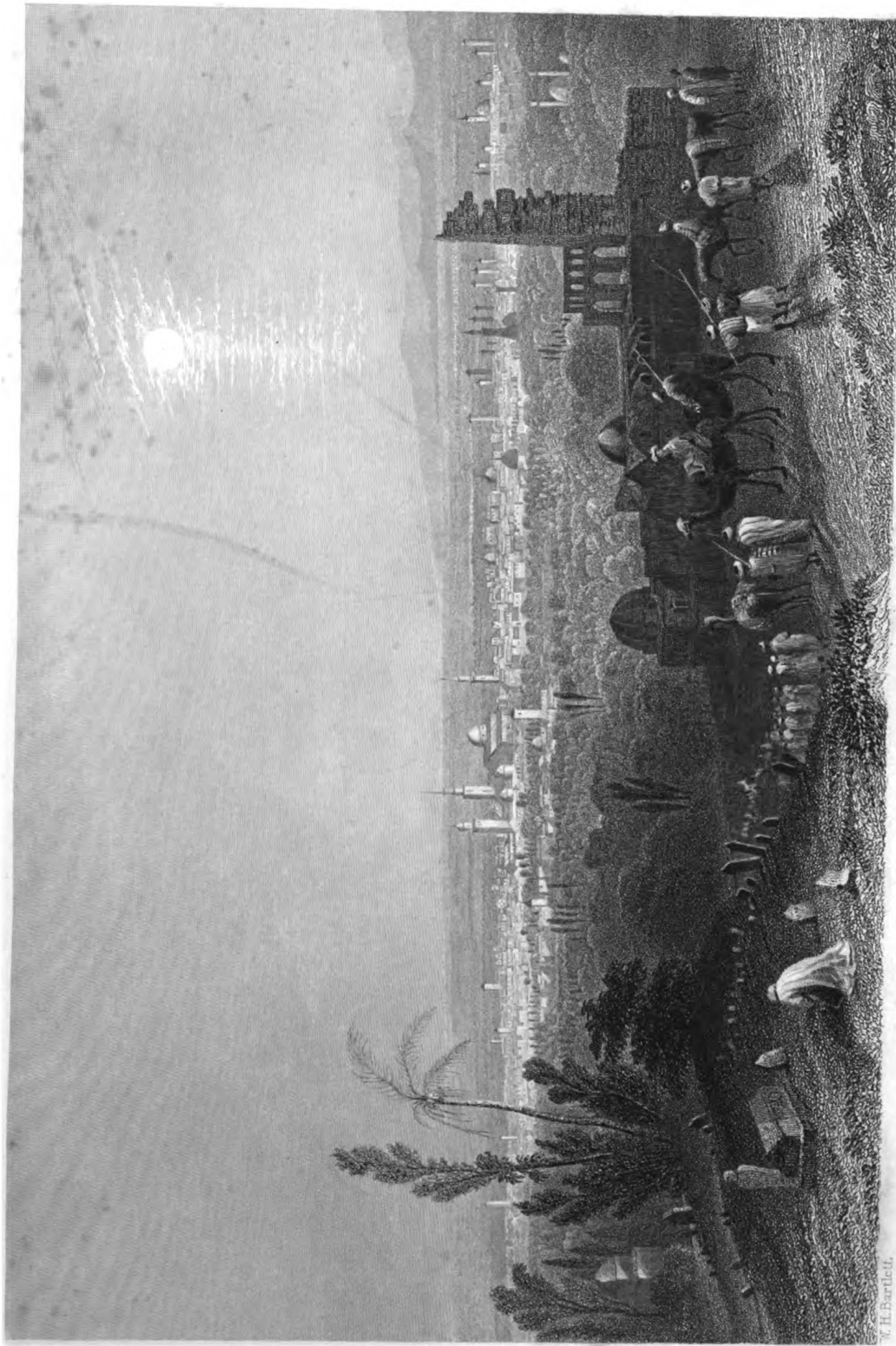
To the course of the Orontes new interest is now imparted by the enterprise of Colonel Chesney, who begins his overland communication with India at Suadeah, where this ancient river falls into the sea. From this first footstep on the lonely shore, covered with the ruins of Seleucia, what a career of industry, intelligence, and prosperity may be expected to arise ! Steam navigation and rail-roads will traverse the silent plains and the famous but forsaken rivers : not Cleopatra in her bark of purple and gold on the Cydnus, excited more surprise than will follow the first steam-boat on the Orontes,—the herald

to the admiring people of a new era in their condition, in knowledge, in comfort, in faith! The general diffusion of instruction among a people, from whom it has been so long, and so utterly withheld, will be the gradual but certain result of the rapid facilities of intercourse with England: the great valley of the Orontes, from the vicinity of Damascus to that of Aleppo, is full of a modern as well as ancient interest; there are several large and wealthy towns, where manufactures might be introduced, and a regular commercial intercourse established: the cultivation of some districts is excellent, and most are capable of it: but the people are a prey to indolence and apathy:—they want a new stimulus. And this stimulus will be felt when new sources of trade, of enjoyment, of energy, shall be opened to them. The improvements and changes introduced by the conqueror, Ibrahim Pasha, may benefit his coffers, not his subjects. Railroads and steam-carriages will be the greatest blessings to these rich and beautiful countries: on their rapid wheels devolve greater changes than on the march of armies. From Suadeah to the Euphrates, and down its waters to the Persian Gulf,—will no longer be the painful and interminable journey, that most undertake from necessity,—few for pleasure: in a few years, the traveller, instead of creeping on a camel at three miles an hour, wasted by sun and wind, may find himself rolling along the plains of Babylon with the speed of thought, while mounds, towers, and tumuli vanish by, like things seen in a dream: the man of science, who lingers among the dim ruins, the merchant who tarries to buy and sell,—may no longer dread the plundering Kurd or Bedouin, when his country's flag heaves in sight far over the plain, “on that ancient river Euphrates,” as daringly as when

“Her march was on the mountain wave,
Her home was on the deep.”

DAMASCUS, FROM ABOVE SALAHYEH.

The joy of the Prophet, when he first beheld Cairo, would have been exalted to rapture, had he ever looked on Damascus—had he stood where one of his followers is praying among the tombs, and mourning for the dead. A caravan of Arabs is slowly descending the hill from their distant homes: the desert behind, the desert far in front—is it any wonder that the plain of Damascus looks like the land of Beulah to the pilgrim? he stands gazing on it long and silently, he forgets all the perils and trials of the way. The ruined villa on the right, on the very brow of the descent—could not fate spare so exquisite a home? Justly might its owner, when ruin came, condemn every other resting-place on earth. The little cemetery on the left is a sweet retreat from sad and miserable thoughts: the Turk often comes to meditate here: the tomb of the Santon amidst the trees proves that it is venerated ground. The stony plains,—the



H. Jordan.

V. H. Bartlett.

dreary hills, which gird in the delicious plain are passed,—and now the traveller slowly moves through groves of cypress, and olive, and walnut trees, and hears on every side the murmur of rivulets which he cannot see. Few passengers are met with: no stream of population, or busy hum of men, or swift passing of horses and carriages, as in the suburbs of London and Paris: you seem to be approaching a vast rural retreat of ease and luxury rather than the great mart of Asiatic commerce and wealth. The mass of gardens is so dense, that at first sight no opening can be discerned: they extend, it is said, not less than twenty miles round, and are thick set with fruit trees of all kinds, kept fresh and verdant by the numerous streams: the plain, which is of vast extent, is almost enclosed on three sides by mountains, which appear, on the right and left, very far from each other: in the farthest distance, their forms rise dim and shadowy on the horizon: the mountains above the city are very near, and, like all the rest, very bare and rugged. About half a mile from the city, tradition points out the spot where Saul was arrested in his career by the light and voice from Heaven, and fell to the earth, to rise no more the fierce persecutor but the stricken penitent, the contrite man, on whose dark dream of cruelty and error had broke the revelation of his Lord. This remarkable scene is on the side of the old road, near the ruined arch of a bridge, and near it are the tombs of some devout Christians. There is no building or memorial here, only the road turns a little aside, that the spot may be a little retired from the general passage of travellers. On entering the gate, you advance along the long and broad street still called Straight, which is probably the same in which Saul dwelt, while yet blind, in the house of Judas, “in the street which is called Straight, where he saw in a vision a man named Ananias, coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight.” It must be confessed that even the interior of Damascus, like that of Constantinople, is sadly out of keeping with the excessive beauty of nature, without the walls. Very many of the streets have a mean appearance: the houses are rather low; and the interior is redeemed only by the rivers and the groups of trees, the coffee-houses and the luxurious dwellings of the rich and great. It is a place of the highest antiquity, being as old as the time of the patriarch Abraham, whose confidential servant was Eliezer of Damascus. Josephus ascribes its origin to Uz, the great-grandson of Noah: his father, Aram, the son of Shem, having possessed himself of Syria, which from him received the name of Aram. It is called also the Mouth of Mecca, from its being the grand rendezvous of all the Syrian pilgrims proceeding to Mecca, and its Pasha is the conductor of the sacred caravan. This city has been more fortunate than most of its contemporaries: it never attained the elevation or celebrity of Nineveh or Babylon, nor has it ever fallen so low: it has been often captured, and several times demolished, but has always risen again to splendour and dignity, and has in all ages been celebrated as one of the most delightful situations in the world. It was conquered by David, king of Israel, who left a garrison in the place, but it revolted towards the latter part of the reign of Solomon, and was governed by its own princes till the invasion of Tiglath-pileser. After that period it shared the fate of Syria, in being transferred to successive conquerors: under the

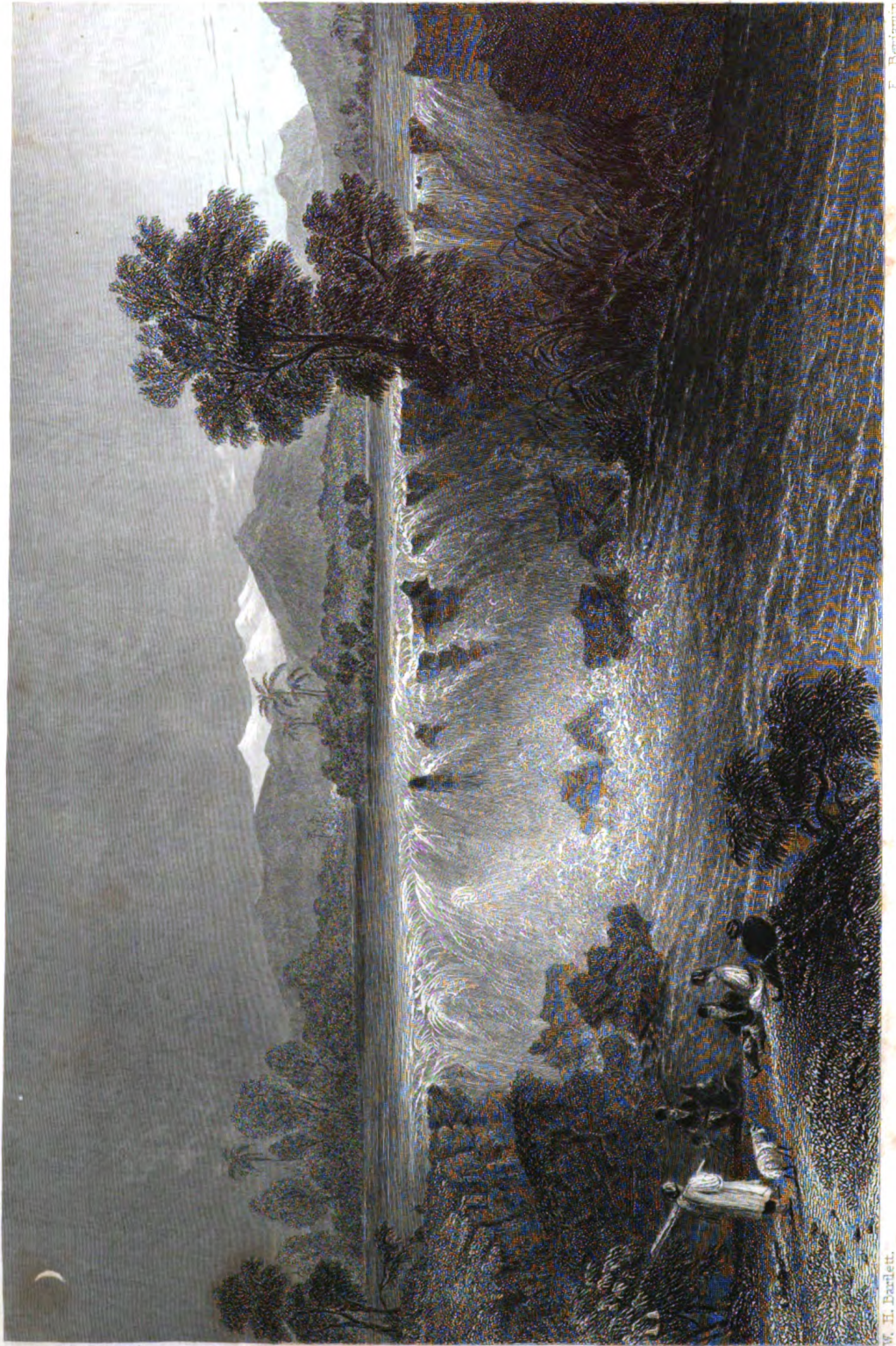
Romans, it was the capital of that part of Cœlo-Syria which was called, from it, Damascene. In the division of the country established by Constantine and his successors, it was included in Phœnicia Libanica; and when the country fell into the hands of the Arabians, it was restored to its former rank, being made the capital and residence of the Saracen monarchs of the Omniade race, who removed to this place from Medina in the seventh century, about forty years after the death of Mohammed. It is 136 miles distant from Jerusalem, being a caravan journey of six days. Abraham is said, in Genesis, to have pursued the confederate kings, who had taken his brother Lot, unto Hobah, "which is on the left hand of Damascus."

The chief building in the middle of the city, with a large dome and two roofs, is the grand mosque, built by Christians, and now possessing so peculiarly sacred a character, that Franks are rarely permitted to enter the edifice which their predecessors reared. This cathedral is one of the finest things the zeal of the first Christians produced. The architecture, which is of the Corinthian order, is very superior in beauty and variety to that of any other mosque in the Turkish empire.

FALL OF THE RIVER CYDNUS.

This scene on the Cydnus is below the town of Tarsus; its stream passes within a short distance of the walls. Rarely can the traveller gather at once so many beautiful associations as in this vicinity, whose decay is not visible in ruinous haunts and a wasted soil: the fields are cultivated, and the groves are cool, as in the days of departed pagan and christian glory. The birth-place of St. Paul, ere he was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, was in his time "no mean city of Cilicia." All present appearances and usages are sadly at variance with the memories and feelings of the Christian: the Oriental receives him with the salutation of "Peace be with you: you are welcome among us: God send you a happy evening"—but the name of that Lord in whom Paul gloried, suffered, and died, is not mentioned here. The stranger gladly turns from its close streets, its mean dwellings, and seeks without the walls the interest which he cannot find within.

The Cydnus is approached through groves of citron and palm, which are irrigated by branches of the river; and here the people of Tarsus love to resort, during the heats of day, and sit in groups in the shadow of the groves, conversing indolently and at intervals, or smoking in idealess abstraction, and gazing through the trees on the Cydnus, and Mount Taurus beyond. The time will surely come, and perhaps is not even now far distant, when Christianity shall again pour its flood of faith, hope, and intellect on this splendid land—when the mind as well as heart shall "awake, and put on her beautiful garments."



E. Perelman.

ALL OF THE RIVER OUBANGIS NEAR TAMSUIS

W. H. Barrett.

The plain of Tarsus is cultivated with wheat and barley; exports of which are sent annually to the capital from the neighbouring port: during harvest, the scene on every side is cheerful, with groups of peasants and tents scattered here and there, in which they dwell during the reaping time. The town is about four hours, or twelve miles, distant from the sea, within two miles of which, the Cydnus is 150 feet wide, and is now navigable only by small boats: the stream is full, and rather more rapid than the Orontes; its tide is impeded near the embouchure by a bar of sand and in other parts of its course there are now impediments, through time and neglect, which anciently did not exist. How free and frequent was its navigation in the time of Roman power: how solitary are now its waters: the wild call of the Turkoman, where the harp and the viol were heard, and a pageant of beauty and luxury passed by—such as the world will ne'er see again. “Having crossed the sea of Pamphylia, Cleopatra entered the Cydnus, and going up that river, landed at Tarsus, to meet Antony. Never was equipage more splendid and magnificent than hers: the stern of her ship flamed with gold, the sails were purple, and the oars were inlaid with silver. A pavilion of cloth of gold was raised upon the deck, under which appeared the queen, robed like Venus, and surrounded with the most beautiful virgins of her court, of whom some represented the Nereides, and others the Graces. Instead of trumpets, were heard flutes, hautboys, harps, and other instruments of music, warbling the softest airs, to which the oars kept time. Perfumes were burning on the deck, which spread their odours to a great distance; the shores were covered with an infinite multitude of people.” There is now a flashing of arms at intervals, of the lance of the desert robber—not of the legions and guards of Antony—the smoke is rising from the rock, where some wild family prepare their meal: the Cydnus sweeps almost uselessly by, to be, in the prophetic words, “a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby.”

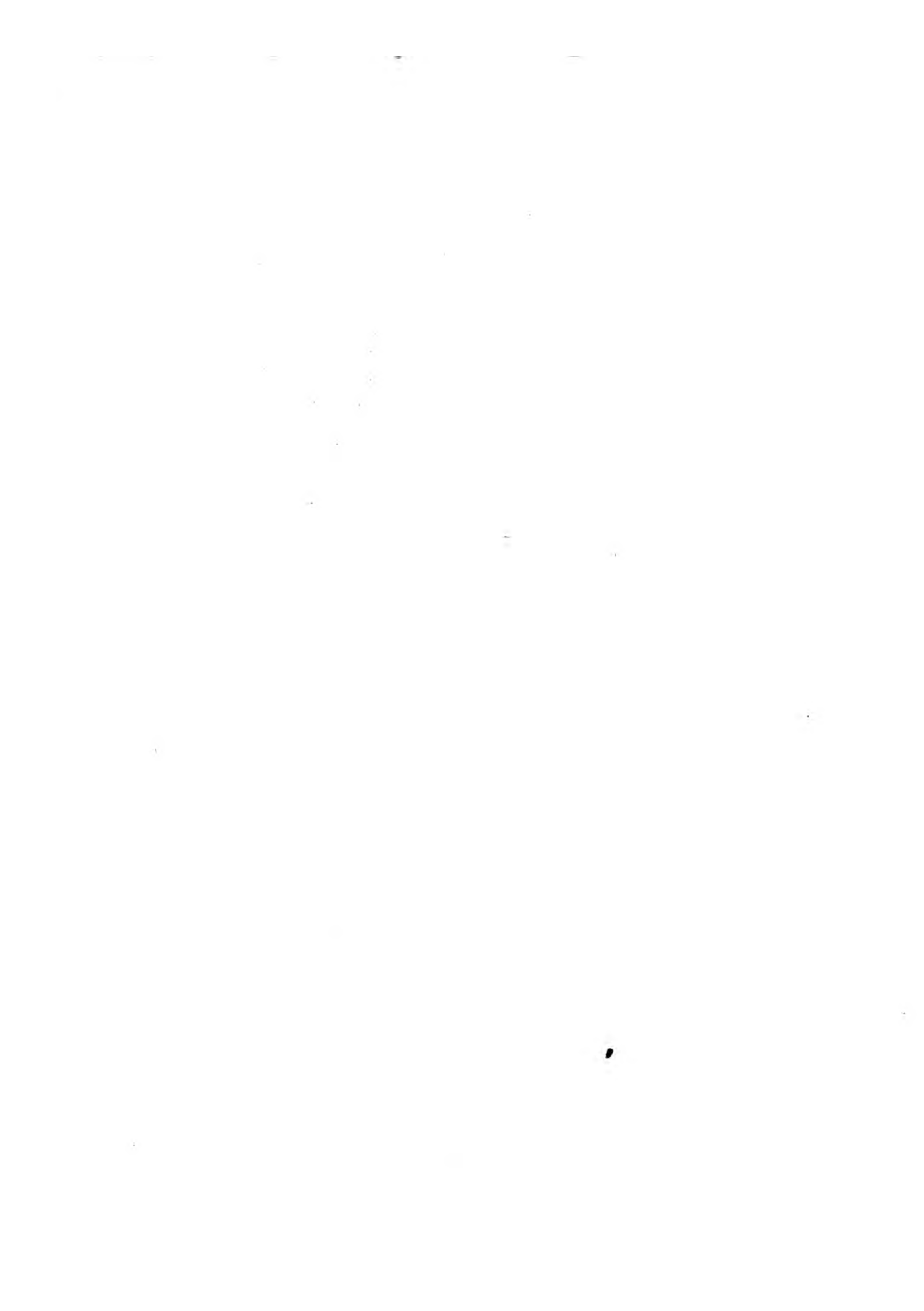
The fall of the Cydnus is not remarkable for its height or grandeur, although the river is here tolerably broad and deep: a cataract, that meets the stranger every day in the Alps, is in the East an unwonted sight, and he pauses long and entrancedly before its flashing volume—as if the lost palaces of Bali suddenly rose from the waves at his feet. The fall is broken in many places by rocks, from one of which a tree overhangs the torrent: a small isle of shrubs and a few palms is at a small distance above: the shores on each side are wooded, and backed by bold ascents. Mount Taurus is in the distance. The moon was in her midnight beauty, and beneath her soft and cool light the traveller pursued his way: the snow slept on the crests of Taurus, in such transparent lustre as if freshly fallen from heaven, and about to tarry but for a night: each peak, each grove, each lonely tent, was visible, as at noon-day. The bank beneath the fall was a pleasant resting-place, where the time fled unheeded away: and in the silence of the Eastern night there was something solemn in the rushing sound, as if the voice of the past was there, the glorious, the mournful, the indelible past. On these shores rested the army of Alexander, in its resistless career. Let their solitude be peopled again! and the

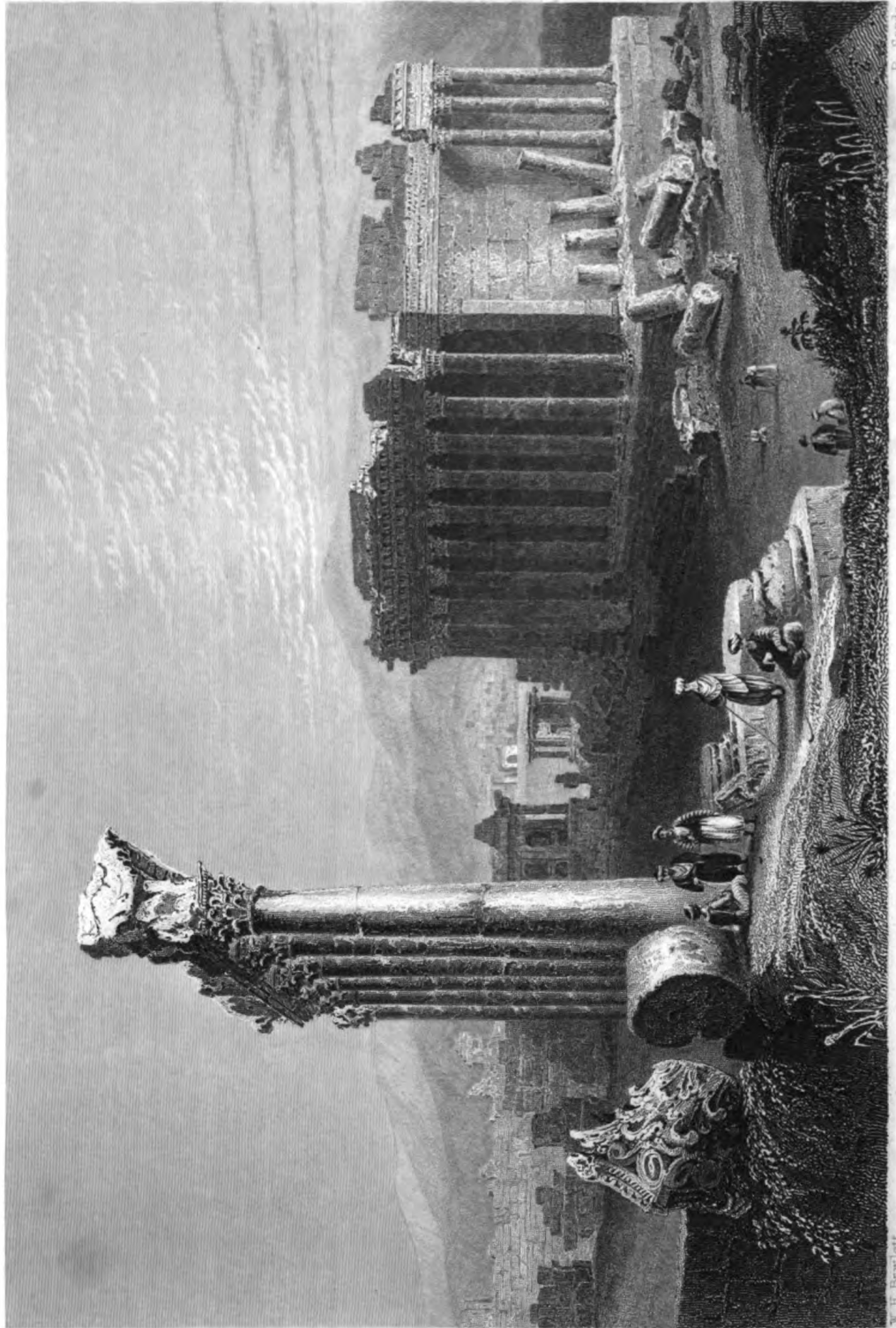
white tents, like a night vision, cover them, and the cry of the mighty and the voice of the trumpet, hush the murmur of the waves: when their king, "the terrible and the chosen one, that cut in sunder the gates of brass and bars of iron, and loosed the loins of princes," was here stricken, while the myriads of the Persians were drawing nigh; his strength lost in the Cydnus, like one of its own "bruised reeds," his voice feeble as an infant's, all lost but the unconquerable soul. Again the shores rang and trembled with his army's joy, when he passed before them, his white plume shading his pallid face, as one risen from the dead, "to go forth with great fury to destroy."

Two thousand years are passed since this beautiful pageant was here: and the Cydnus rolls on, cold and clear as then: yet Time, even this great interval, seems to lose its vastness, its awfulness, in such a night, in such an hour as this. They come again, the spectre-glories: the dead men rise from the dust of the earth: there is no sound on the night but the fall of waters, and the white foam is like the waving of garments in the gloom: the peaks of Taurus rise into the air, pure and shadowy as if they belonged not to this world: the cry of the Turcoman, afar off, is like a spirit's cry. What dim procession advances up the stream? the faint flash of oars, on whose silver shafts is the moon's rich beam? the harp and viol wailing, the pavilion of gold faintly shrouding the mightiness of death: each one was beautiful, each girl of Egypt and Persia—but on the face of their queen was unutterable beauty, and unutterable sorrow: they wept around her, remembering her past glory; but she, too proud to weep, smiled on the shores in mockery, the same smile with which she met Cæsar and Antony, and lastly Death; her face had the wan and dream-like hue as after the asp had stung her.

The night is passing away, the moonlight is paler on the snows of Taurus, and the breeze more cold at the first approach of morn: it is time to depart from the memorable stream, whose image will often follow the traveller during his pilgrimage, when he longs for water, and there is none.

The extreme coldness of this river, that proved so nearly fatal to Alexander, and afterwards occasioned the death of Frederic Barbarossa, has been rather exaggerated: several travellers have bathed in it of late years, without experiencing any ill effects. The water is undoubtedly cold, but not more so than that of the other rivers which carry down the melted snow of Mount Taurus. A portion of its ancient beauty, as well as clearness, and tufted trees on its banks, still remain. The celebrated pass leading from Cilicia into Syria, through which Alexander marched, when he left Tarsus to fight the battle of Issus, is about twenty miles to the north of that town: it is a remarkable defile through a chain of inaccessible mountains, and admits of only eight horses abreast, and seems to have been cut through the rock to the depth of about forty feet. Cyrus and the Roman emperor Severus also entered Cilicia by the same pass. According to Xenophon, it was only wide enough to admit a single chariot, yet it was abandoned to the two former conquerors without resistance.





R. Sarda

V. E. Berllet.

SCULPTURE IN THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK

RUINS OF BALBEC.

The road from Damascus to the ruins of Balbec, is full of interest: at times wild and rocky, and again beautiful and well cultivated; a few villages, charmingly situated; and the refreshing voice and sight of rapid streams the whole way. In seeking Palmyra, the traveller hastens through a hot and thirsty land, where no oasis in the desert induces him to linger, or his excited imagination to pause; yet it may be, that the privations and weariness these ruins require, render them more precious to the eye.

The visit to Balbec is rather a beautiful promenade, with enough here and there of the savage to give it a startling variety. The position of the ruins is very favourable to their effect: on the plain in which they stand, scarcely any trees are visible, but near the temple there is a little grove of the walnut, the willow, the poplar, and the ash: the long range of the Anti-Libanus mountains rises near. The small town of Balbec, whose white thin minarets contrast singularly with the dark mass of enormous ruins, is on an eminence adjacent. It is in truth a world of ruins, a solitary and sacred world; where the wild Arab and his hordes do not dwell, as in Palmyra, which the hand of the stranger does not desecrate, as in Egypt: the people who dwell around are a peaceful, pastoral people: the sun, the deity to whom the temple was built, seems still to linger there with a fiercer glory; his first and latest purple beams fall on the mournful ruins, which, like the lone sepulchres of the Arabs in the desert, shall not yield their prey, or bow their heads, till the last trump shall sound.

Many a day, many a week may pass, ere curiosity is satiated, or interest wearied at Balbec. Are you wearied with ranging along the walls of marble, the richly ornamented arches, the marble doors of colossal demensions, the granite stones in the outer walls that needed almost a nation's strength to place where they now stand: then sit down on this fallen shaft or capital, it is evening, the Arab brings the pipe, and twilight, the fleeting and precious twilight of the East, is stealing over the ruins. Oh beautiful and memorable moments, on which there is no sound save the fall of the stream over the buried sculptures and friezes, its white foam and its little lakes floating through the mysterious light; that light is fading fast on the awful ruins. Time, they are thy voice, thy majesty! not the angel who shall place one foot on the shore, the other on the sea, can speak a more thrilling message than these—of the lost nations who toiled here, each for immortality—the Indian, the Egyptian, the Hebrew, the Greek, the Roman, have here lavished all their energies and skill; each gloried and sank in turn, availing themselves of the precious labours of each other. Some of the stones are cut exactly like those in the subterranean columns at Jerusalem: the similarity of the workmanship strikes so forcibly, as to warrant the referring them both to the same people, and nearly to the same era; compared with many other parts of the building, which are decidedly Roman, they most probably belong to the remote period of eight-and-

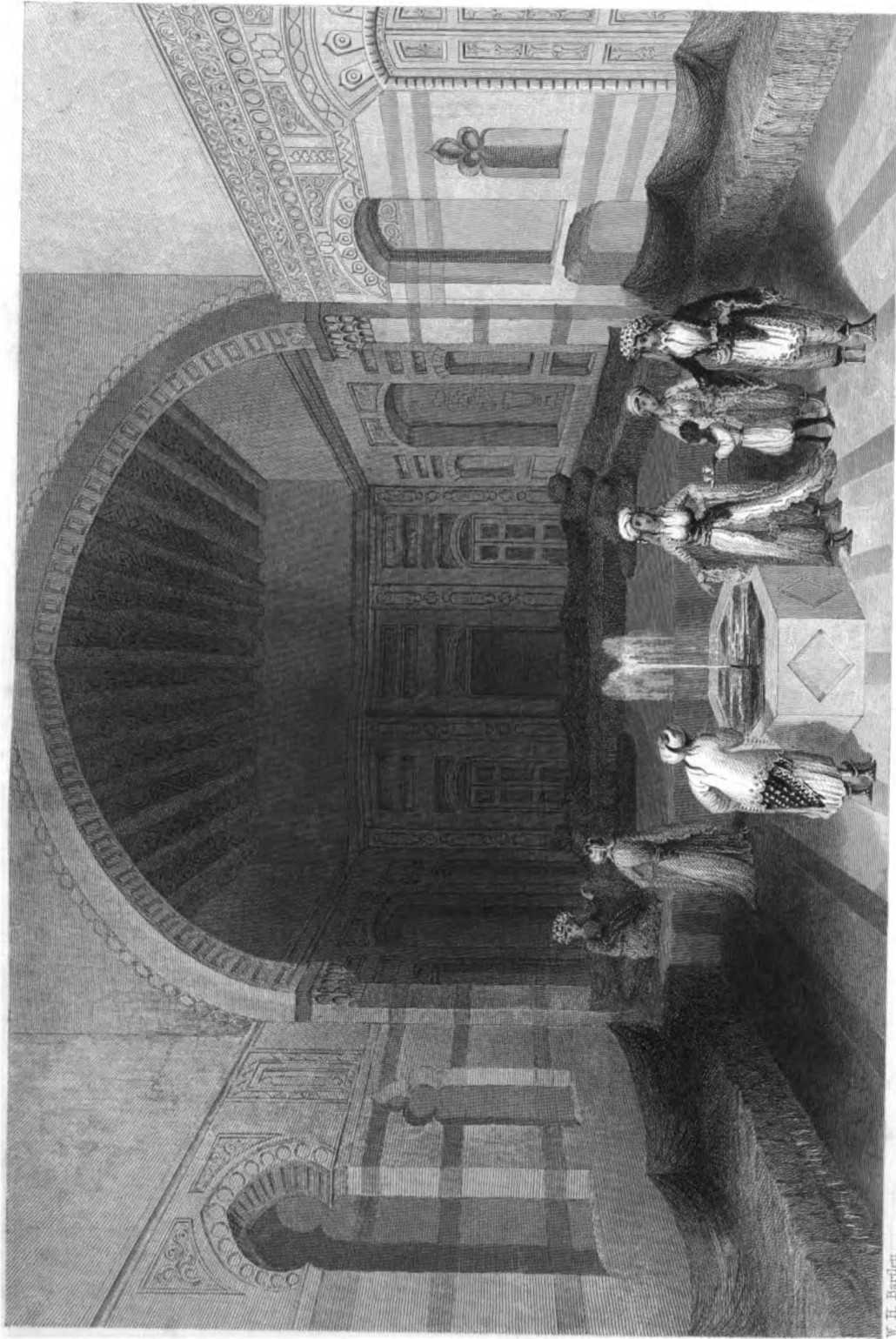
twenty hundred years ago, the era of Solomon king of Israel and Judah, who built Hamath and Tadmor in the desert. "The second builders of this enormous pile have built upon the foundations of their predecessors; and in order that the appearance of the whole might seem to be of one date, they have cut a new surface upon the old stones; so that the different eras of the building are often exemplified in the same colossal stone." The twilight is sunk into the night, but a night without darkness; the stars are faint on the mountain's breast, and fainter on the temple, whose depths and recesses they cannot penetrate: now wander forth around the lonely places: the Arab is gone to his rest, his watch-fire is dimly burning beneath the wall, and his white cloak covers the sleeper like a shroud: what to *him* is the magnificence of past ages, or the generations who laboured and died here! could they rise, the many thousands of remotest times and nations, from their rest beneath their mighty works, their mingled wail would be more sad and full of anguish than his own funeral cry over the desert tomb of those he loved.

The mass of the grand temple, in the form of an irregular square, is at the extreme left, and below it the little octagon building of marble, with marble columns of the Corinthian order; the six noble columns in the foreground are more particularly described in a succeeding plate: the more perfect edifice in front is the second temple.

A TURKISH DIVAN, AT DAMASCUS.

In the houses of the wealthy Turks, and of most who are in easy circumstances, the favourite apartments are lofty and spacious: the plate represents a divan in a family of distinction: in the middle of the marble floor is a fountain in a marble basin, whose waters murmuring softly day and night, give a refreshing coolness to the air. The more elevated part of the saloon is the most select as well as luxurious, with its rich ottomans and cushions: the three cushions which are above the others, mark on the two corners the seats of honour. The lady who reclines, indolently clasping her rich and long white veil, is the very emblem of Damascene fastidiousness and aristocracy: the very murmur of the waters, on which she gazes with a dreamy and melancholy look, seems to fatigue her, and her thin and beautiful veil is perhaps lifted, with a wish to deaden the sound.

When visitors enter, if mere acquaintances, or of inferior rank, they generally place themselves, as a mark of respect, on the lower seats, till invited to come up higher. A black girl is presenting coffee in little china cups in silver cases, to the ladies on the marble floor, most of whom are inmates of the mansion: their feet rest on cob-cobs, as they are called, with which they move delicately about the saloon with tolerable ease, and preserve their small feet and beautiful slippers from the cold contact of the marble, or any soil or spot of offence. Two of these ladies were handsome; all were young: with the large dark Oriental eye, animating the colourless and otherwise inanimate face:



G. Presbury.

W. H. Burdett.

A JOURNALIST BY N. - - DAWASCI S.



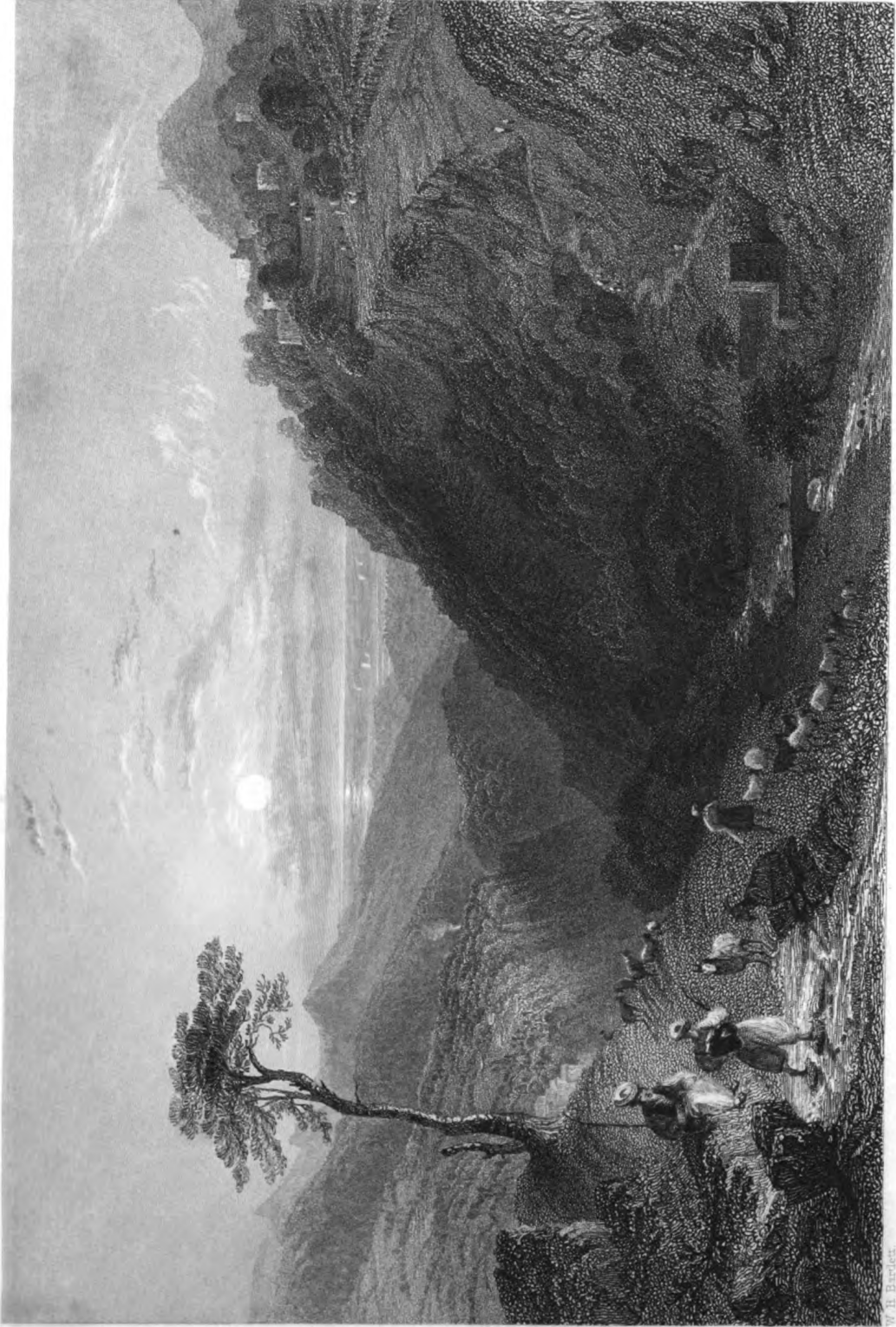
they mostly wear pantaloons of flowered silk, very full and descending low: the tunic, or jacket, of velvet or white muslin, the neck covered, and the long veils falling gracefully from the turban behind. One other luxury perhaps was wanting, to press to their Oriental lips the pipe, with its end of rich cornelian or scented amber. The writer was one day invited to visit an affluent merchant, and found him seated on the raised divan, reclining on an ottoman on sumptuous cushions: coffee and pipes were brought: the chief interest of the saloon was, however, in a group of six ladies, seated in a circle on a rich carpet on the lower part of the room; each held an elegant pipe of about five feet in length, and each delicate mouth sent forth at intervals whiffs of fragrant tobacco, that rose slowly in thin clouds above their heads, and made them look a little like the kind genii of the Arabian Tales, whose loveliness gradually opens on the favoured believer through the dim halo that surrounds them. Yet the scene was not inelegant, nor did their employment at all unsex, even to the fancy, the Ottoman ladies: a painter might have drawn the indolent dreamy air and attitude in which each smoker reclined: the white round arm gently extended, the fingers just touching the shaft of the pipe, which was cased in embroidered velvet; the tobacco was of the most delicate kind, and a piece of scented wood, or of composition, was laid on the pipe's mouth, which sent with every whiff an agreeable odour through the apartment.

In the Turkish families the daughters are very often betrothed when children, and married at an early age: in the Koran, the Prophet not only ranks women as true believers, but particularly ordains that they shall be well treated and respected by their husbands: he has secured this by the law of dowry and inheritance; if a wife is divorced, her whole dower must be paid to her, even though it involve the husband in ruin. In very many cases, the girls do not even see their destined husbands; but the change from the strict subjection of home to the condition of a wife at the head of her own household, is so agreeable, that they are too happy to adopt it. A lady may not only go to the public bath, and on excursions into the country, or to the promenades around Damascus, but she visits at the houses of her relations; and her husband's following her to those places would be deemed an unpardonable intrusion. Then she has visitors at home, friends, musicians, and dancers—all the news and scandal of the town is detailed and canvassed—and the husband cannot enter the lady's part of the house without giving notice. The grandees, and men of great wealth, the governors of cities, and the pashas, have often separate houses and establishments, harems and wives, and female slaves: these ladies often lead a life of seclusion, a lonely, embittered, and neglected life; but the great and the wealthy, who have such establishments, are not in the proportion of one to ten thousand of the population of the country. If a man of respectable rank and property marry a woman of respectable connexions, she becomes mistress of his family; and should he have only one house, he can scarcely avail himself of the Prophet's permission of a plurality of wives; nor can he take even a second wife, and place her on an equality with the first, without involving himself in great trouble and vexation. The dower usually settled on such a lady, her unlimited authority over her children and servants, give her much importance; and she is supported by

her relations in all her rights and privileges. Few can comparatively practise polygamy: the separate establishments, the separate wardrobes and servants, and other disbursements, make the experiment too burdensome to persons of moderate means, who wish to preserve their wonted comforts and indulgencies of life; and the quarrels and jealousies that often ensue, are enough to send the husband over the dark river before his time.

VILLAGE OF EDEN, WITH THE TOMB OF THE CONSUL.

The tradition that the garden of Eden once stood here, originated in the extreme loveliness of the site, which is, however, of too alpine a character to render the locality probable. The ancient cedars are near: the hill on the right, on whose crest the village stands, as well as the other eminences, are part of Lebanon. Eden is literally an eagle's nest, placed almost between heaven and earth, like a lone sentinel on the everlasting cedars: above Eden rises a pyramid of bare rock, the last peak of Lebanon in this quarter; and a small chapel, in ruins, crowns its summit. Vineyards, gardens, mulberry and walnut trees climb the declivities, watered by numerous rivulets and little canals: and every cottage is supplied with wine, of which no less than twelve kinds are made on the range of Lebanon; most of them are sweet, strong, and pleasant; two or three are excellent, particularly the celebrated *vin d'oro*, of a golden colour. The salubrity of the climate during the greater part of the year, is a strong recommendation to this region: from the keenness of the mountain air in winter, its people descend to the village of Zgarti. Eden is the Bagneres of Lebanon: were it as near and easy of access as the Pyrenees, what multitudes of the invalid and curious would cover its romantic fields! The numerous monasteries in the neighbourhood offer an agreeable resort and relief from the monotony of a mountain life—in the society of some of the fathers, the use of the libraries, and the hospitality of the refectory. The country is here as remarkable for the innumerable multitude of its mulberry trees, as Egypt is for its palm trees. During the chief part of the year, these mulberry trees clothe the prospect, in every direction, with a delightful verdure. As they are not cultivated for fruit, but for their leaves, from which a great quantity of silk-worms are reared, they are pulled generally when the stem is about six feet high, and the small branches, or rather twigs, then burst out in most luxuriant foliage. An immense quantity of silk is thus raised in Syria: the trees are planted in regular line: in the winter months, a light plough is passed over the soil between them, so that the earth may drink in the rain more plentifully. The square-roofed cottages in view are of the form universal in this region, and in use probably in very ancient times: earth is mostly carried up, and laid evenly on the flat roof, and hardened by a stone roller, that the rains, so prevalent here, may not penetrate: upon this surface, as may be supposed, grass and weeds grow with difficulty



W. H. Carpenter

W. H. Bartlett

which the Psalmist alludes: "Let them be as the grass upon the house tops, which withereth before it groweth up." The mountain soil, a most rich and tempting one to a botanist, is covered with a great quantity and variety of fragrant herbs: at sun-set, when the dew is falling, the air is loaded with their odour; to which there is an allusion in the Canticles: "A fountain of gardens from Lebanon: awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, that the spices may flow out: the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon."

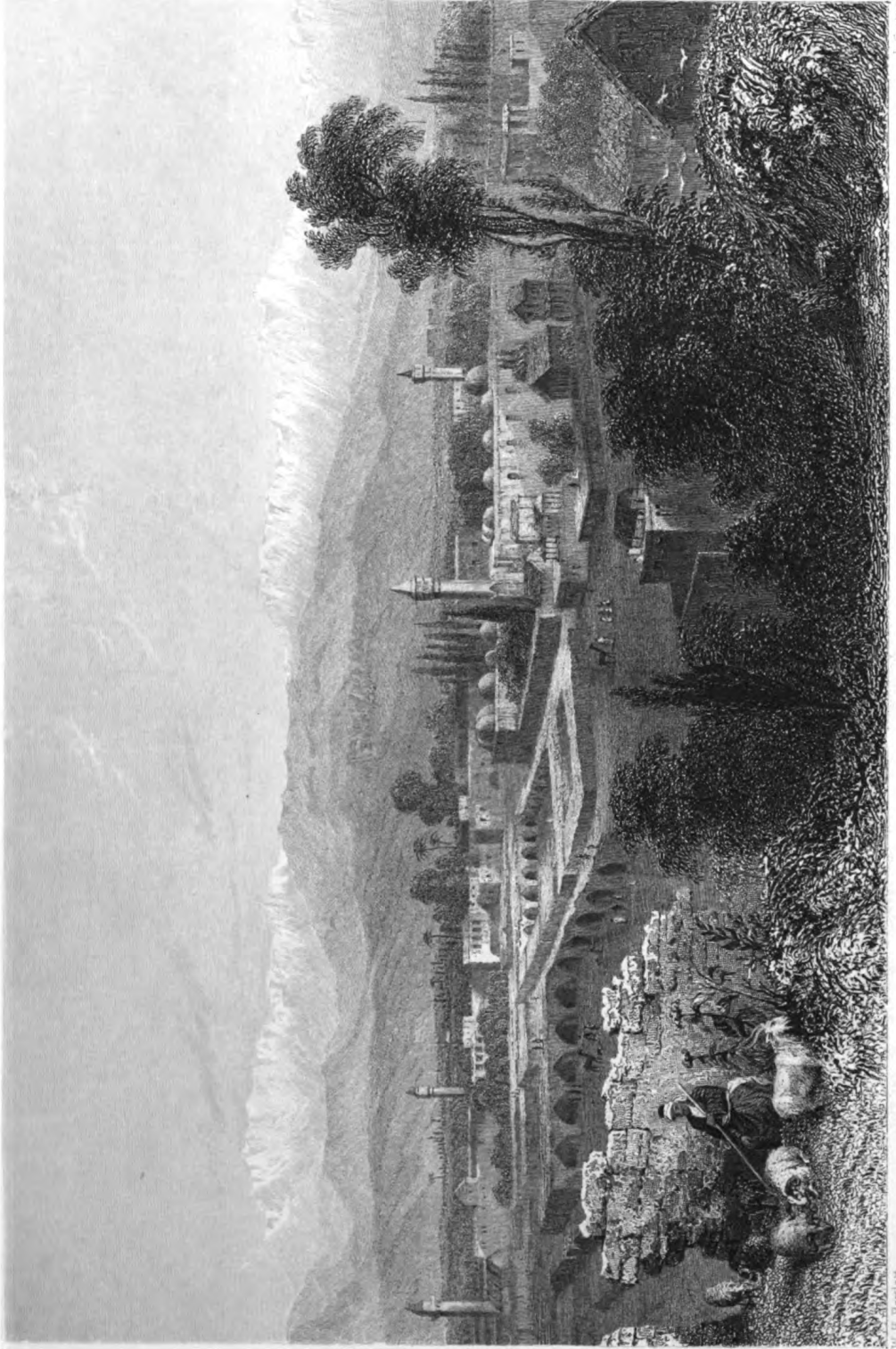
Eden has also a recent source of interest, in the burial-place of the consul of Beirout, Mr. Abbott, who died about a year since, and whose roof was the hospitable asylum of the traveller. He was the intimate friend of the writer, who spent two months in the vicinity, chiefly in his society: having dwelt much in early life in Constantinople, he was familiar with the manners, and several of the languages, of the East: an agreeable and lively companion, his tales and recollections cheered many a dreary hour during the rainy season, and many a Syrian walk when the weather was again lovely. To this village and its vicinity he was more attached than to any other part of Lebanon, and often spoke of its retirement and its many attractions: and on a tour in the mountain he was seized with a fatal illness at the house of the Sheich. It was not a little singular, that he should breathe his last, and be destined to find his grave in this lone and magnificent scene. There were monasteries near, two or three of them goodly buildings, in whose cemeteries he might perhaps have reposed, by the side of the bishops and ecclesiastics of past centuries, with a more solemn train, a more imposing ceremony around his ashes. His companions were few, and they deemed as well that he should be laid in a solitary spot, at a short distance from the village; the procession was impressive, from its simple and primeval character: the costume of the mountaineers, their sympathy, the gravity of their features; the wild wail or burst of sorrow, is unusual in their interments. It was the first time that a traveller had perished in the hospitable home of the Sheich, whose fine castle is a delightful place of rest and hospitality; the old man was much moved at the event. The spot commanded a sublime view of the snowy Lebanon: the funeral was attended by the Sheich of Eden, and all the villagers; there was no burial-place here, not even of the rudest kind: they buried him beneath some ancient olive-trees: the grave was dug by the kind hands of the primitive people of the village. The ceremony was rendered more sad and affecting by the circumstance, that Dr. W—, his physician, and Mr. C—, his son-in-law, were obliged, at the close, to build a pile of stones above the grave, to protect it from the attacks of the jackals and other animals.

A scene in Lebanon, not very dissimilar, is described by a missionary; "At Ainep, where we again halted before noon to refresh ourselves, there was a great mourning. About thirty Sheichs sat assembled in a wide circle, and thence proceeded up the hill, to assist in burying some great man, one of the Druses. One of the company, a most venerable figure, with a snowy beard, stood up for some minutes, and harangued the assembly with apparently much dignified emotion. He seemed to me the very picture of Abraham communing with the children of Heth. Though the greater part of these

Sheichs consisted of Druses, known by their broad-striped dress, yet there were many Christians who joined in the funeral procession. The house of mourning seems, in every country, to be in some measure consecrated to the spirit of amity: there, religious antipathies are at least suspended, if not extinguished; and persons, who would not have thought of meeting in the same church, willingly assemble around the same grave."

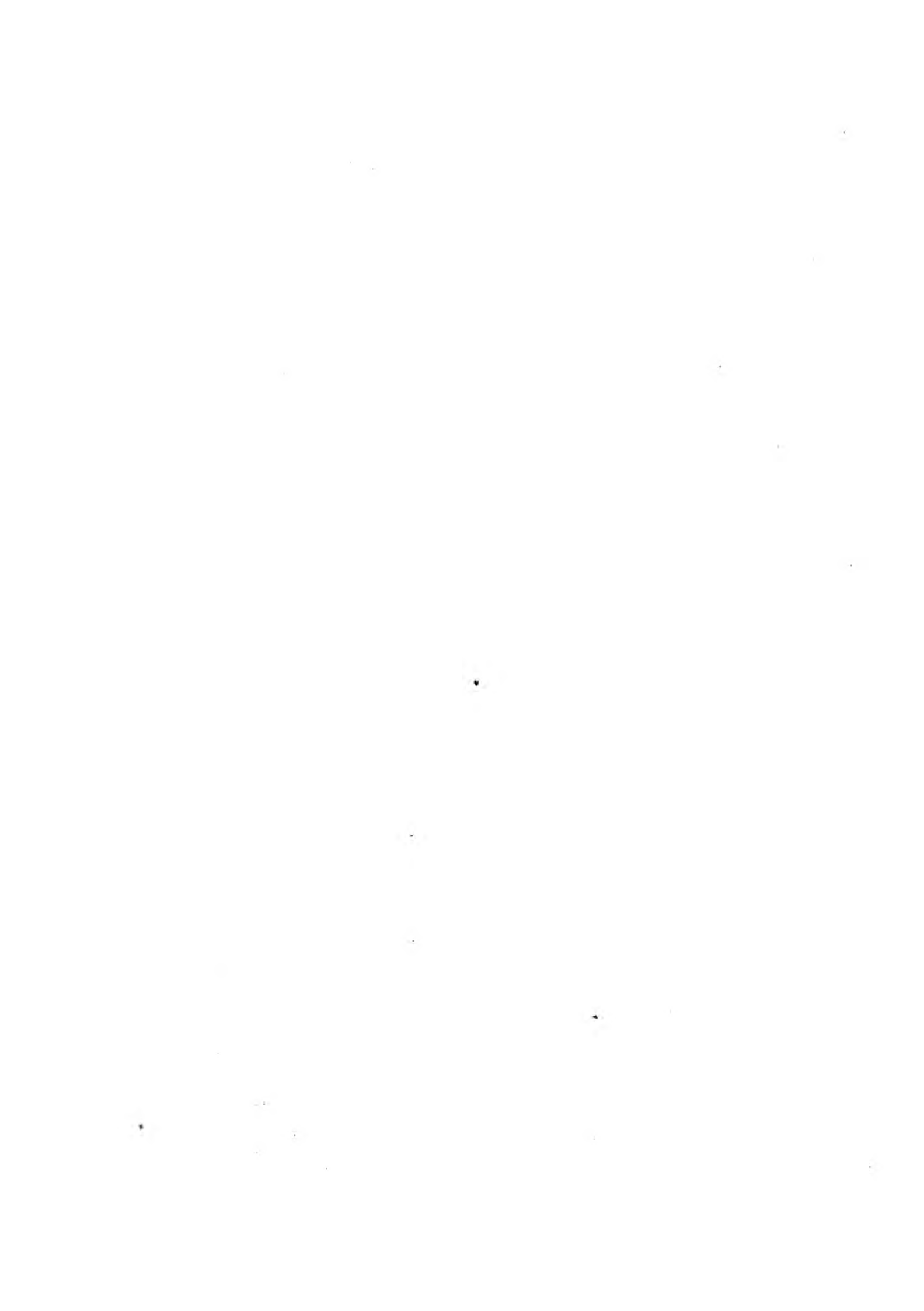
TARSUS.

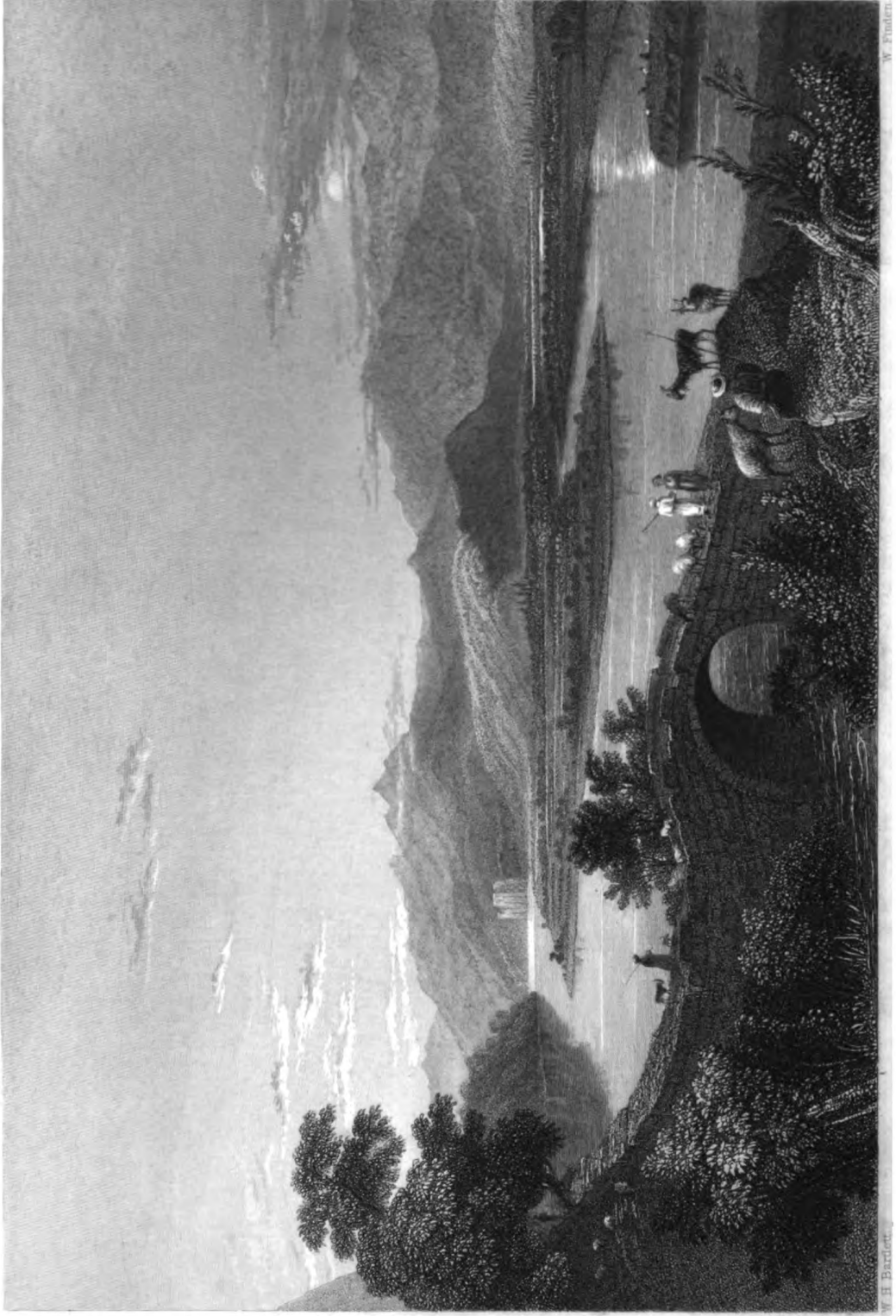
The stranger seeks in vain for any impressive remains of the ancient magnificence of Tarsus: the modern town does not occupy a fourth part of the area of the Roman city, although it bears a respectable rank in the Turkish dominions in Asia Minor;—it is an ill-built, straggling, and comfortless-looking place: the houses seldom exceed one story in height, part are of wood, and part of hewn stone, furnished by the more ancient edifices: there are two or three well-built mosques, and caravansaries, and bazaars. A good coffee-house does not exist here. In the evening the foreign merchants, &c. who lodge in the Khans, sometimes assemble in the narrow alley at its gate, which is transformed into a dim and cool coffee-room, with no covering save the sky, or lamps save the stars. Two consuls, one for the English, and the other for the French and Austrian nations, have recently been appointed, and their residences are the only resource of the traveller: the commercial importance of the place is expected to increase: the trade of its merchants is principally with Cyprus and the Syrian coast: imperial ships arrive there from time to time, to load grain: the land trade is of little consequence, as the caravans from Smyrna arrive very seldom. The houses have all flat roofs, on which, in warm weather, the inhabitants are accustomed to sleep under awnings: there are several lofty minarets, which can be seen at a great distance over the plain, as they rise with a fine effect above the gardens and the walls: at the north-west extremity of the town, there are the remains of an old Roman gateway, almost entire: most of the monuments of antiquity have been destroyed, or converted into modern buildings, save a theatre, which lies near the river, buried in rubbish and bushes. The population amounts to about 30,000 souls; among these there are 200 Armenian and 100 Greek families; the rest are mostly Turks, &c. In passing through the streets of Tarsus, tenanted by an uncivil and insolent population—the memory flies to the infancy of the gospel, when Paul, yet a youth, dwelt here: amidst those groves, on the banks of that river—how often he wandered! After his conversion, and when he had testified to the truth in Damascus and Jerusalem, he returned for a while to Tarsus; but it is not said whether he was received there with honour, or that he ministered of the gospel to his countrymen: assuredly he could not have held his peace in the scenes of his early life, among his relatives and associates: after "Barnabas came to Tarsus to seek him, and



J. CROCKER

W. H. BARRETT





W. Fisher.

W. H. Bartlett.

JUNGLES OF A CARIBBEAN ISLAND, WITH THE BRIDGE.

brought him unto Antioch," he returned to it no more. The vicinity of the town is to the imaginative mind full of interest: the fall of the Cydnus is ever a beautiful object, and Taurus a sublime one: and they tell, and so does each ruin around, that the poor soldier of the Cross, who dwelt beneath one of the roofs of Tarsus—has left trophies more imperishable than those of the conquerors of the world.

His garments were "rolled in blood," that flowed from his own wounds; his banner, rent and pale, became an ensign to the nations, until each step, each word, of the Apostle of the Gentiles, grew indelible; and his silent empire over the Christian world, no lands can limit, or ages stay. Perhaps in a home as mean as the wooden homes of Tarsus, that powerful intellect was cultivated, that ardent temperament fanned into a flame; and, amidst the heights of Taurus, and its mountain exercises, was nursed that vigour of constitution that was so availing in his subsequent fatigues and hardships. As yet there was no intense desire to be useful to others: there was a cruel and fiery zeal, in which, perhaps, mingled an ambition to gain the favour and applause of the rulers of his people. What were his aspirations of the future, when meditating or seeking repose on the roof of his home, in the silence and glory of an Eastern night? had an angel predicted the swift change of every desire, every hope, the path of peril and victory on earth, of glory and immortality in heaven,—he would have seemed "even as them that dream." Skilled in the literature of the heathen, the region of Amanus and the Cilician vales and mountains was to him full of beautiful associations, of indelible scenes: the youthful Saul, a Jew in bigotry, a Roman in resolution, a Greek in intellect—visiting the battle-fields of Alexander and Cæsar, the ruins of the cities they had destroyed, would have been an interesting sight to the poet or the historian. Ere a few years should have fled, *he* was also to go forth on his resistless career—to extend the kingdom of his Lord from shore to shore, and, sealing it with his life, leave to posterity a name as deathless and cherished as that of Issus or Arbela.

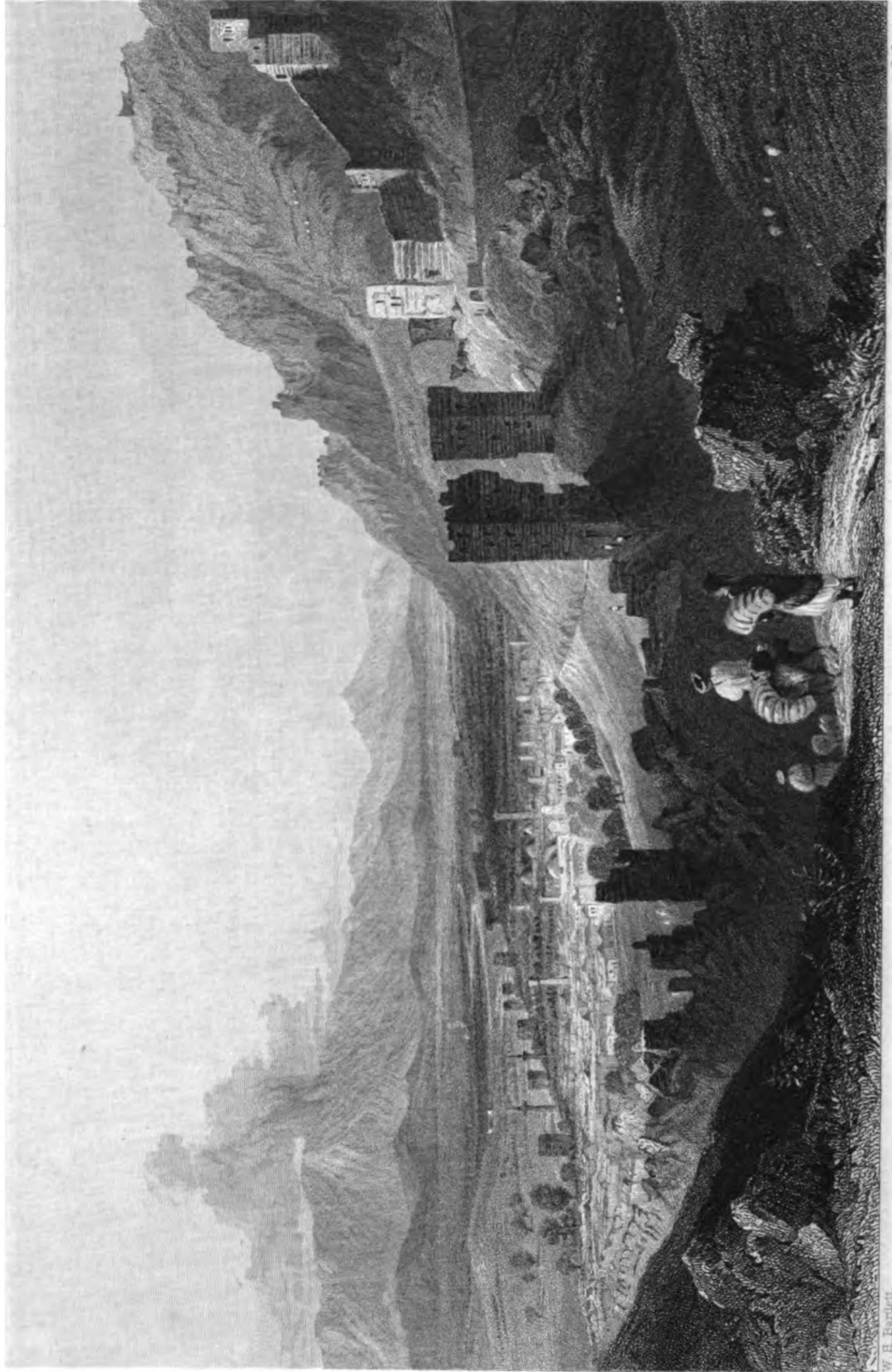
JUNCTION OF A TRIBUTARY STREAM WITH THE ORONTES.

The course of the river is here beautiful, strongly reminding one of the Wye near Coldwell rocks; but the myrtle, the bay, the pine, and many Oriental trees and shrubs, give greater richness to the present scene. On ascending from the rocks represented in the view near Suadeah, you walk for about three miles, and then ferry across, and in about a mile further come to this spot, where a stream which descends from Mount Amanus falls into the river. In the distance on the left, rising above the Orontes, is the mountain called the Column, on the summit of which are the remains of a very noble convent and church, dedicated to St. Simon Stylites, who was born in the year 392 at Sison, a town on the borders between Syria and Cilicia: he was the son of a shepherd, and followed the same occupation to the age of thirteen, when he entered into a monastery. After some time he left it, and took up his abode on the tops of mountains, and in the caverns of

rocks, fasting sometimes, it is said, for weeks together. He next adopted the strange fancy of fixing his habitation on the tops of pillars; and, with the notion of climbing higher and higher towards heaven, he successively migrated from a pillar of six cubits to one of 12, 20, 36, and 40. Multitudes flocked from all parts, to pay their veneration to the holy man, as he was generally denominated. Simon passed forty-seven years upon his pillars, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather. The extremities of each column were only three feet in diameter, with a kind of rail or ledge around, that reached almost to the girdle, somewhat resembling a pulpit: there was no lying down in it. At length a dreadful ulcer put an end to his life at the age of 69: his body was taken down from his last pillar by the hands of bishops, and conveyed to Antioch, with an escort of six thousand soldiers; and he was interred with a pomp equal to any thing that had been displayed for the most powerful monarchs. These honours produced imitators, a few of whose performances surpassed the original: one of them inhabited his pillar 68 years. This fanaticism remained in vogue till the 12th century, when it was suppressed. As religious works, even in manuscript, were scarce in the 4th century, and these pillar saints had little taste for reading, it is difficult to imagine how they passed the time: beat by the rain, the wind, and the sun, their temper could scarcely grow more sweet, or their imagination more clear and vivid, with the lapse of years: a gloom and melancholy, and sometimes a wild and degrading mysticism, took possession of the mind. The great excitement of these men was the wonder and applause of the multitude, which never deserted them: in their utter ignorance of true religion, they felt little or nothing of its consolations. The second Simon, who lived in the 6th century, 68 years on his pillar, taught, like his predecessor, or rather deluded, the gazing multitude, declaimed against heresy, pretended to cast out devils, heal diseases, and foretell future events.

The whole valley of the Orontes, up to Antioch, is magnificent; it is cultivated in many parts, and might be made, with industry, as productive as it was in ancient times: viewed a few miles farther, from the heights of Beit-el'-ma, it presents a splendid broad expanse, reposing beneath the heights of Amanus, and watered by the bold sweeping Orontes.

The numerous flocks, and their shepherds, give a pastoral appearance to this scene: the old stone bridge, with its single arch, crosses the tributary stream, that loudly pours its tide from the melted snows into the calm, majestic bosom of the Orontes. Cultivation is visible even to the water's edge: the declivities afford the richest pasture to the flocks, whose keepers, seated on the banks or beneath the trees, look every day on a scene that might vie with the fields of Arcadia. The pillar of St. Simon, if that saint had any taste for the picturesque, was admirably placed; his was no fierce retreat in the desert, like that of so many other excellent anchorets: the gloriousness of nature, in water, grove, garden, and mount, was always present on his right hand and on his left; and he could not well shut them from his vision. Some patches of snow were still clinging to the highest crags: in the valley the air was delightfully warm, and had the fine inspiring freshness felt in the East while it is yet early in the day.



J. Johnston

W. B. Barlett

VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF THE GREAT WEST

ANTIOCH, FROM THE WEST.

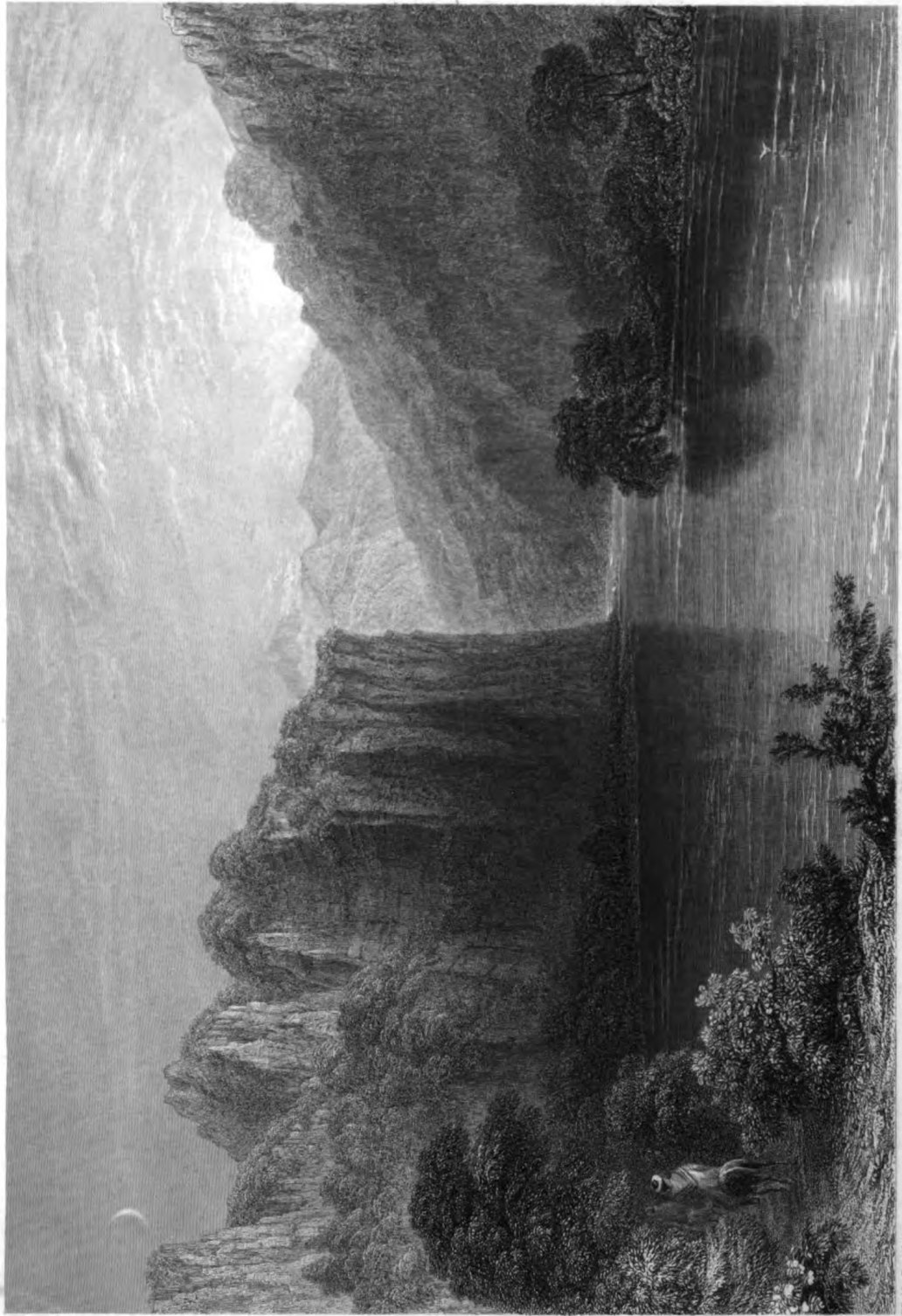
Is this Antioch, the queen of the East, the glory of the monarch, the joy of the evangelist? brought down even to the dust, she shall no more be called the lady of kingdoms. On every side is the silence of ruin, and the dimness of despair: yet how beautiful and exulting is the face of nature: *she* sitteth not solitary, with the tears on her cheek, but dwells, as of old, in her loved valley of the Orontes. The soil is rank with the violet, the anemone, the rose, the myrtle: that exquisite shroud covers the slain of many nations, who fell around the walls of Antioch: the Persian, the Saracen, the Roman, and the Christian hosts are there; did the earth no longer cover their hope and the dry bones live, what an exceeding great army would fill the valley! "there is Egypt and all her company delivered to the sword; there is Persia and all her multitude round about her graves: whom dost thou pass in beauty? the sons of the north, who came from afar; they are gone down with their weapons of war, and they have laid their swords under their heads: they were the terror of the mighty." No sound comes up the hill from the lost city, of the merchants and their companies, and their going to and fro. Antioch was formerly the great mart of the East, when "Syria occupied her fairs with purple and brodered work and fine linen, and Judah and Israel were her merchants; and her walls shook at the noise of the horsemen and the chariots which entered her gates." The remains of those gates and walls are on the sides of the hill, and on the bank of the stream. About a century since, this wall on the hill, which was built by Seleucus, one of Alexander's successors, had not the least breach in it, nor a sign of any; and from this, one may judge how beautiful all the walls must have been. It was at least sixty feet high, and was built along the heights, which to the south are very steep, and are here divided by a ravine, into which the passengers are entering. On these walls there were no battlements, but there was a walk on the top, on which the circuit of the city might be made with the greatest ease, along the steep precipices (where all is now in ruins) down to the plain, and along the river's side. But though built on a rock, and with the utmost art, they could not withstand the shocks of so many great earthquakes that have happened. However, on the west side of the western hill, the wall has resisted both time and earthquake: it is exceedingly strong, and well built of stone, with beautiful square towers, about seventy paces apart.

Such was the appearance of these walls a century since: even in the present day their fragments climb the hill, which they still grasp and enclose even in ruin. On the side of this hill, on one of these fragments, it is impressive to rest a while, ere the traveller enters the city, which is stretched "silent and in darkness" at his feet: domes, minarets, masses of ruin, low ill-built homes, with thin tiled roofs—how dull and heavily

they lie! it is better to sit here, and listen to the camel-bell of the little caravans coming over the plain, than hasten down to some mean home of ignorant and unfeeling people. Were the homes of such men as the Christians of old still there, did a few even of their descendants still survive, how beautiful would it be to seek their roof,—to talk of the time when Antioch was called the City of God; still later, when it contained 360 convents, and its numerous churches were the finest in the world! Church, convent, home of the faithful, all are gone. There is a place where a few worship, in a cave in the hill about half a mile from the town: by night, by the taper's light, the little group of Christians partake of the eucharist there, and pray and chant according to the Greek ritual. Surely those who seek comfort and strength in this desolate place are not sent empty away. This little church in the wilderness is a timid and persecuted one, and dares not seek a temple within the walls.

The only moving thing of life and gaiety in the scene is the Orontes: the sun, sinking behind the heights, is on its golden wave, and on the gardens which stretch beyond: to the east is the great plain of Antioch, with its lake, bounded by distant mountains; nearer are the high mountains of Beilan: to the left, in all its majesty, is the lofty Mount Casius, of a conical form, its breast and summit red with the splendour that fills the whole heavens above it. Such is the magnificent view from the highest part of the rocks above Antioch; such is the hour also when a peculiar glory is on every part of its territory, but not on itself: never again "shall its garments be white, or wet with the dew of the morning." Many parts of the environs are very attractive: the irregular valley, covered with vineyards, behind the heights; Beit-el-ma, supposed to be the site of the ancient Daphné, is about five miles south-west, in a romantic situation: there are some vestiges of ruins, and fine cascades. The ancient shrine is also supposed to have stood in a spot seven miles distant, on the declivity of the mountains, where several streams, flowing through a meadow shaded with luxuriant bay-trees, walnut-trees, and groves of myrtle, unite and form a small river, which afterwards is lost in the Orontes. The latter river, after passing Antioch, takes its course between some low mountains north of Mount Casius, and enters the sea about six leagues from the city.

Yet the foot turns with joy from these isolated scenes of beauty, of vale or grove, to the massive bridge that enters the ruined city; and would turn from even Daphné in its glory, amid forests of laurel and myrtle—to these hoary heights and noble towers, which have a voice to the ear of enthusiasm, not of sweet music, but "as the sound of many waters." And dear and lasting are the things thus learned: in after life, when sorrows threaten us, when troubles are nigh, it will be beautiful to sit beneath our own roof, by our own fireside, and to remember Antioch! and listen again to the voice that spoke to us there, and bade us never to despair: for there shall be unto us, as to *her*, a covering of wo, yet of immortality!



T. H. Barrett.

T. H. Barrett.

THE GREAT MOUNTAINS

SCENE ON THE RIVER ORONTES, NEAR SUADEAH.

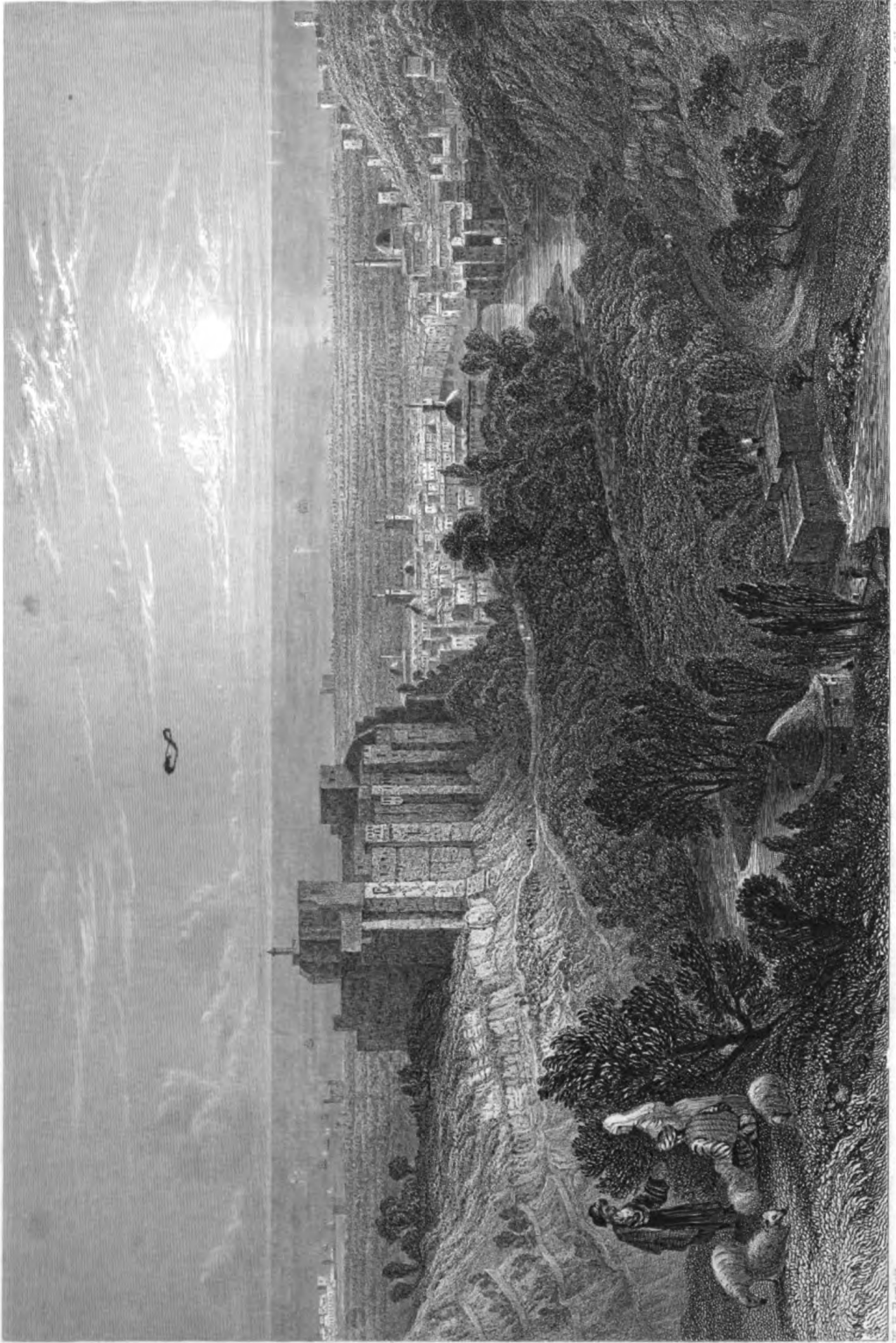
The scenery on this river resembles, in many parts, that of the Wye in South Wales: it is a fine slow-flowing stream, although its waters are not clear: in this vicinity there are two or three small islands on its bosom. When the traveller has succeeded in procuring mules at Suadeah, which occupies the site of the ancient Seleucia, he may take a solitary and lovely ride to Antioch. The hamlets in the plain are wretched: no roof invites to refreshment or rest; no spacious khan, with its group of trees and quiet pool, stands by the way-side. The gratification of the senses is generally in the East precarious and prospective: the wanderer must often dine and sup, like the impoverished French epicure, on the remembrance of ancient luxuries, which every step of the way towards Daphné, Antioch, and Sardis, will richly supply. The path along the river often winds among thickets of bay, ilex, arbutus, and flowering myrtle, and where the magnificent pinacled rocks rise abruptly from its bed, he must rest a while, heedless of the noontide rays, careless of where he may lay his head at night. In Italy, the curse of its lovely landscapes is the dry bed of the streams which so often cross the path: even its larger and famous rivers are in summer half dry; but in Asia Minor the waters are full, as of old.—not withered, like the prophet's gourd, leaving the stranger to mourn over that most unsightly of all objects, a shrunken spectre-looking torrent, wailing by, or peering through some glassy pools at the pitiless sun. The banks of the Orontes, at this spot, are beautiful as the forest in its glory and gloom, cool as the cavern on the shore: its haughty cliffs, here shrouded by fragrant shrubs—there glaring in the fierce sun-light: below, where the path winds, there is a delightful coolness beneath the overshadowing trees, which in some parts droop even into the stream. The stream scarcely murmurs in its slow and majestic course: it has bathed the ruins of Antioch, and will soon pour its waters into the Mediterranean. The path, after leaving the side of the Orontes, approached the mountains which enclose the plain on the western side, at whose foot were several extensive and well-planted orchards, belonging to the Aga of Antioch: hence the road was through lanes, thickly overhung on both sides with shrubs, and, as it wound up the mountain, the shades of evening began to gather on a country celebrated for its landscape scenery. It soon after grew dark, and the way more rude and rocky; no cottage light was near, or bark of the village dog:—“forlorn on the hill of winds, the night was dark around;” a halt must be made, the fire kindled, and the coffee prepared—sweet solace to the traveller's cares and toils. Over one of the dreariest wilds of Lebanon, the writer was one day passing, when a cloudy sky, a keen wind, and a miserable fog creeping upon every height, forest, and village, made the spirits sink and the blood run cold. The idea of comfort rose like that of an angel in the way. At last, a little hamlet presented itself near at hand; the path passed the door, and a young Syrian, in his light and graceful costume, came forth with a cup of excellent coffee: it was more precious than gold. He had probably descried us

through the mists long ere we could discern his dwelling, and had instantly prepared the beverage: it was the berry of Mocha, hot, pure, inspiring, and quickly banished the misery from the frame, the sorrow from the mind: he smiled, and wished us happiness, of which he was certainly the messenger at that moment.

Beneath the shelter of a rock on Mount Amanus, the traveller takes a short repose, and with the first grey light is again en route: in a few hours the plain of Antioch opens, with the beautiful freshness of morning, on its hamlets, and on the gardens and well-sown fields around the town: a strong-built bridge leads over the river directly to the gate. At the distance of two days' journey hence towards Aleppo, the route is still in the vicinity of the Orontes, which is there crossed by a ferry-boat, the breadth being fifty or sixty yards, and the banks forty or fifty feet high. The water continues to be discoloured, like that of the Nile during the time of its inundation, but in a less degree, for the filtering process is necessary to render the latter drinkable, whereas the peasant and the pilgrim often quench their thirst at the Cilician stream: near its banks, there are at intervals excellent springs, which offer a purer draught.

TRIPOLI.

This View is taken above the convent of Derwishy, which is seen below, on the river's bank: a Maronite priest is conversing in the path above with a Syrian shepherd and shepherdess: the ancient castle, built in the time of the crusades, is on the hill in front: many parts of the town, and the high arcades of gothic architecture, under which several of the streets run, bear marks of the ages of the crusades. Tripoli is the best-looking town in Syria, the houses being well built of stone, and neatly constructed within. It is surrounded and embellished with luxuriant gardens, which are not only intermingled with the houses in the town, but extend over the whole plain lying between it and the sea. This maritime plain and the neighbouring mountains place every variety of climate within a short distance of the inhabitants. More luxuriant in gardens and groves than Beirout, more sheltered and healthful than Sidon and Acre, Tripoli seems to combine every advantage of comfort, scenery, and fertility, to induce the stranger, in search either of health or enjoyment, to make it his resting-place in preference to any other part of Syria. The site of the convent Derwishy, or the Dervises, on the shore of the Kadesha, amidst lemon and olive trees, is charming: a retirement from the world of care, temptation, and pleasure, to a world of exquisite, silent, solitary beauty: each path beside the Kadesha is one dear to the meditative man; in its windings through the vale there is a seclusion, shadowed, pastoral, and calm; where the thoughts are gently stirred by the murmur of its waters, by the pipe of the shepherd. The path leading up either hill opens on a brilliant and extensive landscape, of the plain, two miles in width, covered with gardens, even to the sea: of the port on the left, with the islands, of the



J. C. Barrett.

W. H. Bennett.

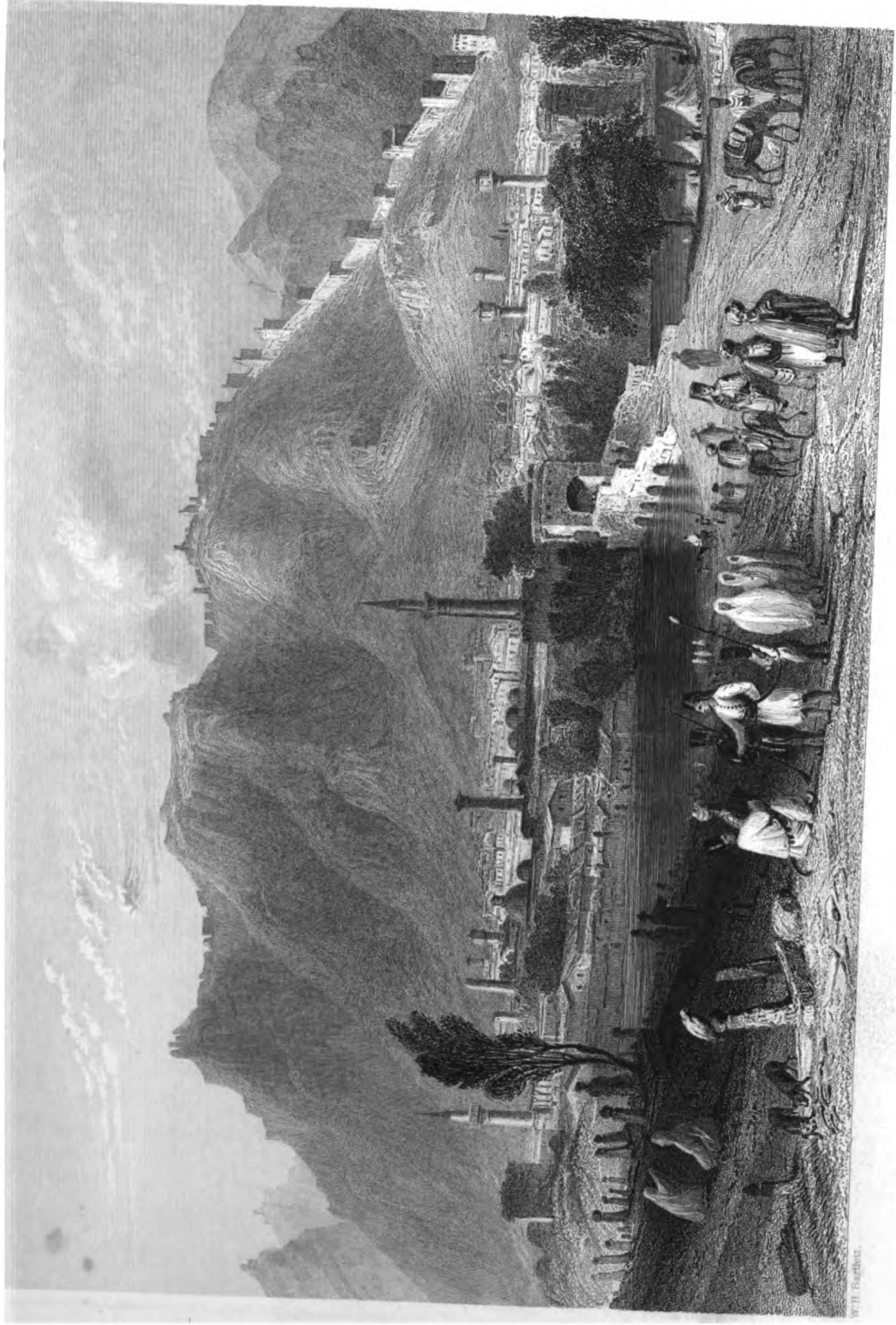
heights of Lebanon behind, and the boundless and beautiful sea in front,—and over all an atmosphere pure, soft, and splendid. From the port on the left, there runs a chain of six square isolated towers, about ten minutes' walk from each other, seemingly intended for the defence of the harbour; they stand immediately on the sea, and appear to be of Saracen workmanship. Around these towers, and in the sea, as on the shore to the right of Beirout, lie a great number of grey granite pillars. The tower of the lions, one of the six, is said to derive its name from a shield carved over the gateway, on which two lions were formerly visible, the arms of Count Raymond of Toulouse. When Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, took Tripoli from the Saracens, after a seven years' siege, he made Bertrand, the son of Raymond, Count of Tripoli. In the year 1170, the city was almost destroyed by an earthquake; the Saracens took it in 1289, and entirely destroyed it; but it was afterward rebuilt by them. There are several European merchants settled here, and consuls for France, England, Austria, &c. The principal article of export is the silk produced on the mountains, of which it formerly exported about eight hundred quintals every year, at about £80 per quintal: but its commerce has been lately on the decline. The next chief article of exportation is sponges, which are procured on the sea shore: the best are found at some depth in the sea; soap is exported to Tarsus, for Anatolia and the Greek islands, as well as alkali for manufacturing it, which is produced in the eastern desert: the khan of the soap manufacturers is a large well-built edifice. The castle on the left, the tomb of Abou Nazer on the right, the few kiosques and country seats, must yield in loveliness and comfort of position to the convent of Dervises: it is said to be at this time uninhabited; and might probably be come-at-able to the traveller, even of moderate resources, who desires to pitch his tent for a time in the East: the tenant of such an abode would be an enviable man; in his *ci-devant* Dervish home, in the deep vale of the Kadesha, where the orange and mulberry groves, the poplars, and many other trees and shrubs, render the air fragrant and cool. There is nothing wanting to give a home-feeling to such a residence, save some English furniture, books, and music: then might the recluse of the Kadesha, when walking on his terraced roof, or in his garden, gaze on his valley, river, groves, and the lofty declivities on each side, and defy "earth's extremest bounds," to offer a more grateful retreat; the town,—its busy commerce, the dwellings of its friendly consul and merchants, within half a mile: the storms on the heights of Lebanon above, are heard, but not felt: the long fall of the surge on the distant beach comes low and dream-like up the valley. At evening, how delightful to take a volume of our native land, Shakspeare or Scott, or the more pastoral poets of the lakes, and sit beneath the trees, or in the portico, and "lose the present in the past;" while a thousand associations and fancies come thronging on the thoughts,—till those thoughts are broken, deliciously broken, by the evening convent bell, pealing from the mountain steep. And while we listen, does not that bell tell of the past, as vividly as the immortal drama or verse? does it not bring tears to the eyes, and a rich melancholy to the heart? the Sabbath morn and eve in the fields of our earliest life, when such sounds were borne on the wind, calling us to the grey church, which our fathers loved; calling us also to stand beside their graves, and look our last look on the

dead; sorrow, exquisite sorrow,—joy, hope, faith, and memory are breaking forth afresh with every tone of those bells, which come as if from mid air,—and, prolonged by the mountain echoes, are not like earthly sounds. Happy the man, who thus, in a foreign land, feels that the golden cord that bound his spirit to the home of his first and purest thoughts, is not broken; that, far as he wanders, the present cannot sever the past, or cloud the future,—but that there is still, and ever within, a fountain of merciful and blessed things, of which he can drink when all around is enchanting, as when all is desolate and barren.

ANTIOCH, ON THE APPROACH FROM SUADEAH.

Antioch was peculiarly a “defenced city;” nature had given it the everlasting mountains for walls and bulwarks, yet the pride and care of its kings covered them with mighty defences: the fortresses on the summits seem, even in ruin, to laugh at the power of man, and, like the tower of Shinar, to look up to heaven with scorn. The view is taken from a burial-ground: a vulture was perched on one of the tombs, and the bones of the dead were scattered beneath. Two women were lamenting bitterly, but not for the lost city: their hands were lifted to heaven in anguish and despair, for a child taken in mercy in its innocence, or for a husband or friend: the grave was fresh with the flowers they had planted; and when they are withered, the earliest of the season shall replace them. They were kneeling where nations are forgotten in death, but they knew it not: their wail, after the manner of the Eastern women, was low and melancholy: to the fancy of the stranger, wandering among the ruinous places, it seemed like the voice of those over whom the veil is spread, whose blood the earth shall never disclose; “even all the multitudes that fought against the city, to distress her, shall be as a dream of a night-vision.” The earthquake, the tempest, the sword, the flame of a devouring fire, have all done their work on Antioch, yet time itself has spared the walls and towers on the precipices: the embattled hosts, who often came against them, saw that they were invincible; the convulsions of nature alone broke their strength, and rent their foundations. Yet even now there is an inexpressible life and immortality about them; even when the city and the plain trembled and sank at their feet, death did not swallow them up in victory: the eagle in his flight often rests on their battlements, rather than on the mountain peak. How poor the minarets, even of the great mosque, look in comparison to these noble ramparts! the morning sun is yet on the mountain heights to the left, and the red battlements on their verge, that look as if there “the trumpet shall again be blown, and the garments of the warrior rolled in blood.”

The Oriental women go and mourn in the cemetery, where those who were dear to them are interred: ancient usage and etiquette require an outward shew of sorrow, even



J. Hutchinson

W.H. Bartlett

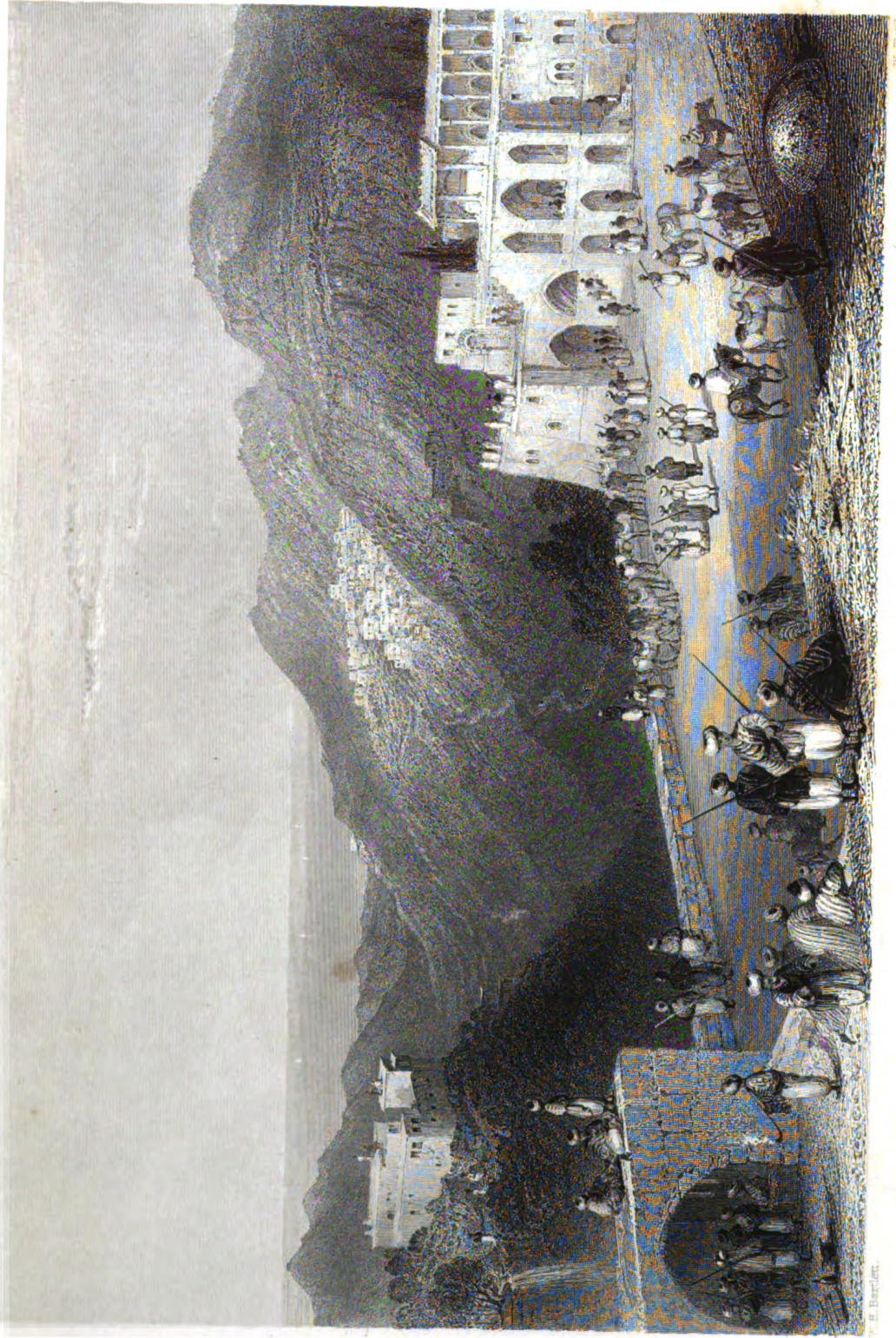
when the heart has no share in it: a veiled and kneeling figure is often seen where the cypress trees give an almost impenetrable shade: sometimes the air and dress bespeak her to be a lady of the land, sorrowing alone, and in that low thrilling lament, that in the silence of the burial-ground is like the voice of her "that refused to be comforted, because they were not." Among those visited by the cruelties of the Greek revolution was an Armenian lady of Constantinople, a young and handsome widow, whose husband was recently murdered. Bereaved of her home, she resided with the family of a relative: dejection and sorrow were stamped on her pale and handsome features; she refused to join her friends in their walks or excursions on the Bosphorus: even the love of dress, so strong and enduring under almost all circumstances in the breast of an Eastern woman, seemed to be extinct: the blow had been too sudden and ruthless; her home, her husband, her love, all to which her heart clung intensely, were cruelly taken—and what was life to her now! In the evening she sometimes came forth to the place where the slain was buried; and then the imprisoned feelings gave way to all the luxury of sorrow: and there is no spot so suited to its indulgence as the great cemetery on the hill of Pera, at evening; which then scarcely seems a portion of this world, but rather a separate world of shadows, of mourning, and communion with the dead, like the valley of the prophet, into whose awful secrets the desolate alone can enter.

This mingled scene of beauty and ruin, of misery and splendour—was a vivid emblem of the East: the unruffled bosom of the Orontes sweetly reflected the aged ruins on its shores: the hoary walls on the precipices were sadly, fiercely bright, like the ghastly smile on the face of the dead: the few feathery clouds that passed slowly along the peaks, looked like the phantom waving of a banner: the gay tents beside the stream, the Janizaries and their master, the ladies and their slaves, told a tale of pride and pleasure—at which the vulture on the tomb seemed cruelly to gaze; the dogs crunched the bones of the dead, and the mourners, beating their breasts and lifting their hands to heaven, seemed to say, "yet a little while, and you also, who trust in beauty and in power, shall be even as we, lamenting bitterly."

The cemetery of Antioch is destitute of funereal trees; no grateful gloom shrouds the mourner from the careless eye of the passengers: the morning sun was streaming down the mountains on the city, the solid bridge, and the people now issuing from the gate: a party of Turkish ladies passed by, in long muslin wrappers and yellow boots, with their black conductors, to take the air while it was yet fresh and cool: the janizaries of the governor preceded himself on horseback. The tall mosque near the river, the finest in Antioch, as well as the burial-ground, was still wrapped in shade.

BETEDDEIN—PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF THE DRUSES.

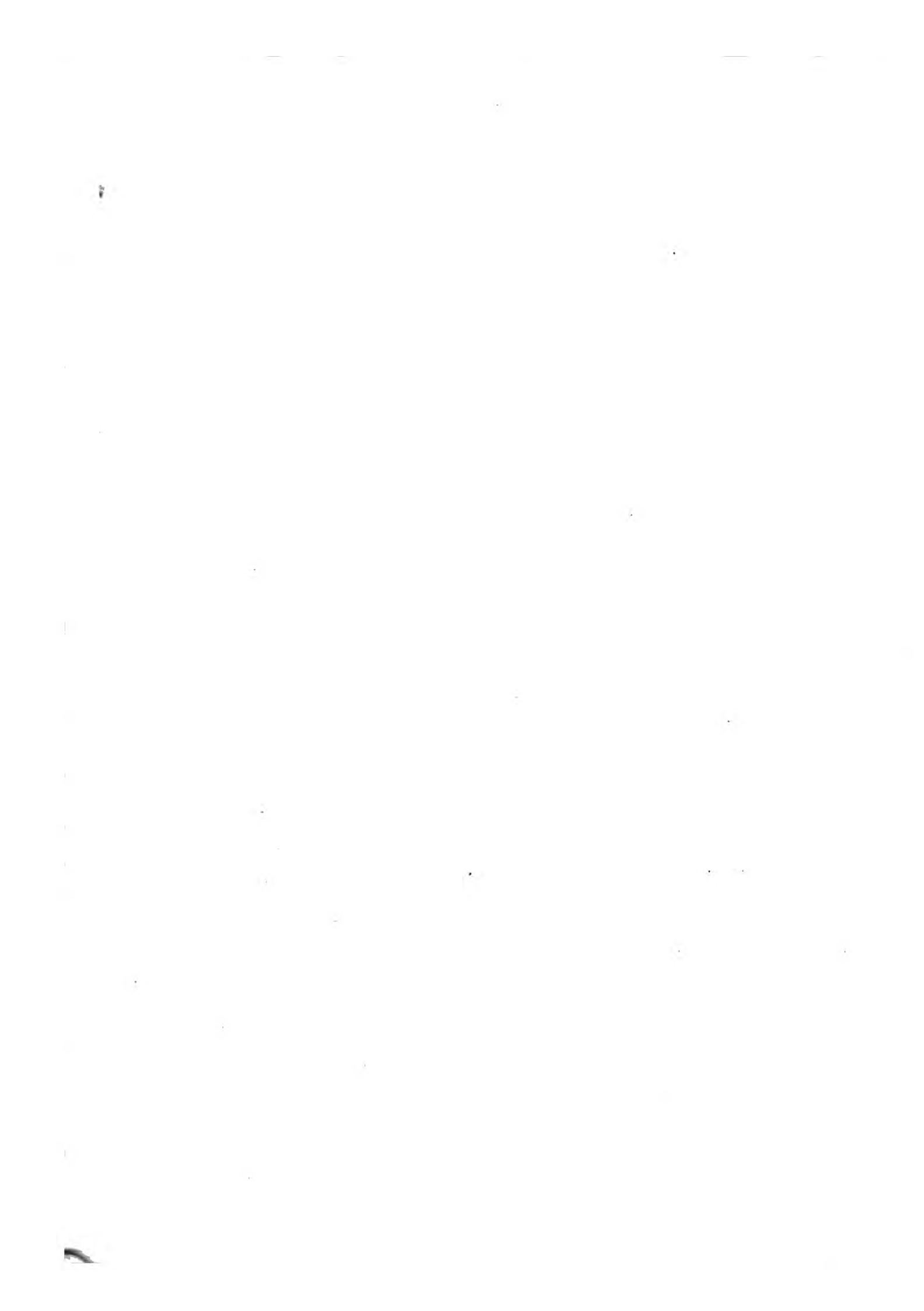
The palace of the Emir Beshir, the sovereign of Lebanon, is a very costly edifice: it consists of a large quadrangle, on one side of which are the apartments of the Emir and his harem; two other sides contain the apartments of his officers and people, and the fourth is open towards the valley and the town of Deir el Kamar, and also commands a distant view of the sea. The best apartments are furnished with glass windows; terraced gardens are wrested from the rugged soil, and water brought from the hills into the quadrangle at a considerable expense, from a distance of nearly twenty miles. A winding path over low stone steps leads to the unassailable fortress of this mountain prince, whose summons can in a few days call all Lebanon to arms. The Emir may walk on the walls of his eagle palace, and say with him of old, "Is not this the proud home I have built, on the brink of the everlasting mountains?" To these wild walls of power and luxury, there come natives of Egypt, Abyssinia, Italy, and France, Druses, Mahometans, and Syrian Christians; the bold mountaineer, armed to the teeth, mingled with the thoughtful scribe or literateur, the latter sometimes retired apart, beneath a rock or a tree, writing verses in praise of the prince, or on the strange vicissitudes of his fortunes. The physician of the palace, a clever and agreeable Frenchman, is probably still resident here, and, like his countryman, M. Chaboiseau of Damascus, resolved to end his days in a country that has patronised him so liberally. The French are very successful as medical men in the East, by a facility and even eagerness in adapting themselves to the tastes and usages of the people; sorrowing not for their own country, though always boasting of it; with a conscience untroubled about the variety of faiths, the same smile of good nature and scepticism is given to the mysteries of the Druse, the reveries of the Dervish, and the genuflexions of the Turk. There is a small Christian church near the palace: on the mountain, the Emir is a Christian; in Acre, when he visits the Pasha, and in the towns on the coast, he is a believer in the Prophet. He is now seventy years of age, of a patriarchal appearance, and long white beard: on his features, usually mild and calm, late misfortunes have fixed a more stern expression: he has lived to see the Pachalic of Acre wrested by the Porte from his friend and ally Abdallah, and now, returned like the old eagle to his airy home, he looks abroad on the storms of fate, on the downfall of the Sultan, and the successes of Ibrahim, and believes that he shall die at last in his castle, in peace: perhaps Ibrahim, should his allegiance falter, may decree him a more speedy end. In his harem were several handsome women, who accompanied



W. Lloyd

H. Burleigh

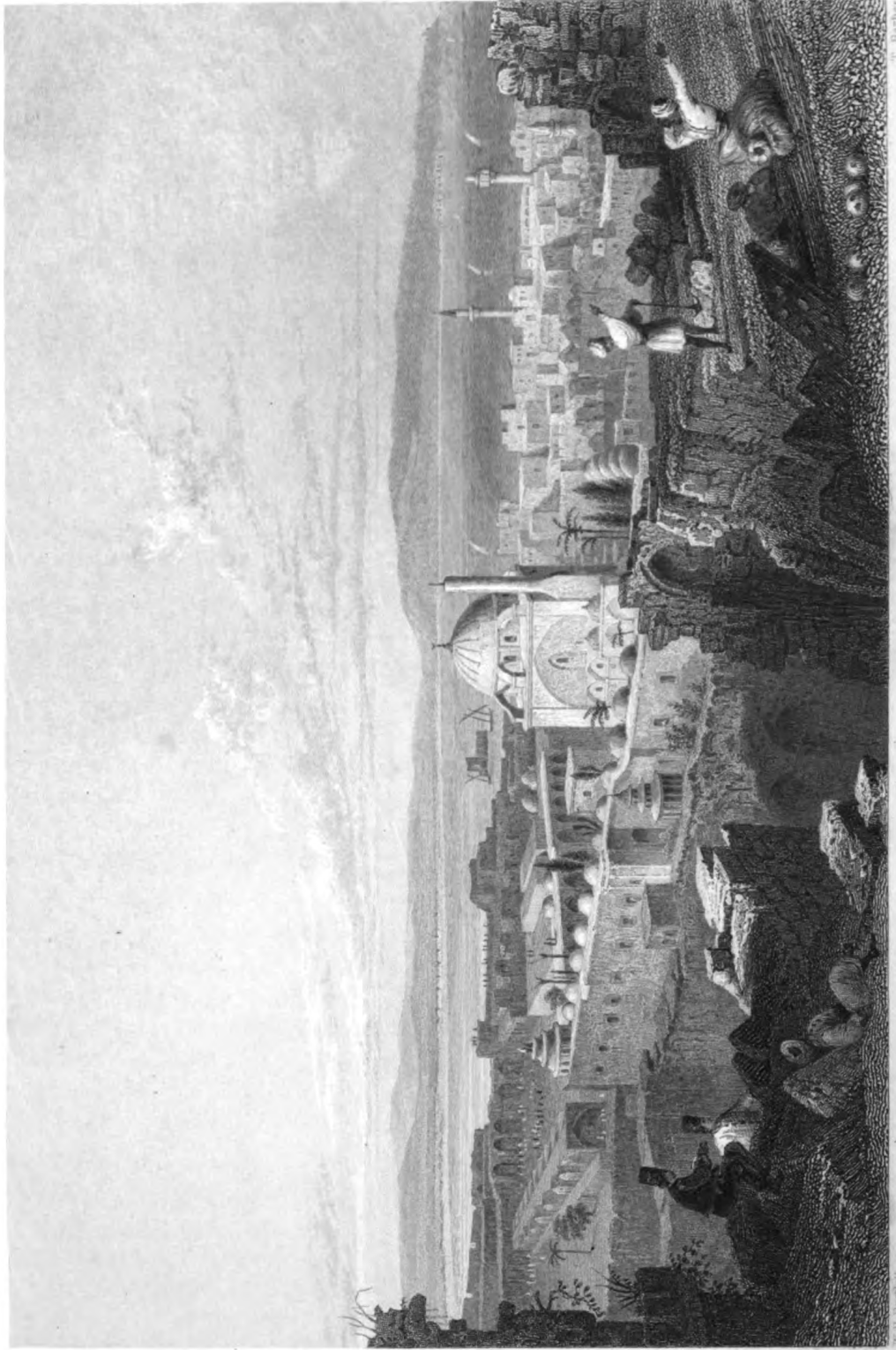
THE GREAT BRITISH MERCHANT SHIP



him in his flight to Egypt, when he forsook Beteddein, surrounded on every side by his enemies, and they returned with joy on his restoration. Women, at least in the East, are the creatures of habit far more than of circumstance: the flight, the voyage, the residence in Egypt, a climate and scenes so different from their own; the court of Mahmoud Ali, where they were intimate with the sultana and the favourite ladies, and witnessed a splendour and refinement hitherto new—after all these excitements, Beteddein is as dear to them as ever. The rains and snows, the thunder-storms, the solitude of their rocky home, had been their companions for years; did not the memory of the Pacha's gardens and fountains, and the music and the ball, follow them to their windy terraces and withered flower-beds? and the splendid and costly dresses of Egypt's seraglio flit in mockery before their eye? Of what avail was the dye of the surmeh, black as the raven's wing, for the eyelashes; or the crimson hue of the hennah, for the palms of the hands and tips of the fingers; or the gold coins drooping in braided rows on the shoulder,—when few came to the castle to see and to admire, few came to flatter the Emir's ladies. The Eastern castles being as bookless as those of the old Highland chiefs, a taste for reading would be of little use, and here such a taste is unknown: the steep and irregular cliffs on every side forbid all pleasant promenades or excursions, so that fancy can scarcely picture, for a beautiful woman, a more triste and monotonous life than that of Beteddein. The love of dress, ever a passion in the East, is certainly indigenous in Lebanon, and dwells within these lonely walls as intensely as in the gay circles of Europe, whence large pier-glasses have been brought for the use of the harem: could the toilette of Beteddein be descried through its massive gates and fences, its mists and its sentinels—the many hours daily of bathing, adorning, perfuming,—the display, the envying, and scolding one another—the spectator would have said, and more justly said, not frailty, but “Vanity, thy name is Woman!”

The plate represents the gathering of the chieftains to join the army of Ibrahim Pacha, who was then about to advance into Syria, previous to his capture of Damascus, and the victories of Koniah, &c. The Emir, the ally of Ibrahim, sent his summons through the whole range of Lebanon, and the mountaineers obeyed the call with alacrity: it was like the passage of the fiery cross through the Highlands, of old, calling on every man to range beneath his banner, and come to the gathering without delay. These mountaineers were bold and hardy troops; Ibrahim knew their value in rapid and daring movements, and it was the interest as well as policy of the Emir to afford him as numerous an aid as possible. In the time of extremity, he can command a force of twenty thousand men, horse and foot, armed with firelocks: the larger proportion consists of cavalry; their manner of warfare is desultory, and rarely incurs the loss and slaughter of a well-fought field. The Druses, who compose two-thirds of this force, are distinguished by their broad-striped dresses: they are a stout well-made race of men, with a cheerful and rather reckless expression on their round faces, which are in general beardless and rather fair: they wear their hair beneath the light Syrian turban, for in Lebanon the faith and usages of the Turk are not at all fashionable. The scenery around Beteddein was admirably suited to this busy and martial scene: there was the

flashing of arms along the brink of the descents, where a line of cavalry was advancing; and then the tedious ascent, through the pass, where a few men only could advance abreast: down the declivities, in another direction, poured groups of foot soldiers, wild and disorderly: muskets, lances, sabres, were as plentiful on the mountain paths as pipes in a coffee-house: the advance of the chiefs, who were beautifully mounted, with their immediate followers, was still more picturesque; the horses, long used to the rugged ways and passes, came on with as much eagerness as if their feet were on the plain. The great court of the palace was crowded with men and steeds already arrived; some lounging idly, or smoking, or conversing in groups: many of the more curious mounted the roofs and terraces, to look out afar for the coming of the troops of Lebanon and the banners. The galleries and recesses were filled with officers and soldiers, eagerly passing in and out, while the Emir was in his hall of audience, in earnest consultation with his chief counsellors and friends. All felt that the present summons was to no wonted or local contest, in which they fought with no more zeal than was agreeable to them, and returned to their homes when wearied; but to a desperate conflict, in which the stake was for kingdoms,—and Ibrahim brooked no lukewarmness in his cause. The general of the mountain troops, on former occasions, was the Sheikh Beshir, the Druse chief: he was put to death a few years since; and the Emir, to shew his zeal, more apparent than real, in the cause of Ibrahim, accompanied his troops good part of the way to Damascus, borne in a litter. The Christians are the more numerous, and the Druses the richer part of the population,—both are warlike: the former detest the name of Druse too much ever to yield quietly to a chief of that community; and they are attached to the Emir, who, with his whole family, long ago embraced the Christian religion. The latter was long supported by the Pachas of Acre and Tripoli, by whom, a hundred and forty years since, the government of the mountain was entrusted to his family; and now he is in close alliance with the viceroy of Egypt, who received him kindly and generously in his exile: and he is delivered from the rivalry of the Sheikh Beshir, with whom he was obliged to share all the contributions which he extorted from the mountaineers. The Druses are perhaps the only people who do not love music, vocal or instrumental: rarely, if ever, is the ballad, or legendary song, or mountain air, heard in their cottages, or at their festivals: they have no sort of musical instruments, and they march to battle without trumpet, pipe, or song.



T. Harber.

W. H. Barock.

ST. JEAN D'ACRE.—MOUNT CARMEL IN THE DISTANCE.

The strength of this hitherto impregnable fortress is broken: the walls, which swept round the plain, enclosing the town as within iron ramparts, were shattered in the late siege by Ibrahim Pacha, after a desperate defence of six months. The whole town, which once looked so neat, well-built, and prosperous, has now an air of ruin; even the noble mosque built by Djeddar Pacha is undergoing repair, from damages sustained during the siege: it is in the centre of the plate, towering above all the other buildings, a monument of the liberality and devoutness of the ferocious Djeddar, who perhaps raised it as a kind of compensation for his many atrocities. Repentance or contrition were feelings he never knew: he would have met the king of terrors, had it been possible, with a cruel menace or device. The sycamore and the palm shadow the area of this beautiful mosque, and a fine fountain murmurs there: here the tyrant, when evening had brought the dim religious light the Turks love, used to come and pray beneath the corridors and the dome his own hand had raised, and look forward, no doubt, to heaven hereafter, when his old age of blood and crime should be ended. The phantoms of the thousands he had butchered in cold blood, treacherously, often smilingly, in the dungeon, by the hatchet or the wave, never rose to his fancy or his conscience, to cloud his devotions or disturb his hopes. Had even the beings he had maimed, of the wealthy, the noble, as well as the poor and helpless—whose noses, ears, lips, he had lopped, and took not as yet the life—risen up like swift and mangled witnesses against him, on the shore of the dark river,—he would have sternly elbowed his way to the regions of bliss. And Djeddar, in the mosque, was remarkably devout; said his prayers with a loud and fervent voice, and went through all the genuflexions, and bobbings, and prostrations, with a zeal equal to that of a Santon. He died in his bed calmly, unconcernedly, unrepentingly, at near eighty years of age: “there were no bands in his death; his heart was firm within him.” The writer was told by Sir Sydney Smith, that when seated one evening with Djeddar in his divan, the latter, displeased at some recent occurrence, menaced the admiral, and hinted how easy it was to imprison or even put him to death, if he chose but to give the word. “It is very true, Djeddar Pacha,” he replied, “and very easy to fulfil your words: but look at that ship,” pointing to his flag-ship in the harbour; “before the sun shall set, Acre would be a heap of ashes.”

The bazaar to the left of the court of the mosque is new: the broken walls in the foreground are those of the Castle, which were devastated; the vessels in the harbour, near the tower, are the djerms or light barks of the country. Mount Carmel is opposite, descending into the sea; on its top is a monastery, and at its foot the small town of Caïpha. The form of Carmel is accurately given: its verdure, its woods, and varieties of surface, are not visible at this distance.

In Acre many wealthy and respectable families resided, for it was the capital of the pachalic; and the fine and wide plain without the walls was often gay with the exercises of the troops and the presence of the pacha. While resident here, the writer sometimes visited a Jewish family, whose interior exhibited a picture of the troubled state of the times, and the uncertainty of property. The head of the family was a merchant, in whose house two pilgrims of his people had lodged a few years before, a father and mother, who had an only daughter, whom they betrothed on the spot to their host, seeing that he was prosperous, a merchant, young, and possessor of a good house. The Jewish maiden brought a pretty face and figure, and a tolerable portion, to her husband, who had never seen her till she was brought from her distant home to his house, as a bride. The match did not seem to be a happy one: the wife spoke with fervour of her home, of its tranquillity, and many attractions; its woods and flowers, friends and security. The contrast was bitter, such as only domestic affection could reconcile, and this she felt not: the sea washed the walls of her dwelling at Acre; there was no garden: fear was on every side, for the pacha had already hinted his suspicion that her husband was rich; and where he scented plunder, he soon, as the Persian says, "put the footstep of desire into the stirrup of accomplishment." The anxious merchant thought of leaving the town, to avoid the dreaded exactions, and asked our advice where he should emigrate. Reluctant to fly from the scene of his industry, his house, &c., his fancy harassed him by often painting the pacha's avarice, the pacha's wrath, in hideous colours: one or two rich men of his nation had already fallen victims, and his turn might soon follow. Yet, Israelite as he was, he could not bear the idea of a retreat to a mountain village, and its peace and solitude, to a town or fastness on Lebanon—if it did not possess the means of traffic, the delicious opportunities of gain. The uncertainty of resolve and anxiety of mind, which he every day experienced, was distressing: at every rumour of fresh cruelty and extortion he turned pale, and fancied the bastinado at his feet, or the bowstring at his neck: he could have fled alone and safely, and he knew that his wife and dwelling would not be assailed; but jealousy would not allow him to leave a young and pretty woman—fearing more from his friends than his enemies. He knew that he did not possess her affections, and that she dwelt with more heart-sickness and love on her native home, her early attachments, than on his welfare or enjoyment: indeed, if the angel of death should actually overtake him, and his head be asked for at the palace, it was doubtful if the wail of the handsome Jewess would have been as one that refused all consolation. He passed most of his time within doors, that he might attract as little notice as possible: the ships of various nations sailing out of the harbour were finely seen from his windows and gallery, to which they sometimes passed near, and he earnestly wished, many a time, to be on board one of them, embarked for France or England, his wife, his child, and monies, all on board, and Acre left for ever: at last he decided to depart, as secretly as possible, to the former country; but whether he put his design in execution, or what was his fate, we knew not, as we left the town for the interior soon afterwards.



H. Adlard.

W. E. Lockhart.

THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT DAPHNE.

In this wild and luxurious scene there is a resemblance to the site of the ancient oracle of Delphi: the gardens of Armida were not more formidable to the crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon, than the groves of Daphne were of old to the Roman veterans. Cassius, their general, forbade them to enter here, where the sights and sounds were more subduing than the enemy's sword. Daphne, so famous in the history of Syria, is about six miles from Antioch: you travel for some time along the foot of mountains through groves of myrtle and mulberry trees, till you arrive at this natural amphitheatre on the declivity of the mountains, where the springs burst with a loud noise from the earth, and, running in a variety of directions for about two hundred yards, terminate in two beautiful cascades, about thirty feet in height, falling into the valley of the Orontes. The largest of the fountains rises from beneath a rock, on the top and sides of which are the massy remnants of an ancient edifice, perhaps those of the temple of Apollo: the water of this spring is conveyed for nearly two miles through an artificial subterraneous aqueduct, which has been traced to the vicinity of Antioch. The real site of Daphné has been much disputed by travellers, among whom there is a great difference of opinion: neither Babylæ, Zoiba, or Beit-el-ma, fulfil the anticipations and images excited by the words of the ancients, who sometimes dipped their pens, when painting scenes of natural beauty, in the colours of the rainbow; or from their less correct taste and genuine love for the picturesque, when compared with that of the moderns, their descriptions may not always be depended upon, even of the scenes they saw. They loved the soft, rather than the magnificent; and things delicious to the senses, rather than the splendid scenes and ruder excitements of alpine regions. The charms of Daphné were derived as well from religious and voluptuous associations, so artfully blended in the old mythology, as from the unrivalled features of nature.

Here Seleucus planted a thick grove of laurel and cypress trees, reaching ten miles in circumference, and forming a cool and impenetrable shade, even in the most sultry summers. In the middle of the wood he erected a magnificent temple, which was consecrated to Apollo and Diana. Daphné was the same with respect to Antioch, as Baïæ was to Rome, and Canopus to Alexandria—a place of resort for amusement and pleasure. The senses were gratified with harmonious sounds and aromatic odours; beautiful were the walks, and shades, and grottoes, beautiful the Syrian women who resorted or dwelt here: at last, all who had any fortitude or virtue avoided the place: the soldier and the philosopher shunned its temptations.

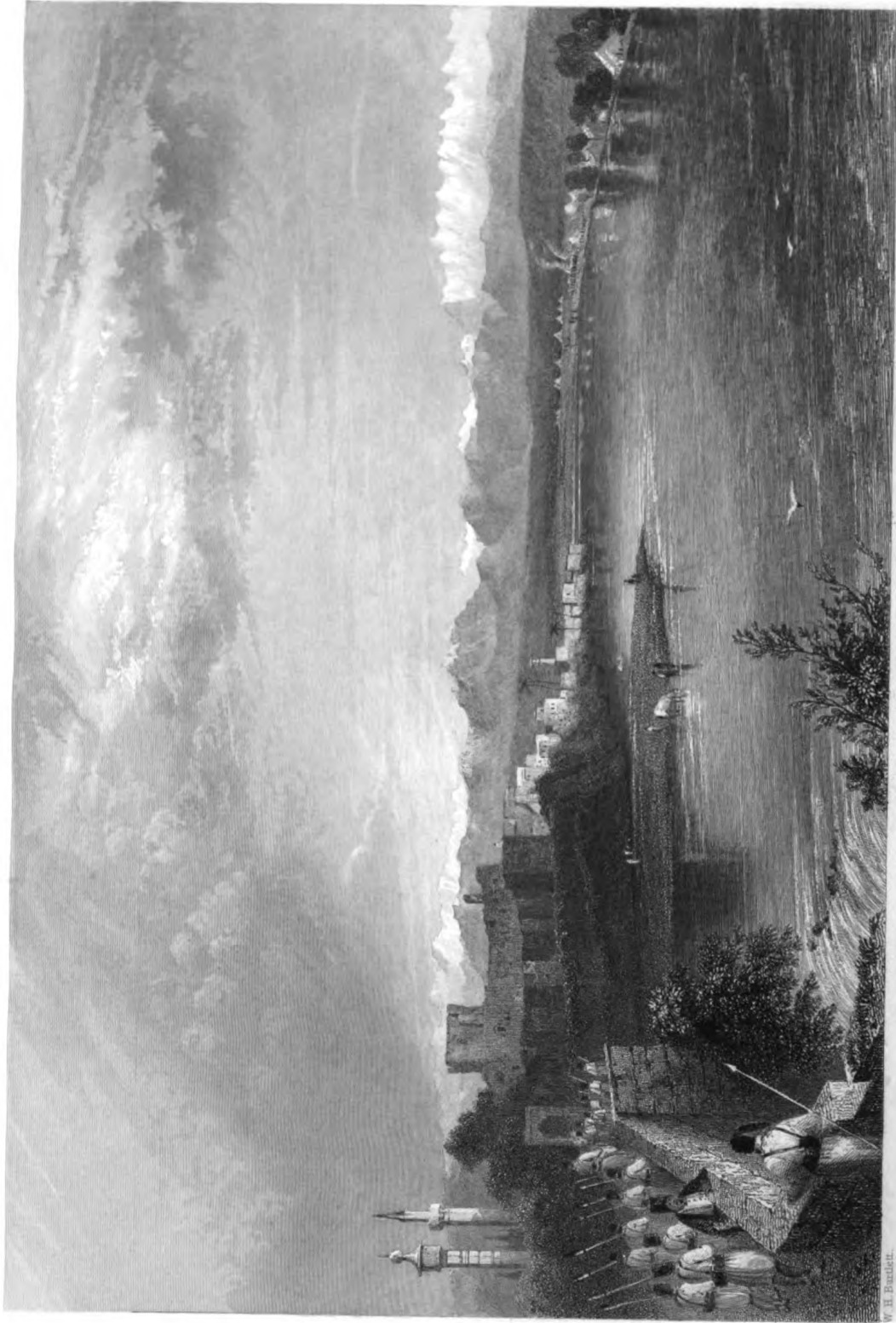
“ The joyful birds sang sweet in the green bowers ;
Murmured the winds ; and, in their fall and rise,
Struck from the trees and fountains silver showers,
A thousand strange and welcome harmonies.

Flowers and choice odours richly smiled and smelled
 On either side of the calm stream, which wound
 In a so spacious circle, that it held
 The whole vast forest in its charming round.
 It seemed that the hard oak, the grieving yew,
 The chaste sad laurel, and the whole green grove,
 It seemed each fruit that blushed, each bud that blew,
 All spoke of ladies' hope, of ladies' love,
 And bade the pilgrim hail to this delightful grove." WIFFEN.

Nevertheless, the groves of Daphné continued for many ages to attract the veneration, and to be the resort, of natives and strangers: the privileges of the sacred ground were enlarged by the munificence of succeeding emperors; and every generation added new ornaments to the splendour of the temple. At last the Christians of Antioch built a magnificent church here to Babylas bishop of that city, who died in the persecution of Decius: the rites thenceforth began to be neglected, and the priests of Apollo to forsake the place. Julian the Apostate endeavoured to revive the love of paganism amidst the groves of Daphné: he visited the neglected altars, and resumed the sacrifices, and saw with mortification and anguish that their reign was over, their sun was going down, and that the mysterious voice had gone forth in Daphné, as in the temples of Greece, "Let us go hence." One night the temple was discovered to be in flames; the statue of Apollo was consumed to ashes, as also were the altars: Julian said that the malice of the Christians had caused the conflagration; the Christians said, it was the vengeance of God.

Two beautiful cascades, and a few groupes of trees and bushes, and a screen of bold crags behind, cannot, however, realise the associations of memory, which are here miserably shattered; and the pictures of the past flit away like the foam of the waterfalls. Is this all that remains of Daphné?—Let the traveller recline on the bank, whose flowers grow rank beneath the spray; and, lulled with the falling waters, or with a gentle dose of opium, strive to conjure up on the steep the magnificent temple of Apollo; its flights of columns casting their long shadows on the stream, the smoke of its sacrifices and clouds of perfume rising slowly over the groves, while over the cataracts slowly floated the music of many instruments, and the voices of invisible women. He wakes—and what does he behold? Three water-mills built of mud, some myrtle and bramble bushes, and a few mountain girls drawing water from the stream, their coarse garments hiding coarser forms—the Dulcineas of the place; which, had Cervantes seen, he could surely have placed his hero on the steep, and given him visions, and made him harangue over Daphné and her glory, while Sancho stood laughing loudly by his side.

"Ah, sister! Desolation is a delicate thing;
 It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air,
 But treads with silent footstep, and fans with silent wing
 Th' illusive hopes which in their hearts the best and gentlest bear;
 Who, soothed to mournful thoughts by the ruined scene above,
 And the spirit-stirring motion of the bright and busy wave,
 Dream visions of aerial joy, and call the monster, Love,
 And wake, and find the shadows fall on Daphné's desert grave."



W. Hindes.

V. B. Burdett.

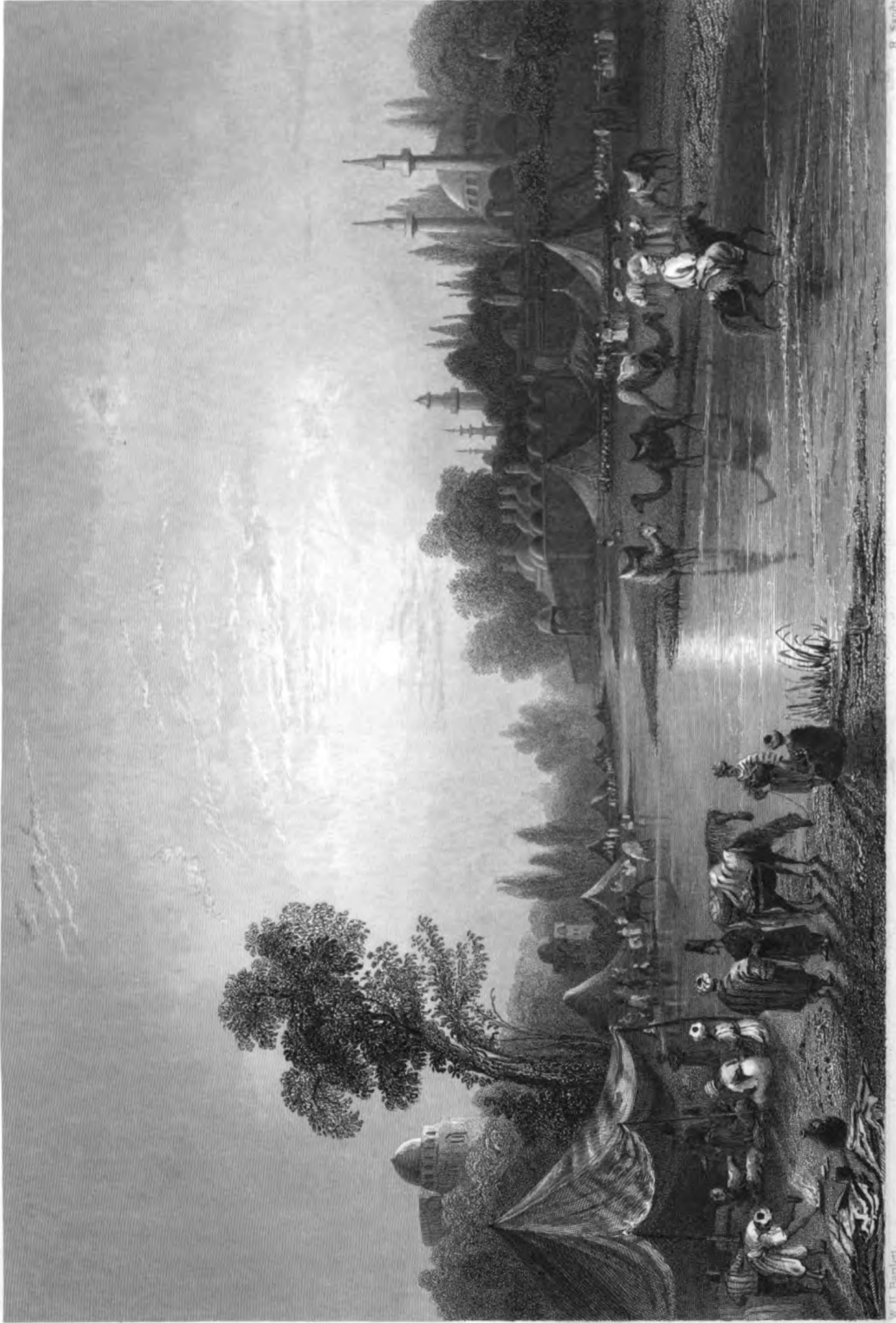
ADANA, MOUNT TAORUS IN THE DISTANCE.

ADANA,—MOUNT TAURUS IN THE DISTANCE.

Adana, which retains its ancient name and situation on the banks of the river Syhoon, the ancient Sarus, is still a considerable town, and the capital, till lately, of a pachalic, including the greater part of Cilicia Proper. It is now, with the surrounding district, ceded to Ibrahim Pasha. This city was formerly, next to Tarsus, the most flourishing in Cilicia: it was one of the towns to which Pompey banished the pirates, and it subsequently shared the same fate as Tarsus. The modern town is situated on a gentle declivity, surrounded on all sides with groves of mulberry, peach, apricot, fig, and olive trees, and vineyards. It is large built: the population, composed chiefly of Turks and Turcomans, is nearly equal to that of Tarsus, from which it is twenty-eight miles distant. Part of the ancient walls remain; and a noble gateway in the middle of the bazaar, forms a lively contrast to the flimsy architecture of the Turks. Near the bridge, on the bank of the river, is a castle about a quarter of a mile in circuit, the work apparently of the Mahometans. The river Syhoon, which passes through Adana, and afterwards through the plain of Tarsus into the sea, near which its width is 270 feet, holds its course for some distance within a few miles of that of the Cydnus, both flowing through the same plain. Livy and Appian make mention of the river Sarus, when relating the destruction of the fleet of Antiochus by a violent storm.

From Adana the snowy range of Mount Taurus is grand: it is bolder in character than Lebanon, from being more broken, and from the rugged precipitous aspect of its loftiest pinnacles, where there are probably glaciers. There is usually a battalion or two of troops stationed here: on the bridge in the foreground, some of the soldiery are entering the castle, which is partly ruinous; on the opposite side are the encampments of the cavalry. Adana is a large and gloomy town, with bazaars well furnished with provisions, &c. The surrounding plain is fertile, and better cultivated than is usual in Asia Minor. It is not easy to procure a lodging here: the stranger is obliged to present the firmoun of Ibrahim Pasha to the governor, and solicit him to procure one, which is almost sure to prove very bad and comfortless; and instead of wandering about in a vain effort to move the kindness of its wealthier people, he had better apply at once to the Frank physician, who will accommodate him beneath his roof; and this roof is welcome, after a visit to the squalid apartments selected by the governor, from which his foot was quickly turned in disgust, and he was on the point of asking the shelter of the soldiers' tents when rescued from his homeless state by the physician.

The troops defiling over the bridge to the ancient castle, are a part of the forces of Ibrahim Pasha, in a costume half Asiatic, half European: the tents of the cavalry are pitched on the banks of the Sihoun: these men all fought gallantly in the battles which gained Syria and Asia Minor for their leader: the Nubian infantry, well disciplined by French officers, proved themselves equal in bravery and firmness to the Albanians, who were the flower of the Turkish army: the writer saw the Nubian troops, when training carefully; tall of stature and slender, and well accoutred, it was not easy to recognize in these soldiers, in close rank and file, the wild and ungovernable inhabitants of the deserts, save by their swarthy complexion. They have learned, after much pains, the use of the bayonet, frequently charging in this campaign, with the order and determination of Europeans: and the Turks, unused to this mode of fighting, often recoiled from the charge. The treaty of peace between the Sultan and his victorious subject was delayed on account of the principality of Adana: Ibrahim, aware of the value of its position, was inflexible in his demand that it should be rendered to him: and the Sultan was reluctantly forced to comply; and at the same time gave to his conqueror the titles of Pasha of Abyssinia and Jidda, and Governor of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. The French officers, whose long discipline and persevering efforts prepared the Egyptian forces for these successes, served the Pasha well; a few of them have fallen by sickness or the sword: the most eminent was Colonel Selvés, a great favourite of the Viceroy of Egypt, who allowed him a large salary: he followed Ibrahim to the Morea, where he died of his wounds, in a war which he deeply regretted—without glory, or plunder.



R. Smith

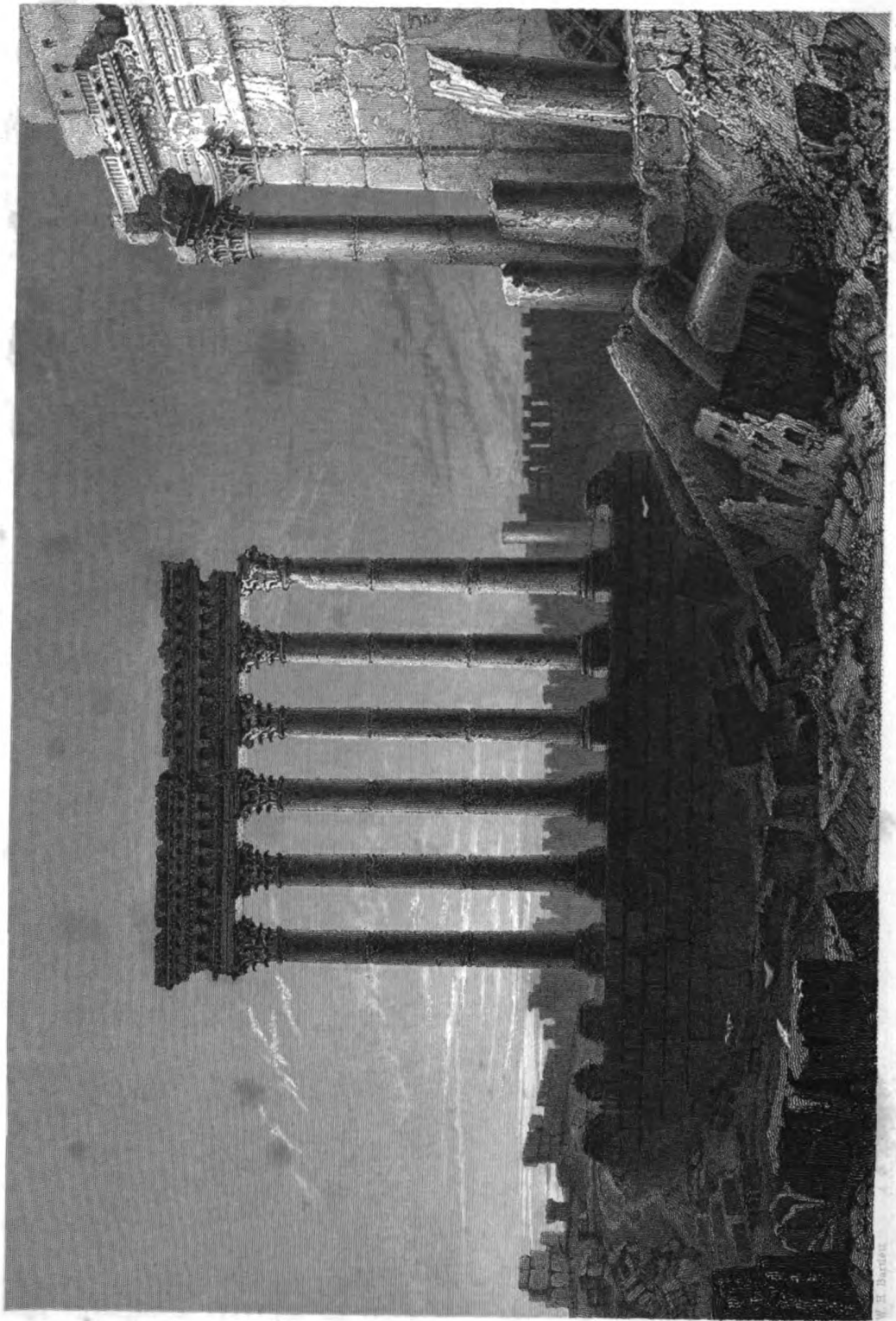
W. H. Bartlett

THE RIVER BARRADA, THE ANCIENT PHARPAR.

“Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Jordan?” was a boast very natural for one who had loved their shores perhaps from childhood, to whom the plain of Damascus was as the garden of Eden; but the river of Israel is more considerable and more pleasant to the eye, than the Pharpar, or Barrada, which rises in the rocky hills twenty miles above Damascus, and is afterwards drawn off in many little streams among the gardens in the plain, till its diminished tide joins those of the other rivers in the cataract without the walls. Like the Jordan, it is clear and rapid, and wanders circuitously for several leagues through a wilderness of gardens, whose innumerable fruit-trees, flowers, and water-works it keeps perpetually fresh and full: it is a stream that peculiarly ministers to luxury and enjoyment; every fathom of its course is precious and useful to the pleasure-loving Damascenes, who, reclining on its banks, beneath the shadow of their own trees, or in a little summer-house, listen to its quick murmur, smoke, and sip coffee, while their beautiful Arab steeds, richly caparisoned, are near, to take their indolent masters home in the cool of the evening. Yet to the eye that loves to feast on the waters, of river or sea—on their wildness or repose—Damascus cannot give the delight or inspiration of Constantinople or Cairo: its “cribb’d and cabin’d” streams are exquisite additions to the landscape, but do not wake “the dreaminess, the far, resistless musings,” which are felt beneath the groves of the Bosphorus or the Nile.

The scene in the plate is a large meadow without the city, through which the Barrada flows: to the right is an ancient mosque, now an hospital, and some smaller mosques lift their minarets above the trees: the ancient wall is said to be about five miles in circumference, low, and incapable of a good defence. The tents of the caravan from Damascus to Bagdad are pitched on each shore: among the figures are several Persian hadgees, or pilgrims, in a costume quite contrasted with the Arab or Turkish. After the fatigues and privations of the pilgrimage, this large, cool, and pleasant meadow is a welcome resting-place to the caravan: the luxuriant trees, the river, the luxuries of the city close at hand, without its heat or crowd: the spacious tents stand temptingly open; cooking, conversing, making bargains, reclining on carpets: contrast is the food, the marrow, of an Oriental’s life: the Prophet would have done an infinite service to all his believers, if he had absolutely commanded every one of them to

go occasionally on pilgrimage. "Sweets to the sweet" continually, is enough to cloy and weary mind and body; and the indolent, and mostly unintellectual Oriental, dreams away his life amidst the fumes of his pipe and mocha, and the smiles of his women: his horse, his splendid Arab, of purest blood and fire, alone tempts him to exertion. Even the paradise of the Prophet, to which his fatalist followers look, is but an eternity of sweets, shades, perfumes, murmuring streams, lovely women—without expansion of the soul or imagination, without any glories and revelations breaking on the heart and eye, and making time itself an eternal excitement. The Eden of the Turk is an endless repetition of what he has enjoyed and thought when in life: the pipe and the mocha not being in the other world, will be a heavy loss to him: day and night for ever circling—how is he to get well through them, when he cannot pass one day on earth without these indulgences. The dislike, and even aversion, of the Turks to the Christian faith is great; in Damascus it is peculiarly so, for its people are the most bigoted and intolerant in the whole empire: yet it is not impossible that the time may arrive, when, in the dispensation of mercy, their heads also shall bow, and their hearts be subdued.



V. H. Barrett

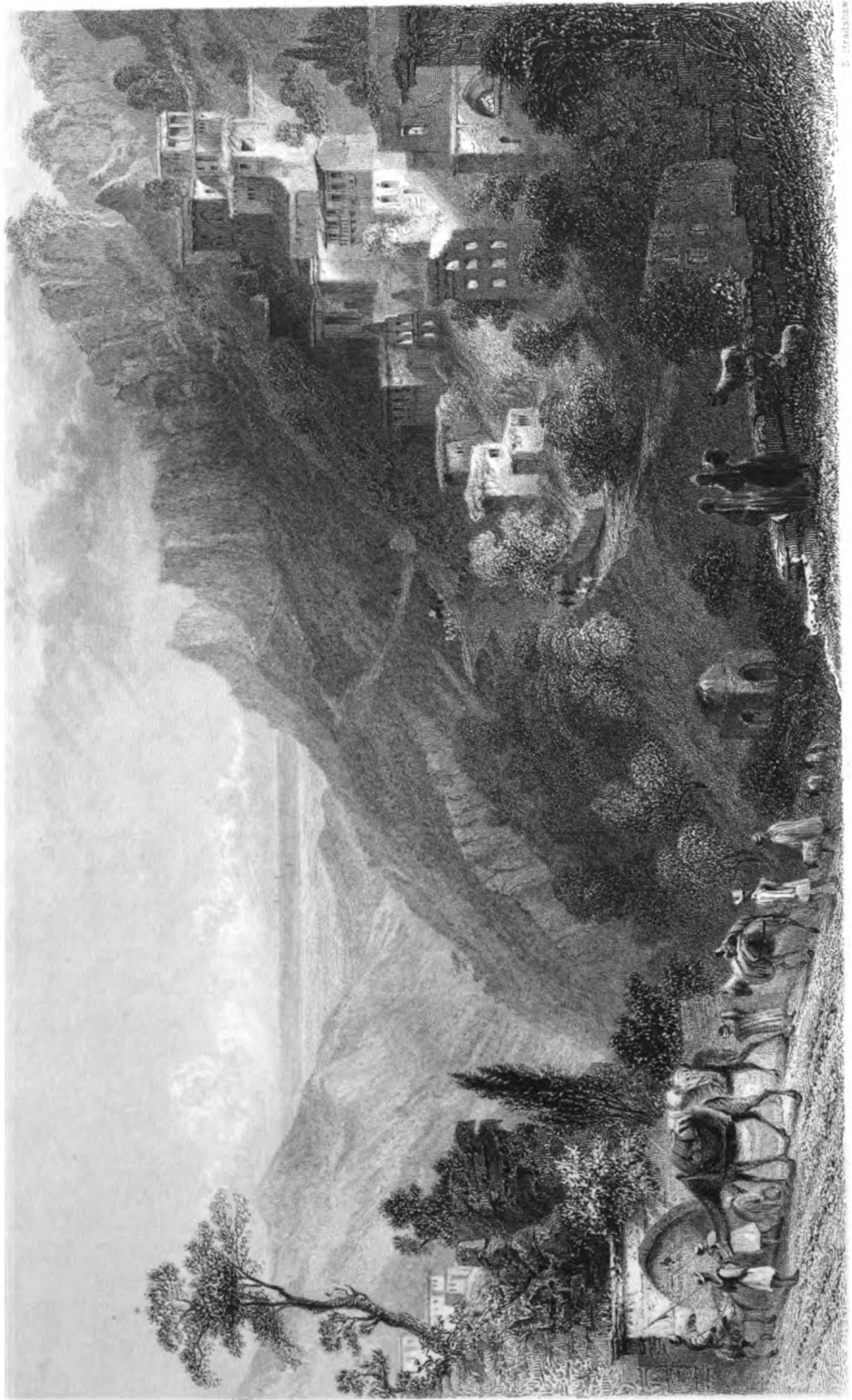
SIX DETACHED PILLARS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT BELBEC.

AMIDST so vast a field of ruin, the interest of the visitor often attaches to some favourite scene or locality, to which his steps turn oftener than to any other: the stream, in whose bosom the fallen fragments are mirrored, the small temple in the plain beyond, &c.: but no isolated portion is so exceedingly beautiful as the Six Pillars which stand apart and alone; there is about them that appealing and inexpressibly mournful air, that the beholder feels as if he could almost sit at their feet and weep. More slender, more elegant, more lofty, than any others of the numerous and noble pillars—on *them* the sun seems to dart his first, and to linger with his latest rays: they stand on rather higher ground than the great temple, from which they are fifty yards distant, and their stately architrave and cornice almost entire: they are the only remains of some very august pile. Their being in shadow prevents the richness of the frieze from being adequately given: the moonlight is on the temple: the pigeons of many-coloured plumage, that fly about and perch on the ruins by day, have disappeared: and the bats are flitting round with their hideous shapes: the darkness is deep on the vast blocks of fallen walls and pillars. There is a mighty mass rising against the sky, and enclosing all with its almost unearthly magnitude: it is the wall, the covering wall, of height and thickness enough to have defended Babylon of old: all gloomy and sublime it stands, even the shadows rest heavy on it: the eye turns away gladly to the colonnades, the chapels, the windows, and arches, on which the moon rests like snow on the Eastern mountain's breast—as if it fell suddenly and vainly: shrouding faintly each ravage on the beautiful friezes, on the costly niches, in each of which a statue stood. This light, this shadow, is suited to the six melancholy columns, to their admirable beauty, to their unutterable loneliness: could Wordsworth sit for an hour on one of the fragments, the genius that gave a voice to Yarrow, to the aged tree, would touch with eloquence those exquisite shafts, would gather fire even from the faded altar of the temple.

They are composed of light yellow stone, and are formed of only two or three blocks, which are so perfectly joined together, that the junction lines are scarcely discernible: their diameter is seven feet, and their height between fifty and sixty feet, exclusive of the epistylia, which is twenty feet deep, and composed of immense blocks of stone, in two layers of ten feet each in depth. The whole of this is most elaborately ornamented with rich carved work in various devices. "They rose," finely observes a traveller, "like a pharos above the horizon of the ruins: large birds like eagles, scared by the sound of our footsteps, fluttered above the capitals of the columns, where they had built their nests; and, returning, perched upon the acanthus of the cornices, striking them with their beaks, and flapping their wings, as if living ornaments of these inanimate wonders."

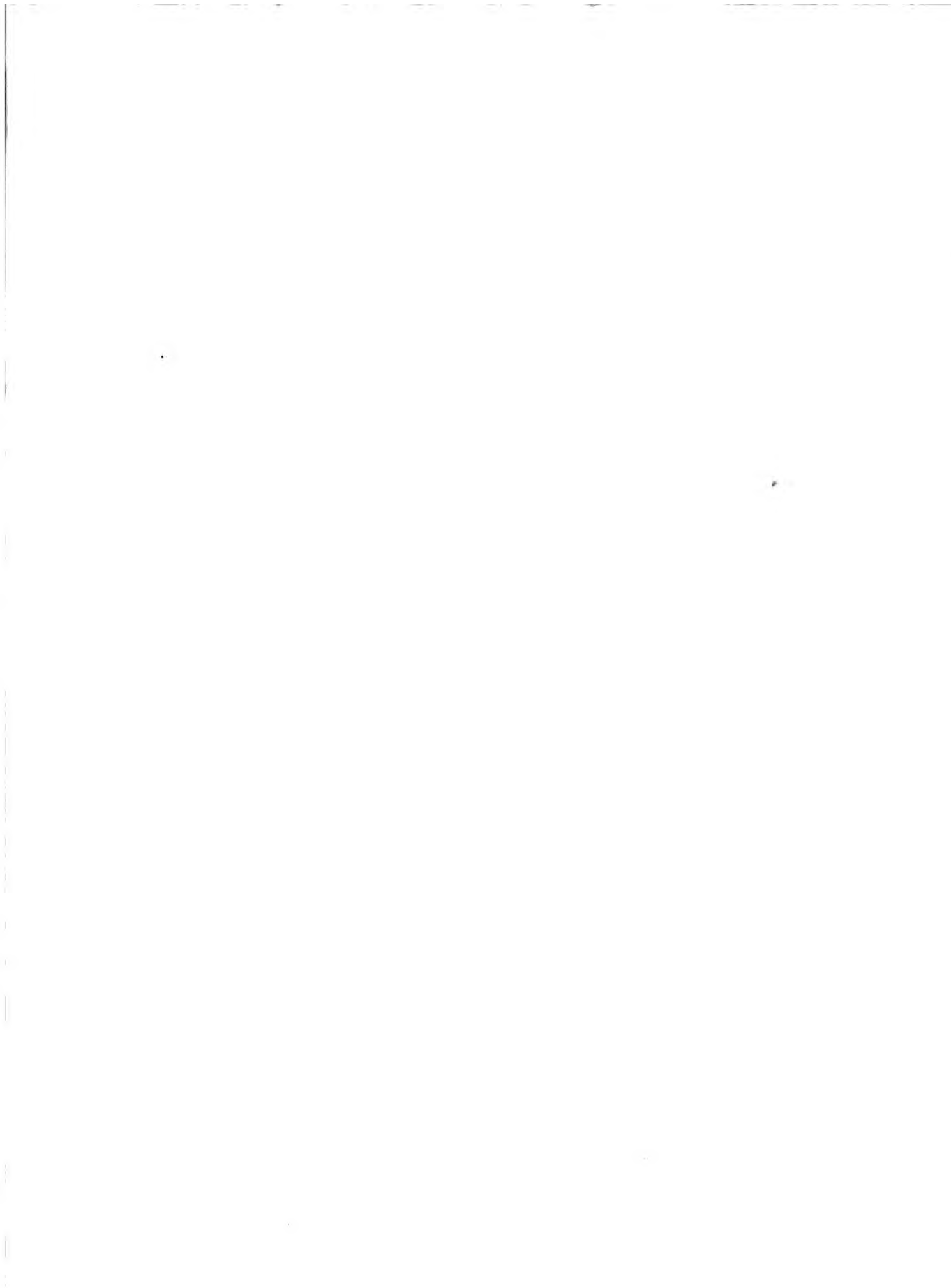
PASS OF BEILAN, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA.

This is one of the three great passes into Cilicia, and was anciently called the Gates of Syria: it is now the caravan road from Scanderoon to Aleppo. From Beilan to the former place, the descent from the mountains to the sea is very striking: the heights are lofty, picturesque, well covered with wood, and a great part of them planted with vines, disposed in the neatest order, and carefully cultivated. The vineyards of Beilan have lost the hands that so carefully improved them: the aspect of this alpine asylum is changed, not by the cruel exactions of the Pacha, or the pestilence, the frequent causes of the depopulation of Eastern habitations. The roofs of many are gone, the walls are still entire, and the sun falls through the empty casements, from which the lights, a few years since, streamed down the precipice, and voices came on the traveller's ear. Many are still entire, with their little verandahs and rustic porticos: for it is a hard thing to forsake a mountain home such as Beilan, its bold and beautiful heights and ravines, where infancy was fostered, to which manhood has clung; and it is not a solitary place, for the caravans from Scanderoon to Aleppo frequently pass and return, and their route lies through the town and before the doors: camels, horses, merchants, and traders of various nations, with various produce; and sometimes they rest in the khan of Beilan. Two young women, clad in the rather loose and high robe, and in their hand the long-necked water-pots, so universal in Syria and Palestine, with which they have been to the fountain, are gazing on the ruins of their neighbours' homes; even the goats, wandering wistfully about, seem to have lost their masters, and muse with a sad consciousness around the desolate places. The fountain by the wayside, the Turkish tomb just below, and the cemetery and caravanserai beneath the cliff, are the same as when this was a region of peace. The latter building, of firmer architecture than the dwellings, still offers its shelter and rest to the traveller; but half the town is in a ruinous state, the result of the marches and fighting in its vicinity. Husseyn, generalissimo of the Turkish forces, after the defeat of the Asiatic pashas at Homs by Ibrahim, made a rapid movement upon Aleppo, with the view of saving it from the Egyptians. By the time, however, that he arrived near that city, so ill had he taken his precautions, that the provisions of his army were nearly exhausted, and no relief or assistance could be obtained from the inhabitants, who refused even to admit him within their walls. Husseyn made no attempt to force an entrance, as the Egyptians were now advancing; and after a stay of two days in the neighbourhood, he retreated to Antioch without having effected any thing. The successful Ibrahim had advanced upon Aleppo, principally by night, in consequence of the intense heats and the scarcity of water: after a triumphal entry into it on the 15th July, he appointed civil and military authorities, left a garrison, and then proceeded to give battle to Husseyn, wherever he might find him. The Turkish field-marshal, after the defeat of the nine Pashas in the great battle of Homs, seemed to be bewildered in his exertions, from the scarcity of provisions, the discouragement of his army, and the



S. STRALSHAW

1840



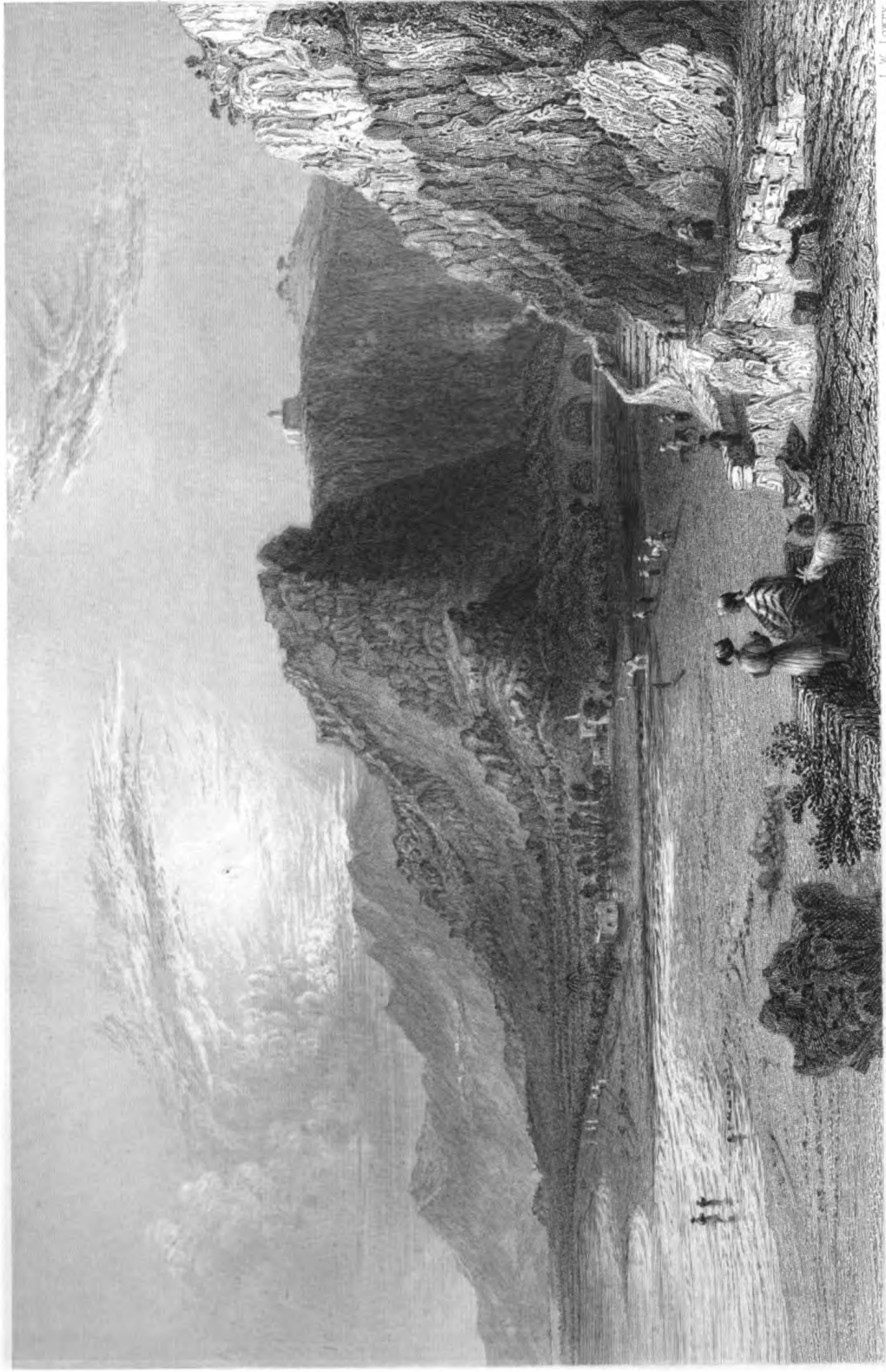
frequent hostility of the inhabitants. Provisions had lately been brought for his army in transports to Scanderoon, where he began to build storehouses for their safety, while his army was in pressing want. Upon the approach of Ibrahim, his forces were wasted by disease, and thinned by the desertion of large bodies of men. Afraid to meet the invader in the open and fair field, he left Antioch, and took up his position behind the Pass of Beilan, a place of great natural strength, and made every preparation to defend it with vigour. He ranged his troops along the heights, and posted artillery on all the commanding points: his cavalry were also dispersed in different parts of the defile, and he determined there to await the attack of Ibrahim: it was not slow in arriving. The Egyptian army reached the pass on the 28th July, and on the succeeding morning proceeded to force it. There are two roads that lead to it, and the army, having been divided, proceeded along both; Ibrahim, with four regiments and the guards, advancing along the main road on the right hand, which the enemy had most strongly fortified, The peaceful villagers of Beilan, whose dwellings for many generations had not heard the sound of war, were now spectators of a murderous conflict among heights, precipices, and passes, which, in the burning month of July, are formidable even to the idle and careless traveller. The resistance on the part of the Turks was most determined; and although their fire was ill-directed, the Egyptians were repulsed in their successive charges, and made but little progress during a great portion of the day. At last, by a well-sustained fire of their artillery, the latter succeeded in dismounting some of the enemy's guns, and produced confusion in their ranks: Ibrahim sent round his guards, to endeavour to take the heights on one side where they were accessible, and made a simultaneous charge in front. This manœuvre was completely successful; a panic, similar to that of the battle of Homs, again seized the Turks, and communicated itself to the whole of their army. They fled in the direction of Adana in the greatest disorder, leaving their guns, ammunition, and arms, and were pursued by the Egyptians with dreadful slaughter: their loss is stated in killed at 13,000 men; nearly forty pieces of artillery were left on the ground, and they lost nearly the whole of their ammunition and baggage. The Egyptian cavalry continued to pursue the fugitives, to disperse any reunion that might take place, and brought in several thousand prisoners; others deserted, and joined the Egyptians; and the remaining few made their way as they best could to Koniah, where a few months afterwards another dreadful defeat awaited them. The grand Turkish army had thus ceased to exist in one month after it entered on the scene of action; and its commander, from whom so much had been expected, and upon whom so many honours and distinctions had been conferred, in the certain anticipation by the Sultan of his success, was a fugitive like the rest. The store-houses which he had built with so much care at Scanderoon, and filled with provisions, all fell into the enemy's hands. And now Ibrahim was master of the whole of Syria, without an enemy before him or behind him. He had been hitherto more remarkable for the skill, rapidity, and decision of his marches, than for his dispositions in the field of battle: his advances were rarely arrested by the want of provisions, the excessive heats, or the visitations of disease: confidence in his own talents was ever as present to his mind, as was energy

to his operations : personal bravery he possessed in an eminent degree, Acre having been carried, in the last desperate charge, chiefly by his rushing among the fugitive troops from the breach, striking down several with his sabre, and then leading them back in person. The battle of the Pass of Beilan was that in which he gave the greatest proofs of superior military skill and tactics, and his troops of determination and bravery. The advantages of position, numbers, and artillery were all on the side of the Turks. Another century may elapse ere the mountain homes of Beilan will again be scared by the din of battle, the sound of its lonely torrent drowned amidst the roar of cannon, and the confused shouts and cries of the wounded and dying, who made its waters red with blood. Even weeks and months after the battle, it continued to be visited by parties of soldiers, and the passage of stores, &c. from Scanderoon to Antioch : so that its troubled people had hardly time to recover from their fears and losses ; and many families entirely forsook it, and sought a residence elsewhere.

THE MOUTH OF THE NAHR-EL-KELB ; OR, THE RIVER OF THE DOG.

This scene occurs in the way from Beirout to Tripoli : after leaving the former town, the way runs for a short time between gardens, and in about a mile and a half is a river, crossed by a bridge of six arches ; from hence, the traveller passes along the sea-beach to a rocky promontory, from whose summit is seen on the other side the Nahr-el-Kelb, or river of the dog, running beautifully through a deep chasm in the mountains, and a very neat bridge over it. This road is the Via Antoniana, and was cut by the emperor Antoninus, as is still testified by an inscription cut in the side of the rock, and given by Maundrell. This river is the Lycus of the Greeks ; according to Strabo, it was formerly navigable, although the stream is very rapid. The stone bridge is the work of Fakr-el-den, the celebrated prince of the Druses, who perished in 1631.

The Nahr-el-Kelb is the boundary of the patriarchates of Jerusalem and Antioch. The mountains, which are here very high and steep, come down to the sea, leaving only the road between them and the bay : on their summits are some small convents, romantically situated : some travellers are fording the stream, and proceeding along the shore : it is yet early in the day : the valley at the end of this bay is cultivated, and studded with cottages. About two hours farther is the Nahr-Ibrahim, so called from a pacha of that name, perhaps the builder of the handsome bridge of one arch by which it is crossed. This river, like the Nahr-el-Kelb, issues forth from a deep chasm between the mountains : it is the ancient Adonis, and Maundrell was fortunate enough " to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river, viz. that about certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, it is of a bloody colour, which the heathens regarded as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains out of which it rises. Something like this we saw actually come to



J. W. Leary

W. H. Bartlett.

THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER DELTA,
OR FISH OF THE FISH

pass, for the water was stained to a surprising redness, and the sea was discoloured a great way on to a reddish hue, occasioned doubtless by a sort of red earth washed into the river by the violence of the rain."

The sides of the rocks in this vicinity are in many places covered with Greek and Latin inscriptions, and with symbolical figures sculptured upon its face, whose meaning cannot now be deciphered; probably they relate to the worship of Adonis formerly practised in these regions, for, according to tradition, temples and funereal solemnities were dedicated to him near the spot where he perished. The Nahr-el-Kelb is clear and rapid, like most of the streams that flow from Lebanon: the shores rise, like two perpendicular walls of rock, two or three hundred feet in height, in some parts occupying the whole ravine, in others leaving between its waters and the rock a narrow margin covered with trees and rushes. In one part a ruined khan juts out on a point of the rock upon the very brink of the water, opposite a bridge, of which the arch is so tall and slender, that it cannot be crossed without trembling. Arab patience has cut in the face of the rocks forming this defile some narrow stone steps, which, although they hang almost perpendicularly over the flood, must yet be traversed on horseback. "We trusted," observes a late traveller, "to the instinct of our sure-footed steeds; but the steepness of the steps, the smooth polish of the stones, and the depth of the precipice, made it at times impossible not to close our eyes. On this very path, a few years since, the pope's last legate to the Maronites was precipitated by a stumble of his horse into the gulf below, and perished. The path issues upon an elevated platform smiling with tillage, vineyards, and little Maronite villages. On an opposite hill appears a pretty new house, of Italian architecture, with porticos, terraces, and balustrades, constructed by Signor Lozanna, bishop of Abydos, the present legate of the holy see in Syria, for his winter retreat." The country in the interior, after passing this river, is still worthy of the praises which the ancients bestowed on the haunts of Adonis and Venus: gardens of mulberry, fig, and olive trees; woods of pine, and chesnut, and vineyards, with many a torrent foaming through its noble crags, on whose crests and sides are neat villages, built of white stone.

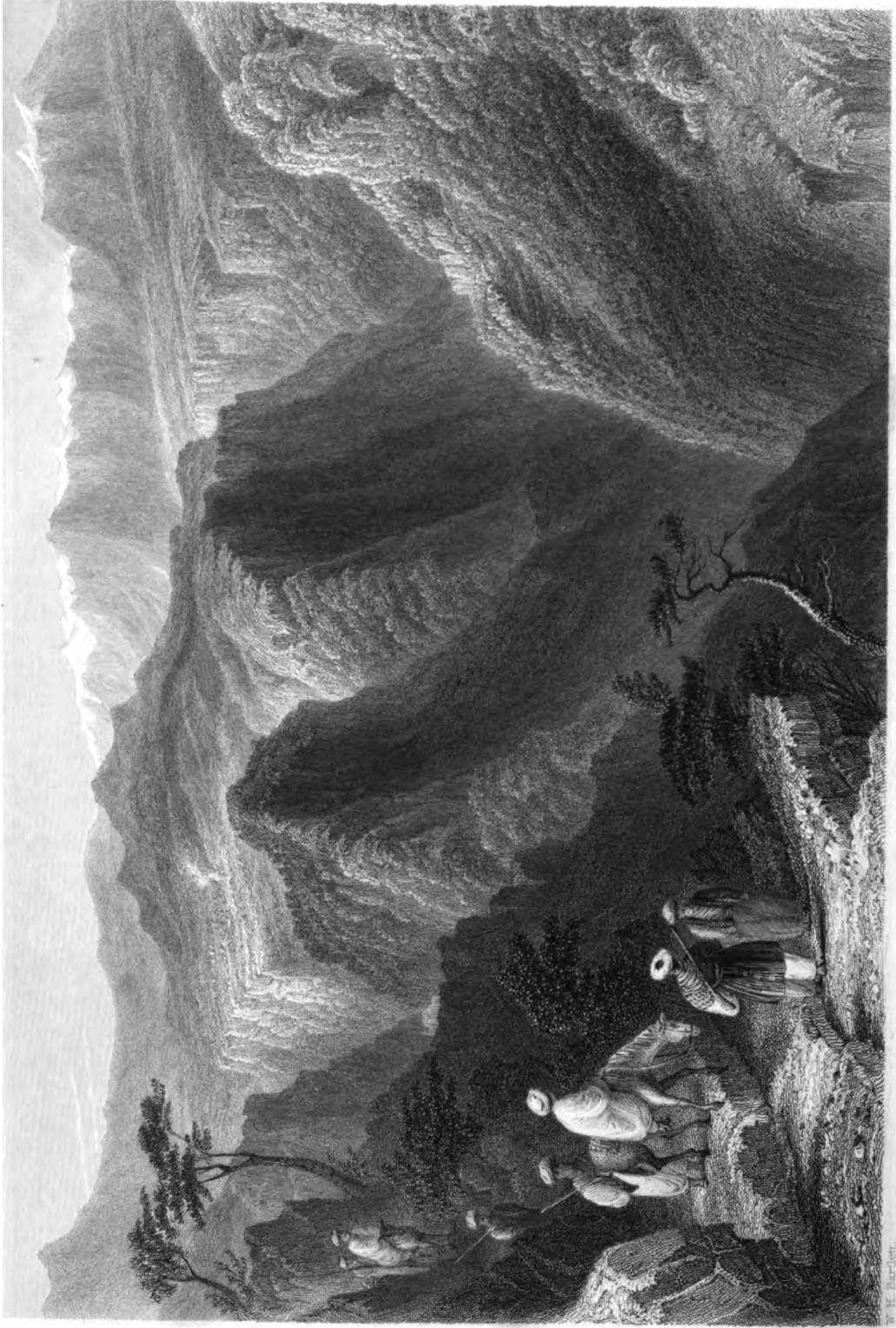
"All he had loved and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Grieved for Adonis. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground.
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.
Whence are we? and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow."

SHELLEY.

In the pagan mythology it is said that Adonis, the son of Myrrha, daughter of Cinyras, king of Cyprus, was born in Arabia, whither his mother had fled: he grew up a model of manly beauty, and was passionately beloved by Venus, who quitted Olympus to dwell with him. Hunting was his favourite pursuit, until, having gone to the chase against the entreaties of his mistress, he was mortally wounded in the thigh by a wild boar. This story appears to have been introduced into Greece from Syria. According to Pausanias, Sappho sung of Adonis; but it is by the Greek poets of later date, and their Latin imitators, Theocritus, Bion, and Ovid, that his story has been probably expanded, and invested with the elegance which is the peculiar character of the Grecian mythology. The Adonia are mentioned by Aristophanes among the Athenian festivals: the rites began with mourning for the death of Adonis, then changed into rejoicing for his return to life and to Venus, and concluded with a procession, in which the images of both were carried, with rich offerings. In Syria the worship of Thammuz, who was the same personage, was probably of much older date: the adoration of the latter was one of the abominations of Judah six centuries before the Christian revelation: thus in Ezekiel, "Turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations that they do. Then he brought me to the door of the gate of the temple, which was towards the north; and, behold, there sat women weeping for Tammuz." Byblas, a town near the river Adonis, was one of the chief seats of this worship.

" O weep for Adonis—he is dead !
 Wake, melancholy goddess, wake and weep,
 Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep.
 To that high capital, where kingly death
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
 He came, and bought, with price of purest breath,
 A grave among the eternal. Come away,
 Haste while the vault of the blue Syrian day
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay.
 He will awake no more, oh, never more!
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
 The shadow of white death, and at the door
 Invisible corruption waits to trace
 Her wretched way to her dim dwelling-place.
 She fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
 ' Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead ;
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
 A tear some dream has loosened from his brain.'
 She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain."

SHELLEY.



M. J. Starbuck.

H. E. Burdett.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE GREAT WESTERN RANGE, CALIFORNIA.

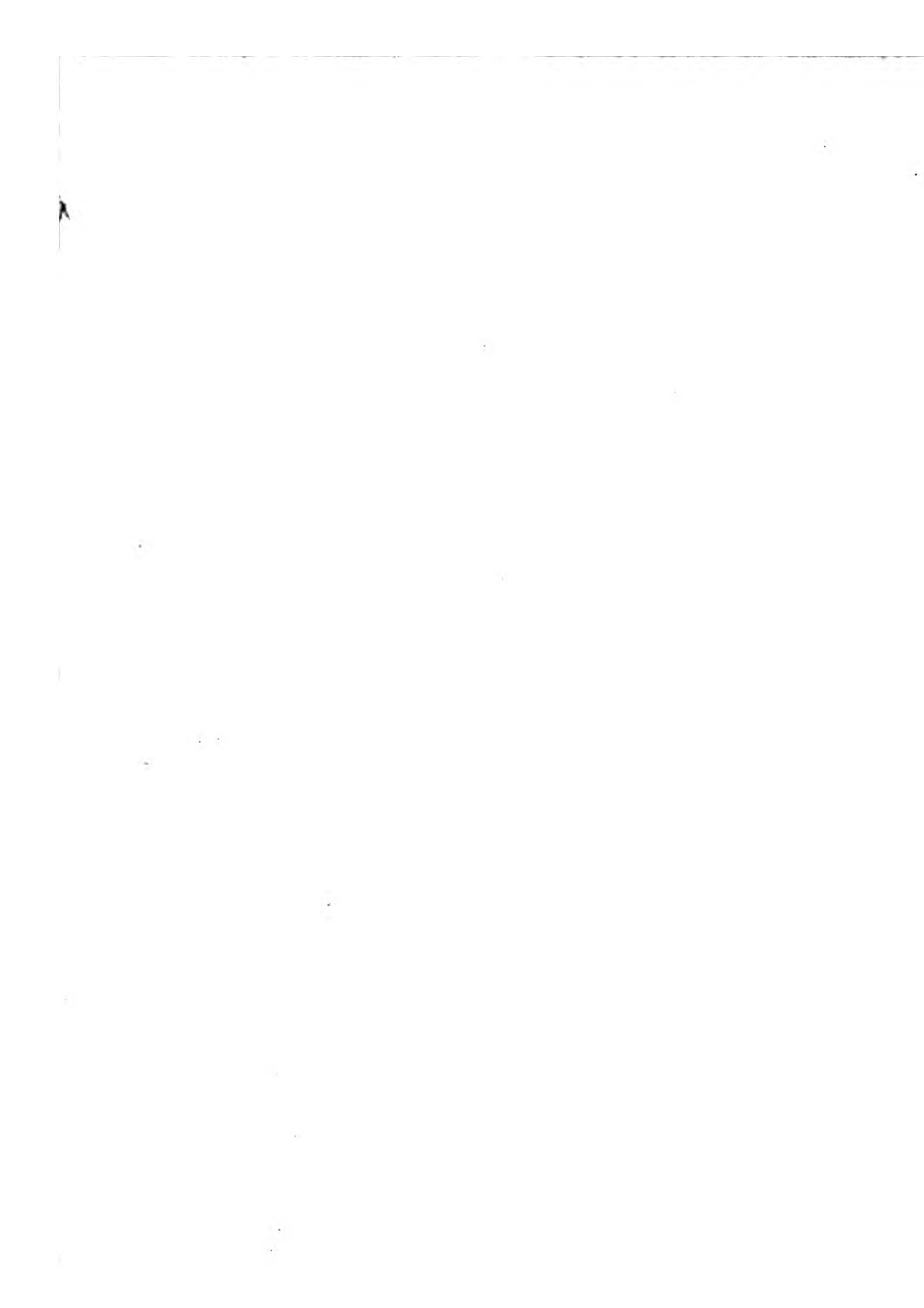
SCENE IN MOUNT LEBANON,

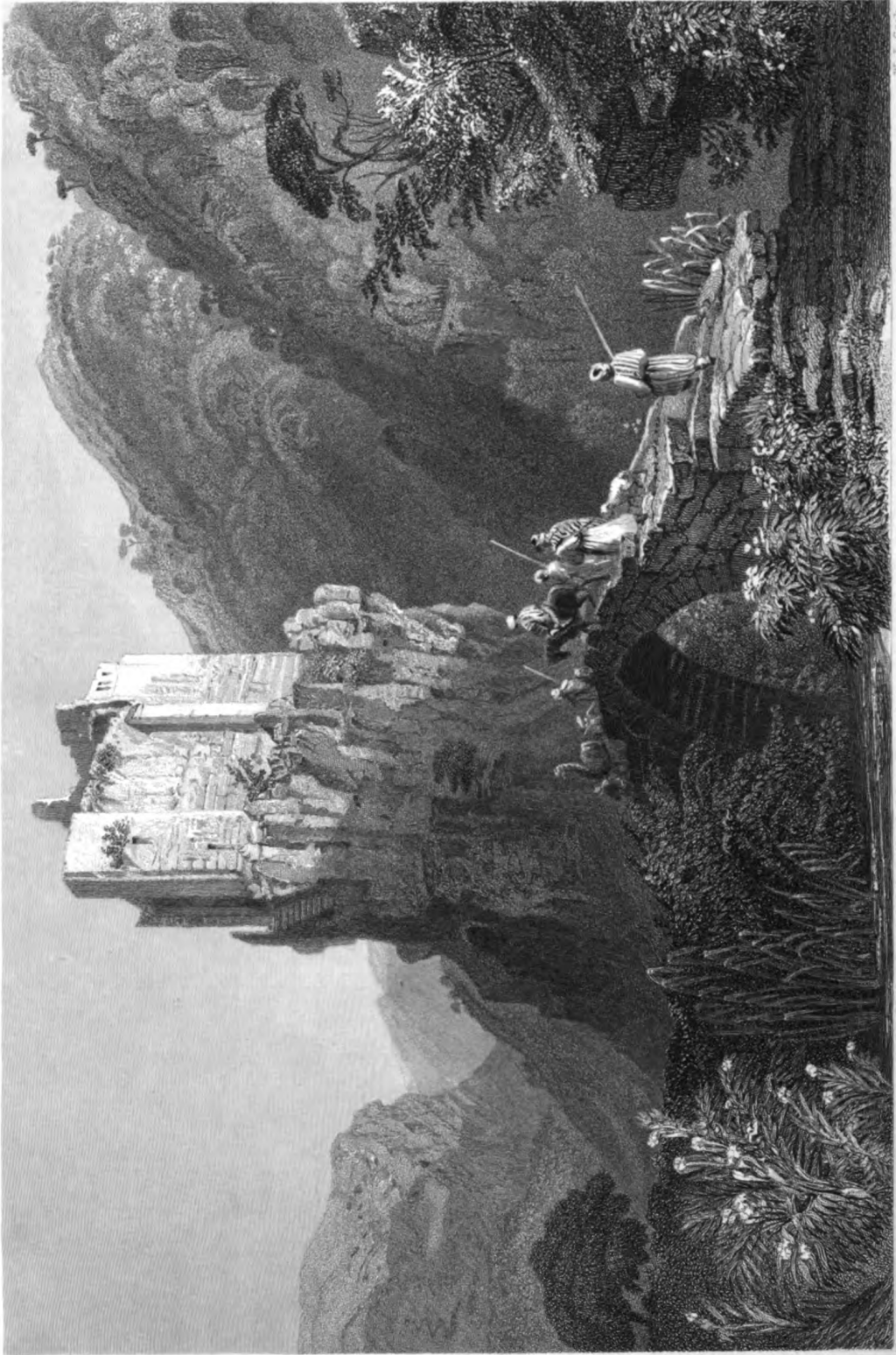
ABOVE THE VALLEY OF THE KADESHA, OR HOLY VALLEY.

This is Lebanon, in her wild and imperishable glory: solitary, her multitudes passed away, there is no voice in the air, save that of the eagle. What a prodigal luxury of nature is here! Forest, valley, precipice, cataract, almost unseen, untrodden—yet beautiful as if fresh from the Creator's hand. Did the harvest ever wave on these fields, did the vineyards ever climb these eminences, or hamlets and villages people them? there is a loneliness, a sadness, around, as if the words of the prophet were fulfilled, that "Lebanon mourneth, because the people are gone down from his shadow." There is no confusion of objects in these exquisite wilds, no alpine chaos, of enormous fragments fallen from above, of impassable and obscure abysses; the painter might have dreamed of this scene, and then made an ideal picture: each fearful declivity has its covering and graceful forest, from which the groups of granite rocks break forth at intervals. The vallies, that seem so narrow at the top, are every one accessible by winding paths, to where the stream blesses as it winds, but blesses only a wilderness. The paths require a careful eye on the mule; the steps, either natural or cut, that form part of the way, being sometimes several feet deep in the rock, and on the verge of a tremendous precipice: it is safest to travel here on foot. There is something so hushed in the solitude around: the tempest wakes terrifically here, but now it is noon-day: a summer's day. The sound of waters comes faintly from beneath; many a weary step ere the traveller rests on their bank: the heat is oppressive, and the air so transparent, that the peaks of snow look, in the dazzling beams, like so many fiery crests, on which a few thin clouds are floating, like little isles faintly peopling a lone and beautiful sea. The Syrian guards and passengers were armed; and, accustomed to the rugged path, walked as carelessly as on table-land: there is little danger to be apprehended from the bandit or the robber: the straggling soldiers are, during the quarrels and disputes of the chiefs, the most unsafe people to meet with. Many a projecting ledge, many a noble tree growing out of the clefts of the rock, invited to a few moments' pause, to gaze on the defiles beneath, or on the rich banks of wild flowers on every side. There is no fear of passing the night in the woods, or in the shepherd's hut; one of the most agreeable features of a tour in Lebanon, is the certainty of an excellent and hospitable asylum, at the close of almost every day's journey. The gate of one of the numerous convents is sure to open to the wanderer, where a clean cell, a refreshing, and often luxurious repast, with the mountain wines, is soon prepared. Should it happen that no convent is within reach, the house of the Sheikh of the Maronite village is a welcome, and sometimes a better, substitute—most welcome, after a weary day's march over heights, and gulfs, and savage ways. Dinner is at all times out of the question on such a journey: the traveller must be an epicure who

would pause, and be at the trouble of such an occurrence, in the heart and pith of his progress: a piece of bread, and a couple of cold eggs, boiled before starting, furnish an excellent meal, and may be taken *en route*, or by the side of a clear mountain stream, and occasion no delay or preparation: this was our almost daily repast at noon through Syria. On the height to the left, a fire was kindled by a party of wandering mountaineers, whom it might not have been perfectly pleasant to have encountered at night: yet the glare of their fire falling on the ridges of the mountain, would then have been more picturesque: it was now miserably blended with the sun. On the edge of the descent on the left, was a convent, perched like an eagle's nest, looking down into the gloomy depths of the ravine: and were the shadows of evening falling around, the traveller would there have gladly sought a home, the strange and fantastic home of a night. How wild and lone would be the peal of its bell over the abysses, the call to prayer, to meditation—where the only associations were the torrent, the cavern, the dizzy precipice, and the midnight hymn mingling with the blast. Is this a place for religious joy and consolation, for hope, breaking through the veil of time into the splendours of eternity? To a sanguine temperament and stern intellect, this convent may be as dear and beneficial as a home among the loved scenes and friends of our earlier life: but the majority of monks are not of this character. A life in this monastery is, as an old writer expresses, “like the twilight going before the darkness of the grave: like a solitary shepherd's tent with no pasture around it, in a fading world.” There was scarcely any room in this nook for the industry of the fathers, who have often vineyards and mulberry plantations, the produce of which is sold: they have always well-cultivated gardens; perhaps even here may reside one of the numerous bishops of the mountain, who are often wise, polite, and patriarchal men, of simple habits and tastes, exhibiting in many instances a more edifying and interesting copy of apostolic spirit and manners, than is to be found in the wealthier churches of Europe. Poverty, or rather a decent competency, is their safeguard from luxury and pride, and their mountain barriers keep out the temptations and seductions of the world: the rolling of carriage wheels, of titled or distinguished acquaintance and connexions, is never heard at their doors: no train of clerical expectants, or lovers of episcopal power and influence, is in their hall or at their table. The nobility of Lebanon is that of the spirit, shown by the faithful discharge of duties often very monotonous, and by seeking its excitements and pleasures in its sacred calling alone, for Lebanon has few others to offer; the care of the convent-land and revenue, visits to the scattered flocks and their pastors, and the cultivation of letters in the prelate's ancient library.

Is not such a condition fortunate, if contentment, a peaceful conscience, and a serene and exalted piety, be the ambition of its possessor? With few worldly cares, responsibilities or anxieties, and a life sufficiently active and influential for the exercise of the mind and the trial of faith and patience, such a man may look from his mountain walls with a smile of thankfulness, that his resting-place is free from the wave and the storm. He is not always deprived of the affections and endearments of domestic life; the Maronite bishops are permitted to marry, though they by no means always avail themselves of this privilege. A few





W. J. Cook

W. H. Bartlett

also of the Armenian bishops, animated by the progress of liberal opinions and feelings, even in Lebanon, have, within the last ten years, thrown off the yoke of celibacy, and taken to themselves wives. A priest of the mountain brought up the rear of the party, in his turban, robe, and beard: mounted on his sure-footed mule, habituated, like its master, to cross precipices and ravines; he was on the way to his own home, his own roof-tree, where the wife of his bosom awaited him, in the midst of the village of his flock, who would welcome the return of their pastor. His cottage was, probably, as humble as the peasant's; but in that humbleness there was no want, no privation: the little, well-cultivated garden, the few, very few books, the coarse furniture; the attachment of his people, with whom he lived as with one large family. Might not the priest of Lebanon, even with the errors of his creed, be a happy and pious man?

GOTHIC CASTLE.

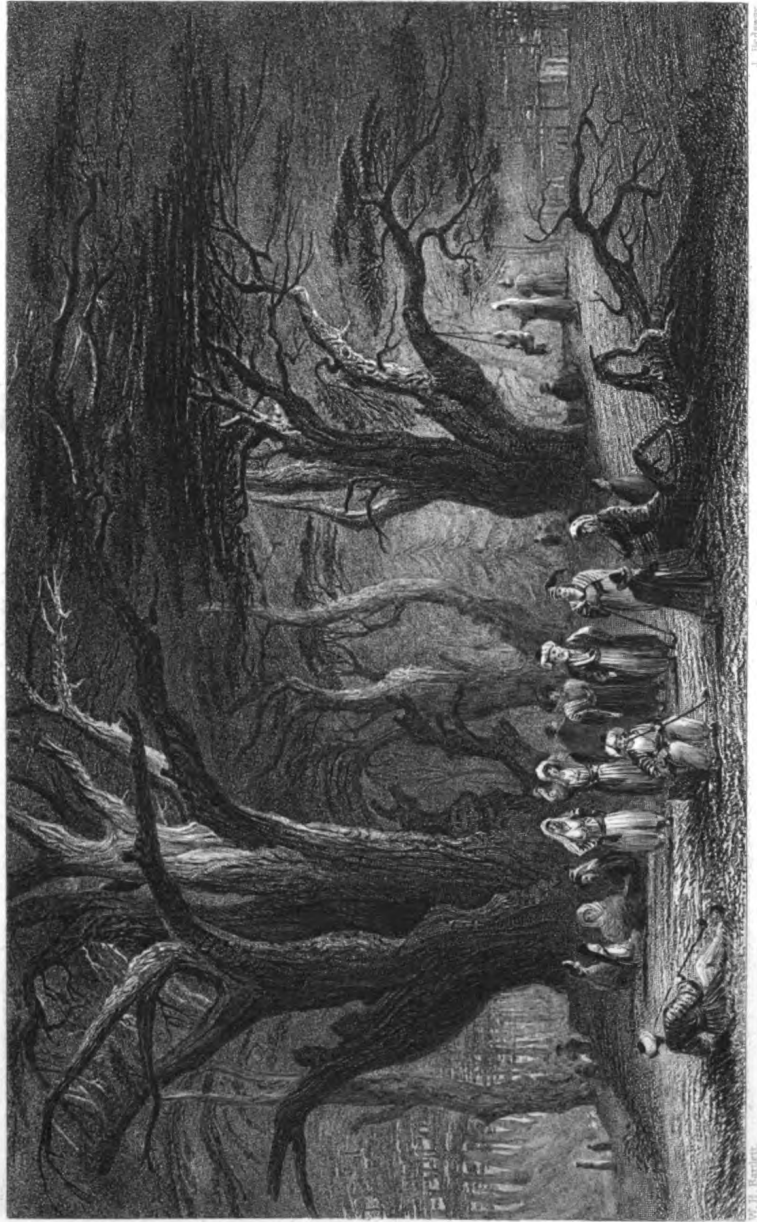
IN A VALLEY NEAR BATROUN.

This scene, characteristic of the often narrow and rugged vales of Syria, is on the confines of the territory of Tripoli, and about three miles from the sea, which is visible from the heights: the Castle is supposed to be a relic of the crusaders, and is a position singularly fortified by nature, and almost impregnable in the age in which it was defended. Here dwelt of old the soldiers of the Cross; perhaps some of the chivalry of England, with a small band of retainers: savage as is the seclusion, it is in the heart of a territory of exceeding beauty and fertility, where a ruthless hand and licentious heart could find ample indulgence. This remarkable rock is perpendicular on all sides, being a hundred feet high, and five to six hundred feet in circumference: the walls of the Castle are so uniform with, and so resemble, the sides of the rock, that they seem almost of one continued piece with them. It would make a famous bandit-hold, being in a state of good preservation; the gloomy scenery of the iron-like vale is in keeping with its dark and massive walls: it looks as if perched on the turreted cliff, to give a fine and wild finish to the scene. A rivulet runs beneath, crossed by a half-broken and massive arch, over which is the path leading through the valley. The heights to the right are luxuriantly spotted with trees: the benighted traveller, no khan being within reach, may seek the shelter of the decayed chambers and vaults, and, while his fire flashes on the hoary floor and walls, be thankful that he is sheltered from the wind and the dews of night: he may safely feel that he is lord of all he surveys: no host shall meet him in the morn with an eye craving for presents, while kindness is on the lips; no sheich with an exorbitant demand, which may be lessened but not evaded; nor the sound at sunrise of the Turkish prayers, heard distinctly from room to room—first the low muttering, then the gradual swelling of the voice, and the names of Alla and Mohammed mingling loudly in the morning thanksgiving.

Silence in the Gothic castle will be on the sleeping hours of the stranger, silence on his waking: no "charm of earliest birds;" the cry of the jackal, that dismal watcher of the waste, ceases at the approach of morn. "The valley," observes Lamartine, "here contracts, and is completely shut in by a rock; this rock, whether it be natural, or hewn out of the side of the mountain which adjoins it, bears on its summit a gothic castle, in a state of complete preservation, but now the abode only of the jackal and the eagle; staircases cut out of the solid rock communicate with terraces ranged one above another, protected by towers and battlements, and terminate on a platform, from whence rises up the donjon-keep pierced with loop-holes. A luxuriant vegetation covers the castle, its walls and turrets; immense sycamores have struck root in its halls, and rear their spreading heads above the crumbling roof; the ivy clinging to doors and windows; the lichens revealing here and there the colours of the stone; and the numberless parasitic plants, which hang in profuse and tufted festoons, give this fine monument of the middle ages the appearance of a castle framed of moss and ivy. A beautiful spring flows at the foot of the rock, shaded by three of the finest trees that can be imagined. They are a species of elm. The shadows of one of them covered our tents, our thirty horses, and the scattered group of our Arabs."—The three noble trees praised by Lamartine are ilex, not elm; they afford a delicious resting-place to the traveller: the stream at their feet is bordered by oleander and myrtle. The whole glen is fragrant to a degree with flowering myrtle and clematis.

ANCIENT CEDARS IN THE FOREST OF LEBANON.

These are some of the very ancient trees: on the large trunk to the left many tourists have left their names. One of the latest is that of De Lamartine, the poet and traveller, carved industriously in large letters. An Arab tribe sometimes live in the forest, and were here at the time of this visit: the Sheich is conspicuous among the standing figures: this tribe is very hospitable and attentive to strangers: the costume of the women is that of almost all the Christians in Mount Lebanon. Tradition asserts, and the people believe, that these aged trees are the remains of the forest that furnished timber for Solomon's temple, three thousand years ago: and every year, on Transfiguration-day, the Maronites, the Greeks, and the Armenians, celebrate a mass here, at the foot of a cedar, upon a homely altar of stone. It is certain that they were very ancient, even several hundred years ago: two centuries since, they were twenty-five in number; Poccoke, a century ago, found fifteen standing, and the sixteenth was recently blown down: Burckhardt, in 1800, counted eleven or twelve: there are now but seven, and these are of so prodigious a size, of an appearance so massive and imperishable, that it is easy to believe they actually existed in biblical times. Those which have fallen during the last two centuries, have either perished through extreme



J. H. Green

W. H. Bennett

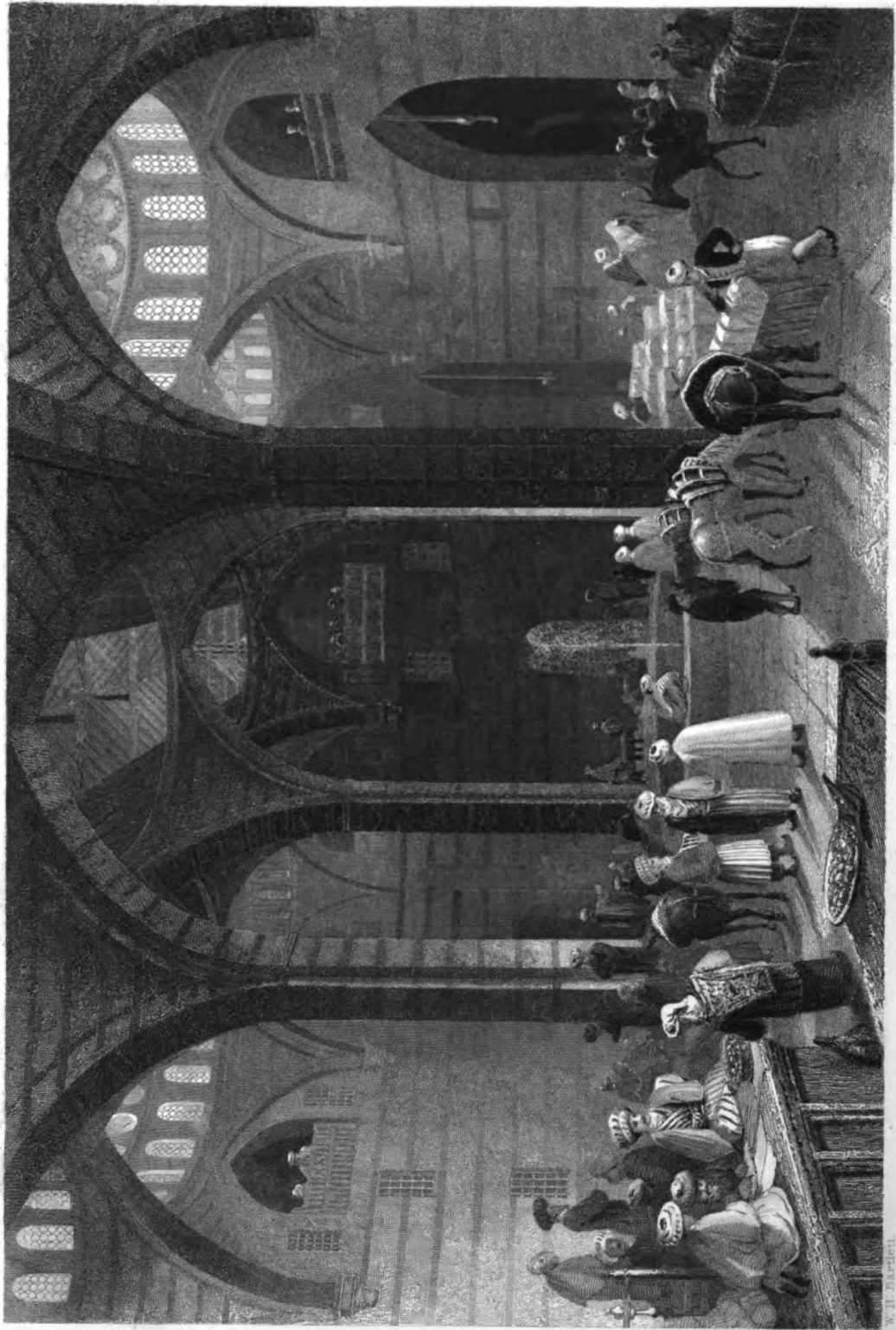
THE GATEWAY TO THE GREAT BURYING-GROUND

age and decay, while the occasional violence of the winds probably contributed to their fall. "The oldest trees," observes Burckhardt, "are distinguished by having the foliage and small branches at the top only, and by four, five, and even seven trunks springing from one base. The branches and foliage of the others were lower, but I saw none whose leaves touched the ground, like those in Kew Gardens." The trunks of the old trees are covered with the names of travellers, and other persons who have visited them. The trunks of the oldest trees seemed to be quite dead; the wood is of a grey tint. The enormous tree to the left is the one that Maundrell says he measured, and found it twelve yards six inches in girth, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs: at above five or six yards from the ground, it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree. They are difficult of approach, and are surrounded with deep snow, which is not passable until the middle of summer, when it begins to melt away: the ground on which they stand is uneven, being covered with rock and stone, with a partial but luxuriant vegetation springing up in the interstices: their position, on the brow of the mountain, surrounded on every side by deep and solemn valleys, rocky and almost perpendicular descents, waterfalls and dreary dells,—has something sacred and awful in it: they seem as if placed in their splendid and perilous site, like centinels between time and eternity—the sad and deathless memorials of the days of the first temple, when God dwelt among his people, in the visible glory between the cherubim, and in the blessings of earth and heaven, the proofs of his love. All else has perished: the temple, the city, the generations of men "like the sands of the sea-shore for multitude;" thrones, religions, principalities, and powers, have passed like the winds that howl through these branches: and the cedars have stood on their mountain brow, immortal! no voice has yet gone forth to hew them down utterly: the voice of time is hushed on this cloud-like brow; how often have they heard the rushing of his wings, "going forth utterly to destroy," and have put forth their leaves and their glorious branches with each season, fresh and strong as in the days of their youth.

To the fancy of the spectator, seated on the grey rock by their side, there is something mysterious yet beautiful, in the murmur of the wind through their recesses, like the wild tones of a harp, said to be touched by the hand of the distant dead, whose spirit is passing by: the hearer knows that he shall never listen to that sound again, in which there seems to be the voice of eternity. The tree near Jerusalem, a venerable sycamore, beneath whose branches the prophet Isaiah was slain,—the aged olives of the valley of Jehoshaphat, do not come on the memory or fancy like these cedars of Lebanon,—whose image is blended with the earliest pictures of our childhood,—with the ceiling, the walls, the pure gold, and all the glory and history of the first temple of the true God. Shall they live till that temple be again rebuilt, and the restored race of Israel again worship there? Perhaps, before they die, Palestine shall resound with the praises of the Lord, and the name of the Redeemer shall be borne even to their mountain brow, from the lips of those who now despise Him. Then, and not till then, had they a voice, they might say, as of old, "Now, let us depart in peace:" we have seen the first dispensation, the second also has been fulfilled, and we have waited on

earth till the third and last manifestation to our lost land: it is time to depart. Of their past as well as present appearance, the words of Ezekiel are beautifully descriptive: "The fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut-trees were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty: they all envied him: the cedar, with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs: under his shadow dwelt the people." The voice of prophecy has perhaps often been heard amidst the shades of these sacred trees: their name, and the images they suggested, often mingled in the strains of inspiration. Is there any object in nature more dear to the poet; whether in the tempest they swung their aged arms to the sky, or the Maronite hymn rose sweetly from multitudes kneeling around. The groves of all other lands, even the most ancient, the palm forests that were the pride of Egypt, the noble oak and fir-trees of Ephraim and Carmel,—the curse withered them, or with the changing seasons they passed away: when the cedars also die, all these, in the words of sacred writ, each famous forest in the old and new world, shall say, "Art thou become like unto us, cut down to the ground: art thou also become weak as we?"

The small Arab tribe, some of whom are represented in the plate, come to live here when the snows are melted, in the beginning of July, and continue during the hot months: it is, to a simple and primeval people, a favourite and lovely residence, enjoying an air that bears health on its wings, so pure and inspiring, from its very elevated site, and entire freedom from the heats that often prevail in the vallies and lower declivities. The Arabs pitch their tents in the forest, in a sort of half savage life, yet free from its perils and habits: the stranger finds a friendly welcome to their rude homes: they pass very many hours in the heat of day beneath the branches of the cedars, conversing, smoking, or seated indolently,—some of the mothers swinging their children by a cord hung to one of the sacred branches, as if some virtue were thence derivable, or healing quality to some bodily disease. Perhaps the men, from a superstitious feeling, find a peculiar pleasure, unknown elsewhere, in smoking their long pipe, seated on a fallen branch or trunk: it must be confessed, that their attitude and looks, in this loved reverie and indulgence, however in keeping with Orientalism, are somewhat at variance with the more refined and enthusiastic reverie of the stranger, who would rather be alone in such a spot, than exposed to the fixed and curious gaze of some young Arab mother, or the voice of her child.



THE GREAT KHAN, AT DAMASCUS.

These khans are the hotels of the East: the observation of Dr. Johnson, that the warmest welcome met with, in life's dull round, was at an inn, provided a man had money in his pocket,—will scarcely hold good here. Open to all comers, from all lands, at all hours of the day, never of the night, the doors of the khan are not closed to the poor; the shabbily-dressed wanderer, whom the world has forsaken, will not find a cold and harsh welcome. This spacious khan may be said to be the grand hotel of Asia, where her various sons meet together, not for the purposes of ostentation or luxury, of expenditure or indulgence—but to buy and to sell, to display the useful as well as tasteful productions of their own lands, and to carry back, in return, those of Syria, Egypt, and Turkey. No clanging of doors, ringing of bells, hurried footsteps and voices of domestics and guests, rolling of carriage-wheels: there is one sound, heard amidst, and often above, the converse of the people—the fountain's fall, that seems almost like the speaker's call to order, in our House of Commons, and by its clear, steady, sweet reverberation, to remind the men of the East that loud speaking is a curse, and to recall them to a more subdued tone. The lonely and the friendless man will here be sure to meet his fellow; he may retire into the more shaded and silent parts of the building; and ere he has smoked and ruminated long, a little group, of similar or perhaps better fortunes, will gather round him: they will gaze calmly and without envy on the rich merchants, on their handsome robes and pipes, and many attendants: the envy and the thirst of wealth is not a frequent feeling in the Turkish breast. Why did not Hafiz or Sadi write in praise of a noble caravanserai? what are banks of flowers, or roses, or the palm grove? what are the shades of the cedar and sycamore forest, compared to its solid comforts, its cool and grateful gloom? Muses of Persia and Arabia! ye ought to have known, that after a man has travelled all day through a sultry land, it is not a lonely joy he sighs for, beneath “a great rock,” or a murmuring grove, or beside a stream; it is the kind, the social congregating of his fellow-men, the welcome meeting of the people of many nations, beneath the roof-tree of a goodly khan. It feels like a home, where each traveller enters, and gazes round him with a like glad feeling, and seems to say within himself, “We are wayfarers for a night; our fires shall burn; our words be peace and good-will to each other: we have each come from his own distant land, from family and friends; and to-morrow's sun shall send us forth, to see each other's face no more for ever.”

This edifice is entered by a gate of fine Arabic architecture, through which strangers and men of business are continually passing on horseback and on foot. Here assemble the merchants and traders of Damascus, to meet and confer with those of other lands: to inspect the merchandise, the goods, the precious things, which have travelled long

and wearily, during weeks, and even months, across the deserts. Here come to lodge, for a few or many days, till his speculation is completed, his camel-loads sold, and his purchases made, the Persian, the Egyptian, the Bedouin Arab, the Mussulman of Hindostan, and the Druse, with his worsted dress wrought in small stripes of red and black. In some parts, piles of goods covered the stone floor, by whose side was their thoughtful owner: a group was seated in another part, cross-legged, and dictating to a scribe the account of their sales or concerns: a grave and wealthy personage, earnestly accosted by two humbler acquaintances, was receiving their salutations coolly: and in a corner, a person, elevated a little above the few around him, was addressing them with some energy and action: had his audience been more numerous and devoted, he might have passed for a story-teller. This large area, or ground floor, is not, however, the aristocratic part of the edifice: flights of stone steps lead to the upper stories, in which are numerous chambers, unfurnished and carpetless, with a single window or casement, which are hired by the merchant or traveller, and are the more select portion of the building. Here he is attended by his own servants; or, should he not have any, it is easy to hire them: his meals are prepared and brought to him, and here he also receives his acquaintances and visitors. The roof of this splendid khan is very lofty, and supported by granite pillars: in the midst is a large dome; an immense fountain is in the centre of the floor, around which are the warehouses for the various merchants; there is a circular gallery above, into which the chambers of the guests open.

Little privacy can be enjoyed here; it is a place of business, where the love of traffic and gain is paramount, and renders the wealthy trader indifferent to the conveniences and enjoyments which he has left in his distant home. His bed laid on the floor of the chamber, the fire kindled on the bare hearth; if he be fastidious, a few articles of handsome furniture can instantly be procured from the great bazar, to which the khan adjoins. At evening, a circle is often formed in the large area beneath, around the fountain, where the men of business gather, and, while the light falls dimly through the dome, smoke and talk over their hopes and ventures. But in the khan, each individual is too intently occupied, actively or meditatively, to attend to the concerns of his neighbour: espionage or suspicion have little place here; the robber of the desert, the dervish, the trader in jewels, or slaves, or costly array, the soldier of fortune,—dwell together with an air of indifference and civility; and often, from the casual meeting in a khan, whether in the city or desert, intimacies are formed, that endure, and cast a merciful influence over the future life.

“This khan,” observes Lamartine, in his sanguine description, “has been built by Hassad Pacha, within the last forty years. A people who possess architects capable of designing, and workmen capable of executing, such a monument, cannot be characterized as dead to the arts. These khans are generally built by wealthy pachas, who bequeath them to their families, or to the cities which they are desirous to enrich; they yield great revenues. It exhibits an immense cupola, whose boldly-constructed arch reminds one of that of St. Peter’s at Rome: it is equally supported by granite pillars. Guards are on the watch both day and night, to ensure the security of the khān; large stables



H. Adlard.

W. H. Bartlett.

are provided for the horses belonging to travellers or caravans: beautiful fountains spout forth refreshing streams around the khan; the gate is one of the richest specimens of Moresque architecture, as well in conception as in all its details, and one of the most striking in point of effect, to be seen in the world. The Arabian style of architecture may there be recognised in its full perfection."

FORTIFIED CLIFFS OF ALAYA,

COAST OF CARAMANIA.

These vast precipices of Alaya drop perpendicularly into the sea, which has worn caverns in their base, and their summits are lined with ancient towers, probably of the middle ages. The town is partly seen at the foot of the declivity, up which the houses seem to climb, so as almost to rest on each other: the numerous walls and towers which still exist prove how anxious its former possessors were to make the place impregnable. The cliffs are between five and six hundred feet high above the sea, and continue equally perpendicular to sixty or seventy feet below it; at a little distance from the shore, they are lost under the lofty mountains of the interior, but close in they have a magnificent appearance. They consist of a compact white limestone, tinged here and there with red. The general aspect of the town and its vicinity exactly coincides with the short description Strabo gives of Coracesium, the first town of Cilicia; and the barren ridges of Mount Taurus, which here come down to the shore, sufficiently indicate the beginning of that rugged coast. Other circumstances concur in proving the identity of these places; for we find that Coracesium shut its gates against Antiochus, when all the remaining fortresses of Cilicia had submitted. It was afterwards selected by the pirates, from their many strongholds, to make a last stand against the Romans; and certainly no place on the whole coast was so well calculated to arrest the march of a conqueror, or to bid defiance to a fleet, as these commanding precipices. On the top of a high conical hill, about three miles north-west of Alaya, and two miles from the coast, are the deserted remains of an ancient town: it was surrounded with walls; the ruins of a handsome temple were found there, much broken sculpture, and many Greek inscriptions; but they are all monumental, in honour of different individuals, and throw no light on the former name of the place. Laertes is described by Strabo as a fortress built on a hill, the shape of which is like a woman's breast, and the above hill has manifestly this peculiar form. Diogenes Laertius was a native of this town.

In approaching Alaya along the coast, several villages and castles are passed, of comparatively recent construction, yet all ruined and deserted, and affording a striking picture of the rapid impoverishment of this part of the Turkish empire. The present importance of the town is not great, although it is the capital of a pashalic; the streets and houses are miserable; there are few mosques, and they are mean; there are no perceptible signs of commerce, and the population does not exceed two thousand. The vestiges of ancient buildings do not possess much interest; there is here no harbour, and the anchorage is indifferent. The view of the town-walls and steep, to whose bosom they cling, is so picturesque and fantastic, that it resembles a chess-board placed on its end; open to the sweep of the southerly winds, without trees or shelter. There is a small isle, with a castle on it, near the shore: a useless, at least an uncultivated soil, rarely pressed by the traveller's foot: no incitement to industry or activity; little intercourse with other nations or places; the grossest ignorance, bigotry, and brutality—such are the characteristics of Alaya and its people.

Wherever the industrious colonists of ancient Greece formed a maritime settlement, they endeavoured by art to supply the deficiencies of nature; and it is not probable that a place of such strength and consequence should have been left destitute of some shelter for its vessels. There was probably a mole here in ancient times; and Captain Beaufort, in his rapid and admirable sketch of the whole of this rarely-visited coast, observes, that he was restrained from searching for the remains of this mole, from an anxiety not to give offence to the peevish prejudices of the inhabitants. An isolated position, like that of Alaya, though it looks from the sea like a little Gibraltar, is a dreary home, where the Turk dreams and frets away his life, deprived of all the associations and little indispensable luxuries and excitements which seem to form the art and part of his existence: no groves, even in the rocky cemetery—no fountains, no coffee-houses but of the meanest kind—how is he to bear “the many ills and cares that flesh is heir to?” he must sit on the rugged beach, or the limestone rock, and smoke his pipe, and look on the wild waste of waters, or on the mouldering and broken ruins of old walls and towers, while the sea-bird's shriek rings in his ear. In the hot season, the white cliffs cast fiercely and dimly back the glare of the sun, all shadowless, flowerless—no soft green bank, no loved palm or sycamore: in winter, the violence of the wind and the surge often keep him within doors, where his thin walls and comfortless rooms are pierced by the blast: if he has ever read the Arabian Nights, or heard of Cairo or Constantinople, what visions of glory and blessedness must they seem—what a mockery of Alaya!

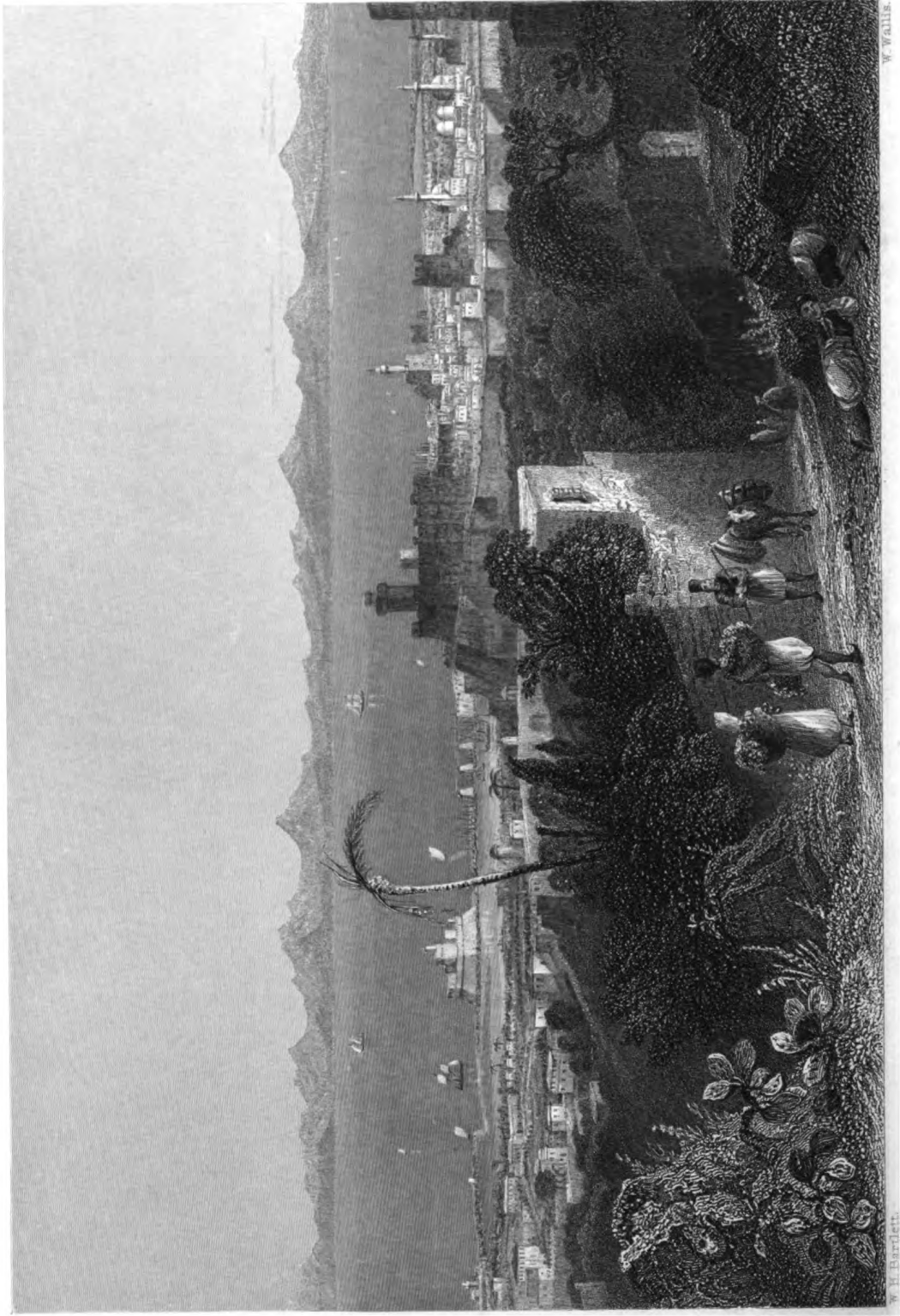


FIG. 109. SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. (See page 155.)

RHODES.

FROM THE HEIGHTS NEAR SIR SIDNEY SMITH'S VILLA.

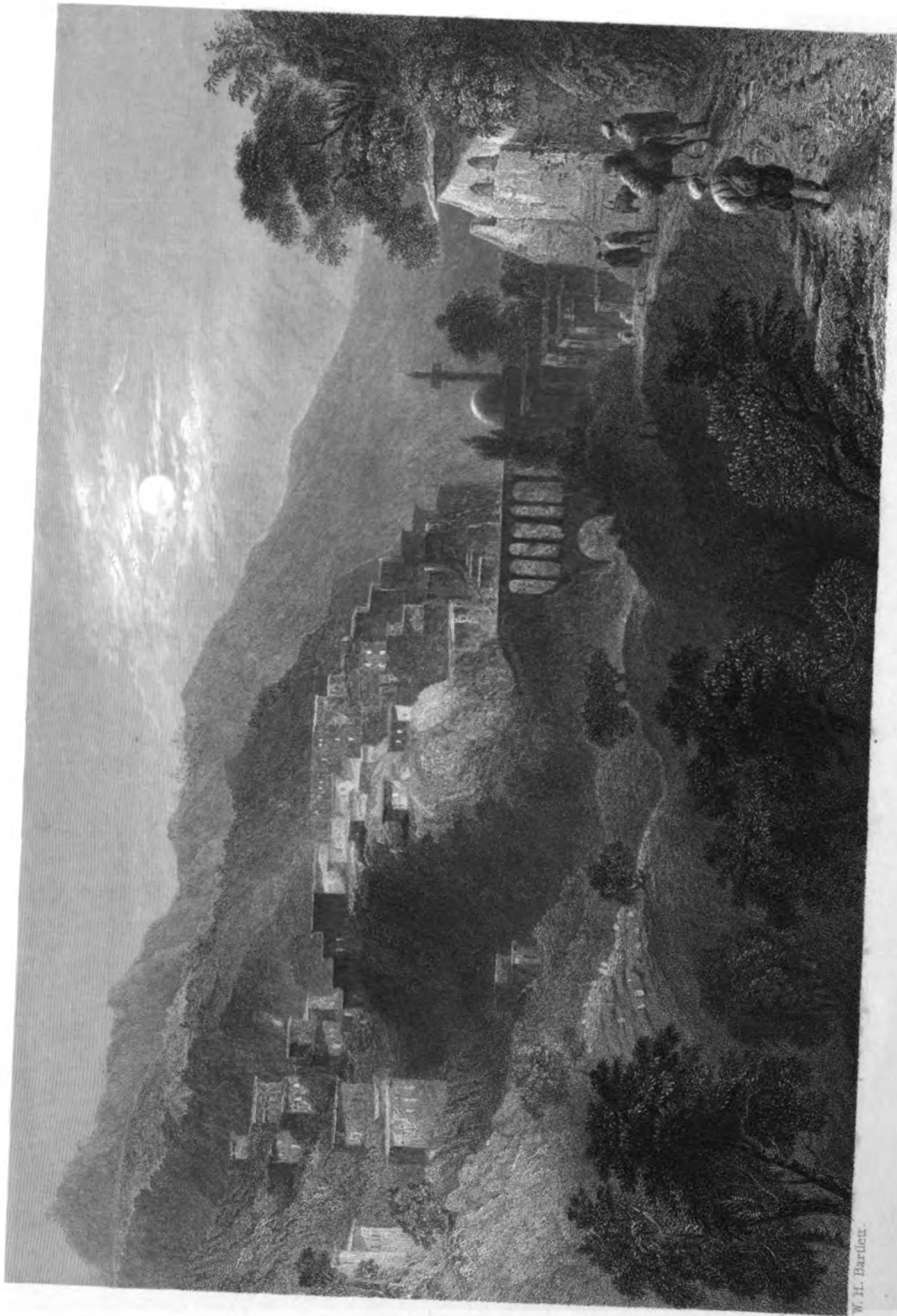
This is part of an extensive view from the heights above Rhodes, near a villa occupied by Sir Sydney Smith. On the left is the harbour, protected by the castle: it is a beautiful and sheltered basin, and on the two sides of its entrance the Colossus formerly stood, with a foot on each opposite point, so that vessels could only enter the harbour by passing between the legs, which were at a sufficient distance apart. The site of this colossal statue was the most picturesque in the world; its form beaten by a thousand storms, and in its hand a small pharos gave light to the mariner, both near and afar, through the darkness of night: yet if the descriptions of this figure were not given by credible writers, it would be difficult to believe, from the extent and singularity of the position it occupied, that the tale was not invented, or strangely embellished. The large and gloomy edifice on the right of the harbour is the gothic castle of the famous Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; and the massive walls of the town are seen stretching to the right: in the middle of the town another old gothic tower is seen, and several mosques; to the extreme right is part of a deserted harbour. The villas on the left, richly embosomed in gardens, are without the gates: the land on the opposite side of the broad channel is Asia Minor, with its long and bold range of mountains.

The beauty of this view, which is unsurpassed in the East, is augmented by the excessive purity of the atmosphere: how clearly, almost ethereally, distinct is each distant bark on the channel, and each mountain-peak, precipice, and forest of Asia! it is a splendid panorama, over which at noon there is a pale purple haze, like a faint shroud, which, as the sun sinks lower, melts away. The ruins of the ancient kingdoms of Asia Minor, stretched out upon the opposite capes and hills, desolate and solitary, are almost visible to fancy's eye; at least there are dim forms and shadows that resemble them. Early in the morning, (and whoever resides in the Archipelago must be an early riser,) there is a bracing, inspiring freshness in the air, which is perfectly delightful: the sea-breezes have no humidity or heaviness, but seem almost to partake of the dry and exhilarating quality of the air of the deserts. What a contrast is here between the often shelterless shores and wastes, the comfortless homes, or the Turcoman's tent, of Asia Minor—and the delicious refuge of Rhodes, which in a few hours can be enjoyed. Did life more often present such startling and indelible contrasts, how much sweeter and deeper would be its draught! is not the monotony, the daily, yearly, gentle tide and usage of our existence, one of its sorest ills? the memory becomes unpeopled, like a forsaken khan, on which the sun falls beautifully by day, and the shadow at evening, by whose side there is the fountain and the palm—but no passengers of many nations come and lodge there, and light their fires, and tell their tales with vivid welcomes, and recount their successes, joys, and passions, till the morning sends them into the wilderness again.

In the little land-locked harbour, the vessels lie as securely almost as in a dock: the day on which the writer landed, was some Turkish festival, and the gates were closed at

noon, during the hour of worship in the mosques; he was glad to take refuge from the heat in a barber's shop, among the houses at the water's edge: a Turkish barber is more of a gentleman in bearing and pretension than any of his fraternity in the rest of the world; he politely invited the stranger to sit down and rest, till the gates should be opened, which would be in an hour or two: he was well dressed, and had several assistants, and his full share of fluency of speech. The scene within and the scene without were amusingly at variance; the beautiful basin was as calm as that of the barber, and its little wave scarcely lifted itself to fall with a mimic moan before the door; there were several vessels of various nations on its bosom, their crews stretched, and mostly sleeping on the deck: between the rocks of the entrance, as through a vista, were seen the mountains of Asia Minor, and the thin clouds of noon resting on their sides and summits: within the shop were Turks, and Greeks, and mariners, the former well dressed and of a lordly air, talking earnestly with the master, some waiting their turn, others beneath the tonsor's hands, with bare scalps, uttering grave sentences at each breathing interval. There was no coffee-house or place of refreshment without the gates: no breeze came from the harbour; even the long shadow of the Colossus would have been welcome: the barber's shop was an asylum, though not a cool one; while the customers, the clash of tongues, the anxious movements, the hot water, made the hour pass very slowly. But when the gates were opened, it was like entering the Happy Valley of Rasselas from the wastes beyond—broad streets, foot-pavements, groups of trees, clean, nice-looking dwellings; the Rhodians appeared in that moment to be the most enviable and the best lodged people in the Levant. It was an absolute pleasure to walk up and down the streets: the trottoir was at first, both to the eye and foot, a very incredible object—never to be beheld in the proudest capitals of Turkey: none of their princes ever knew such an indulgence, or would have dreamed of it in their most imaginative hours. No caliph in his nightly rounds, to espy the real state and feelings of his people, not even Haroun el Raschid, ever walked on a foot-pavement: even in Rhodes, the brains of the faithful did not invent or their hands perpetrate it; the Christians bestowed this exceeding great luxury and convenience on the town. The pavement of Turkish towns and cities is execrably bad, composed of small stones, unevenly laid, and most unpleasant to the foot: the streets of Cairo, which are mostly stoneless, are comfortable in comparison to those of Constantinople: they are hard and tolerably smooth, being, as it were, mac-adamised, of earth only, dried and baked in the heat, and, as rain rarely falls there, they are never turned into mud and mire, which would soon be the case in a wet season.

The villa occupied by Sir Sydney Smith was splendidly situated on a gentle eminence above the town, with the full benefit of the sea-breezes. In his various wanderings and adventures in many lands, the defender of Acre was never so exquisitely lodged; his flagship riding in the channel, or at anchor in its frequent calms: the perfumed shades of the orange, lemon, and sycamore trees of his garden: the fall of his own fountain, broken at morn and eve by the signal-gun of the *Pompé*, its echoes borne over the hills of Rhodes and far away to the Asian mountains.



W. H. BARDELL

J. FINGLE

VIEW OF THE TOWN OF ALBUQUERQUE FROM THE SEA

THE PASS OF BEILAN,—MOUNT AMANUS.

ON THE APPROACH FROM ANTIOCH.

About six hours from Antioch, and in the caravan road to that town and Aleppo, is the town of Beilan, in the gorge of Mount Amanus. When yet about three hours distant, the traveller comes to the Khan of the Black Myrtle, so called from the quantity of that shrub in the neighbourhood, where there is a narrow pass, and a hamlet of mountaineers, who claim a tribute from every traveller or caravan that passes. A little beyond the Khan of the Black Myrtle is a castle on the top of a precipice to the left of the road, in a most romantic situation; half an hour hence is a paved way to Beilan—but for which, in winter, the road would be, from the nature of the soil and the rains, impassable. Beilan is situated on either side of a deep, narrow, and elevated valley: a stream from the mountains rushes through the middle of the town, and three or four aqueducts cross the valley, of ancient construction, and they are still in use. The houses almost climb up the sides of the fine descents, or stand boldly on the brink: the night was advanced, the moon was some hours risen, and shone full on the village and the declivities: it was a luxury to the wanderer to pass such a night in Beilan: as he wound slowly up the steep path, and looked on the picturesque homes, from many of whose casements the light was glancing: in a few moments his mattress would be placed on the hospitable floor, the fire blaze bright, the cup of coffee and the pipe be put into his hand; and then—how beautiful to seek repose on the terraced roof! can his eyes close in slumber while the moon is in all her lustre on the precipices, on the groves, and on the crests of Amanus, far above his head? On the left is the cemetery of the generations of Beilan: on the right, the mosque, with its dome and minaret; the large khan is above, almost leaning against the rock, its little windows pierced by the rays: the ancient aqueduct crosses the ravine, and a mountain rivulet is beneath its arch. The charm of an asylum in a wild and weary region was felt by the writer in a similar night in Palestine: the guide had lost the way, and each step seemed to lead farther from every thing like a roof, and the heath and the rock were gathering faster on every side—when the bark of a dog, far to the left, induced us to turn in that direction; and soon, kind and mingled voices bade us welcome: the young women of the family prepared and served the supper, and afterwards the mountain song, in its native wildness, broke on the night. There was excellent wine, as at Beilan: the girls were tall and well made, with fresh complexions, and dark hair that hung on their shoulders in plaited tresses. How quickly the feeling of home gathers round the heart, amidst kind words and attentions, looks of welcome and mercy! The blazing wood-fire—the soul-felt ballad of the mountaineer—the neatness and comfort of his home—his interesting family,—were so sweet a contrast to the friendless world around us, that as the flame glanced over roof and wall, they looked as if they “were our own, and we had long dwelt in this strange land.” After a few hours, we resolved to sleep, not beside the warm hearth, but in the

brilliant moonlight on the terraced roof, where lake and valley, mountain and convent, were as distinct as in the day—a vivid yet visionary scene.

The little cemetery of Beilan had none of the gloom of an Eastern burial-place: the light was full on its bosom, broken by the shadows of its rude monuments, whose inscriptions told not of the faith or hope of Christ: yet its hushed and pastoral character might well recall the exquisite lines of Wilson on a purer scene.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
 With reverend step, from stone to stone,
 O'er intervening flowers to move—
 And hear, in the calm air above,
 Time onwards, softly flying;
 To meditate, in Christian love,
 Upon the dead and dying!
 Across the silence seem to go
 With dream-like motion, wavery, slow,
 And shrouded in their folds of snow,
 The friends we loved long, long ago!
 And while we gaze, how dim appears
 This world's life, through a mist of tears!
 Vain hopes! wild sorrows! needless fears!
 Such is the scene around me now:
 A little church-yard, on the brow
 Of the wild Alpine hill:
 And loudly, here, is heard the flow
 Of the lone mountain-rill.
 What lulling sound, and shadow cool,
 Hangs half the dark sepulchres o'er,
 From thy green depths, so beautiful,
 Thou gorgeous sycamore!

HOUSE OF GIRGIUS ADEEB, AT ANTIOCH.

Hospitality to the stranger was the virtue of the East in ancient times, when it derived from the pastoral life of the patriarchs a charm, a simplicity, and a picturesqueness which is rarely found at present, save among the Arab tribes, who dwell in tents amidst their flocks and pastures. It seems to be the heritage of this people, even from the earliest tradition of their existence, even from the days of Esau: they are kind to the stranger who halts at their door; a repast is set before him, a lodging for the night is offered. The writer, when crossing an extensive plain in Syria, was obliged to put to the proof the hospitality of these people, whose encampment stood most invitingly in the way, the only habitations in the wilderness, if the expression may be applied to a vast tract of wild and rich pasture land. The tents were pitched on a long line, near a small and rapid stream; the numerous flocks and herds were grazing on every side. Since day-break we had travelled five or six hours, and had begun to look wistfully

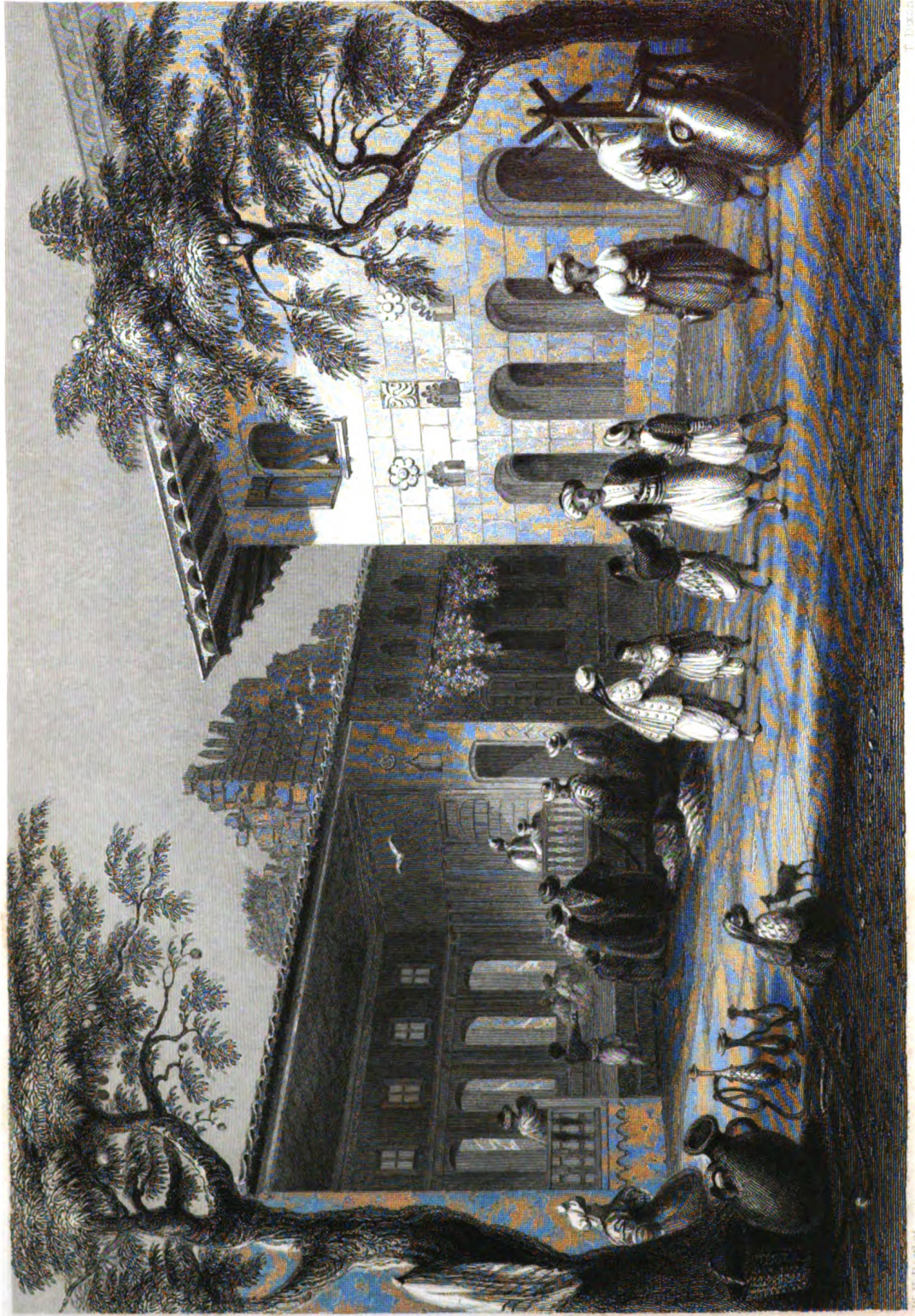


PLATE I. THE MARKET PLACE AT ROME, IN THE TIME OF THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS.

J. DODD.

W. H. BURBANK.

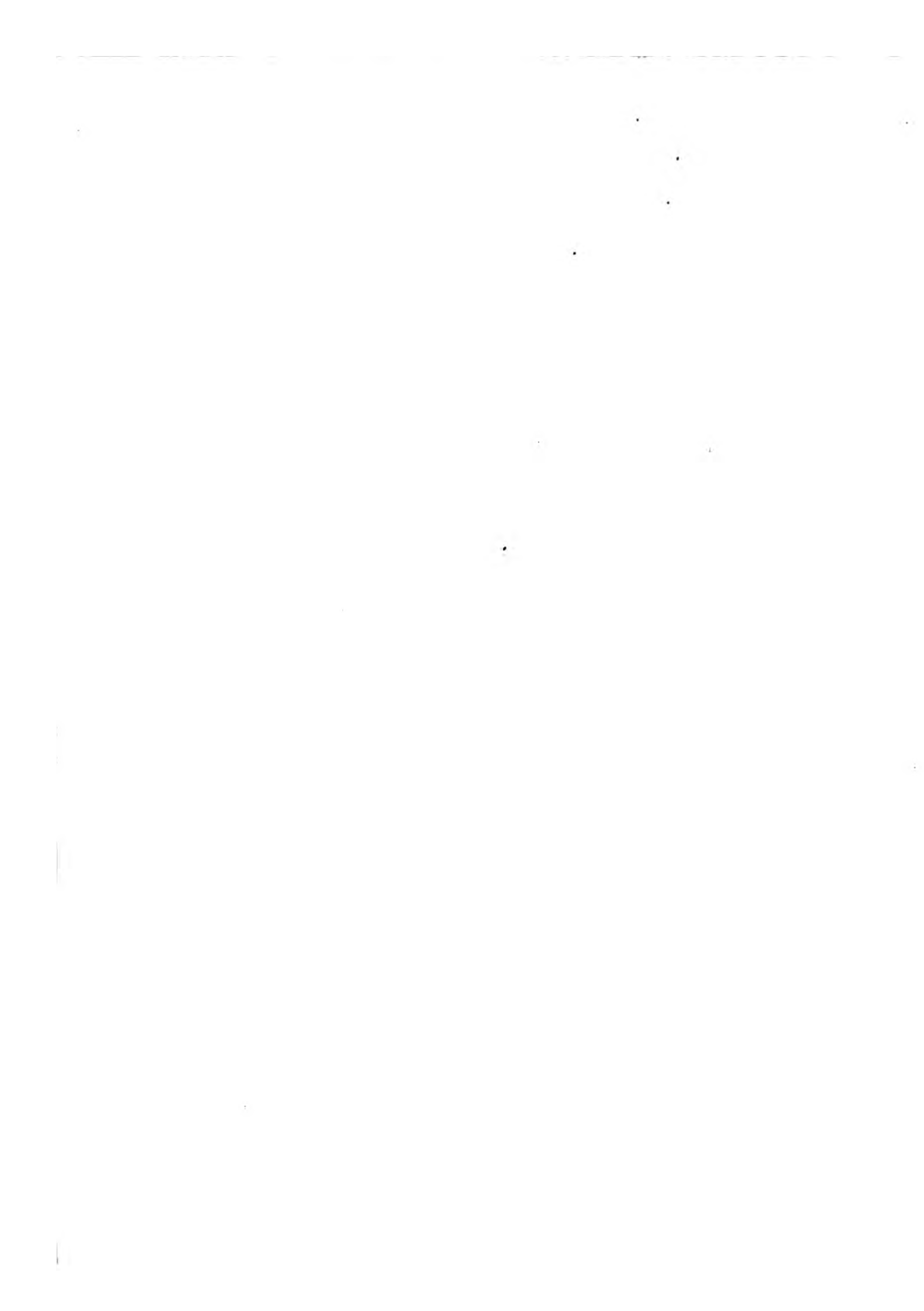
around, in hope that some column of smoke might invite to rest and refreshment, however rude: the roof of a khan would have been a cheerless sight, its dim interior, its cool fountain, its ancient pillars, were not what we desired at this moment: we were hungry and thirsty, and might remain so till the day should set. Like the tops of a grove of palms to the desert pilgrim, seemed to us the white tents of the Arabs, while yet afar off: in the middle, and loftier than the others, was that of the Sheikh: we dismounted at the entrance, and were received with a simple and cordial welcome: a handsome carpet was spread on the floor, on which we sat down, and were served, in about half an hour, with a plentiful meal, for which we could offer no remuneration; it would have been received as an insult. Our stay was short: but we were free to remain the whole day or night as their guests, to eat from the same pilau of rice, from the same bowl of cream and butter, and unleavened cake, and to rest beneath the same tent, which was divided into several apartments, at night.

The attachment of this remarkable people to the usages of their ancestors is inviolable: the prophet Jeremiah, when warning the Jews of their disobedience to God, adduces the fidelity of the Rechabites to the command of their ancestors, as an admirable model for their imitation. "For this cause," it was said, "Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." The fulfilment of these words, even to this day, may appear almost incredible to many: to the lover of prophecy, this fulfilment will be full of interest. When the Rev. Mr. Woolf resided in Jerusalem, he was one day visited by several men, in the Arab costume, who had come from the wilderness, where they dwelt; a conversation ensued between them and the missionary, whose eyes flashed with joy, and his gestures, when he spoke, were as energetic as those of his guests: the writer, who was present at this remarkable interview, inquired the cause of so much emotion, and was answered, that these strangers had declared themselves to be the lineal descendants of the Rechabites, and, like their ancestors, had inviolably obeyed the command, "Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons for ever: neither shall ye build house, nor plant vineyards, but all your days ye shall dwell in tents." Their history of themselves and their people, during many ages, was clear and simple: they had ever received and obeyed from their fathers, they said, the command of old delivered; they had never drunk wine, though living in or near a country by whose inhabitants it was generally drunk: they had never built houses, or lived in villages, hamlets, or towns, but had always dwelt in tents. They were fine healthy-looking men, of great simplicity of mind and manners, and very intelligent: the joy of the missionary at this discovery amounted to rapture, and when he expatiated on this accomplishment of prophecy, on this singular fidelity, his words seemed to borrow the wild eloquence of the desert: he felt that it was an indelible moment, such as even his wandering career could rarely give. They listened attentively while he spoke, for they felt also that this sympathy in a stranger, this delight and interest in their history, was very rare to be found. In the course of the conversation, they said, that the existence of their people was very ancient; that, in their traditions, Heber the Kenite was the founder of the tribe, by the hand of whose wife Jael, Sisera was slain while reposing in the tent. Perhaps

the history of the world cannot furnish an instance of greater, or as great fidelity and religious observance of an ancestral command.

It was a strange thing to hear these men of the wilderness, in the heart of the lost Jerusalem, talk thus familiarly and earnestly of the ancient times of Scripture: to the Missionary's fancy, the people of old seemed to live again! were not the Kenites and the Rechabites dwellers in tents, simple in manners and language, even as these faithful and pastoral men, who held not the faith of Mohammed, but seemed to live apart from the concerns and excitements of towns and cities; they sowed no fields, built no walls, tasted no wine in a dry and thirsty land, and perpetuated the command of their fathers even to their latest posterity. This interview took place in the Armenian convent, in the lodging of the Missionary, a room well carpeted and divaned all round the walls: he was here in possession of every comfort, and of every facility for his Mission, being permitted by the authorities to see people of all nations in his apartment—Turks, Greeks, Catholics, and Jews: on this chosen ground he should have lingered longer; he was here highly favoured with the countenance of the Turkish governor, the kindness of his Armenian hosts, and with golden opportunities of usefulness: but "patience shall have her perfect work" can never be the motto of this eminent man; the spirit of restlessness and enterprise, ever reaching impatiently to the things that are before, hurries him from land to land, and is now bearing him to the heart of Africa: perhaps, amid her burning deserts and friendless huts, he may remember, in the hour of sorrow and bereavement, the peaceful and friendly home of Jerusalem, where his words were listened to with reverence and attention, and he wandered every day, meditating or conversing with his countrymen, through the fields and valleys of the City of God.

The Plate represents a scene of hospitality, not in the desert or the tent, but in the city of Antioch. Girgius Adeeb, the host, is delighted to welcome travellers to his house, by day or night, or both; and will not accept, even from the wealthiest, any remuneration. So free, so general a welcome, if rail-roads and steam-packets should soon visit Antioch, Girgius will find grievously expensive. He was first met with at Suadeah, at Mr. Barker's, and an invitation to his house at Antioch instantly followed. Such an invitation is not only a comfort and luxury, but an absolute charity, in a half-ruined and comfortless place like Antioch, where there is no convent, opening wide its massive gate, and affording a secure asylum, a clean cell, and welcome repast. The dwelling of Girgius was a good one: it rests upon the ancient wall of the city, and from the divan windows on the left you look out upon the Orontes and the distant mountains, and in the opposite direction is a glimpse of the walled heights above the city: the harem, or woman's abode, is on the right, in light, and near the door is the well, and servants fetching water, not muffled, like the Turkish females, for Girgius is a Christian. The offices are at right angles with the harem, but are not seen: the children of the host are playing about: the door at the corner opens into the sleeping-rooms for the guests, who rest on a broad low divan, continued around the room: a servant is carrying refreshments up the steps of the divan: and some merchants are conferring with Girgius, who is seated, with a pipe in his hand, just without the rails of the divan.





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W. H. Bartlett.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TEMPLE, JERUSALEM.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TEMPLE, JERUSALEM.

A jar of precisely similar make and size to those in the plate formed part of our baggage in Syria, to carry wine, when it chanced to be very good, and was filled at intervals "few and far between:" the young woman, playing with the child, is clad in the tunic, or short vest, which is embroidered: the large and full pantaloons of silk reach little more than half way down the leg: the shoes, of yellow leather, turn up sharp at the point; the child's dress, like that of most children of good condition in the East, is tasteful and picturesque, and more becoming and graceful to that age than the European costume. In the foreground are the nahrquillies, or pipes, for smoking with water. Two large citron-trees afford a scanty shade.

In the house of Girgius, the traveller feels completely at home, a rare yet blessed feeling in the East: if he be a traveller of taste and independence, his visit, though prolonged to many days, is considered a favour. It is usual, on departing, to give handsomely to the servants: the chief of these is Debro, who figures in the foreground of the plate, a knowing, bustling, and useful steward to his master, and particularly obliging to all travellers. In the evening there is generally quite a reunion in the house of Girgius, and an excellent supper is laid out, to which ample justice is always done: before seating, raki is served out in small glasses, as an appetizer: here are to be met Aleppines in their rich furs, Turks, Christians, officers of the Pasha; among the latter was a fine young Pole, in the medical service, personally attached to Ibrahim Pasha, and overlooking all his faults, clenching every argument with "Monsieur, il paie bien ses employés."

DER-EL-KAMAR, AND THE PALACES OF BETEDDEIN.

The palace of the Emir Beshir is in front, that of his sons on the height above. The gathering of the chieftains, and of the troops hastening to the standard of Ibrahim, is ceased: the courts of the Emir are emptied of the eager crowds of horsemen and footmen, and in comparison there is "silence in the halls of Cuthullin, and the grey thistle bends its head to the blast, and seems to say, the time of my departure is near." The aged lord of the palace, on his divan within, his white beard sweeping his breast, must also feel that *his* departure is not far off. Can he meet it without inquietude, without pain? Rarely do Oriental princes exhibit, in old age, a picture of that sunset of the heart, whose last light and glory is so dear, so enviable, and sinks slowly but to awake again with that "day without night." A career of strong excitement and change, often of violence and crime, make men cling intensely to life, when ambition has been successful, though the sceptre is clasped in the withered hand. The Emir's hand is red with blood, which the beautiful white robe that covers him from head to foot, and the diamonds of matchless lustre that glitter in its folds, cannot cover, cannot dim. The powerful chiefs of rival tribes have been put to death, with their children,

within the walls of his palace: many princes have had their eyes put out, their possessions confiscated, and are now living in exile with their families, in the remote villages of Lebanon. He would justify such deeds by the plea of necessity, and maintain, that under the selfish despotism of the Sultan, and the strife and jealousy of the Syrian governors, no just and peaceful ruler could prosper. But all the waters of Lebanon cannot quench the thirst of power and plunder of its princes: blood alone can quench it, and it is shed freely.

The scenery around the palace of Beteddein is favourable to cold and merciless thoughts, and, should any faint throb of conscience be left, is favourable also to remorse. It is not a place in which a man who loves the soft and gentle sights of this world would like to meet his last enemy: savage dells, barren crags, and precipitous paths on every side: below, the stern and sunless ravines unfold their withered bosoms, bathed by unlovely streams, as if to say, "These, stranger, are the dark and cruel places of Lebanon, not her glories." Above, has the town of Der-el-Kamar any attractions?—its bald houses climbing up the rugged declivities, and almost resting on each other's roofs. Yet, higher, there are summits without beauty or sublimity. The writer passed twelve days at Der-el-Kamar and Beteddein, the most disconsolate and destitute days of all his journey. The roar of a waterfall from a mill-dam not far off, fifty feet high, rose above that of the torrents of rain; the sun looked forth at long intervals with a ghastly smile on palace, prison-like vales, and ferocious heights—one of those bold and picturesque coup-d'œils, at first greatly to be admired, but, ere long, wearisome, gloomy, and depressing. How welcome to gaze on the distant sea, which rose gladly, like the face of a friend in a desert, through a wide opening in the hills; the sun was on its blue waves, breaking in light—even their voice seemed to come from afar, and say, "Come away to lovelier scenes." Alas! we could not: for the storm returned; it was the rainy season, the clouds fell dark and heavy on the cliffs, and the roads were impassable. There are groups of trees here and there, scattered over the surface of the declivities, but they look like strangers, and afford a scanty shelter or shade: the palm, the mulberry, the fig tree, are there. O groves of Egypt, over whose fall the people lamented, and the wail of the nation went up as for the first-born—how glorious would you be on these descents! It cannot be supposed that Der-el-Kamar is rich in gardens; Semiramis would have found it difficult to have hung any of her airy gardens here. The young women of the place are a fine and healthful race, of rather fair and florid complexion: their stature is heightened by the singular ornament worn on the top of the head, a silver horn, a foot high, with strange figures and characters carved on it, is placed upright on the head, and the cloke or robe drawn over it, so as to fall gracefully down on each side of the face. Perhaps this very ancient custom is alluded to in the Psalm, "They shall not lift up their horn on high: their horn shall be exalted." The people are civil and respectful to strangers, clean in their persons and attire, and neatly dressed. There is little delicacy or elegance of feature or form in the women, whose persons are rather robust: they have the frank and kindly look of mountaineers: in their dwellings luxury does not

enter, or comfort find a home; the traveller is rarely invited to cross the threshold. The vine is carefully cultivated, and produces a strong, sweet white wine, of which about a quart may be purchased for a shilling: excellent beef, equal to that of England, is also to be had here, as in most other parts of Lebanon. The cultivation is on the acclivities, terraced up by walls, to prevent the soil from being washed away. Burckhardt says, "The tombs of the Christians deserve notice: every family has a stone building, about forty feet square, in which they place their dead; the entrance being always walled up after each deposit. This mode of interment is peculiar to Der-el-Kamar, and arose probably from the difficulty of excavating graves in the rocky soil on which it is built. The tombs of the richer Christian families have a small cupola on their summit." The inhabitants are about four thousand, consisting of Maronite and Druse families, who manufacture all the articles of dress worn by the mountaineers: they are particularly skilful in working the rich abbas, or silk gowns interwoven with gold and silver, which are worn by the principal Druse sheichs. A few Turkish families reside here, isolated in this mountain capital, in regard to their faith and usages; obliged to hear at times their Prophet derided, and their lonely mosque put to scorn: and now that their Sultan's fortunes are sunk beneath those of Ibrahim, their situation is even less desirable than formerly. The convent of the Maronites is at a short distance above, and commands the town and the vallies: the chapels of the Druses are scattered at intervals on the mountain, invisible to the observation of others: on their mysterious worship and ceremonies, no stranger is ever permitted to intrude: not that his curiosity would be rewarded by any impressive rituals or devotions, the relics of ancient and purer times: their religion is in part a Mohammedan heresy, mingled with some unmeaning rites, and some notions borrowed from Christianity, and an air of mystery thrown over the whole. The secret of this repulsive and unintellectual system is strictly kept by its votaries, in spite of its dark and comfortless influences, which, however, exercise a sort of spell over their ignorant minds, like that of freemasonry over the attachment of its followers.

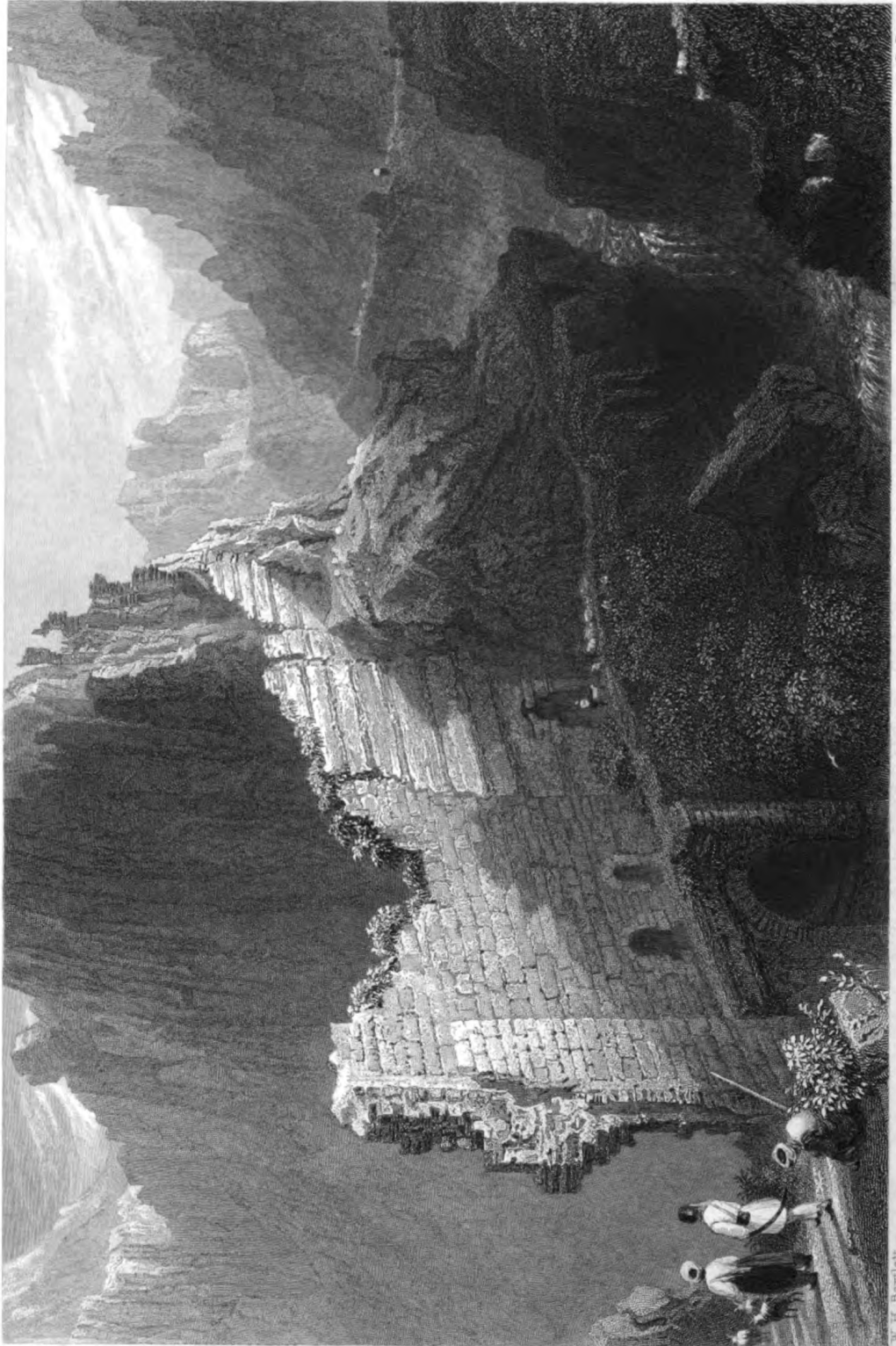
There is much of costliness and splendour in the palace of Beteddein: in the southwest pavilion the floor is of inlaid marble, with a fountain in the centre; the walls are inlaid with ivory and gilding, and ornamented with Arabic inscriptions in large gold characters, as are the walls of the Emir's audience-room, one side of which was hung round with the richest Cashmere shawls, in folding drapery. "Light and elegant arcades," observes Lamartine, "like the trunks of the palm-trees, light and graceful colonnades ran along the courts and galleries: a marble staircase, ornamented with balustrades sculptured in Arabesque, led to the entrance of the palace of the women, which was surrounded with black slaves, splendidly attired, armed with silver-mounted pistols, and Damascus sabres sparkling with gold chasings. Five or six hundred Arabian horses were fastened by the head and feet to ropes which crossed the court. Secretaries, with flowing robes and silver inkstands, stuck like a poniard on their girdles, attended in the saloon of the Emir. His baths consist of five or six halls, paved with marble; the roofs and walls stuccoed and painted in water colours, with great taste and elegance, by

artists from Damascus. We proceeded thence to visit the courts and stables: none can form an idea of the Arabian horse who has not visited those of Damascus, or of the Emir Beshir; it must be seen with its splendid cloths embroidered with gold and pearl, its head covered with a net of blue or red silk, worked with gold and silver lace, shaking its long black mane, brushing with its tail its beautifully polished sides, while its fiery, proud, and intelligent eye is fixed on the stranger. The Emir's favourite wife wears the horn on her head, after the custom of the women of Lebanon; but it is of gold covered with precious stones."

Is it not bitter to leave all these things, the palace he has planned and raised on the inaccessible cliff, the empire he has gained by a half a century's toil and crime, the power that makes old age awful? Is it not agony to go away like the moth, while the steeds look for their master, the princes for their counsellor, and Lebanon for its lord, in vain! his beautiful women shall come and wail for him, and say "Alas! his glory." Yet this man, hard as he may feel the summons, will meet death calmly, as did Djazzar of Acre, and Ali Pacha of Yanina: "there were no bands in their death; they were not troubled." His manners are easy and dignified, his complexion fresh and healthful; there is sweetness in his smile, and his air and conversation are those of a wise and fine old man: at seventy-six he is active and indefatigable, rising always before sunrise, meeting the daily pressure of business, whether it be of rebellion, exaction, trade, or treachery, with a cool and practised head: then careering over his mountain kingdom on one of his splendid Arabs; and at evening, calmer affairs and details, interviews with chiefs and strangers. Each hour, each moment is of value to this remarkable man, as if he felt, with Cecil, the magnificence of the future.

For at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And onwards, all before, I see
Deserts of vast eternity

Yet a few years, or months, and the animating genius, the un pitying heart, will be extinct and cold in Beteddein. The son will take the father's dominion, even with the last breath of the spirit that created it,—and that spirit, into what scene will it pass? To another Beteddein, another bower of luxury and pride, of beauty and fearfulness?—all-unrepenting, unannealed!



S. Lacey

W. H. Bartlett

PART OF THE WALLS OF ANTIOCH, OVER A RAVINÉ.

In this mountain-pass we know not whether most to admire—the grandeur of nature or the grandeur of man. Daring was the genius, and skilful the hand, that could war with these mighty solitudes, and plant there everlasting bulwarks, crowning the inaccessible ridges, and closing a ravine twenty-five feet wide with a wall that was seventy feet high. Beat, during two thousand years, by the torrent, the tempest's wing, and by many a fragment falling from above—their aspect is awful, and the frame shudders as we contemplate them; the precipice above, the precipice below; still they endure—of a fearful immortality, their lichens and wild anemones wantonly waving on the brink of death. Death is a power to which they are a stranger; the shepherd beneath their arches shall ere long be laid with the clods of the valley, the traveller, pausing in their shadow, shall tell his tale, and live his brief day: all the merchants of Syria, who journey this only caravan-road, shall pass away—and then shall come the people of succeeding ages, and find these walls even as they are now.

A short distance only, and what a startling contrast! We almost hear the rushing of the Orontes in the beautiful plain beneath, and the sounds of Antioch seem to come faintly on the ear. After so much beauty, it is welcome to be thus alone with the terrors of nature: the roebuck could not find a footing on these perpendicular precipices, and the vulture could scarcely rest amid their dark gulfs, to feast his eyes on the flocks on their brink. The sun is sunk below the peaks, the tinkling of the camel bell is passed away. The traveller, while night is falling, is here a lonely being: seated on a rock, and listening to the torrent rushing below. The Arab smiles as he swiftly passes him on his gallant steed; and the trader, while he gives him his evening blessing, pronounces his *Inshallah* in a tone of wonder and pity. In such a scene and hour, the past and the future rush on the mind in a tide of thoughts and images that are wild, beautiful, and irresistible: the narrow and silent pass, like a ledge over the abyss, is crowded, as of old, with many a warrior, and priest, and noble, in all their multitude: the Macedonian, burning for empire; the Roman, patient unto death; the Saracen, athirst for blood and Paradise; the Crusader, loving the Sepulchre only less than gold and fame;—they all sought immortality. Alas! its only memorial is this eternal and desert wall, begun by the first and finished by the latest conqueror. Not such was the immortality sought by the first Christians, who fled to this solitude from the sword and dungeons of the city, and poured out their blood on these rocks. Martyrs of Antioch, who thus sealed your Redeemer's love—how bright, amidst such remembrances, is your destiny! And in the gloom deepening on this wilderness, where the stranger feels in a strange land, it is beautiful to think that each of these hoary caverns was then a temple of the Lord, where the hymns of praise rose even above the torrent's roar! Your brief day was quickly

passed—your warfare soon over: to *you*, time and fame are nothing; you have bowed them beneath your feet. On the mountain peaks, the ancient turrets are now like gold in the last sun-light, though all below is dark and chill: their banner of Macedon and banner of Rome is rent and gone; while, beautifully rising through the gloom, is the ensign of the Cross, girt by a little band, upheld in fear, yet in hope. In this very path is the cave where the few Christians of Antioch come to worship at evening; in a few hours their solitary lights will gleam there, and their voices be heard on the silence of the night. Theirs is the worship in the wilderness, in temples not made with men's hands.

This wall is one of the most magnificent works of the kind ever seen: it is necessarily carried across the Ravine, with an arch below for the passage of the stream. It is not always safe to linger late in so rude and lonely a scene: there may be, even behind the crags, hands and eyes bent on mischief, and watching every movement of the stranger. A French traveller in Syria, a few years since, suffered miserably for the indulgence of his taste and curiosity in a similar place: he was engaged in sketching the savage and picturesque scenery around him, and then, heedless of the approach of evening, continued to sit on the rock, enjoying the tranquillity of the hour, and the balmy freshness of the air. He had long and intently been watched by some Arabs, who, from behind the neighbouring rocks, patiently observed him sketching; his papers and views were on the rock beside him; and he was wrapped in some reverie, all unsuspecting of evil, when they fired and mortally wounded him. It was a quick and dreadful transition from repose, fancy, and hope, to agony, terror, and death. They plundered him of his money and valuables; and he was soon after found weltering in his blood by some peasants of the nearest hamlet, whom the Arabs had acquainted with the deed. They conveyed him to their home, and tended him with kindness the short time he lived, which was only till the following day: his death was a loss, for he was an accomplished artist and an impassioned traveller, and had wandered a good while alone through the country, without meeting with any accident or molestation, previous to this cruel occurrence. In the poor and lone cottage of the Syrian peasant, in anguish of body and agitation of spirit, perishing suddenly and afar from his family, relatives, and friends—with what force, what love, must his native home and all its ties have rushed on his thoughts!—His papers were preserved by the people, and found their way at last to his family. He was buried near the hamlet, beneath its spreading trees. No rites of sepulture, or ceremonial of the dead, so sacred to the memory, honoured his remains; no eye that had loved to look on him in life, wept over his dust; the hand of the stranger framed his rude bier; and the names of Alla and the Prophet were mingled with the sound of the earth that fell heavy on it.



J. H. B. Engraving

W. H. Barlett

LEBANON.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEDARS.

The site of these noble trees is a very unsheltered one—on a ridge, near the highest part of Lebanon, encompassed with snow several feet deep during half the year; open to the wildest mountain winds and storms. The small forest in the plate includes a great number of young cedars, and the whole can be walked round in half an hour. Pococke says, “that the great cedars, at some distance, look like large spreading oaks: the bodies of the trees are short, dividing at bottom into three or four, some of which, growing up together for about ten feet, appear something like those gothic columns which seem to be composed of several pillars.”

The oldest cedars in our own country do not date above a hundred and fifty years back: they are supposed to reach their maturity in less than three centuries. In the back ground are seen the snowy summits of Lebanon: under the trees on the right some Arabs had lighted a fire, which reflected on their figures, as they were seated in a wild group around it: the glare of the flame was cast at intervals on the trunks of the trees, that seemed to stand like some of the aged columns of Egyptian ruins, around which the Bedouins encamp in the desert. There was no danger of a conflagration of any part of the cedars, from the flying sparks or half-extinguished embers, for the Arabs regard them with superstitious reverence, and would rather fire their own dwellings than one of these sacred trees. “I went to see them,” says Father Dandini; “they are called saints, because of their antiquity: moreover, as these trees are but few in number, they esteem it a miracle that they cannot be reckoned exactly. I counted twenty-three, and another of my companions twenty-one: they never fell them, to make boards. They affirm that certain Turks, who fed their flocks thereabouts, having been so impious and so hardy as to cut down one of these trees they call saints, were punished forthwith with the utter loss of their beasts. One may also see there the spring of a rivulet, which the inhabitants call the holy river, for that it takes its source from the mountain whereon grow the cedar saints, in a very hidden and delicious place, and from it descends along the valley, running with little murmuring streams among flint stones.” The ascent from Eden to the cedars is about five miles, allowing for the windings of the road, which is very rugged, passing over hill and glen: the time occupied depends on the season of the year: Lamartine was three hours on the way, in June, and could then only survey them at a distance of many hundred yards, in the deep snow. “At first,” says a traveller, “they appeared like a dark spot on the mountain, and afterwards like a clump of dwarfish shrubs, that possessed neither dignity nor beauty: in about an hour and a half we reached them. They are large, and tall, and beautiful, the most picturesque productions of the vegetable world: there are in this grove two generations of trees: the oldest are large and massy, rearing their heads to an enormous height, and spreading their branches afar.” The young cedars in this grove are not easily known from pines, which it will be perceived they greatly resemble: a few pines are also found among them. In ancient

times they probably extended over the heights and vales nearer to the village of Eden, which was then celebrated as the region of the finest trees: the forests that supplied during so many ages so great a demand, must have covered an extensive tract of ground, and the trees stood closely, as now, together.

The cedar of this species is not found on the other parts of Lebanon, being confined to this consecrated spot: walnut, mulberry, oak, pine, abound all over the mountain: the vast and beautiful sycamores, of a size to shelter a small caravan (men, horses, and camels of thirty persons) beneath its branches, are found at intervals in the plain, at the edge of the mountains. The Arabs, a group of whom had kindled the large fire beneath the cedar, are often found wandering on Lebanon during the summer months, in search of pasture: they remain for a time in the fertile spots with their cattle, and then strike their tents to seek a fresh pasturage. Some of the districts of the mountain resemble those of the Alps in this respect; being covered with grass, and the numerous springs, together with the heavy dews which fall during the summer months, produce a verdure, richer and of a deeper tint than in less favoured parts. The Arabs come up hither, and wander about for five months in the year: in winter they descend to the more sheltered valleys, or pass the winter months on the sea shore about Tripoli and Tartous. "I was astonished," says Burckhardt, "at seeing so high in the mountain, numerous camels and Arab huts. Though, like the Bedouins, they have no fixed habitations, their features are not of the true Bedouin cast; and their dialect, though different from that of the peasants, is not a pure Bedouin dialect. They are tributary to the Turkish governors, and at peace with all the country people; but they have the character of having a great propensity to thieving: their property, besides camels, consists in horses, cows, sheep, and goats." The words, "O inhabitant of Lebanon, that makest thy nest in the cedars," can now apply only to these wandering Bedouins, or to the Sheich and his little tribe, who come in summer and dwell beneath their shadow. The party sat long, partaking of a rude repast, and conversing around the large fire, the materials of which the forest afforded: a few had risen, and were moving among the trees, in their long coarse robe and turban.

A spectacle beheld by a missionary, of numerous fires on Lebanon, was far more picturesque. "Standing off the coast of Saide and Beirout, we had a brilliant view of the illuminations which take place on the mountain, on the eve of the festival of the Holy Cross. From north to south, there was, in a crescent form, an exhibition of lights, which increased in brilliancy as the darkness of evening came on. Some of them rose to a very considerable height above the horizon, marking the great elevation of the mountains: I counted fifty. These large fires were lighted by the monasteries and churches; and throughout the whole of Mount Lebanon, from Tripoli to Tyre, and in various other parts, this ceremony would take place. Considering that our view was partial, we may calculate, that not fewer perhaps than five hundred such fires were lighted."



J. Knapp

W. H. Bartlett

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, ESQ. BY MISS JOHNSON.

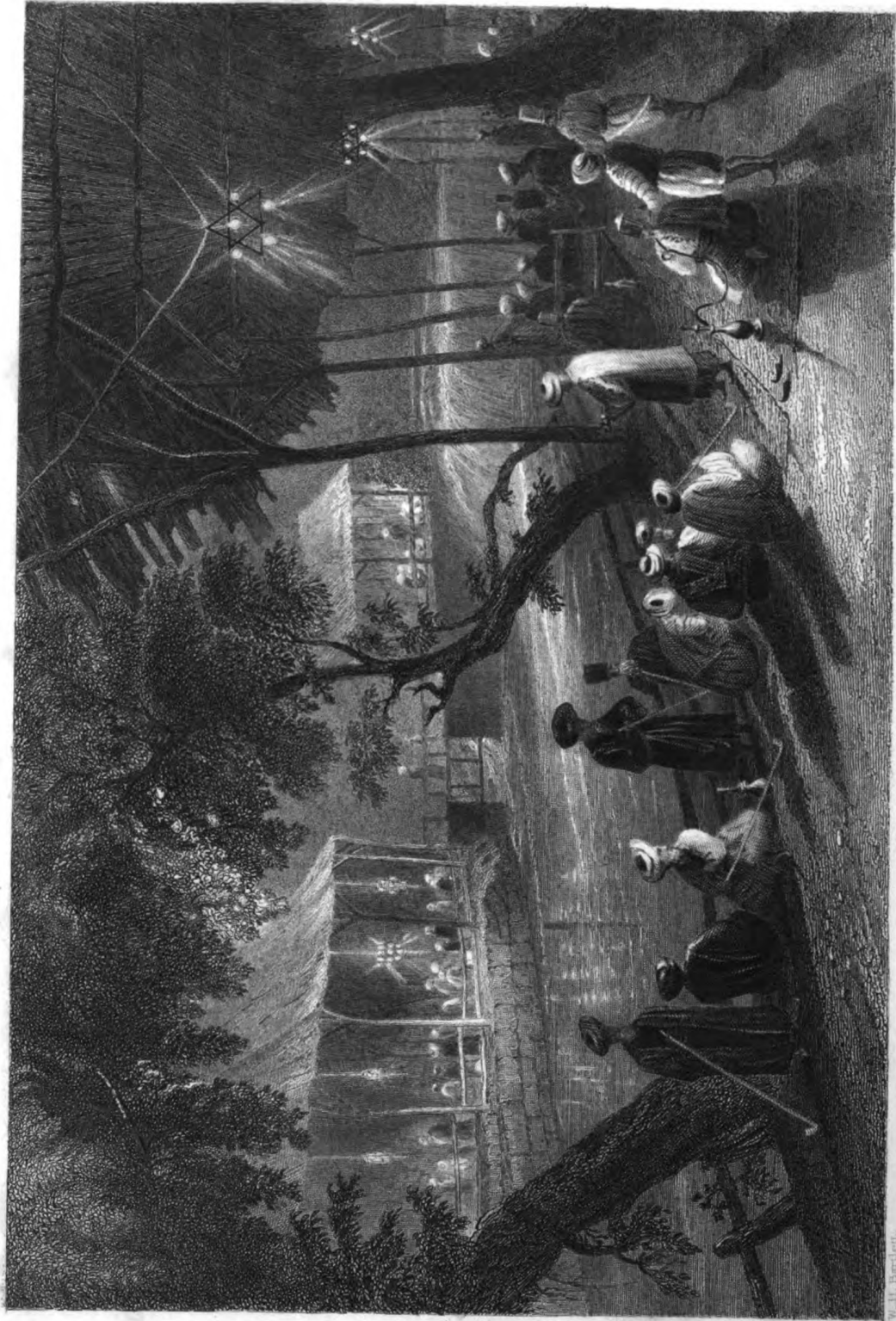
COAST OF ASIA MINOR, NEAR ANAMOUR.

The coast of Asia Minor presents a great variety of magnificent scenery: the headlands are often so shelterless and iron-bound, that the wanderer would gladly, in a gale of wind, exchange their lofty and romantic masses for a low, sandy, and monotonous beach. In an open boat, attacked by the fever, and driving before a wild in-shore wind, the artist was passing beneath the fierce cliffs of Cape Anamour, each sight and sound in unison with the helplessness of disease, and the agitation of the thoughts. A tremendous cavern opened its dark abyss close at hand, and the roar of the waves came with a hollow and sepulchral voice from within: the sea-birds swept shrieking around the boat and the cave, and a vessel came drifting headland before the blast. Yet enthusiasm triumphed over the scene and the fever, and the artist, in the midst of the storm, sketched eagerly the gloomy and startling scene around him. Not very far from this spot, and at the base of a rocky promontory, was a most romantic cove, for which the boats made, and succeeded in entering. Anamour was near at hand, the ruins of its castle, theatre, aqueduct, &c.: how gladly would even the ruins of Balbec have been given in that moment for a clean cottage, a comfortable chamber, and kind attendance. The situation of the ruins of Anamour, the ancient Anamurium, is quite as fantastic and bold as that of the town of Alaya. The lofty cape has been fortified by a castle and outworks on the summit, (500 feet above the sea,) from whence a flanked wall, with towers, descends to the shore; a second wall, six feet thick, runs nearly parallel to this: it appears of later construction. Two aqueducts, on different levels, that wind along the hill for several miles, supplied this fortress with water; and when carried across the ravines, they are supported on arches. "In the interval between the two walls," says Captain Beaufort in his excellent description, "there are some large buildings and two theatres; the most perfect of these is a hundred feet long by seventy wide, inclosed by plain walls, and containing six semicircular rows of seats; it appears to have been roofed, and was probably an Odeum, or music theatre; the other is about 200 feet in diameter, and partly cut out of the slope of the hill. It has been mentioned, that the columns of the mausoleum of Trajanopolis, (thirty miles distant,) and the seats of the theatre, had been carried away: so have those also of these theatres; and it is remarkable, that in the whole extent of this place, there is scarcely to be found a vestige of a column, or a loose block of marble of more than ordinary size. Yet there are no buildings in the neighbourhood, for which they could have been purloined; and the only alternative is, that every thing worth the removal has been transported to the island of Cyprus, which is at no great distance, and where arts and commerce flourished long after this coast had become the prey of a succession of ruffian conquerors. We then hastened to examine a wide field of ruins outside of the walls, which at first sight had appeared like the remains of a large city. It was indeed a city, but a city of tombs, a true Necropolis. The contrast between the slight and perishable materials with which the habitations of the living were constructed, and

the care and skill bestowed by the ancients, to render durable the abodes of the dead, is more than ordinarily impressed upon the mind at this place: for though all the tombs have been long since opened and ransacked, the walls are still sound; whereas, of their dwellings not one continues in existence. These tombs are small buildings, detached from each other, and mostly of the same size, though varying in their proportions: the roofs are arched, and the exterior of the walls is dashed with a composition of plaster, and small particles of burnt red brick. Each tomb consists of two chambers; the inner one is subdivided into cells or receptacles for the bodies; and the outer apartment is provided with small recesses and shelves, as if for the purpose of depositing the funeral offerings, or the urns that contained the ashes. These antechambers may have been likewise intended for the ceremonies and lamentations of the mourners; they are stuccoed, and neatly finished with that kind of border which is commonly called a *la Grecque*. This is the third distinct kind of sepulchre that we observed on these coasts: first, at Makry, Myra, and other places, the excavated catacomb, with the entrance carefully closed by a slab of rock; the front of the catacomb is frequently ornamented with a pediment and columns, all worked out of the solid rock. Secondly, as at Patara, Phaselis, &c. the sarcophagus was more or less decorated, but always consisting of a single block of stone, hollowed like a chest, and covered with another immense stone in the shape of a low roof or pediment. And, thirdly, the house-built sepulchres of this place, covered in by an arch, and separated into chambers for the dead and for the mourners. The two former species generally bear inscriptions; whereas these silent tombs display no record of the names and qualities of their occupiers.

Anamour is now altogether deserted, peopled only by tombs: even the shepherd does not build his hut, nor the fisherman spread his nets, among these sepulchral memorials of a great population. The coast, to the extent of thirty miles on each side of Anamour, is bold, sometimes magnificent, yet it is an unlovely and desolate coast and country, interrupted at long intervals by narrow and dreary valleys, which conduct the mountain torrents to the sea: here and there a solitary hut, inhabited by savage-looking people: yet beyond Selinty on one side, and to a great distance on the other, there is hardly an isle, a hill, or peninsula, that has not its ruins, the vestiges of former life, activity, and dominion: strong and massive walls, inclosing a homeless area, on whose rank soil wanton the wild flowers and aromatic herbs, rich pasture for the solitary flocks: or the vestiges of a theatre, that once rang with the sounds of music and the shouts of the multitude, still resist the sweep of the winds that fall with great fury on these heights. These massive sepulchres, from which the ashes are long since gone, are all that remain of the eminent cities of Myra, Anemurium, and Phaselis: they will endure to the end of time; and at Anamour, if ranged with greater regularity, they would resemble the street of tombs in Pompeii; they are little melancholy edifices, without beauty or impressiveness, save as valuable memorials of the resolve of the past generations of Anamour, to sleep within "walls of brass, and gates of iron" unmolested till the day of doom. At present they look like the Stonehenge of a foreign land; diminutive, yet very numerous, covering great part of the declivity





W. H. Bartlett.

W. H. Bartlett.

to within a short distance of the sea: a severe mockery on the anxiety and foresight of the builders. It seems to be the destiny of man, that he must make his last rest beneath the earth, and not upon it: had the kings and judges of Israel been contented to repose in the tumuli on the plain or the hill-side, on their remains the dews of heaven had still descended, and the sun lingered: their sepulchres of pride, carved in the rock, have been ravaged and defiled as base things. The Indian prince of North, and the cacique of South America, lie each in his narrow bed, his lonely tumulus, on which the thickets blossom, and the tall grass and wild flowers wave: many a Saxon noble still rests in his sepulchre, with his arms beside him, the rude mound unbroken.

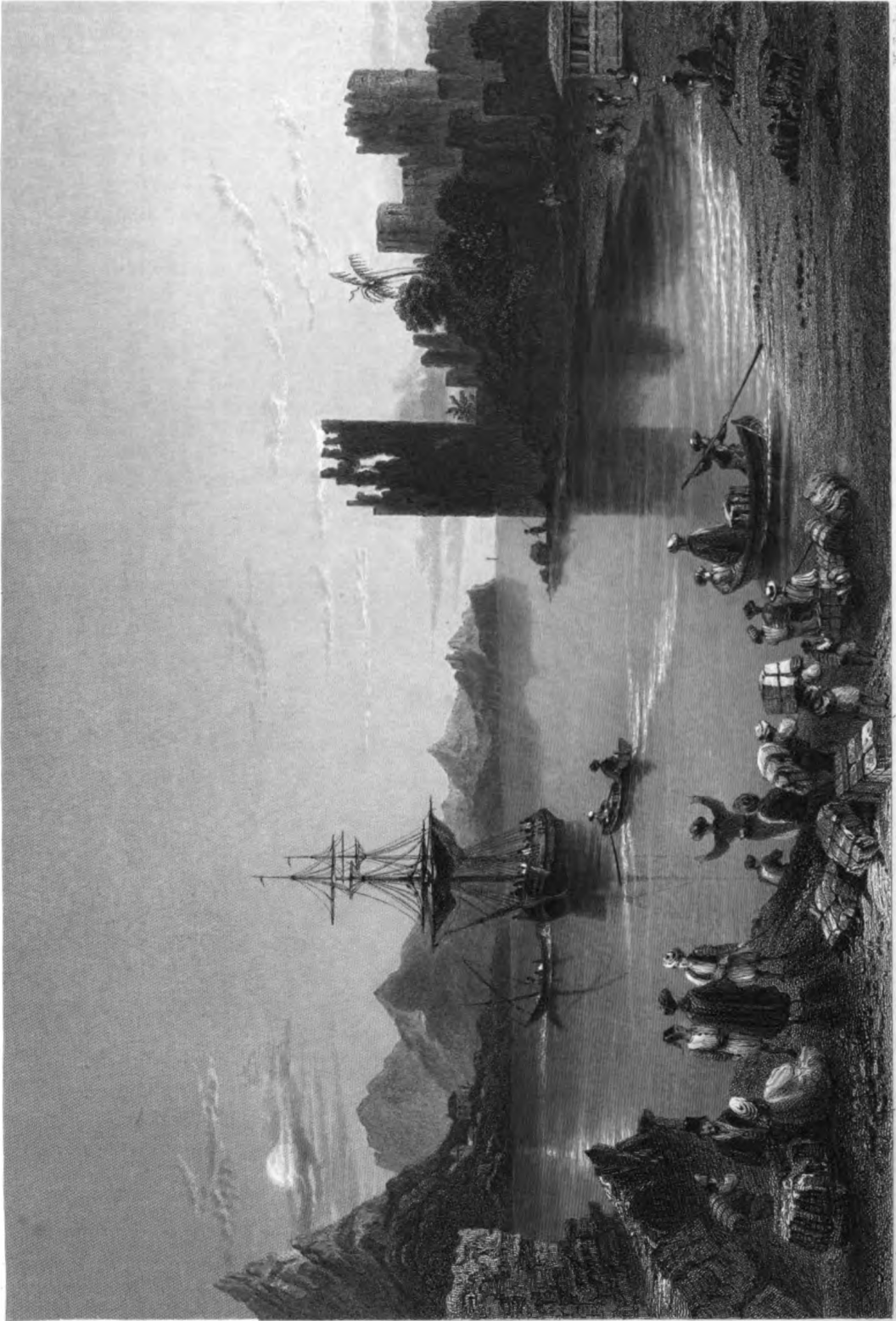
The Cove in which the boats sought shelter from the gale, on the shores of Anamour was of most romantic aspect: it had no music of streams or groves, or glad voices of children from the neat hamlet, or pipe of the shepherd: sternly girded by its pale and sullen cliffs, it was naked and silent as the empty sepulchres of Anamour; and yet most welcome, as the nearest and only refuge from the storm.

CAFÉS IN DAMASCUS—ON A BRANCH OF THE BARRADA.

The Cafés of the kind represented in the plate are, perhaps, the greatest luxury that a stranger finds in Damascus. Gardens, kiosques, fountains, and groves are abundant around every Eastern capital: but Cafés on the very bosom of a rapid river, and bathed by its waves, are peculiar to this ancient city: they are formed so as to exclude the rays of the sun, while they admit the breeze; the light roof is supported by slender rows of pillars, and the building is quite open on every side. A few of these houses are situated in the skirts of the town, on one of the streams, where the eye rests on the luxuriant vegetation of garden and wood: others are in the heart of the city: a flight of steps conducts to them from the sultry street, and it is delightful to pass in a few moments from the noisy, shadeless thoroughfare, where you see only mean gateways and the gable-ends of edifices, to a cool, grateful, calm place of rest and refreshment, where you can muse and meditate in ease and luxury, and feel at every moment the rich breeze from the river. In two or three instances, a light wooden bridge leads to the platform, close to which, and almost out of it, one or two large and noble trees lift the canopy of their spreading branches and leaves, more welcome at noon-day than the roofs of fretted gold in the "Arabian Nights." The high pavilion roof and the pillars are all constructed of wood: the floor is of wood, and sometimes of earth, and is regularly watered, and raised only a few inches above the level of the stream, which rushes by at the feet of the customer, which it almost bathes, as he sips his coffee or sherbet. Innumerable small seats cover the floor, and you take one of these, and place it in the position you like best. Perhaps you wish to sit apart from the crowd, just under the shadow of the tree, or in some favourite corner, where you can smoke, and contemplate the motley guests, formed into calm and solemn groups, who wish to hold no communion with the Giaour. There is ample food here for the observer of character, costume, and pretension: the tradesman, the mechanic, the soldier, the gentleman, the

dandy, the grave old man, looking wise on the past and dimly on the future: the hadgé, in his green turban, vain of his journey to Mecca, and drawing a long bow in his tales and adventures: the long straight pipe, the hookah with its soft curling tube and glass vase, are in request: but the poorer argillé is most commonly used. From sun-rise to set, these houses are never empty: we were accustomed to visit one of them early every morning, before breakfast, and very many persons were already there: yet this "balmy hour of prime" was the most silent and solitary of the whole day; it was the coolest also: the rising sun was glancing redly on the waters: there was as yet no heat in the air, and the little cup of Mocha coffee and the pipe were handed by an attendant as soon as the stranger was seated, whose favourite Café was the one represented in the plate: the river is the Barrada, the ancient Pharpar. Never was the sound of many waters so pleasant to the ear as in Damascus: the air is filled with the sound, with which no clash of tongues, rolling of wheels, march of footmen or horsemen, mingle: the numerous groups who love to resort here are silent half the time; and when they do converse, their voice is often "low, like that of a familiar spirit," or in short grave sentences that pass quickly from the ear. Yet much, very much of the excitement of the life of the Turk in this city, is absorbed in these coffee-houses: they are his opera, his theatre, his conversazione: soon after his eyes are unclosed from sleep, he thinks of his Café, and forthwith bends his way there: during the day he looks forward to pass the evening on the loved floor, to look on the waters, on the stars above, and on the faces of his friends; and at the moonlight falling on all. Mahomet committed a grievous error in the omission of coffee-houses in a future state: had he ever seen those of Damascus, he would surely have given them a place on his rivers of Paradise, persuaded that true believers must feel a melancholy void without them.

There is no ornament or richness about these houses: no sofas, mirrors, or drapery, save that afforded by a few evergreens and creepers: the famous silks and damasks of Damascus have no place here; all is plain and homely; yet no Parisian Café, with its beautiful mirrors, gilding, and luxuriousness, is so welcome to the imagination and senses of the traveller. After wandering many days over dry, and stony, and desert places, where the lip thirsted for the stream, is it not delicious to sit at the brink of a wild impetuous torrent, to gaze on its white foam and breaking waves, till you can almost feel their gush in every nerve and fibre, and can bathe your very soul in them. And while you slowly smoke your pipe of purest tobacco, the sands of the desert, and their burning sun, rise again before you, when you prayed for even the shadow of a cloud on your way. The banks are in some parts covered with wood, whose soft green verdure contrasts beautifully with the clear torrent, and almost droops into its bosom. Near the coffee-houses are one or two cataracts several feet high, and the perpetual sound of their fall, and the coolness they spread around, are exquisite luxuries—in the heat of day, or in the dimness of evening. There are two or three Cafés constructed somewhat differently from those just described: a low gallery divides the platform from the tide; fountains play on the floor, which is furnished with very plain sofas and cushions; and music and dancing always abound, of the most unrefined description. The only intellectual gratification in these places is afforded by the Arab story-tellers,



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W. H. Bartlett

among whom are a few eminent and clever men : soon after his entrance, a group begins to form around the gifted man, who, after a suitable pause, to collect hearers or whet their expectations, begins his story. It is a picturesque sight—of the Arab with his wild and graceful gestures, and his auditory, hushed into deep and childlike attention, seated at the edge of the rushing tide, while the narrator moves from side to side, and each accent of his distinct and musical voice is heard throughout the Café. The building directly opposite is another house, of a similar kind in every respect. There are a few small Cafés, more select as to company, where the Turkish gentlemen often go, form dinner parties, and spend the day.

Night is the propitious season to visit these places: the glare of the sun, glancing on the waters, is passed away: the company is then most numerous, for it is their favourite hour: the lamps, suspended from the slender pillars, are lighted: the Turks, in the various and brilliant colours of their costume, crowd the platform, some standing moveless as the pillars beside them, their long pipe in their hand—noble specimens of humanity, if intellect breathed within: some reclining against the rails, others seated in groups, or solitary as if buried in “lonely thoughts sublime;” while the rush of the falling waters is sweeter music than that of the pipe and the guitar, that faintly strive to be heard. The cataract in the plate is a very fine one; on its foam the moonlight was lovely: we passed many an hour here on such a night, the clear waters of the Pharpar, as they rolled on, reflecting each pillar, each Damascene slowly moving by in his waving garments. The glare of the lamps mingled strangely with the moonlight, that rested with a soft and vivid glory on the waters, and fell beneath pillar and roof on the picturesque groups within.

KALENDRIA—COAST OF CILICIA.

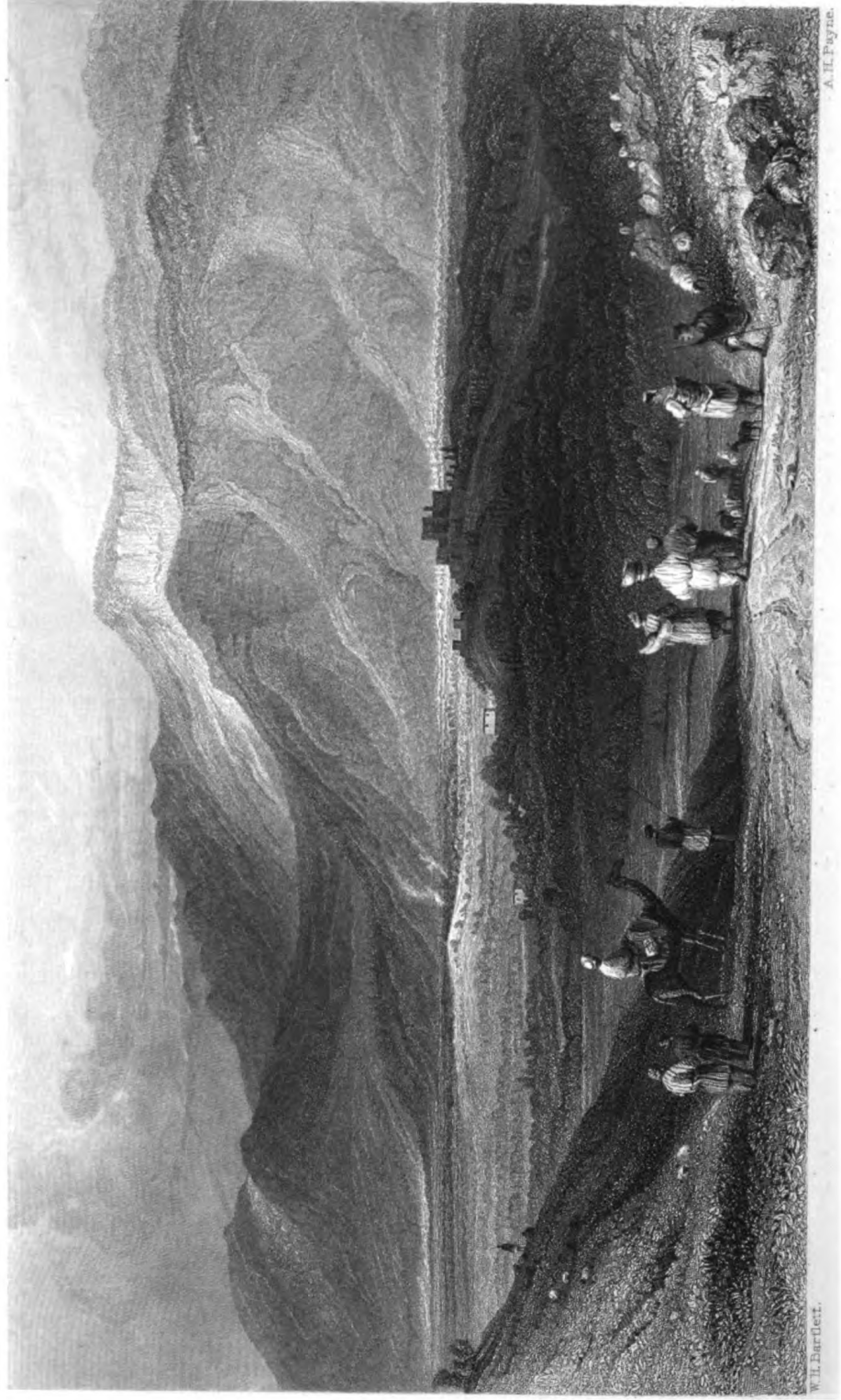
The little port of Kalendria, or Chelindreh, on the coast of Cilicia, looks by moonlight like the creation of the artist's imaginings, rather than a faithful copy from nature. This is the most favourable hour for the bold and spiry cliffs of its coast and islands: the precipices of limestone and black slate, rarely relieved by trees or verdure, were now softened by the calm light, that fell on each peak, rock, and tower, mercifully shrouding the nakedness and deariness so visible in the fierce sunbeam. The shore was full of bustle and movement at the departure of a fine brig, that was about to sail with the first breeze of morning; boats were putting off with passengers and goods: the people of the village were mostly astir at this event, rather unusual in this lone and little frequented port. The couriers from Constantinople to Cyprus embark here; the latter island may be seen in the horizon from the heights above: the route hence to Konia; the ancient Iconium, is one of great beauty, magnificence, and variety, and of several days' duration. The first day's journey of six hours from Kalendria, leads a few miles into a luxuriant and cultivated valley, and thence through groves of myrtle, bay, and other shrubs, and along the beds of torrents adorned with oleander: at length the road ascends the mountains; in one part, high perpendicular rocks, of the most grotesque and varied forms,

stand up among the trees, "resembling the representations of rocks on Chinese earthenware;" the way afterwards passes through a beautiful mountain scenery, romantic valleys covered with pine, juniper, oak, and beach, with rivulets of clear water trickling through, till it arrives at Sheich-Amur, perched on a rocky hill in a small hollow, surrounded by an amphitheatre of woody mountains. Here the traveller rests for the night, after a comparatively short yet delightful day's journey: the scenery around him is a vivid contrast to the wild and iron-bound port of Kalendria; yet the mass of forests on every side are less grateful to the eye than the bold and moonlight isles, and the murmur of the wind in the foliage is less musical than the fall of the waves on the shore, that solemn sound that seems less of this world than of another.

There is little in Kalendria to detain the impatient traveller, who may be pitied if there is no bark to take him to Cyprus, or means of conveyance to Iconium: the dwellings are mean and comfortless: and he cannot help a fervent wish that the ancient and massive tower, with peopled halls and cheerful lights, once more opened to the stranger—how welcome, from the casement window of the turret chamber, to look forth on such a night; to hear the sentinel on the wall, singing his Cilician song. This is the place where, in the reign of Tiberius, the progress of the injurious Piso was arrested, after that, by his plots and machinations, he had mainly contributed to the death of Germanicus. Sentius forced Piso to throw himself into a castle of Cilicia named Celendris: an engagement ensued, in which the former had greatly the advantage: then Piso attempted to surprise the adverse fleet, and shewed himself from the wall to the legions, and harangued them, endeavouring to entice them over to him, and the eagle-bearer of the fourth legion actually went over with his standard. Upon this, Sentius commanded the trumpets to sound, and prepared to storm the place. when Piso offered to lay down his arms, if he might be permitted to stay in Celendris, But this was rejected: nor was aught granted him but some ships, and a passport to Italy. The fortress is now utterly ruinous, and can scarcely tempt the Greek mistich, or pirate, to seek a momentary refuge within its holds.

The lonely tower, from its thin fringe of wood
Gives to the parting of the wintry moon
One hasty glance, in mockery of the night,
Closing in darkness round it.

"On one side of the town," observes Captain Beaufort, "we found several well-arched vaults, and on the other, a great number of the sepulchral houses, or sarcophagi; the latter are made of a coarse marble, which has suffered so much from time and weather, that most of the inscriptions are effaced. There are three small islands in front of Chelindreh, and at some miles farther to the eastward two more, which are called Butterfly Islands. One of these is very high; and a lofty spire of rock, that leans from a cliff over the sea, gives it a singular appearance. Their only inhabitants now are eagles, who, unaccustomed to the sound of human voices, quitted their aeries on the lofty cliffs, and hovered over the boats with amusing surprise and uneasiness. The coast adjacent to these islands is high and rude; it is probable that the Aphro-



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THE MOUNTAIN PASS, NEAR THE CITY OF LIMA.

disias of Ptolemy was hereabout; the aspect of these rocks offers no objection to this conjecture, for the island of Cythera, and most of the places that were peculiarly sacred to Venus, are likewise remarkably sterile and rugged. The peninsula of Cape Cavalieré is the last and highest of the series of noble promontories that project from this coast, its white marble cliffs rising perpendicularly from the sea to the altitude of six or seven hundred feet. Every accessible spot of this peninsula has been defended by walls. A few miles to the eastward of Cape Cavalieré lies Provençal Island, which is high and precipitous towards the sea; but on the north-west side there is a profusion of ruined dwellings and churches, columns and sarcophagi. A citadel stands on the summit of the highest peak, and the whole island presents such means of natural and artificial defence, as to make it probable that it was once a station of great military strength. Vertot relates, that after the expulsion from Jerusalem of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, and during their settlement at Rhodes, they took possession of several islands and castles on the coast of Asia Minor." Kalendria, isolated as is its situation, can supply a few comforts for the table: the wine of Cyprus is often brought from the island by the passage-boats, and every crevice in the rocks and ruined fortress has its family of pigeons, which are as good as plentiful.

THE VILLAGE OF ZGARTI.

This village, about seven hours distant from Eden, and two from Tripoli, is finely situated, almost at the foot of Lebanon: the houses stand amidst olive groves in the valley. No people upon earth are so picturesquely lodged as those of the villages and hamlets in the range of Lebanon: the figures in the foreground are the peasants of the country: shepherds with their flocks, and others carrying silk, the staple produce of the territory. The road from Eden is rugged and precipitous, and for about five hours a continued and harassing descent, after which it improves, and the plantations of mulberry trees about the villages, and in the bottom of the narrow dells, are extremely beautiful. Welcome, most welcome, is it to halt at the delightful position of Zgarti, to ask the hospitality of the sheichs of Eden, who come here to enjoy, during the winter, the mild and soft air: the river Reshin, augmented by two tributary streams, winds around the village. The priests who live in these isolated domains are in manners and habits of living little distinguishable from their flock, who are much attached to them. Although there are two hundred convents in the region of Lebanon, many a village is situated out of their reach. These Maronite priests are allowed to marry, as in the primitive age of the church; but it must not be to a widow, and they are not allowed to marry a second time. They have not, as in Europe, benefices or fixed salaries, but live partly on the produce of their masses, on the offerings of their congregations, and by the labour of their hands: some carry on trades, others cultivate a little domain: whoever meets them, whether poor or rich, hastens to kiss their hand: each village has its chapel, and every chapel its bell, a thing unheard of in any other part of Turkey. The rites of the Romish church, which all the Maronites profess, are not performed in

Europe with more liberty and publicity than in the whole of this territory. Italy does not number more bishops than this little canton of Syria, where they have preserved the modesty of their primitive condition. The traveller often meets with one of them mounted on a mule, and followed by a single sacristan. The greater part live in the convents: their revenue seldom exceeds 1500 livres, or £60 a year; and in this country, where every thing is cheap, this sum is sufficient to procure them every comfort. The village of Zgarti is a little Paradise to a contented priest: few country cures in England offer a more calm or exquisite retreat. A sabbath here tempts the traveller to stay: the peal of the solitary bell, heard far and wide; the gathering of the people in their best attire; the women with the white Syrian cloaks and turbans; the children, the very pictures of rosy health; the old men, of patriarchal air, the snowy beard on the breast, the thin locks on the brow. The mass is celebrated in Syriac, of which dialect the greater part of the people do not comprehend a word: the gospel only is read aloud in Arabic, that the people may understand it: the chapel is as rude in its structure as the cottage, and suited to the simplicity of the congregation.

The father, Jérôme Dandini, who was sent by the pope on a mission to the Maronite patriarch in 1600, describes the ceremonial attendant on his death at Canobin: "We found him in the church, sitting on a chair, dead, and clad in his sacred habits, having the mitre on his head, and the patriarchal cross in his hand: there were abundance of his relations, both men and women, about him, who wept and beat their breasts, making mournful cries all night. Next day came a multitude of people thither: they carried him at noon to the usual burying-place of the patriarchs, which was not above a musket-shot from thence, and then laid him in that grot, sitting in a wooden chair, according to their custom."

Zgarti is in winter the Montpellier to the beautiful Eden: on the approach of the snows and rains and blasts of the heights, the inhabitants of the latter place begin to remove to their winter habitations in Zgarti: the families, with a portion of their household goods and cattle, are seen winding down the long and barren descents, to where

"The winds breathe softly on the violet bank,
The thunder-storm is heard afar on Lebanon,
But felt not."

PASS IN A CEDAR FOREST—ABOVE BAROUK.

This pass is in the route from Damascus to Deir-el-Kamar, and about three hours from the latter place. It was yet early in the morning, and the mountain air deliciously fresh, and welcome, after the comfortless lodging of the preceding night in a Syrian cottage: the snow on the cedar trees and the mountain tops broke the lone and friendless character of the scene; the heights of Lebanon in front were like waves of the sea, rolling on each other; rocks, from whose crevices an aged tree looked forth here and there, rose over the pass on the right, where troops of goats



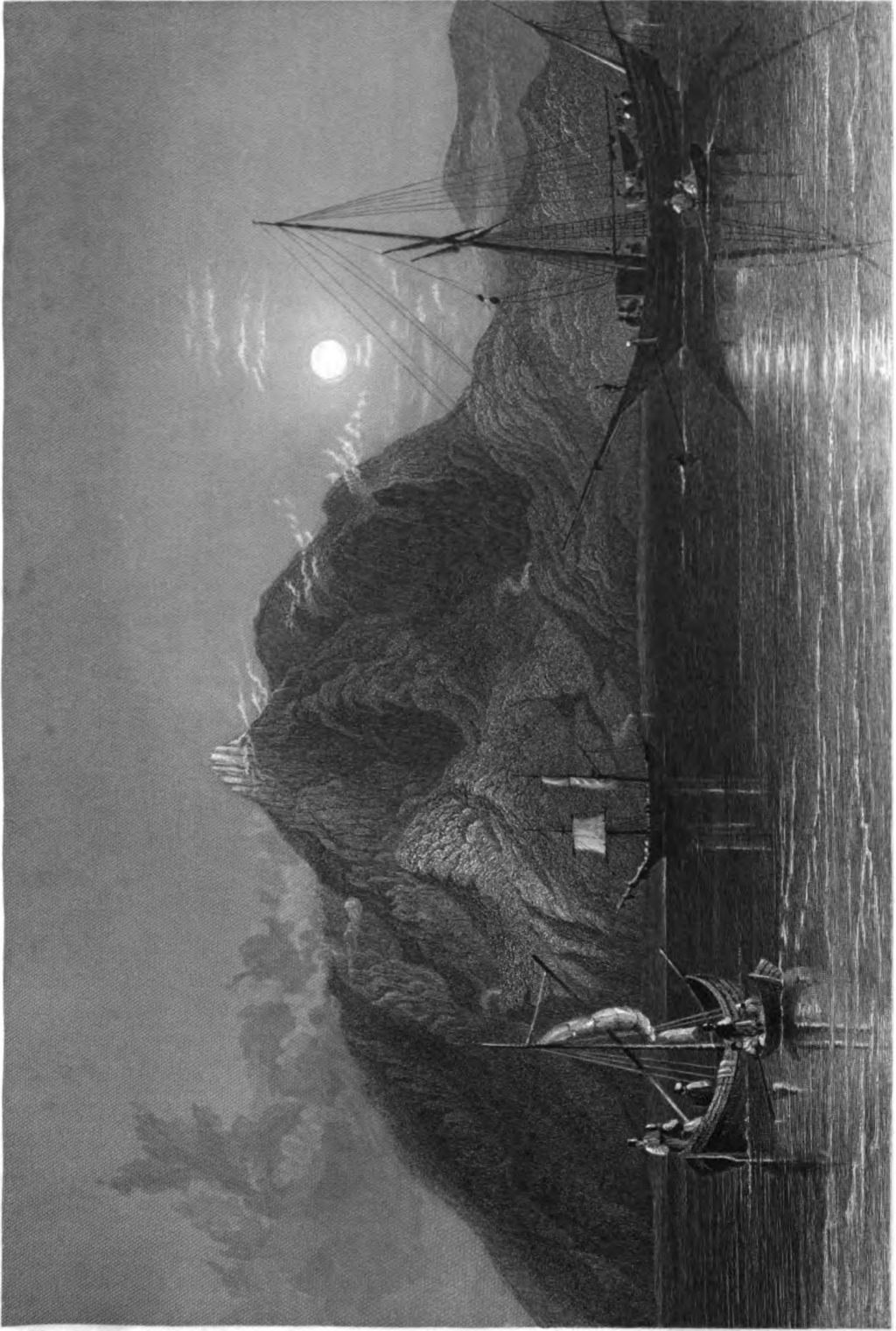
J. H. Kirtland

were browsing, and seemed to feel it to be their primeval heritage. After the pleasures and excitements of Damascus, where many days had been passed, the contrast of this wild pass was strong: yet are not our richest feelings, our exquisite enjoyments, often the result of this vivid contrast? From the garden to the desert, from the burning sand to the fountain, from the busy hum of the world, even the world of beauty—to the rush of the mountain torrent, the cry of the eagle, the savageness of the mountains! And the fir and cedar forest, into which the traveller was entering, was the only forest within view, and it felt like a friend; its very gloom was beautiful, for behind, in front, and on each side, was a succession of heights, pointed and bare, or of iron aspect and battlemented form, on which the fierce tempests of Lebanon had beat for ages. These declivities were sometimes divided by ravines, hard of descent; their bosom wasted, their cliffs withered and stricken, seemed to wait gloomily the hour of their departure, and to be weary of their own age. How much more sweet and glad was the descent into the forest; the path, its sides covered with grass and wild flowers, went down gently into its bosom, and wound around its shadows and glades, and passed into its rich and calm recesses; the camel bell pealed through them like a strange and melancholy sound. It was not a place to leave quickly: the Syrian cottage afforded no refreshment at parting, and the traveller thought the foot of one of the noble cedars, a delightful resting-place in which to breakfast: a fire soon kindled, and coffee prepared, the grassy bank, so canopied and shadowed, was more voluptuous than the richest ottoman of Damascus: the wood, far and near, had no monotony: its avenues swept down the descents, or wound round their sides, or enclosed within their grasp ancient masses of rock, in a prostrate or turreted form, that looked like sullen captives within the strong and eternal forest.

This pass is above Barouk, a large village of the Druses, which is situated on the wild banks of the torrent Barouk: Sheich Beshir conducted a branch of this torrent to his mountain palace at Mochtar. The fate of this eminent man, long the rival in power and popularity of the Emir Beshir of Beteddein, was tragical and almost dramatic. Wealthy, shrewd, more of a warrior than the Emir, often general of their joint forces; the latter could do nothing important without his consent and aid, and was obliged to share with him his contributions and extortions from the mountaineers. The Sheich Beshir, a Druse in religion, was beloved by all of that faith, and equally disliked on that account by the Christians, who would never submit to the sway of a Druse, so that the ascendancy of the two chieftains seemed to be equally divided, though the Emir was in reality the most powerful as well as wise of the two. During many years they were apparently on the best terms: the Sheich came from his palace at Mochtar, to visit the Emir at Beteddein almost every week, attended by a small retinue of horsemen, and was always received with the greatest cordiality. He had the reputation of being a brave and generous man; the writer saw him during one of his visits to the palace of Beteddein: a tall and robust man, with a round face, florid complexion, and quick blue eye, plainly dressed in the Druse costume; features

expressive of energy and good nature, with a dash of the mountain fierceness. During the flight and exile of the Emir in Egypt, the Sheikh Beshir entered into a league with the brother of the fugitive, in order to acquire the command of Lebanon. But when, at the intercession of the Viceroy of Egypt, the Emir was restored by the Porte to his dominion, and returned to Beteddein, the Sheikh was exposed to his revenge. A thousand purses were demanded of him, to reimburse the Emir for his losses, and the expenses of his exile. He refused to pay, withdrew to his palace at Mochtar, and again entered into a league with the brother of the Emir, and engaged in the conspiracy three younger brothers, who had hitherto remained in their provinces without mixing in any intrigues against their eldest and powerful brother, the Emir. This league might have proved fatal to the latter, had it not been for the assistance he received from his friend Abdallah, Pacha of Acre. The Sheikh Beshir was pursued, and arrested in the plains of Damascus, with an escort of two hundred followers. He might easily have effected his escape: but relying on the assurance of the Turkish officer, in the name of the Pacha of Damascus, he surrendered himself, and was led to that city. On his arrival, he was stripped of his clothes, one of his hands was tied before him, the other behind his back, and he was thrown into a prison, where he remained many months. His trial was conducted at Constantinople, and he was condemned to death. When he was presented with the bow-string, his countenance underwent no change; he submitted to his fate with calmness, and was strangled; his head was then severed from the body, which was cut in pieces and thrown to the dogs. The three younger brothers of the Emir were then arrested, their tongues were cut off, their eyes put out, and they were afterwards exiled with their families, each of them in a village at a distance from the other. From that moment tranquillity has comparatively reigned over Lebanon: the Emir, now without a rival, has established a more active police in his dominions than formerly, and the friendship of Abdallah Pacha of Acre was a tower of defence, until the conquest of the latter by Ibrahim and his Egyptian army. His present existence is dependent on the duration of Ibrahim's rule in Syria: he has compromised himself with this conqueror too far, to allow of his being again received into favour by the Porte. But from his mountain palace he may now safely contemplate, in all probability, the fast declining star of the Sultan, and challenge fate itself to disturb his few remaining years of life with any message of the bow-string or deposition from Constantinople.

Below are the summits of the valley of the Druses, Beteddein being only three hours' distant; and three hours from thence, on the mountain side, is the now lordless palace of Mochtar, in the midst of the tribe and the principal sheichs of the Yezdeky Druses, whose fidelity and bravery, timely exerted, should have saved their great chieftain from his cruel and miserable fate.



MOUNT CASIUS, FROM THE SEA.

The entrance into Asia Minor by the mouth of the Orontes possesses a grandeur rarely equalled even in this beautiful country. Mount Casius, above five thousand feet in height, rises abruptly from the sea, its sides broken into deep ravines, and lower down into wooded slopes; its summit is a bold rocky pinnacle. Barks usually lie off for wood, which is cut from the forests: the vessels in the plate came from the port of Latikea, and were becalmed near the base: it was a lovely moonlight night, not a cloud in the sky, not a breeze amidst the mountain forests; the murmur of the low waves on the bar alone broke on the stillness. The mouth of the Orontes is close at hand to the left, and might be made navigable, as formerly, to Antioch, which is six leagues distant: "One cause of the ruin of this city," Tavernier states, "was the stopping up by sands of the mouth of the haven." The time is, however, now come, when the cities and rivers of Asia Minor and Assyria will no longer be sealed to the sails or carriage-wheels of England. Colonel Chesney, by his first able and minute survey of these countries two years since, drew the public attention prominently to the subject. He is gone out a second time, furnished with all the necessary resources and aids to his great undertaking; and the accounts of his progress up to the present time are satisfactory, and seem almost to realise his own sanguine anticipations. The course detailed in his memoir was to commence at Scanderoon or the Orontes: he decided in his second journey on the latter: this river has a shallow bar at the mouth, and that which was once the ancient port of Seleucia is partly filled up: he states that it might be cleared, and rendered secure and available for steam-vessels, and that a canal of sixty-seven miles in length might be cut from the nearest approach of the Orontes to the Euphrates, which is opposite Bir.

The Orontes is sometimes a deep and rapid river, but never a "broad expanse," as it is frequently, but erroneously, represented: its navigation would be fraught with substantial benefits to the rich territories which it bathes. Colonel Chesney and his companions, on reaching this first step of their gallant enterprise, encamped on a dry spot of ground near Suadeah, at the mouth of the Orontes, in bell-tents and marquees, with a long tent for their provisions. Shears were erected to unlade the stores, &c., and the scene, with the British flag floating over their heads, and the noble mountains which surrounded them, of whom Casius was the monarch, was most animated and picturesque. An observatory was also erected. The bar in the river rendered the landing of goods often difficult and laborious, and at times the sea broke over it fearfully. On one occasion, the gig of the Columbine was upset, with the captain and four seamen, of whom two got ashore, while the captain and the other two were fortunately picked up, when nearly exhausted. They proceeded by land to Antioch, where they hired a large house, and were very hospitably received and well treated, both by natives and officers belonging to Ibrahim Pasha, though the latter was long hostile to their proceeding. Extensive surveys of the country have been made; the vegetation is described as

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magnificent, and enlivened by innumerable birds of every kind. It is rich in natural history; and ounces, panthers, wolves, bears, jackals, &c., were becoming familiar acquaintance with the explorers of the mountains. Eagles were as numerous as crows at home. A scientific party was despatched to the Gulf of Scanderoon, and thence to Karamania, and to cross the Taurus on its return. On this enterprise, the malaria attacked the travellers, but they soon recovered. During their march, a hyena bore off a lamb from the very door of one of the tents. The geology of Upper Syria is said to be very interesting; Mr. Ainsworth, the medical companion, had drawn up two or three reports upon it. Science as well as commerce will reap rich returns from this new communication with India. At the close of last year, the larger steamer was afloat in the Euphrates: it was launched, broadside on, from a height of twenty-three feet, in an angle of twenty-seven degrees, along three slips, and went off in good style, with the Turkish, Arab, and English flags flying, amidst the firing of guns and rockets, and to the astonishment of the natives to see *iron float*. Colonel Chesney had met with considerable difficulties: the heavy materials of the other boats had stuck in the navigation between Aleppo and Bir; the jealousy of Ibrahim, and of the inhabitants on the route, and the intrigues set on foot to embarrass the expedition, were at last, after much anxiety, and hope deferred, surmounted and removed, by the perseverance and firmness of the conductors. A severe and tedious illness also attacked Colonel Chesney: accounts from Aleppo to the end of February state his recovery, and that the lighter materials and stores had reached Port William on the Euphrates, and the heavier parts of the Tigris steamer, boilers, diving-bell, &c., were about to be conveyed thither by animals provided by the Pasha. Chesney was on a tour in search of coal, fuel, and supplies; nearly all the officers had been ill, but were recovered; nineteen of the men had died. The latest accounts state, that the misunderstandings with Ibrahim Pasha had been removed, and that the expedition, of two fine steamers, had definitively started for Bussorah, down the Euphrates, and afterwards the Tigris, under the most favourable auspices.

In the account of his first able survey, Colonel Chesney observes, that the great river of Scripture, the Euphrates, connected as it is with the earliest times and the leading events in the history of the world, and the ancient channel of extensive commercial intercourse—is not likely to deceive our sanguine interest and expectation. In the upper part of its course, it struggles in a tortuous channel through high hills, forcing its way over a pebbly or rocky bed, at the rate of two to four and a half miles an hour, according to the season of the year and the different localities, carrying with it a considerable body of water, but without any cataracts, though the stream meets with frequent obstructions, above and a little below Anna, by a rocky bottom, and is shallow enough in places to allow camels to pass in the autumn, the water then rising to their bellies, about four and a half feet deep. This portion of the river is compared with the scenery of the Rhine below Schaffhausen: its bank is covered thickly with high brushwood, interspersed with timber of moderate size. It is here studded with a succession of long narrow islands, some of them thickly wooded, and others cultivated; and on several of these are moderate-size towns or villages. The banks of the river are well peopled, not only with Bedouin Arabs in tents, of whom there are many thousands, but

also with permanent residents in houses of brick, mud, stone, and reeds. About ten miles below Hit, the hills gradually diminish, and the surface becomes comparatively flat; the current becomes duller and deeper, with an appearance resembling that of the Danube between Widdin and Silistria, but much more animated, the banks being covered with Arab villages of mats or tents, almost touching each other, with numerous flocks of goats, sheep, and cattle feeding near them; also beautiful mares, clothed and piqueted close to the tents, their masters strolling about, and the slaves busily employed in raising water by means of pullies: this is a common machine throughout the Eastern world: at times the water is raised from the Euphrates, as in Egypt from the Nile, to the high banks, by bullocks traversing up and down an inclined plane: these usages appear to have prevailed in Mesopotamia in the earliest times, and the river's bank is quite covered with them, all at work, and producing all the fertility of Egypt, as far inland as irrigation is extended; beyond which, the country is, generally speaking, a desert. From Hit to Hilla, or Babylon, little is seen but the black tents of the Bedouins; the land mostly desert, with the date-tree shewing itself in occasional clusters.

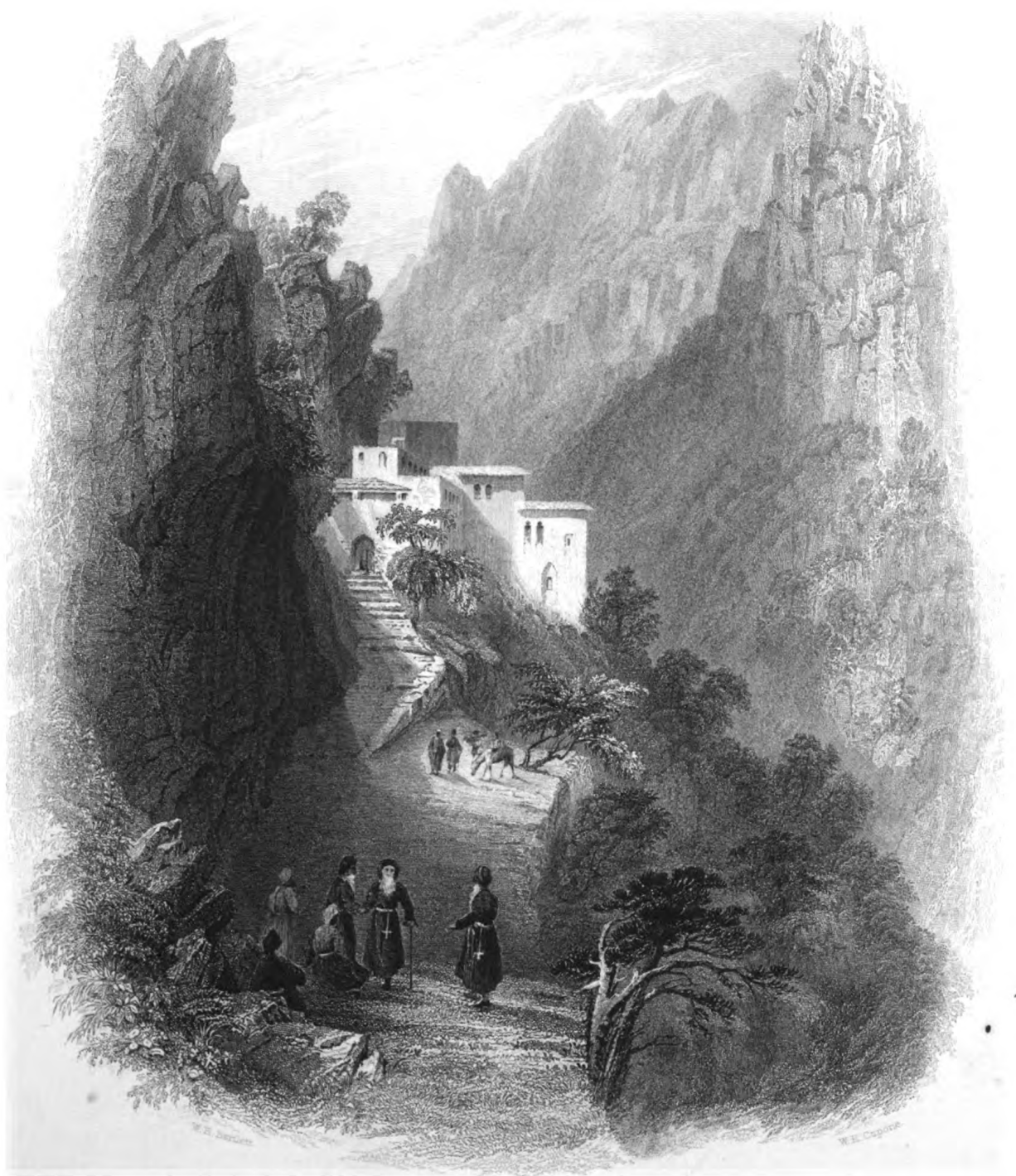
The whole distance, by the course of the river, from Bir to Bussorah, is calculated by Chesney at 1143 miles; and throughout this distance, he is of opinion that, from the time the Euphrates begins to rise, to that when it has reached almost its lowest point, no insuperable impediments are offered to its navigation by steam. In January, there is usually a temporary and moderate rise, but the great and regular rise begins towards the end of March, when the rains set in, and the river attains its greatest height from the 21st to the 28th of May. Its lowest state is in November, and then Colonel Chesney enumerates no fewer than thirty-nine obstructions, by rocks and shallows, between Diget-us-Laik and Bushloubford, a distance of about five hundred miles, nearly half the length of the navigation between Bir and Bussorah: the greater part of these obstructions, however, may be passed by a steamer, properly constructed. With regard to the supplies of provisions and fuel, Bir contains two thousand houses, and would supply rice, flour, poultry, &c. Deir, the ancient Thapsacus, contains fifteen hundred houses, and would supply plenty of provisions. Anna has eighteen hundred houses; its picturesque islands are covered with date-trees, and the surrounding country is rich. Hit, with its fifteen hundred houses, affords plenty of butcher's meat. Hilla, or Babylon, covers a large tract of ground, with an inadequate population, not exceeding ten thousand souls: the bazaars are good, and well supplied with meat, fish, rice, and even luxuries; the government regular, and well disposed towards strangers. In short, throughout the whole navigation of the river plenty of meal and grain may be had at intervals of fifteen or twenty miles, and the Euphrates throughout abounds in fish, an excellent species of which is taken in such quantities, that Colonel Chesney's boatmen purchased thirty-nine pounds in weight for four-pence. As to fuel, wood, charcoal, bitumen, naphtha are to be had along the whole line of the Euphrates. A little below Bir, at Hit and several other places, are abundant sources of this bitumen, under different states—in some places liquid, in others solid; and from Bir to Bussorah wood and charcoal may be had in any quantity. So abundant is the supply of bitumen, says Colonel Chesney, that one of the ancient

fountains close to Hit gives the necessary quantity for all of the extensive demands along the lower Euphrates and Bagdad. How singular it is, that for ages past this substance has continued to flow, inexhaustible as it would seem. The slime, which the descendants of Noah made use of instead of mortar, is admitted by all the commentators to have been the liquid naphtha; we know from Herodotus that it was used in the stupendous buildings of Babylon, and the historians of Alexander testify to the fact; nay, it is still visible in the ruins of this ancient city. The dry hard flakes are sold at the rate of about three-pence per hundred-weight, and the naphtha, when reduced to a thick liquid, at about eleven-pence per hundred-weight,—in either state much cheaper than coal in England. Small wood for fuel is not more than three half-pence per hundred-weight. When these materials are mixed, they burn with a brilliant flame, and give out a strong heat.

There is another point connected with the navigation of the Euphrates deserving of serious consideration, namely, the danger to which the lives of those employed on it would be exposed. At present there is no dependence to be placed on many of the Arab tribes bordering on the river, and in the territories between it and the Mediterranean. The Pasha of Egypt, however, now quiet possessor of all Syria, and of great part of Arabia through which the Euphrates flows, will probably improve the condition and check the lawlessness of the wandering and marauding tribes. Colonel Chesney was himself several times attacked in the course of his first journey: at present the fear of Ibrahim Pasha, whose wrath is swift to punish, begins to prevail among these Arabs. The marked support of the Pasha, he observes, “insures safety wherever he is obeyed, or even has influence; but by far the greater part of the inhabitants near the river are subject to no control: there is, in reality, no way that I know of to pass these hostile, ill-disposed tribes, without contests, and perhaps bloodshed occasionally.” The territory through which must pass the canal of sixty-seven miles in length, to join the Orontes to the Euphrates opposite Bir, is chiefly desert, and exposed to the molestations of the people; but these are now less to be feared: the wild hordes of the Turcoman and the Bedouin will soon begin to feel the benefits of such an intercourse, and to be more habituated to the novel sight of strangers thus traversing their wilds. The expense of the expedition was estimated at twenty thousand pounds; it has already extended to forty thousand, which has indisposed our government to engage in another undertaking of a similar description. Its success is on this account to be intensely desired; as, should it chance, which is hardly probable, to fail, a second attempt must be undertaken by individual liberality.

END OF THE FIRST SERIES.

LONDON: FISHER, SON, & CO., PRINTERS.



SYRIA, THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,

§c. §c. §c.

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 Canobin, 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

* *

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. It 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 immured; 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 beams 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!





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THE MOUNTAINS OF THE HIMALAYAS



