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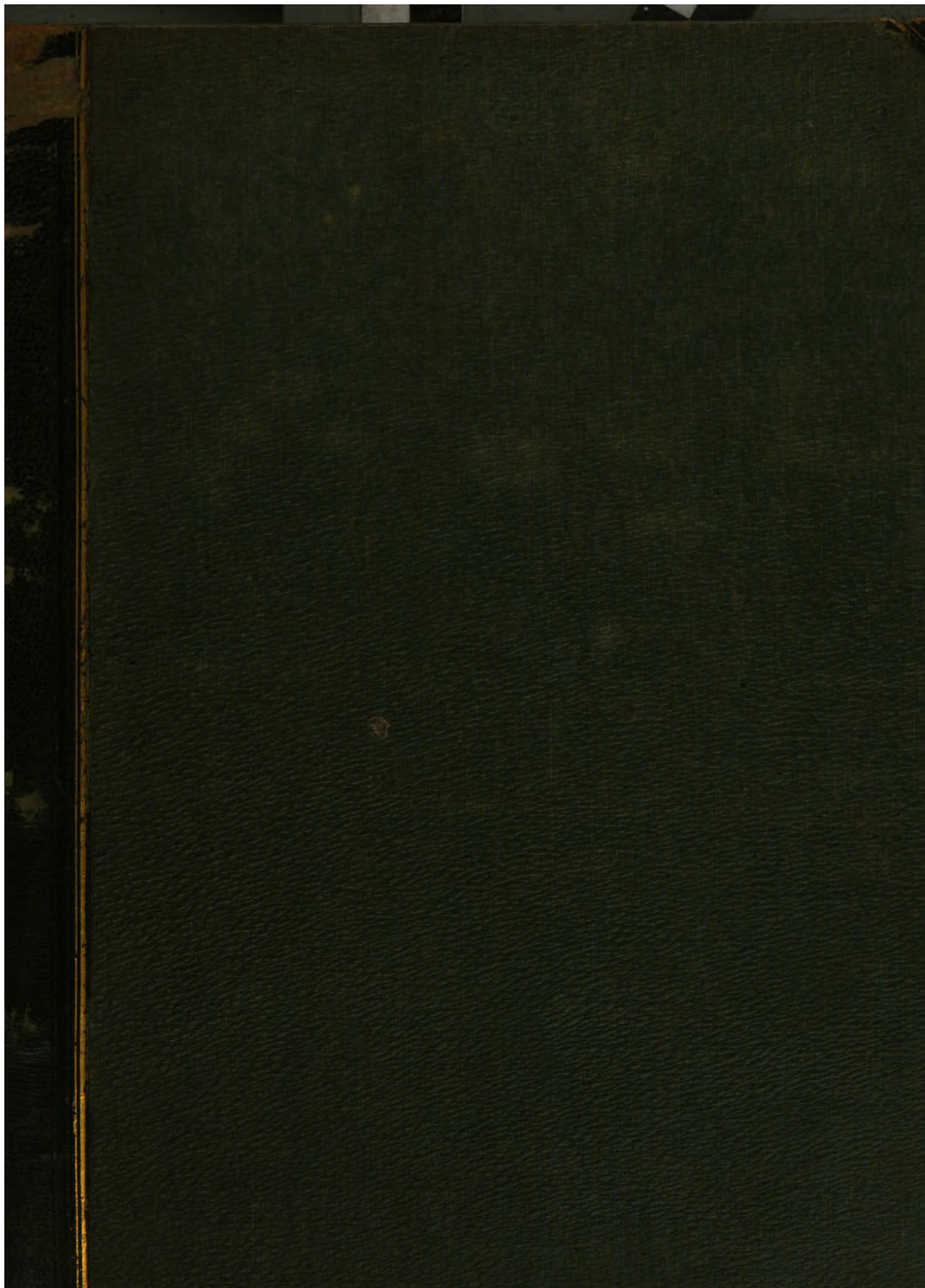
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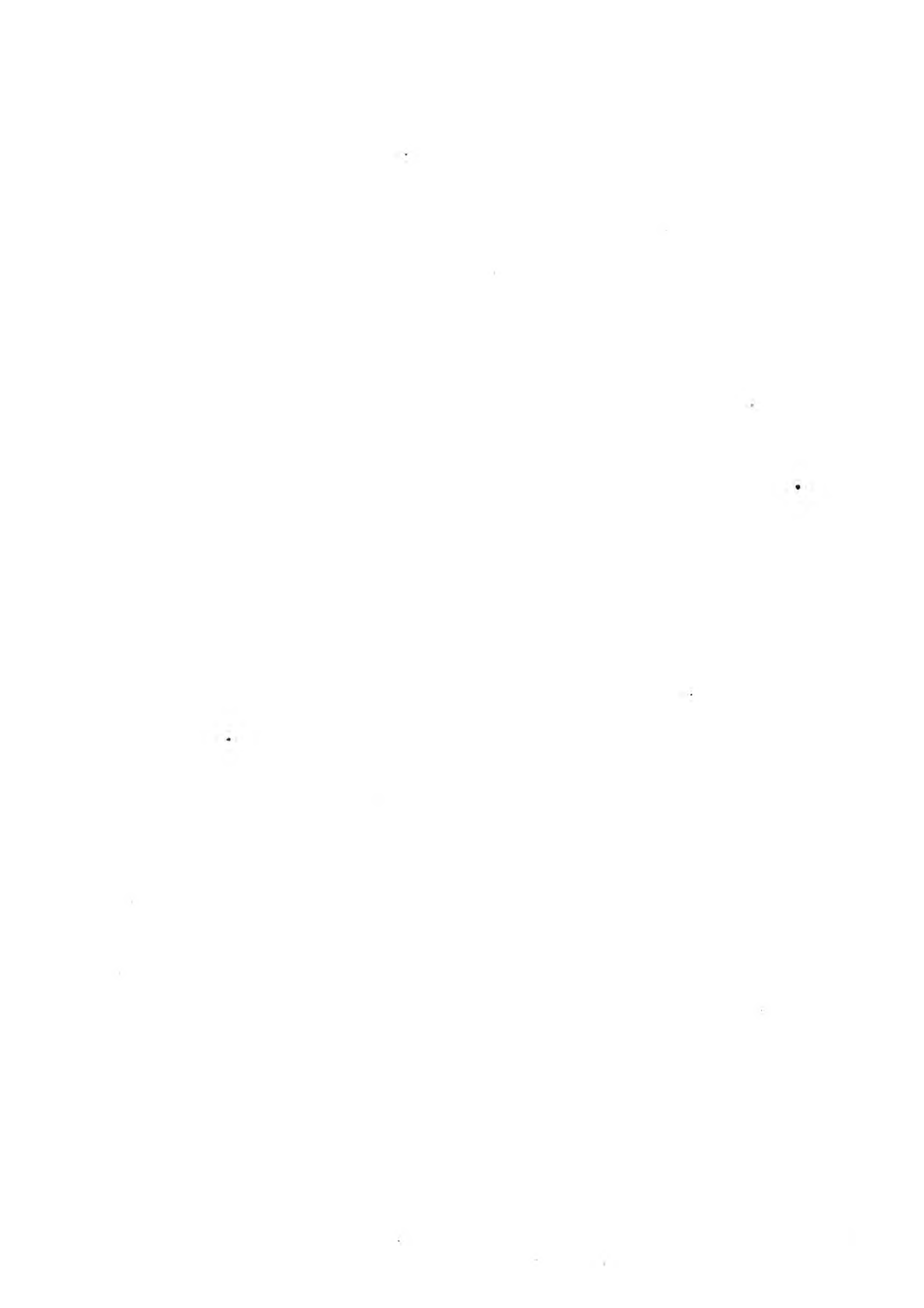
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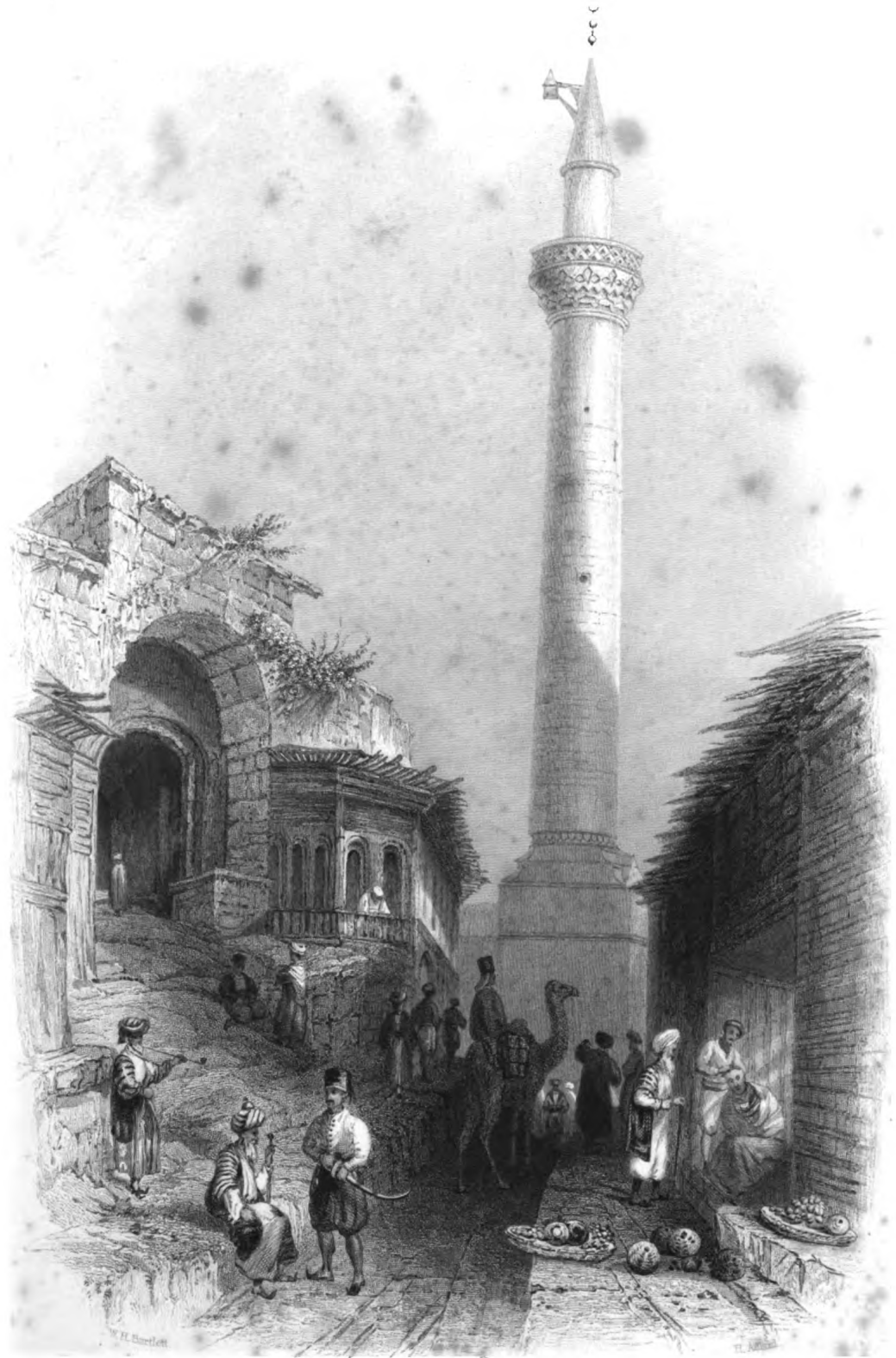
Miss Emma F. I. Dunston

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S Y R I A,
THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,

&c.

ILLUSTRATED.

IN A SERIES OF VIEWS DRAWN FROM NATURE

BY

W. H. BARTLETT, THOMAS ALLOM, &c.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

Author of "Letters from the East."

Third.

FISHER, SON, & CO.
NEWGATE STREET, LONDON; QUAI DE L'ECOLE, PARIS.



ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

“ VIEWS of Palestine and other parts of Asia Minor,” remarks the Editor of the Spectator, “ which used to be scarce and indifferent, now abound in number and excellence ; the best, however—not excepting the beautiful works of art forming the ‘ Landscape Illustrations of the Bible’—have been made from the rough and slight sketches of travellers, some of whom have preserved only feeble outlines of the more prominent features of the scenery, which have had life and expression given to them by artists unacquainted with the characteristic appearance and effects of the country and clime ; so that what we admire as pictures, may want that local truth and congenial character, which are essential to convey a correct idea of the actual scenes as they meet the eye of the traveller. Messrs. Fisher, with an enterprising spirit that deserves to meet with a commensurate recompense, have been at the expense of sending out artists, for the express purpose of taking accurate views of those places and objects in Syria and the Holy Land, which either by their present importance, past glory, or picturesque and national character, are interesting to the public.”

The present volume concludes the views thus alluded to,—the first series of “ The Turkish Empire Illustrated ;” and the Proprietors have now the grateful and pleasing duty of returning their thanks to the public for an amount of patronage seldom equalled—never, they believe, surpassed. The execution of the engravings, they hope, has been commensurate with the spirit that prompted them to an undertaking of so much magnitude ;—their endeavour has been to improve as they progressed.

The Proprietors have but one subject of regret—that circumstances which they could not control have *obliged* them to extend their work beyond the limits originally assigned, and so far to break faith with their friends ;—this, however, they will endeavour to obviate in future.

In conclusion, the Proprietors beg to direct the attention of the possessors of this first series, to the second series, of the “ Turkish Empire Illustrated,” now in course of publication, comprising Views of Constantinople and its Environs, with the Scenery of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, from drawings by Mr. Allom, who went out expressly for the purpose ; and whose talents as an artist are already well known and appreciated.

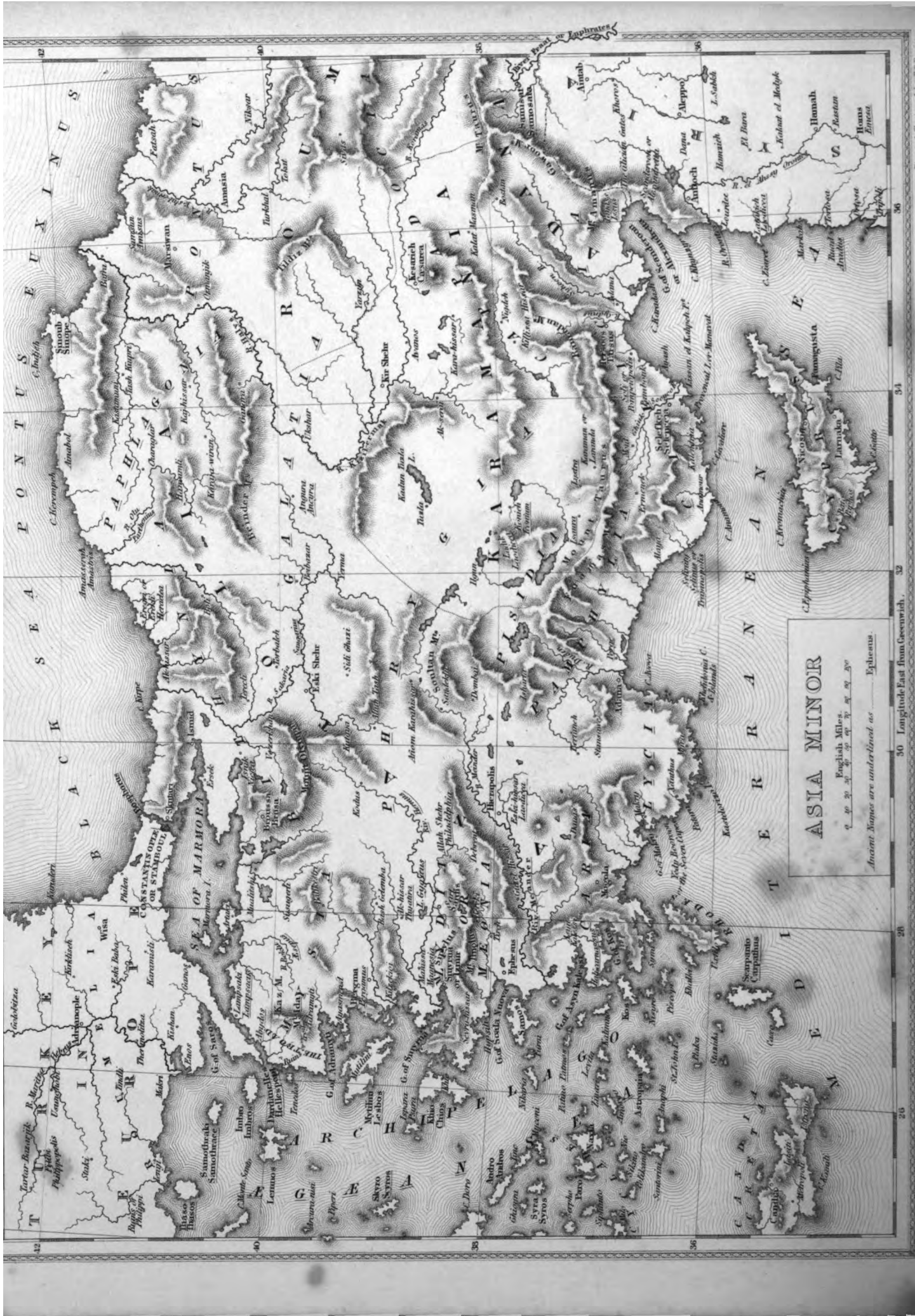
LONDON, October, 1838.

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ASIA MINOR
English Names
Ancient Names are underlined as Ephesus

30 Longitude East from Greenwich.

Drawn & Engraved by A.B. Denton
at George Street, London, 1850.





SYRIA, THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,

§c. §c. §c.

SIDON, ON THE APPROACH FROM BEIROUT.

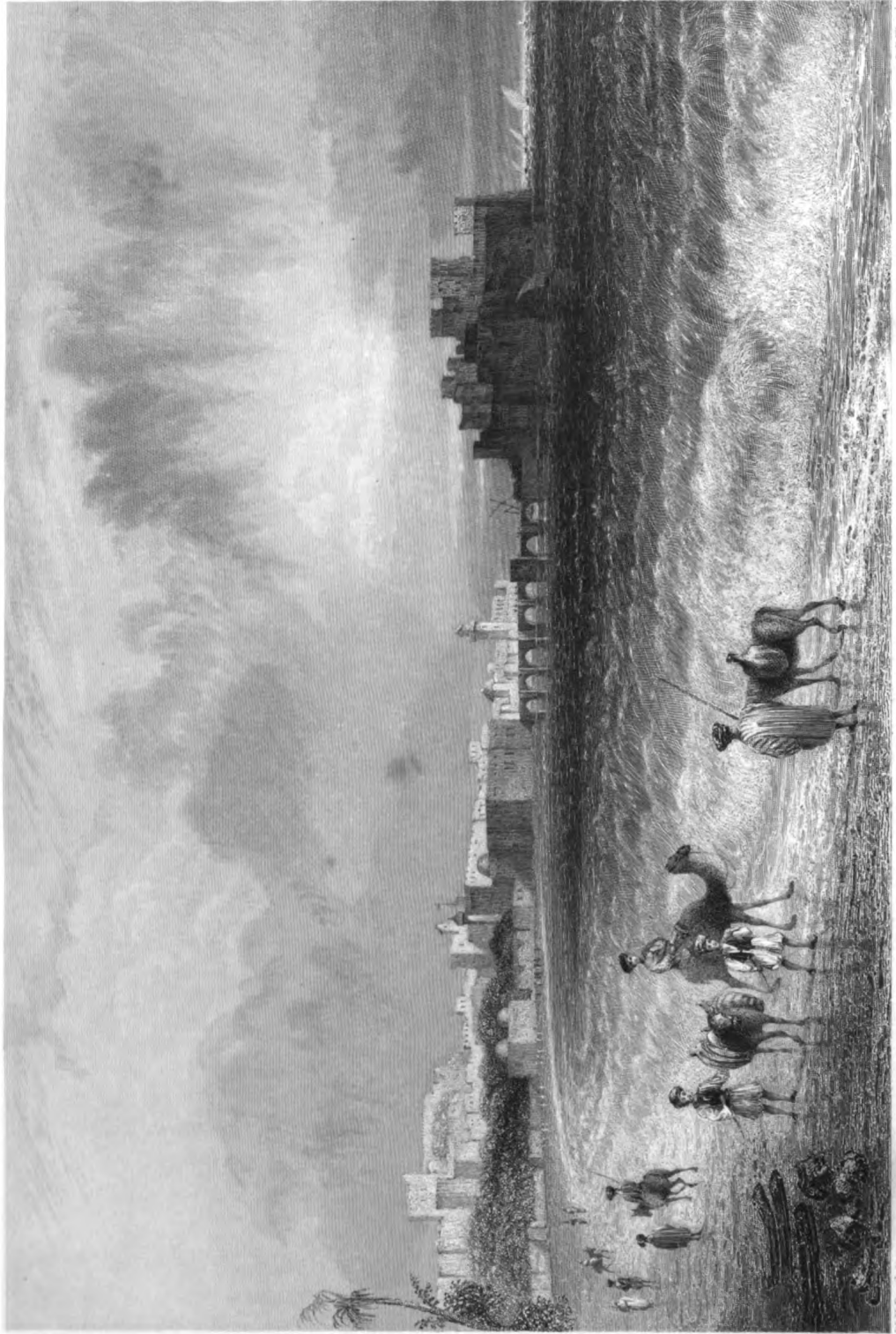
NEAR to Sidon begin the precincts of the Holy Land, and of that part in particular which was allotted unto Asher, the borders of which tribe extended to Carmel. In ancient times this city often awakened the jealousy of Tyre by her wealth and commerce, which she owed to the convenience of her fine harbour, rendered capable, by art and skill, of containing a great number of vessels. The Christians lost this city in the year 1111: they afterwards retook it from the Saracens, and St. Louis repaired it in 1250, but the Saracens became masters of it a second time in 1289, and subsequently the celebrated Emir Faccardine, prince of the Druses, destroyed in a great measure the harbour, to keep his enemies, the Turks, at a distance. The ride from Beirout to Sidon, a distance of seven hours, is very pleasant; yet the transition from the varied and beautiful neighbourhood of the former, to the rich monotony around Sidon, is greatly for the worse; for Beirout is the only habitable place in Syria for an Englishman.—Within a couple of hours of Sidon is a miserable khan, desolately standing near a sandy tract, over which is the path to the town: the welcome cup of coffee is not to be had here; the poor Arab does not stand in its door, offering it to the lips of the traveller and pilgrim, as in the lonely hovel between Sidon and Tyre. It was evening when we entered the gates; the weather was beautiful, but there was not a breeze even from the sea. The caravanserai, if so it could be called, was a dreary place; in one of its waste rooms we were compelled to take up our abode, and thought how quickly our lot was changed—from the hospitable home of a friend, its marble stairs, comfortable rooms, and tried companionship—to this dull hold in Sidon. We had no letter of introduction, as was sometimes the case, to the wealthy or the powerful: it was somewhat melancholy to look around; even the pan of charcoal, that now would have been welcome, was missing: the night-breeze from the sea began to come chill through the long passages and broken casements. In the evening we paid a visit to a merchant's family in Sidon: the contrast was vivid and delightful: we sat on soft carpets and cushions, the pipe and coffee was presented, and some light Oriental dishes, with some excellent wine, were soon served. The lady of the house, a pretty woman and well dressed, presided at the supper,

B

and the conversation was easy and agreeable ; they were Syrian Christians, and spoke the lingua-franca tongue. She assured us she had made one or two of the sweet dishes with her own hands. The experience of this evening made me resolve, wherever I went in future, to seek the dwelling of the natives, whether poor or rich, rather than the walls of the khan, or, on some occasions, even of the monastery. In Jerusalem I had good reason to applaud this decision, being lodged in the house of a native near the gate of Bethlehem ; my apartments opened on the battlements of the strong and ancient wall, at a short distance from the tower of David : they served my repasts every day on a little table about a foot and half high ; fresh cream and honey, bread and coffee, for breakfast ; the wine of Jerusalem, which Chateaubriand pronounced to be exquisite, at dinner, and in the evening the family assembled, and sung some native air to the sound of the guitar. From this calm retreat, that had quite a feeling of home about it, I was seduced by the Franciscan monks of St. Salvador, to enter their monastery, where a small and wretched cell, paved with stone, was my abode ; a chair and table, a miserable flock-bed, my accommodations ; a chill air also, for the light dimly struggled through a low and grated window. At sunset the gate of the monastery was always shut, and the captive in his dungeon did not look forth with more desire on the mountain and stream, than did the traveller, as he paced the gloomy passages and halls, look on the ruinous and memorable places of the city, where it was so sweet to wander in the freshness of the evening. We entered one of the coffee-houses in Sidon, that was filled with well-dressed Turks, lounging on the soft benches : many of them sat at the open windows that looked on the sea, which fell on the beach with a lulling sound. Having no tobacco, my next neighbour, a good-looking Turk, instantly offered me his little silken bag, to fill my pipe with its contents ; for every respectable Turk carries his bag about him, as inseparably as an Englishman does his watch. In this manner is a great part of the day beguiled by this indolent and apathetic people—sipping coffee eternally—uttering grave and pithy sentences—stroking their beards—taking off their turbans, and smoothing their bald heads. To relieve this monotony, a story-teller often breaks in, stands suddenly in the middle of the room, and begins his tale with wild gesticulation, and a rapid flow of words. The Turk listens intensely, and then breaks forth into loud peals of laughter, shaking his heavy sides and wide garments with infinite glee, feeling all the luxury of the contrast. The cottages and gardens without the walls exhibit a more animated and more interesting scene, of quiet industry and prosperity, for here each Syrian peasant rejoiced in the fruits of his own labour, and sat under the shadow of his own vine and fig-tree. These Syrians were comely in their persons, and neat in their attire ; the graceful cap and tassel, with the tunic, set off their light and slender forms. Many of the young women wore several rows of gold coins braided into their hair, and falling on each side the face as low as the bosom ; and the hair of others was braided behind, and fell down the back in long tresses ; they wore sandals on their feet.

In the approach to Sidon from Beirout, the town looks to less advantage than in the route from Tyre, save that the ancient mole, the high ridge of rocks opposite, and the shipping, are finely visible. The mole was broken by Facardine, whereby he





J. P. M. Sch.

W. H. B. Woodcut.



destroyed a beautiful basin for vessels: the beach is broad, sandy, and firm. Had Lady Hester Stanhope chosen her residence about a mile or two from Sidon, at the foot of the hills, and planted and improved the spot with the same taste as at Marilius, it would have been a luxurious, sheltered, and exquisite home; a bower of Armida, not a little oasis wrested from the mountain's brow: a retreat that may be said to be shelterless, neighbourless—a wild solitude, over which passes fiercely the sweep of the tempest. Would not one English companion, or friend, be a treasure here?—to most persons it would, but not to the recluse of Marilius, who is surrounded by foreign domestics and attendants only. Miss W. who resided several years with her in a kind of honourable but bitter dependence, was married sometime since to a young Syrian of Beirout, who had been her ladyship's dragoman, but dismissed from her service for daring to fall in love with the former. The attachment, however, was mutual, yet sorely was it crossed for a protracted period; they both drank of the waters of jealousy and suspicion, for, like Elizabeth, the Syrian recluse cannot endure that any of her courtiers or attendants should be the slaves of love. Yet the storm has passed away: kindlier and more indulgent feelings at last succeeded: after a long interval of severe probation, the marriage was permitted; the young Englishwoman passed from the hold of Marilius, whose iron had entered into her soul, to that of her husband; and he has also since been benefited by the kindness of his former mistress. Where now is the prestige of the East? If the secret thoughts of her heart could be disclosed, she would perhaps desire to return to England to finish her days; but she never will return:—pride, the fear of derision, the affected scorn of European tastes and habits, the rooted preference to Oriental feelings, (even, may it be said, in faith,) will cause her to go down to the grave without friend or lover to lament over her, or to say, "Alas! her glory!" The powers of her mind are as acute as ever, and her conversation as animated and brilliant; but the pallid face and now inactive frame tell of increasing infirmities; and perhaps there is at times the thought that it is a bitter thing to draw near to the grave in a strange land, far from all the associations, the memories, and feelings, of our earlier and better life.

The conquest of Syria by Ibrahim will diminish the influence of Lady H. over the potentates of the land: Abdallah, the pasha of Acre, was ever accessible to her interference, and indulgent to her requests; with the governor of Damascus also, her intercession rarely failed of success, whether on behalf of merchant or traveller, or of the oppressed subjects, or whether it concerned her own personal comfort or luxury. But Ibrahim is too powerful as well as too distant a despot to be sensible of the prestige, or gracious to the caprices, of the "great lady," whose queendom of the East has for some time been passing from her; even her local influence in the surrounding territory diminishes with every year: presents, and even considerable payments, have been made for some years to the religious orders of the Turks, or rather to their most eminent mosques and temples, to secure the continuance of the good will and word of the priesthood and their adherents.

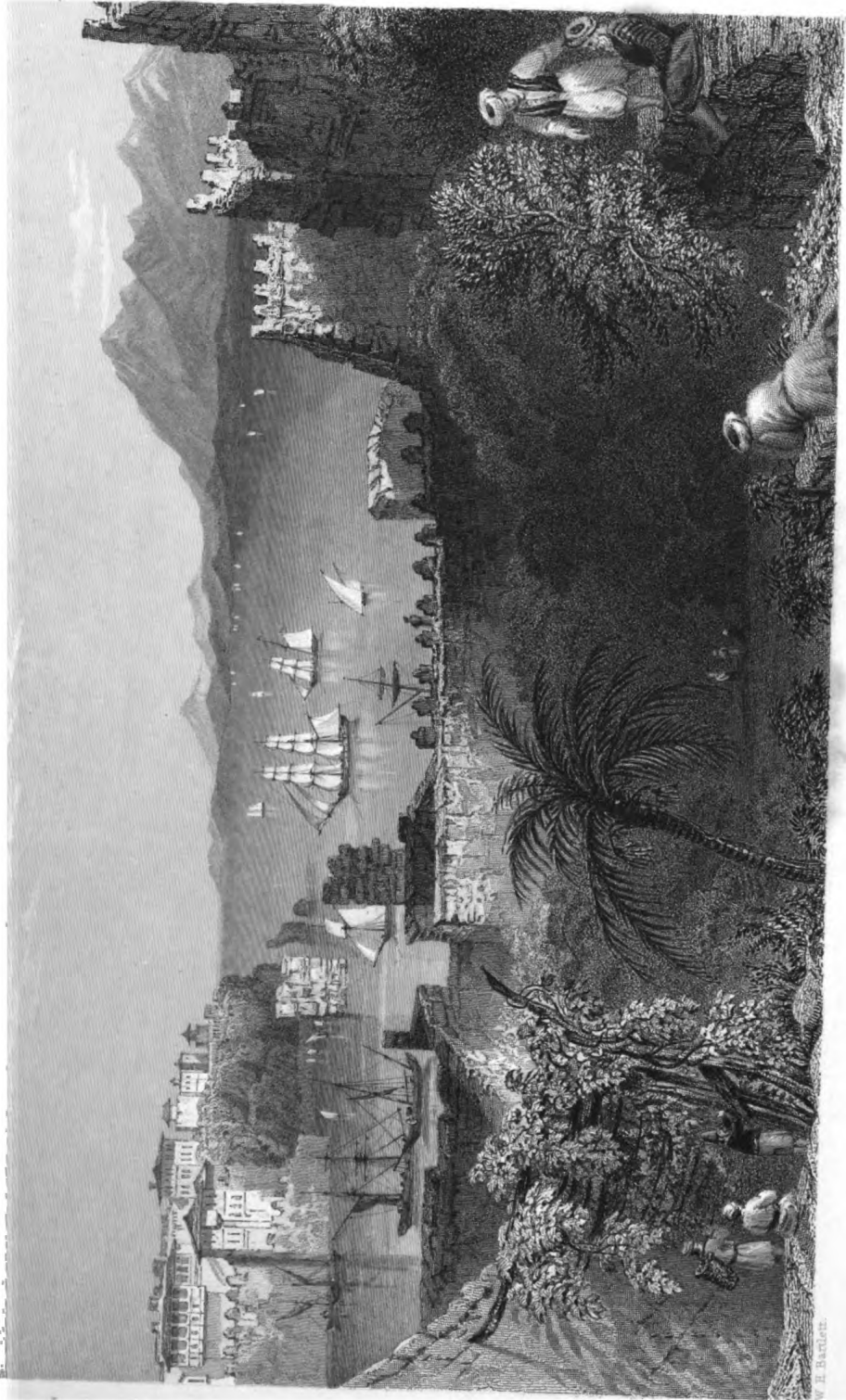
The soil about Sidon appears to be very rich: how large a portion of this, and of the whole Land of Promise, if cultivated, would again be as the "garden of the Lord!"

This whole coast, so auspicious for commerce, may, under the rule of Ibrahim Pasha, once more be the scene of enterprise, industry, and wealth: the soil still resembles that of the times of old, when Jacob said, in his last blessing to his children, "his border shall be unto Sidon; out of Asher his bread shall be fat, and he shall yield royal dainties—the blessings of heaven above, and of the deep that lieth under, even to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills."

ADALIA.

The situation of this town is bold and beautiful; of that kind of beauty, however, that does not last long on the traveller: he feels here remote, unfriended; with few chosen associations: beyond the immediate neighbourhood, and to the east, a broad and uncultivated plain terminates in abrupt cliffs, above a hundred feet high; and about Adalia, a flat but elevated country extends a considerable distance inland; and beyond it a belt of sand-hills skirts the beach, behind which, broad swampy plains, with groups of low hills, intervene between the shore and the distant mountains: these plains are covered with coarse grass, which supports numerous herds of cattle, and have every appearance of being overflowed in winter. The people are not kind or civil to the stranger; and, were Adalia a very oasis of beauty in the wilderness, this circumstance alone would induce us not to linger within its gate. The accommodations are very bad: the khan is a dismal home; if no caravan is recently arrived from Smyrna, the stranger will probably find himself its only tenant, and he will miss bitterly even the companionship, poor as it is, of the merchants, pedlars, or even the vagabond dervise. There is something so sad in being by one's self in a khan! the hollow rooms and passages—the sun struggling through the tiled roof, and falling in broken gleams on the dim interior, on pillar, wall, and floor—the dull sound of the fountain, of which he alone drinks, and sits alone, for relief, on its bank: even in the splash and movement of its waters there is life. The old castle, with its mouldering Moorish battlements, frowns over the sea, which bathes the rocks at its base: the heat is intolerable here in the summer, in spite of the elevated position of the town, and the sea-breezes: somewhat like Algiers, the streets rise behind each other in tiers, like the seats of a theatre; and they are continued also on the level summit of the hill: during the rainy season, these narrow streets are wretchedly dirty and comfortless. Indeed, during the rains that visit most Turkish towns, the traveller had better remain within doors for days, or even weeks: unpaved and streaming streets, down which the water pours without a channel; the latticed windows all closed to keep out the showers; the turbans and robes of the few passengers dripping miserably: the coffee-houses filled with a dense population, who flock there for refuge from the clouds, and the monotony of their own homes. The writer was thus situated during twelve days in a town in the interior of Lebanon, where he lodged in the khan, and, after listening for some hours in his comfortless room to the loud fall of the rains on the roofs and pavements, used to repair to the only café in the place: it stood just without the town, near the precipices: what a savage scene these precipices and





F. J. HAVELL

E. B. BUCKLE



heights presented, of low and rolling masses of cloud, forests bent before the driving blasts, and mountaineers from the neighbourhood, as well as towns-people, exposed to their violence. The floor of the café was always crowded, and often with a picturesque assemblage, various in their dresses, their faiths, arms, and usages. It was sometimes fortunate that their strongest beverage was coffee; had it been ardent spirits, or wine, at discretion, which the Prophet was most wise in forbidding, blood would have been shed, and life taken. In this building, and among this motley people, of Druse, Maronite, Turk, and Greek, he often passed many hours, till it was evening; for what comfort was it to return to the khan, and be alone? each merchant and trader was busy about his own affairs, and at the close of day he would repair also to his chamber, and there would be something like society: the Damascene and the Syrian from the coast would come to the stranger's room, to sip his coffee, and smoke their pipe, talk of their dealings, of the war, or their distant homes. At these little re-unions, the wine of Lebanon found its way, and was not refused, in moderation, by any one, for they were mostly Christians: at times the mountain ballad was sung, and the tale told, while the little charcoal fire burned, and the rains still fell heavily without. How vividly, and like a mocking vision, when the mountain winds were cold, did the noble log-fires of Switzerland, and the rich and brilliant turf-fires of Ireland, flash across the fancy. The East is no land for the cheerful, social, inspiring hearth; its charcoal fires are meagre things: the woods of Lebanon can supply a better resource; but in this neighbourhood there were few forests.

Beneath the gate of Adalia there is a beautiful spring, which is the very life of its population: a large cup, according to Turkish usage throughout the East, is suspended by a chain; and many are the draughts that are taken daily and hourly of its cold and clear water. When the Smyrna caravan arrives and enters here, with what eagerness its people of every rank drink of this spring, after their long and sultry travel! it is an interesting sight, as they wind up and along the bold hill, and among its ruinous places. The city may be said to be still fortified, and even strongly so, being enclosed by a ditch, a double wall, and a series of square towers about fifty yards asunder. In the suburbs, the houses are dispersed amid orange groves and gardens, and thus occupy a large space of ground. Granite columns, and a great variety of fragments of ancient sculpture, attest its former importance as a Greek city: among others, a magnificent gate, or triumphal arch, bears an inscription in honour of Adrian.

Adalia is still a large and populous town, and is considered as one of the best governments in Anatolia, the district being large and in many parts fertile, and the maritime commerce extensive. The population is estimated at eight thousand; two-thirds Mahomedans, and one-third Greeks, who speak chiefly the Turkish language. Five lofty minarets are seen from the sea; and the first view of Adalia, on entering its little harbour, is striking in a remarkable degree—its massive old walls and towers, its few columns and fragments of ruins, its slender minarets, and its castle: were the interior of Eastern towns often as captivating as their exterior, what delightful places they would be! One of the minarets is fluted from the base up to the gallery that surrounds the head of the shaft. The gardens are very pretty, with citrons, palms, and

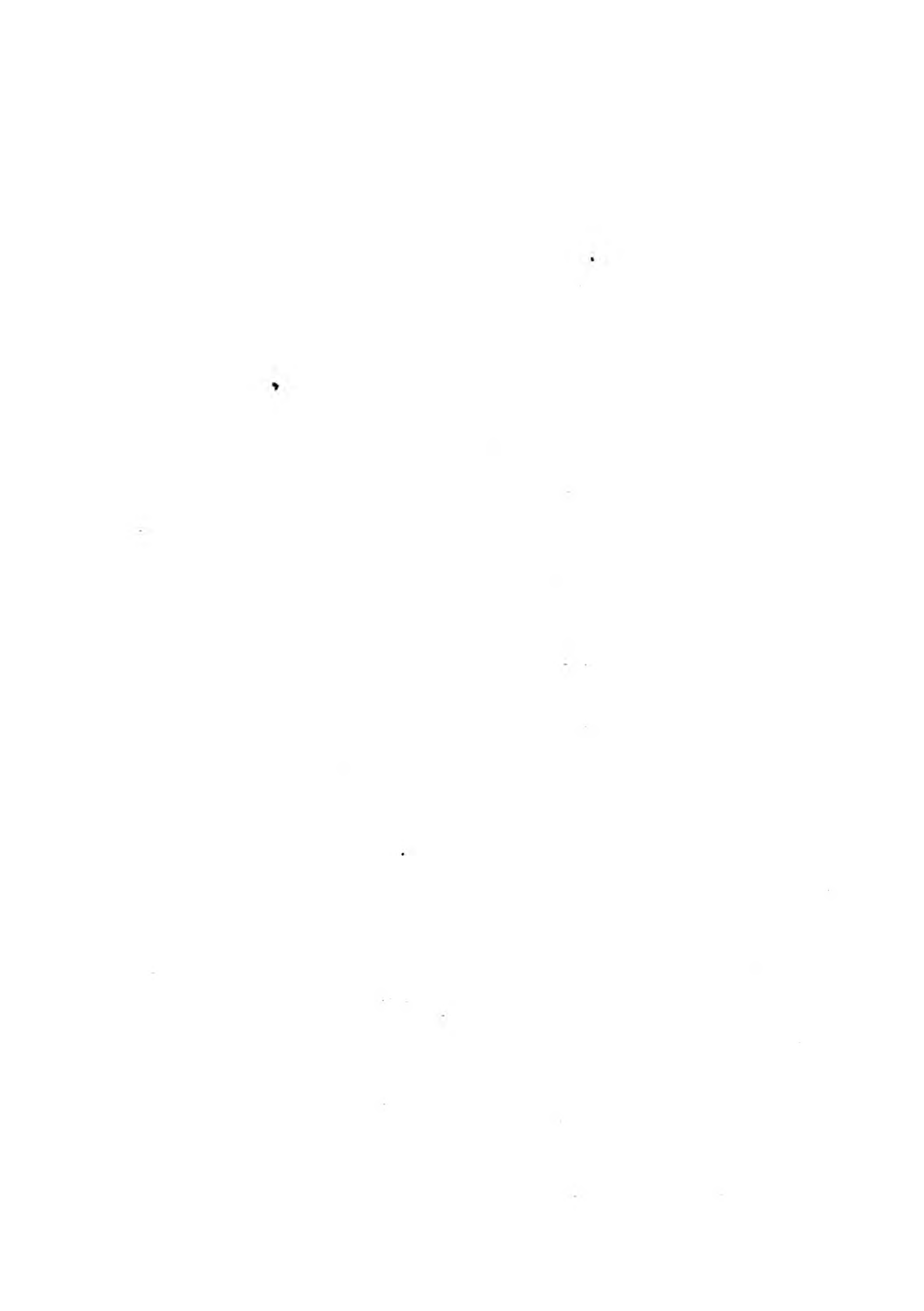
vines, shady, and fragrant with the perfume of blossoms: the corn-lands in the neighbourhood are very productive. The soil is deep, and often intersected by streams, which, after fertilizing the plain, fall over the cliffs, or turn the corn-mills in their descent to the sea. During the greater part of the year, alternate breezes refresh the air: by day, a sea-breeze sweeps strongly up the western side of the gulf; and at night, the great northern valley which traverses Mount Taurus conducts the land wind from the cold mountains of the interior. In the bazaar, there is cloth, hardware, and various specimens of English and German manufactures, brought chiefly by the regular caravans from Smyrna. Adalia is governed by a pasha, and is the chief place in the district of Tekieh, which includes the coast of Pamphylia and Lycia. It derived its name from its founder, Attalus Philadelphus, to whom Philadelphia also owes its origin. It was once a bishop's see, though the episcopal church is now converted into a mosque. The church had once a beautiful and wealthy empire in this land: a mitre, and a domain to support it in power and luxury, was a delicious dignity in those days, along this splendid coast: not the Greek seigneur or merchant, but the ecclesiastic, has richest source of tears over the fallen sees of Adalia, Lara, and many other sites of singular attraction.

At the distance of a long day's journey from Adalia, is the foot of the great mountain Tacktalu, its bald summit rising in an insulated peak 7800 feet above the sea. This is the Mount Solyma of the ancients: it extends seventy miles to the northward: the base is broken into deep ravines, and covered with small trees; the middle zone, covered with scattered evergreen bushes, appears to be limestone. "It is natural," observes an excellent traveller, "that this stupendous mountain, in a country inhabited by an illiterate and credulous people, should be the subject of numerous tales and traditions: the peasants say that there is a perpetual flow of the very purest water from the apex, and that notwithstanding the snow which still lingered on the declivities, roses blow there all the year round. The aga of Delichtash assured us, that every autumn a mighty groan is heard to issue from the summit of the mountain, louder than the report of any cannon. He professed his ignorance of the cause, but being pressed for his opinion, gravely replied, that he believed it was an annual summons to the elect to make the best of their way to Paradise." On a small peninsula, at the foot of this mountain, are the remains of the city of Phaselis, with its three ports and its lake, as described by Strabo. The lake is now a mere swamp, occupying the middle of the isthmus.





WALLS OF THE WINDY HILLS, COUNTY ANTIQUITY.





WALL ON THE WEST SIDE OF ANTIOCH.

A large part of the walls of ancient Antioch still remain, but authorities vary as to the circuit enclosed by them, which at present appears to be between four and five miles: this is much less, however, than the space assigned in ancient times. They run along the river on the north-west, ascend the steep hill on the south-west, run along its summits, and on the north-east run down the hill to the river: their aspect, on the crests and steep declivities of the mountain, is very strange as well as magnificent: these walls are from thirty to fifty feet high, fifteen feet thick, and flanked by numerous square towers: several portions are of the original walls erected under the Seleucidæ, but it seems probable, from the quantity of Roman tiles found in many of the towers, and the mode of their disposition, that they are chiefly Roman work, and were erected by Justinian, after the town had been ruined by the Persians. Antioch has no good buildings: the houses are chiefly built of stone, pent-roofed, and covered with red tiles: the streets are narrow, with a raised pavement on each side for foot passengers: in summer, these streets are very close and hot; in winter, miry and miserable. It is a comfortless place for the stranger, unless he finds a welcome, of which there can be little doubt, in the house of Girgius Adeeb: then will his days pass without anxiety, mistrust, or discomfort, and he can enjoy at his ease the exquisite excursions without the walls: returning at the close of day from Daphne, the White lake, the dell of the Orontes, or the splendid mountains, he will find society at home, a circle gathered round the plentiful board, composed of Turk, Egyptian, and Frank—a few officers of Ibrahim's army, a missionary, or an artist: for the host's maxim is to please every one, whatever his faith or pretensions; and at Antioch this is no easy card to play. There is hardly another roof, similar to this of Girgius, to be found in the East: and among so bigoted and grossly ignorant a population as that of Antioch, his liberal conduct and sentiments would bring mischief on his head, but that Ibrahim Pasha, who, like his father the viceroy, is somewhat of a free-thinker, is now the ruler.

The Wall in the plate, on the west side of Antioch, is one of the most entire as well as interesting portions now remaining; and is thus described by an eminent traveller nearly a century since. "On the western side, this wall has resisted both time and earthquakes: it is exceedingly strong, and well built of stone, with beautiful square towers at equal distances. I am persuaded that this is the very wall built by Seleucus, and yet there is not the least breach in it, nor a sign of any: there were no battlements on the wall, but there was a walk on the top of it, and where there was any ascent, on the heights or steep places, steps were made on the top, so that they could go all round the city on the walls with the greatest ease." Since this was written, the earthquake has again done its work, and these walls are much ruined in many parts. The northern portion of the valley of the Orontes within the ancient walls is now filled with extensive gardens, planted with olive, mulberry, and fig-trees, and along the winding banks of the river, tall and slender poplars are seen. The bazaars are numerous, and contain a good

supply of such articles as are in demand in the country about Antioch. The manufactures of the place are coarse pottery, cotton cloth, silk twist, leather, and saddlery. The language of the Mahometans at Antioch is generally Turkish: there are some Jewish families, whose situation, in the bosom of a most intolerant people, is not enviable: they have no synagogue, and must worship in secret, at each others' homes. Antioch was once famous among their nation for the right of citizenship, which Seleucus had given them in common with the Greeks: now, it is the love of trading and of gain, the ruling passion of all classes of this people since the fall of Jerusalem, that can alone make tolerable their residence here. Yet it is pitiable sometimes to see the Jew, in the distinguishing colour of his dress, walk along the streets with looks of suspicion or dejection. Who can tell, like the Hebrew, the bitterness of having no country, of never being able to say "it is mine own:" in every valley or mountain of the East, where there are wares and productions to be bought and sold, he will abide for a time: in the town and city he will dwell, and in the caravanserai make his home for a night, but not to depart next morn, like other travellers, to where the blue hills of his country, her songs, her joy and loveliness, shall meet him. They shall meet him no more for ever—till the veil shall be taken from his eyes, and the dark covering from his heart. I have seen the Jew on Mount Sinai, overcome and even transported with joy and pride, at the remembrance of the glory of his people, and the miracles of heaven on their behalf: there his feelings were wild and unfettered; no fear of the oppressor or scorner before his eyes: in Jerusalem he was another being—watched by the Turk, from whose jealousy he anxiously concealed all appearance of wealth; his own Moriah covered by the mosque of Omar, the sepulchres of his fathers trampled on, the sounds of festivity seldom heard in his dwelling, he often reaps in tears what he sows in dread.

In St. Jean d'Acre, under the capricious Abdallah Pasha, the sword hung over him by a single thread; even in his own chambers he trembled at every noise in the street, wishing to escape, but not knowing whither; for in what Syrian city is the Jew held in honour, or free from the spoiler? His mildest and securest home was in Cairo, under the tolerant and liberal viceroy; there he dwelt in luxury, his commercial dealings extensive; his house, dress, attendants, those of a wealthy and prosperous man. Here, in Antioch, he dwells apart from his people; the ruinous city is to him like a living grave, in which he may be struck suddenly, being regarded by the multitude rather as a crawling reptile than one entitled to equal rights and mercies with themselves. If he wanders forth when the cares of the day are over, and the streets are forsaken, to such a scene as this, when the moon is on it, would it recall the memory of his own land?

Alone upon the ruined wall
 Here hath the midnight found me,
 The deep blue midnight, like a pall
 Of solemn beauty round me!
 I sit not here—I sit not here,
 To list a bird or lover's song;
 Upon my cheek is sorrow's tear,
 And death's pale terrors round me throng.

Not here, to watch the morning light
 Break on my spirit's agony ;
 Morn wears not now the radiance bright
 It wore in Judah's land to me.
 How beautiful! how beautiful!
 By Jordan's vale and winding river,
 The clime that angel-whispers lull
 The land that I have left for ever.

Samaria! thou art still my home,
 And thou ere long shalt be my grave :
 I know it—yet to thee I'll roam,
 There let me sleep, where sleep the brave.
 And if there lie o'er them and me
 A waste, and not a flower-decked sod,
 So let it be!—so let it be!
 If but the spirit rest with God.

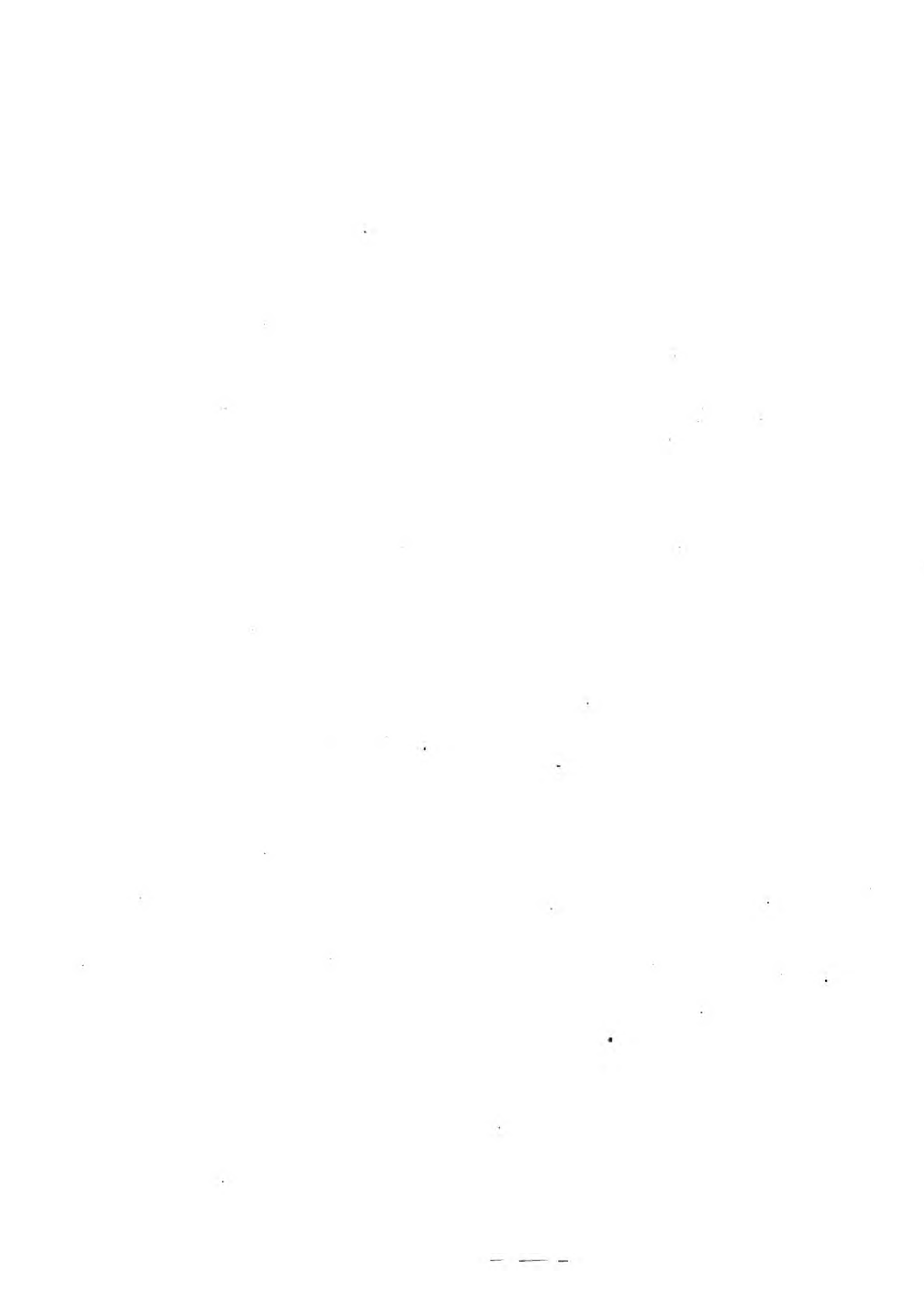
The neighbourhood of Antioch is peculiarly rich in medals and engraved stones: great numbers have been collected at different times, after the earth had been laid bare by heavy rains in winter; the most interesting are those of the Seleucidæ, and next to them, those of the period of Julius Cæsar and Augustus. Phœnician coins are also found in great quantities. Antioch was often the scene of warlike operations during the Egyptian war: the first division of the Turkish army that arrived here, was followed, in the month of June, by the whole force of Husseyn: after a weary march of a month from Koniah, he came to Antioch, in order to fight Ibrahim as soon as possible, and take summary vengeance. The latter was in the mean time advancing on Aleppo, and, halting near the plain of Balbec, defeated the nine pashas of three tails, and their army of 30,000 men, in the battle of Homs. A great part of the fugitives retreated on Antioch, around whose walls and in its valley, 35,000 troops were now encamped, who had suffered severely, from their first arrival, from the want of provisions, the inhabitants everywhere refusing to aid them, or rather concealing their means of doing so. Husseyn left his camp, and made a rapid and vain movement on Aleppo, in order to save it from Ibrahim, and returned without effecting any thing; but Ibrahim sent a strong division of his force to Antioch, which arrived there just before the return of Husseyn, but was not suffered to remain in quiet possession of it. The Turkish pasha, with 20,000 men, attacked the Egyptians, and the conflict which ensued was one of the most desperate and sanguinary that occurred during the war, and perhaps the most brilliant on the side of the Turks. Fortune seemed at last to have turned in their favour, for Ibrahim's troops were forced to retire. On his subsequent and decisive victory in the pass of Bylan, Ibrahim entered Antioch, whose inhabitants willingly surrendered their town to him; and the people of the large district of Orpha, to the north, sent a deputation with their submission. Judging from all accounts, there was but one feeling of satisfaction throughout the country, at being delivered from the Turkish irregulars, who had every where committed the most frightful ravages. The heats around Antioch during the height of summer, the scanty

food, and the pestilential air of the neighbourhood, revenged on the Turks the wrongs done to the Syrians. The success of the Egyptian leader is sure to benefit Antioch and its territory; security, order, and confidence, the fruits of a strict and tolerant government, are now enjoyed in a far greater degree: the cruel bigotry of the people is kept in awe, if it cannot be suppressed, by the presence of an Egyptian garrison, among whom are several European officers. Ibrahim, having strengthened his force by the Syrian levies, left Antioch, at length, to fight his last and great battle of Koniah; he next occupied the province of Adana, where he remained till October, establishing, as he had done in Syria, order in the province, securing possession of the towns, and preparing for his descent into Asia Minor through the mountain passes of Caramania. These passes are of great natural strength: the Asiatic troops defended them, but Ibrahim carried them almost by a coup de main, and defeated a large body of Turks who had taken up their position in the northern extremity of the mountains. His army then passed down into the extensive plains of Asia Minor, not more than 20,000 men, with twenty-five pieces of artillery, to achieve the conquest of the Ottoman empire, and enter Constantinople victorious; both which splendid results, but for the sudden intervention of Russia, he would have accomplished.

THE PASS OF SOUK BARRADA.

The neighbourhood of Damascus is rich in attractive excursions: if the stranger seek a wild contrast, a swift and perfect transition, he can issue from the labyrinth of gardens into the desert, and lose himself in its vast and solitary plains. Or he can seek more hallowed ground, where, a few leagues distant, on a high hill, is the Greek convent of Saint Thecla, the beautiful and canonized disciple of St. Paul, and the female proto-martyr: all around, the rocks are cut into niches and grottoes. In another direction is the Greek convent of Sidonaia, situated at the farther end of a large vale, on the top of a rock: this was once a bishop's see, and he resided in the convent. About twelve miles to the north-west of Damascus is a high and steep mountain, surmounted by a ruined church, built over the spot where it is said Cain buried Abel; the legend is, that the fratricide carried the corpse for some time on his back, not knowing how to dispose of it, till he saw a raven making a hole in the ground to bury one of his own species, which gave him the hint to inter his brother. The few remains of this church are very ancient and interesting. Further north, and at the distance of seven hours from the city, is the pleasant village of Ain Fijji, at the end of a beautiful and well-cultivated vale. Its river is one of the coolest in the world: it issues from the limestone rock, a deep and rapid stream of about thirty feet wide: it is pure and cold as iced water, and after coursing down a stony and rugged channel for about a hundred yards, falls into the Barrada, where it loses both its name and its beauty. The Barrada is the ancient Pharpar of Scripture, to which Naaman made an exulting allusion, when commanded







J. Tingle

W. H. Burdett



to go and wash in the Jordan. Perhaps, when the counsel was given, it was in the summer season, when the waters of the Jordan were greatly shrunk and diminished, and the Syrian lord recalled to mind the rapid and better supplied, but less beautiful stream of Pharpar. The river Abana is no longer known under that name: it was anciently described as running into the city itself, its waters being conveyed by pipes into all the houses of distinction, as well as the market-places; while the Pharpar ran by the city walls, and watered the gardens. The present more considerable river is the Barrada, out of whose bosom issue three or four other small streams: there are altogether six streams, natural and artificial included; yet as four of these are the work of art, the original division of the waters into two branches would correspond to the mention made of the Abana and Pharpar. It is probable that the former was once the larger river.

About three hours above the village and vale of Ain Fijji, pursuing the banks of the Barrada, is a very picturesque and remarkable pass, called Souk, or Souk Barrada, where the road is narrowed by the approach of the mountains on either side of the river. In the rock on the right hand, excavations have been made in places that seem quite inaccessible without the help of a scaling-ladder, or a rope and basket. Some of the doors are formed with great care, and have buttresses on each side, and statues, not a little defaced, between them. Here the river is crossed by a bridge, and the scene is highly picturesque; two villages are here built on either side of the river, opposite to each other. The valley of the Barrada, to some distance hence, is full of fruit-trees, and, where its breadth permits, maize and wheat are sown. About an hour and half below, the vale begins to be very narrow, and, turning round a steep rock, it presents a very wild and romantic aspect. To the left, in the mountain, are six chambers cut in the rock, said to be the work of Christians, to whom the greater part of the ancient structures in Syria are ascribed.

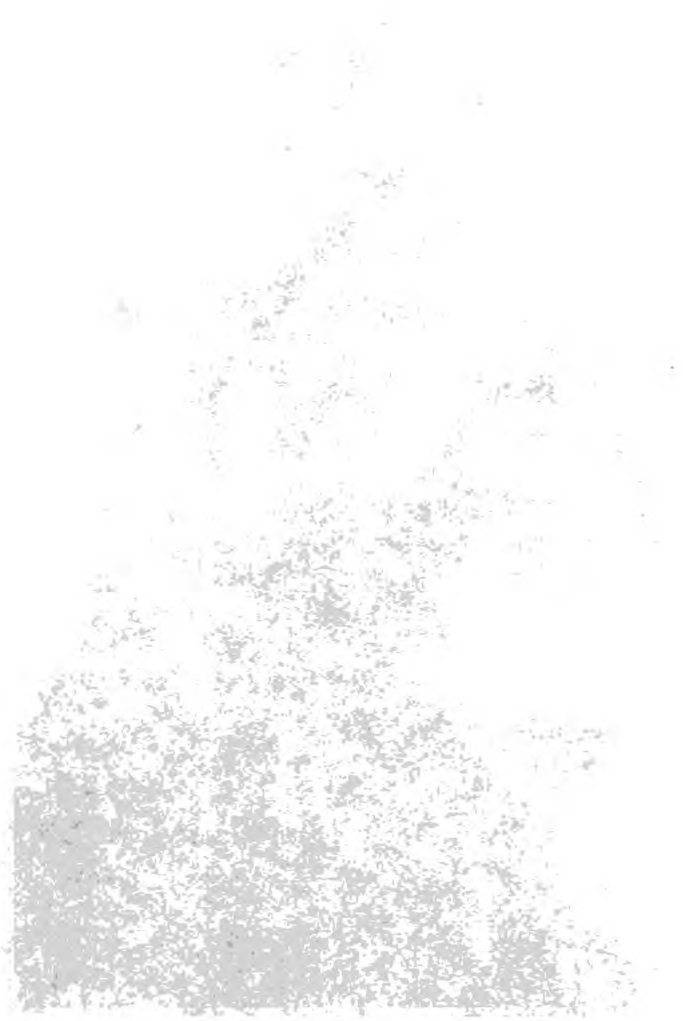
The Barrada is not fordable here; its waters are rapid and clear: the vicinity of Damascus, to some hours' distance, is peculiarly favoured in that choicest blessing to an Eastern land—abundance of excellent water: the stream is not shrunk, and scarcely diminished, in the hottest season. A little way higher up, at the termination of the valley, is a bridge, of modern erection: from the bridge the road leads up the side of the mountain, and enters, after half an hour's ride, upon a plain country, the greater part of which is highly cultivated, and is called the district of Zibdané, a clean and cheerful-looking village, large, and in a lovely situation, where we passed a night very agreeably. In this picturesque and cool retreat, several days, or even weeks, might be passed, with a few books, without ennui:—flourishing as with the richest English cultivation; shaded roads, rose-covered hedges, delicious pastures; the people friendly and hospitable, clean in their dwellings, comely in their persons; provisions abundant, and very cheap; and the religious bigotry and intolerance of Damascus, unknown in the peaceful and tempting homes of Zibdané. The mountain ballad is heard here, the tale told, and the wine of Lebanon drunk; and a mild, and kind, and well-dressed circle gathers round the stranger at evening. Is not this delightful in such a land, where we once fancied mistrust and insecurity would be on every side?

The village of Souk is a little to the left of the road, and here the traveller can procure accommodation for the night; the modern houses are often raised on ancient, massive foundations: on an elevated point, which commanded a fine prospect down the valley, were fragments of large and small columns; the scheich receives strangers into his house; a small wooden door on the street opens on steps, which descend into a roofed passage, and here a high platform, on one side, was offered cheerfully for the beds and baggage. Beyond was an open court with small separate buildings on three of its sides, and on the fourth a low wall, from whence there was a fine view of the valley, and of the rushing torrent beneath, while at the end of the dormitory, a water-jug, on a small pedestal of masonry, supplied indiscriminately all who were thirsty. The houses were prettily sprinkled over the sloping sides of the valley; although small, each stood within a walled court, and all were distinguished by a certain air of neatness, as if they belonged to little landed proprietors, rather than needy peasants: none of the inhabitants are meanly dressed, and all are civil and obliging. During the summer the families sleep in the open air; in the sides of the courts are elevated terraces, spread with mats, over which are often laid good mattresses and pillows, with well-stuffed cotton quilts. There are extensive vine-gardens in this vale of Souk, which is industriously cultivated; the river is full of trout, probably never molested.

KHAN AND BRIDGE NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE DAMOUR.

This romantic scene is in the road between Beteddein and Beirout, about an hour's distance from the former, which is the palace of Emir Beshir. The greater part of this mountain-road, so convenient to travellers, was made a few years since by this prince of the Druses. The valley in which the Damour flows is deep; the road descends into and crosses it; the mountain is here overgrown with fine firs. The traveller descended to this resting-place in the evening, and never enjoyed coolness and fresh springs more highly. These are the head-waters of the Damour, a stream that flows winding into the sea, which it enters through the plain of Sidon. The stream rushes rapidly over a rocky bed, and is crossed by a stone bridge; the valley is every where most romantic; convents, villages, &c. seen in beautiful situations. To come at once from the palace of the powerful and cruel Emir, who has felt the dark vicissitudes of ambition, to this lone and hushed retreat, seems to realize the lines of Schiller:

Oh! well is he and blest his condition,
 Who in his native vale's sweet rest,
 Far from the mazes of life's wild transition
 Sleeps like a child on nature's breast.





1840

View of the Mountains of the State of New York, from the City of New York

W. H. Burgess del.



I looked on the house of the mighty with sorrow :
 High o'er the earth to-day they soar,
 Mocking the sun;—alas ! to-morrow
 Their place rememb'reth them no more !

Soft is his bed, and to watching a stranger,
 Who far from life's tempestuous wave,
 Timely advised hath retired from danger
 In the deep cloister's silent cave ;

Who the proud thoughts that excite but to grieve us,
 Hath with proud fortitude repressed ;
 And the vain wishes that ever deceive us,
 In his calm bosom lull'd to rest.

Sometimes travellers, provided with good tents, have preferred, in this Lebanon journey, to lodge beneath them rather than enter the houses of the villagers ; but the fireside and the mountain welcome of the peasant and of the farmer is surely a more comfortable refuge. The people are generally in comfortable, often in independent circumstances ; the houses are built of mud, and contain frequently several apartments ; the roofs are always flat and covered with earth, where grass and wild-flowers grow ; the snow would in winter break through or injure these roofs, did not the inhabitants take care every morning to remove the snow that may have fallen during the night. The cottages and scattered hamlets embowered in mulberry groves, or shaded with clusters of vines and fig-trees, look very picturesque on the mountain-side. The brilliant sunshine, that gives an air of cheerfulness to the crag, the ravine, and waste, gives joy and splendour to these luxuriant dells, the homes of vegetation, industry, and carefulness. In some of the superior villages the men wear clean white turbans, and the women blue veils ; their manners are respectful, sometimes polite. One of these Syrians, who was in good circumstances, invited us with two or three friends to a banquet. We would have declined the invitation, being aware that he would put himself to no small trouble and expense for the occasion ; but he insisted, till we feared a further refusal might give offence. Several days were employed in preparations ; game was procured, and fish from the coast, and a few choice wines of Lebanon, with various fruits ; even pastry, that the Orientals manage so poorly, was perpetrated. But however delightful and welcome may appear the house of the scheich at the close of a weary day, when the homeless man is placed in the seat of honour, while the fire blazes, the winds are wild without, and the night is gathering fast, it is a very different thing to leave a luxurious home in Beirout for a Syrian roof and entertainment. As we had anticipated, so it happened—the fare was profuse and various enough for a little multitude, but badly dressed and strangely served. There was the rushing to and fro of numerous attendants, who came and went from the confined apartment like the gathering of the troops at Lebanon. The roof was low, the windows small, the day was sultry, and the steam of the mountain dishes was at times like the passing of a thin cloud.

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The host was not in his element at the head of his table on this occasion, the first of his feasting European gentlemen; his hurried orders to the servants were sometimes laughably misconstrued, and often he did not understand them himself. Several of his friends were present, with whom it was almost impracticable to hold any conversation; and when the repast was over, there was no music, no story-teller shewed his head in the apartment, to enliven the company by his wild legends or inventions. A very amusing incident, however, occurred: among the guests was a Maronite monk, an acquaintance of the host; he spoke little during dinner, and seemed to be a quiet and respectable man. During the dessert, a Greek monk, wandering, probably by chance, near the spot, entered the court-yard, and drew near the windows, allured, it might be, by the savoury smells, or on some trifling business with some one within. The Maronite no sooner set eyes on him, than he uttered an exclamation of dislike, and rose from the table to bid him begone; the countenance of the Greek was inflamed with passion at the words and demeanour of the Maronite, who, he saw, had been feeding sumptuously; his eyes being full of gaiety and insolence, for he had drunk plentifully, whereas the Greek intruder was fasting. A fierce wrangling and altercation ensued; their voices rose high above all those within; abuse of each other, and of each other's Order, was not spared; and they were about to come to blows, which would have been a strange spectacle, when the servants separated them, and persuaded the Greek to retire. The void that falls on the mind of the guest at an Oriental entertainment is tremendous; there is no appeal to the fancy or to the senses, save the murmur of trees, or the fall of the fountain, or the odours of the pipe; the sounds of the tambour, of the Syrian or Turkish pipe, soon weary the ear, as the movements of the dancing-girls do the eye. There is no female society, and the Oriental is generally an awful tête-a-tête companion. What subjects can he have in common with his guest? he cannot talk on books, arts, or sciences; he will not talk about his faith or his love. On politics he will converse, but he is grossly ignorant of Europe, of the position, climate, and manners of its countries, so that his farewell salutation of peace and of blessing is, when it comes, most welcome to his guest.

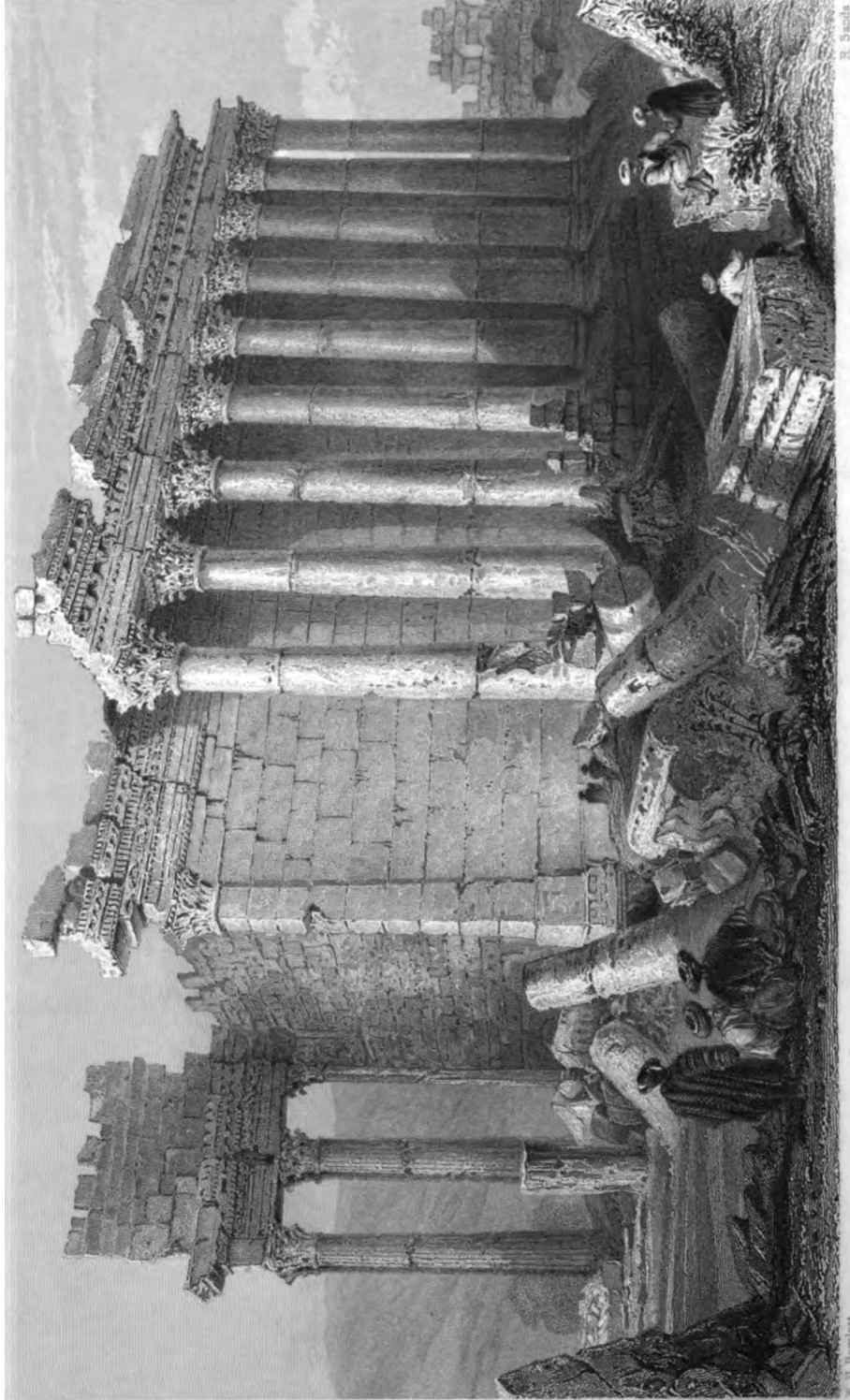
Ascending on the right of the Damour toward the summit of the pass, to go to Beirout, is a beautiful wood of fir-trees: the whole scenery is enchanting on this route from Beirout to Der-el-Kamar, and its Emir's palace at Beteddein. Among the convents in the vicinity of this scene, and at about two hours' distance from it, is the convent of Mar-Hanna, celebrated for its printing establishment, the history of which is singular and interesting. It is about a hundred years old, and Volney speaks of it as the only one that had succeeded in the Turkish empire. "It was," he says, "in the beginning of the eighteenth century that the Jesuits began to discover in their establishment at Aleppo the zeal for education which they had carried with them every where. For this, as well as other objects, it was necessary to initiate themselves in the knowledge of Arabic. The pride of the Mussulmen doctors at first refused to lay open their learning to the Infidels, but a few purses overpowered their scruples. The Christian student who distinguished himself most by his progress was named Abd-Allah-Taker,

who, to his own love of learning, added an ardent zeal to promulgate his knowledge and his opinions. It was not long ere his enemies endeavoured to procure his ruin at Constantinople. A kat-shereeff, or warrant of the Sultan, was procured, which contained an order to cut off Abd-Allah's head. Fortunately, he had received timely warning, and escaped into Lebanon, where his life was in safety. His zeal, inflamed by persecution, was now more fervent than ever. It could find vent only by writings, and manuscripts seemed to him an inadequate method. He was no stranger to the advantages of the press, and had the courage to form the threefold project of writing, founding types, and printing; he succeeded in this enterprise, from the natural goodness of his understanding, and the knowledge he had of the art of engraving, which he had already practised in his profession as a jeweller. He stood in need of an associate, and was lucky enough to find one who entered into his designs. His brother, who was the superior at Mar-Hanna, prevailed on him to make that convent his residence, and, from that time abandoning every other care, he gave himself up entirely to the execution of his project. His zeal and industry were so successful, that in the year 1733 he published the Psalms of David in one volume. His characters were found so correct and beautiful, that even his enemies purchased his book, and since that period there have been ten impressions of it. New characters have been founded, but nothing has been executed superior to his. They perfectly imitate hand-writing: they express the full and the fine letters, and have not the meagre and straggling appearance of the Arabic characters of Europe. He passed twenty years in this manner, printing different works, which, in general, were translations of our books of devotion. Not that he was acquainted with any of the European languages, but the Jesuits had already translated several books, and, as their Arabic was extremely bad, he corrected their translations, and often substituted his own version, which is a model of purity and elegance. The Arabic he wrote was remarkable for a clear, precise, and harmonious style, of which that language had been thought incapable, and which proves, that should it ever be cultivated by a learned people, it will become one of the most copious and expressive in the world. After the death of Abd-Allah, which happened about 1755, he was succeeded by his pupil, whose successors were the monks of the convent: they have continued to found letters, and to print; but the business is at present on the decline, and seems likely to be soon entirely laid aside. The books have but little sale, except the Psalter, which is the classic of the Christian children, and for which there is a continual demand. The expenses are considerable, as the paper comes from Europe, and the labour is very slow. A little art would remedy the first inconvenience, but the latter is radical—the Arabic characters, requiring to be connected together to join them well and place them in a right line, require an immense and minute attention. Among the publications that issued from this press, were the Psalms of David translated from the Greek, the Prophets, the Gospels, and the Epistles; an Explanation of the Seven Penitential Psalms; and a Contemplation for the Holy Week."

Since the above was written, the circulation of the Scriptures, and of devotional tracts, has been earnestly attempted from the London press, whose execution is more

rapid and simple than that of Abd-Allah. Portions of the Gospels and the Epistles, translated into Arabic, have been circulated in Mount Lebanon, in the villages and hamlets, and lonely cottages. From the difficulty and opposition encountered by the agents of this work, an idea may be formed of the obstacles with which Abd-Allah had to struggle. The monks of this convent of Mar-Hanna, who are Greek Catholics, receive strangers very kindly, and readily sell their books to them, and shew them their Arabic printing apparatus. They have only one press, consequently the book proceeds but slowly. On the numerous saints' days of their calendar they do not work, so that the average number of volumes which they may issue in the course of the year may amount, they said, to one hundred and eighty: of these, the greater part are Psalters. Seven persons are employed at the press; the books are bound in the convent, which about ten years since contained thirty-five individuals, of whom eight only were monks, the remainder being laics and servants. All the profits resulting from the printing establishment go to the patriarch of the Greek Catholics, who resides at Zouk, and he employs the money in the service of his flock. The rule of their order is that of St. Basil, who is to the Oriental Christians what St. Benedict is to the Latins, only they have introduced certain modifications which have been sanctioned by the court of Rome. Every day they spend seven hours in prayers at church; they live on meagre diet, and hardly allow themselves animal food in the most critical disorders. Like the other Greeks, they have three Lents a year, and a multitude of fasts, during which they neither eat eggs, milk, butter, nor even cheese. Almost the whole year they live on lentils and beans, with oil, rice, and butter, curds, olives, and a little salt fish. Their bread is a little coarse loaf, badly leavened, which serves two days, and is fresh made only once a week. The lodging of each is a narrow cell, and his whole furniture consists of a mat, or mattress, and a blanket, but no sheets, for of these they have no need, as they sleep with their clothes on. Their clothing is a coarse cotton shirt, striped with blue, a pair of drawers, a waistcoat, and a surplice of coarse brown cloth, so stiff and thick that it will stand upright without a fold. Every one of them, except the superior, the purveyor, and the vicar, exercises some trade, either necessary or useful to the house: one is a weaver, and weaves the stuffs; another is a tailor, and makes their clothes; a third a shoemaker, and makes their shoes; a fourth a mason, and superintends their buildings. Two of them have the management of the kitchen, four work at the printing-press, four are employed in book-binding, and all assist at the bakehouse on the day of making bread. The expense of maintaining forty or five-and-forty persons, of which the convent is composed, does not exceed the annual sum of twelve purses, or six hundred and twenty-five pounds; and from this must be deducted the expenses of their hospitality to all passengers, which of itself forms a considerable article. It is true, most of these passengers leave presents or alms, which make a part of the revenue of the house; the other part arises from the culture of the lands. They farm a considerable extent of ground, for which they pay four hundred piastres, £15, to two Emirs: these lands were cleared out by the first monks themselves, but at present they commit the culture of them to peasants, who pay them one half of all the





H. Schickel

W. H. Burleigh

THE TEMPLE OF BEL, BABYLON.



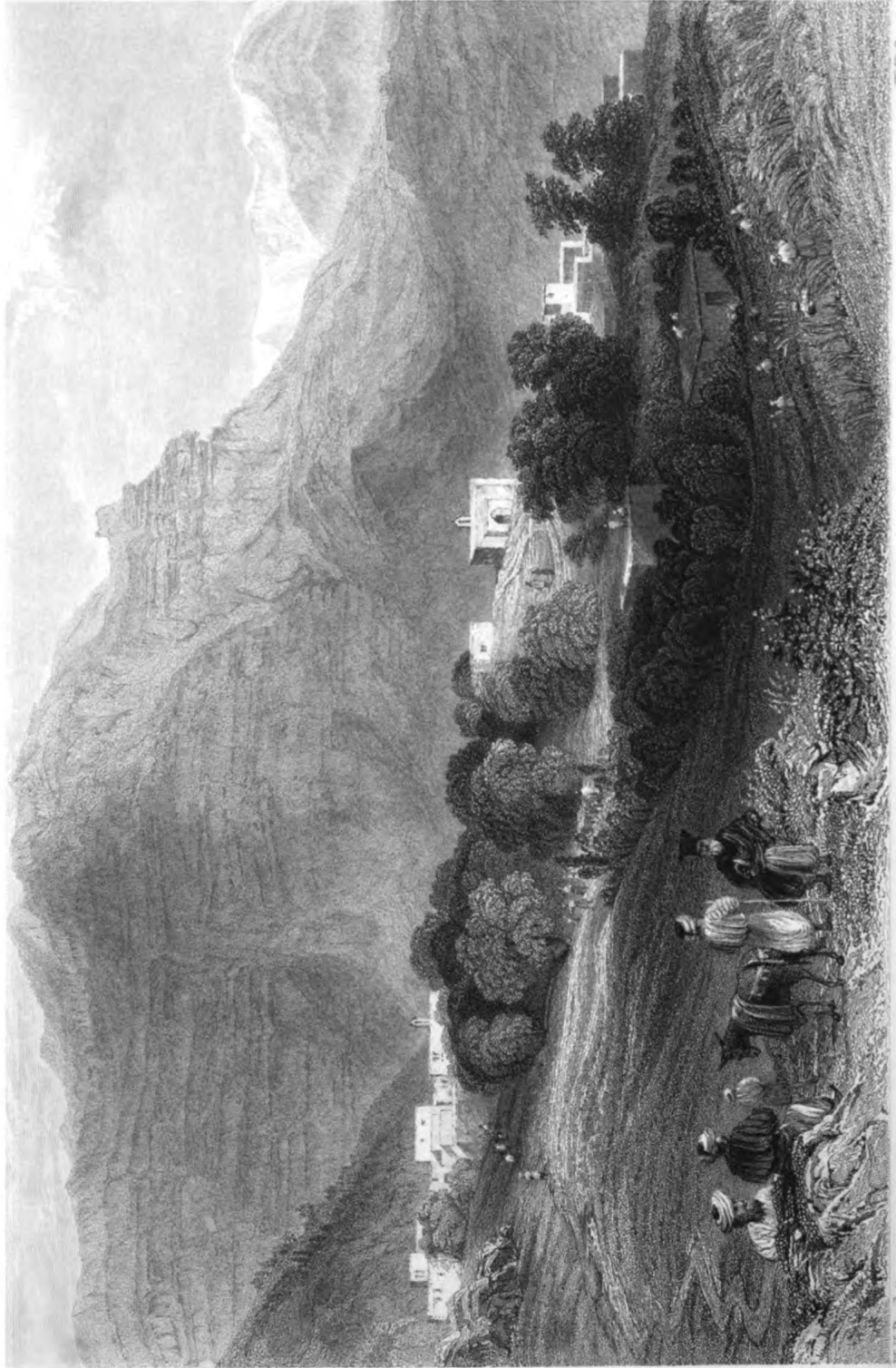
produce. This produce consists of white and yellow silks, which are sold at Beirout, some corn and wines, which, for want of demand, are sent as presents to their benefactors, or consumed in the house. Formerly the monks abstained from drinking wine, but they have gradually relaxed from their primitive austerity: they have also begun to allow the use of tobacco and coffee, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the older monks. The same regulations are observed in all the houses of the Order, which about thirty years since amounted to twelve: the whole number of monks is estimated at one hundred and fifty.

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF BALBEC.

The facilities and conveniences of an Eastern journey are greatly increased within the last few years: the resting-places at night are no longer so precarious or repulsive; travellers, formerly "few and far between," now arrive annually and numerously; the muleteers, &c. find it their interest to use greater speed, and the scheichs of the villages to be more liberal and provident in their accommodations. The distance from Beirout to Balbec occupied two days; it is now only a long day's journey. By starting very early from the coast, the ruins may be reached at night. When the writer was there, his little party were the only visitors; and this was no slight luxury. Now the tourist may lay his account with meeting natives of every part of the civilized globe—the American from Massachusetts and New York, with probably his wife and children, a family party; the Russian, from his cold land; the German, the Pole, and the Greek; and if he cannot see Balbec in the majesty of her desert solitude, he will have society, tents, watch-fires, mingled voices, many tastes and imaginations in wild contrast. The expense, also, of this journey is greatly diminished; the exactions levied by the petty governors and chiefs, and the necessary presents made them, are moderated, and in some places entirely done away with, under the rule of Ibrahim Pasha. If the traveller does not bring introductions to the consuls of the cities or towns, he can procure comfortable lodgings at Beirout, Tripoli, or Damascus, which are not expensive; the monasteries, which must often be his home, are still less so; and the khans, in which bad weather, or their peculiar position, will sometimes oblige him to stay a few days, are the cheapest of all. It is unfortunate, that at the two most celebrated ruins of the East, Balbec and Palmyra, there is little save discomfort and discourtesy to be met with. The time will, perhaps, come, if the stream of travelling continues to roll on, that a little Syrian hotel will be established during the season near Balbec: it is vain to expect any similar attempt at the Palmyrene temple, as the Arabs would never suffer one stone to be laid on another; their monopoly of travellers is exclusive and intolerable, but it cannot be resisted. To whatever deities these temples of Heliopolis may have been dedicated, or at whatever period they might have been built, they bear ample testimony to the prosperity and wealth of the city they adorned. This prosperity Balbec could only derive from commercial enterprise: her splendid and central situation enabled her largely to share in the

active and profitable intercourse long maintained with India by the great mercantile cities of the Syrian coast. Long subjected, in common with the adjacent countries, to Roman dominion, it was the station of a garrison in the reign of Augustus. After the age of Constantine, these noble structures were probably consigned to neglect and decay, unless, indeed, as the appearance of the most perfect seems to prove, they were then consecrated to Christian worship. Oriental writers represent Balbec as a place of importance at the period of the first Arab invasion. They describe it as being then one of the most splendid cities in Syria, enriched with stately palaces, adorned with monuments of antiquity, and abounding with trees, fountains, and whatever contributes to luxurious enjoyment. On the advance of the Moslems, it was reported to the emperor Heraclius as protected by a citadel of great strength, and capable of sustaining a siege. After the capture of Damascus, it was regularly invested, and, containing an overflowing population amply supplied with provisions and military stores, it made a courageous defence, but at length capitulated. Its protracted commercial importance is proved by the capture, during the siege, of a caravan consisting of four hundred loads of silk, sugar, and other valuable merchandise, and by the ransom which was exacted, at the taking of the town, of two thousand ounces of gold and four thousand of silver, two thousand silk vests, and the delivery of a thousand swords besides the arms of the garrison. As some compensation for this disaster, it afterwards became the mart of the rich pillage of Syria. But its prosperity was transient, for in A. D. 748, it was sacked and dismantled by the khaliff of Damascus, and the principal inhabitants put to the sword. During the crusades, incapable of making resistance, it seems to have quietly submitted to the strongest. In the year 1400, it was pillaged by Timour the Tartar, in his progress to Damascus, after he had taken Aleppo; and was afterwards in the possession of the Mootualies, a barbarous predatory tribe, nearly exterminated when Djezzar Pasha permanently subjected the whole district to Turkish supremacy. There are no remains or vestiges of an ancient cemetery or burial-place of Balbec; there are no caves or sepulchres in the rocks and hills, where the ancient people might have slept; no tumuli in the plain: every relic or monument of the pride and wealth of its inhabitants seems to have vanished: the Liettani, in its quiet course through the plain and the ruins, bathes no solitary grave; no forsaken tomb, whose ashes were scattered long ago, echoes its murmurs. The magnates, the captains, and the sages of the city, perished without a memorial either from the historian or the sculptor. So little is known of the ancient Balbec, that it rather seems one of those cities of the Arabian tales, than a place for centuries of actual wealth, importance, and luxury. Perhaps it is best that it should be thus, as if it was destined that the noble ruins should alone tell the tale. Could any other tale be so impressive—could any monument of the dead be so mournful? But is it not beautiful—amidst the quick passing of generations, the fall of so many things holy and great, so many things intended for eternity—to be able to lean against one of these pillars, and think that the years are not always as a tale that is told, the life is not always vanity, that can leave such relics behind? When shall these temples pass away? when shall *their* sun go down?





W. H. Carpenter

W. H. Bartlett

THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

THE MOUNTAIN SIDE



CHURCH AND SCHEICH'S HOUSE, EDEN.

A journey in the East is indebted for much of its interest to its continual contrasts—from a region of gloom to one of light and glory, from heat and thirst to the lonely fountain and forest. Eden is a place hard to be got at from every side; the ascents to its enchanted little territory are prolonged and painful, but when arrived there, the fruit and forest trees, the noble walnut-trees, the cascades from the mountains, the rich vegetation of the valley and the heights, the neat and picturesque dwellings—how beautiful they all look! The scheich's house, or rather castle, and the church, are conspicuous objects in the plate; the former is the refuge of the traveller, happy if he can often find a similar one in his progress. The home and reception of this chieftain little resembles those of the scheichs of other villages; there is something of the feudal days about them. The castle is strong and well built, and may be considered in Lebanon a handsome and imposing edifice: the guest is welcome to remain here for several days, which he will be tempted to do, the cleanliness and airiness of the interior are so agreeable after the dirty khans and comfortless cottages. My friend, Mr. Abbot, then consul for Beirout, breathed his last beneath the scheich's roof, to which he came from Ras-el-ain, the beautiful resting-place already described as within two miles of Balbec; death took him by surprise on this solitary height of Lebanon, yet he was thankful that he had fallen under the care and kindness of the Chief. The concern of the latter was very great at this mournful event: he attended the remains to their wild grave with much honour, walking in procession with the chief people of the village and neighbourhood.

It is, however, possible, though very unusual, to meet with persecution even in Eden, as was proved by Dr. W., a friend of the writer, about two years since. He was a physician, and had resided two years at Damascus and other parts: he came to Lebanon and to Eden, with a hope of being useful to the people by inviting them to a more pure and uncorrupted religion: he distributed in the houses and hamlets copies of the Gospel of St. John and other portions of the New Testament, translated into Arabic, and printed in England. Had he known the priesthood of Lebanon better, he would have tempered his zeal with a little more discretion; experience soon taught him the bigotry and intolerance of many of these men, and their hostility to any innovations on the corrupt systems of faith which are the heritage of Lebanon. In their visits to the families, the ecclesiastics met with many copies of these gospels and tracts; intelligence was quickly carried to the great Maronite patriarch in the monastery of Canobin, that gloomy retreat, which seems to hang among the precipices between heaven and earth, where the light of the sun rarely falls. Orders were instantly issued to arrest the circulation of the books, to take away from the families the copies which they had received, and to warn the stranger to desist from his efforts under pain of excommunication. He paid little attention to this threat, and continued his daily visits, which were beneficial to the body as well as to the soul; for throughout Eden and its vicinity he visited the sick

gratuitously, and relieved their complaints. His advice and remedies, and the kindness and sympathy of his manners, soon made him popular in every family. He resided in the castle of the scheich, and was a favourite of his host, who had never received so useful a guest beneath his roof. The patriarch, quickly informed of his obstinacy, actually issued the excommunication, whereby he forbade every family, under the severest penalties, to receive him into their houses, to allow him fire, bread, and water, or to hold any communication with him. On the following Sunday this sentence was thundered forth from every church of the whole region around: its effects were instantly visible; every dwelling was closed against him; no door was gladly opened as before at his approach, no voices of parent or children eagerly welcomed him; even where the sick and dying were languishing within, they dared not ask him to look on them, or approach their bed. He perceived the embarrassment of his host, yet the noble old man, when he saw him prepare to depart, entreated him to remain under his protection, and not to think of the inconveniences to which he, the scheich, would thus be exposed, for that the excommunication should occasion no change in his treatment or regard towards him. The guest declined this offer, and retired with his attendants and servants to a beautiful green spot, shaded by a few fine trees, at a short distance from the village. Here he resided two months in the most singular position imaginable, waiting for an opportunity again to do good; but that opportunity never came. In the midst of a numerous population, the sight of cottages and their families, rich men and their servants, continually before him, he was nearly as isolated as Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island. No one brought him wine, though the vineyards of Lebanon were almost at his tent-door; he saw the smoke morning and evening rising from roofs whose families he had healed, but no one gave unto him. Three tents pitched beneath the trees, on the grassy bank, constituted the residence of his party. They must all have starved, but that they found an old man of the neighbourhood who had hardihood enough to disregard the sentence of his church; with his son, who was a little boy, and his donkey, he contrived to go down the mountains twice a week to Tripoli, and brought provisions and wine back with him. He was well paid, and risked the anger of the priests and the remorse of his own conscience; the latter seemed to sit lightly on him. Every Sunday, during Dr. W.'s residence beneath the trees, the excommunication was thundered forth from every chapel, so that the people were kept in a continual state of excitation and alarm. Had he been a native, and not an Englishman, he would have shared the fate of the unfortunate Assad-ish-Shediak, who for his attempts at religious reform was immured in one of the prison-chambers of Canobin, and fed on bread and water, where, after lingering a few months, he died. But though some of the priesthood would willingly have heard of his destruction, they dared not countenance any violence against him. It was a curious circumstance, that after he had resided thus about three weeks, the people began to visit him, but not for any religious or friendly purpose; they came to ask his advice on their complaints and ailments: men, women, and children stood at his tent-door in groups; they sometimes brought the sick with them, and eagerly received his remedies. But not one of these people would have given him a bit of bread or a drink of water, or admitted him into





S. Fisher.

H. J. Whittier.

their houses, even if he had been utterly destitute; so great an influence had the patriarch's sentence on their minds. Perhaps they did not consider that in thus communicating with the physician, for their health's sake only, they disobeyed the spirit of the excommunication. His feelings on the Sabbath were not enviable, for he could not divest himself of uneasiness at the sound of the church bells, that called the people together, to hear himself and all his purposes denounced as dangerous and damnable. At last, at the end of two months, perceiving that there was no relaxation in their hostility, that all prospect of usefulness was at present over, he struck his tents, and departed from the beautiful Eden, that had been to him a scene of fiery trial.

From this circumstance, it may be perceived that the obstacles to persuading the people of Lebanon to the purity of faith and hope, are great and numerous: it is true, that of late some of the priesthood have been of a better mind, but the greater part cling obstinately to the errors in which they and their forefathers have lived for so many ages. A number of copies of the New Testament in Arabic, sent out for circulation through the mountain, were lately seized and burned by the order of the priesthood. The inhabitants of Lebanon broken into so many churches, often adverse to each other, have been so unvisited by happier influences, by earnest or powerful efforts for their renovation, that the voices which now call them to it seem to them like strange sounds.—A more hopeful preparation than Dr. W's could not be: they had received the greatest benefits and kindnesses from the stranger; he came and dwelt in their midst, without any selfish motive of curiosity or pleasure—and they all abandoned him: for, out of the whole population, not one shewed kindness; and it was solely for the sake of the hire that the old man went down to Tripoli. Beneath his tent, which, when it rained, or when the winds were high on the mountain, was no enviable home, he felt that he “laboured for nought;” yet Lebanon was a new and exciting field, and no foot, save his own, had hitherto wandered to Eden in such a cause. The first time Dr. W. came here, was to receive the last breath of Mr. A., the consul, whose grave he dug, partly with his own hands, on the hill-side below;—this second visit was one of persecution;—the third, which he is now about to make to Eden, will probably be more blest.

SCANDEROON, FROM THE ROAD TO ISSUS.

This view embraces the position of Scanderoon, with a few ships at anchor; the pass between the mountains up to Beilan is seen behind. It is the port of Aleppo, from which it is eighty miles distant: the unhealthiness of its climate, and the ignorance and aversion to improvement in the Turkish government, made it for a long time a place to be shunned. The bay is a remarkably fine one, but the miserable town is encompassed by marshes on every side: the shore is flat and dreary; it is the saddest hole imaginable for an European, whereas the heights, not a mile

* * *

distant, are picturesque, well wooded, with vineyards and cottages, and of a pure and wholesome air. To look from the neighbourhood of Beilan on the sepulchral Scanderoon, is like gazing from one of the Appenines on the fatal soil of the Maremma. It is difficult to escape, even with the greatest precaution, the fever that prevails here in the summer, occasioned by the excessive heat of the sun, seldom relieved by sea-breezes, and the noxious vapours from the surrounding swamps. During three centuries, the love of gain and commerce has made Scanderoon the residence of Christian merchants: certainly no insurance-office would have taken them under a high premium; and even now, when things are better, the chances would be heavily against the insurer. There is many a noxious spot, of redeeming beauty and fertility, where gold may, figuratively, be gathered by the river side, and plucked from the trees; but around Scanderoon there is not a solitary attraction: the sad splendour of the sun falls on a shadeless soil; nor are the profits so very great. An old traveller speaks of it as "infamous for the death of Christians." "They must be men," he adds, "who love money at a strange rate, to accept of these employments; for the air, like that of Ormus, is generally so bad, especially in the summer, that they who do not die cannot avoid very dangerous distempers. Mr. Philips, the English consul, has been the only person that ever lived two and twenty years at Scanderoon; but you must know that he was a brisk, merry man, and of an excellent temper of body; yet for all that, he had been forced to be cauterized." There is nothing Oriental about the place: neither grove, fountain, or garden; the wind can be heard in the mountain forests, but not felt: the sea, scarcely heaved in summer with the breeze, falls with a long foreboding sound on the melancholy beach. The inhabitants are mostly Greeks and Turks, who reside here on account of the shipping which frequent the port. There is a neat Greek church, and among the tombs are those of a number of Englishmen who have fallen victims to the unhealthiness of the situation. The appearance of those who still remained was ghastly pale: recently, however, the air has been improved, and the situation rendered more inviting, by the draining of the marshes, which was accomplished by the enterprise and skill of Europeans: this is an important event for the future prosperity of Scanderoon, should the Egyptian dominion continue in Asia Minor. During the late war, the hostile fleets anchored here: supplies and troops arrived to Ibrahim Pasha, and the Turkish fleet landed provisions and stores for their army. Granaries were built, and the silent town was full of noise and activity, as well as despair when the defeated Turks fled thither from the field of Beilan. Scanderoon is of great importance to Ibrahim, being the only port that communicates with Antioch, Aleppo, and the surrounding districts: the arrival of vessels, stores, &c. from Egypt, give an extent and activity to its trade which it never before possessed. It was by the direction of Ibrahim that the formidable marshes were drained. The English consul in Scanderoon is Mr. Fornetty, who is kind and hospitable to travellers, though there are very few whose feet wander to this sad town. It is in the diocese of Tarsis, and the bishop frequently spends sometime here. It is the only part of the coast, to a great extent, where there is a solid bottom, and good anchorage for vessels.

THE GREAT MOSQUE AT ANTIOCH.

This is the tallest and noblest mosque at Antioch; its beautiful minaret is worth a hundred of our church steeples. The sun is on the greater part of its white shaft, and on the little gallery towards the top, where the Muezzin walks round three times a day to proclaim the hour of prayer. On its summit is the crescent; a stone staircase winds up its interior, into which a dim light scarcely penetrates through a few little windows. This mosque is near the Orontes, simple, like all the Turkish mosques, in its interior; lofty, cool; a few sentences here and there on the walls, in gold letters, from the Koran; its light subdued; a glare of light is always avoided in their places of worship. No painting or tomb, no escutcheon, carving, or ornament, is in the churches of the Prophet; a naked and dreary simplicity is the character of the smaller, a sublime one of the grander mosques. Sometimes supported and adorned with flights of pillars of marble, and surmounted by a dome: the effect is impressive, particularly when the worshippers, ranged in long rows beside the walls and on the pavement, kneel on the little rich carpets which they bring with them, in prayer, and the morning or setting sun falls through the dome. There are no seats or chairs, or any accommodations, in the greater part of the mosques; but there are a few, where a pasha or governor worships, of more luxurious arrangement. The writer, wandering one evening through a town, looked into a small and elegant mosque, through whose dome the sun cast its last red beams about half way down the walls; while the worshippers below were in the dimness which they loved, as favourable to devotion: the whole of the floor was covered with a rich carpet, and there were raised seats also, richly covered, for the governor and his chief men. The pool at the entrance, at which all who entered first washed their feet, was clear as crystal, being supplied by a rivulet. It was a tasteful and tempting place of worship; there was a little pulpit, such as is seen in most of the mosques, where the Imaun occasionally expounds the Koran, and delivers his discourses on the morality and religion of Mohammed: during these addresses, the genteeler part of the audience are frequently occupied in consulting their Koran, copies of which they bring with them. A few of the finest mosques in the Turkish empire were originally built by the Christians, and exhibit in the interior the noble and massive Gothic architecture. The large and splendid mosque in Nicosia was formerly the Christian church of St. Sophia; it was built by the Venetians in the Gothic style, and consists of three aisles formed by lofty pillars of marble; the pavement is also of marble. Around are the tombs of princes, of knights templars, and Venetian nobles. The great mosque in Damascus, held so peculiarly sacred by the Turks that it is death for any Christian to enter it, was the ancient cathedral, and one of the finest buildings the zeal of the first Christians produced. The architecture is of the Corinthian order; the Turks call this the mosque of St. John the Baptist, to whom it was formerly dedicated. It stands on a rather elevated position, nearly in the centre of the city: the gate opens into an extensive square court paved with marble; near the entrance is a fountain that sends forth a column of water, to

the height of ten or fifteen feet. On three sides of this court is a cloister that consists of two tiers of pointed arches supported by Corinthian columns. These cloistered arches, with their granite pillars, look like a splendid portico. The interior of the mosque is of vast dimensions; its effect is magnificent; its form, that of an oblong square, composed of three long aisles running parallel to each other, and divided by three rows of fine Corinthian columns. On the outside it is seen that these three aisles have each a separate pent-roof, that the large dome rises from the middle of the central roof, and at the end of each of these there is a minaret. The body of the building is in the shape of a cross, and exhibits above rows of Saracenic windows, raised with small pillars. It is said by some writers that this church was built by the emperor Heraclius, and was at first dedicated to Zacharias, and that it was by agreement continued in the hands of the Christians, but that at length the Mohammedans took it from them. It is most probable that this splendid specimen of early ecclesiastical architecture was raised under the bishops of Damascus, when Christianity was the established religion here. The Arab historians observe, that this mosque was much improved by the Khalif Valid, about the eighty-sixth year of the Hegira.

The mosque of Abraham is the finest in the city of Orfah, in Mesopotamia; perhaps there is no place of worship in the Ottoman empire, which, from the beauty of its site, and ancient associations, is so interesting as this. Orfah is considered, by all the learned Jews and Mohammedans, as well as by many eminent scholars among the Christians, to have been the Ur of the Chaldees, the birth-place of Abraham and Sarah, from whence he went forth to dwell at Haran, previous to his being called from thence to go into Canaan, the land promised to himself and his seed for ever. This mosque, which is called from Abraham, "The Beloved, the Friend of God," stands on the brink of a small lake, that is filled from a clear spring which rises at the extremity of the town. The greater part of the northern bank of the lake is occupied by the grand façade of the mosque of the patriarch; the centre of this façade is a square pile of building, from which arise three large domes of equal size, and four lofty minarets springing up amid a cluster of tall and solemn cypress trees. At each end of this central pile are flights of steps descending to the edge of the lake, for the ablutions of the pious. Above each flight of steps are open arcades for corridors, where the faithful may sit or walk in the shade. In the cool of the evening and the morning, they prefer to sit without in the open air, on the steps at the borders of the lake, which they contemplate while smoking their pipes. The wings of the mosque are terminated by two solid masses of building, perfectly uniform in design, and completing one of the most regular edifices of this kind to be found perhaps in the East. Beyond, at the west end of the lake, is a large garden filled with fig-trees and white mulberry-trees; the latter are as tall and full in foliage as the largest of our English elms. This lake, from being consecrated to the devotion of the patriarch, is visited as well from motives of piety as of pleasure, and seldom fails to have several parties on its banks. It is filled with an incredible number of fine carp; as the water in which they float is beautifully transparent, they are seen to great advantage; and it is an act of charity, as well as of diversion, for the visitors there, to

purchase vegetable leaves, and scatter them on the surface; by which the fish are collected literally in heaps. They are forbidden to be touched or molested; it being regarded as a sacrilege of a most unpardonable kind, to attempt to use them as food. There are some other delicious spots in the neighbourhood of this beautiful mosque, in shady walks, gardens, and open places bordered with trees.

On the right of the minaret in the plate is a barber's shop, the favourite haunt of the lover of news and scandal. In the poorest little town as well as the most prosperous city of the East, the barber's shop is indispensable to the comfort both of mind and body, and almost to the very existence of the people. The Oriental barber, in his bearing, dress, and position in society, is much more of a gentleman than his brother in Europe. He sometimes wears handsome clothes, with a handsome pair of pistols in his sash; and in his air and demeanour there is conscious importance, or self-respect, very different from the often servile and cringing manners of the European. He is often in independent circumstances, sometimes even wealthy; has his house of pleasure as well as of business, a handsomely dressed wife, many servants, and a circle of friends. He often keeps several hands in the shop to attend to the business, and sits down at his ease in a scarlet robe and Cashmere turban, to receive his customers; many of whom, grave and elderly men like himself, sit and chat with him. The shop here depicted is one of the inferior class, but in a good place for business, as it stands near one of the gates. The Prince de Ligne, in his memoirs of his own life, in two small volumes, relates a singular adventure in the most revered mosque in Constantinople. By dint of bribes and promises he had with much difficulty prevailed on a Turk to conduct him to the mosque, in which it was at that time death for any Christian to be discovered: the prince was disguised in a Turkish dress, in which he looked very like a true believer; and his companion, in no little trepidation, conducted him at evening into the interior just before the hour of evening prayer. Dreading to expose him to the observation of the worshippers, who would soon assemble, the Turk led him to a kind of recess in an obscure part of the wall, where they were concealed from view. The mosque was soon filled with a number of the faithful; and the muttered sounds of prayer rose on every side. The prince, who had already satisfied his curiosity as to the building, put the courage and devotion of the Turk to the strangest trial imaginable. He took out from his vest a piece of ham and a piece of bread, with which he had provided himself, and, dividing them into two parts, insisted that his companion should eat one: the latter indignantly refused, and turned with loathing from the morsel, which was the highest possible abomination in such a place. The prince declared, and even rose from his seat, that he would instantly go forth from his retreat, and discover himself, when they would be torn in pieces by the assembly, if the Turk did not instantly eat the ham. In agonies of terror and remorse, on which his companion feasted, and in dread of immediate discovery, (for he saw that the prince was reckless and determined,) the poor Mohammedan actually took the ham, and eat it: the latter said, that he could not resist the temptation, even in such imminent danger, of forcing the Turk to eat pork in the heart of his holiest mosque, and witnessing the conflict between his fanaticism and his fear: he made him eat it up, every bit. Slowly, and in

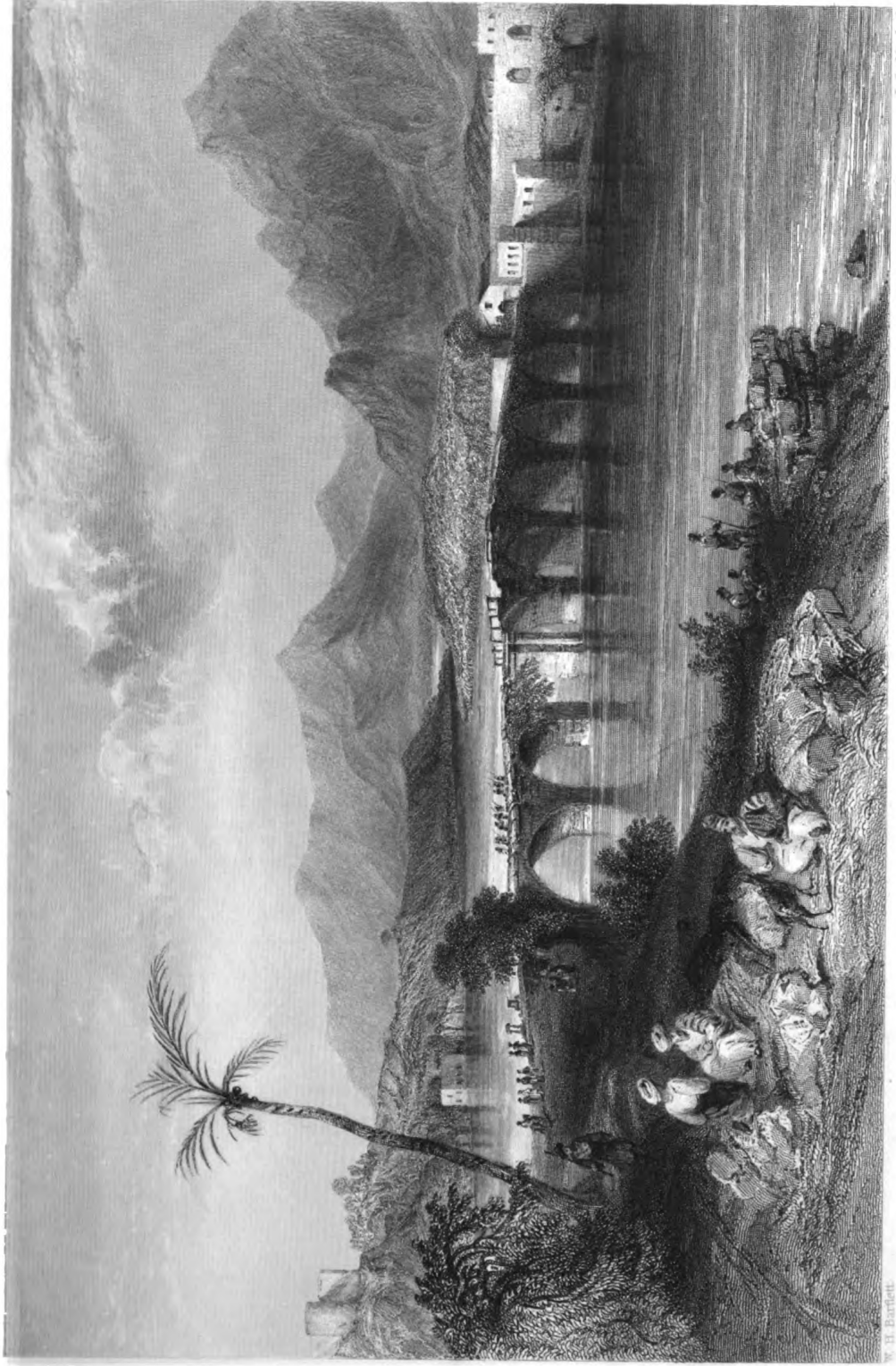
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exquisite misery, the Turk devoured the hateful thing, while his persecutor looked on, and his countrymen around were engaged in their last prayers of the day; and he felt all the time, that he not only himself committed a fearful sacrilege, but that he brought irretrievable dishonour on the mosque of the Prophet. His prayers and entreaties to be spared the test, had been in vain: and when the multitude were departed, and they left their hiding-place and the mosque, he turned in abhorrence from the Frank, and, without speaking a word, fled to his home, as if his sorrow and sin were too great for utterance.

BRIDGE OF MISSIS—ASIA MINOR.

This place is between Adana and Gorgola: there are traces of antiquity in the foreground, and below among the mountains is a castle; and the Polish officer, met with at Girgius Adeeb's, in Antioch, stated that there existed considerable ruins between this spot and Mount Taurus, which it was impossible, however, now to visit. He visited them in the course of military operations in Cilicia with Ibrahim Pasha; they lie within the Turcoman country: future travellers, provided with an escort and an intelligent servant, will find their investigation full of interest. Asia Minor, the loveliest of all lands, is at present but partially and feebly explored, save in the few main caravan routes.

The situation of Missis is very picturesque on the river Syhoon, the ancient Sarus, which is the largest river in the southern part of Asia Minor. The Cilician mountains are here bold, and finely varied in their forms. This country is rarely a land of drought to the traveller; the summer heats do not dry up its streams; they flow with a full and unshrunk body of water, which was a delightful sight to one who had first descended from the vast and desolate plains above, where he had lodged the previous night on the grass. The sun had not long risen when he came to the shore; the poor homes of Missis, the old bridge, which some soldiers of Ibrahim Pasha were crossing, looked cheerful; and he resolved to breakfast by the water-side, although some Turkish washerwomen, who were busy close at hand, were so dreadfully scandalized at his vicinity, that they made an uproar, because, by remaining so near their scene of operations, he inevitably became a spectator of their legs: "Do you not see," said a man who supported them, "that you must not intrude on their privacy?" Seeing that he still continued his meal on his favourite spot, they were liberal in their curses. Departing from Missis, and journeying towards Tarsus, around which the country looked cheerful and the villages pretty, he again entered the birth-place of St. Paul, whose ancient associations and present scenery are so impressive;—always the wide plain, the Cydnus, and the bold range of Mount Taurus, with its defiles. The letter to the French consul, Mons. Gillet, procured an earnest invitation to stop with him; on hesitating for a moment, "But where will you go, my friend?" said the Frenchman with a pleasant smile: the answer was impossible, for there was no other house in Tarsus; and in half an hour he was seated at a *déjeûné* in the open divan, with his host, his wife, and daughter, a lovely child of



J. S. Mearlock

W. H. Bartlett



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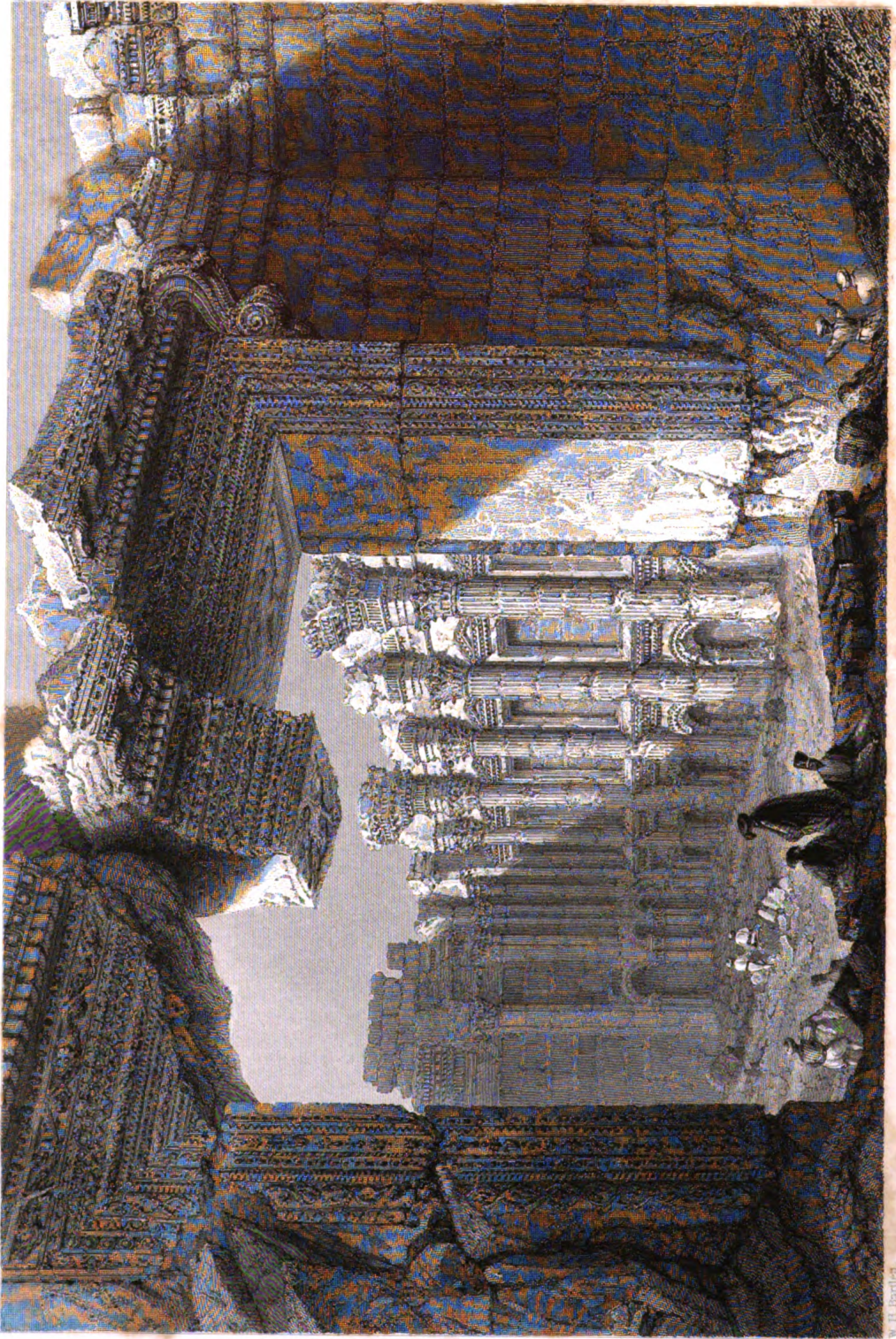
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W. H. Bartlett

thirteen. They say John Bull carries his country about with him; certainly the French do not come behind in this: here, in Tarsus, this family lived in the same style in which they would have done in Paris; but Madame G. confessed that they were at a sad loss for articles of the *cuisine*, and that, without the most watchful and incessant exertions, they should have fallen short in many essential points. The guest was tempted to think they must have conjured up the fricassees and entremets by magic. M. Gillet was a most pleasant man, perfectly polite, cheerful, and full of anecdote; he had seen a good deal of service, and was in the Russian campaign. The guest took a reluctant leave of his kind host, who begged him, in parting, "*de rappeler quelquefois les pauvres exiles de Tarsus.*"

ANCIENT BUILDINGS IN ACRE.

This is a very large, oblong structure, apparently of the time of the crusaders; the doorway of immense thickness and strength, the pillars still firm, the apartments small and dim—a formidable hold in that fierce age. It is near the convent, surrounds an open court, and is supported upon gothic arcades: its deep double gateways and portcullis tell of the period when each house was a fortalice, and the city of Acre rife with Christian animosity and envy. It seems not to be appropriated to any purpose of business or lodging; it would make an excellent khan; and, did it stand in the wilderness, it would be an admirable home for the benighted traveller and merchant, but its lofty corridors are generally empty and silent. The convent in Acre is the only roof that shelters the stranger; its two or three poor monks wander about their large building with a dejected air; and are very glad to receive guests, whose arrival is an excitement to their dull life. "One of the friars," observes the artist, "was an Italian, and expressed his regret at lacking a pair of suitable shoes, the only drawback to his satisfaction in his shooting excursions in the neighbourhood: he was supplied by one of our party. Kept awake all night by the tenants of conventual beds—in general, hour after hour passed watching. How startling, in the dead of night, was the chant of the Muezzin, alone disturbing its stillness and repose:—

" 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone
To mortal minstrelsy unknown."

INTERIOR OF THE GREAT TEMPLE—BALBEC.

The situation of Balbec was remarkably fine, and its air healthful; its territory, which is extensive, and abundantly watered by rivulets, extends twelve hours through the plain of the Bekaa, and fourteen hours from Homs, where the Anti-Libanus terminates. Each village has its spring, and the soil is extremely fertile. About thirty years ago, the

plain, and the part of the mountain to the distance of a league and a half round the town, was covered with grape plantations, but the oppressions of the governors and their satellites have entirely destroyed them ; and the inhabitants of Balbec, instead of eating their own grapes, which were renowned for their superior flavour, are obliged to import them from Zahlé. The first view of Palmyra, in which the entire ruins are beheld covering the desert, is infinitely more striking than that of Balbec, or than any other ruins in the world. It is like some vision of departed glory, which one has beheld in a dream—so strange and beautiful, so shadowy and solemn, look the slender flights of columns in the desert of sand, as if this was not their birth-place, and they but waited their time to go hence. But there is a massiveness and grandeur about the temple of Balbec which is wanting in that of the former. This great temple, elevated about eighteen or twenty feet above the surrounding level, must have been supplied with a magnificent flight of steps, of which no vestiges are left, leading up to the portico. A doorway, partly blocked up, leads into the first court of the interior, which is of large dimensions. To this succeeds an open quadrangle, oblong, and of still greater extent, surrounded by a series of large recesses, alternately square and circular, which seem designed for separate sanctuaries, all enriched with appropriate architectural decorations, and all profusely ornamented, like every other part of the edifice, with the beautiful niches terminating in the grooved shell. A bold cornice above gives a fine effect to the whole.

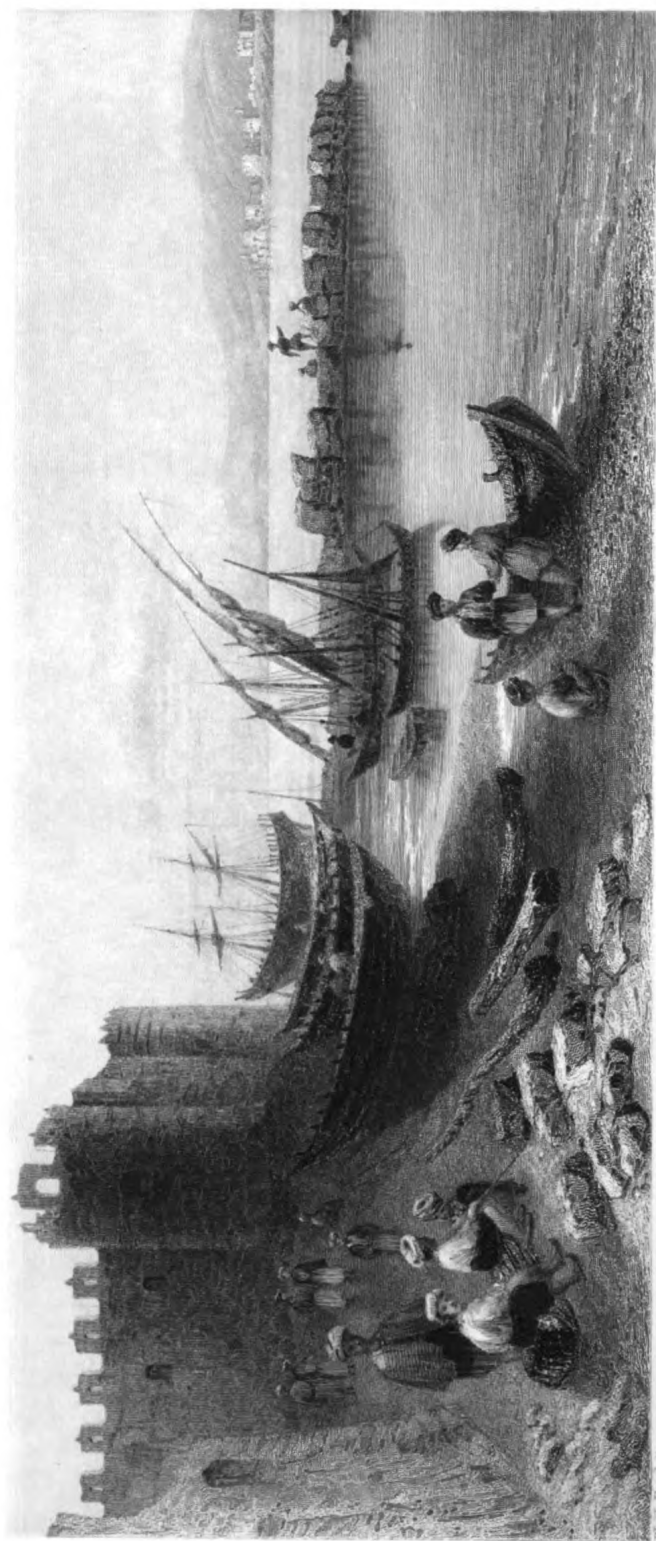
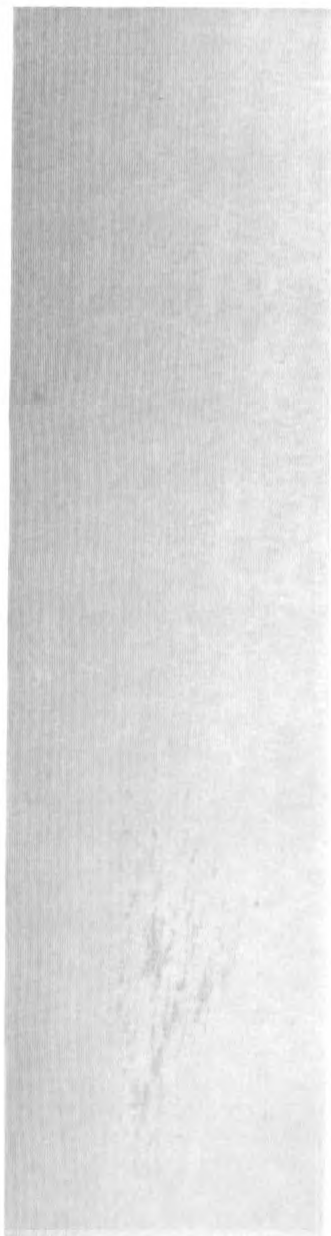
In so vast a pile, and such endless details, there can scarcely be too much richness, although an eminent traveller observes, “the stone groans beneath the weight of its own luxuriance; chapels, niches, friezes, cornices, all display the most finished workmanship, belonging rather to a degenerate period of art, and distinguished by that exuberance which marked its decline among the Greeks and Romans. This impression can only be felt by those whose eyes have been previously exercised by the contemplation of the pure monuments of Athens and Rome: every other eye will be fascinated by the splendour of the forms, and the finish, of the ornaments of Balbec.” A spacious and highly ornamented doorway is situated at the right-hand extremity of this area; but whether it conducted to some other part of the structure, now destroyed, or was a less important entrance from without, the intervention of the external wall makes it difficult to determine. Roofless and dismantled as this interior has been for so many ages, time has been merciful in sparing so much of it; of the numerous statues, not a fragment remains. In so dry a climate and pure an atmosphere, the progress of decay is very slow; even the spacious vaults below this temple, which are connected with each other, and built of enormous blocks of stone, are perfectly free from damp, and still used as repositories for grain.





M. J. Staring

V. B. Strazak



F. Herth.

V. H. Berdett.

THE TOMB OF ST. GEORGE, BAY OF KESROUAN.
ON THE ROUTE FROM BEIROUT TO TRIPOLI.

This romantic spot is on the route from Beirout to Tripoli, in the bay of Kesrouan, the shores of which display an exquisite verdure, and cultivation, and cheerfulness; the villages and convents, one situated above another up the declivities, have a most romantic appearance. This strange excavation appears to have been once a chapel, and is commonly called the Tomb of St. George, our tutelar saint, whose combat with the dragon is said to have taken place at no great distance. On the opposite side of the bay is a Roman arch, and a beautiful rocky promontory. This spot is between Nahr-el-kelb and Batroun. The villages on the hills are neatly built, all flat-roofed, with little latticed windows; two or three of the larger edifices are convents, with a pleasant aspect towards the sea, each having its garden and vineyard: the soil is very fruitful. In the hills in the interior of Asia Minor, the rocks are not unfrequently excavated into a kind of chambers, anciently sepulchral, but now inhabited by peasants and shepherds, and which offer to the traveller a warmer shelter than a ruined khan; the woods supply a good fire, and neither wind nor rain find a passage. Many of these rocks, pierced with ancient catacombs, present, at a small distance, the exact appearance of towers and castles: the people, as in the time of Job, "embrace the caverns of the rock for shelter, and dwell in the cliffs of the valley, fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste."

TORTOSA, WITH THE ISLAND OF RUAD.

Leaving Beirout with the night-breeze, the boat was off Tortosa next morning, and ran into Ruad, whose pier and old Moorish castle are admirably engraved in this plate. There was an amusing old man of a consul here, who kept a little snuff-shop, which was decorated with the arms of England, and shewed all the civilities which his isolated and barren situation allowed him. The isle of Ruad is a most dull and melancholy sojourn; the inhabitants are all Turks, who have been occupied from time immemorial as shipwrights. Tortosa is seen opposite, with its village, and gothic ruin of a Christian church (given in a former plate,) on the beach; the morning was fine and clear, the sea almost calm, each distant hill, and even rock, were so distinct in that pure atmosphere and lovely light. It was a solitary land, in which no charm of climate could long sustain the traveller's vivacity; few were the abodes on the mainland, and they were ruinous and poor: the people had the wild and unsocial air of those who see but seldom their fellow-men. The Anzeyry hills are seen behind, which are much lower than those of Lebanon.

RUINS AT THE HEAD OF KNIGHT STRADA, RHODES.

This street, still called by the name of the Knights of St. John, is deeply interesting. From the scene of the landing-place, delineated in a former view, passing under a gothic gate, you turn round to the right among several other gothic buildings, and ascend this street, which is steep and narrow, and quite silent. The armoury, to which there is a very curious old door, is at the bottom; and at the top stands the great church, now a mosque. On either side of the streets are the houses of the knights; the arms of the former occupants are over the small doorway—principally those of ancient families in France, Spain, Italy, or Germany. What happy hours of power and prosperity did these chevaliers formerly spend here, in this the most beautiful isle of the Grecian Archipelago, whether for the purity of its climate, the richness of its vegetation, or the splendour of its prospects! Rhodes is a delicious retreat from the gay and conflicting world; and the knights were like little sovereigns, in their central position: their island was like the rich palm-grove and fountain in the desert, to which came wanderers of all nations. Greece, Syria, Turkey, Asia Minor, and Egypt, were all within a few days' sail. Their public buildings were like palaces—their fortifications splendid, and deemed invulnerable, as their remains still attest. It is impressive to walk up this narrow street, which, except at noon, is partially shaded: as you pause before the doorway, and look up at the casemented windows, one cannot help picturing the thoughts and feelings of the bold and successful men who lived there; they were mostly men of family and education, of eminent bravery, and sometimes of eminent talent. Had the pen been then wielded while the sword was idle, what a wild picture would the ambitious and restless soldier have left! and what a dreamy island-tale, the more devout and enthusiastic one!

Not the Moorish king, when driven from Granada, had more cause to weep bitterly when he looked his last on her towers, than the soldiers of St. John when Rhodes was lost to them. This steep and confined street, than which few places are now more silent, has a prison-like look; the stone houses are massive, and strongly built. The low minaret of the mosque is seen above the arch of the gateway: this was formerly the great church, where all the chevaliers assembled to worship; now it is filled with the followers of the Prophet; although its aisles, and pillars, and gothic aspect, give it but little the appearance of a mosque.

It is not easy to decide what the ruins here delineated could have been. In the foreground is a Turkish lady on a donkey; her figure, swathed like that of a mummy, her eyes only visible through the two holes in the white veil: the Christian girl to the left is a more simple and interesting-looking being; a few other figures are passing at intervals; there is a shade and coolness about the place, which is welcome in the heat of day. Rhodes is a very cheap place; a moderate income is here sufficient to enable a man to live *en prince*; wine, provisions, and house-rent, are all low: five hundred pounds a year would constitute a superb income: three hundred would be

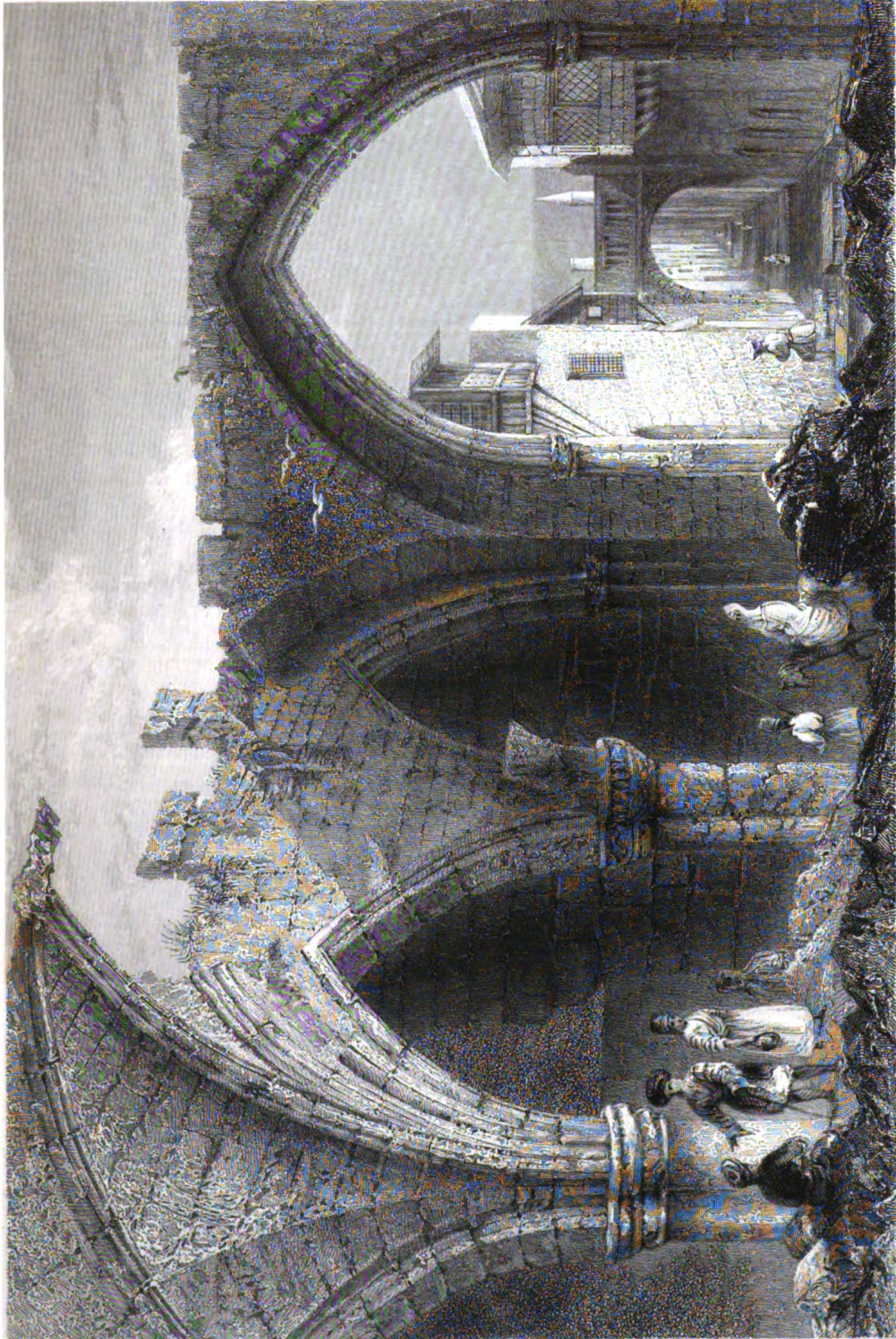


Fig. 1. The site.

W. H. Brider.

The site of the temple of the goddess Isis at Philae, Egypt.







sufficient for every luxury and comfort to a family. There was a splendid house near the town, in the midst of extensive gardens, watered by many fountains, and adorned by beautiful kiosques; the price asked for its purchase was only £150. An excellent mansion in the environs might be rented for a trifling sum: its gardens, sloping down to the water, its terrace, and the latticed windows looking on the sea, the shores, and the mountains of Asia Minor opposite. The comfort and celerity of steam navigation through this sea, is now so tempting, that it is probable its isles, more especially that of Rhodes, will be the sojourn, for a time, of many a wanderer. There are delicious spots for a residence, or a transient visit, in the groves by the sea, in the vales of the interior, or on the sides of the lofty mountains. The women of Rhodes possess superior personal attractions; and though they do not fulfil the beau-ideal of the poet, the painter, or the traveller's imaginings, they have the large dark eye, soft and mild in its expression, with none of the Gulnare fierceness; their features, as is frequently remarked of Turkish females, bear a striking resemblance to those of many English ladies—the lip full, the forehead high, the complexion very clear, and not always without the rose.

In the Catholic convent, there resided, in almost utter solitude, a very clever padre. He was a fine old Lucchese, of eighty, with a long white beard, and an eye keen as that of a hawk, and a hand that never trembled. He had abundant and ingenious resources wherewith to amuse his loneliness; he wrote homilies, knit stockings, cured tobacco, made the church-candles, also the wine; taught children, and filled up his leisure moments with his breviary. When to these occupations are added his clerical functions in the chapel, and the visiting his flock, he surely did not eat the bread of idleness. He gave me some very good red and white Rhodian wine, while I lodged with him, made from his own vineyard. He was the very model of a shrewd, selfish, indefatigable monk; yet it was admirable to see how he battled with time, and laughed at his encroachments; thrust indolence and decay from him with a high hand. He drank his own wine, and supped freely: yet his laugh was not a hearty or happy one; he appeared like the hoary and subtle watcher of the fold, who rejoiced to thrive and outlive them all, rather than the aged pastor.

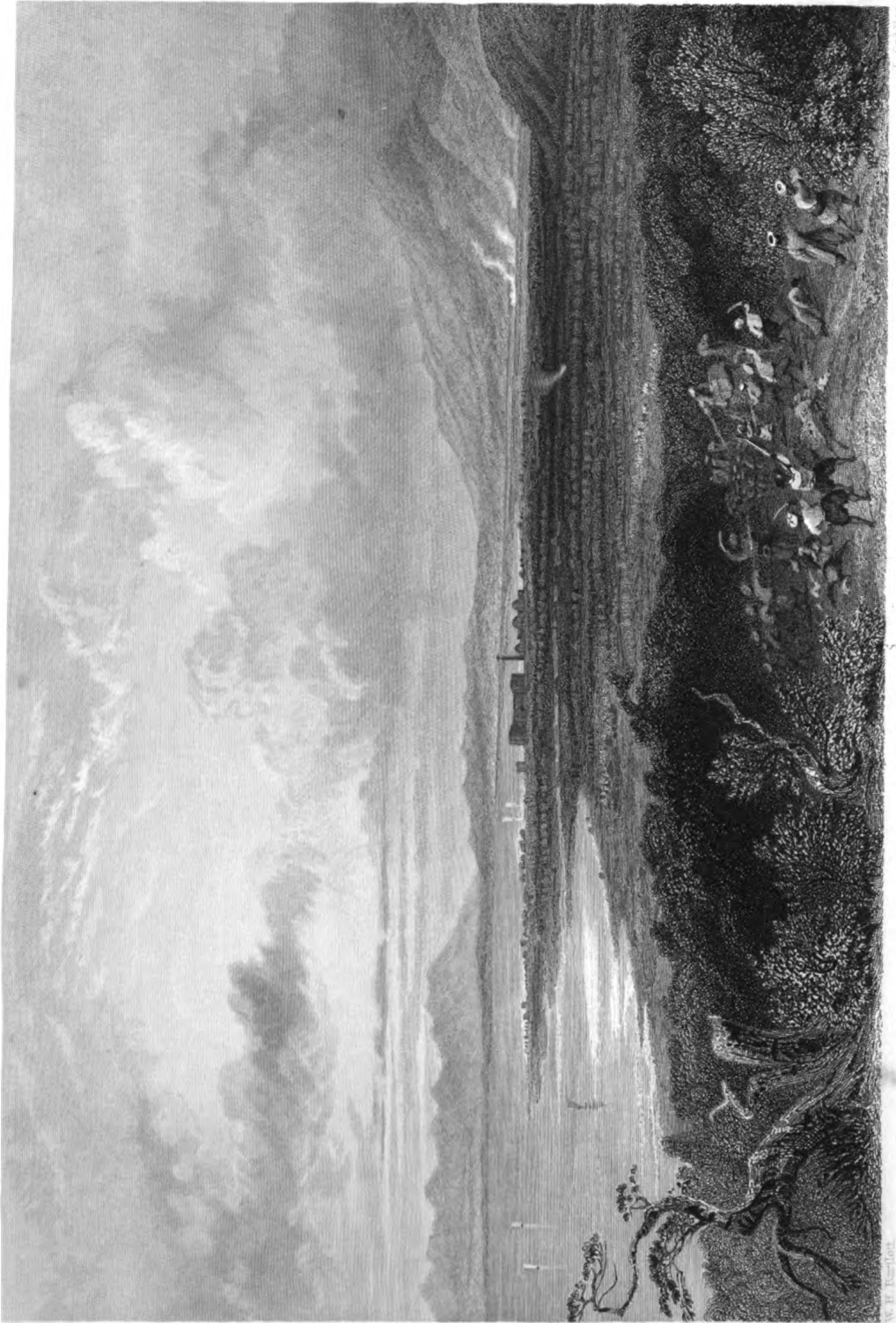
BESHERRAI—MOUNT LEBANON.

This village is on the stream, "the holy Kadesha," which is seen descending from the snows which rise above the celebrated cedars. The river is spanned by a little bridge, on which the people pass from one side of their narrow valley to the other. This singular domain can hardly be called a valley; the habitable space below seems so narrow, walled in by tremendous precipices, and its surface strewed here and there with masses of rock, that it is rather a deep and awful gorge, a very prison of nature, where it seems fearful to dwell. But if the traveller descends to Besherrai, he will find homes of comfort and content; husbandmen labouring in their little fields and

plantations, wrested from the rocks, the flock grazing by the side of the stream, pigeons and fowls covering the terraced roofs of the houses, amidst which arise the cypress, the fig, the pine, and the mulberry tree; well-dressed women and children, the pictures of robust health—and a kind welcome will greet his coming. There is something hushed, solemn, and gloomy in this dell; but there is so much cheerfulness and hospitality within the dwellings, and in the manners and looks of the people, that we begin to love the place the more on account of this contrast. The village itself stands on the edge of a deep ravine, yawning to the right, which descends towards the convent of Canobin; it has a sheltered look, in spite of the cliffs above and the cliffs beneath: the trees gather thickly about it, and there are miniature corn-fields close to the very walls: the small church is seen on the brink of the precipice. The descent from above to Besherrai is by footsteps cut in the rock, and then by a path winding along its ledges: in some parts, this passage is very difficult; in winter, it is said, people sometimes perish here. When the snows cover this dell and its flat-roofed houses, and hang on its abysses, one cannot conceive any thing more awful and comfortless than the scene. It is then unapproachable to the stranger, though it would be worth the risk of the attempt, in order to pass a Sabbath in Besherrai, to hear its church-bell pealing over its wastes of snow, the voices singing the Maronite hymn, and the roar of its cataract rising over all; and when evening came, to join the Scheich's family circle round the noble wood fire, that chases cold from the frame, and gloom from the fancy, for whole trees are sometimes laid on it: kids, poultry, and game, with the generous wines of Lebanon, furnish the repast, which is made more inviting by a delightful simplicity of manners. The waterfall which is seen in the middle of the plate, descends from a height a hundred feet; above this cascade stretch large fields of ice, which are of a mingled green and blue colour; at some distance on the left, is the celebrated group of cedars, on the crest of the mountain; they are distant about three hours from Besherrai, to which it requires an hour to descend from the heights above. Every year, in the month of June, the inhabitants of Besherrai, of Eden, and other adjacent vales and villages, ascend to these cedars, and partake of the communion at their feet. Men, women, and children, all esteem it a privilege to come and kneel, and sing their hymns beneath the aged trees; and this observance leaves a kindly influence on the memory throughout the year, and exquisitely appeals to the feelings of children. Here, one or many days are often passed; at sunrise and set, and at intervals during the day, the splendid solitude is broken by their sweet voices. It is a spot in which many would desire to rest from their labours, and be laid here in the grave: beneath this bank, where kings and saints have wept—beneath these ancient witnesses, would it not be a hallowed resting-place? Amid the last glories of the cedars, the wind moaning through whose branches is like a dirge in winter; and in summer and autumn, the hymns and prayers of the people arise without ceasing.









THE PLAIN OF PAYASS, OR ISSUS.

The descent towards Scandaroon, from the mountains, is fine, throughout the whole of the pass:—the foliage luxuriant, the natural features grand in the extreme—the gulf of Issus, where Darius was defeated, the range of mountains encircling it; the distance towards Adana was lost in the faint vapour of noon. The hovels of Scandaroon looked burnt and blackening, the miserable inhabitants wasting away. The traveller found out the home of Mr. Martinelli; it was a sorry dwelling, but the reception was polite and friendly. The marshes of Scandaroon have been drained by the exertions of this gentleman, of whose talents Ibrahim Pasha has served his purpose, and is now anxious to reap all the credit. This most useful undertaking was begun, continued, and ended by Martinelli, with no remuneration on the part of the Pasha, and no assistance beyond the commission to employ the wretched people at a price utterly inadequate. They were often so sick of the work as to threaten Martinelli's life: he was a man of great energy, and menaced, persuaded, and sometimes struck his workmen, to urge them on; and after expending £60 of his own, at length succeeded in making a canal to carry off the water. The air, formerly deadly, is now salubrious at Scandaroon: as to Martinelli himself, he is the picture of health; and the plan of draining was wholly his own. When he suggested the propriety of some remuneration on the part of Ibrahim, the latter said, that as the European powers were benefited by the place being made healthful, so that ships could stay there, *they* ought to remunerate him. Mr. M. was engaged as agent to the Aleppo merchants. He had travelled along the Euphrates with some English gentlemen, who went from Bagdad to survey the river: but being taken ill, he was obliged to stop short; while his companions proceeded to the next town, where the people, afraid of their river being made navigable, cried out, that the English would come to make them slaves, as in India; to prevent which, they murdered them all: Martinelli's absence from the party gave him time to escape.

The road from Scandaroon to Issus, along the shore of the gulf, is all overgrown with thickets and choked with marshes, till it reaches the Shool mountain, and then there is a little plain, two miles long and a mile wide, represented in the plate, and which is crossed by two rapid streams. Then a second height and another plain succeeds, which is several miles in length and two or three in width; a stream runs through it, which is fordable. Mount Amanus runs parallel with the sea: an old Venetian-looking castle is on the right in the plate; and an old ruin, something like the piers of a gate, on the left. At a distance on the right, just under the hill, are remains of walls, and two strong mountain-streams cross this plain, very difficult to ford, and dangerous if at all swollen by the rain: after some delay, a bridge was found close to the sea, over the nearest stream. The locality of the battle-field of Issus has long been a somewhat disputed point, and is placed by many on the second and larger plain; indeed, the plain in the plate offers too circumscribed a ground for such an extensive combat, and there is here no pass in Mount Amanus by which Darius could have fled. Ascending the hilly ground, the greater plain

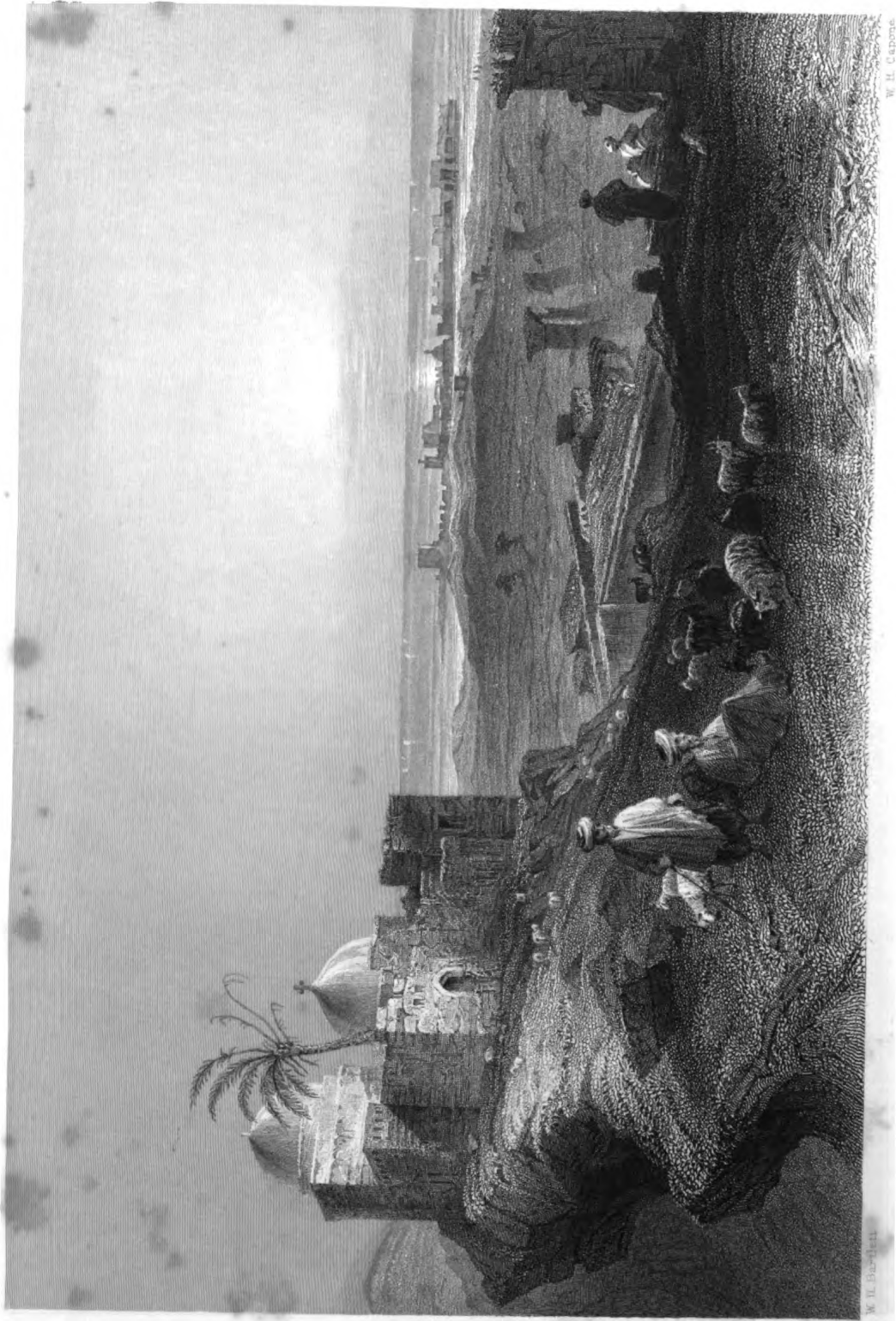
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of Issus, which looks very like the identical scene, opens to the view: there is a defile in the mountain, where the fugitive-monarch probably escaped: this plain is an impressive scene, like one of those which we fancy to be marked by nature for some great event; it has the sea, the picturesque gulf of Issus on the left, the beautiful range of Amanus on the right: over it the sun was setting in glory, behind the mountain-ranges above Adana.

Darius, after sending his treasures with his most precious effects to Damascus, marched his army through the pass of Amanus, and then turned short towards Issus. This spot of ground, which is said to have been wide enough for a small army only to act and move at liberty in, did not allow the Persians room for the twentieth part of theirs. Yet, there is nothing more surprising to a spectator than the comparatively small space of ground which a great army covers when drawn up in order of battle: whoever has seen twenty, fifty, or a hundred thousand men in the field, will allow that he could not at first believe it possible so large a number stood there. The spectator from the steeple of Leipsic, of its great battle, in which half a million of men were engaged, observes, in describing it, that he could not conceive that all these myriads were before him, till they began to move forward, and then he thought the earth had suddenly yielded up her dead to life, so vast, so endless was the sea of human beings, pouring on without pause, wave following wave. A plain of two or three miles wide, and many in length, might thus be sufficient for the greater part of the Persians to fight in, supposing the baggage and camp-followers to be left in the rear; yet it is said that "the plain, bounded by mountains on one side, and the sea on the other, must have been of considerable extent, as the two armies encamped on it: the multitude of the Persian forces was so great, that the field of battle was not able to contain a greater number in line than a hundred thousand infantry, which composed the front Darius drew up, facing the Macedonians: exclusive of fifty thousand cavalry, posted on the sea-shore." The present stream is probably the river Pinarus, that flowed between the armies, and the defile in Amanus answers to those narrow passes by which the fugitives crowded in masses, so as to impede their own flight.

In the twilight the artist entered Payass, where he expected to find a small town and some means of accommodation: entering a bazaar, and advancing some distance, all was gloom and silence, and there seemed little but ruins, where he had hoped for shelter and society. The guide was seized with a panic, said it was unsafe to remain in the desolate town, which in fact was enough to appal, when the late violences and robberies of the tyrant of Payass, a famous brigand, came over the thoughts. They retraced their way to the outside of the walls, and bivouacked under a tree in an open spot, where some peasants were winnowing corn, who supplied cream and melons for supper. Payass is a singular spot; it is a sort of fortified bazaar, whose long vaulted passage traverses a considerable space, and opens into a large court: on the left is a ruined castle and mosque. It is a station for the caravans from Constantinople to Aleppo, and a few shops are kept in the day-time by peasants, who leave the place in the evening, when it presents a scene of gloomy desolation. Next morning horses were to be found, and there were none forthcoming: the guide went hunting about among the cottages in the envi-





W. H. Capone

W. H. Capone

THE GREAT EASTERN DISCOVERY

rons, and at last engaged a peasant to go to Adana; and they rested in his cottage, or rather in his garden, during the day, and set out in the evening. There is a good deal of cultivation round Issus, but the delay of a whole day in this poor man's garden or hovel, was disagreeable, and worse accommodations were to be expected at night: the Sheichs' comfortable homes do not exist in this route. A dilapidated khan is perhaps the saddest refuge of all in this mountain-region, where the road was so bad, that it was necessary to wait for morning. "We had not seen a living creature in the way: the khan where we tried to take up our lodging is deserted, and partly in ruins: we broke some branches from the fir-trees which grow near the walls, then selected a part of the building where the roof is still entire, and made a fire on one of the hearths which are ranged in a line along the inside of the wall: here we slept round the fire till midnight. The air was cold and penetrating, and found an easy passage to our place of rest."

VIEW OF TYRE FROM THE MAINLAND.

This is taken from a bold hill, two miles distant on the plain, and crowned with a village and mosque. Beneath are extensive ruins of aqueducts, which evidently run in the direction of the island and town of Tyre; they also take the direction of Solomon's cistern at Ras-el-Ain. From the former views of Tyre, this hill and mosque are seen in the back-ground. The scene which they now commanded was very impressive, yet very desolate: it was early in the morning; the sun had not long risen; the air was still fresh and cool; the sea was calm; the beams of the cloudless sun fell beautifully on its bosom; the vessels had hardly a breeze. The walls, the old tower, and ruinous places of Tyre, were as yet in shadow: the melancholy little place, as it now looked, feebly rising on its hillocks of sand, was once the queen of the sea, and of many nations, who all envied her glory. "Could this ever have been?" is the thought that sometimes breaks here, and in similar places, on the mind. Faith comes to our aid; and without faith, where would be the traveller's enthusiasm? This enthusiasm will sometimes work miracles, which was remarkably exemplified in the person of an English gentleman, whose finances were scanty, and quite insufficient, he well knew, for the expenses of a journey through Syria and Palestine. His resolution to perform this journey was, however, inflexible:—come poverty, captivity, or death itself, he was willing and prepared to meet them all, so that he might achieve his beloved enterprise. Göethe has said, that when a man patiently and confidently waits for the object on which he has set his soul, waits through a series of years of delays and dimmed hopes, that in the end he will generally attain its accomplishment, provided the object be suitable to his genius and character. And this gentleman had waited long, and with a desire that only increased with time, till his heart burned within him, and it was more than he could bear. When landed on the coast of Syria by a vessel from Constantinople, he had only thirty pounds in his pocket, and with this sum he purposed to traverse completely the two countries, meet all the expenses, and see all that was

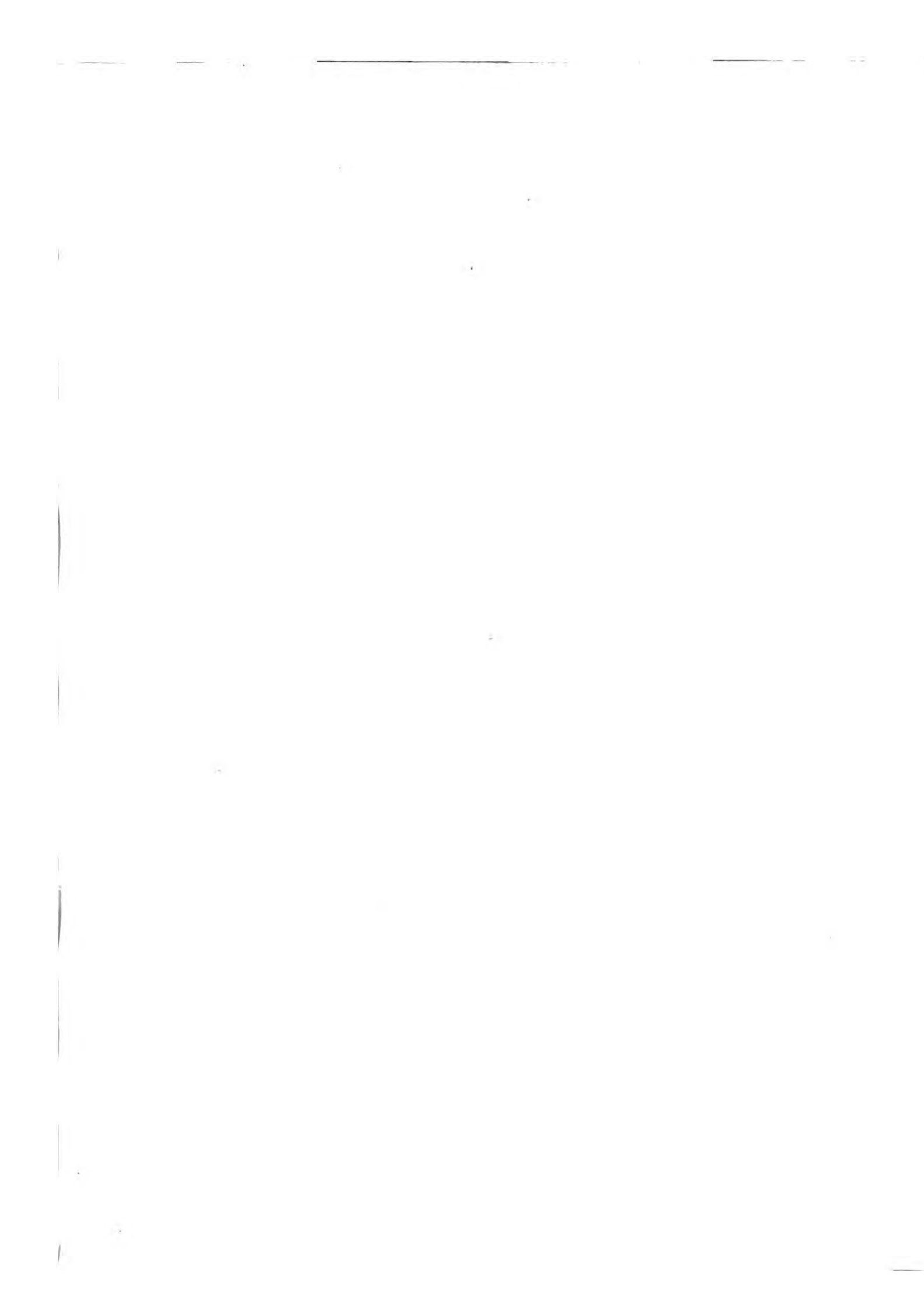
worth seeing. It was a bold attempt: some would have called it a mad one. He purchased two mules, clothed himself in a light Syrian dress, bought two large sacks of salt, with which he loaded the mules, and set out on foot through the country as a salt-merchant. As the load decreased with the sale, he rode one of the mules at intervals, till he provided himself with a fresh stock of salt. This plan would have been useless without some knowledge of Arabic, which he had taken pains to acquire, sufficient at least for his purpose, at Constantinople. In this way he traversed a good part of Mount Lebanon, and of the interior of Syria. The profits from the sale of the salt were a great resource; his living, as may be supposed, was very frugal, sometimes the meal of milk, bread, and fruit was given gratuitously, but he had always to pay for his lodging, &c. in the cities and towns, where he was obliged to preserve a respectable appearance, in order to mix with the people, and observe their habits and customs. He always lodged in the caravansaries, when in the towns; after seeing his mules provided for, he had little more to do but to enjoy himself, walk about the place, and join in the evening the traders, who also made the khan their home. His dress and apparent occupation shut him out of the society of the wealthier merchants. One day, however, he came at evening to a town in the interior of Syria, put up his mules, and was smoking his pipe beside the fountain that spouted forth in the khan, and fell with a ceaseless murmur into its clear basin, when two Turkish soldiers entered, and, advancing towards him while reclined at his ease, laid rude hands upon him. He remonstrated, and turned pale; they answered only by leading and occasionally pushing him out of the khan, and through two or three narrow streets, till they came to the house of the governor, into whose presence he was led with very little ceremony. Here he quickly saw the cause of this treatment: the governor, an elderly man, was lying upon an ottoman in a state of high fever; some of his family, with his officers and guards, were standing round him. He had been engaged all the morning in throwing the jerrid, and, the day being sultry, had overheated himself, and then drank to excess of cold water. The Frank pedlar had been seen to enter the town; and as the Turks believe that all Europeans have some knowledge of medicine, and that a great many of them are hakims, or doctors, they pointed to the sick governor, and told the stranger that he must prescribe for him instantly. He protested that he knew nothing whatever of the healing art; but they did not believe a word he said: and, as he continued to remonstrate, instead of attempting to cure the Chief, they threatened him with the instant application of the bastinado. He again said that he was quite ignorant of medicine, and could not cure him: but he spoke to unbelieving ears; their gestures and words grew menacing; and in his agitation and despair he cast his eyes around the room, and, seeing a large water-melon, said, that if the sick man eat some of it, he thought it would do him good. The melon was instantly cut up, and the governor, who was still very thirsty, actually devoured the whole of it, and soon after fell asleep. His officers, observing that he seemed better, and slept calmly, were persuaded that the melon had done him much good; they thanked the poor merchant, who was sadly frightened, and let him go his way.—He had prescribed a most unfortunate remedy; and when he saw the governor





W. Lloyd.

W. H. Burdett.



voraciously eat the whole melon, a dark foreboding took possession of his mind. There was no time to be lost; he returned to the khan, left his bags of salt on the floor, mounted one mule, and, driving the other before him, hastened to the gate, which luckily was not yet closed. All that night he travelled without any stop, save to rest his mules for a few moments, and by sunrise next morning he gained a village at the top of the mountains, which was situated in another pashalik, and out of the governor's jurisdiction, where he remained a few days; on the second day, word was brought by some passengers that the governor had died in the night, the very night after he had eaten the melon which the Frank hakim prescribed. Most surely, had the latter tarried in the town, the morning light had not seen his head on his shoulders.

THE RIVER KISHON.

This scene is on the shore between Acre and Mount Carmel, and not very far from the little town of Caïpha, which is seen to the right, at the foot of the mountain. The ford is at a short distance from the mouth of the river, where the water is usually above the horse's knees: when we crossed it, it was so swollen by the rains, that it reached to the saddle. It here flows through thickets of palm, pomegranate, and odoriferous shrubs, that beautifully skirt the beach:—the current is rapid and clear, except in the rainy season. The dull walls and towers of Caïpha, the long outline and broken surface of Carmel in the back ground, with a few groups of natives on the beach, or reclined beneath the cypress shade of the adjacent burial-ground, formed a very pleasing scene. The shore is flat and monotonous from Acre to this spot; inland it is little cultivated and inhabited: yet formerly this was a productive territory—of corn, and grazing land, and vineyards. The country being mostly peopled by Mohammedans, may account for the neglect of the vine; yet not wholly, for though they may not drink wine, they may eat as many grapes as they please:—yet very few vineyards are now met with throughout the Holy Land:—even the produce of these, the villagers do not often use themselves, but send as a kind of tribute or present to obtain favour of their rulers, as though the words were fulfilled to the present day, “thou shalt plant a vineyard, and shalt not gather the grapes thereof.”

The course of the Kishon to this spot is through the plain of Esdraelon, and along the base of Carmel; a blessing throughout its whole tract to man and beast, to the field and the store, were there industry in the people to profit by its waters, which are rarely shrunken or dried by the heats: even when the brook is dried, and the mountain-stream reduced to a few shallow pools in its stony bed,—this ancient river still flows on, a joy to the eye that roves over the wide landscape of the plain of Esdraelon and its sacred mountains, and an inexpressible comfort to the pilgrim and the wayfaring man, journeying there. How dreadful, in this country, must have been such a three years' drought as was inflicted upon Israel in the days of Ahab, may easily be conceived, when it is remembered that in summer the richest soil is burnt to dust; so that the traveller, riding through this great plain in July or August, would imagine himself to be crossing

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a desert. With regard to water, some parts of Palestine appear, in the months of October and November, to labour under great privation, and can only depend on the tanks and cisterns, with which, however, they are not all supplied. The cities and villages have such supplies; and in every stage of seven or eight hours, there are usually found, once or twice at least, cisterns or muddy wells. Generally this want of water is a source of great inconvenience in these journeys; for even in October, the mid-day heat is great, and the moisture of the body is soon exhausted. In many spots, however, as if to remind us of what Palestine once was, a beautiful strip of verdure is seen, extending sometimes for the short space of a hundred yards, at other places for seven or eight hundred, denoting the presence of water; and here is found a small native spring bubbling up, which, after winding its simple course, and blessing the land on either side, is absorbed by the soil. At such places, the husbandman has often planted a few trees and vegetables, exactly answering to the expression in Isaiah: "Thou shalt be like a watered garden; and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." Here, too, the flocks are brought to drink, before they are driven in for the night; or groups of females and children hasten at eventide with their pitchers, to take in their supply of water. Such short-lived streamlets may be observed in various places; they just serve, by their appearance, though not by their number, to illustrate the expressions, describing to the Israelites the land of Canaan before they entered it: "The Lord bringeth you into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills."

SCHIECH'S HOUSE AT ZEBDANÉ.

This village is situated on the road from Balbec to Damascus, within a day's journey of the latter; it is large and well built; the streets are broad and straight, with stone pavements on the insides; the houses are large, with yards full of cattle, and well-cultivated gardens: there is a look of cleanliness and comfort about the place, not often met with in Syria out of Lebanon. Rarely does such a resting-place as Zebdané await the traveller at the close of day; he has left behind him, in Damascus, an inhospitable city, an unfriendly and bigoted people, where money must purchase every attention and enjoyment; there is no kindness or benevolence to the stranger. Is it not delightful to look around him, and see, in the streets and doors of Zebdané, smiling and cheerful faces greeting his arrival? to feel that the sympathies and mercies of human nature are again gathering around him? There is no khan to shelter him for the night; many a home would willingly receive him, but he is directed to the house of the scheich, as the place of honour and hospitality.

It is a desolating feeling when
 We stand alike unknowing and unknown;
 It presses on the heart, which fain would then
 Recall the smiles that once were all its own.

O'er the dark mountains he is journeying: pale
 With weariness, yet his eye was bright
 And kindled as he came to that sweet vale,
 Where redly fell the day's departing light.



W. Taylor.

W. H. Bartlett.



For there were many on its shore to greet
 With words of welcome—many there to meet
 The wearied stranger of that desert way ;
 Fair Syrian eyes did glance assurance sweet
 Of answering kindness—not that might betray.
 All told the heart it was a blest retreat.

The river Barrada, or Pharpar, winds through this valley and village of Zebdané ; it is here a clear and rapid current. The first sight of its groves and plantations is delicious to the eye, after the hills and defiles left behind : apricot trees as large as wall-nut trees, border the road-side ; hedges, like those in Europe, separate the orchards and gardens ; the gardens are full of kitchen-plants and fruit-trees in flower ; the road is broad, even, and in excellent condition ; every thing in these beautiful environs give sign of a thriving and even luxurious population : the fields are carefully cultivated, the orchards watered by streams from the mountains on the left ; many of the paths bordered by quickset hedges kept in perfect order. The house of the Scheich is situated on the banks of the river, which flows amidst some immense trees ; a terrace overhangs the stream ; the house is spacious : the old man loves to conduct his visitors to this terrace, part of which being covered with carpets, forms a divan beneath one of the huge trees, that casts its shadow over the group and the waters. A wooden bridge leads from the house to this spot ; the slaves of the Scheich wait upon the party, which is increased during the evening by some of the principal inhabitants, who drop in to converse with the host and his visitors. This is Orientalism in all its simplicity and glory ; the rich divans of the pasha's palace, the splendid costumes of his attendants, his minute luxuries, do not touch the stranger's fancy like this evening's enjoyment beside the stream and the aged tree, the patriarchal group, and its venerable chief, his pipe and coffee, in the evening breeze. There is the singing of innumerable birds above his head, the murmur of the Pharpar, and the prospect over which his eye travels as far as the last mountains of the Anti-Lebanon ; forest, plain, spots of exquisite verdure, and lastly the snowy crests, red with the last sunlight.

The Scheich was a fine old man, with a white beard and mild features ; his family had for ages ruled this district ; so peaceful, orderly, and prosperous a government is not often found in the Turkish empire : he had no cause to envy any of its rulers, whose dominion and life were seldom as secure as his own ; he had nothing to do with ambition or intrigue, or the thousand arts of perfidy and cunning which the chieftains either find or make necessary to their preservation. This government had long descended from father to son, and had long been administered mildly and wisely, as was evident by the advanced state of agriculture, and the judicious regulations throughout the whole territory. Hereditary legislation had been a blessing to Zebdané ; it might have been far otherwise if its Scheichs had chanced to be severe, exacting, or unprincipled men.

In the interior of the Scheich's house, the rooms were of good size and clean, but the change from the river-side and the shady old trees, and the carpeted terrace, was not a

luxurious one. Oriental rooms have mostly a naked and unfurnished look, especially after sun-set; the traveller must not expect a bed of down in them; cushions and carpets are the chief material; and as the Turk goes to rest with half his clothes on, the exquisite feeling of clean and fine linen would be quite thrown away upon him. Indeed, there is no comfort or luxury whatever in the Eastern mode of sleeping. On waking next morning, and unclosing the latticed casements, it was easy at first to fancy oneself in England: the gardens, the hedges, the orchards, had so much the air of home about them, save that some of the trees could not flourish in our clime: there was the singing of the birds, the vivid green of the groves, the rush of the clear waters, the neat and nice arrangement of all things around Zebdané. The second part of the town is situated on a loftier site than the first, and is equally to be praised. When we entered the place the preceding evening, the young men were engaged in athletic exercises in a large open space: they are a fine healthy-looking race, and the women are many of them handsome, with a frank and kindly air and look, not usual among Turkish women. The air of Zebdané is considered so salubrious, that people of the better class come here every year from Damascus, to enjoy its climate during the summer months. Indeed, there are few spots in the East so desirable for a tourist's sojourn as this: a few weeks might be deliciously passed here—Balbec within a day's journey on one side, Damascus within eight hours on the other, and excursions towards Lebanon easily enjoyed: board and lodging may be procured at a very cheap rate, beneath the roof of one of its respectable families, where he would hardly be conscious of "being a stranger in a strange land."

MARKET-SCENE AND FOUNTAIN IN ANTIOCH.

This is the most bustling part of Antioch. The fountain, which is in the middle of the plate, stands in the midst of a bazaar, in which are various shops, chiefly for fruit. Part of the old wall is seen on the top of the height on the right; some large trees give a shade and relief to the place. An old dervise is in the foreground, with his high sugar-loaf cap and coarse dress, calmly surveying the scene before him, without home, or money, or any provision for the morrow. These men often wander through the country, visiting the cottages and villages, and generally find a shelter wherever they go. The more observing and sharp-witted among them make their wandering life very agreeable; they learn to talk well, to know human nature, and to make the vices and the piety of others subservient to their own comforts. But the more stupid, wild, and fanatical of their fraternity are often received with more personal veneration than their cooler-headed brethren: they have revelations, and affect to be self-denying, being filthy in their persons and clothing. We once met one of these worthies in a village, where he had got a group of people about him: a boy beat a drum before his reverence, as he slowly walked along; all his clothing consisted of a coarse serge cloak, fastened by a cord round his waist; his thick black hair was matted, and hung about his face in wild disorder. More than one of the orders of dervises, although Mohammedans, cherish a plentiful head of hair, which is rarely cut; and when they sometimes suddenly





S. Lacey

W. H. Bartlett



remove their conical cap, the long thick locks fall down their face and shoulders, with a luxuriance as if belonging to a Leila, rather than an uncleanly dervise. His face was pale, and his eyes large, stupid, and restless; he sat down, and partook of some coffee, but it was impossible to get any intelligent words or ideas out of him, and he soon marched off, to fraternize with the peasantry. A lady, with her slave, is seen in the middle of the plate: the sellers and buyers take every thing calmly and indolently, the former sitting cross-legged in their little shops.

The hope that Antioch would soon become a place of commerce and pleasure, is defeated by the wreck of Colonel Chesney's expedition. Had this succeeded, and the Orontes been made navigable from Suadeah to this city, its streets, bazaars, and beautiful river would have been alive with foreign trade and shipping, and European merchants and strangers. By what unforeseen disasters did this splendid enterprise miscarry, without any misconduct or oversight on the part of its directors? It is a cruel disappointment: so many rich realities, so many beautiful speculations, were built upon the opening of this route down the Euphrates! Let us hope that it is not finally abandoned; or, that it will be resumed in a few years by national enterprise. A water communication from the mouth, and along nearly the whole course of the Orontes, and then by a canal of sixty miles to the Euphrates, would enable the merchant to pour his goods into the fine countries on either side; emigrants would find a rich climate and soil in the wildernesses of Asia Minor; and the traveller would pass in ease and comfort to the ruins, the deserts, and towns of the ancient river, even to the Persian Gulf.

The aspect of Antioch is much improved since its possession by Ibrahim Pasha: his officers and agents enliven the streets and walks. The traveller need not say that all is barren, where the French, the Pole, the Nubian, and the Egyptian are sometimes met in a festive party, all serving one ambitious and successful master: their spirits have caught some of the excitement and aspiring of his master-spirit; this adventurous soldiery are full of enthusiasm for Ibrahim; the Orientals have an unbounded confidence in his fortune, with which they blend a religious prestige, believing him to be called by God to effect mighty changes in the East. The traveller in these countries should seek observation and society every where; he is no longer confined chiefly to the coffee-house and the khan, and an occasional interview with the great men; the successes of the invader have made all ranks more accessible; the conventional and unvarying habits of the East are breaking down, little by little, and a new excitement is given to its monotonous life and modes of thinking.

Groups of horsemen and peasants are met with by the side of the river, which flows swiftly through gardens, where the creaking of the wheels used for irrigation is heard throughout the day. Without the walls, the new palace of Ibrahim is constructed in a pleasant situation; and he has demolished part of the ancient walls and towers, to furnish materials. Proceeding through the mud-walled streets, you stop at a gate, which is opened on knocking, and step into the court of the house; this is the house where the European finds hospitality. It was a delicious evening: the latticed window looked beyond the environs on the solitary plain: nothing like the hum of a large city

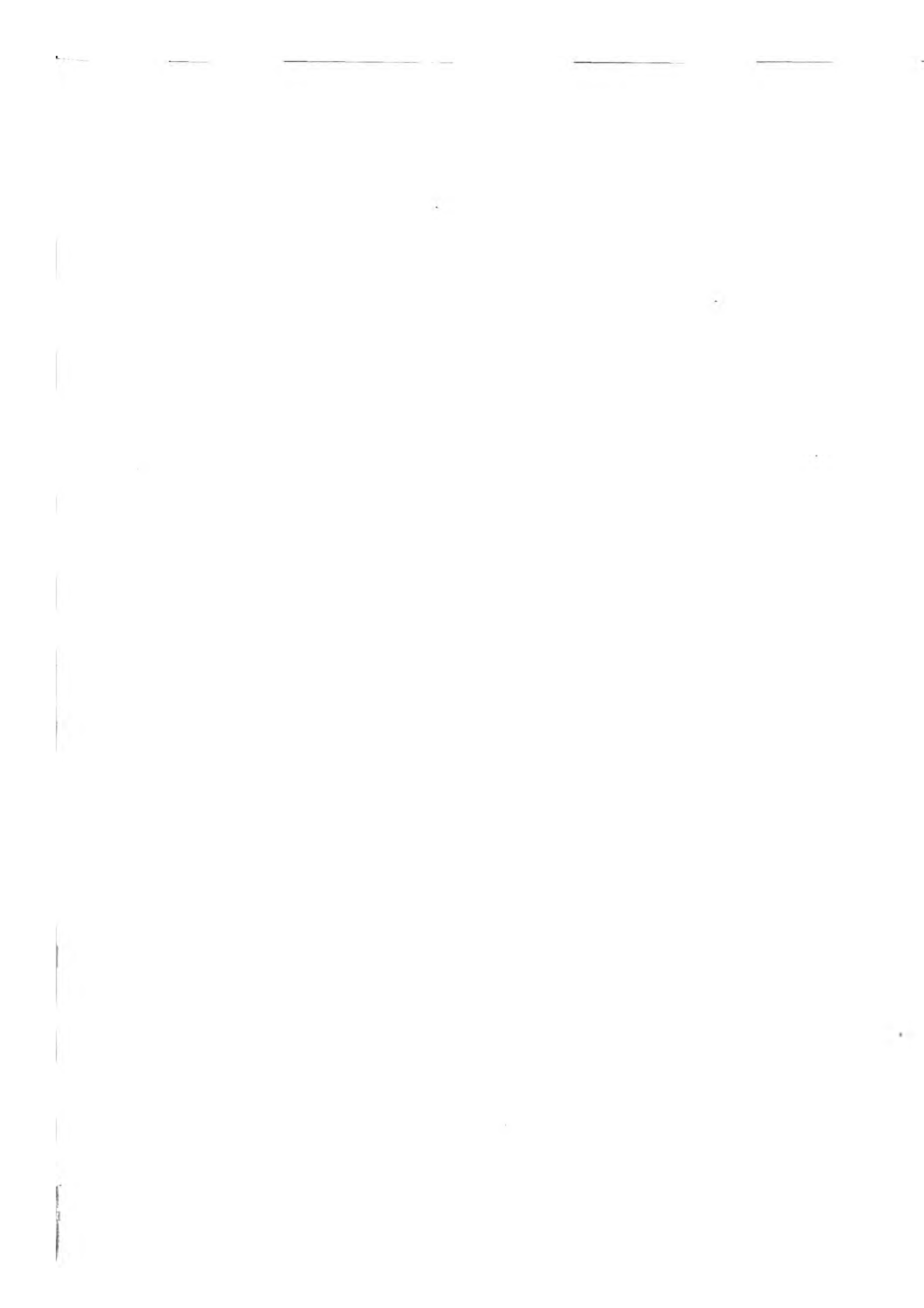
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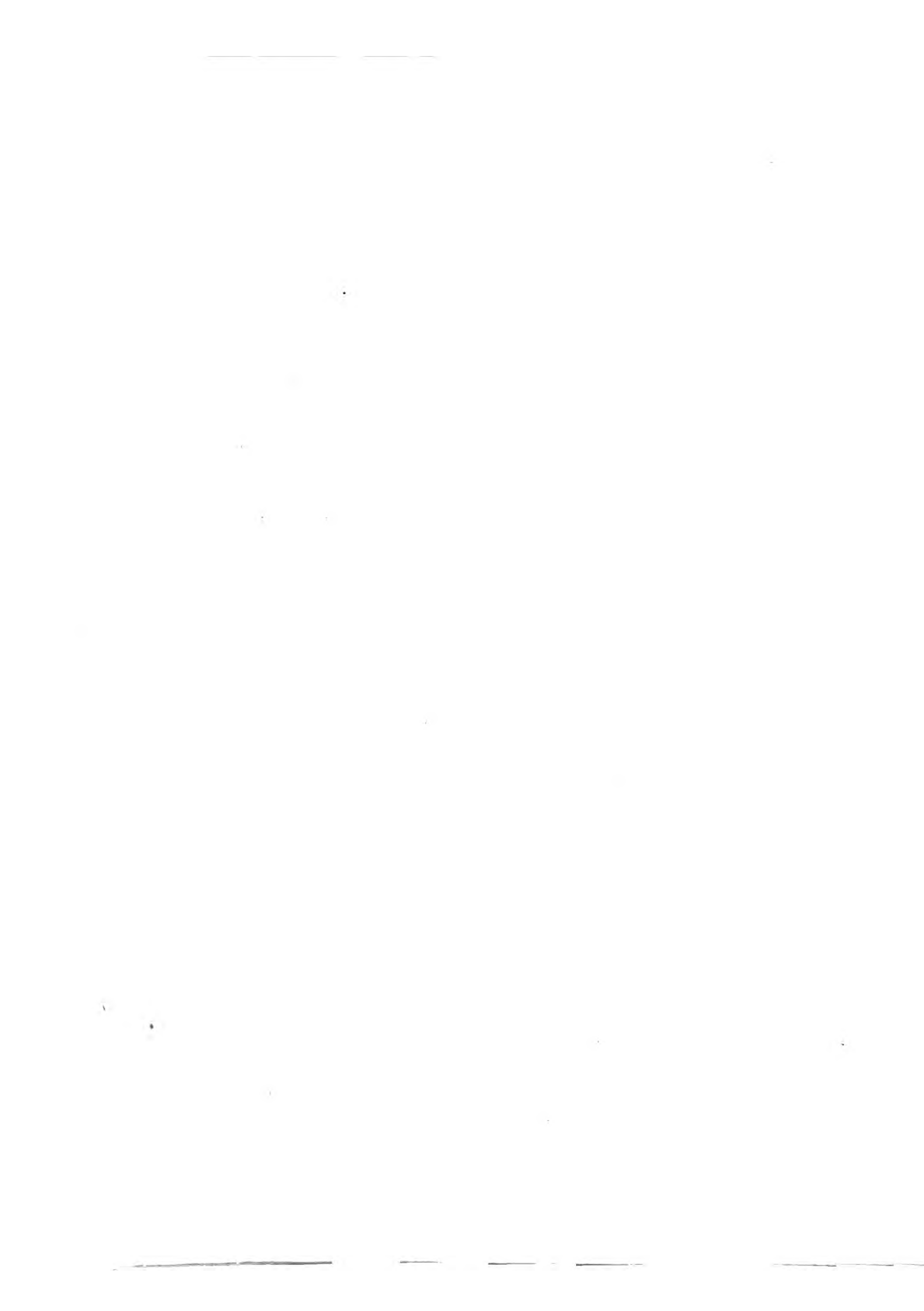
was here, only the sound of the river, the creaking of the wheels at intervals, and the intermitting voices of groups of Arabs, men and women, who passed at intervals along the bank; the twilight did not steal slowly as in England, but fell swiftly and solemnly. On retiring to rest, clean sheets were put on the divan, in the adjoining room appropriated to guests.

The bazaar of Antioch is a meagre affair after those of Damascus, which resemble streets with lofty roofs, and are lined with shops, stalls, magazines, and coffee-houses: their magazines are full of merchandise of all kinds, from various nations; the grand bazaar is more than a mile long; it is traversed all day by crowds of all ranks, and of both sexes. There are agas and men of distinction, clothed in long garments of crimson silk, their sabres enriched with diamonds; they have each followers or slaves, who march silently behind them: ladies of rank and wealth, the wives and daughters of the principal people, are daily met with in these bazaars, where they come to lounge, to look at the various goods and stuffs, see the passengers, and make bargains.

BATTLE-FIELD OF ISSUS.

This beautiful scene is believed to be the spot where the celebrated battle was fought; and agrees more faithfully with the descriptions of the ancient writers than any other in this region. The plain between the foot of the mountain and the sea is two miles wide; and a stream, that answers to the ancient description of the river Pinarus, flows through it. On the right rise the noble heights of Mount Amanus, through the defile in which Darius fled after his defeat. In the middle of the plain, apparently beneath the mountain, is Payass, or Issus, a small town, consisting chiefly of half-ruined bazaars, and almost uninhabited. Some of its dilapidated places are also seen on the eminence on the extreme right, and on that just above the sea. In the distance is Scanderoon. The passage over this memorable scene is difficult, and overgrown in some parts with thickets and long grass; yet it well repays the trouble of a visit from Scanderoon, from which it is distant about three hours. Though, from the confined nature of the scene, it may not be so easy to trace its absolute identity with that of the great battle, nature has stamped it with some of those enduring features of resemblance and truth, sufficient to induce the traveller to linger over it with hope and enthusiasm. The view from the ruin on the right is magnificent towards the close of day, when the sun is sinking on the beautiful bay, on the heights of Amanus, and on many a mountain-summit beyond. Yet a sad feeling of solitariness creeps over the mind: there is not a resting-place for the night: the melancholy Payass is deserted, save by the man who keeps the key of the gate of its only street—and Scanderoon is a poor home to the wanderer.



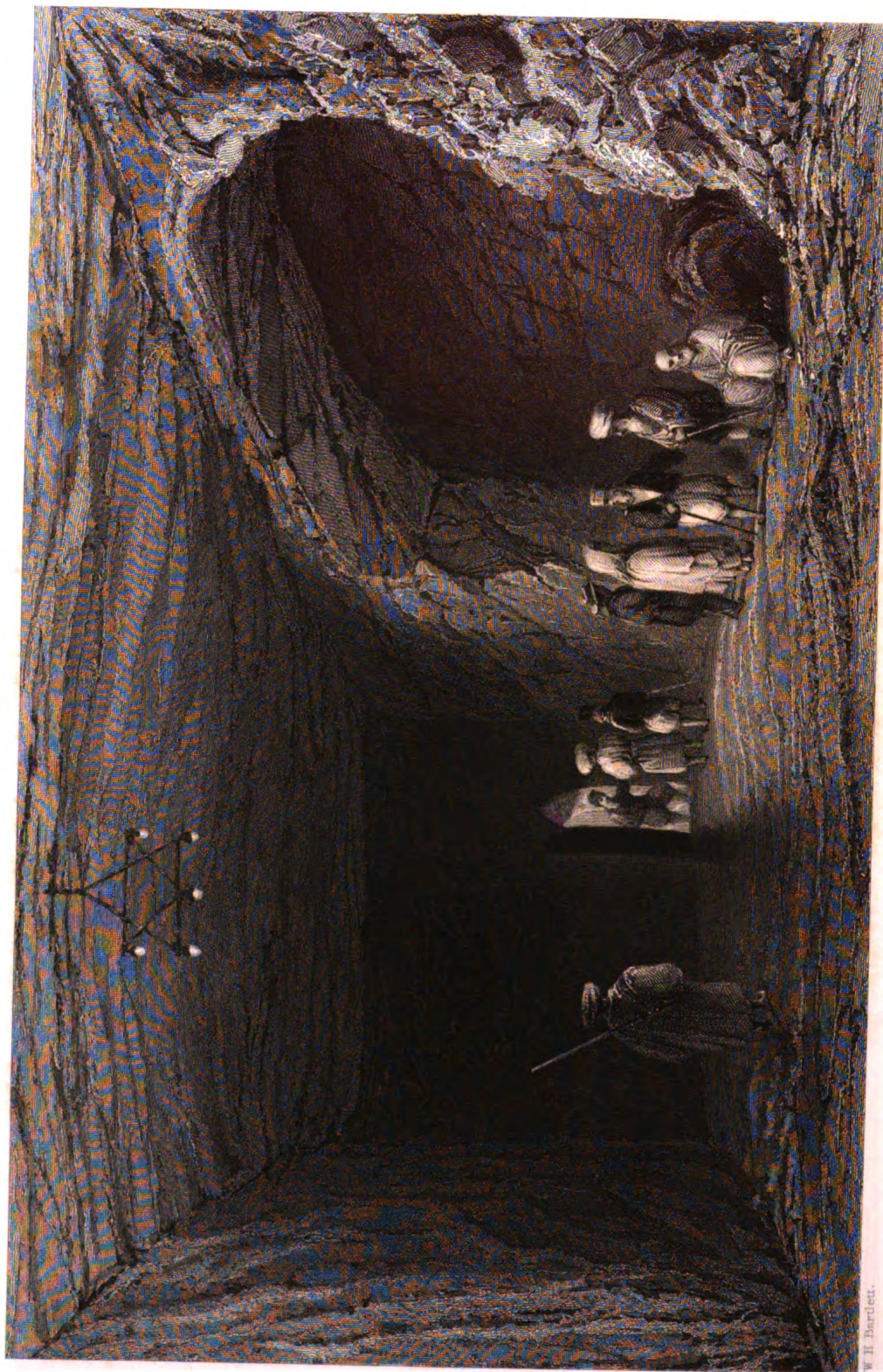




W. H. Carpenter

W. H. Carpenter





W. H. Bartlett.

J. S. S. S.

CAVE OF THE SCIENCE OF THE FUTURE.

FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF THE CAVE.

CAVE OF THE SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.

This is situated in the declivity of Mount Carmel, above the road to Cesarea; it is lofty, and appears to be a natural excavation, and not hewn out by human labour. Through its arched doorway comes the only light, which is insufficient for the spacious interior. During the Easter season, a lamp is suspended from the roof. Even were no hallowed remembrances attached to this spot, its aspect and situation would repay a visit. Turks are often found here, as full of veneration as the Christian; and the pilgrim, from his distant country of Spain, Italy, or Austria, who makes the round of all the saintly places with a stock of faith that is never exhausted: pale, wearied, yet excited, he gazes wistfully on the dim masses of rock, on which the lamp casts a funereal glare. The cave is more like a sepulchre than a place of abode and instruction. The Latin, the Greek, and the Armenian also come here from Jerusalem, as the adjacent convent offers hospitality for a night. Indeed, there is hardly in Palestine a monastic retreat so tempting to the traveller and pilgrim as this of Carmel, where a few days may be memorably spent. The mountain offers many a splendid view from its summit, and many a secluded and romantic scene in its bosom: deep and verdant precipices, descending into lonely glens, through which a rivulet is seen dashing wildly; a shepherd and his flock on the long grassy slopes, that afford at present as rich pasture ground as in the days when Nabal fed his herds in Carmel. While barrenness is on every side, and the curse of the withered soil is felt on hill, valley, and shore, this beautiful mountain seems to retain its ancient "excellency" of flowers, trees, and a perpetual verdure. Immediately around this cave are grey rocks, with a sprinkling of vegetation: beneath, is the sea, with many a sail on its bosom; passengers, merchants, and traders are in the path between the mountain and the sea, journeying to Jaffa. It is beautiful to stand at the door of the cave, and gaze on this scene; and then turn within, and call up the images and memories of the time when Elias made this his resting-place. To Carmel he loved to come more than to any other scene: bordering on the sea, and remote from the capitals of Israel and Judah, it offered an undisturbed place of retirement and contemplation. Perhaps its security and remoteness might also recommend this cavern in times of persecution, as a suitable retreat for the sons of the prophets. What a scene for a painter!—the little band of the faithful witnesses in Israel, gathered together in this cave, lamenting the falling away of the people from God, the altars cast down, and their fathers slain; and waiting anxiously the arrival of the mighty Prophet, their Instructor and Friend.

The air of this region is remarkably healthful, and favourable to the old age of the recluses who have since often inhabited this place, though not so well lodged as the present Carmelites. There are fragments of walls still visible, where a monastery formerly stood. It was an impressive exile, to which no fascinations of the world could

ever approach—its distant and restless hum could never be heard: the murmur of the sea, and the cry of the eagle from the rocks above, were the only sounds that broke on the silence. Some way farther down there is a basin of water, filled by a stream that flows down the declivity; and around the brink are found various stones of a singular kind, closely resembling different species of fruit; they are crystallized, and many of them very beautiful, some of them solid, and others hollow: this effect may be caused by the peculiar property of the water. These stones are gathered, and offered for sale to the pilgrim and the traveller on many parts of the coast.

In the evening, when the sun is going down in its eastern glory, and its red light falls through the portal, it is very impressive to be here. The wayfaring man might tarry here for a night, as the walls are dry, the floor clean, and no bats dwell within as in the Egyptian sepulchres. When the lamp is nearly expired, and the thoughts are weary with loneliness, it is delightful to return to the convent above, to the society of the cheerful monks, the social roof, the pleasant chambers, and the bed whose linen is white as snow. Among the figures in the group, there is a pilgrim in his scalloped hat, a priest in his white garments, a mountaineer with his musket slung across his shoulder, and several Turks—all mingling together civilly and kindly, as if they felt that the character of the place forbade uncharitableness and discord. This cavern is of much larger size than the one in Horeb, where Elijah lodged when he fled from Jezebel, and went a journey of forty days and forty nights in the wilderness. The homes of this messenger of heaven were in general in solitary retreats: even to the widow of Zarephath he did not go till the brook Cherith dried up. The retreat in Horeb was the most savage and solemn in its aspect: sad precipices, defiles, and sands, in place of the green declivities and smiling pastures of Carmel. The sublimity of the scene was suited to the terrific display of Divine power, when “the strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks; and after the wind, an earthquake; and after the earthquake, a fire.” The cave in Horeb is some way up the declivity of the mountain; and, in a region where retreats of this kind are rare, tradition has preserved it as the spot which was the refuge of the prophet. How sublime is the picture of the solitary man, an exile from his native land, after a journey of so many days and nights without a pause! Thus calm in the presence of his God, and fearless amidst the terrors around him, sorrowing not for himself, but for the forsaken covenant, the ruined altars, and the prophets slain with the sword!

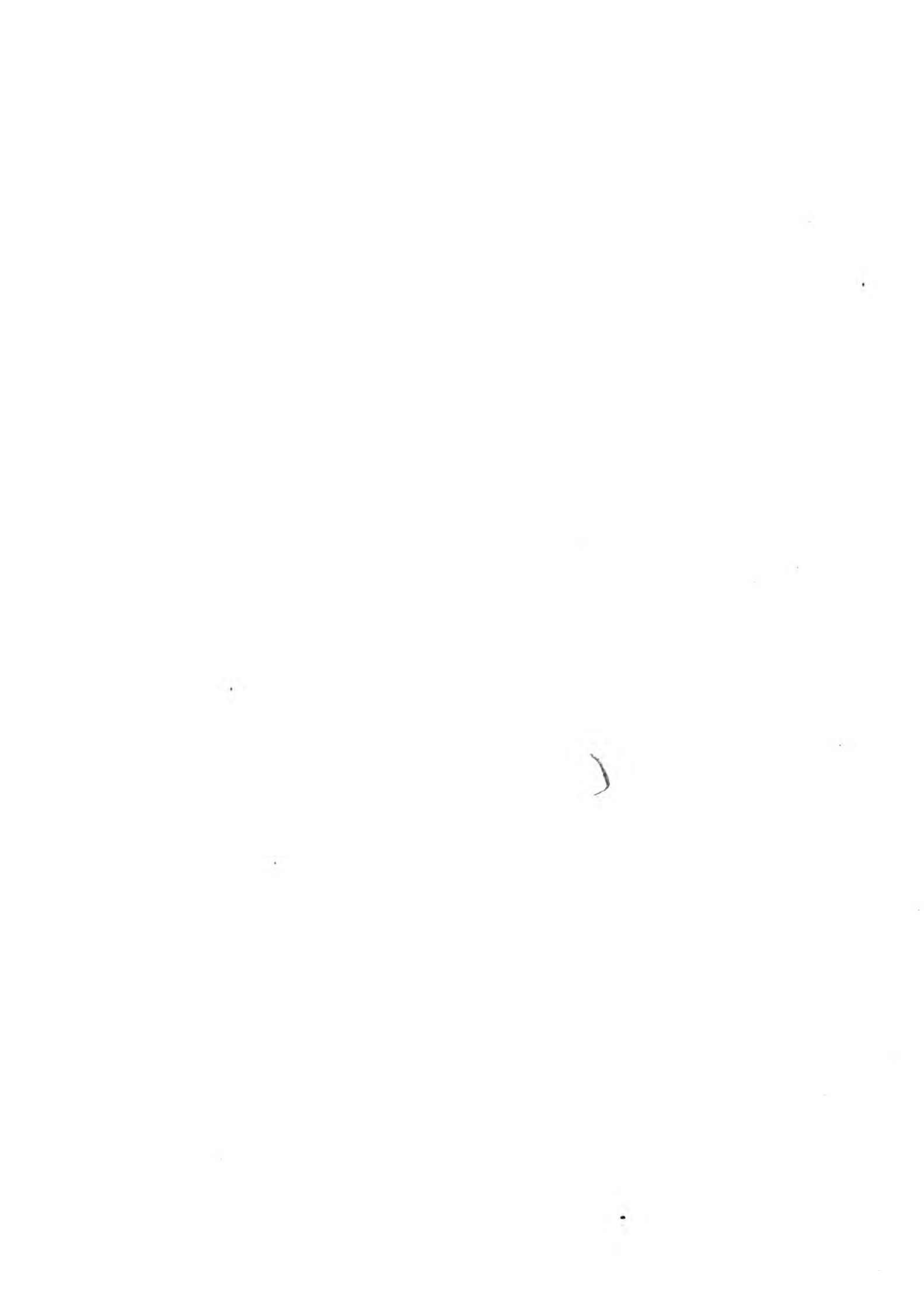
Our Arab guide led us with great veneration to this cave in Horeb: it is the only one in the vicinity, and is of small dimensions; it is as desolate a place of refuge as the fancy can conceive; one to which neither the revenge of woman, nor the cruelty of man, would ever dream of pursuing its victim. No tree gives its shade, no brook or pool is nigh to quench the thirst, not a shrub grows on the soil. It is singular that a considerable part of the surrounding surface is covered with shivered pieces of rock and cliff, as if the words still allowed a literal fulfilment, “a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks.” It is a spot in which discontent and sadness might easily gather on the spirit, even of the most tried and faithful! What a contrast to the





J. Smith

W. H. Bartlett





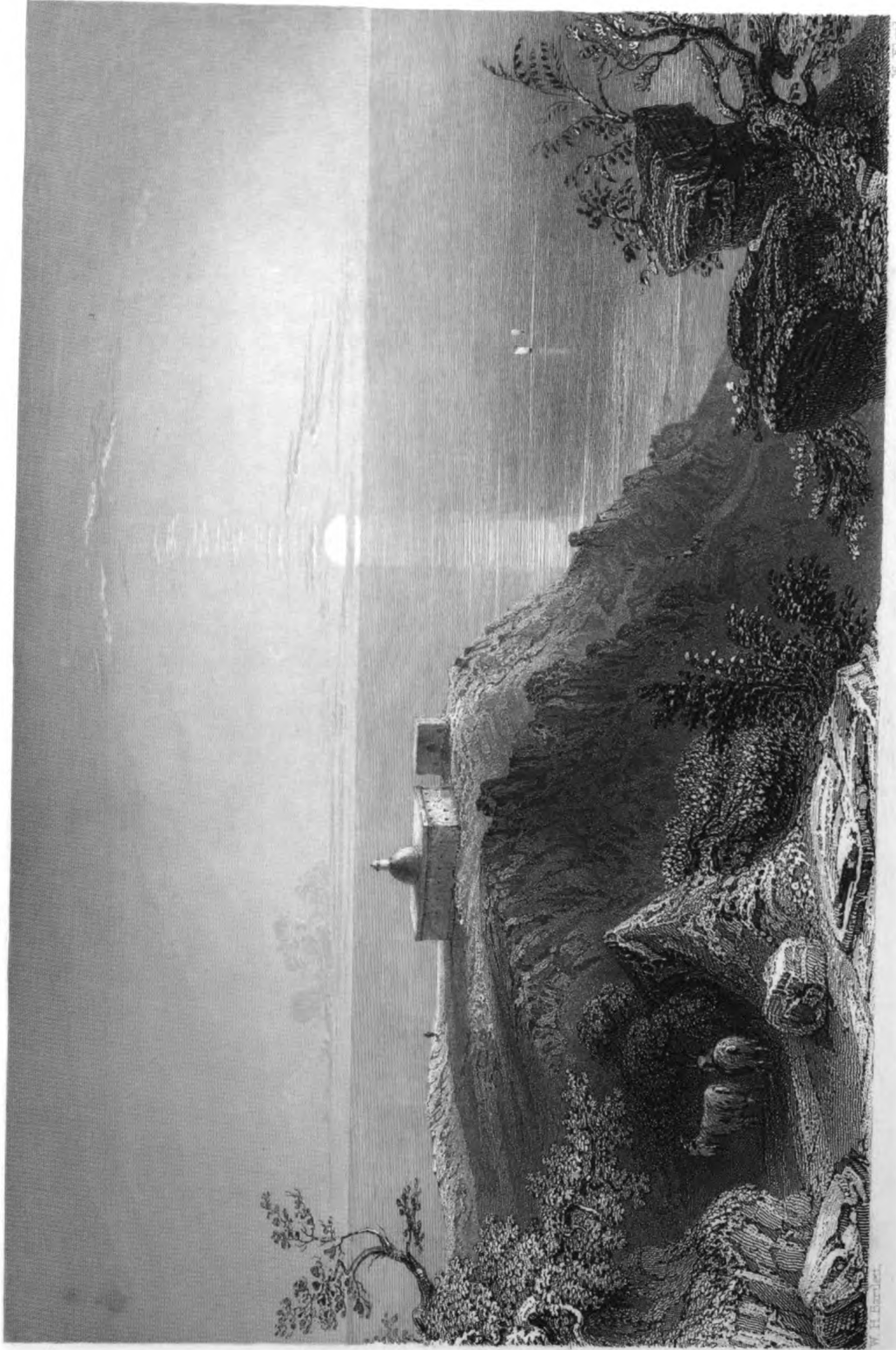
beautiful solitudes of Samaria, which the fugitive prophet had just quitted! It is difficult not to be struck with the different manner and appearance of the Divine miracles, according to the land in which they were vouchsafed:—in Palestine, these visitations were mild and gentle, though resistless; the power of the elements was seldom used to aid the impression on the spirit and senses; but in this savage wilderness, this land of terrors, the tempest, the fire, and the earthquake usually accompanied the messages of God.

SCENE AND KHAN ON THE LIETTANI, NEAR DJOB DJENNEIN.

This is a view on the route from Damascus to Der-el-Kamar; it here passes over a long bridge on the Liettani, the stream that rises a little above Balbec, and runs past the ruins. The plain of Balbec is very thinly cultivated, but rather better than usual around this spot. The costume of the peasant is seen, and the oxen treading out the corn, and Druse women, on their head the silver horn, over which the veil falls. The khan on the eminence on the right, is of considerable extent, and is often well filled, as there is much traffic on the line of road from the Druse country to Damascus. It is no great distance from this spot to the base of Mount Lebanon, over which a toilsome pass conducts to Barouk. The stream of the Liettani adds a great beauty to the ruins of Balbec, through which it flows. The belief that this great structure, as well as that of Palmyra, was erected by king Solomon, appears not to be without a just foundation. Mr. Wood, in his account of the ancient state of Balbec, remarks, "When we compare the ruins of Balbec with many ancient cities which we visited in Italy, Greece, Egypt, and other parts of Asia, we cannot help thinking them the remains of the boldest plan we ever saw attempted in architecture. Is it not strange then that the age and undertaker of works in which solidity and duration have been so remarkably consulted, should be a matter of such obscurity?" It has been too long supposed that the ancient Hebrews possessed but little knowledge, at any period of their history, either in the arts or the sciences: they had, however, risen to a high pitch of perfection in both, many ages before either the Greeks or the Romans. Josephus refers the dispute on the subjects of arts and learning, in his books against Appian, to the test of the then existing monuments. As to the point in competition, he observes, "The reader has no more to do but to consult our antiquities for a satisfaction." It is the opinion of Mr. Prescott, in his ingenious remarks on the architecture, sculpture, and zodiac of Palmyra, which he lately visited, that both these magnificent ruins are, in fact, the remains of Tadmor and the House of the Forest, built by king Solomon. His remarks on the zodiac of Palmyra, with a key to the inscriptions, are extremely curious and interesting. The earliest mention on record of Tadmor, is made by the sacred historian in the eighth chapter of the second book of Kings, where it is stated that "Solomon went to Hamath-zobah, and prevailed against it; and he built Tadmor in the wilderness." The account of Josephus, in the sixth chapter of the eighth book of his Antiquities, written about 1,000 years afterwards, is this:—"Solomon went as far as the desert above Syria, and possessed

himself of it, and built there a very great city, which was distant two days' journey from Upper Syria, and one day's journey from Euphrates, and six long days' journey from Babylon the Great. Now, the reason why this city lay so remote from the parts of Syria which are inhabited, is this—that below, there is no water to be had, and that it is in that place only that there are springs and pits of water. When he had therefore built this city, and encompassed it with very strong walls, he gave it the name of Tadmor; and that is the name it is still called by at this day among the Syrians, but the Greeks name it Palmyra." Even now, at the end of nearly 2800 years from its foundation, its present inhabitants know it by no other name than that of Tadmor: they say, "Solyman Ebn Doud (Solomon the son of David) did all these mighty things by the assistance of spirits." When it is considered that the Arabs have been in constant possession of the desert during a period of at least 3400 years, and that no people on earth are more attached than they are to their ancient traditions and opinions, the latter are entitled to some little respect. Mr. Wood, in his account of Balbec, says: The inhabitants of this country, Mahometans, Jews, and Christians, all confidently believe that Solomon built both Balbec and Palmyra. The evidence is feeble that either the Greeks or Romans had a hand in the foundation of these august edifices at so very remote a period, though they probably beautified them, or added monuments and columns after their subjugation in a subsequent age. If we look to some other quarter for a prince or people supposed to have leisure, power, wealth, and genius equal to such an herculean undertaking, we are unable to find these requisites among the Babylonians, Persians, or Greeks: we are compelled to look to king Solomon, who, according to sacred history, was a man of peace, and the wisest prince that ever lived before, or that should come after him. While history and tradition point him out as the man, it may not be hard to shew that the architectural forms prove it. Josephus, in giving an account of the great undertakings accomplished by this prince, describes another of his palaces, namely, the House of the Forest, as having been built of white marble; that the stones were of an immense size; he mentions the pillars, and the Corinthian work, the inimitable flower-work, all of which precisely agree with Mr. Wood's description and fine plates, and with the present state of the remains. The style of the architecture here is everywhere the same as that of Palmyra, but the marble is of a finer quality. Is it not highly probable, that the order termed Corinthian was introduced into architecture by Solomon? Is it not indicated in 1st Kings, chap. 9th, ver. 19th? "And the chapiters (capitals) that were upon the top of the pillars in the porch, were of lily-work, four cubits." A capital of four of the lesser Hebrew cubits, that is, about seven feet eight inches, would be suitable for the shaft of a pillar about sixty-nine feet in height. The shafts of the great palace of Balbec are about six feet shorter. It is only necessary to compare the petals of a full-blown lily with the artificial leaves of a Corinthian capital, to be convinced of the close resemblance to each other. If we believe, according to the Scripture, that God himself instructed Moses, David, and his son in architectural plans, "All this," said David, "the Lord made me understand in writing, by his Spirit upon me, even all the works of this pattern," it ought no longer to surprise any one, that the works of





W. F. Lloyd.

THE GREAT BRITISH EMERALD ISLAND, OR THE HISTORY OF THE ISLAND OF GREAT BRITAIN, IN THE YEAR 1700.

Solomon at Balbec and Palmyra are of the most perfect forms, such as no succeeding age has ever improved upon. Nor is it at all unreasonable to believe that the Hebrews, among whom originated so fine a code of laws, the purest moral maxims, and whose poetry is admitted to excel that of all other nations, should likewise have excelled all others in the beauty and grandeur of their architectural forms. How their celebrated king came into possession of his various and unequalled accomplishments, is clearly and particularly set forth in different parts of his beautiful treatise on the duties of kings: "God has granted me to speak as I would, and to conceive as is meet for the things that are to be spoken of, because it is he that leadeth unto wisdom, and directeth the wise. For in his hand are both we and our words; all wisdom also, and knowledge of the things that are, namely, to know how the world was made, and the operation of the elements; the beginning, ending, and midst of the times, the alterations of the turning of the sun, and the change of seasons; the circuit of years, and the position of stars; and all such things as are either secret or manifest, them I know. For Wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me."

MOUNT CARMEL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA.

This spot is supposed to be the one from whence Elijah's servant discovered the approach of the cloud: the surface of the mountain is here very rocky, wild, and sterile, although the monks have contrived to establish a little garden behind the convent. The small town of Caipha beneath, affords only a miserable lodging to the traveller, who gladly makes his way to the monastery, which, though less extensive than several of the convents of Lebanon, is equal in comfort to almost any of them. That of Harissa, belonging, like this of Carmel, to the Catholic mission of Terra Santa, is a beautiful and spacious edifice, and is distant two hours from that of Antoura. Harissa is a delightful retreat, where the stranger is heartily and hospitably entertained; its extensive interior is peopled by but a few ecclesiastics: it contains above thirty rooms, besides the church, refectory, kitchen, and some other apartments. It is finely situated, with a view of the sea and coast, and has a pure refreshing air. The convent of Y-b-zumar, also in Lebanon, is the residence of the Armenian patriarch. In this noble establishment he entertains the traveller handsomely, and does the honours of his table with much taste: in proof of the excellence of his vintage, he has different kinds of wine, several of them of the choicest flavour, brought in succession. This is rather a theological seminary than a convent; about twenty young men are here pursuing studies preparatory to the ministry. There is no convent in Syria or Palestine so good or so neat as this of Y-b-zumar; nor in any of the monastic establishments are there men of equal talents or acquisitions; they are agreeable, enterprising, and persevering. The convent of Ain-el-Warka, about four hours from Beirut, is a Maronite establishment, where the Maronites are taught Syrian, and prepared for the priesthood. Here are above twenty pupils, one of whom is the young Assemanni,

great-nephew of the celebrated Joseph, author of the "Bibliotheca Orientalis," who was the pope's legate in the national council of the Maronites in 1736. This man, Joseph Assemani, left in youth the retreats of Lebanon, fired with an ambition to explore the treasures of learning at their fountain-head. He was a young Syrian, of obscure birth; and it was said, that as a shepherd he had watched the flocks on the mountain pastures. The few books which he could borrow from the neighbouring monastery, he read while tending his sheep. In the wilds of Lebanon, so calculated to nourish solitary genius, he prepared for the future triumphs of the Vatican. On his arrival at Rome, he was received at the Maronite college, which was a favourite seminary of Clement, the pontiff: the Syrian was soon noticed by him, and acquired his patronage by his simplicity and opening talents: he was first made a canon of Saint Peter. Assemani buried himself in the learned retreats of the Vatican, scarcely allowing time for the performance of sacerdotal duties, or attendance at the ceremonies of St. Peter's. His life was blameless, as the lives of most book-worms are; and his very soul banqueted, day and night, with an insatiable appetite, upon the hundreds and thousands of volumes, amidst which he walked, sat, and slept. Not the cedars of Lebanon, nor her orange and cypress groves, were half as glorious in his eyes as those forests of books, which seemed to overshadow him at noon-day, and to afford him shelter from the blasts and storms of life. So rapid and extensive were his acquisitions, that he was promoted to be guardian and librarian of these vast collections of literature. His fame went forth from the ancient walls into many lands, whose institutions were proud to enrol his name among them. And now the sovereign pontiff named him to be his legate in Syria, and sent him there with powers and authority to heal all dissensions, to suppress error, and to punish the recusants.

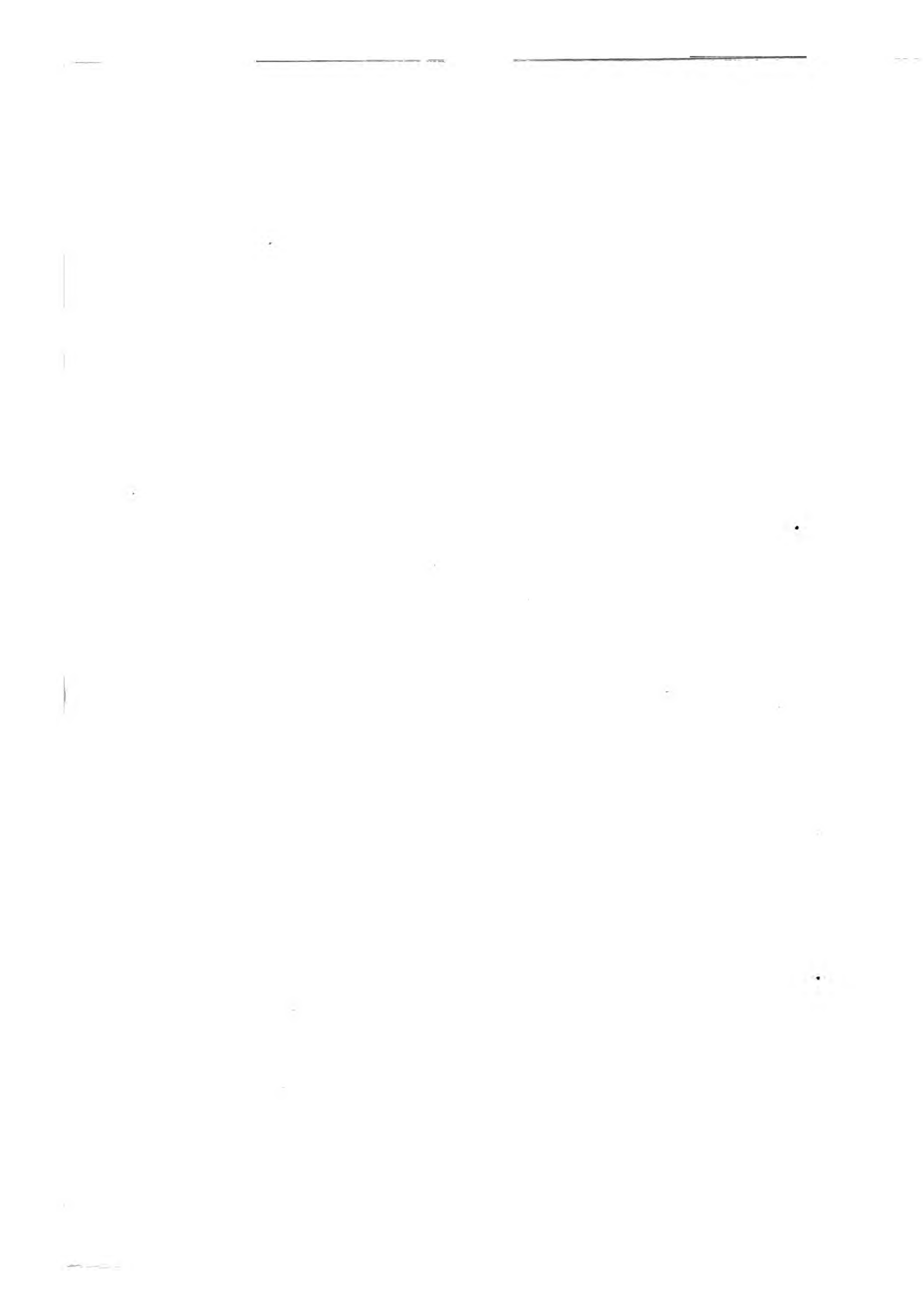
On his arrival in Lebanon, he passed some days with his aged parents, whose pride and exultation were very great, while his ancient friends and relatives crowded about him, perfectly conscious that he now held the keys of preferment. He bore his honours meekly; the darling ambition of his heart was accomplished. The habits and tastes of the student were more powerful than the love of his native scenes. When wandering there, where his simpler days were passed—the shepherd's pipe, the cottage, the mountain wilds—what a contrast to his present illustrious state! to the solemn halls left behind, and their precious volumes and manuscripts! Assemani returned to his literary career in Rome, which was unbroken by care or misfortune. His old age was one of honour and esteem; and when his end drew nigh, he desired not, like Barzillai, "to be buried by the grave of his father and his mother," but was laid in the cemetery in Rome, sorrowing as much to part from the treasures of the Vatican as from his decaying life.





J. Tringle.

W. H. Bartlett.





THE WALLS OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE, NEXT THE SEA.

The walls appear to rest on a reef of rocks, which affords a great protection from the sea. Even here they exhibit signs of the long and devastating siege by Ibrahim Pasha. This is not the side on which the place was attacked by Napoleon and Ibrahim, but on the other side, next the gate of Mount Carmel, that opens on the plain. On this plain, the Egyptian forces were encamped for six months; the defence made by Abdallah was obstinate in the extreme; and the hitherto invulnerable fortress would have baffled Ibrahim, had the Turks made the smallest efforts to relieve it, and thrown in, by sea, as was always in their power to do, a reinforcement to the exhausted garrison. There is a fine view from this angle of the walls, along the coast of Tyre, and the rich but neglected plain of Acre. In the distance, Mount Carmel and the bay are seen. "Ibrahim," writes Mr. Addison, in his recent journey to the East, "is a short man, inclined to corpulence, with a large head, scanty whiskers, grey moustaches, and is pitted with the small-pox. There was a remarkable plainness and simplicity in every thing about him. He was attired in Mamlouk trousers, with a closely-buttoned vest, and loose jacket, perfectly plain, without embroidery or jewels, and with a red tarbouche on his head. He appears about forty, and has a remarkably piercing eye, which he half closes, casting round the room a keen, searching glance, which seems to read the very soul. His disarming the Druses and other mountaineers of Lebanon, seems to have been a decided stroke of policy; it renders their prince, the celebrated Emir Bechir, quite powerless: the latter could, at any time, call thirty thousand troops into the field, chiefly cavalry, and now he lies at the mercy of Ibrahim, his palace and capital surrounded by troops, and companies of soldiers penetrating in every direction through his mountains, disarming his people. The pasha's troops are despatched from the head-quarters to all the villages in the mountains. When they arrive, proclamation is made to the inhabitants to bring in their arms and pile them in the street, on pain of death; and a certain time is allowed for that purpose. These parties are accompanied by guides, who know pretty well the number of the inhabitants; and if suspicion is excited that arms have been concealed, the most rigorous search is made. As yet the inhabitants have all been taken by surprise, and no resistance has been offered; nor is it likely to be, for the communications of the mountaineers with the Emir have been cut off, and no time has been allowed for combination. Ibrahim has gained his point, and has rendered the Emir helpless at a blow.

It was curious to see so great and powerful a person as Ibrahim Pasha living in mean quarters, in a private house in Der-el-Kamar, while the old Emir was in his noble castle half a mile off, surrounded by Oriental pomp. A more patriarchal and majestic figure than the Emir Bechir can scarcely be imagined. He is near ninety years of age, with a snow-white beard of great length. There was a kind, fatherly manner, and a calm,

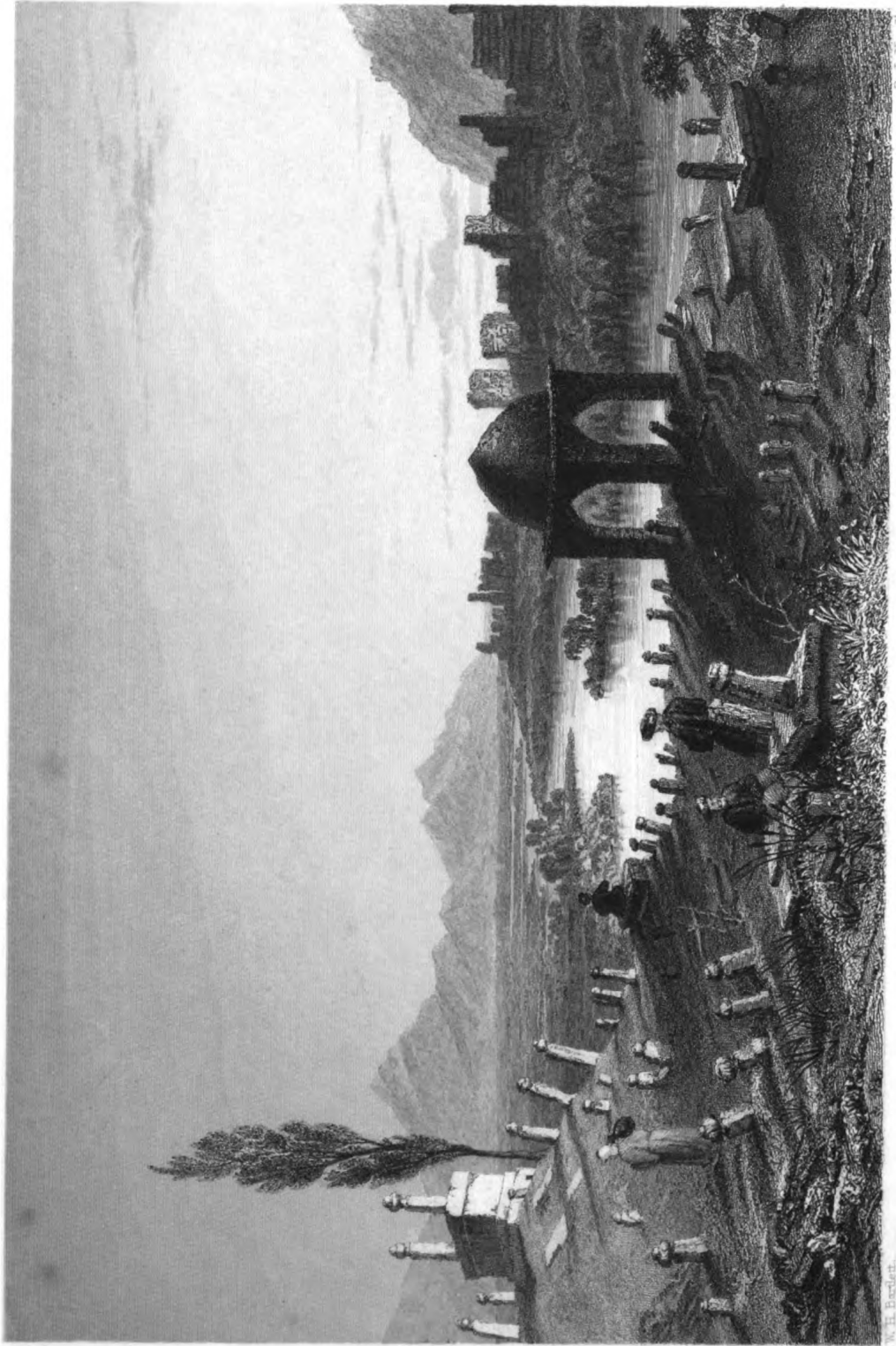
settled dignity about him, which must have been sadly at variance with his real feelings at this time. He was handsomely attired in a rich robe, edged with sable; his waist was girt with a cashmere shawl, in which stuck a dagger covered with diamonds; and his fingers were clothed with rings. Black slaves in scarlet dresses presented pipes, which were adorned with magnificent amber mouth-pieces set in jewels: the Emir held one of these long pipes in his hand."

CEMETERY, AND WALLS OF ANTIOCH.

The Orontes is seen coming down from the White Lake, the mountains to the left are towards the pass of Beilan: the bold hill on the right is within the ruined walls. The cemetery in the foreground is beautifully situated; the prospect which it commands of the river, the gardens on its banks, the mountains, and the shattered towers and walls on their declivities, is splendid. Every step in this neighbourhood is full of heartfelt associations; whether you enter by the gate of St. Paul, and pursue your way for a quarter of an hour through a pleasant avenue, among trees and gardens, or turn to the little grotto in the side of the mountain, where the few Christians now worship. There is at present an upright man, who dwells near the Medina gate, who may be called a modern Silas of the fallen cause of Christianity. When the few members of the true faith who now inhabit Antioch, lay a few years since under suspicions with the magistracy, and under consequent apprehensions, he contrived a secret meeting-place for them within those ruined towers which are at a short distance in the romantic suburbs, and are believed to have once formed part of the fortified palace of Seleucus.

This cemetery is without the grove of trees which usually adorns and shades the burial-places of the East. The pine, the cypress, the sycamore, are not here: the gloom of the sepulchre is unaided by that of the dark foliage above. It is thickly peopled: the tomb in front resembles those so often erected to the santons, or holy men; but the latter are more beautiful and massive, and are often placed at the verge of the desert, and around them is always planted a little group of trees. This tomb of the santon has often a beautiful effect on the landscape, for it is mostly built in some lonely place, by the side of a stream or a pool, or on the verge of the desert, where its white dome, and rich canopy of trees, are a fine relief to the barren rocks, the rank grass, or the wastes of sand. Often I have paused beside one of these memorials, on the border or in the heart of the wilderness, and thought that it looked more like a cheerful refuge for the living than a home for the dead. The shadow of its trees was so lovely—and, far as the eye could reach, no other shelter from the heat, no other waters for the thirst, were visible. The Orientals evince an admirable taste in their places of sepulture, whether for a community or an individual. We are satisfied to erect superb monuments and costly homes for those we love: the Turk and the Arab build a simple and impressive tomb to their eminent persons, but are careful to place it where waters of mercy shall flow beside, and noble trees shall screen it from the heat by day, and the





F. J. Havel.

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THE BRIDGE OF THE GREAT RIVER



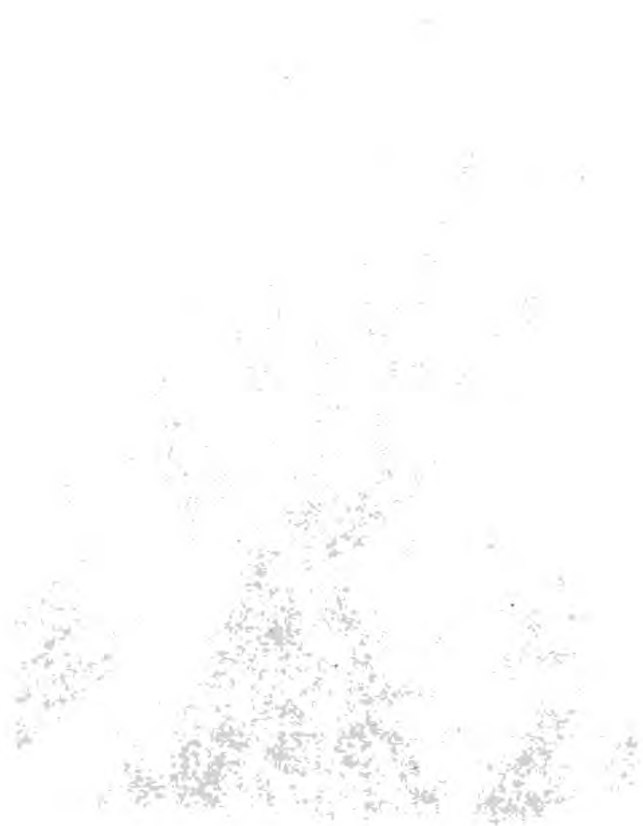
blast by night—that when the traveller and the wayfaring man halt there, and drink of the pool, and rest in the shadow, they shall bless the dead who rest beneath, for whose sake this luxury was given.

In the town of Der-el-Kamar, each respectable family has its own “house of the dead:” sometimes this is in a little detached garden, and consists of a small, solid, stone building, resembling a house, which is called the sepulchre of the family; it has neither door nor window. On the side of the hill, at a short distance from the town, are a number of similar buildings, which are, in fact, so many family mansions of the dead. They have a most melancholy appearance; their walls must be opened at each separate interment of the members of a family. Perhaps this custom, which prevails particularly at Der-el-Kamar and in the lonely neighbouring parts of Lebanon, may have been of great antiquity, and may serve to explain some passages in Scripture. The prophet Samuel “was buried in his house at Ramah;” it could hardly be in his dwelling-house. Joab was buried “in his own house in the wilderness.”

In the city of Damascus, the only wife of a rich Turk fell dangerously ill. He applied to the English physician, who visited her very often; but in spite of all his skill, the lady, who was young and handsome, visibly grew worse. The husband was passionately fond of her, and implored the Englishman to save her life; for he could hardly believe that the disease would baffle all his art, so high is the opinion they entertain of the foreign hakim. Every day he visited the house of the latter; and, in the distraction of his grief, often wept like a child, and dwelt on the excellencies of his wife, how he loved her, and what misery he should suffer if the angel of death took her away. This emotion and intense affection of the Turk at first appeared rather remarkable to the physician; but he afterwards saw enough, in his visits to the domestic circles of Damascus, to convince him that the affections of home may be as strong under the selfish system of manners, and false faith, of the Koran, as in more blest and refined lands. During the continuance of his wife’s illness, the Turk seemed to take a melancholy pleasure in resorting to the cemetery; it had been his favourite walk in his prosperity; and as the Oriental is a being of routine, whose habits and tastes do not change with the most awful changes around him, he still continued almost every evening to walk there, beneath the gloom of the overhanging trees, and abandon himself to the saddest meditations. Sepulchres were thick on every side, and mourners came at this hour to renew their sorrow and lamentation. Slowly pacing to and fro, or seated beside the tomb of his parents, he listened to the woes of others; but they did not drive the iron deeper into his soul: he always returned from the cemetery more calm and submissive than he went, for solitude and reflection rarely irritate or darken the temper and fancy of the Oriental. He was not doomed to taste, in the fate of her he so loved, the bitterness of death: contrary to all hope, the lady at last began to recover. His joy was exquisite, his gratitude unbounded, as he saw her health and beauty return every day; and he generously remunerated the physician—for he had said he would give all his fortune, and go forth a poor man, to save her life.

CASTLE IN MOUNT AMANUS.

This ruined castle is situated in a defile of the mountain, on the way from Antioch to Beilan: its position, one of the wildest imaginable—on the summit of a cliff whose foot is bathed by a rapid stream; precipices are on every side. The mountain-road is here very ancient, and soon after passes through groves of flowering shrubs, among which is the elegant form of the Italian pine. Looking back, the white lake beyond Antioch glittered in the sun. This castle is most probably of European construction. It was now noon; but had it been evening, the traveller would have been tempted to seek a home in its desolate chambers. When the fire was lighted on the floor, the group gathered round it, the coffee prepared, and the flame glancing on the gloomy walls; then was the hour for an Eastern story. The pleasure with which the Orientals listen to their story-tellers is inexhaustible; the repetition of the same practice, day after day, does not weary their patience, or abate in the smallest degree the interest they feel. This is probably one of the most primitive and ancient amusements in the world: even in the patriarchal days of the Old Testament, the love of oral narratives, in which instruction was blended with imagination, prevailed among the Jews and other Eastern people. The Arabs, when halting at eve on their endless sands, delight to form a group, and call on one of their companions to tell a tale, either of his own invention, or from one of their celebrated poets. To a Turk, the inaction as well as routine of his life, that knows little change or excitement, render this luxury peculiarly welcome. He can command it at all times and seasons, and can pass from the bosom of his family to the favourite haunt of the story-teller in a few moments. Whether the rain falls heavily, or the snows cover the narrow streets, he wraps his robe closely about him, and hastens there. After being sated with love, that he has purchased perhaps with money, it is a relief to him to listen to an ideal picture of strong affection and domestic felicity. Even the man who just before, perhaps, embued his sabre in the blood of a Greek, will melt with sorrow at the perils and distresses of the hero of the story. As there are no public amusements in the East—no theatres, balls, or drinking-parties—they repair to the scene of this loved amusement with the same feeling as the idle and luxurious in our own land take up a new novel, or go to see a favourite actor. Old men whose white beards hang on their breasts, and whose features prove that they have felt the real evils and trials of life, are seen to devour these fictitious narrations with as much eagerness as the youths who sit beside them. The dervise, too, is there; his wild eyes fixed on the narrator, his very soul stirred by the tale, after he has spent the day in kindling the feelings of others by his own illusions, and drawing crowds about him with his revelations and lies. The hadgé also, just come from Mecca, after his painful pilgrimage, that has purged away his sins, and thrown a sacredness about his person even to the end of life, comes here to yield himself to the beautiful fictions of some wandering Arab, and





J. G. Le Bon.

H. B. B.



forget the howling desert he has traversed, as well as the distant home, to which he is bound. In Damascus some of the best reciters are to be found; and the peculiar luxury and situation of its coffee-houses aid very much the effect of their narrations. In Cairo, the want of water, the burning heat, and the gloomy and dusty streets, are, as well as the desert that spreads on every side, great foes to the imagination. In Constantinople the beauty of the external scenery, of the Bosphorus and its enchanting shores, cannot be surpassed; but the scantiness of water in the interior of the city, diminishes very much the luxuries of its people, who love beyond every thing the sight and sound of falling water in their apartments. But in Damascus, almost all the coffee-houses have splendid fountains, that are thrown up, some of them to the height of six or seven feet; and it is delightful to recline on one of the soft seats near them, and listen to their ceaseless rush and fall. The abundance of water from the five streams that flow around the city is incredible. The Assyrians might well complain, in their inroads into the Promised Land, of the scarcity of its rivers, and boast that there was nothing like their own Abana and Pharpar. In some of these houses of recreation, whose latticed windows, thrown open, admit the air, the wealthier people form dinner-parties, of men only. Seated in a circle on the carpet, with the various dishes on low tables before them, they eat slowly and carelessly, conversing at intervals, without any of the goût or joviality that wine inspires. Every good private dwelling in Damascus has its fountain, and this is invariably in the best apartment, it being a luxury, or rather a necessity, that few inhabitants care to do without; an Englishman would as soon live in an uncarpeted house. And round the marble basin, or in the divan just beyond it, the host at evening receives his friends; and they sit and smoke, and calmly converse the hours away: this is the time when the wealthier families sometimes send for a celebrated story-teller to amuse the party; and when the latter knows he is to be handsomely paid, it is a more *recherché* opportunity than the public companies afford.

It is the sultry hour of noon, perhaps, when the burning rays are on the water, the trees, and green banks that surround the public café of Damascus: the light roof, supported by the slender pillars, casts a shade on the peopled floor, on which the well and variously dressed Turks recline, some in small wickered chairs, others on long and softer benches, covered and backed with carpets and cushions. These seats are placed close to the river's edge; and earth has nothing more indulgent than to sit here, in the cool of the day, or in the still hour of night, and listen to the rush of the waters, and gaze on the gleaming of the cataract; then put the amber-tipped and scented pipe to the lips, or turn to the throng of many nations around, all silently enjoying the hour.

It is sweet to such a people to have their feelings violently excited, to have the monotony of their thoughts thus broken wildly by the vivid descriptions of the speaker. It is a pleasure so easily enjoyed also; the head need not be raised from its recumbent position, nor the eye turned from the faint twilight falling on the foaming river, nor the hand moved from its gentle grasp on the chibouque. The favourite story-teller watches his moment, and comes forward into the middle of the floor, and raises his hand: the lips of the Damascene, the Cairene, the Arab, and the Persian, that

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were before busy, perhaps conversing on the few themes that occupy an Oriental mind, are instantly hushed. The hands of those whose faces are turned towards the speaker are laid significantly on their flowing beards, or count their beads with unconscious and mechanical motion. The waiters, who replenish continually the often-drained coffee-cups, tread stealthily over the floor. If a guest enters, his eye detects instantly the nature of the scene, and he walks with quick steps to the nearest vacant seat, and signs to the attendant to bring him the refreshment he desires.

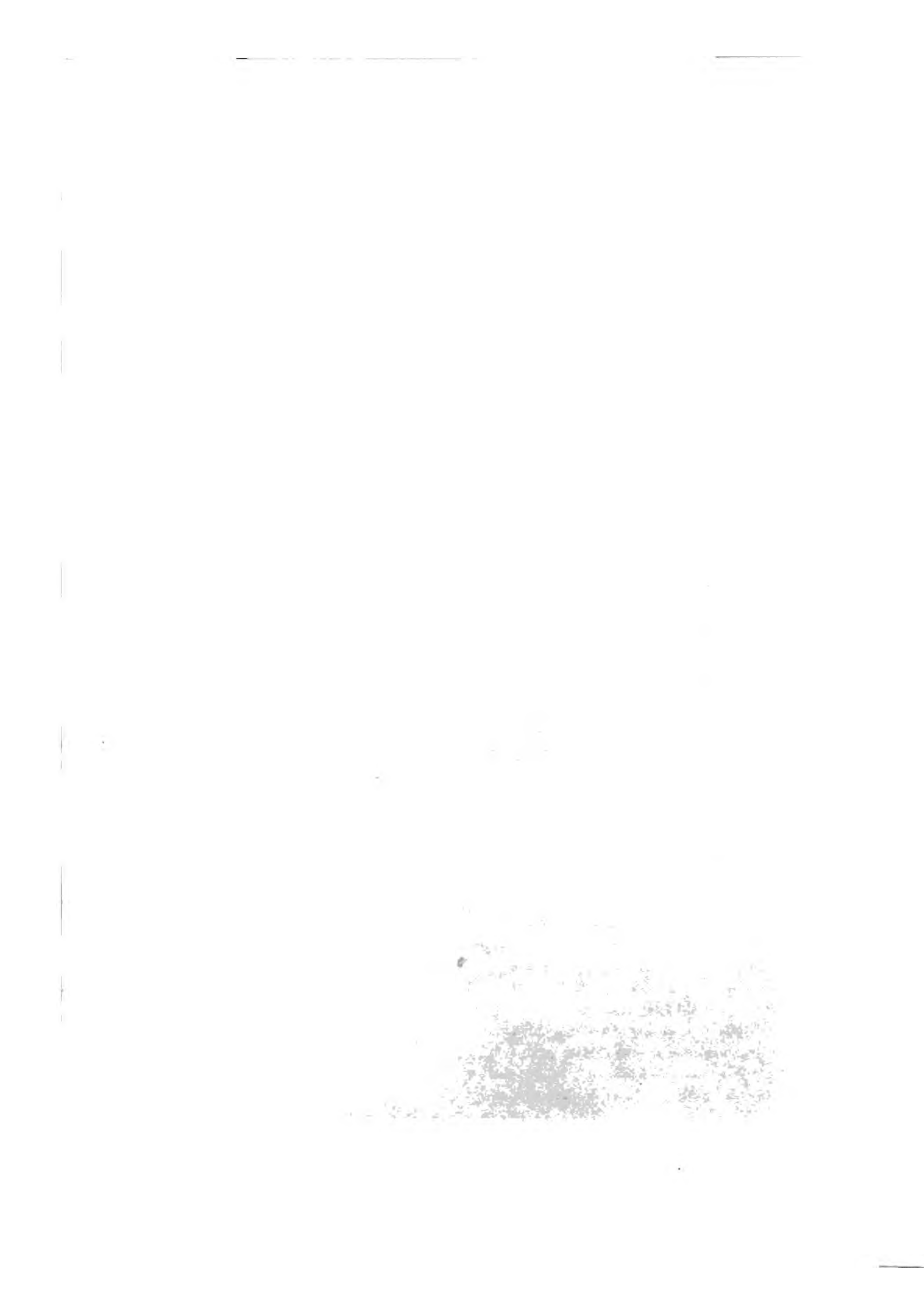
Amidst the sound of the falling waters, the voice of the story-teller alone is heard; and each tone falls as distinct and clear as that of the angel who shall proclaim at the day of account the sins of the people. It is beautiful to see a proud and half-barbarous people thus chained by the power of imagination; listening, with the earnestness and simplicity of children, to the fictitious narration, melted at the tenderness of some of the passages, and their dark eyes kindling at the powerful painting of others.

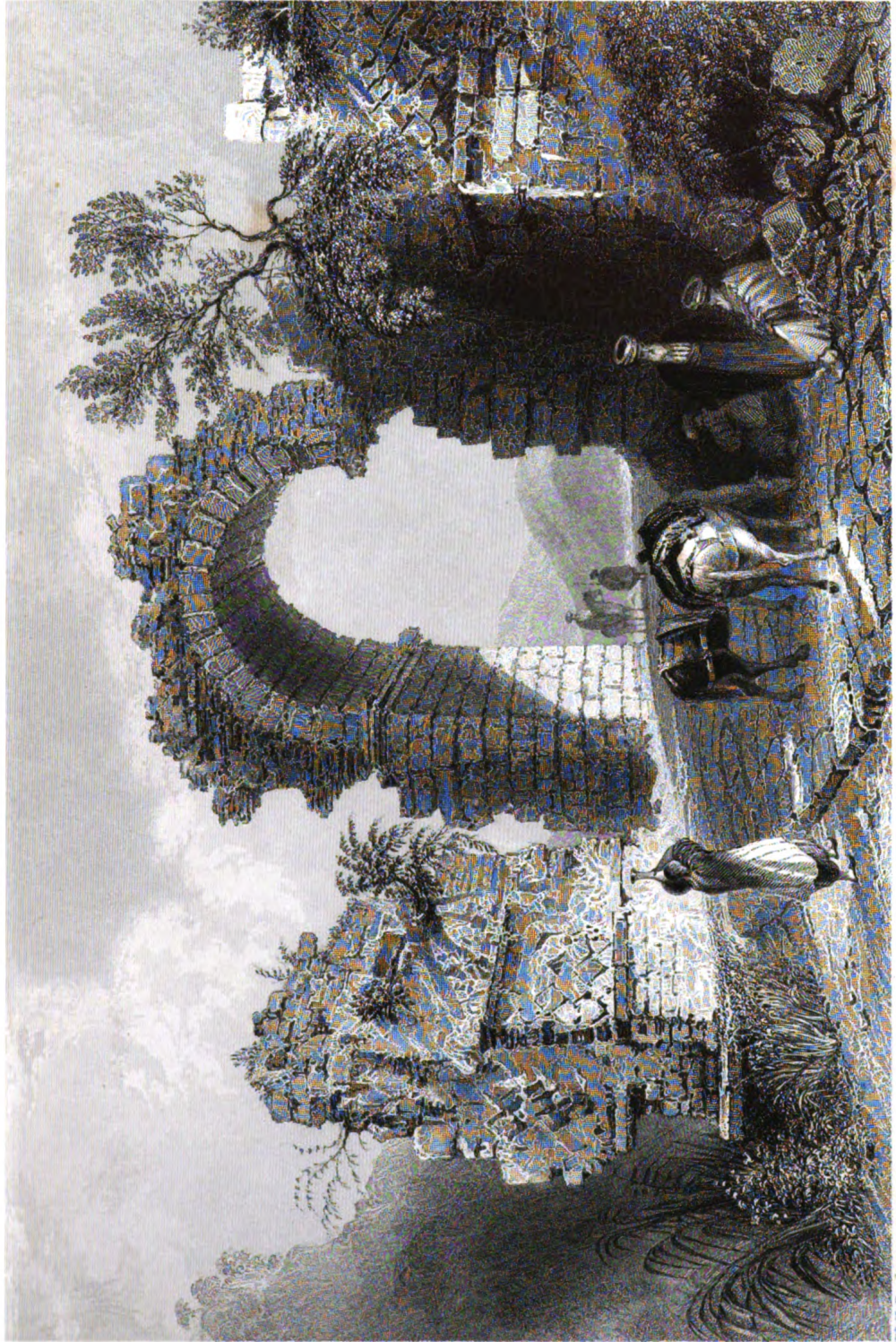
THE CILICIAN GATES.

This ruin, as it may be called, appears to be of Roman construction, and forms a very picturesque object, being approached through a wild valley, a little way from the Gulf of Issus: beyond it are bleak and uncultivated downs. Few passengers are met with in this direction. The poor habitations are thinly scattered; scarcely a hovel is to be seen throughout a territory so famous in ancient history: where the empire of Asia was contested by Darius and Alexander—all is now desolate.

PART OF RHODES, THE CHANNEL, &c.

This view is the one looking over the lower part of the town, where the consular houses are situated. More delightful abodes cannot be imagined; on the slope without the walls, in the midst of gardens, their windows looking on the shore, the channel, and the coast of Asia Minor opposite. The situation of consul in this isle is rather an enviable one, if a man can make up his mind to live with very little society; he will not, perhaps, find it a very hard matter to do this, but there is a chance that his wife will be thinking, too often for her peace, of the friends and comforts of her native home. All the ladies of the consuls whom I knew in these regions, were of this mind—discontented, contrasting the unsocial, dull, and monotonous people and manners around them, with those they had left behind. Not one was reconciled to, or happy in, her situation, whether it was in Egypt, Syria, or Turkey. This dissatisfaction is the characteristic of English women in the East; for the French and Italian ladies who have homes in these lands, soon reconcile themselves to most things around them, are cheerful, and suffer little from ennui or repining. Surely theirs is the wisest part. Is not this a scene, in one of the gardens, beneath the trees, in which to listen to an Eastern tale? The best





T. Dixon

W. H. Burdett









W. H. Pottier



I ever heard was told me by a celebrated story-teller in Damascus. He was an Arab : at every pause he made, which was about once in ten minutes, my interpreter repeated faithfully what he had said. The tale was as follows :—

In a small town on the coast of Syria lived a silk-weaver in great comfort, with his wife and three children. Allah, who saw the simplicity of his heart, blessed his labours ; and he too gave praise to the Highest, and had health and contentment, and those of his household loved him. But it came to pass, that one morning, as he was seated at work, at his window that looked out on the sea, the love of riches entered into his heart, and then its happiness passed away like a dream. He fixed his eyes on the vessels that were passing onwards near to where he sat, and for a long time did not cast them down again on the web of silk that he held, which dropped from his hand to the ground. The tears fell from his eyes ; his wife saw it, and said, “ Why weepest thou, my soul ? what is come to thee this day ? ” “ They go,” he said, “ they go, each to its own distant land, loaded with wealth that will make many families happy. O that one of these barks was bound for the poor home of Comrou the silk-weaver ! ” She picked up the silk web from the ground, and said, “ Son of the weaver Mashil, art thou mad ? pursue thy work, for such wild desires will only lead to poverty and want ! ” And with that she threw it towards him. He looked at her vexed and angrily, and for the first time thought that her face was not comely, or her form beautiful. The pining after riches is like the hand of disease ; his family wept when they looked on his pale face and wasting frame. One day, as he was at work in the chamber of his house that stood on the edge of the sea, so strongly was he moved by these consuming thoughts and desires, that he broke in pieces the web of silk that he held, rushed out of the house, and wandered wildly along the shore. He saw a vessel preparing to leave the port—hastened on board—and took passage for the land to which she was bound, without heeding where it might be. The vessel sailed all night and the following day and night : and when the third morning dawned, they saw the shore before them.

Sick and weary of the voyage, the weaver implored to be set on shore even in a strange land, rather than sail any farther : his request was granted, and in a short time a boat conveyed him to the beach. He gazed sadly around, for the place was desert. There was a high mountain before him, and he hastened to ascend it ; on reaching the summit, to his infinite joy he saw a clear and beautiful pool of water, for he was nearly dead with thirst and weariness. Looking eagerly around, he espied a small stone drinking-vessel, of curious form, lying useless by the side of the pool ; he filled it to the brim, and raised it to his lips. What was his astonishment, as he drank, to hear the sound of money rattling in his vest ! He tore it open ! Oh, what was his rapture, to find it filled with gold chequins ! Again he filled the stone vessel, and drank deep ; again he heard the delicious sound, and saw the gleam of the gold, dearer than the light of the eyes of his youngest born. He seized them, and pressed them to his soul, convinced that he had thus found a source of endless riches ; for as often as he drank, so often the money came with the

draught. He stood motionless by the side of the lonely pool, and lifted up his eyes, and blessed Allah aloud for his mercy—that he had regard to the desire of his soul.

It was now time to depart, for the sun was setting; its last rays were cast on a city that was not far distant, and thither he bent his steps, first placing next his heart the goblet, and tying his sash tightly over it. In a few days he purchased a house, and hired servants in that city, and bought horses of the purest blood of Yemen. In the close of the day he loved to walk in his garden, and afterwards fair slaves waited on him, for he thought no more of his humble though beautiful wife and his sweet children. But in the town on the sea-shore they did not cease to mourn, and to say, “Azrael has taken from us the light of our eyes;” and their friends also sorrowed with them.

It so happened—for nothing in this world should astonish us—that his neighbour the baker, who had lived on the other side of the street, was seized also with the thirst of riches. His trade was gainful: his loaves were the best and whitest in the whole town, and the sunrise and sunset still found him at the mouth of his oven, smilingly serving his customers, praising his bustling wife, who was ever at his side, and pleasantries on his lips. But now, this slow gathering of wealth no longer satisfied him; he prayed Allah that he would increase it more rapidly. One day he felt something hard in his hand, and, on looking closer, found it was a gold mahmoudie. He put it on the shelf, and, wanting some meat for dinner, went to the butcher's, purchased some, and received the change. What was his surprise, to find the mahmoudie once more in his vest on his return! Again and again he changed it, and still he found that it ever multiplied itself, and would be to him a source of slow, but never-ending affluence. He concealed his emotions, even from the wife of his bosom; and though he followed his business as usual, it was evident to all that his views were elevated beyond it: his carriage was more constrained; and his words and smiles, that used to fall like the dew on the herb, were now few and cold. This secret was like a stifled fire within him; he took his resolution, and, going one night to the port, took passage on board a vessel that sailed quickly after. It so happened that this bark was bound to the same port as the one in which the weaver sailed: unused to the sea, he also prayed to be landed on the nearest shore, and soon found his way to the same city. Here after a time he purchased a house and garden. Oh, how sweet to his soul was the first taste of riches! the mouth of his oven no more waited for him, to prepare bread and cakes for the faithful—no smoke and heat, nor clash of gabbling tongues around. He turned disgusted from the remembrance, and bade his slave bring odours, and fill his goblet to the brim. One day he went to the chief coffee-house in the city: a movement was soon heard in the place; the people who were near him gave way, and a richly-dressed man entered, attended by many slaves. He sat down, looked with a princely air around him, and addressed himself to the baker, who was much flattered by his attention. Ere long, however, looking attentively, in spite of the dyed and perfumed beard, that fell black as the raven's wing on his bosom, he recognised his former neighbour the silk-weaver. The latter smiled graciously on him, kindly invited him to his house, and told him of the cause of his present splendour. The baker sighed deeply, and said to himself,

“Of what avail to me are the gifts of Allah? that wretched weaver, on whom I looked down in our town as a poor drudge, who gained just enough every day to support his wife and children, is now as the princes of the earth; and riches flow unto him as the waves on the shore, while mine are only as the drops of rain on the sand, quickly dried up! When evening came, he dressed himself, to go to the house of his friend: its splendour astonished him; the many lights thrown from gold and silver lamps, made the chambers seem like the day. The owner, seated on a rich divan, pressed his hand with a pleasant smile, and soon after they sat down to the banquet, that consisted of all manner of luxuries. Fixing his eyes on the splendid robe of his host, and then at his own plainer one, “O Allah! Allah!” he said, in a piercing tone, lifting his eyes to the roof, while his hand still clenched the glass; “why didst thou give the stone goblet to this man, and grant me only the poor mahmoudie!” “My friend,” replied the other kindly, “be not unhappy; all are not the favourites of the Highest; may be thou hast never seen the precious goblet,” drawing it forth from his vest; “handle it tenderly; it is not to be touched by every vile and common hand, like a mahmoudie.” The baker took it, and pressed it hard in his grasp. “Oh, my head, my eyes, my soul!” he said—“blessed source of eternal wealth!” Then changing his tone, “And yet how frail and brittle!—were I to dash it against this marble pavement, thy riches, weaver, are gone for ever!” The latter uttered a loud cry, and sprung to seize the cup: his guest broke into a disdainful laugh: “Take it, take it, slowly and carefully: did I not say, how perishable and uncertain was thy treasure?—a blow, an accident, might destroy it. Thy wealth, O weaver, hangs on a hair!—whereas mine,” and he drew forth his mahmoudie, and dashed it violently on the floor, “see,” he said, “it is still the same; violence cannot hurt or change it; it is sure—it is unchangeable.” “Besotted man!” said the other, replacing anxiously the stone goblet within his bosom, “wilt thou thus compare that wretched solitary coin to my glorious gift? Aye, clasp it closely, ’tis thy only friend!—but, behold, I will put thee to confusion.” So saying, he filled the stone cup to the brim with the rich wine of Shiras, and drank it to the bottom; then, taking a handful of the coins that had fallen in his vest, he threw them towards his guest, saying, “Unhappy baker, comfort thy soul!” At these words the other could no longer contain himself; he rose from the divan, and seized him by the throat: “O vile upstart! Allah grant me patience, that I do not slay thee on the spot! Am I not a better man, and of more repute than thee?” “Thou liest!” said the weaver, now wholly enraged, and tearing off the other’s turban and vest: “I will make thee bare as one of thy own loaves: thy mahmoudie hath made thee mad!” With that their fury and clamour rose to such a pitch, that the whole house was filled therewith; the attendants and slaves strove in vain to part them, the gold-flowered robe of the weaver hung in tatters, and the baker’s face and person were more disordered than by the flames of his own oven in the day of the simoom. It so happened—for the great enemy of men always watches for their downfall—that the Cadi of the city, passing by to his own house from an entertainment, heard the tumult, that grew louder every moment, and, entering with his officers, demanded the cause of it. It was some time before he could obtain a hearing, or pacify the fury of the rival men: from their unguarded words and mutual upbraidings he gathered, however, an insight into their history: they

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were ordered to appear before him in judgment on the following day, in order that *he* might decide their quarrel. They came soon after sunrise: the Cadi, with a solemn and severe aspect, inquired into the cause of their enmity, that had thus disturbed the peace of the town and its people. When the baker told, in bitter agony of soul, of the power of the stone drinking-cup, the looks of the judge were troubled: he desired to behold it; and when the weaver took it fondly from his breast, and held it solemnly in his sight, the Cadi grasped it greedily, and opened his heavy eyes wildly, and a strange fire was in them. And then he desired to see the mahmoudie of the baker: and he gazed on them in long and speechless emotion. "O true believers," he said, "there is nothing so delightful in the Prophet's eye as peace! It is a lovely thing, and I should sin deeply if I allowed the causes of this strife still to exist, and thereby stir up the ashes of misery day and night, to the destruction of your souls. Therefore I will keep these things, and guard them in care and secrecy." A sudden gloom and horror fell on the countenances of the two men; they trembled exceedingly, their lips moved in many an effort to speak, but no utterance came forth: for it is a fearful thing to see wealth and splendour passing away from us like a dream; and poverty, like an armed man, waiting for his prey. At last the baker found words, "Return me my mahmoudie, O return it to me, excellent and righteous judge!—so shall Allah bless thee above all men." The weaver, whose loss was tenfold greater, cried out with a wild and bitter cry, and beat his breast, as if words were too small for anguish such as his. Then growing desperate, they menaced the Cadi, declared they would instantly lay their complaint before the Sultan, who would see justice done them. The judge, in his turn, gave way to wrath, or appeared to do so—ordered them to prison, said that in the mean-time he would himself denounce them to his master, as dealers in magical arts;—for how could such gifts as the cup and mahmoudie be possessed otherwise? and by the Koran the punishment of magic was death. They were instantly conveyed to the prison of the city, and confined in a gloomy chamber, whose light was dim, and floor and walls cold and dreary. The remainder of the day was passed in sighs and groans: and when night came, they thought of their rich couches, and those who shared them. The light of the moon dropped through the bars on their haggard faces. There is nothing like exquisite misery for reconciling quarrels, and laying the soul open to itself: the two ancient friends sat stupified for some moments, tearing their garments, and heaping ashes on their heads—then they looked eagerly and kindly, threw themselves into each other's arms, and wept. Their enemies as well as lovers were passed away: evening came down on the silent prison, and they thought of their distant home. "O holy Prophet," exclaimed the weaver, "give me once more to behold the face of my wife and children. She was a lovely and a loving woman." "Comrou," said the other, "could I but eat at this moment of one of the white loaves of my oven, it would nourish my famishing soul: thou hast often eat of them, were they not delicious? I dreamt last night I was once more in my shop; it was filled with people all waiting anxiously and with hungry looks; and they asked one of another, "Where is Alib, our baker? My wife stood weeping beside the oven, the wife of my youth; the flames crackled: O Allah! restore, restore me to my home, and I will bless the hand that has humbled me."

“Blessed be that hand,” said Comrou, in a solemn tone: “we pined for riches, till our soul and body fainted with the desire. He gave them to our prayer. Bakër, did not a curse come with them? These gloomy walls and bars—these ministers of cruelty!—and then the dreadful end that hangs over us, should the Cadi prevail! My wife! shall I never see you again? The night that I fled like a traitor, my youngest born lay on its mother’s bosom; her rich tresses drooped over it; her dark and beautiful eye was lifted to the father, and then bent on the sleeping one; and her lips were murmuring blessings. Curse me not, forsaken one,” he added, in an agony of remorse, “curse me not, my child!” At that moment the door opened, and the Cadi stood before them: a soldier, with a drawn scimeter was on each side. He came, he said gloomily—and by the lamp-light they saw death in his face—he came to tell them of the mandate received from the Sultan, that if they had practised magic they should die. It was clear, he said, that they had done this; but he would have mercy: therefore they might go forth from prison, and make their way to the nearest sea-port, where a vessel waited to convey them to their distant homes. A cry of joy was the return for these words. They made no delay, no hesitation, even for a moment. It was night, yet they hastened forth from the prison-walls; with the guard, they passed through the streets with a hurried and eager step: they came to the port, and embarked. At the end of three days their native hills appeared in view; then the minarets of the town: day was declining in extreme beauty on the shore. As the vessel drew nigh, two forms were seen to stand on the beach—youthful and agitated forms: they stretched out their hands, they called on the names of the men; in a few moments they were folded in the embraces of their wives. They made no reproach or complaint, but led them exultingly to their homes, where their friends were waiting to receive them.

As soon as the morrow broke on the hills around, they rose with a glad and eager heart to pursue their work, and never more did a murmur fall from their lips. Years passed on, and found the men still contented and happy in the lot God had given them; and the thirst of riches entered their hearts no more.

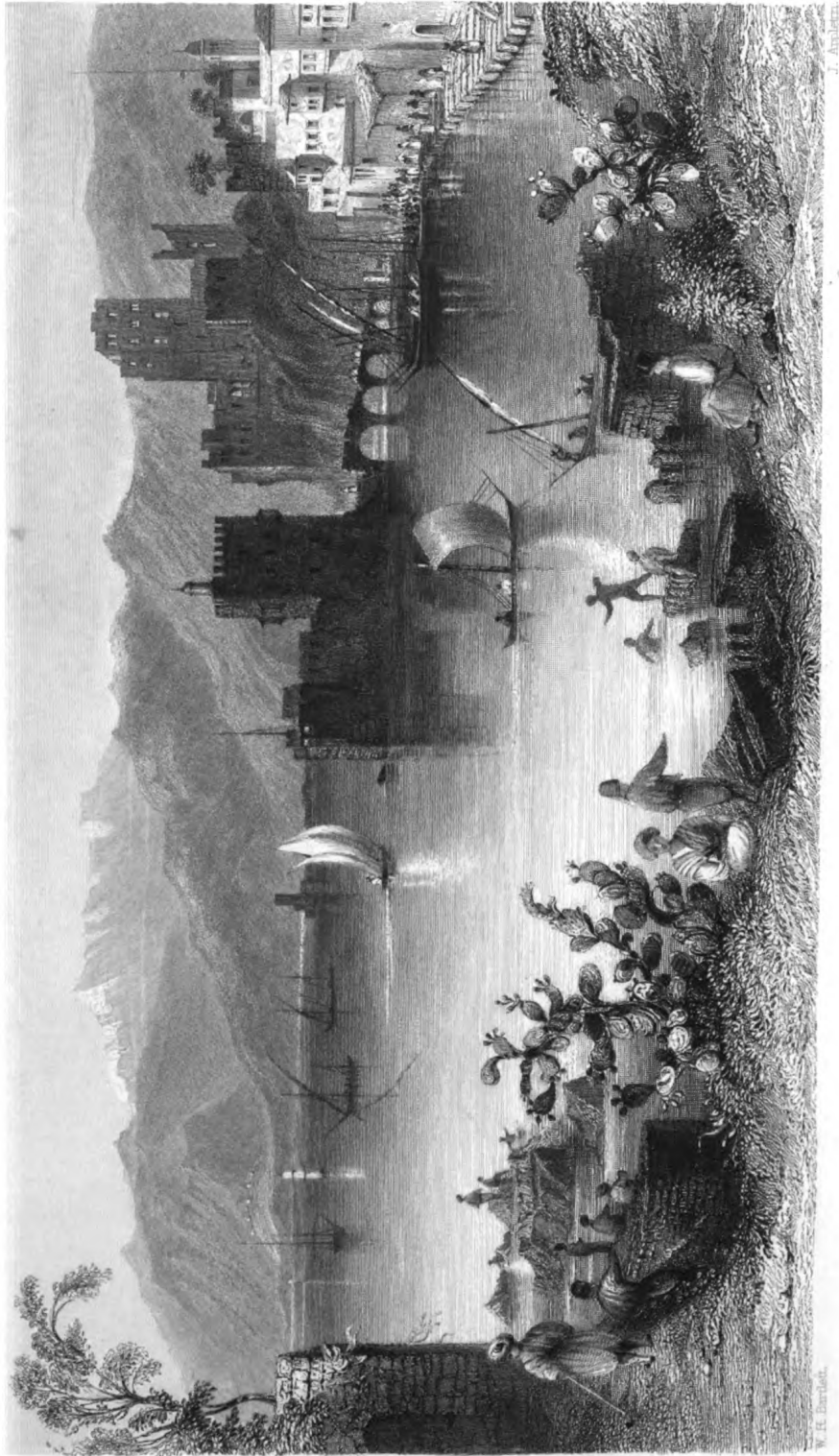
PORT OF BEIROUT.

How welcome, how beautiful, was the return to Beirout from Balbec, as we caught, from the barren heights afar off, the first view of its groves and gardens, its glowing shores and bay, the lively green of its declivities and plains! We had been long absent, and now remembered the happy hours passed in its social roofs, in its solitary walks to vale and river, to the declivities and hamlets of Lebanon. It was the only place in Syria in which we had resided long without weariness: a few weeks at Damascus were sufficient, even to satiety: but we came again to the quiet and varied attractions of the environs of Beirout, its olive groves, and verdant lanes, that look so like English ones; and found again the welcome, the kindness, that received us when we came as strangers to the land. Friendship, society, sympathy of feeling and thought—what magic is cast around you in an Eastern scene! After taking its fill of landscapes and ruins, the spirit turns to *you* as to its rest! The wanderer at first lives only in the excitements of the way; but after many months in towns, and deserts, and tents, in which he is regarded only as a being of a day, for whom no man cares, he feels a desolation creeping over his heart; and, “like a well of water in a thirsty land,” is the familiar face, the language of interest and attachment; and here also is the Sabbath-bell, the hymn breathed to heaven, the words of truth and life, like long-lost sounds.

The view in the plate is taken a little to the south of the town; the two old castles are seen, one behind the other; beyond, on the little promontory, an old tower, which is said to be near the field where St. George killed the dragon. The first ranges of Lebanon, which appear behind, are covered with mulberry plantations and woods; convents are seen on the declivities; about two-thirds of the way, on the left, is the gorge of the Nahr-el-Kelb: the high square-topped mountain, tinged with snow, is remarkable from the whole neighbourhood; the Kesrouan mountains, as the summits are called, stretch away to the left. The highest point of Lebanon, as measured by Colonel Chesney while at Beirout, is nine thousand three hundred feet high: Taurus is ten thousand feet; Mount Casius, seven thousand.

The quay is partly composed of ancient granite pillars; great numbers are seen along the shore at ebb-tide. Several of the consulate houses are visible on the right, near the water. Beirout is the entrepôt of the commerce of the Druses and Maronites, whence they export their cottons and silks, and receive in return rice, tobacco, and money, which they exchange for the corn of the plains of the Bekaa and Haouran. Raw silk is the staple article, which, with cottons, olives, and figs, is exported to Cairo, Damascus, and Aleppo: the commercial activity of the town increases every year. The harbour is perhaps the best on the coast, and the anchorage tolerably safe. The neighbourhood has lately tempted the speculation and enterprise of manufacturers from Europe. Many merchants are settled here, who live in a plentiful style, in comfortable dwellings: for the houses lately built by Europeans are substantial and good; the slighter-built villas of the





J. Applegate

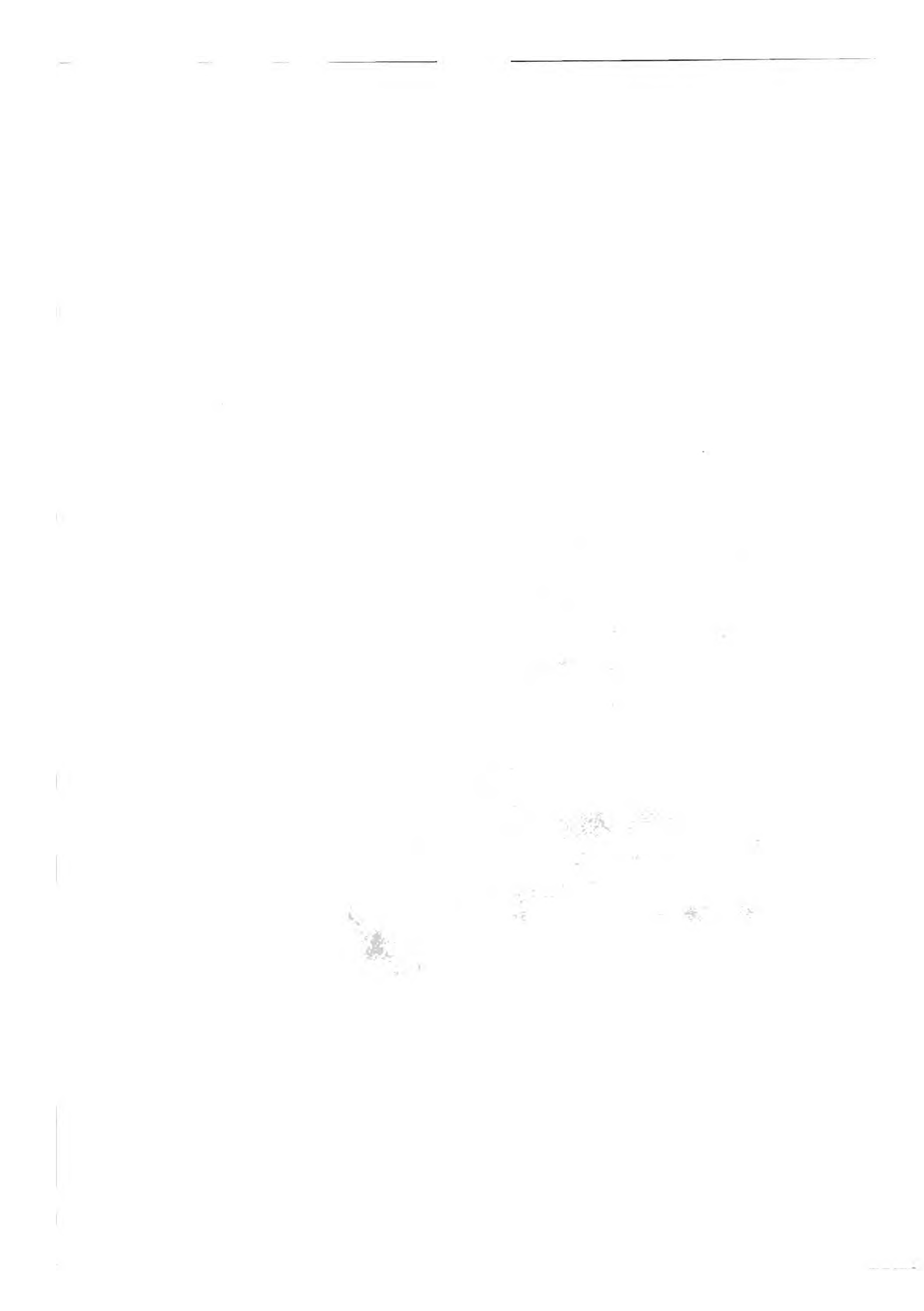
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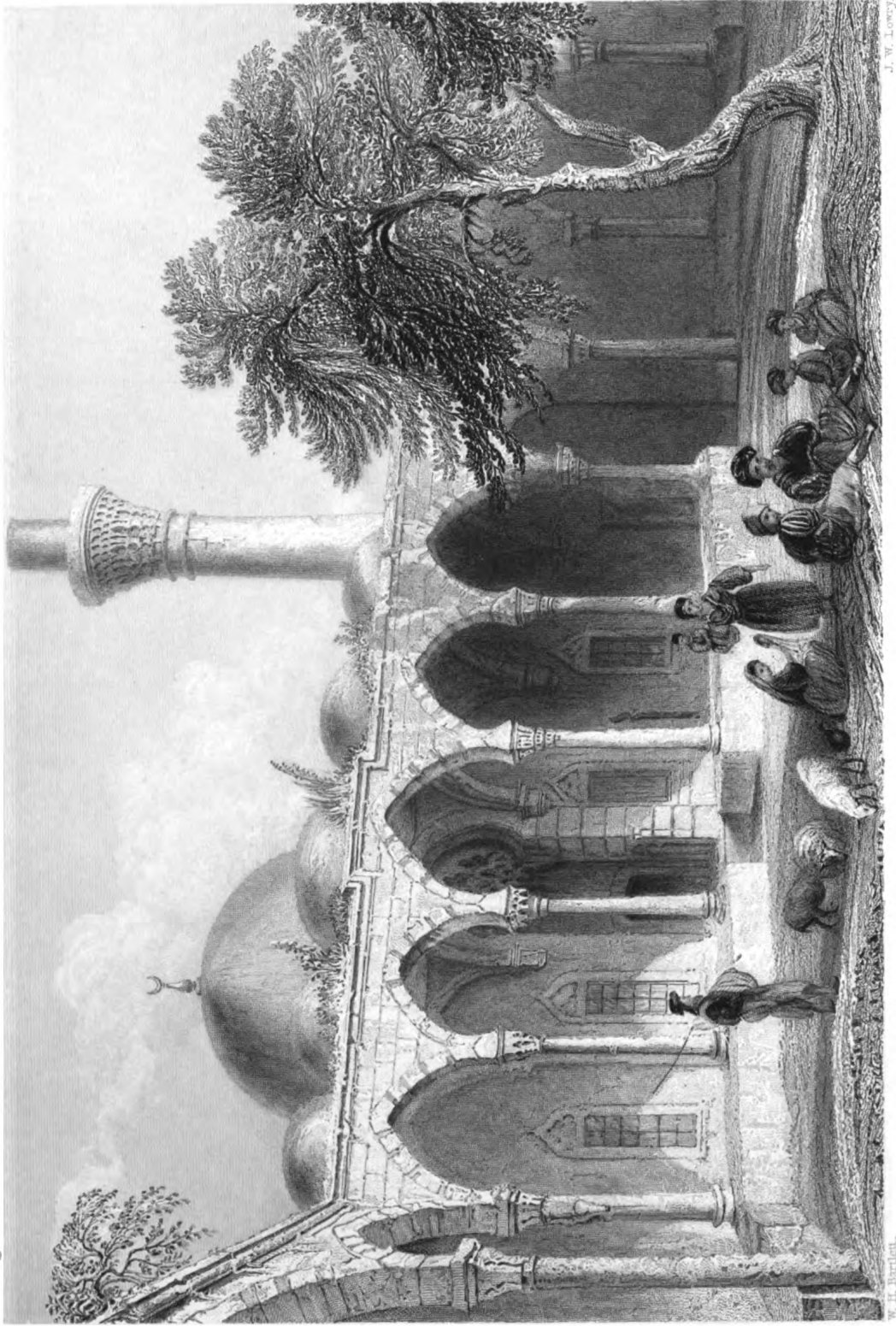
natives are in winter pervious to the rain and wind: the walls being only one stone in thickness, and that of a porous quality, they absorb the moisture greatly, being very thinly, if at all, stuccoed within. In such a home the stranger is liable to fever, ague, and rheumatism. We at first lodged in one of these cheerful yet comfortless houses; the parlour had four windows, looking on splendid scenes; but when wet and wild weather came, the vessel of lighted charcoal could not diffuse sufficient warmth and comfort through the apartment. The frequent arrivals of vessels of various nations from Europe, and the travellers who came on board them, Beirout being the most convenient starting-point for an Eastern tour, made the circle at the English and other consulates interesting and animated. The surrounding country is enriched with vineyards, groves of olive and palm, orange and lemon: the mulberry-trees are innumerable. The resources of this country have not been fairly improved or encouraged: the recesses of Lebanon, rich in mineral productions, deserve to be carefully examined: near the sea, the dislocated strata have almost every where a deep chalybeate tinge, and compact nodules of iron ore are of frequent occurrence. Specimens of excellent pit-coal are found in the neighbourhood of Beirout; but neither the extent nor depth of the beds which are known to exist there, have been yet ascertained. Other metallic ores are also found in various parts of the mountainous district.

At the extremity of the town, towards Sidon, is an extensive cemetery, almost at the edge of the sea: it affords a most impressive walk, when evening is on the dark cypress, on "the thousand tombs," the avenues, and the waves that dash at the feet almost of the sepulchres. The influence of the place fast gathers on the thoughts, yet there is nothing gloomy in this influence; so exquisite is the beauty of nature on every side, as to gladden even "the valley of the shadow of death." The bay on each side and in front, like a lake of gold: Lebanon, its wastes, its white villages, its lonely monasteries, red with the dying light. From the cedar, the ilex, the palm, the pine, the last beam is slowly vanishing. In such a moment, the sting of death, and the terror of the grave, cannot alarm the thoughts, which are borne away to the living world of loveliness; a faint emblem, perhaps, if aught here below can be an emblem, of that brighter and more beautiful world above, where "they shall die no more." Mourners were now moving up and down the cemetery, alone or in groups, yet mostly alone; they came to mourn their departed relatives: they wailed beneath the cypress shade.

RUINED MOSQUE AT PAYASS.

The little ruinous town of Payass, situate in the field of Issus, is a singular place ; almost deserted, composed chiefly of bazaars and two or three mosques, a halting-place for the caravans, and rarely a home for the traveller. This mosque was the principal one of the place : the neighbouring peasants sometimes came to its court, and a group of traders and pedlars would gather here round their fires of an evening, smoking and chatting, when the caravan halted at Payass. The shaft of its minaret was broken, the weeds grew on its walls and roof ; its dome, above which the sacred crescent was entire ; so also was the greater part of the corridor. The interior was not dilapidated, though long forsaken ; no one entered it for the purpose of prayer, placed his little carpet on the floor, and, turning to Mecca, implored Alla to bless his journey. There is no impressiveness in a ruined Turkish church, no grey tower, fretted aisle, or columns that with us look picturesque in decay. The plain and open interior of the mosque, the slender pillars of its corridor, and the tall minaret, look poor when withering by the hand of time. Then there is no cemetery adjacent, no tombs in the shadow of aged trees, no murmur of the wind in their branches, nothing within or without to wake our imagination or sympathy. The little town of Payass, when its gate was locked at night, and no one was in its ruined houses but the traveller and his party, was silent as the wilderness in which it stood : the voice of the imaan from the broken minaret would have been welcome, for it was a melancholy place. The writer once met with an imaan who had lost his employment ; the Greeks had ruined his mosque, defaced the interior, erased the gold sentences on the walls, massacred the people, and had spared his life, but turned him forth in the world a broken-hearted and beggared man. He was above sixty years of age, tall, and of fine features ; he often came to see me, and would speak of his troubles and sorrows, which had come upon him in the decline of life. He had been the imaan of this mosque from his youth, and he loved its routine of duties and cares, with somewhat similar feeling to those of a pastor over his flock. During the greater part of his life he had never been absent a day from his charge ; his eyes had been so used to see the congregation gathered to prayer every day, and his lips to read the Koran, and comment on its meaning, that they were now unfitted for the wilder sights and sounds of the world, into which he was thrown homeless and friendless. He sometimes came to dine, for he often wanted a meal, as he was in the midst of his enemies, who had murdered most of his countrymen : his two sons had perished also. When he spoke of their loss, his bitterness of soul was exquisite, for they were put to death pitilessly, though he said he would have died to save them. When he walked through the town, which was but seldom, he passed his ruined mosque, where he had presided for so many years, and saw it all broken and neglected. He dared not enter it, or shew any signs of emotion, lest he should be exposed to the taunts of the Greeks. He was evidently sinking beneath his misfortunes, which were without hope ; and when he told





Mosque of the Sultan, Constantinople. From a drawing by J. W. Lowry.



of these things, his thin hands outspread, his pallid face upraised, he was the picture of a man going down with sorrow to his grave. His one robe and turban seemed to be all his store; yet he had lived in ease and comfort, and with few cares: the simple tenor of his life comprised in going to the mosque three times a day, the walk to the cemetery, perhaps, in the evening, or to the dwelling of a friend.

The night had now come down on the plain, on the ruinous places of Payass; the solitude, as well as stillness of the scene was extreme, the fall of the wave on the shore of the beautiful bay alone came on the ear; the fancy fled to the past glory and excitement of this plain, where the empire of the world was lost and won, to the tumuli of chiefs, to the stream that then ran redly through the ranks. A melancholy feeling stole on the mind, for the place was unsafe, and had recently been the refuge of a famous chief of brigands.

Is not the night-wind sighing
O'er a lost field?
Is there not blood—a silent voice replying—
From spear and shield?

Is not the sun departed
West, with his train
Of clouds that fled, like warriors, fiery-hearted—
Would ye remain?

I hear the ocean pealing,
That all is o'er!
And every echo, through the red plain stealing,
Breathes of no more.

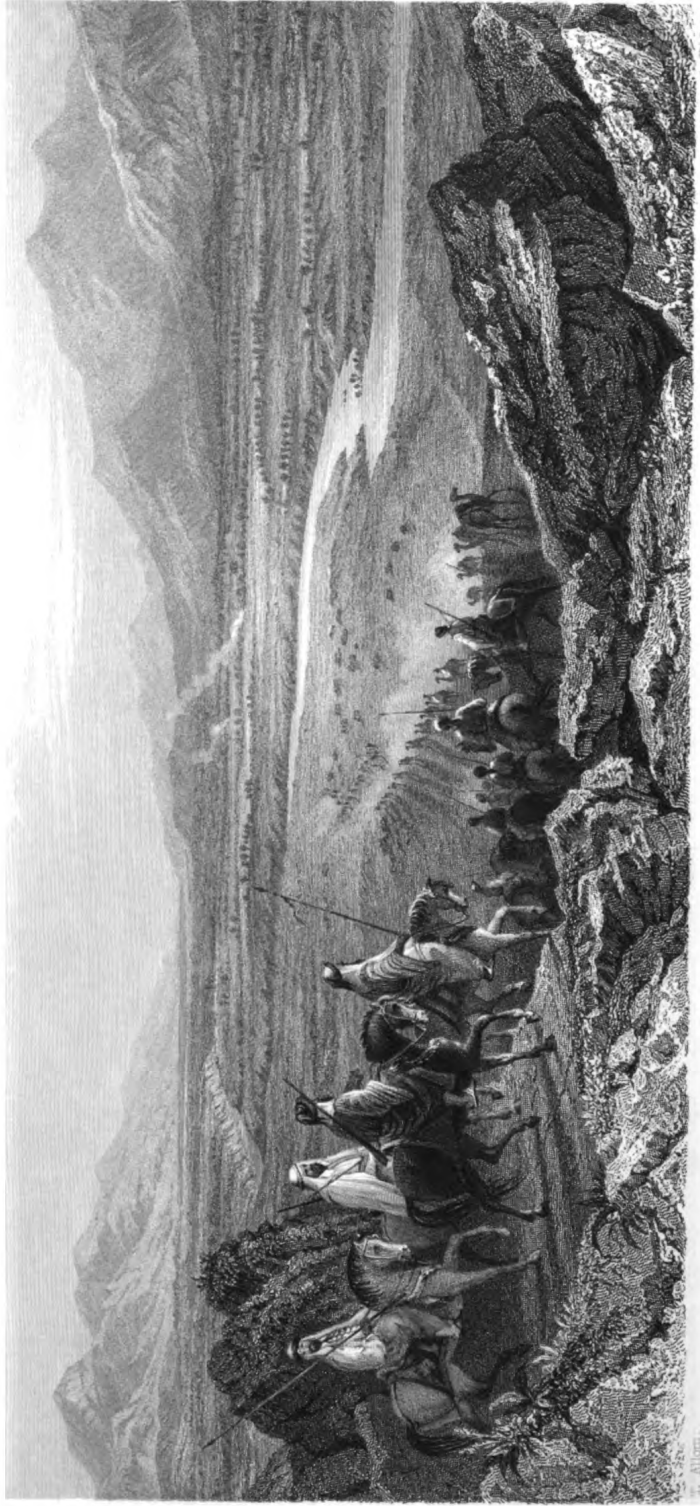
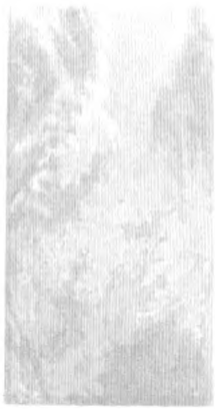
Let not the spear be trusted,
Bright though it be:
Like faith, the lover's faith, it can be rusted—
Flee, wanderers, flee!

The brigand alluded to was called the "Tyrant of Payass," and maintained here for some time a band who were the terror of the neighbouring country. The rocks and recesses of Mount Amanus afforded a secure place of concealment, whence to observe and pounce on their prey, whether it were a caravan, or a lonely party of travellers and merchants. He attacked the caravan boldly, slew or put its defenders to flight, and took possession of all its contents, which were conveyed to the ruinous places of Payass. Many a wild, bloody, and romantic feat is related of this chieftain, who held the surrounding district under contribution, and made this desolate place his strong-hold, where he lodged his captives and his booty.

To reach Payass from Scanderoon by land, the traveller must pursue a circular direction until he reaches a ruined marble gateway, where the mountain descends in a gentle slope, covered with brushwood, to the sea. A road has been carefully made over

this narrow pass, paved throughout, though steep. At sea, this gateway presents the appearance of two columns, and is called by sailors "Jonas's Pillars." Beyond these marble gates, the plain begins to widen immediately; and on the summit of a hill, about three hundred feet high, is the modern Turkish castle of Merkez, but it is now dismantled. Between Payass and the Issus, or Pinarus, are two villages: in winter this stream, which was of such importance in the battle between Darius and Alexander, is about forty-five feet in width, on a stony bed; it flows across the plain in a direction a little south of west, coming from the Amanus. About seven miles from the sea, on the western side of this plain, at the foot of a hill, are the ruins of a considerable town, in which may be traced many public buildings, and where an acropolis and aqueduct still exist in some perfection. This is probably the town of Nicopolis, which was first called Issus by the Macedonians, in honour of the victory gained there. To the west, the plain begins to narrow; near the sea, south of Issus, is a mound, called Kara Koi, composed of black lava pebbles, and having ruins of lava walls on its summit. In this plain are many ruins of former times, and remnants of forts and arches occur. To the north, a pass through the sandstone range is guarded by a gateway and tower of tile-brick ruins of a peculiar character, consisting of two masses of an imperfect obelisk-like form. Half up this pass, about three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and where the pass is not five hundred feet in width, is an arch of elaborate workmanship; polygonal stones, fitted with great nicety, arranged in courses, and of the same height, and rather noble dimensions, built of limestone, and flanked by walls of angular masses of lava, closely fitted, and of the third era of Cyclopiian architecture. It is well known that Cyrus, in the expedition of which Xenophon has given us so admirable an account, led his army by these passes. According to the narrative, "Cyrus made from the Pyramus, in two days' march, fifteen parasangs, and arrived at Issus, the last town of Cilicia, near the sea, a large city, rich and well situated, where he stayed three days. Hence Cyrus made, in one march, five parasangs to the gates of Cilicia and Syria. There were two fortresses, through which ran a river called Kersus, one hundred feet in breadth: the interval between them was three stadia, or 625 yards, through which it was not possible to force a way,—the pass being narrow, the fortresses reaching down to the sea, and above were inaccessible rocks. In both these fortresses stood the gates." The next most important texts are those of the historians of Alexander, who also invaded the East by the same road. Arrian says, "Darius crossed the mountain by the pass called the Amanian Gates, marched upon Issus, and thus placed himself in the rear of Alexander, who was ignorant of his movements. Next day he advanced to the Pinarus. When Alexander heard that Darius was in the rear, he did not think the account credible, but having ascertained its truth, he ordered his troops to refresh themselves, and allowed them to repose for the remainder of the night."





S. Fisher

A. Allan



PLAIN OF THE JORDAN, LOOKING TOWARDS THE DEAD SEA.

This view is taken from a height on the eastern side of the Jordan, overlooking the plain. This plain is of great extent, being from six to ten miles wide; and its length, from the Dead sea to the lake of Galilee, is a journey of two days. The greater part of this plain is covered with a wild and rich pasture, with but few trees, save on the banks of the Jordan. The flocks of the Bedouins graze on the pastures, which seem to have no lord or chief to claim them. This extensive plain, without a town, hamlet, or monastery, has, from time immemorial, been the haunt of the Arabs. Its wilds are cheered and beautified by the Jordan, that rolls its lonely stream through its whole extent in a generally straight course, and but rarely winds so much as in the plate. On the right, at the foot of the mountains, is the village of Jericho, no longer the City of Palm-trees; not a single palm-tree is now to be seen among the few trees that shadow it: its houses are wretched, its situation bad; there are no ruins, to awake the faintest remembrance of the times of old. It has a stone tower, called the Castle of the Governor, who has about thirty soldiers to keep the Arabs in awe. On the extreme right, its base scarcely visible, stands the mountain Quarantina, which tradition has preserved as the scene of our Lord's temptation in the wilderness. The summit, where this took place, is desert and savage, with no shelter save the shadow of the rocks, from the burning beams of the sun; no rivulet or fountain; all lonely and desolate—it was a fearful scene for the temptation. The surface of the plain, for many miles before you arrive at the Dead sea, is dry and withered, without a shrub, a flower, or even a blade of grass. Higher up, the verdure that fringes the river is delightful to the eye; many a tree, many a wild flower, many a beautiful shrub is there; sweet is their shadow and perfume beside the everlasting stream. This view appears to be taken in the summer, when the Jordan is shrunk within its bed, and flows shallow and languidly. In winter, its waters are full and rapid, often on a level with their bank. The Bedouins come from the mountains to the pastures on its banks; their dark tents are pitched in a group, or scattered over the plain, whose solitude they people for a time: when their fire is kindled, they gather round it at their evening meal, and converse with wild gestures; then kneel down in the open air before the tent-door, and invoke the Prophet, where the Israelite once poured out his sorrows before the Lord. The faint sound of their voices, heard amidst the stillness from afar, is hushed, and deep silence again falls on the plain. Each Arab is armed with a long spear and a matchlock gun, and it is not safe to travel through this plain without a guard; hardly a single traveller has traversed it from Jericho to the Sea of Galilee, though it would well repay the trouble and the danger. It is impossible to describe the joy which the sight and vicinity of waters give in this treeless plain, among these stern and savage mountains. I remember the joy I felt when, on gaining the summit of a

precipice, at whose foot slept the Dead sea—still, bright, and breezeless; no ripple on its breast, no murmur on its shore; about six to ten miles wide, and above sixty miles long. Welcome, even in its gloom, is the deadly sheet of water; and the wanderer turns again and again from the burning wilds he has passed, and follows with his eye each creek, and gulf, and hoary precipice. A few hours hence is the Bedouin village of Safye, where it is supposed once stood Zoar, to which Lot intreated to be allowed to fly. There is every reason to believe that his flight from “the cities of the plain” must have been to the high mountains south of the sea: the valley of the Jordan, and the wilderness of Ziph, in the other directions, being either fertile tracts, or inhabited by shepherds. The air all around this celebrated sea is, in the fine season, dreadfully oppressive; even the Arab almost faints beneath it. The plain on the west extremity of the lake, towards the Red sea, is covered with sand, and no dweller comes there; but on the east there are some spots of fertility, and even groups of trees; and here the Bedouin peasant comes, and builds his hut of rushes, and cultivates a few scanty fields. It is strange that the Psalmist, who, in his wanderings from Saul in the wilderness of Ziph, had this sea often before his eyes, should never allude to it as a scene of sublime and boundless waters, or as a monument of the just judgments of God. He loved the impressive scenes of his country in mountain, stream, and valley, which inspired his descriptions, yet he neglected the chief beauty of Judah, the sea of Galilee.

The road from Jerusalem to Jericho is still unsafe, as in the times of old, when “a certain man went down and fell among thieves;” it passes over a succession of wild and barren hills; and about midway, Sir Frederick Henniker was attacked by the Bedouins, severely wounded, and plundered of all he had. The distance is twenty miles, and is performed in six hours, for the road is rugged. It was on the eastern side of the river that Joseph, his brethren, and people, wept for his father Jacob seven days. “And they came to the threshing-floor of Atad, which is beyond Jordan, and there they mourned with a very great and sore lamentation. And when the inhabitants of the land saw it, they said, This is a grievous mourning to the Egyptians.”

It appears to have been in this part of the river that the host of Israel passed over, on their issuing from the deserts into the Land of Promise, when they came from the plains of Moab and from Shittim, through the defiles in the mountains, on the extreme left of the plate: “the waters of Jordan, that came down towards the sea of the plain, even the Salt sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho.” The rapid rushing of the Jordan during the rainy season, and the ghastly stillness of the waters into whose bosom the sacred river enters and is lost, is one of the finest contrasts conceivable. No outlet, no increase, no diminution—for ever the same. Such will the Dead sea ever be, the indelible witness of the terrors of the Lord, which changed the “glorious plain, the garden of beauty,” into “the valley of the shadow of death.”

The only traveller who has made the circuit of the shores of this sea, was a Mr. Hyde, an Englishman, about twenty years since; he had a strong escort of Arabs, provisions, camels, and horses, and occupied three weeks in this desert journey, which was attended with much fatigue and danger, and with no satisfactory results. No discovery of any

interest was made: the cliffs mostly descended steeply into the lake; and the little creeks and coves could only be viewed from above, and often hastily. The only effectual way to explore this celebrated scene, is to launch a boat on it: it is strange that this easy and obvious mode has not been attempted by any traveller, till within the last three years. A boat could be procured at Jaffa, and brought thence, a distance of twelve hours, on the backs of one or two camels; eight hours more would take it from Jerusalem to the shores. With a few boatmen, and a supply of provisions, a week ought to be devoted to this wild and lonely navigation, and every bay, winding, and cavern be explored: the expense would not be great. Often, when on the spot, and casting many a lingering look over its waters, we wished for a boat on its melancholy strand.

A similar wish was felt by a traveller, while on a visit to Jerusalem about three years since; and he resolved to gratify it by building a boat on the very spot. This was an injudicious attempt: for with less trouble, a far better boat than he could build, could be transported from Jaffa. If this ship-building at Jericho was the cheaper mode of the two, it was full of annoyances; the workmen were awkward and inexperienced; it was the first time, perhaps, since the fall of the walls of Jericho, that a boat was seen in its neighbourhood. The work, however, went on under the superintendence of the traveller, who resided chiefly in a tent: he was an enthusiast, resolved to accomplish his favourite design, and be the first who had ever sailed on the Dead-sea waters: and without enthusiasm, of what avail is it to go to Palestine, or hope to be happy there? In such a voyage it was desirable, and even necessary, to have a companion; yet he was alone. He was an Irish gentleman, young, and in the inexperience of his first journey. Palestine ought never to be the first journey of any man, nor should it be undertaken at a very early period of life; not till the mind is matured, the hopes and principles fixed. It is a pity, however, that this gentleman was blighted in his purpose, when almost on the eve of its accomplishment: a journal of such a voyage would have been a novelty, and of deep interest. But he had a mightier enemy than the Arab, the desert, or the pestilential air of its waters—it was Azrael, the angel of death. It was summer: the heat was great, and with the fatigue and anxiety of his boat-building, threw him into a fever. The bitterness of his feelings must have been very great when he felt his life failing, and his work, over which he had watched night and day, for ever at an end. When they bore him slowly away to Jerusalem, and he cast his eyes for the last time on the dark waters, whose hope had perished, and with it every hope of home, of all he loved—did not the iron enter into his soul? He was taken to the house of a German, who had lately come to the city as an agent to one of the missions, who did all that his slender means allowed for his comfort. Perhaps his sufferings were more of the mind than the body: he was desolate! no friend or associate near, his family far away; his last thoughts and feelings might never be known to them. Skilful medical aid was not to be had in the city. This is what the traveller who falls ill in the East cannot hope to find; and his anguish is aggravated by the belief that judicious and timely remedies might yet save him: they were not to be had. The unfortunate young man lingered for a few weeks, and as his life wasted, his thoughts wandered intensely to his home—to his parents and

sisters—to the scenes of his own dear Ireland, where his future life was to have been passed. He was dying in the house of a stranger: his servant was not even attached to him, for he had engaged him only a short time before. Palestine was the first-fruit of his Eastern journey, which was afterwards to include Syria and Turkey, but he was cut off at the threshold. It was a mercy that he was in the home of the German, rather than of the Franciscan convent, whose monks would have felt little sympathy of feeling with him: his host was a kind-hearted and earnestly religious man; and while he soothed his sufferings, he spoke often and with emotion of the world to which he was now near, and of the salvation by which its glory is attained. His words sank deep and fast into a heart that was never hardened; the lonely sufferer wept over his departing life and broken hopes, yet he blessed the hand that chastened him, and lifted his spirit to God with an utter desolation, a dying energy, that did not fail to find mercy. If there be any situation in which the visitations of mercy are precious, it is when the soul is left to struggle alone in a desolate land, where the pity of the stranger is our only portion: no love goes with us to the dark valley of shadows, and our grave shall be forsaken. The bitterness and sadness passed away from the mind, and strength, hope, and joy came in their stead: it was true, his “golden bowl” was broken at the cistern, even when he raised it overflowing to his lips; but what were the blasted future, the lonely death-bed, the foreign grave—to the love that now woke within, of that Redeemer who died, and rose from the grave, near the spot where he now languished! He could almost hear the hymns that rose round His sepulchre, day and night, which told that the terror was taken from the grave, and the victory from death, for ever. All was hallowed ground around him: the very air, to his newly-converted spirit, seemed to breathe of compassion and peace. His last moments were to be envied by those who fall in the morning of life, and in the glory of their hopes. He was buried without the walls of Jerusalem, on the declivity of Mount Zion: his host was the only mourner who stood beside his grave.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

The large rotunda, in the centre of whose floor is the Holy Sepulchre, is surrounded by sixteen large columns that support the gallery; the light falls from the lofty dome by day on the groups of pilgrims beneath, and by night from the lamps suspended above. Previous to entering this, you pass through, on the left, a very interesting apartment, paved with marble, and lofty; it is said to be the spot where Christ appeared to Mary in the garden: during Easter, the pilgrims love to come here, and kneel around the middle of the impressive chamber, where flowers are spread and perfumes burned, and where were uttered the beautiful words, “Touch me not, Mary! Why weepest thou? Go and tell my brethren!” Yet the floor of the rotunda was, to an observer of the human heart, a rich and hourly treat; in the presence of princes, in the halls of pleasure and beauty, in the marts of business, men do not care to unveil the secrets



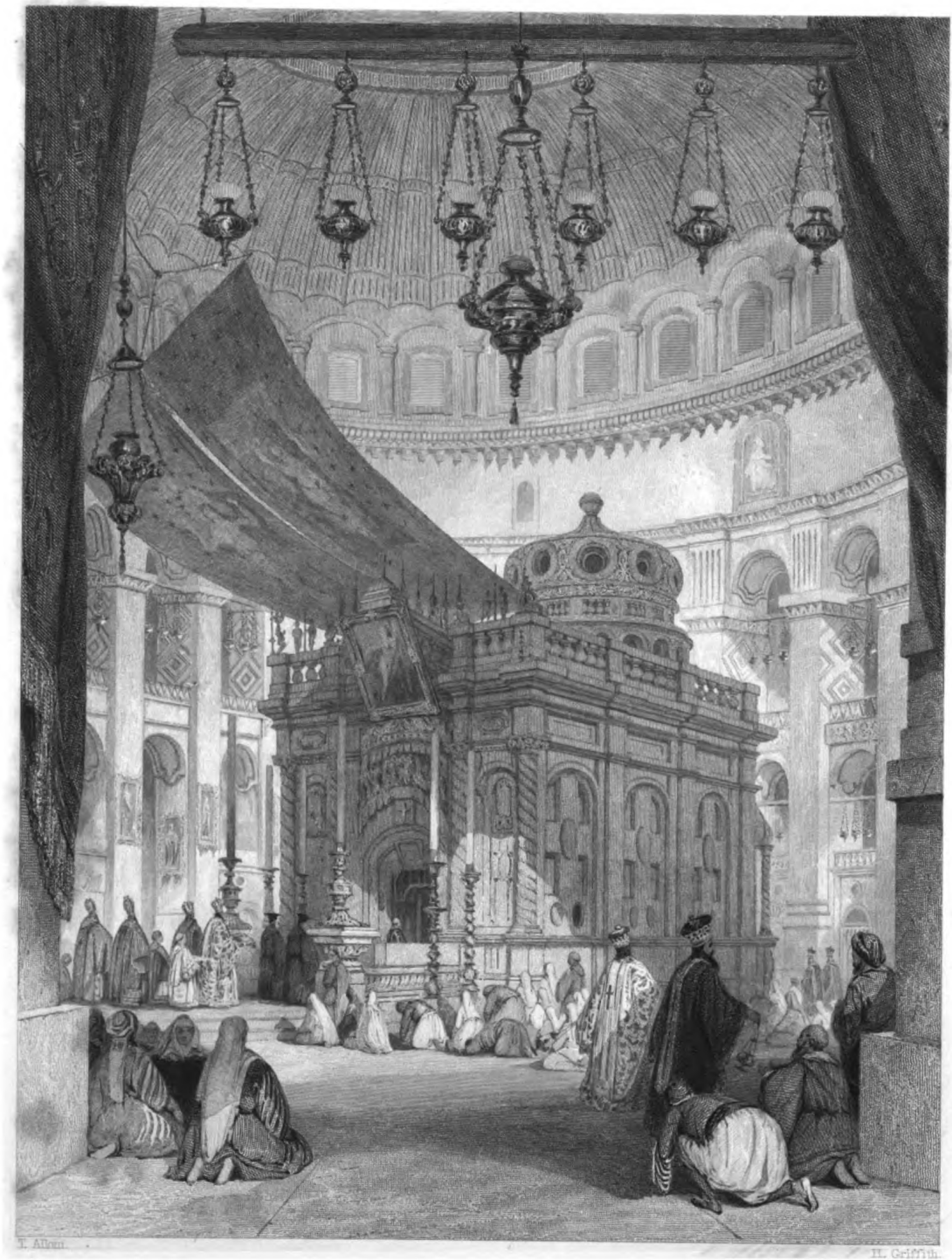




T. Allen

H. Griffith







of the spirit, the thoughts, the conflicts, known only to themselves and their God. Who can bid them come forth to the light? Here, as by the voice of the angel, they came forth, and as the pilgrims of all ranks stood or knelt, trembled or were bowed utterly, their eyes fixed intensely on the sepulchre, the "covering of all hearts was taken away." The rich and the poor, the proud and the mighty man, were alike subdued as the infant: some beat their breasts, some wept passionately, others unconsciously, as the tears fall sometimes in sleep; as if their past life was opening like a long dream to their view. Many pilgrims leaned on their staff, with clasped hands and pale faces, as if, in pain and unresolved, they waited for the "troubling of the waters." How beautiful the evening falls through the lofty dome on this scene of penitence, hope, and sorrow. Evening, so welcome in every Eastern home, but here doubly welcome, in its soft and gorgeous light, as if it bade the mourners weep no more, and drew its veil over the sad and guilty past. From many a lip the hymn is breaking, to many a bosom the cross is pressed, and the name of Christ murmured. A number of women were here, some of them ladies, whose sunken features told of long fatigues and journeyings: but there was a look and smile of exquisite comfort and hope, which they could not have found in their saloons, and in the bosom of their families. Was this religion in its power and purity? Yet who would have stretched forth his hand in that hour, and plucked the beautiful illusion away? All was not illusion; there was much of brokenness of heart, of sincere repentance, of attachment to their Lord.

The Greek church adjoining, is ornamented in a rich and costly style, and covered in many parts with gold: in the Armenian church, a Persian carpet covers the floor. The dresses of the priesthood, and more especially of their dignitaries, was during Easter rich and magnificent; the incessant and inharmonious chanting, the clouds of perfumes, the ceaseless processions, at last wearied the senses, and drove the wanderer forth into the loneliness of nature.

The Holy Sepulchre is of an oblong form, and composed of a very fine white and reddish stone, brought from the Red sea, which has quite the appearance of marble. You ascend a few low steps, and enter the first small apartment, which is floored with marble, and the walls lined with the same. In the centre is a low shaft of white marble, being the spot to which the angel rolled the stone from the tomb, and sat on it. You now stoop low to enter the narrow door that conducts you to the side of the sepulchre, which is of a light brown and white marble, about six feet long and three feet high, and the same number in breadth, being joined to the wall. The floor and the walls are of a beautiful marble: the apartment is a square of about seven feet, and a small dome rises over it, from which are suspended twenty large silver lamps, richly chased and of elegant workmanship, presents from Rome, from the courts and religious orders of Europe. These are kept always burning, and cast a flood of light on the sacred tomb and the paintings hung over it, one Romish and the other Greek, representing our Lord's ascension, and his appearance to Mary in the garden. A Greek or Romish priest always stands here with a silver vase of holy incense in his hand, which he sprinkles over the pilgrims. The scene in the plate represents the grand procession of the three

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orders around the sepulchre; on the right is the Armenian, on the left the Greek and the Romish dignitaries, whose trains are upheld by pages; they are surrounded by their chief ecclesiastics. They sweep slowly along, blessing the admiring crowds, the nearest of whom received with joy some of the sacred flowers, which the priests give them from the bunches in their hands, and which they bear, even when withered, to their distant homes. The Armenians, who are the most wealthy, wear on this occasion the richest dresses: the robe and tiara of their patriarch is literally loaded with jewels. Nine times slowly round the tomb they march, bearing a number of silk flags of various colours, with scenes from the scripture represented on them, and chant as they move, glorying to excel each other in splendour.

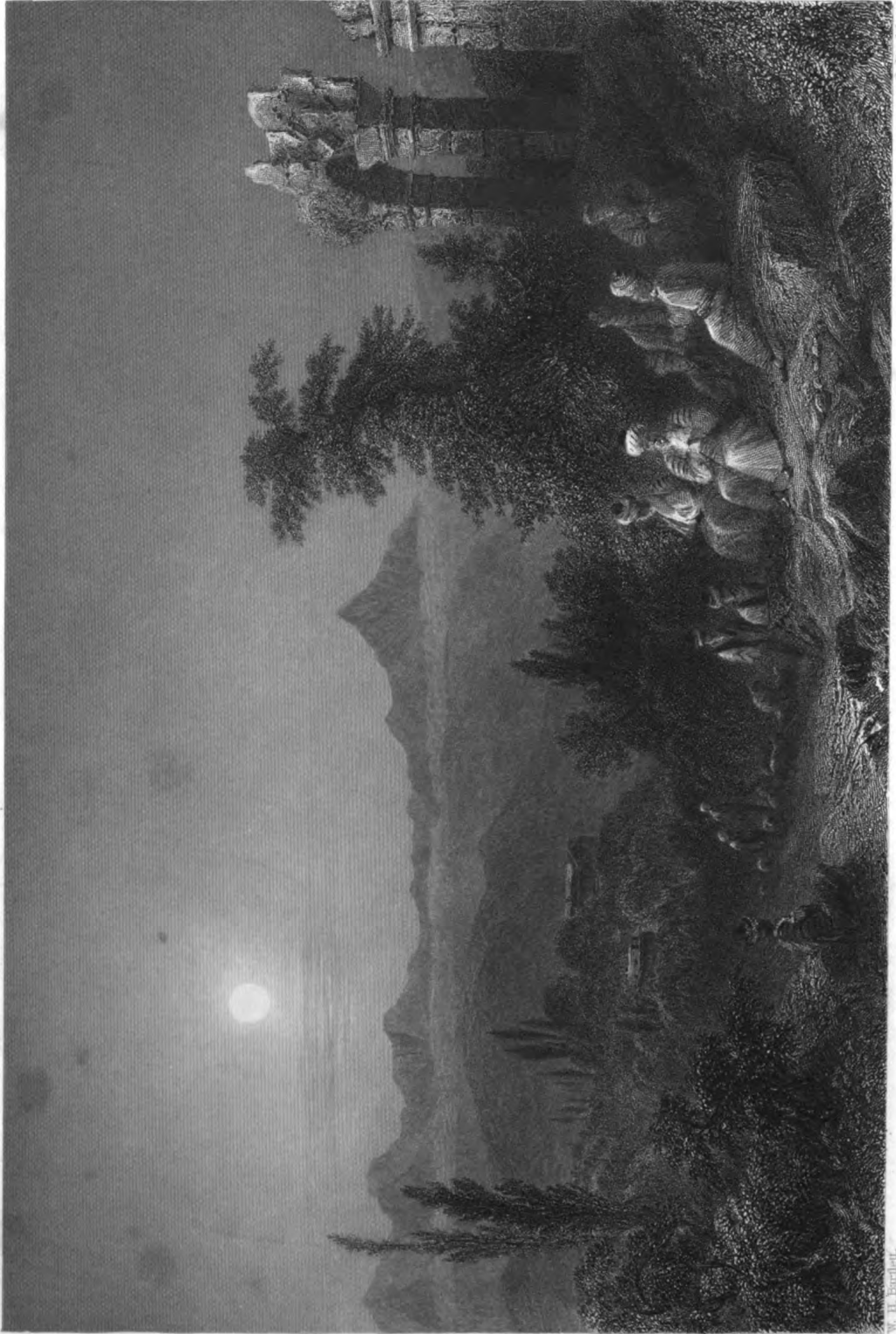
SCENE AT THE VILLAGE OF BEIT-Y-ASS, NEAR SUADEAH.

This romantic spot is in the range of mountains between Suadeah and Antioch; it is near an estate of Mr. Barker, the consul, where he proposed to build a little villa: the situation commands, from various points, views of the valley of the Orontes and the plain of Suadeah: the traveller arrived in the evening, and well remembers how beautiful Antioch looked in the distance, its ruined towers climbing the hill behind. The lofty peak on the right is Mount Casius: the village in the foreground, in its shroud of trees, is Beit-y-ass: the ruin on the right is some remain of a church of the middle ages. The moonlight gave an extreme clearness to the outlines of Amanus and Casius, and covered the little silent grove and hamlet of Beit-y-ass: a group of Armenians was seated on the bank, enjoying the delicious freshness of the mountain air: the shepherd and his flock were yet on the pasture, where they often, in this climate, remain all night. The interior of the cottages was not tempting: they had not the cleanliness of many of the hamlets of Lebanon: a couch, or rude divan, was placed in the open air beside the home of the chief man, for the use of the traveller, who preferred the night air and the sky for a canopy, to the roof within.

MONASTERY OF SANTA SABA.

A more dreary situation than that of this remarkable monastery cannot be conceived: its walls, towers, and terraces are on the brink of precipices, at the bottom of which is the defile through which the Kedron flowed into the Dead sea. So thick and lofty are its walls, and so massive its gates, that it frowns on its dizzy site like a dark and formidable hold of the feudal ages. Flights of steps, cut out of the rock, ascend from terrace to terrace: the shadow of trees would here be a mercy, for the heat reflected from the surrounding rocks is often insupportable: it beat upon our heads as we stood a long time at the gate, knocking vainly for admittance. One of the priests looked over the high wall, and at first bade us be gone; but, after a long parley, he came down, and





L. Bradshaw.

W. H. Burdett.

FIG. 1. THE GREAT MOUNTAINS OF THE GREAT WESTERN RANGE.

THE GREAT MOUNTAINS OF THE GREAT WESTERN RANGE.









opened the gate; and Christian did not step into the Interpreter's house with more joy, when the fiery darts of Apollyon were behind him, than we felt, for the Arabs of this desert were not far from us, and they seldom spared the traveller or pilgrim.

The church of this monastery is a very ancient one, and adorned by the most grotesque figures of old male and female saints. In the middle of a small paved court is a dome, containing the tomb of the holy St. Saba; it is gilded and adorned in the usual tawdry manner of the Greeks. Hence we passed by a flight of steps into a small church hewn out of the rock; it formed one lofty and spacious apartment, in which divine service was sometimes performed by torchlight. A portion of the soil has been conveyed from beneath by the industry of the recluses, who grow a variety of vegetables on the terraces for the use of the convent. About thirty monks of the Greek persuasion reside here; they received us hospitably: in the evening we sat down with the superior in the convent parlour to supper; his conversation was animated and intelligent, full of stories of the wilderness in which he lived, and of the Dead sea at a few hours' distance. In the heart of so fearful and savage a scene, we were now not only in comfort, but in luxury: we felt this yet more when we ascended by flights of steps and passages to the summit of the convent, and entered two or three delicious little cells, which were carpeted and cushioned in the Oriental manner; one of these was to be my chamber for the night. Could the world afford a more wild, sublime, and memorable home? We sat down, and gazed on the deep glen of the Kedron far beneath, the wilderness on every side, where David fled from the pursuit of Saul, and the Dead sea and its sublime shores full in front, illumined by the setting sun. A narrow wooden tower, ascended by a flight of steps from the convent roof, overlooks the desert to a great distance. A monk every day looks from this watch-tower for many hours, far and near, to give notice of the approach of any of the wild Arabs, who come to the foot of the walls with loud menaces. A large quantity of cakes of bread is kept in the tower, and they are thrown out to the Arabs, who are then pacified, and take themselves off. The firing of their musketry, their wild cries, break sadly on the stillness of the monastery: could they force their way in, or scale the walls, there is little doubt of their putting many to death, and plundering all they could find.

In a dark vaulted chamber far below, to which we descended at night with torches and through many passages, there is a fearful sight—three thousand skulls of those who died long ago, piled in several pyramids: we looked on them through the iron bars of the door, the glare of our torches fell on the ghastly heaps; each face was turned toward us, each seemed, in the deep gloom and silence of the cavern, to tell a tale of helpless slaughter. The precipices on the opposite side of the glen are full of caves, to which a great number of Christians retreated during one of the ancient persecutions; they were slaughtered here by a body of soldiers sent for that purpose: the skulls of these martyrs were collected, and piled in pyramids in this place. The monastery of St. Saba is in the wilderness of Ziph, and a few hours' distance from Jerusalem. It was founded by this saint in the middle of the fourth century: at least, he built a chapel here, and the recluses who resorted to him built their cells; and it has ever since been a religious

retreat of great fame. The first monastery is said to have been built in the reign of the emperor Justinian. St. Saba died when nearly a hundred years of age: feeling his end approach, he implored to be carried to his beloved retreat, that his bones might rest there; and here they have been preserved to this day.

The glen of the river Kedron, on whose brink the monastery stands, is three or four hundred feet in depth: the channel is mostly dry. In the evening, when we walked on the battlements, several foxes were peaceably running about below. The passages, as well as the flights of steps, are hewn out of the precipice. One of the towers is about a hundred yards from the convent, and is on the extreme right of the plate. To live long in the heart of so sublime a solitude, is mournful: a visit of a few days is beautiful. When I retired to rest in the little cell, whose window looked forth on the desert, the moon slowly rose, and her flood of light fell on the hills, the sands, the verdant dells, and ancient rocks of this wilderness, on battlement and tower, while the glen of the Kedron slept in a fearful gloom. On waking in the morning, the little crucifix and grinning skull on a table beside the bed, were the first objects that met the view. The service in the little church hewn out of the rock was very impressive, when the few torches mingled their glare with the faint daylight, and the voices of the fathers, chanting their hymns, broke on the silence of the desert.

The fathers of this monastery are not severe ascetics, like those of Sinai: the use of meat, wine, &c. is permitted, and the stranger will not complain of the fare set before him: tolerable wine, excellent coffee, several dishes cooked in the Greek manner, with fruits. Their supplies are brought from the city. There is a cheerfulness about these recluses, who appear to be not only reconciled but attached to their situation: the air around their retreat is one of the healthiest in the world: they have many comforts within the walls, and the thoughts of many among them cleave still to the affairs and politics of Europe. There is no convent garden to exercise their industry, there being no place for one among the cliffs and crags: on one of the terraces is a solitary palm, the only tree in the precincts, and it looks as strangely here as it would look within a cavern on the shore, or in the gloomy court of some vast prison: yet its slender form and leaves of vivid green are beautiful within the battlements, and up many a flight of steps. Many are the tales and traditions which prevail here concerning the Dead sea: men who pass their whole lives in its vicinity cannot fail to remember them. The superior told us, that he had heard some of the old Arabs of the desert say, that, when passing on their camels through its waters, whose shallowness in one part allowed them to enter to some distance, they came to a kind of causeway, whence they could see, the day being very clear and bright, the fragments of walls and buildings beneath, at the bottom. The Jordan pours its tide into it, so in winter does the Kedron, and anciently the Arnon; but there is no outlet to this vast lake, no issue that the eye of man can discern to its waters: not a stream, not a rill passes from them. Some have supposed there is an under current; others, that there is a considerable suction by the sands at the eastern extremity. These suppositions do not admit of proof, and there seems to be slender foundation for either. During the festival of Easter, pilgrims of the Greek religion







come to St. Saba and lodge, on their way to the Jordan: they are sometimes cut off by the Arabs, who waylay them in the wilderness. The gloomy grotts and caves on the opposite precipices, where many a saint of old retired from the world, are, some of them, above a hundred feet above the glen: the pilgrims never lodge there, or feel at ease till the massive gates, secured with bands of iron, and the lofty towers, of immense strength, are placed between them and the enemy.

LAKE OF TIBERIAS, OR SEA OF GALILEE,

FROM THE NORTHERN THEATRE OF OON KEIS.

This view is taken from an eminence towards the northern extremity of the lake, and at some distance from it. The mountains on the opposite or eastern side are lofty, bare, and precipitous: the western shore, where Tiberias stands, consists of gentle and verdant hills, divided by wild and romantic vales, down one or two of which flows a mountain stream. This lake and its shores present, perhaps, the loveliest scene in Palestine: there are no groves of palm or olive, or sycamore, and few are the scattered trees on the slopes or in the defiles. Yet it has a primeval simplicity, a pastoral beauty, a solemn calm, that are indelibly delightful. Tiberias, its only town, is now a heap of ruins, destroyed by the earthquake which levelled Safet and other places in the neighbourhood. The house of the rich old Jew where we lodged, perished with the rest: he had come here from Aleppo, where he was a wealthy merchant, and built this handsome house in order that he might die at the lake of Galilee, in the bosom of his beloved country. This roof, after the wretched homes on the way, was a bower of luxury: his beds were clean and soft, his table well supplied; so singularly clean was the taste of the family, that the meat was always washed with soap before it was dressed. Every morning at an early hour we heard the voice of the rabbi, who was one of his household, engaged in the Jewish worship with the family and servants. The waters bathed the walls of the house, on whose terraced roof it was beautiful to walk at night, and remember the hour when the Redeemer walked on the surface of the waves, through the storm and darkness, to save his disciples. The lake is fourteen miles long, and five or six broad; its waters are sweet and clear, and abound in excellent fish; the species of the size and colour of the grey mullet, is of a delicious flavour: there are a few boats here, for the fishermen still exercise their calling as in the times of old. There are hot baths not far from the town, celebrated for their medicinal qualities, and resorted to by all ranks in the country. Here the pasha of Acre was encamped with a retinue for this purpose; and Lady Hester Stanhope also, who had taken up her residence in a mosque. There are a great many Jews in and around Tiberias: some of them were Polish and German, men of respectable appearance and well dressed, who had come here also to spend their decline of life: we met them often walking along the shores, with the look of satisfaction and interest, like that with which an exile returns to his home, and roams amidst

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long-loved scenes. The air is in the summer faint and oppressive: but the lofty hills around offer a purer atmosphere, particularly the mountain on whose summit stands the town of Safet, the ancient Bethulia, which was besieged by Holofernes, and delivered by the beautiful Judith. This lofty hill, in its aspect, declivities, and position of the town on its rocky crest, answers exactly to the description in the Apocrypha. The excursions around the lake are fine; even the ride round the whole circuit of its waters, on the sides of the wild mountains opposite, and through the plain of the Jordan, their foot, is deeply interesting; many fragments of ruins and houses are met with, which one cannot but imagine may be those of the ancient Bethsaida and Capernaum. About two miles above the lake, to the west, is shown the spot which tradition has preserved as the mount of Beatitudes, where our Lord preached his sermon; it is a gentle hill covered with grass; it rises gradually towards the summit, on which, as well as on its sides, small masses of rock are scattered. It is a sweet spot, where the shepherd and his flock may rest at noonday on its green pastures; and where the traveller, in the cool of the evening, may look on the still waters far beneath, on which the sun is shedding its last glory, and remember the words of life and immortality first proclaimed on this mount, down whose slopes each accent could be distinctly heard; while the form of the Redeemer, on the small green summit, was beautifully visible to every eye, in each look, each gesture, of mercy and love. Between this and Tiberias there is a spot on the left, a green spot on a gentle declivity, where, tradition says, the five thousand were miraculously fed. Tiberias was built by Herod the Great, and named after the Roman emperor: it was the ancient seat of Jewish literature; and there was, previous to the earthquake, a college of Jews here, where several rabbins were engaged in studying Hebrew folios; they occupied two large rooms, which were surrounded with books, and said they spent their time entirely in studying the scriptures and commentaries thereon.

No part of the environs of this celebrated sea delighted us more than the plain of Gennesaret, over which we passed a few days after. Having traced about two-thirds of the shore on the way to Safet, this plain suddenly opened on the left. It is one of the loveliest tracts in the whole land, covered with a rank wild verdure, and watered by a single stream, that issues from a large pool in the middle of the plain. Boldly and beautifully the mountains enclosed it on two of its sides: the sun was resting redly on their declivities, and on the wide and silent area beneath, on which no trace of cultivation was visible. This region was evidently the favourite residence, or place of visitation, of the Redeemer, and here his steps came more frequently than to any other part of the land. Where the stream finishes its course in the lake, is still pointed out the site of one of those cities, of Capernaum, it is said, on which the curse fell. It seems, to the traveller in Palestine, as if its loveliest scenes and places were the chosen ones of the Redeemer, and that the Lord of heaven and earth evinced a preference, if it be permitted to say thus, for the beautiful in the land he so loved: the sea of Galilee, the plain of Gennesaret, Capernaum, Nain, Sychem, Bethany, &c., were, more often than any others, the places of his resort—and are peculiarly favoured by nature.





In the interior of the mosque of the Sultan, Constantinople



There is no spot in Palestine so delightful for the stranger's residence as the Sea of Galilee: the surrounding scenery is on one side so savage and desolate, as to be a fit region for the possessed with demons, for the dwellers amid the tombs: on the other, it is the peaceful and chosen scene of the glad sounds of the gospel. On the following morning, ere the sun had risen, we pursued our way through a territory unrelieved by a single shrub or blade of verdure; where, for many leagues, no trace of a habitation was visible. Its savageness struck us the more forcibly, after the beautiful plain of Genesaret we had so lately left. But the path grew more exciting as we drew nearer the mountains of Gilboa: there was a solitary grandeur and stern sublimity in the scene, on which the traveller could not help pausing to gaze, even had it waked no vivid associations of the times of old. Utter solitude was on every side: the mountains were broken in some parts into naked precipices and pointed summits: they were not dwelling-places for man, save for the wandering shepherd, whose search for pasturage must often have been vain. Amidst these solitudes was fought the battle in which Saul and his sons were slain; and the curse of David on the fatal scene seems to have been fulfilled, that there "might be no rain or dew on the mountains of Gilboa, where the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away."

ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The anxious hope of the traveller to behold the place of the Sepulchre, urges him thither without delay, even within the few hours after he has entered Jerusalem. In this he is not wise, and should rather wait till the first tumultuous feelings are calmed, till curiosity has fastened on other and minor objects—on hill, vale, and precipice around. Let him wait till Jerusalem has grown, in some measure, familiar to his eye,—till he has seen the sun rise and set on her waste and ruinous places, on her memorials of unutterable glory and despair; where the hand of the Lord was visible in alternate vengeance and love. He who would wish his visit to the Sepulchre to be indelible, like a sweet and appealing voice, heard at times through his future life, should come there at midnight, with the spirit of the world hushed within him, and even its memories yielded to the memory of his Lord. If he desires a communion of worship, to weep with them that weep, let him join, at morn, noon, or eve, the bands of pilgrims, and kneel amidst a multitude of the repentant and redeemed. But if he would be alone on Calvary—and earth has no loneliness so purifying and sublime—let him be there when the city is buried in sleep, and there is no witness near.

This edifice, of vast dimensions, massive, and with little claim to architectural beauty, is surmounted by two lofty domes, and is believed to contain not only the Holy Sepulchre, but many other memorable places. It likewise encloses separate places of worship for several denominations of Christians, and numerous cells for devotees; many of whom confine themselves for longer or shorter periods within the sacred walls,

receiving their food through a small aperture in the door. The entrance, originally handsome, and ornamented with clustered pillars, consisted of two gothic doorways, one of which has been walled up. Square bas-reliefs placed over each, now much defaced, represent the offerings of the Wise Men, and Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The key of the door is in the custody of the governor of the town, and, under the old administration, produced a large revenue from the sums levied on all who entered; but this and similar imposts are now discontinued by the Egyptian government. For strangers or others, desirous to visit the Sepulchre, the key is readily obtained from the governor, whose messengers patiently wait on a divan near the door, regaling themselves with pipes, coffee, or chess, and thankfully accepting any voluntary gratuity that may be given on coming out. Not far within the entrance, illuminated with lamps and lofty tapers, is the "stone of anointing," on which the body of our Saviour is believed to have been prepared for burial. Numerous worshippers, as seen in the Plate, are gathered around it.

In this edifice are the Greek and Armenian churches; the former is ornamented in a rich and costly style, and covered in many parts with gold: in the Armenian church a Persian carpet covers the floor, where comfort, and even luxury, is blended with devotion. During the feast of Easter, daily and hourly excitements are kept up by the faith of the pilgrims, and the address of the monks, who multiply miraculous places like the widow's cruse of oil. Not only is the very spot pointed out where the cross was fixed, but even where it was discovered, dug up, and restored to the world. Also the spot where the head of Adam was discovered. The fathers who inhabit the Franciscan monastery appear to feel the monotony and dreariness of their life; they are relieved by occasional arrivals of brethren from Italy, when a few of them have a chance of returning home. Inclosed within strong walls and gates, in dirty and unwholesome streets, and visited at times with heavy exactions—it is not easy to maintain the enthusiasm of piety, or even an interest in these hallowed scenes, from year to year, and day to day. Was their home, like that of the prophets of old, on the side of the lake or stream, on the inspiring plain or mountain—the wheels of life would drive less heavily, and their aspects be less pallid and joyless. In the bazaar and shops of the city, the air is faint and close; the traders sit indolently in the recess behind their piles of merchandise. Noon comes and goes; the cry of the muezzin passes over the dull city, calling to prayer. All the living associations of Jerusalem are sadly at war with the feelings and imagination of the European, whether traveller or monk.

Among the ceremonies observed at the feast of Easter, that of washing the pilgrims feet was one of the most curious—each seated in a chair, in the chapel of the convent, with a small white cap on his head. The superior, having exchanged the dirty rope with which he is generally girded, for one of silk, kneels down on a small footstool of white silk: he was aided by two or three monks, who knelt on the cold pavement on each side of him. Mumbings and blessings were muttered all the time, in a low tone, by the superior's lips, and in a higher cadence by those of the assistants, the pilgrims keeping up a kind of recitative in all possible keys. Most of these men had a sunburnt, worn, and anxious appearance, as if they felt the enterprise in which they were engaged





to be the most awful and important event of their lives; on which even the brightness of their future state in a great measure depended. This ceremony tends to exalt the devotee in his own estimation, for the superior having carefully washed and wiped their feet, kisses them ardently, and pronounces a benediction on each person. Then all the monks of the convent came and knelt on the pavement, and pressed their lips also on the feet of each happy and enviable man. Then followed an excellent supper, in which the priests waited most attentively on their visitors: cheerfulness and sociality quickly succeeded the dull ceremony; it was difficult to say, whether the tongue of monk or pilgrim went the fastest. Many a tale was told, and hardship recounted, on one hand, and vigil and marvel related on the other, till peril, privation, and distance seemed to disappear from the thoughts of both.

TOMB OF ABSALOM, NEAR JERUSALEM.

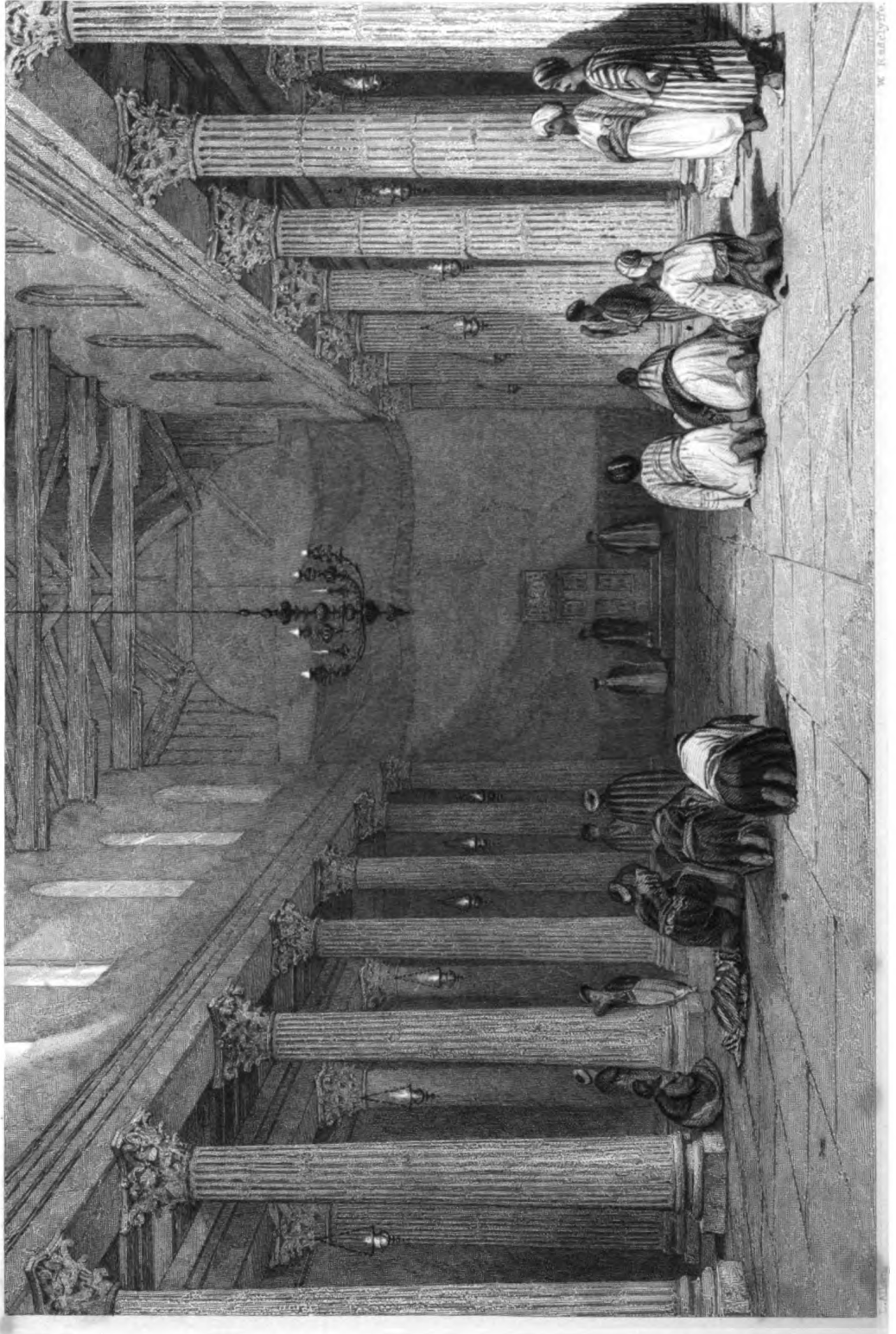
No temple made with hands can so lift the thoughts to heaven as the side of Olivet or Bethany, the glens of Zion or Bethlehem; the aged rocks, the rushing of the streams of thousands of years: there is a voice of wail even in the winds, as of the wailing for those we love. From the tomb of Rachel to that of Zacharias—how dark and wide is the valley of the dead! But the earth has not always covered her prey; the judges the kings, the warriors of Judah—their ashes are scattered to the winds: a few fragments of stone coffins and broken sarcophagi are all that now remain; the chambers of death are open, and swept by the blast and rain. They stood in a wild waste: the day was sultry in the extreme when we visited them; no grove was near, no shadow, no flowers, no footstep or voice but our own; we turned weary and unfeelingly away, for we had no sympathy with the scene. There was a delicious softness in the air, in the walk at sunrise down the valley of Jehoshaphat, to visit the tomb of Absalom. It was the month of April, the hour when the hills and vales around the city threw aside their covering of sorrow and ruin, and seemed once more to rejoice as in the days of old. Olivet was robed in gold and purple of exquisite hue, while more redly the beams flashed on the Mount of Calvary, the Tower of David, and the Field of Blood. The torrent of Siloam broke down the valley in a flood of light. How beautiful upon every mountain was the glory and freshness of morning! It was sad to see it sink into the heat and glare of day, increased and reflected by the many ruinous places around, and stagnant pools, and narrow wretched streets. A train of camels was advancing from Damascus or Cairo over the plain to the north, winding slowly amidst the olive-trees, to the melancholy chant of the Arab driver. How different from this inspiring air and scene was the convent of St. Salvadore in Jerusalem, where I was compelled to lodge! the massive gates were shut early, and there was no egress—no more the first beams of day awoke me, or the sound of the guitar was sweet at its close: no more the hand of kindness and taste spread my simple meal: the little window that lighted my cell

was dimmed with bars of iron, and looked on a dead wall: the cold stone floor, the naked and dirty walls; the hoarse and half-suppressed voices of monks; the looks of bigotry and suspicion from a few of the more rude and ill-bred—cold, hard, hateful realities, which were sufficient, but for the strong prestige of enthusiasm, to transform the hallowed and romantic city into a prison. When my steps wander to Jerusalem again, I will abjure the gloomy gates of St. Salvadore, and seek my simple and kind home on the walls, where they looked over the plain and the olive wood.

The Pillar of Absalom has a most antique appearance, and is a very interesting object in the valley: it is of a yellow stone, adorned with half columns, and consists of three stages, and terminates in a kind of cupola. Its antiquity is, no doubt, very great; it is difficult to assign the period of its erection, but it most probably marks the spot of the pillar raised of old by the unfortunate prince, and was intended to perpetuate its memory. "Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale, for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name: and it is called unto this day, Absalom's Place."

The tomb of Zacharias, adjoining, is square, with four or five pillars, and is cut out of the rock. Near these is a sort of grotto, hewn out of an elevated part of the rock, with four pillars in front, which is said to have been the apostles' prison at the time they were confined by the rulers. The hill above is Mount Olivet. The vale or glen of Jehoshaphat was our favourite walk, and here often wandered the celebrated missionary, whose undying zeal and enterprise have procured him so just a fame. One day he was walking in the valley of Jehoshaphat with a rabbi, a zealous and stanch defender of the faith of his fathers; when, conversing on the merits of their different creeds, by degrees a warm and able altercation took place. Heedless, in the heat of the contest, of the paths over which they were straying, they approached the venerable and elegant pillar of Absalom, and stood at its foot. The sight lent wings to the controversy: to the missionary's mind it brought back the memory of the ancient glories of his people; and, animated by the impulse of the moment, he climbed up into the recess formed in the highest story of the pillar, and, looking down, challenged his adversary to continue the argument. The latter, nothing daunted by the vantage ground of his antagonist, stood beneath, and sternly confronted him; and with voices that rang loudly among the rocks of the desolate valley, they there carried on for some time their solemn and earnest argument. His discourses were not always, however, so fruitless as on this occasion: some of his countrymen were moved, in spite of themselves, by his words, and the powerful and sincere manner in which they were urged. There were occasions when he was really eloquent; and his fervid imagination aided the effect of his addresses on the minds of the Orientals.









CHAPEL AT BETHLEHEM.

The distance from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is about six miles: it is a beautiful ride, and leads over the plain of Rephidim, a wild and uncultivated tract, with many an illustrious hill and monument on either side, and the bold crest of the acclivity of Bethel in front. A lonely dwelling on the left, a mean Turkish coffee-house, offers the passenger refreshment: a few miles farther on, are the ruins of the village of Rama: fragments of walls a few feet high are now the vestiges of the place where, in the touching words of the prophet, the mother "wept for her children, and refused to be comforted, because they were not." There is a spot on the plain, of yet higher interest than this ruined village, from which it is not far—the tomb of Rachel. This is one of the places where the observer is persuaded that tradition has not erred, as it fulfils literally the words of Israel in his last hour, when dwelling on the only indelible remembrance that earth seemed to claim from him. The long exile from the home of his parents, the converse with the angels of God, the wealth and greatness which gathered around him, all yield to the memory and image of the loved and faithful wife: "Rachel died by me in the way from Bethel, and I buried her there." The spot is as wild and solitary as can well be conceived: no palms or cypresses give their shelter from the blast: not a single tree spreads its shade where the ashes of the beautiful mother of Israel rest. Yet there is something in this sepulchre in the wilderness, that excites a deeper interest than more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom in the valley of Jehosaphat, or of the judges in the plain of Jeremiah, the traveller looks at with careless indifference: besides that of Rachel, his fancy wanders to "the land of the people of the East;" to the power of beauty, that could so long make banishment sweet; to the devoted companion of the patriarch, who deemed all troubles light for her sake.

Bethlehem, a mile distant, stands on the brow of a rocky hill, whose sides and feet are sprinkled with olive-trees. After dining very frugally at the Franciscan convent, we visited the church built by the Empress Helena: it is large, and supported by several rows of lofty marble pillars, between which lamps are hung, and are always lighted, as well as the chandelier suspended from the roof—during the feast of Easter. The spacious interior of the church has a dull and naked appearance, with little ornament, and looked almost silent and forsaken after the crowded and exciting scenes of the Church of the Sepulchre. Descending thirteen stone steps, we were in the place that was formerly the stable, where the Redeemer was born. There is no violation of con-

sistency in this, as the stables in the East are now often formed in the same way, beneath the surface. Its present appearance is that of a grotto, as it is hewn out of a rock, the sides of which, however, are concealed by silk curtains: the roof is as nature made it, and the floor paved with fine marble. A rich altar, where the lamps continually burn, is erected over the place where Christ was born: and the very spot is marked by a large silver star. The glory, of marble and jasper, around the silver star, has a Latin inscription: "In this spot Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Alone, in the stillness of evening, in this indelible scene, what memories steal upon the thoughts! what immortal hopes!—but for the event in this simple and rock-hewn grotto, how dark would have been our way, how despairing its close! These dim cold walls are ineffably dear: why have they covered them with silk, and the floor with marble? better have them as when the shepherds first beheld the Lord—simple and rude, as the roof still remains—memorial of that exquisite lowliness of spirit, that ever loved the poor and gentle things of this world, better than the rich and mighty. During our second visit to this spot, we were alone: no voice or footstep broke on its stillness; the monks were either absorbed in sleep or in their devotions, and knew not of our being there: the rich lamps, ever burning, alone threw their light around. The stillness, the gloom, the light dimly falling on the dark and rocky roof, made it seem to the fancy like the burial, rather than the birth-place, of Him who took from death its unutterable sorrow, and gave immortality and glory to the lost.

At Christmas, ere the morn is breaking, how affecting is the service in Bethlehem! Some of the Christians repair to the very field where the shepherds watched their flocks, and there, beneath the two ancient trees, as the sun is rising, it is beautiful to sit and look at the hill of Engedi and the tomb of Rachel! The only stream visible, flows down the vale from the fountain of Bethlehem, of which David longed to drink; it is to this day a pure deep fountain of delicious water, at the foot of the hill.





E. Bequith

L. Bequith



MOUNT OF OLIVES.

This hill is very near to Jerusalem, from which it is separated by the narrow vale of Jehoshaphat: its sides are thinly sprinkled with olive trees: it has no corn-fields or rich pastures: the grey rocks at its base look dim with age: no stream breaks down its wild slopes. There is an inexpressible charm about this hill: it is more interesting, thus forsaken, than if the hamlet or the harvest covered it: its every path and lonely place is full of indelible remembrances. The steps of the Redeemer often came here: it was his favourite place of resort from the city. On its declivity he wept over Jerusalem, and uttered the prediction of its ruin, as he beheld it at his feet. As you stand on the descent of Olivet, the walls, the towers, the houses of the sacred city, are distinctly visible, as if you were in their midst. From hence Titus and his army could almost look into the very streets and sacred places, which they were soon to destroy utterly. David fled this way from his son Absalom, after he had sent back the ark of God, and his armed men, and those who were helpless, had passed on before him. "And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot; and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." Tradition still points out the spot where our Lord stood, when he mourned for the last time over Jerusalem: there is a noble perspective from it on every side. It is about a third part of the descent from the summit. One day we wandered to the village of Lazarea, situated on the southern foot of the Mount of Olives, opposite the city. It was a wretched village of mud-built cottages: some of the abodes were excavated from the hill: it was a sultry day, without the faintest breeze. The place was shadowless, and the sun's rays fell scorching on the wretched hamlet, out of whose holes and cavernous places, many a shaggy head and half-naked figure was protruded, to gaze on the stranger. This was the site of the ancient gardens and palaces which Solomon built and laid out for his many wives and mistresses. Here also he built the high places of the various gods of these women. While we stood here, and looked on the sad scene, it was scarcely possible to imagine that palaces of beauty, chambers of luxury, groves and altars, once covered it. Surely the curse has fallen heavily, and the earth is withered because of the sins of the people. Not a blade of grass grew on the parched soil: neither the footstep of the pilgrim, the merchant, or the pedlar, wandered here. The people were Arabs, and seemed to live in extreme wretchedness. The tinkling of the camel-bell, from the caravan approaching the gates, was sometimes heard: the beautiful rill of Siloam was seen to break down the descent of Sion, opposite. A more stern mockery of human grandeur could not be, than the sight of these squalid beings, crouching in their dismal homes, in the very places of Solomon's glory and apostacy, where "the cedar was as the sycamore trees for abundance, and the silver as the stones."

The palm-groves are gone from Olivet, so is the cedar, the sycamore, and the fig-tree: the olive is the only tree in its bosom. In some parts of the Mount there are bold declivities; but its general character is gentle, undulating, and easy of passage. A lovelier, a wilder walk cannot be imagined, than one of the paths that leads over it. Not the sublimer heights of Lebanon, the more rich and soothing landscapes of Carmel, the bold and graceful front of Tabor—so affect the imagination, and bring up the immortal visions of the past, as the forsaken breast of Olivet. During the feast of Easter, crowds of pilgrims are seen passing along its declivities, and their hymn of devotion is sometimes heard at evening, breaking on its solitudes. The building on the top of the mountain is a small christian church, where divine service is performed during this festival. At a short distance is the impression of a foot in the rock, which has been shown, for ages, as the last footstep on earth of our Lord at his ascension. Our faith was not strong enough to admit of its identity, yet it was the object of the veneration, tears, and kisses of every pilgrim, whose superstition never distinguished between the creations of the priesthood, and the last memorials of mercy. The number of objects presented to the eager belief of the pilgrims, is very great, and often very absurd: the tears shed by St. Peter, are said still to be kept in a bottle, and to be exhibited to the delighted eyes of the more favoured: the spot of the withered fig-tree, the house of Dives, the very hall of Pilate, are among these relics. Often, in passing through the narrow streets, we were stopped by the guide, to point out some particular spot, till we refused to hear any mere priestly inventions.

A poor Servian and his wife travelled a little way with us; they had come from their own country to visit Jerusalem; so great was his joy at all he saw, that he gave forty pounds to the monks. Better that he had kept his money; for on their return they fell into troubles, began to quarrel, and the wife upbraided her husband for coming so weary a journey.

How beautiful is it to turn from these fables to the free, the wild, the indelible aspect of nature! the valley, rock, and river are still unchanged: the curse that swept away the labours and the homes of prince and peasant, the temple and altar—has left unchanged the places where the prophet and the apostle wandered, and the Redeemer retired to pray for the world he came to save:—on the silent plain, the solitary mountain, and the untrodden shore, every footstep of the Christian is full of an everlasting interest: voices of mercy and salvation seem to come in the desert breeze, and deeds of immortality to start afresh from the withered earth, so long forsaken. The spot in the plate, directly in front, below the tower at the foot of the hill, is the garden of Gethsemane; its eight large and very ancient olive-trees are seen standing alone: a low fence separates it from the road. This place is justly shown as the scene of our Lord's agony the night before his crucifixion, both from the circumstance of the name it still retains, and its situation with regard to the city. The sceptic has never presumed to doubt the identity of this memorable spot, whose situation is one of the most solemn, and, it may be said, romantic, that can be conceived. Above, are the heights of Olivet; on the right and left, is the vale of Jehoshaphat; and directly in front, are the gloomy walls of Jeru-

saalem, covering the crest of Mount Zion, and sweeping their hoary battlements and towers above the vale, till lost to the sight as they wind above the descent of Hinnom. Few are the passengers on the road beside the garden, fewer still are the feet that enter its sacred precincts: evening is the hour at which to be here, when the sounds from the city are hushed, when its gates are soon to close, as the sun's last rays are on the dome of the Mosque of Omar, and the crest of Olivet: to be here alone, will never be forgotten in after life: not a breeze is in the olive-trees, whose mass of foliage spreads a deep gloom around: they are of immense size. Then, as evening is falling fast, rises to the memory that night and hour, when in this very spot the Redeemer was betrayed and forsaken by all, even by the loved disciple. Save Calvary and its more ineffable interest, this lonely garden is the most awful and endeared scene the world contains: the Passion was suffered here in its deep retreat, in the gloom of its aged trees, which perished with the city: a few grey rocks are at its extremity, to which, tradition says, the disciples retired and fell asleep, wearied with sorrow and apprehension. This garden was a loved place of retirement with the Redeemer; the betrayer knew that he frequently went there, perhaps to be alone, and at evening; for he led the band of soldiers immediately to the spot.

The low building on the left, not far from the garden, is the tomb of the Virgin Mary: it is a cave or grotto, hewn with great pains and skill out of the rock: the descent to it is by a flight of fifty marble steps, each of which is twenty feet wide. This is the largest of all the sepulchres around Jerusalem, and was, no doubt, hewn out and used by the ancient Jews as the home of some illustrious dead; the labour and taste bestowed in this noble excavation, were ingeniously put to a more venerated use by the early Christians, or rather by the priesthood, who assumed this to be the burial-place of Mary, who, it is understood, neither died nor was buried in Palestine, but retired with St. John to Ephesus. The interior of this sepulchre is lofty, with altars richly adorned, and a dome. At this time it was nearly filled with pilgrims, whose forms were half shrouded and half revealed, by the clouds of incense that floated around: the silver lamps mingled their light with the beams of the rising sun, which struggled redly into the dim and spacious tomb. It was very early in the morning, and we had left the city at this hour, in order to be present at a solemn ceremonial here: many priests were busily occupied in the services of the altar, in chanting, &c.: the pilgrims continued to arrive with earnest and impatient looks, the staff in their hands, the scalloped hat, the sandals on their feet, the girdle round the waist; once only in their life could such a pilgrimage be performed, and they felt they could not see too much of the sacred places, and could not afford to waste a moment of time, in the scenes they had so desired, and had suffered so much, to behold. It was a pitiable scene, of misplaced devotion, of feelings of adoration and sympathy, that should have been reserved for holier memorials: some of the Fathers who ministered were not far, perhaps, from this opinion: two or three were quite inattentive, took snuff, and chatted about politics, while tears were flowing, and groans heaving, by the devotees around. The odours and the chanting, the crowd and the closeness of the air, at length grew oppressive, and

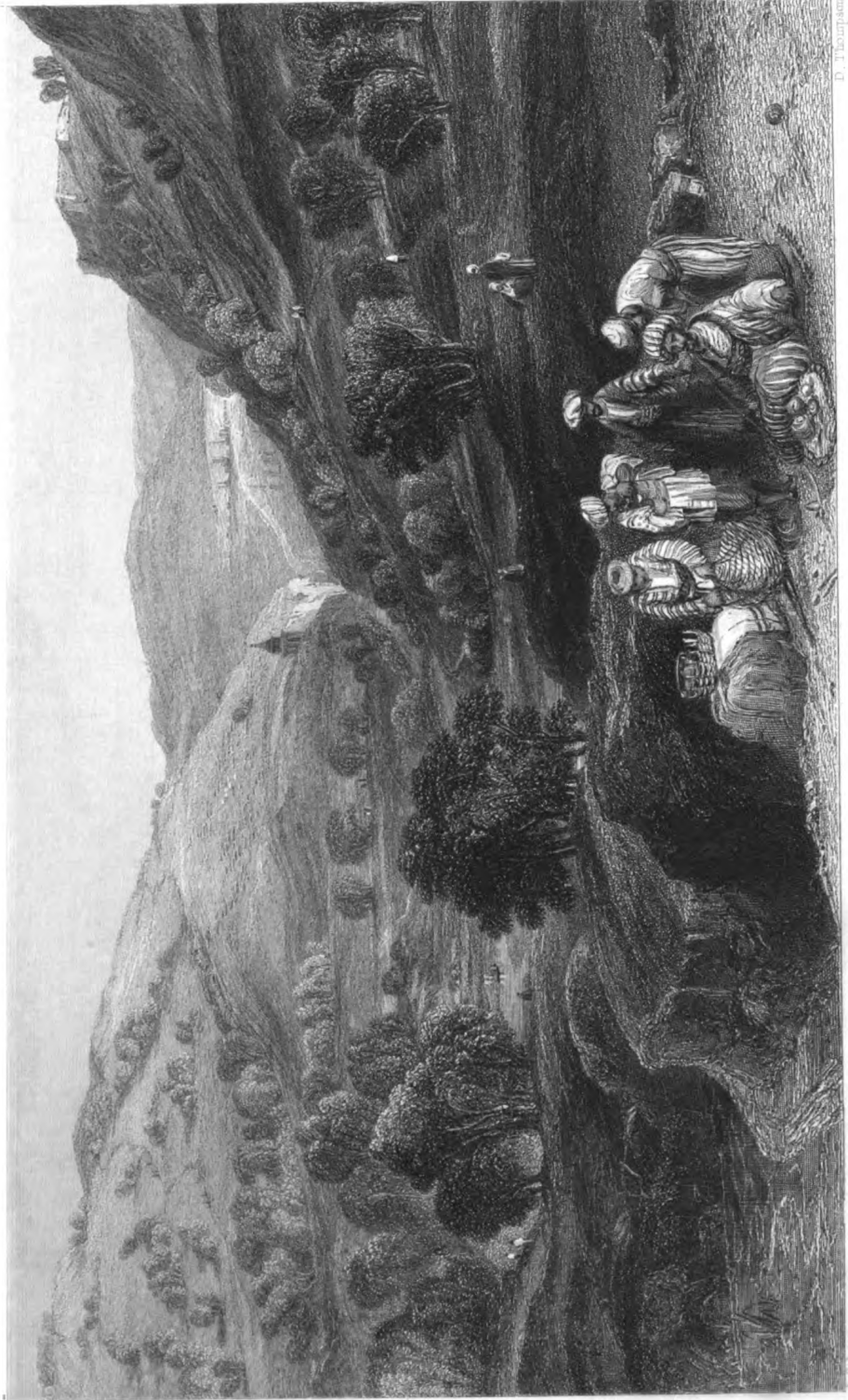
we left the grotto, a noble monument, like many others of the same class, to the boldness of design, and patience of labour, of the ancient Jews: the fresh air of the hills and vales was welcome; so was their deep silence and solitude, only broken now and then by the passing on of some votary to the sepulchre. A dollar was paid for admission, and the sum of money received on this occasion could not be small: the richer men, merchants and gentlemen, among the pilgrims, often make handsome presents, such as one, or several hundred pounds, to the Order to which they belong, Armenian, Romish, or Greek; the former has the wealthiest members.

VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT, AND BROOK KEDRON.

This celebrated vale separates the hill of Zion, on which the city stands, from that of Olivet: it is not so narrow or unpicturesque as the plate represents it; but is in its aspect, separate from its memorable localities, an interesting and romantic glen. It is a pity that no stream breaks through its narrow bosom: it wants the sight and sound of flowing waters: was the dry bed of the Kedron filled as of old, it would here be a blest and welcome object. The distant hill in front, to which the valley leads, is called the Mount of Judgment, where the palace of Caiaphas stood. This is a broad and unsightly hill, yet it is the loftiest around Jerusalem. On its declivity is the Aceldama, or field of blood, where Judas destroyed himself, and was buried. This is a melancholy spot, shunned by the neighbouring people, as well as the wayfaring man. A little forsaken chapel now stands on the spot: no grass grows around, no herb or wild flower. The shepherd and his flock do not wander near: it seems still to be regarded as an accursed place; and this belief is augmented and perpetuated by its dreary and desolate aspect. The deep bed of the Kedron is seen on the left in the plate, and passes straight through the vale, and thence on through the wilderness of St. Saba, till it is lost in the Dead sea. Its bed is several feet in depth, and the idea of the "soft-flowing Kedron" recurs to the traveller, as he looks down on its withered bosom, and longs to hear it murmur to his sense, as it often did to his fancy when at home. During the winter, and the rainy season, there is water in its bed, but in a poor and partial stream. A bridge leads over it, of ancient structure, near to the spot where now stands the tomb of Mary. The bold declivity on the right is Mount Sion; this may be said to be one of its steepest parts; it is thinly sprinkled with olive and other trees: the path that leads up its side, along which the passengers are going, enters the city at the gate of St. Stephen. About a third part of the way down the descent on the right, is shown the very spot where the first martyr was slain: "And they stoned Stephen, and the witnesses laid their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul; and he cried with a loud voice, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit, lay not this sin to their charge!" The walls of Jerusalem are seen on the right, sweeping round the summit of Mount Sion: they are lofty, strong, and massive; their appearance, as beheld from beneath, is









gloomy and imposing. They stand in this part on the very brink of the descent. It occupies above forty minutes to walk round them on the outside, which gives a circumference of three miles. The sides of Mount Sion are less steep where they rise over the Valley of Hinnom, which joins that of Jehoshaphat on the extreme right, beyond the pillar of Absalom, which is seen in the middle of the plate. Here its slopes are covered with corn-fields and with grass, and look rich and smiling, like a little oasis in the neglected soil around the city. Here is shown the scene of the last supper of our Lord and his disciples, a poor attempt of the fathers: the identity of such a chamber can exist only in the credulity of the believer. Of similar pretensions is the tomb of Solomon, near this spot. These places of pretended sanctity are unheeded and forgotten, the moment the eye rests on the fountain of Siloam just below; it breaks out of a rock in the side of Sion, and falls into an open and rock-hewn excavation, to which a flight of ancient stone steps descends. This bason was hewn thousands of years ago; the pool into which the fountain descends, is deep and clear as crystal: its waters are as sweet, as full, and as beautifully clear now, as in the days of our Lord. It is a luxury to sit on the grass that grows on the bank above, and look down on this celebrated water, the most useful, as well as healthful, in the whole neighbourhood—and follow its rapid stream as it gushes down the side of Zion; and thence into the valley beneath, that passes on to the wilderness. There is no water so much esteemed as that of Siloam; to which the women of the city come daily with their pitchers, for when the other waters in the city are scanty and turbid, the current of Siloam is still fresh and everlasting. One day, that we wandered here, we found a group seated pensively beside the water, as if wearied with their journey; it consisted of one fine old man, whose hair and beard were white, and two young and handsome men. They were Jews, and were gazing on the scene around; the open Sepulchres of Hinnom were beneath their feet, the field of blood, and the ruins of the palace of the high-priest who condemned the Innocent, were on the opposite hill: directly behind them were the gloomy walls of the devoted city—and in the dark glen below, their forefathers made their children pass through the fire, and offer sacrifices to Moloch. Could there be a more awful and appealing assemblage of objects? was there not in each a warning voice of the past? It is impossible to behold a Jew wandering among the places of his ancient pride and power, his fields of battle or of miracle, the staff in his hand, the beard sweeping his breast, the tear perhaps on his cheek, without feeling a sympathy for his fate.

The Valley of Jehoshaphat is broken finely by grey and aged rocks, on which a few olive-trees cast a thin shadow: at every step you seem to move over the ashes of those whose names and deeds are interwoven with our earliest memories, with our dearest hopes. The prophet, the apostle, the prince of Judah, have sealed this vale with their blood, or slept here when their warfare was accomplished. The sepulchres hewn out of the surrounding rocks, are uninjured by time: they are massive, and of a grand and imposing aspect. The erection, or rather the formation of the sepulchre of Absalom, was effected by cutting it from the solid rock. At first sight it seems to be erected by an architect, and adorned with columns which appear to support the edifice, of which

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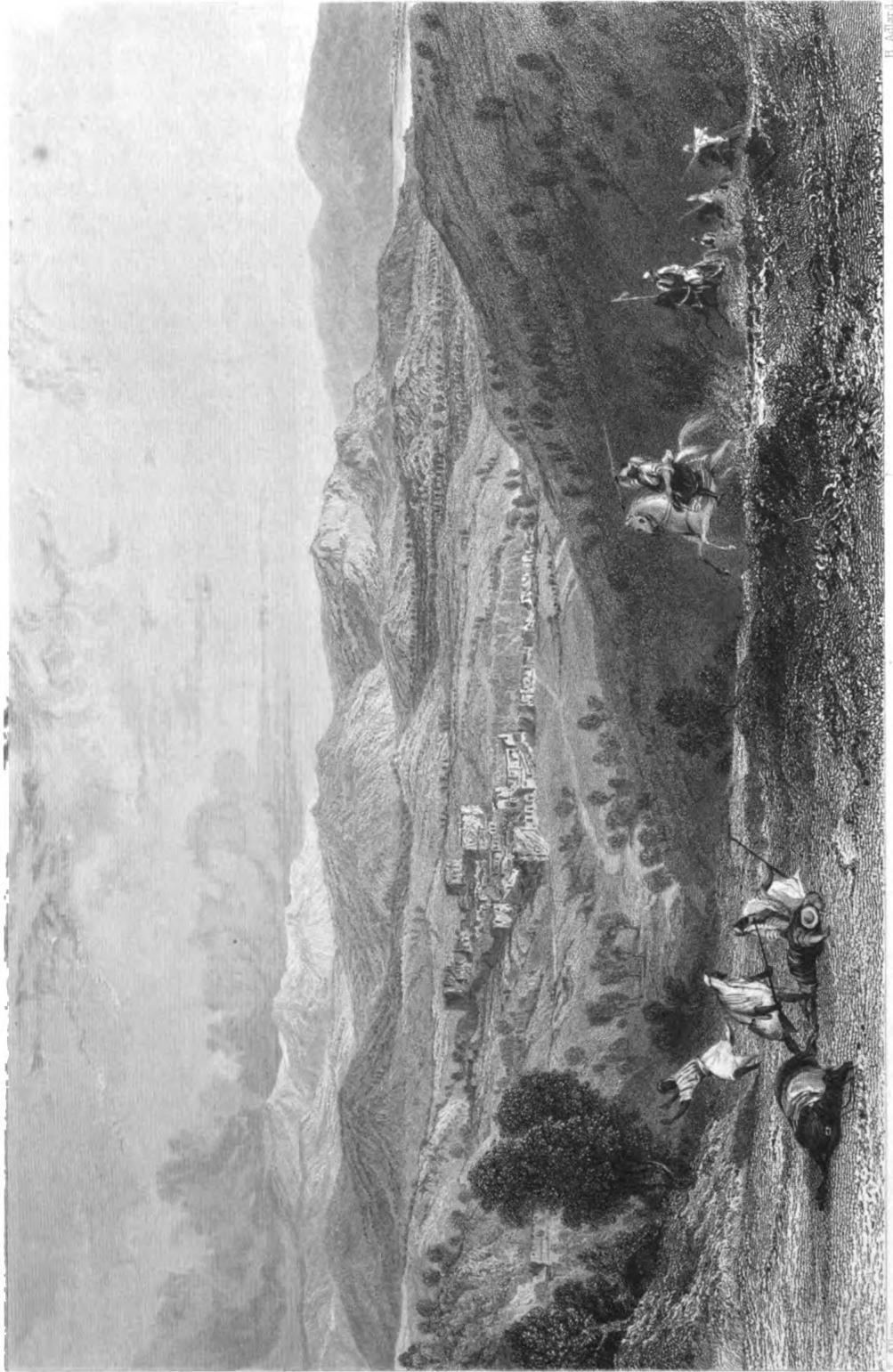
they are, in fact, integral parts; the whole of this tomb, as well as that of Zachariah, being of one entire mass of stone. The sound of the muezzin's voice, calling the Mahometans to prayers from the minaret of the Mosque of Omar, comes distinctly and sadly down this vale, and dies away among its rocks and lonely places: it is wildly at variance with each hope and remembrance, and the passenger cannot help wishing that the hour were come, when the worship of the false prophet shall be driven from the land. This hour may not be far distant: for who could have believed it possible that a Christian church should be built on Mount Zion, close to the sacred city; yet its walls and roof will soon proudly rise there. It will be a noble and spacious building: the plan is already published; the entrance has a long and lofty corridor on each side, whose shade affords a cool walk. The sum for its erection is now raising in England and abroad, by general contribution: and it is expected that in another year this fine edifice will be finished. Strange will be its appearance on Zion, sweet and exulting the hymns of praise, the words of victory in the Redeemer's name, heard here for the first time for twelve hundred years. The principal object of this church is to promote the conversion of the Jews; and to provide an established worship for the converts. And to the Christians who come either for business or pleasure to the city, it will be a high privilege to leave the walls of Jerusalem, and to share in its services, and listen to the pure accents of life and truth. The hopes of the supporters of the admirable design are, perhaps, too sanguine: it is a hard thing to persuade a Jew to forsake the faith of his fathers: and, in the Holy Land, where he is surrounded by the memorials and testimonies to the truth of the Messiah, it is yet more difficult than in Europe—because he is taught from his childhood to regard these localities with utter scorn and disbelief, and his heart is thus the more steeled against the reception of Christianity. Yet we cannot but believe and hope that the time will come, when he shall bow down at the altar of his Redeemer, and lead his children to Calvary with tears of joy.

BETHANY.

The distance from Jerusalem to Bethany is about two miles. It is a beautiful walk, and leads over the summit of Olivet; then, by a short and gentle descent, to the village. It is a small hamlet, the families in its flat-roofed cottages are as far removed from competence, as from poverty: the soil around the village is wild and rocky, thinly sprinkled with trees; a stream of clear water issues from an adjacent fountain, to which the young women of the village repair with their long-necked stone pitchers, such as we had seen them bear in Cana of Galilee, of the same form, doubtless, as those used at the marriage feast, where our Lord turned the water into wine.

The ruins of the house of Lazarus are still shown here. Within and around its grey walls the tall grass and the wild flower grow rank. I plucked a beautiful crimson





H. Adlard.

W. H. Stiles.



flower from the ruins, to preserve as a memorial of the family of Bethany, to whose simple and affecting history we are indebted for the sublimest passages of mercy and hope. It was a calm, but not a sultry day; the sun was partly clouded—a fresh breeze came from the heights around Bethany. The aspect of the village is so hushed and peaceful, and the prospect it commands is splendid and extensive: at a few hours' distance is seen the Dead sea, its waters gleaming with a deadly glare, and the Jordan rushing through the valley, to be lost in its dark gulf. Lofty mountains of sterile grandeur bound the prospect in this direction on the right and left. More near, and on every side, are bleak and wild hills, with few marks of cultivation.

The Tomb of Lazarus is on the right of the road that leads through the village: it is hewn out of the rock; you stoop a little at its dark entrance, and, descending several stone steps, find yourself on the floor of the sepulchre, in the middle of which is hewn the grave, of the size of a man's body, where Lazarus was laid. An instant belief of the identity of this celebrated tomb is felt by the traveller; it so fully agrees with the description of the Evangelist. It appears that the group of our Lord and his followers must have stood, not at the entrance, but at the bottom of the sepulchre, around the resting-place of the dead, who, when the words were uttered, "Lazarus, come forth!" must have raised himself, and stood up in the grave, which is about three feet deep, in the midst of the spectators who stood around. The idea of some commentators, that he descended from the sepulchre, which was hewn in the rock above the ground, cannot be correct, or consistent with the locality of the place.

While at Jerusalem, we were invited to join the procession of pilgrims and monks to the tomb of Lazarus: it set out about two in the morning, while it was yet dark; almost every one carried a lighted torch, or taper. The procession, leaving the Franciscan convent, passed out of the gate of St. Stephen, descended the Hill of Sion, and crossed the brook Kedron. It was a solemn and impressive pageant: at each sacred place they paused, and sang a hymn suited to the scene. The Glen of Jehoshaphat was dark and silent—the walls of the city on the brink of the hill above looked dim and vast in the faint starlight. The procession then wound up the side of the Mount of Olives, on whose rocks and trees the glare of the torches flashed as they slowly moved along. Again they stopped on the summit of the hill—a strange and solitary group at such an hour; a fine subject for the painter—the pilgrim, with his pale and excited features,—the priest in his vestments,—the lights they bore breaking on the gloom of night,—the various attitudes of those that held them. Then they passed to Bethany, entered the sepulchre, and descending the ancient stone steps, filled the little area beneath: all stood silent for a time; the place where the dead lay was at their feet, and they circled densely around it: the tapers threw their glare on the roof and sides of the grotto, and on the grave beneath. The people of Bethany were buried in sleep: each home was silent: not a light was seen in the windows, or a voice heard in the hamlet. Suddenly from the pilgrims and the priests broke a solemn strain: its effect, as it rose on the stillness of the night, was very fine: they sung, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" When they left the sepulchre, the day was already breaking.

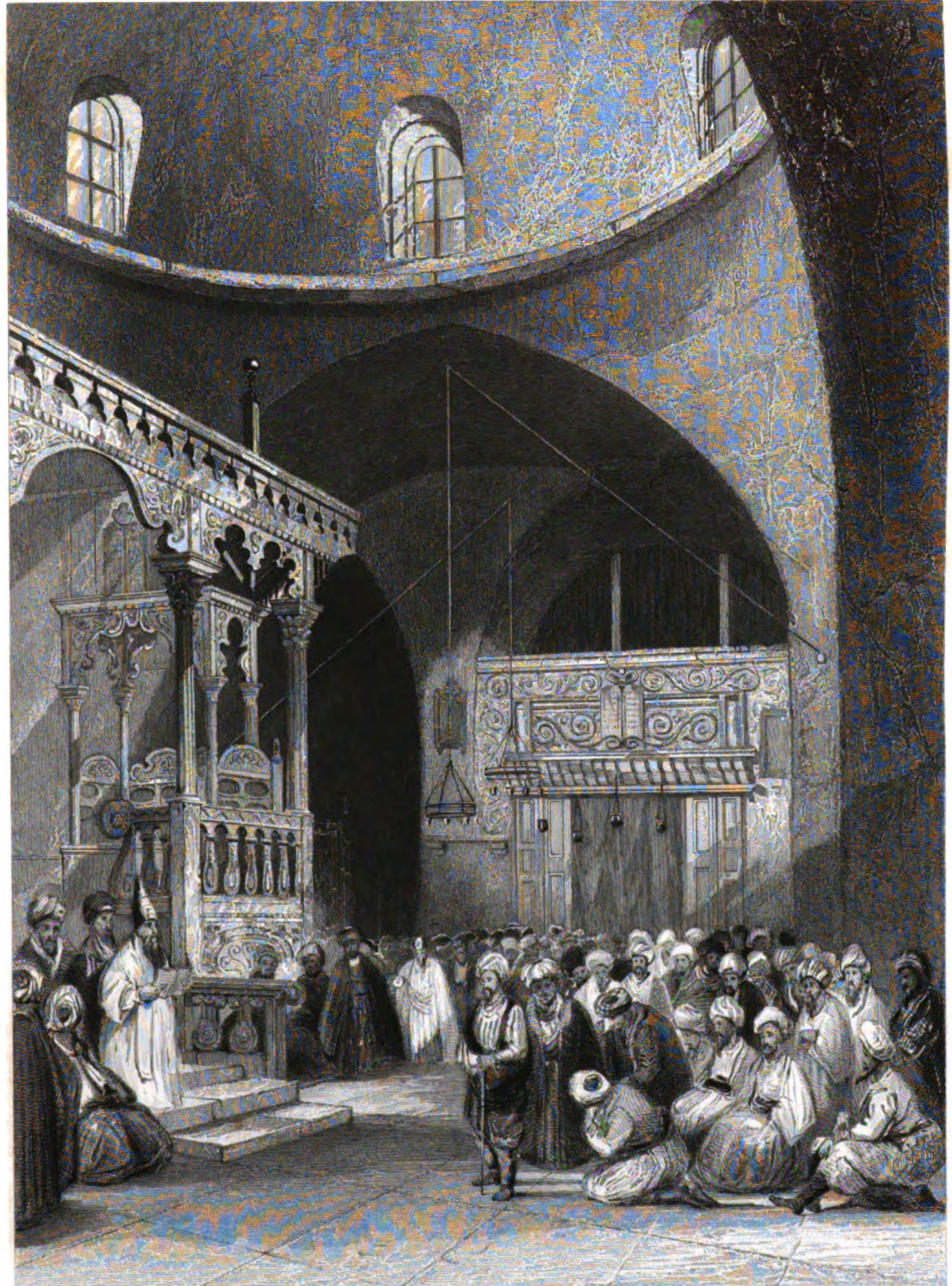
Next to Calvary and Gethsemane, there is no spot in Palestine so endeared to the Christian as Bethany: beneath the roof of Mary and her brother, how many thoughts and feelings are gathered, that shall live for ever. Amid the ruins of their home, if tradition has not erred, it is beautiful to rest awhile, and remember the past. Did these grey walls, this grass-grown floor, so often receive the Redeemer, when he paused from his toils, and sat amidst the circle he loved, and spoke of immortality and glory? And here the brother died, amidst the tears of his sisters, hoping to the last that their Lord would come and take the prey from death. Not far distant, on the slope of the hill, as he drew near the village, was the spot where Martha met him, and fell at his feet, "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died:" and while he gazed on her sorrow, he uttered the words, the most memorable and sublime ever uttered to woman or to man,—“I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.”

SYNAGOGUE OF THE JEWS AT JERUSALEM.

Not the dragons and satyrs of the prophet, taking their rest amid the ruins of Babylon, could be a more humbling proof of the change that human glory, coupled with crime, must undergo—than the present condition of Israel in their ancient city. When met with in the streets and public places, they mostly present a picture of poverty and dejection, as well as recklessness of heart, veiled to every proof that their law and traditions are passed away for ever. In the interior of their dwellings, however, this subdued deportment is in a good measure laid aside; there is comfort, and often luxury, in their homes: and if the stranger is well introduced, he is sure of a kind reception in their families, whose women do not scruple to unveil their faces. Many of the Jewesses are remarkably handsome: they have the large dark eye, fair or clear complexion, and raven hair, which have been their characteristics in every land, ever since Hebrew beauty was celebrated in the times of the patriarchs and kings. The features of the men are less strongly marked than those of Europe with the distinguishing traits of the Jew, and are very often mildly and delicately moulded. One day, a handsome young man, in whose fair Grecian countenance it was difficult to discover any trace of the Israelite, besought me earnestly to buy some of the contents of his box, in which, amidst silks and spices, were stones from the Dead sea, and fragments of rock struck off from some of the famous spots around the city. His earnestness amused me much: it looked like the blending of both dispensations with the pleasant things for the senses: a true Hebrew, any thing to turn a penny; he would have sworn, for the sake of a few piastres, to the identity of every bit of stone in his collection.

The part of Jerusalem in which the Synagogue is situated, is the most miserable in this silent city, where the stranger often loses his way in the winding and crooked lanes, for want of some land-mark to direct his steps. There is one mark, however, that

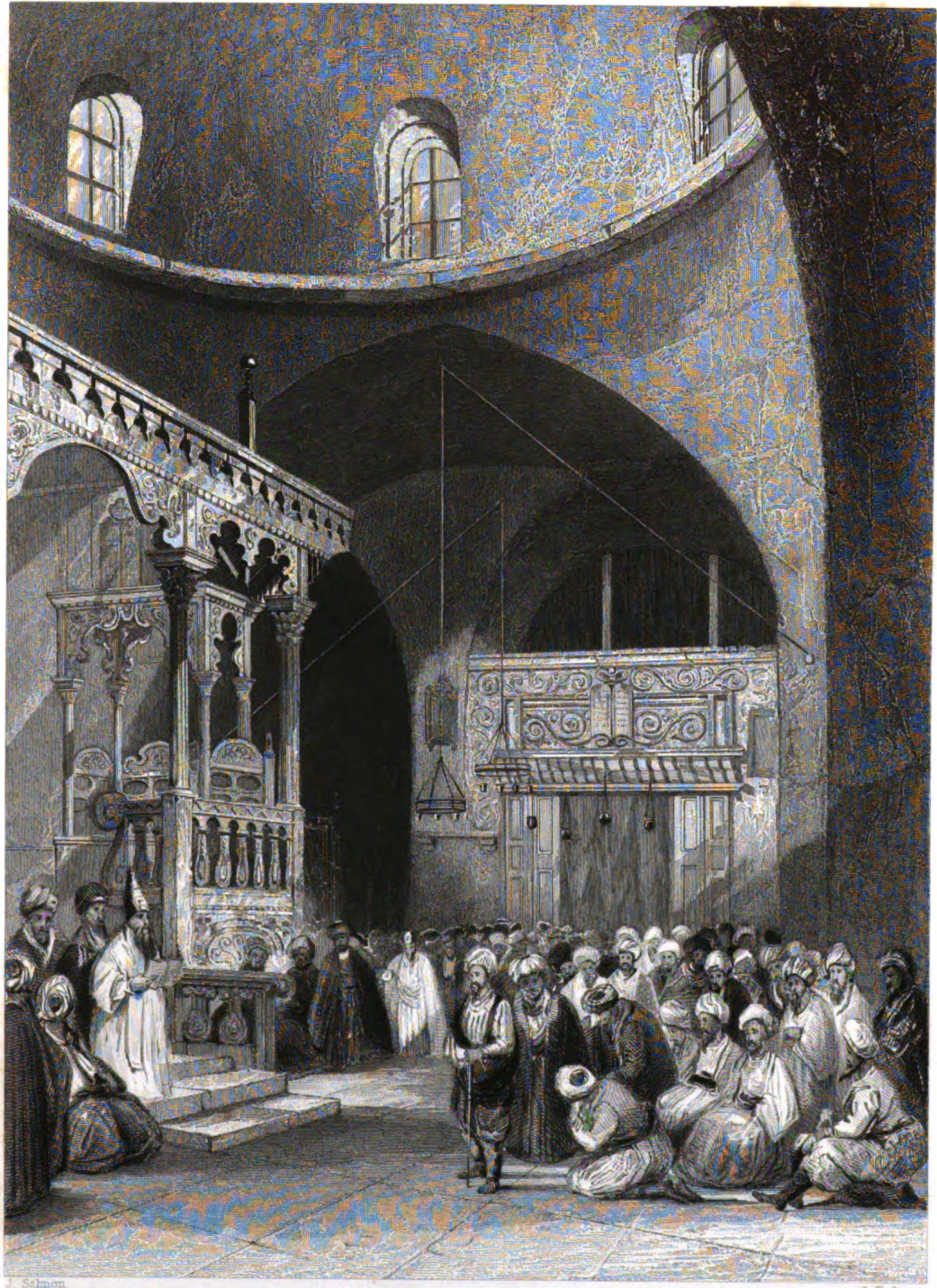




J. Selman

J. Redaway





J. Salmon.

J. Redaway.



cannot be mistaken ; its vicinity is distinctly perceived at some minutes' distance, namely, the quarter tenanted by the Jews. The prophet Mohammed says, that the most delicious odours and perfumes await the believer in a future state : the latter could not do better, when dying, if he wished to enjoy the contrast exquisitely, than desire to be brought to the Jewish quarter.—The senses are fearfully assailed : every breath of air is loaded with unhallowed scents, from coffee-houses, eating-houses, mechanics' shops, and a thousand nameless domiciles : and glad is the stranger to make all haste away.

The Bazaar, at no great distance from the gate of St. Stephen, was sometimes an interesting lounge : it was dirty, low, and dimly lighted : it was the centre, however, of the trade and manufactures of the city : silks, &c. from Damascus, cottons from Egypt, spices, and articles of fancy and taste, from many parts of the East : vegetables and fruit ; fine cauliflowers as could be seen in Covent-garden market, which we had every day at our table ; grapes and oranges. The Turk was calmly seated here in his little recess, his feet covered with soft slippers, waiting with the utmost nonchalance for a stray customer, and looking as if he felt that he was lord of the ascendant here. The Jew, in his little shop near by, stood bolt-upright, his quick eye thrown on every passer-by, and Mammon looking out from every line and wrinkle of his face. Obsequious civility marked his deportment, and his yellow turban, the badge of his race, was bowed lowly to his customers.

Here, in his Synagogue, the Jew can feel that he has a faith, a country, of surpassing though faded power and renown.—The oppressor enters not here ; Israel is alone with his undying recollections and stern bigotry : the face may be pallid, the form bowed, and the rod of the oppressor may have entered into the soul ; but there is a lofty pride in his eye, with a scorn of every other belief. This is a solemn ceremonial : their richest vestments are put on ; for there are many wealthy and influential men in the city : even the love of gain is perhaps forgotten, while the memory flies to the illustrious periods of their history, and hope still cleaves to the coming Messiah. So rooted is this conviction, that some of the chief supporters of the Jewish Mission, and their great Missionary the Rev. Mr. Wolff, have lately adopted it also : the latter preaches to his countrymen, wherever he goes, that the Messiah will come, and that shortly, as the Ruler of his people on earth, in resistless power, glory, and blessedness.—One of the most affecting sights in Jerusalem, is the going forth of Israel from the gates, men, women, and children, to sit on the earth without the walls, to mourn beside the graves of their fathers. If it be consoling that the ashes of those we revere and love, should be guarded with peculiar care and mercy—bitter must be the feelings of the Jew : no monument, no memorial of pride or tenderness, tells where the rich, the holy, the honoured of their people sleep ; a rude stone, stuck in the bare side of Zion, where the foot of the Turk, the Greek, the Arab tramples, as he passes carelessly by, alone marks the resting-places of this fallen people, on the descent of what was once their haughty mountain of God.

The seed sown in Jerusalem by the Missionary has not all perished : the minds of many of his countrymen were moved by his appeals : this remarkable man is again returned to England from Abyssinia : when will he give rest to the sole of his foot ? where will his wanderings end ? The secret of his success is the enthusiasm with which he casts all the energies of mind and body on one point—the conversion of his countrymen.

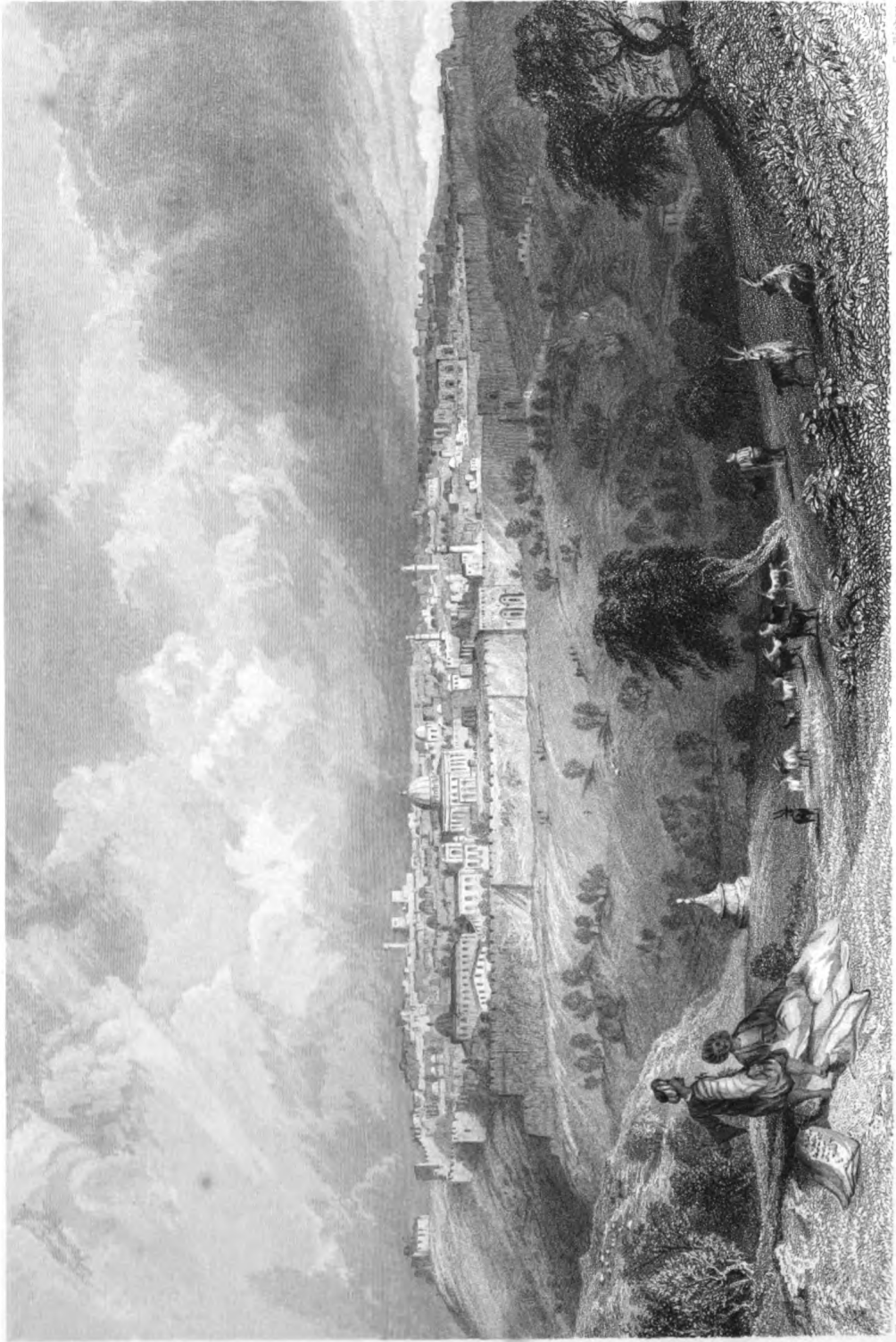
A few weeks since he baptized in the Episcopal Jews' chapel in London his own brother, whom he had not seen since the year 1811, and who then cursed him for believing in Christ. He is now about to publish the account of his various and exciting travels and labours, from the year 1827 to 1831, when Lady Georgiana Wolff went with him to the Greek islands, Egypt, Cyprus, and Jerusalem: the volume will also contain his wanderings alone to 1838, through many lands, as far as Axum in Abyssinia: his researches among the lost ten tribes, among the Wahabites, Rechabites, and children of Hobab: his adventures with Pirates, &c. &c. No man living has travelled so much or so rapidly: he has borne without a murmur the heat and toil of the way, in the character of a slave, in the heart of Africa: and his perils and preservations have been so manifold, that henceforth his hope will never perish, or his warfare be ended.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

This view is the most entire that can be given of the city; in which it seems to lie, as on an inclined plane, many of its remarkable places distinctly visible. The ancient Temple of the Jews stood where the great Mosque of Omar is now seen, in the middle of the plate, close to the southern wall. This eminence, anciently loftier than at present, its crest having been levelled—presented a peculiarly noble and commanding site for the Temple of the Lord: it met the eye in every direction, even from afar off, as well as from every hill and vale in the neighbourhood. Even now, in its fallen state, there is a singular charm in this situation; the sun seems to fall on its corridors, trees, and courts with a full yet softened glory, and there is rest and shade within its enclosure—while the stranger, gazing on it from the hills around, is tempted to wish “for the shadow of a cloud passing by.” There is a sublimity in the intense silence of the retreats around Jerusalem: no fall of the distant surge or stream: no passing of the winds through the trees: no chariot-wheels moving onward, or voices in the air.

One morning, while the air was yet fresh and cool, we took advantage of it, to bend our way, at random, and without a guide, through some of the more untenanted parts of the city. It is difficult to find a place that contains so many inhabitants and dwellings within so small a compass as Jerusalem; they seem to cling with tenacity, and with some of their ancient fondness, to the very brink of the declivities on every side: certainly, as in former times, the utmost use is made of every inch of ground, and nature has been very niggard in this respect. Ascending from the labyrinth of narrow streets, up a gentle acclivity, we found that the summit commanded a singular view of the interior of the city, amidst which appeared more ruinous and desolate spots than one could have previously imagined. Directly in front was a large reservoir of water, supplied from the ancient cisterns, several miles distant. Steps led down the sides of this reservoir to the water, which forms now, as it did in past time, a chief resource of the surrounding inhabitants during the dry weather; and was, no doubt, one of those ancient pools so frequently alluded to in Scripture. It was thickly inclosed by dwellings on every side, and shut out from view, except from the immediate vicinity, and was evidently hewn out of the rock.





B. Fisher.

T. Allen.



All around the acclivity, the soil was so thickly covered with tall shrubs and wild verdure, that it was a little difficult to make one's way: the prickly-pear was the most frequent. This fruit seemed to fatten on the desolate soil, that was seldom trodden by any foot, and was composed partly of piles and fragments of ruined habitations, that had stood and fallen here ages ago. The flat terraced roofs of the city, the domes and minarets of the mosques, blended with the cupolas of the churches, came into view from this ruinous eminence, where the traveller might well sit for hours, and muse on the strange and various picture at his feet. There, to the east, stood the palace of Herod; and amidst the gardens and palm-trees, the home of the beautiful Mariamne: close to the forsaken spot where it stood, is now a mosque, and that mosque is built on the ruins of a Christian church. To the left, on the site of the tall and strong tower built by the Crusaders, and now garrisoned by the Turks, stood the palace of the king of Israel.

Each solitary place around was once trodden or dwelt in by a prince or a prophet, and alike echoed to the splendid predictions of future glory, or the warnings of unutterable woe. There is not a single guilty and fatal passion or deed that man can know, but what is told of by these poor remains. There is no place where both worlds seem to be so blended together, or rather where the veil of the present one is so drawn aside, as amidst the ruins of Jerusalem. The voice of the angel of the Apocalypse, who stood on the ocean and the shore, and told that Time should be no longer, could hardly thrill through the excited fancy more than the wail of a lost nation, that seems to come forth from the sepulchres and desolate places of the City of God, and tells of this world sacrificed, and eternal glory cast away.

A scarcity of water was often experienced in Jerusalem, in ancient times: a plentiful supply of it was always considered a blessing by the inhabitants; and it is mentioned among the most meritorious actions of their kings, when they obtained an additional spring or cistern; thus it is commemorated, that "Hezekiah stopped the watercourse of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the City of David. And the rest of his acts, and all his might, and how he made a pool and a conduit, and brought water into the city," &c. The situation of Jerusalem, as the capital of a great people, was unhappily chosen; inconvenient as to the purposes of trade or commerce, with little level space or water in the neighbourhood: its position, as a stronghold, in the midst of warlike enemies, could alone have induced David to make it his chief city. The great and rich plain of Esdraclon, through which the Kishon rolls, and bathes the feet of Carmel, offered a splendid site; the shores of the lake of Galilee had also great advantages, with the loveliest scenery—in which Jerusalem, even in its palmiest days, must have been deficient. Its ancient aspect, its walls, towers, palaces, and temple, crowning Zion and Moriah, with deep defiles on three of its sides, must have been one of the most gloomy and magnificent in the world. When we read the descriptions of the ancient land of Canaan, by its first describers, we can scarcely help imagining, that, rich and beautiful as that land was, part of the colouring and imagery of these descriptions may be ascribed to the force of contrast, which all feel, who pass from the wilderness into a gay and fruitful country. From "the howling desert, the terrible and fearful land, and not inhabited," where Israel had sojourned so long, the transition to the Land of

Promise was one of rapture and exquisite beauty. No wonder that the vivid descriptions and indelible feelings of their forefathers, when they entered and dwelt at last within it, each man "under his own vine and fig tree," were remembered and handed down by their descendants. The traveller who has passed but a few weeks in the deserts, can tell with what joy he hailed the lonely group of palm, and the gushing rill or fountain beside:—the bright verdure of the trees, the sound and the glancing of the waters were like balm to his heart, and a long-lost love to his eye. Lofty hills, not mountains, encompass Jerusalem on three sides, now mostly barren, but formerly covered with groves, gardens, and pastures. Olivet is the only picturesque elevation. There is a glimpse from the city, over the vale that leads to the wilderness, of the distant mountains of Arabia Petrea, which redeems the otherwise monotony and sadness of the scenery.

The air had now become sultry, and the ruinous places around afforded no shelter. This ancient reservoir of water, to which we had come, was a welcome object, and the few women who came there at intervals seemed to seek it as their only dependence; the dwellings that stood around were mean and wretched. Turning from the place, we retraced the path to the Franciscan monastery. This spiritual fortress, as it might be called, seldom admitted the beams of the sun, and always had a cold and gloomy appearance, on entering it from the brilliant atmosphere without. Time always hung heavy within its walls; yet not so heavily to us, as it did to a noble visitor who dwelt there about a year before. She came with her lord; the most beautiful and adventurous traveller that had ever explored the East. Her foot had stood beside the farther cataracts of the Nile, even in the interior of Nubia, and had not flinched from the parching desert,—and then she wandered to Damascus. The latter city could only be visited in a Turkish dress: the spirit of curiosity overcame every difficulty as well as danger, and the fair traveller was presented to the pasha as an English youth of quality. He gazed on the elegant form and features with surprise, and, not suspecting the disguise, pronounced the stranger to be the handsomest Frank he had ever beheld. To a refined and accomplished woman, in whose character daring and gentleness were exquisitely blended, this journey must have presented rich and various sources of information. Unlike Lady Mary Montagu, she could not visit the harems of princes, but it was perfectly easy to traverse the enchanting walks and river-sides around the city, to observe the many costumes and manners of the people in perfect liberty. The people would never have endured the sight of a European lady in her own garb. From hence to Jerusalem was a change, as far as the aspect of nature went, from a lovely land to a joyless waste. A portion of the monastery had been lately fitted up for the accommodation of female visitors: but the tent of the Arab, with its simple drapery, carpet, and sincere welcome, would have been to her a more tasteful and acceptable home. Can any thing more unsuitable be imagined, than the residence of an attractive and romantic being beneath the roof of these Franciscan monks, where there was a total want of all the *agrémens*, cleanliness, and comfort to which an English lady of rank is accustomed. Una dwelling amidst the tenants of the forest, or the Princess Pekuah amid those of the desert, present situations parallel to the above: the former simile is perhaps the most just, for these fathers have done every thing in their power to render their human form as

ungracious as possible—with corded loins, bare and dirty feet, old rusty garments, evil odours, and mortifying looks. If report said truly, this monastic residence was found more dreary than the shores of the cataracts or the Syrian deserts: the monks still talk of this visit, as a curious event in the history of their convent.

But each scene within and without the city seems to yield in interest to the interior of Calvary: it was now peopled every day, for it was the feast of Easter. Some of the pilgrims drew nigh with rapid and eager footsteps, and with the air of men who were conscious that the end of their toils was before them. Others hesitated long ere they ascended the three marble steps that led from the floor of the church to the side of the sepulchre: they knelt on the pavement, and turned an imploring eye, not on the priest, for the priest was nothing at this moment, but on the sacred chamber within, where the light fell, and whence hushed sounds issued. One very old man, of tall stature and wasted form, whose hair and beard were white, and who seemed to have come from a very distant home, was observed to bend long beside the first marble step that conducted within. Numerous pilgrims passed him, of both sexes, and one of the priests came and whispered in his ear some words of encouragement: but the old man still lingered, as if a long life of sin or of carelessness had then risen before him, or he doubted that there could be mercy at so late an hour as this. Rich and handsomely dressed men passed him and entered, and women of different persuasions, dressed in white,—the young, the old, the beautiful, the lady, and the woman of low degree, were among them: a few looked earnestly at the aged man, who still knelt beside the lowest step, his looks bent on the floor, his thin white locks falling on his shoulders, and at times veiling his pallid cheek: his hands were clasped, and, from the movement of his lips, it was evident that he was engaged in earnest prayer—that in this moment his thoughts were all swallowed up in the conflicts and distress of his soul. O who can tell the swiftness and clearness of the thoughts, the keen recollection and exquisite upbraiding felt on the step of Calvary, at the entrance of the Sepulchre? It was more than the eleventh hour—it was the verge of his earthly pilgrimage, and this was perhaps the last offer of mercy—the last call of that voice that bade him “turn to the Lord, and be saved.” He felt it to be so; and he yet lingered, till the greater part of the pilgrims had left the place. He then rose, and entered the tomb, in which was no one save the priest: falling on his knees, he spread his thin hands over the Sepulchre, laid his head on it, and burst into tears. This was a true repentance, a sorrow of the very soul, even in extreme old age: perhaps the “silver cords of his life were loosed, and his golden bowl broken at the fountain:” wife, children, all, perhaps were dead, and each dear affection cold, for no one was with him, either companion or comforter. Yet mercy touched his wearied spirit with its ineffable power, and by the tears he shed, and the relief he felt, it was evident that hope, the hope of immortality, was given in that hour.

The noble Mosque of Omar, with its large dome, in the middle of the plate, is, perhaps, the most beautiful mosque in the Turkish empire: much of its material is a light blue stone, which has a peculiar effect in the brilliant sun-light: it is forbidden to

Chorazin, in which it is said to have its walls. The gate in the right of the mosque, in the front of eastern wall, is that of the bridge, the path from which leads down the territory of *Zion*: the spot just above this gate, where the tombs are seen, is the Armenian burying-ground. *Calvary* is to the north-west of the mosque, near the western wall, and not far from the gate of *Solomon*: it stands on rather elevated ground, and is surrounded by a green wall of stone. The Armenian convent, to the left of the mosque, is a spacious edifice, with large courts, in which and within its walls, it can accommodate more than two hundred pilgrims of all ranks. The hill in front, in whose breast are the sepulchres of *Zion*, is a sterile waste, and rocky. Mount *Moriah* formerly arose here, and on its summit was the temple; but it is now nearly levelled. The pile of stones, or *Calvary*, is to the east of *Solomon's*: the side of Mount *Zion* to the east is a garden, cultivated with vegetables and pastures: the stream that is seen to flow down on the west side of the hill, is not visible. Beneath this spot, is the *Valley of Hinnom*, which sweeps far to the right, and ends beneath the *Wall of Solomon*, in the opposite or western wall. The building on the summit to the westward, is that erected by the *Maccabees* to the memory of *David* and *Solomon*: and they are the only ones here. On the north, to the extreme right, begins the *Wall of Solomon*, which is of a mile long, where extended the ancient city: this is the only place, save in the valley of the walls. The traveller who now visits Jerusalem, in *retire*, will find many facilities, and even comforts, which the last few years have introduced: he has now the privilege of European society, in the few *caravans* and *hospitals*, and may make the city their general residence, and in whose dwellings he finds himself comparatively at home. When the writer was here, there was no one in whose society he could hope to pass a few hours agreeably: he felt as a stranger in a strange land, where no man cared for him. Convenient lodgings can be obtained, at a moderate price, in the city, where the traveller will find himself far more agreeably situated than in the monastery; and his host, and his family, civil and attentive, whether they be Armenians, Greeks, or Catholics. Fruit and wine, meat, vegetables, &c., are cheap in Jerusalem, and can be procured every day: privations need not be feared: every year will now render the city a more comfortable and social residence, though much of its lone, sublime, and gloomy character will thus be lost. Its climate, or rather that of the neighbourhood, is in general healthy: the winds on the surrounding hills are fresh and pure, and the heat is rarely excessive. In the spring, when we passed a few weeks there, the weather was pleasant and soft, never too warm, with occasional falls of rain. There are a few wild and romantic walks always to be enjoyed, where passengers are not often met with; down the valley through which the stream of the *Siloam* flows: and over the plain of *Jeremiah* to the sepulchres of the kings, and farther on to that of the judges: to *Bethany* by the way of *Olivet*: and early in the morning, to go over the plain of *Rephidim* to *Bethlehem*:—are not these exquisite rambles?



Christians, to whom it is death to enter its walls. The gate to the right of the mosque, in the front or eastern wall, is that of St. Stephen, the path from which leads down the declivity of Zion: the spot just above this path, where the tombs are seen, is the Armenian burying-ground. Calvary is to the north-west of the mosque, near the western wall, and not far from the gate of Bethlehem: it stands on rather elevated ground, and is ascended by eighteen lofty steps. The Armenian convent, to the left of the mosque, is a spacious edifice, with large courts, in which, and within its walls, it can accommodate ten or twelve hundred pilgrims, of all ranks. The hill in front, on whose crest are the city-walls, is Zion, its surface wildly broken. Mount Moriah formerly arose here, and on its summit was the temple; but it is now nearly levelled. The vale beneath, but imperfectly visible, is that of Jehoshaphat: the side of Mount Zion to the left is partly cultivated with corn-fields and pasture: the stream that is seen to flow down its side, is that of Siloam from its rocky basin, which is not visible. Beneath this spot begins the Vale of Hinnom, which sweeps far to the right, and ends beneath the two square towers in the opposite or western wall. The building on the summit, to the extreme left, is that erected by the Mahometans to the memory of David and Solomon, who they believe to be buried there. On the north, to the extreme right, begins the Plain of Jeremiah, two-thirds of a mile long, where extended the ancient city: this is the only level place in the vicinity of the walls. The traveller who now visits Jerusalem, or remains some time there, will find many facilities, and even comforts, which the last few years have introduced: he has now the privilege of European society, in the few merchants and the missionaries who make the city their general residence, and in whose dwellings he finds himself comparatively at home. When the writer was here, there was no one in whose society he could hope to pass a few hours agreeably: he felt as a stranger in a strange land, where no man cared for him. Convenient lodgings can be obtained, at a moderate price, in the city, where the traveller will find himself far more agreeably situated than in the monastery; and his host, and his family, civil and attentive, whether they be Armenians, Greeks, or Catholics. Fruit and wine, meat, vegetables, &c., are cheap in Jerusalem, and can be procured every day: privations need not be feared: every year will now render the city a more comfortable and social residence, though much of its lone, sublime, and gloomy character will thus be lost. Its climate, or rather that of the neighbourhood, is in general healthy: the winds on the surrounding hills are fresh and pure, and the heat is rarely excessive. In the spring, when we passed a few weeks there, the weather was pleasant and soft, never too warm, with occasional falls of rain. There are a few wild and romantic walks always to be enjoyed, where passengers are not often met with; down the valley through which the stream of the Siloam flows: and over the plain of Jeremiah to the sepulchres of the kings, and farther on to that of the judges: to Bethany by the way of Olivet: and early in the morning, to go over the plain of Rephidim to Bethlehem:—are not these exquisite rambles?









RUINS OF DJERASH.

These celebrated ruins are about three days' journey east, from the Lake of Tiberias and the River Jordan: the way is through the desert. The city was built on an elevated plain in the mountains of Moerad, on uneven ground, on both sides of a stream, which bears the name of the River of Djerash. The ruins are nearly an hour and a quarter in circumference; the walls, of which fragments only remain, were eight feet in thickness, and built of square hewn stones, of middling size. Djerash, till within the last ten years, was rarely visited by travellers, on account of their fear of the Bedouins: but recently many wanderers have gone there in safety and at leisure, some of whom were men who had retired from their business and manufactures, and were not likely to brave imminent peril. It may be performed at a third of the expense of the journey to Palmyra: yet a visit to this place, the ancient Gerasa, as is supposed, is not without risk from the Bedouins, who sometimes conceal themselves beneath the trees that over-shade the river. The first object that arrests the attention, is a temple: the main body consists of an oblong square, the interior of which is about twenty-five paces in length, and eighteen in breadth: a double row, of six columns in each row, adorned the front of the temple; of the first row, five columns are yet standing; of the second, four. Their style of architecture seems to belong to the best period of the Corinthian order, their capitals being beautifully ornamented with the acanthus leaves. The shafts are composed of five or six pieces, and they are thirty-five to forty feet in height. The interior of the building is filled with the ruins of the roof: the temple stands within a large area, surrounded by a double row of columns. "The whole edifice," Burckhardt observes, "seems to have been superior in taste and magnificence, to every public building of this kind in Syria, the temple of the sun at Palmyra excepted." Of two hundred columns which originally adorned this temple and its area, some broken shafts, and three or four nearly entire, but without their capitals, are the only remains.

Here also are numerous remains of private habitations; a street, still paved in some places, leads to a spot where several broken columns are yet standing, and another avenue is adorned with a colonnade on either side: about thirty broken shafts are now reckoned, and two entire columns, but without their capitals: on the other side of the street, and opposite to these, are five columns, with their capitals and entablatures: they are but fifteen feet high, and in an imperfect state. A little farther to the south-east, this street crosses the principal avenue of the town; on both sides of which are the remains of columns, which were much larger than the former. On the right side of this principal street are thirty-four columns yet standing: and in some places behind this colonnade are low apartments, which appear to have been shops: this vista terminates in a large open space, enclosed by a magnificent semicircle of pillars in a single row: fifty-seven remain. To the right, on entering this forum, or open space, are four, and then twenty-one, united by their entablatures: to the left, five, seven, and twenty, also with entablatures: the pillars near the entrance are fifteen feet in height, and are

all of the Ionic order. From this spot the ground rises, and, on the top of a low but steep hill, are the remains of a beautiful temple, commanding a view over the greater part of the town. A side-door leads from this temple, at about sixty paces distant, towards a large theatre on the side of the hill: it fronts the town, so that the spectators might enjoy the prospect of all its principal buildings and quarters: there are twenty-eight rows of seats, two feet in breadth: in three different places are small narrow staircases opening into the rows, to facilitate the ingress or egress of the spectators; in front, the theatre is closed by a wall, forty paces in length, embellished within by five richly decorated niches, which are connected with each other by columns. The great street of Djerash is in several places almost impassable with fragments of pillars: its pavement is preserved in many parts; and it is peopled with groups of columns, that rise in its desolation like little groves of palm-trees in the desert. The aspect of this ruined city is less magnificent and perfect, than it is singular and solemn: streets, houses, theatres, in the heart of an extensive and unpeopled wilderness, which once rejoiced in the excitements of the drama, and was alive with the busy details of trade. The spectacles of Balbec and Palmyra, are of vast temples only; in Djerash the spectator feels as if he was in a nobler kind of Pompeii, where the shops, the cellars, the chambers, the foot-pavements, are mingled with the splendid remains of temples, buildings, and flights of columns, broken and entire, even as the trees of the forest.

There is another quadrangle, of fine Corinthian pillars, in front of a second theatre: between every two boxes is a niche, forming a very elegant ornament. The plate shows the bold and romantic character of the ground on which the city was built. The bridge in front is fourteen feet wide, very ancient, and built with great solidity. The calcareous stone of which Djerash is built is the same as the rock of the neighbouring mountains: it is surprising that no granite columns should be found here, as they abound in ancient Syrian cities, of much less note and magnificence than Djerash.



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