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MEDITERRANEAN

SKETCHES.

BY

LORD FRANCIS EGERTON. Ellesmere

"A journey to Italy was still in his thoughts. He said, 'A man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what it is expected a man should see. The grand object of travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On those shores were the four great empires of the world; the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean.'"

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson* (Croker's edit. 8vo. iii. 400.).

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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1793
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PREFACE.

In the autumn of 1839 I was induced, partly by medical advice, to undertake the voyage, some of the recollections of which are embodied in the following pages. The maritime part of my expedition was conducted in a vessel of my own. This mode of conveyance enabled me, after touching at Lisbon, to visit Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malaga; from the former and latter of which I travelled inland to Seville and Grenada. These objects might have been accomplished, perhaps with greater ease and certainty, by the aid of the numerous steamers which now afford means of access to all the principal harbours of the Peninsula. For the accomplishment, however, of my ulterior and main purpose, — a visit to Syria, — the mode of private and independent conveyance was almost indispensable; for, by any of the Levant steamers, I should have been subject to delays of quarantine on entering that country, which would have been fatal to my plans, and which I was able to avoid by sailing direct from Malta to Jaffa.

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In any well-regulated quarantine establishment, confinement may be endured with more than patience by travellers on their return from a journey of interest. Even its indolent repose is refreshing, where physical strength has been tried by heat and fatigue; and journals and sketches usually afford sufficient occupation to such mental powers as remain fit for service. At Malta, then, or Ancona, imprisonment may be borne with resignation, if not with the enjoyment felt by the late Lord Guildford, who always murmured at any relaxation of the period of confinement. At Jaffa or Alexandria the impediment becomes a serious calamity, especially if the spring season for action is slipping away, and the days of intolerable and dangerous heat are approaching. After wintering at Rome, I set sail on the 11th of April, 1840, from Civita Vecchia for Malta, which I reached on the 13th. We were occupied here for some days in completing our preparations for our projected inland tour in Palestine, and left the island with a fine and favourable breeze on April 24th.

The following poem records some of the most interesting impressions of the journey, which, by the means I have mentioned, I was able to accomplish in compliance with the ardent wish of one who shared its risks and fatigues with a spirit

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and resolution worthy of the source in which that wish originated. I well know that between the writing of poetry and its publication there is, in the present day, a gulf which few wise men will venture to pass. The nature of my subject may perhaps serve me as some excuse. To ordinary readers my volume may indeed appear a mere addition to that vast stock of verse, annually poured forth, of a quality which Horace tells us is sanctioned neither by gods nor men. I have certified, however, upon experiment, that it has found favour with that fraternity of Eastern travellers to whom I venture principally to address it. If any one of these, who may have knocked at the convent door or rested under the palm which once afforded shelter to the writer, should discern, as some have assured me they have, an occasional accuracy of outline, or truth of local colour, then

——— "Not in vain
I wore my sandal shoon and scallop shell."

My verses appearing to me to require, if not to deserve, a few notes of explanation, I have thought that these might, for the most part, best be supplied by extracts from a journal not in itself worthy of entire and distinct publication.

In selecting these extracts, I have confined

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myself pretty closely to such passages as, having originally suggested, might serve also to illustrate, the corresponding portions of the poem. Leaning the one against the other, like the cards with which a child usually commences its structure, the two may perhaps stand for a moment, though each incapable of separately assuming a vertical position. Palestine has been of late trodden by many and competent observers: its interest is indeed inexhaustible; but with respect to the main focus of that interest, Jerusalem itself, he must be a bold man who ventures either on descriptive details or antiquarian research where Châteaubriand and Robinson have been before him. I have purposely avoided touching on the Holy City at greater length than appeared sufficient to illustrate the first impressions of its aspect on a traveller, and to insinuate his opinion as to the degree of credit to be attached to its traditional topography. I have therefore incurred, perhaps justly, but not unadvisedly, the reproach of having omitted the part of Hamlet from my drama. The critic, whose friendly remonstrance on this head I have ventured to disregard, has also questioned the propriety of the expression, "Scriptures' Muse." To this I plead the precedents of Tasso and Milton.

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The Pilgrimage.

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" To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible were it endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." — JOHNSON'S TOUR IN THE HEBRIDES.

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The Pilgrimage.

CONTENTS.

THE APPROACH. — JERUSALEM. — ELIJAH, ELISHA'S SPRING. — THE DEAD SEA. — NABLOUS. — THE ENCAMPMENT. — ESDRAELON, TIBERIAS. — LEBANON. — THE CONVENT. — CONCLUSION.

I.

ANOTHER morn! — Land should be near us now,
If chart and sextant tell their message true.
Twice in such dawn's reflected blaze our prow
Has bathed, since Ida faded from our view;
And lo! a cloud-speck on the horizon blue!
Our goal, our dream by night, our waking thought,
Fervent as his, who, first of all his crew,
Tracked in his midnight watch the light which brought
That mutinous crew's rebuke, proof of the world he sought. (1)

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II.

High thoughts were doubtless his, whose toil severe
The barrier pierced of the mysterious West,
Traced the full round of Earth's completed sphere,
And brought her argued balance to the test;
High thoughts were his.—But could the rising crest
E'en of a new and nameless world combine,
Though fair as fabled islands of the blest,
Such themes for thought, as round the bosom's shrine
Crowd at thy hallowed name, immortal Palestine?

III.

And would the sage, our country's pride, who bore
To ruder climes, o'er rougher waves than these,
The torch of wisdom, where the Atlantic's roar
Reverberates through the storm-swept Hebrides,
Were near me now! From shores of Syrian seas
His mind had drawn a moral more profound
Than from Iona's ruin; while the breeze
From Sharon's plain (2) shed holier influence round
Than Persian's grave exhales, or Greek's sepulchral mound.

IV.

For not on Marathon the prize was gained
By man, which none but Heaven for man could win;
Freed from the Persian's yoke, the soul remained
The unenfranchised serf of death and sin;
Not by terrestrial champion, in the din
Of war, the shackles of that slave were riven;
And if to men that cloistered pile within,
While darkness dwelt around, some light was given,
On Calvary first it dawned, fresh from its native heaven.

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V.

And, Byron! thou, whose eagle eye and wing
No sun could dazzle and no flight could tire,
Was it enough a careless hand to fling
In fancy's wayward mood o'er Judah's lyre?
To bid some transient gleam of light aspire,
In doubt and darkness only to subside,
Which, kindled here at founts of living fire,
Had spread perennial lustre far and wide,
And made thy Christian song a Christian country's pride?

VI.

For thee the powers of evil and of good,
Which o'er the Hebrew prophet's corse of old
On Nebo's cliff in balanced conflict stood,
Renewed their strife.(3)—Enough!—Thy days are told:
Greece shook to hear thy funeral thunders rolled
From Missolonghi's rampart, when she paid
Her warrior requiem to thy relics cold:
The scales of heaven in which thy deeds are weighed
Are not for us to poise:—peace to thy mighty shade!

VII.

Heaven seemed to smile upon our joyous band
Through Jaffa's portal as our course we sped;
For Spring with verdure decked our promised land,
The cistus flower beneath our camels' tread
Gave its crushed odours forth, and o'er our head
The tree Zacchēus climbed(4), a grateful screen,
Between us and the sun o'er-arching spread,
Till day light died, and evening's star serene,
Ere Ramla's tower we reached, shone through that vault of green.

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VIII.

And sweet our rest and pleasant were our dreams
In Ramla's convent cell; but with the sun
We needs must onward. Loitering ill beseems
The pilgrim band, whose task is only done
At Zion's barrier when their course is run.
Emblem of human life, the path which leads
To Zion's courts: friends leave us one by one;
The landscape saddens, and to flowery meads
The mountain's toilsome pass and dark ravine succeeds.

IX.

Down yonder path, which now the Armenian horde
Chokes with its Tartar march for many a mile,
How many a pilgrim stream of life has poured
For centuries past! From northern Iceland's isle
To the far founts of Abyssinian Nile, (5)
Monk, warrior, bigot, saint, have urged their way,
And thronged and jostled in that close defile,
To brave the Moslem's might, or own his sway,
In peaceful palmer's guise, or harnessed war's array.

X.

On yonder summit (6) desolate and bare,
His barbed war-horse English Richard reined,
And halted to survey with lion glare
The bourne, which fields of slaughter fought and gained,
And toil, and fiery courage, ne'er attained;
For though in mid career none ever met
That steed, so mounted, who the shock sustained,
Yet jealous Gaul and Austria could beset
And foil with treacherous wiles thy force, Plantagenet!

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XI.

One last ascent, and lo! our sight to bound,
A few grey towers and an embattled wall:
Northward a height by feathering olives crowned,
O'erlooks a deep ravine.(7) And this is all
Which aids a stranger's fancy to recal
The glorious memories of the past, and trace,
Beneath the folds of desolation's pall,
The lineaments of GOD's peculiar place,
Where once His blessing crowned the abode of Abraham's race!

XII.

Pause here!—The bird of highest flight requires
Some moments' space to rise upon the wing;
And thought, collected in itself, retires
Back from the brink, before it take the spring
Athwart the gulf of ages; nor can fling
At once aside the load of dust and clay
Which earthward binds its best imagining.
Pause then a moment, pilgrim, on thy way!
Wait, as the Magian waits the expected burst of day —

XIII.

To kneel—to worship!—This is hallowed ground.
Names awful yet familiar to thine ear
Each object boasts; and storied scenes surround.
Fain would I rest in solitude, nor hear
A voice to break the silence stern and drear.
Speed on, my Arab escort, fast and far;
Spurn the hot sand, and couch the black-plumed spear!
Girt with thy cumbrous implements of war,
Spur to the gate thy steed, ride on, my janissar!

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XIV.

Ride on, where rest and luxury wait thy need,
Such luxury as thy simple tastes allow;
The Arabian berry's juice, the perfumed weed;
Nor deem it strange thy master loiters now
And checks his steed upon this summit's brow:
Thy scanty lore would fail thee to divine
What friends I left, what seas I dared to plough,
What pain to part, what toils to face were mine,
All for this hour, and thee, sad Queen of Palestine!

XV.

This hour repays them all.—What dream could vie,
Were slumber's vision realised at morn,
With this illustrious scene's reality?
Scan this one page, albeit defaced and torn;
Trace its sad characters, and leave, with scorn,
All that remains of history's scroll unread.—
Can aught, on wings of human fame upborne,
Rival this desolate scene of glory fled,
Or Tiber's stream compete with Kidron's torrent-bed?

XVI.

Can strains of Pindus or Dodona's grove,
By fraud invented and by fools believed,
Match the high tale of superhuman love
Beneath yon olives' reverend shade achieved?
The grave's defeat; a world from death reprieved;
When He, the Sinless, sin's vast ransom paid;—
Tracked by His murderers, of His friends bereaved,
Kept His lone vigil in Gethsemane's shade,
And, while the guilty slept, the Guiltless watched and prayed!

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XVII.

What though the Frank (8) has crowned with towers yon height,
And veiled with mural art the sacred hill,
Whence David drove the insulting Jebusite?
Around His throne His glories linger still.
Down yonder vale is winding Siloa's rill;
Those gnarled trunks are scions of the stem
Which with a SAVIOUR'S tears for human ill
Were watered once. I kiss the sackcloth's hem
Which wraps thy widowed form, forlorn Jerusalem!

XVIII.

But, with no visions of the past beguiled,
My wearied courser paws the ground to tell
Through David's gate our rearward march has filed,
Eager to share the Latin father's cell.
Beside that gate the Nubian sentinel
Keeps sullen watch, and, as he eyes our train,
Scowls curses at the wandering infidel,
Nor deems the hour is near when o'er the main
Shall England send her sons to break the oppressor's chain.

XIX.

But the gaunt peasant, crouching there the while,
In other guise would greet us, if the slave
Beneath the master's frown could dare to smile:
He trusts that England's sons shall cross the wave;
That her right arm, of power to smite and save,
Shall fall in wrath on Ibrahim's blood-dyed crest;
Dig in a plundered soil the plunderer's grave
And purge the land of its Egyptian pest: —
And how his prayer was heard let Acre's walls attest!

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XX.

I grudge not those their faith, the credulous train
Who tread the path enthusiasts trod before,
Dupes of the convent's legendary strain
For pious Helena forged in days of yore;
Who fix each spot, each fancied site explore
Of every deed in Scriptural annals read: —
'Tis thus, when life's pulsation beats no more,
Misjudging friends o'er wasted features spread
Imposture's mask to cheat the mourners for the dead. (9)

XXI.

Oh! for that garden in its simpler guise,
Where she, the earliest of his mourners came,
Came ere the stars of Syria's cloudless skies
Grew pale before their morning burst of flame;
True to the cross, through peril, pain, and shame,
True to the grave, she shrunk not to survey
Death's last and loathliest triumph o'er the frame
She deemed a mortal's. — If like her we stray
In darkling paths, for us may glad Salvation's day —

XXII.

Shine as it shone for Mary, when the morn
Full on that front benign its lustre threw
Scarred with the traces of the plaited thorn.
Priests of the temple, if your tale be true,
Is it too late, enthusiasts, to renew
The scene your arts have laboured to deface?
To bare the mansion of the dead to view,
And aid the Pilgrim as he sighs to trace
The penitent mourner's path to that sepulchral place?

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XXIII.

Oh! if the lichen now were free to twine
O'er the dark entrance of that rock-hewn cell,
Say, should we miss the gold-encrusted shrine
Or incense fumes' intoxicating spell?
Would not the whispering breeze as evening fell
Make deeper music in the palm tree's shade
Than choral prayer or chanted rituals' swell?
Can the proud shafts of Helena's colonnade
Match thy time-hallowed stems, Gethsemane's holy glade?

XXIV.

I bow not, therefore, in the gorgeous pile
Where golden lamps irradiate the gloom,
And monks their votaries and themselves beguile
To think they worship at their SAVIOUR'S tomb.
For rites like theirs let annual crowds illume
Their odorous censers, scattering far and wide
Their fumes: I doubt the tales which monks assume
For gospel truth, and, were not this denied,
Much they misuse the spot where their REDEEMER died.

XXV.

Well may the Turk, when Easter-tide collects
Its thousands for the Christian's holiest week,
Scowl in contempt upon the wrangling sects
Who desecrate the shrines at which they seek
To bid their rival clouds of incense reek;
If to the grave, whence angels rolled the stone,
Alike by Latin, Copt, Armenian, Greek,
This be the reverence paid, the homage shown,—
Well had its site remained unnoticed and unknown!

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XXVI.

Rather than join in rites like these, be mine
To linger near the Temple's mighty base,
Where the sad remnant left of Judah's line
In weekly conclave weep its vanished grace.
Here paused the Roman, powerless to deface
The quarried structure's stones, whose wondrous girth
Might argue that the giant's hybrid race,
Which half from angel sires derived its birth,
Had planted here their throne, kings of an infant earth.

XXVII.

Must Israel's children thus be doomed to weep
Beyond the precincts of their fathers' fane?
God of those fathers, do Thy thunders sleep?
Wilt Thou not loose the avenging hurricane
On Omar's dome,—bid Judah's lion mane
Shake off the dew-drops of its long repose?
Is there no hour shall see the crescent wane;
And Judah's star ascend the skies, and close
The eclipse of centuries past, the night of Israel's woes?

XXVIII.

Vain thought! the Almighty's thunders are not slow;
True to His bidding still they smite from far:
The Power which laid the triple rampart low,
And chained a people to the conqueror's car,
Was not the human might of Roman war,
Her disciplined strength or unexhausted hate:—
It is not now the Moslem's scimitar
Which guards the Temple's desecrated gate;—
Nor yet that phantom power, the heathenish poet's Fate:

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XXIX.

It is the living anger of the LORD
For oracles unheard and warnings braved.
A mightier weapon than the Moslem's sword
Denies a people, blinded and depraved,
Their Temple's entrance. 'Tis the sword which waved
O'er Eden's portal in the cherub's hand,
When our first parents, for their fault enslaved
To sin's sad bondage, issued, hand in hand,
To roam, with GOD their Guide, the yet unpeopled land.

XXX.

Yes! GOD was still their Father and their Guide;
And will be yours. It is His will to lead
By mazed paths, to mortal sight denied,
His erring children. Ages may succeed
On ages, ere the term of old decreed
For Israel's woes and wanderings shall be nigh;
And oft impatient man shall think to read
Its advent in the scroll of prophecy;
But vain his hope to pierce the counsels of the sky.

XXXI.

Waiting that hour, to scenes, by Scripture's muse
Immortal made, be mine my course to bend;
Nor doubt lest fraud the confidence abuse
Faith loves to give, though reason fear to lend.
What mighty memories on his steps attend,
Who from Jehosophat's vale by Bethany's town
Has climbed to heights which saw our LORD ascend,
And, breathless, from their loftiest cliff looks down
On Zion's outstretched courts(10), and Moriah's mural crown!

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XXXII.

And cold the Christian heart could scan unmoved
The cave, which echoed to the word of power
By JESUS uttered o'er the dust He loved,
Wresting from Death's unsated jaws the dower
Conveyed by Sin. Oh! in that fated hour
What thoughts were theirs, who round that cavern's lair,
But half believing yet, were seen to cower,—
Till near and nearer on the winding stair
The footstep's gradual fall arose to upper air!

XXXIII.

To many a scene like these due reverence paid,
Then be the pilgrim's staff resumed, the steed
Again caparisoned, and in arms arrayed
Its rider. He may chance their aid to need,
Should the dark sons of wandering Ishmael's seed
Hang on his path in such sequestered spot
As where the good Samaritan checked his speed,
And, while he cheered the wounded Hebrew's lot,
In generous mercy's task sectarian zeal forgot. (11)

XXXIV.

E'en danger has its charm, the unequal price
Of memory's after store paid in advance;
We do not count with calculation nice
The carats of the jewels which enhance
Life's value. Dazzled by the diamond glance
Of strange adventure, we pursue the gleam;
And, heroes of reality's romance,
Find waking life surpassing slumber's dream,
And weighed with sober truth how fancy kicks the beam.

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XXXV.

And thus we owned it when by Rijah's site,(12)
Beneath the fig tree's shade reclined, we kept
Watch, lest the booty-loving Moabite,
The barrier frail of Jordan's stream o'erleapt,
With stealthy march upon our camp had crept.
The shout of "Moab to the spoil!" had found
But feeble answer, if the swart adept
In plunder's wiles unseen had closed us round,
And in the hunter's toils his sleeping quarry wound.

XXXVI.

Yet, with fair numbers in an equal field,
We scarce had shunned a skirmish but to taste
The stream, whose briny deeps Elisha healed,(13)
Fresh from its source,—the diamond of the waste.
For never Nature more profusely graced
In Grecian climes the fabulous Naiad's cell;
And poet never sung, nor pencil traced
In Fancy's hues, a scene might suit so well
Where nymph of classic song or northern fay might dwell.

XXXVII.

With stem of silver, shining through the night
Of its dense foliage, o'er the crystal deeps,
Impervious to the sun's meridian light,
From its gnarled roots the giant fig tree weeps.—
While evening's shade in deepening purple creeps
O'er Moab's distant hills, with nostril wide
And ear erect the Arab courser leaps,
And snuffs the promised luxury; in that tide
The day's long thirst to quench, and lave his reeking hide.

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XXXVIII.

Nor did the rider of the desert check
That steed. Dismounted, to the bank he trode
And led him onward, that with arched neck
He might quaff best the current where it flowed
Round his parched fetlocks deepest. Fair it showed
Those mirrored forms' wild beauty. In the throng
One pilgrim from the Western world there rode,
In whom that vision's memory, cherished long,
His toils and dangers past, at length broke forth in song:—

"How thick the fig tree's foliage weeps
O'er yonder glassy stream!
Reflected from its crystal deeps
How pure yon planets gleam!

"Pause, Arab, pause! our pilgrim train
To-day has travelled far,
And oft thy foaming courser's rein
Was slacked for mimic war.

"He wheeled, he charged for many a mile,
As though a foe were near;
Here let him quaff, and thou the while
Lean on the planted spear.

"E'en hot pursuit or hastier flight
That stream might lure to taste;—
The star of widowed Rijah's night,
The diamond of the waste.

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" Not always thus;—that stream for years
Beneath the curse divine
Ran, like repentant Nature's tears,
In bitterness and brine.

" For, ere to Rahab's window bound
The scarlet sign was hung,
While tower and rampart crumbled round
As Joshua's trumpet rung;

" The curse which broods on Sodom's lake
By yonder rill was shared,
Till scarcely there his thirst to slake
The way-worn camel dared;

" But still with gaunt neck, travel bowed,
To Jordan onward strayed;—
Till Rijah's sons invoked aloud
God and Elisha's aid.

" The prophet heard,—the waters knew
The sacred sign he showed;
And sweet as Hermon's holiest dew
Through all their channels flowed.

" And sweetly still those waters run,
But, ah! through wasted lands;
Of Rijah's thousand palms but one
Springs from her sterile sands.

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" Yet in that blighted waste, no more
By earthly prophet trod—
Greater than all who went before
Of Israel's men of GOD;

" Than him who saw from Gilgal's plain
The Tishbite's car ascend,
And sought with bursting heart again
A world without a friend;

" Than him, whom Heaven, too good for earth
Pronouncing, claimed its own;
Than all who since Creation's birth,
In heaven or earth were known,—

" That Prophet dwells, whose power, confessed
Through wide Creation's plan,
Can cleanse that poison deep, the breast
Of unconverted man.

" Then, Christian! in the record trace
The types of things to be;
The cruise—of CHRIST'S absolving grace,
The bitter spring—of thee."

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XXXIX.

As fevered sleepers wake from dreams of bliss
To stern realities of gloom and pain,
So sudden pass we to the near abyss
Where sleep entombed the cities of the plain:
Where the hot gush of heaven's bituminous rain
O'er Nature's form its withering blight has shed,
And scored her forehead with the brand of Cain;
And in that gloomy gulph's asphaltine bed
For judgment's final hour embalmed the sinful dead:—

XL.

The dead, with all their implements of life,
Their banquet halls, their gardens' cultured ground,
Their arts of luxury, and their arms for strife,
Inventions for delight of sight and sound.—
No storied pile, no monumental mound
Preserves the trace of power or wealth's decay;
At eve they flourished;—in yon blue profound,
When morning called the patriarch forth to pray, (14)
Quenched in its smouldering caves the guilty cities lay.

XLI.

Pause we not here! To Santa Saba's towers
The ways are rough. The path to Salem's town
Is one of dark defiles and sultry hours.
Pause we not here! From yonder mountain's crown
Perhaps e'en now the Ishmaelite looks down
And counts our numbers. Quit this awful shore,
Where never Spring relaxes Nature's frown,
For fairer visions; turn we to explore
Some brighter legend's page in sacred Scripture's lore.

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XLII.

And such were thine, fair Nablous, could the gush
Of waters, and the fountain's silver gleam,
Spring's almond bloom, or ripening Autumn's blush
On fruit trees bending to their load, redeem
The inherited curse of guilt. No fairer dream,
No memories fraught with more abiding power
The Pilgrim owns, than visions of that stream,
Which, murmuring near the old Crusader's tower,
Lulled his tired limbs to rest in Sichem's olive bower.

XLIII.

Still memory paints the scene where Ebal's steep
With barren aspect greets Gerizim's smile,
And the white minaret shows the grave where sleep
Thy treasured ashes, Joseph. Many a mile
From the far margin of Egyptian Nile,
They brought and laid them near the terebinth tree,
Where Jacob in the Schechemites' defile
Hid the foul ensigns of idolatry,
Hallowing the purchased land, Eternal God, to thee.

XLIV.

By Hebron, cradle of his race's fame,
He sleeps, but in Samaria's distant land,
For ever wedded to the Patriarch's name.
The vaulted orifice shows where Jacob's hand
Scooped the cool basin deep beneath the sand.
His labour finished, as the waters rose,
Perhaps some angel by divine command
Bent o'er the slumberer, to his rapt repose
A scene of after years commissioned to disclose.

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XLV.

A simple scene, as ere we loved to scan,
Or Raphael in his purest mood portray,
A daughter of the land, a toil-worn man;
Since here they met, the phantoms of a day,
Empires and creeds, have lived and passed away.
But still the words of power and truth which fell
From that lone Pilgrim's lips, survive, to sway
The minds of countless millions, and to tell,
It was indeed the Christ who sat by Jacob's well.

XLVI.

Rude is the pilgrim's shelter, scant his fare
For one on sensual luxury's pleasures bent;
But who that home was ever known to share,
But for the moment deemed those arts misspent
Which gild the crowded city's banishment?
Who ever left, that longed not to resume
The simple shelter of the Arab's tent,
Spoil of the dark-fleeced herd, whose hues of gloom
Outshine to him the tints of Ind or Persia's loom.

XLVII.

Now practised hands have pitched the wanderer's home
And spread the carpet's many textured dies.
The lamp, suspended from the tapering dome,
Swings to the night wind. Near its portal lies
On dewy couch the steed. The starry skies
By glimpses through the fissured curtain dart
Supernal brightness, such as Beauty's eyes,
In joy at meeting or in pain to part,
Flash to the goal they seek, the trembling lover's heart.

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XLVIII.

Can joys in bacchanalian revel found
Match with this midnight scene of silence still?
Can Europe's wine cup when it goes its round
Surpass the lucid nectar of the rill,
From whose pure breast at eve all drank their fill;
Nor felt the rising vapours of excess
Obscure their reason and control their will?
All, save the wanderers of the wilderness,
The patient camel's tribe, who know not thirst's distress.

XLIX.

Slave to mankind! is there a region, say,
Beyond the bounds of his dominion placed,
Where thou in Nature's guise art free to stray
Unguided and ungoaded, and to taste
From Nature's hand her banquet of the waste,
Mimosa's thorn, or tamarisk's sapless bough?—
The lineage of man's other slaves is traced
To freedom's wilds on mount or plain, but thou!
Wherever known, thy neck to servitude must bow.

L.

Yet, tamed to burdens and inured to blows,
From birth to death on man's rough mercies thrown,
Pride may be thine: the Arab verse that flows
In beauty's praise still makes thy praises known,
And beauty's name synonymous with thine own.(15)
Could flattery cancel destiny's decree
Which bows thy neck to bondage, or atone
For man's harsh usage, it were well for thee,
Poor wanderer of the waste, ship of the desert's sea!

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LI.

Round yonder watch-fire's blaze the muleteers
In circle close.—The leader of the throng
Fluent and fast, to never sated ears
The tale recites, or chants the Arab song,—
Wild stanzas, strange adventures. Loud and long
The applause resounds, as each invented sleight
Of magic art, or fate of Afrite strong
By Genii quelled in preternatural fight,
Fills as the story rolls each breast with fresh delight.

LII.

He little thinks, the tale he loves to tell,
Which cheats his willing comrades of their rest,
Through many a midnight hour defrauds as well,
In foreign garb and other language dressed,
Of slumber's boon the children of the West;
How many a sad or vacant mind the page,
With the same legendary lore impressed,
Has cheered, assuaged life's ills through every stage,
Given youth one smile the more, one wrinkle snatched from age.

LIII.

For not alone beneath her palm tree's shade,
Amid the nargilè's ([16]) ascending cloud,
Does Eastern fiction dwell, or Scherezade
Dispense her favours to the listening crowd.
All ranks, all nations at her shrine have bowed;
The pictured forms her lively pencil drew
Please in all climes alike; and statesmen proud
In grave debate have owned her lessons true,
Finding that ancient lamps sometimes excel the new.

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LIV.

Far other task meanwhile for me delays
The needful gift of well-earned sleep's repose;
The beam that from my tremulous cresset plays
Its light upon the sacred volume throws.
Oh! who in distant climes the rapture knows,
E'en on the spot of which the tale is told,
To mark where Tabor frowns or Jordan flows.
To feel at morn our steps shall print the mould
Where Gideon pitched his camp or Sisera's chariot rolled![17]

LV.

Such rapture ours, when, on Esdraelon's plain,
Tabor in front and Jezreel left behind,
By Kishon's source we pitched. Oh! ne'er again
Shall joys of power like these to fill the mind
Rise in the civilised haunts of human kind.
How went I forth to watch the shivering ray
On Carmel's crest; to hear upon the wind
The jackal's howl; or rippling sounds betray
Where Kishon's ancient stream rolled on to Acre's bay.

LVI.

How, to our tents when morning's moisture clung,
Our memory turned to that oracular dew
From the full fleece which pious Gideon wrung!
'Twas here perchance that Israel's champion knew
The sign which spoke his high commission true;
Down yonder vale perhaps, by Kishon's ford,
Towards the slumbering heathen's camp he drew
His chosen hundreds, silent—till the sword
Flashed to the frightened skies, of Gideon and the LORD.

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LVII.

Egypt, the Mede, the Amalekite's locust swarm
Have poured successive o'er the wasted land,
Spoiling man's works, without the power to harm
The lasting traces of his Maker's hand.
With front unchanged the enduring rocks command
The pass from whence the storm of battle broke
On Jabin's host and heathen Hazor's band,
When at the word the Hebrew sibyl spoke,
" Up, Barak, up!" he rose, and spurned the oppressor's yoke.

LVIII.

Still o'er thy watered meads, Esdraelon,
Crowned with its forest garland Tabor towers;
And Kishon mirrors as its stream flows on
Its reddening fringe of oleander flowers.
Still on that soil abundant Nature showers
Her gifts, and o'er it wafts her breath of balm;
And fair the land as in its earlier hours,
When Deborah judged the tribes beneath her palm,
Or Ephraim's echoing mount gave back her victor psalm.

LIX.

Was not the pilgrim's toil twice paid to stand
Upon the famous shore of Galilee;
Tracing a SAVIOUR'S foot-prints on its strand,
His path upon its waters? O'er that sea,
From the hot chambers of the South set free,
The desert wind in fitful gusts was hurled,
Making the waves dance with demoniac glee,
High as in empty menace once they curled
Round the frail bark which held the SAVIOUR of the world.

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LX.

Oh! but for thoughts which hallow scenes like these,
For the high charm which wraps each sacred name,
Our strength had wasted; and the desert breeze
Had parched our sinews with its breath of flame.
Languid the halt, and sad our march became;
Arab and steed, twin children of the wild,
Alike before that furnace breath grew tame.
No shout betrayed, no song our march beguiled,
As by Tabaria's (18) walls our wayworn train defiled.

LXI.

Yet here, when vulture sickness hovering o'er,
Prepared to chuse his victim from our brood,
In the rich memories of that haunted shore
The mind, unconquered, gathered strength renewed.
Here, where the howling demon fled subdued,
Conscious Incarnate Mercy's power was near;
Where JESUS listened as the soldier sued,
And heard the widow's prayer, and from the bier
Bade Nain's dead rise up, could faith give way to fear?

LXII.

On shores a SAVIOUR chiefly loved to tread,
Where one bright cycle of His course was run,
Where JESUS healed the living, raised the dead,
And from the grave's defeated tyrant won
The soldier's servant and the widow's son;
Where every name of river, mount, or plain,
Recals some deed of love and wonder done;
What Christian heart could faint, what voice arraign
His power to save, or deem His promised mercy vain?

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LXIII.

And did not Hermon's snow-clad summit shine,
And Lebanon wear his wintry garb, to fill
Our hearts with hope, like beacons o'er the brine,
Which aid the storm-tossed pilot's failing skill?
The promised sparkle of the ice-cold rill,
The shade the mountain's forest-girdle cast,
Though distant yet, with life and hope could thrill
The exhausted breast, while still that fiery blast
Hung on our weary flight as Houlè's swamps we passed.

LXIV.

On Lebanon's side, where with precipitous sweep
His furrowed flanks descend to Djouni's bay,
A sea-mark to the wanderer of the deep,
A convent stands; and, traveller, if thy way,
Beneath the heat of Syria's summer ray,
To Baalbec's pile or far Damascus lies,
Ask entrance there, and from its roof of clay
Look round; but chuse that hour when earth and skies
Seem in one golden haze to melt as daylight dies.

LXV.

Mark where beneath its vault of mellowest green
The pine-tree stem in deeper glory glows
Than the red soil it springs from, while between
In sheets of bloom the rhododendron blows,
And, far below, the mulberry's terraced rows
The labours of the sturdy Druse attest,
Or Maronite father's toil, who better knows
That soil to till than in the human breast
His Scriptural seed to sow, the Gospel of the blest.

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LXVI.

Within those walls two rival sects reside;
Chuse thou the host who owns Byzantium's rite;
To female guest his door is not denied
Should such thy train include; the Maronite,
Wiser or frailer, shuns the dangerous light
Of beauty's eyes. I may not blame the rule
Ordained to fence the Latin cenobite
From sinful snare, and keep the passions cool
Which else might break the laws of Rome's severer school.

LXVII.

Then pass the wealthier structure's portal by;
But at this humble door, whate'er thy need,
From heat to harbour or from foes to fly,
Knock and find entrance. Sex, or race, or creed
Pass here unquestioned. Toil or hunger plead
Persuasive here the wayworn stranger's cause;
And the kind fathers practise here, unfeed,
The code of Charity's universal laws,
Nor seek the world's rewards, nor ask the world's applause.

LXVIII.

If Syria's suns their brand of fire have left
Upon the wasted frame or fevered cheek,
The breeze that sweeps the neighbouring glacier's cleft
Or snows which cap El Sannin's loftiest peak
Shall fan thy temples. Here no vapours reek
Hot from the marsh's pestilential bed.
Here fever's throes shall find the rest they seek,
Kind hearts and hospitable hands to spread
The fainting wanderer's couch, and raise his drooping head.

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LXIX.

I speak who know them.—That the golden bowl
For me remained unbroken at the well,
The silver cord unloosed which links the soul
To its frail mansion,—that I live to tell
My wanderings o'er,—to charities which dwell
In that sequestered convent's rugged lair
I own the debt. Long may their vesper bell
Pour privileged music ([19]) on the mountain air,
And call the faithful few to unmolested prayer!

LXX.

Seas roll between us; and the hope were vain
That bark of mine her anchor e'er should heave,
Or spread the sail, to plough those seas again.
Yet, though we meet on earth no more, 'twould grieve
The guest they saved and sheltered, to believe
In those bright mansions that we ne'er might meet,
Where angel hosts the expected guests receive,
And nations of the earth with pilgrim feet
Shall tread the glassy gold of Heaven's translucent street.([20])

LXXI.

May Heaven forgive that hope!—If I too much
And far have ventured; if the cherub's wing,
Which shades the ark, I have presumed to touch;
With voice profane if I have dared to sing
Of themes too high; and swept the sacred string
To none but masters of the lyre allowed;—
Then may this world's neglect or censure fling
Its shadow o'er the faults it blames, and shroud
The rhymer and the rhyme in one oblivious cloud.

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LXXII.

Yet, if the world reject the Pilgrim's muse,
Wilt thou, the Erminia of his brief crusade,
The tribute of the Wanderer's song refuse,
Too feebly uttered and too long delayed?
Whose voice could cheer him; and whose accents made,
Like sound of waters bubbling from the sand,
The desert smile; whose presence, undismayed
By toil or danger, o'er our fainting band
Spread, like the prophet's rock, shade in a weary land.

LXXIII.

O guide, companion, monitress, and friend!—
And dearer words than these remain behind,—
If, in the strain in which I fain would blend
Thy name, some charm to which the world were blind,
Some dream of past enjoyment thou canst find;
If, to thine ear addressed and only thine,
One note of music murmur on the wind;
If in this wreath one flower be found to twine
And thou pronounce it sweet, all that I ask is mine.

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EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL,

AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

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1. Stanza I.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY COLUMBUS.

There can be few English readers who have not felt the thrilling interest of the passage in Robertson which describes the first approach of Columbus to the shores of the New World. In one particular the sources of information of the historian must have differed from those since made accessible to the public by the Spanish editor Navarette. "From all these symptoms," says Robertson, "Columbus was so confident of being near land that on the evening of the 11th October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie-to, keeping strict watch, lest they should be driven ashore in the night." The work of Navarette contains the diary of Columbus's four voyages compiled from his MSS. by Las Casas. From this scarcely questionable source it appears that the squadron, so far from observing the caution alleged by Robertson, must have carried a press of sail from sunset till two in the morning, when land was first distinctly perceived at the distance of

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two leagues from the deck of the fastest sailer and foremost ship, the Pinta. The words of Columbus are these. After describing the various signs of land which had excited their hopes to the highest pitch in the course of the day of the 11th October, he proceeds — "After sunset we sailed on our original course to the west; we made twelve miles an hour, and up to two o'clock A. M. had proceeded ninety miles, which make twenty-two leagues and a half." (It must be observed that the miles of Columbus's diary are Italian, which are less than the Spanish, being four to the league; whereas the Spanish are three.) "And whereas the caravel, the Pinta, was the better sailer, and in advance of the admiral, it discovered land, and made the signals ordered by the admiral. This land was first seen by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; although the admiral, at ten in the evening, standing on the castle of the poop, saw a light, albeit so dim that he could not pronounce it land. He called, however, to Pero Gutierrez, a page of the king's wardrobe, and told him that he saw what appeared a light, and bade him look; and he did so, and saw it. He told it also to Rodrigo Sanchez de Segura, who had been appointed by the king and queen to the armada, as inspector, who could not see it, because he was in a part of the vessel from which it was not visible. It was seen once or twice after the admiral first remarked it, and was like a wax taper raised and lifted, and few considered it an indication of land. The admiral, however, considered their approach to land as certain.

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On which account when they said the Salve, which it was their custom for all the sailors to say or sing after their manner, all being present, the admiral desired and admonished them to keep good watch on the forecastle, and look out well for land; and that he would give a doublet of silk to the first who should tell him of the sight of land, besides the other reward promised by the king, which was a pension of 10,000 maravedis. At two o'clock the land appeared, from which they were then distant two leagues. They furled sails, and remained laid-to under the square try-sail, without studding sails (treo sin bonetas*), temporizing till the dawn of Friday, when they reached an islet of the Lucayos, called in the Indian tongue Guanohani."

Nothing can be more distinct or particular than this detail of the proceedings of the squadron, which nevertheless appear to have been bold to rashness. No modern squadron of discovery approaching an unknown coast would hold on its course with a breeze of ten knots.

A far more important question of fact has arisen out of this diary. Its editor fixes the position of the land first discovered 3½ degrees to the southward of

* The treo was, I believe, a square topsail used for running before a strong gale. I presume, therefore, that its spread of canvass was moderate, and its texture strong; in virtue of which supposed qualities I translate it try-sail; but I do not know whether the similarity of sound between these two nautical terms indicates nearer relationship.

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the island of San Salvador, which has hitherto enjoyed the honour of that discovery. "From a careful examination," says Mr. Navarette, "of this diary, its courses, descriptions of land, of islands, coasts, and harbours, it appears that this, the first island discovered and occupied by Columbus, and named by him San Salvador, must be the one situated most to the north of those called the Turk Islands, and itself called the Great Turk. Its latitude is 21° 30′ northward of the centre of the island of S. Domingo."

The reasons for this new theory are given in some detail in Mr. Navarette's preliminary discourse; and, as the point in discussion is of much interest, I venture to translate them: —

"In order to trace the routes of the four voyages achieved by the admiral we have had under review, not only his own diaries and relations, but those also written by Casas, D. Hernando Colon, and Herrera, supplying by their means the deficiencies of the former. The maps have been traced by D. Miguel Moreno, pilot of the first class, and full lieutenant of a frigate and delineator of the Hydrographical Office, who, having been employed on the scientific expedition conducted by D. C. Churruca, in the Antilles, was able to examine for himself many of the points embraced in our two maps. Up to this period it has been supposed that the first land discovered by the admiral, and at which he disembarked on the 12th October, 1492, called by the natives Guanahain, is the island named S. Salvador in the maps, situated between the parallels 24

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and 25, and extending N.N.W. and S.S.E. some fifteen leagues. D. Juan Baptista Muñoz was of opinion that the island of Guanahain is that now known by the name of Watlings, fifteen leagues to the eastward of the former, and of some four leagues in extent, N. and S., and surrounded entirely with a reef. Examining the diaries of Columbus, and reflecting on his course, continued as it was westward from the point first discovered, and from island to island till he reached Cuba (whose harbours of Nipe, las Nuevitas del Principe, Tanamo, Cayo Moa, and Baracoa he describes with admirable exactitude, especially the two last), I come to the conclusion that the land he first discovered could never have been that hitherto credited, and known by the name of S. Salvador Grande. From this he could not have navigated continuously, as he did, to the westward, by reason of the inconveniences offered by the great bank of Bahama, and the cordillera of keys, bearing the name of the Cadena, or of Montesumos, so difficult to penetrate; it being also inconceivable that, standing to the E.S.W. or S.W., he could have made the harbour of Nipe, lying more than seventy leagues to windward of his navigation, a thing difficult to effect in these seas. With these facts and inferences before us, we determine to go back from the first point of his arrival in Cuba to the fourth island which he saw and surveyed, naming it Isabella, which must be the one now known as the Great Inagua (thus distinguished from the Fernandina or Little Inagua), visited by him on the 17th October. The

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final conclusion is, that the first land he discovered and occupied in the New World was the island of the Great Turk, situated in 21° 30′ N. latitude.

"Columbus, writing in his diary the events of the 11th and 12th October, says that they reached an *islet* (isleta) of the Lucayos, and nevertheless, on the 13th October, uses the expression 'that this *island* (isla) is great (bien grande) and very flat, with very green trees, and much water, and a very great lagoon in the centre, without any mountain land;' and goes on in his diary of the following day to say that a great reef of rocks completely encircles it. Referring to it again on the 5th January, 1493, he returns to his old expression of *isleta* or small island. All these circumstances, with the exception of the *bien grande*, concur in the Great Turk island, which we suppose to be the one first discovered. Among others the lagoon in the middle is remarkable, as not existing in the others; and this circumstance, noticed by the admiral, is omitted neither by his son Fernando, nor by Casas, nor Herrera, nor, which is more, by Mr. Bellin in his geographical description of the passages to the north of the island of St. Domingo, published in 1768. For these reasons we have traced in our map the route and arrival of Columbus on his first voyage to the islet of the Great Turk, the extent of which is a league and one third N. and S., with its village to the west, as pointed out by the natives on his disembarkation." (*Navarette, Introduction,* vol. i. p. 105.)

Mr. Washington Irving totally dissents from this

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theory, and supports his own adhesion to the original version against all the authority of Mr. Navarette's hydrographer by that of an officer of the United States' navy. The discussion for the most part turns upon the results of the local observation of these two officers; and no one but a navigator can verify the conclusions of either, drawn, as both profess to be, from actual inspection. Assuming, however, that one of the two rival theories be true, the very fact with respect to which Mr. Navarette's publication enables us to correct the narrative of Robertson, appears conclusive in favour of Mr. Irving and San Salvador. If the light seen by Columbus at ten o'clock was on the land which he reached at two, according to the rate of sailing he specifies, it must have been distant between fifty and sixty miles, — a distance, I apprehend, too great even for a lighthouse to show itself from a low coast, and far too great for an Indian's torch to be discerned. No land appears on the maps to the eastward of the Turk Islands of Mr. Navarette from which the light could have been displayed. If, however, S. Salvador was, according to the usual supposition, the land really discovered, might not, as Mr. Washington Irving remarks, the light have been seen from the Watling of Mr. Munoz, to the northward of which Columbus might have passed after sunset near enough to enjoy this memorable vision?

Incidental research has led me to a digression which has certainly little connection with my own subject. An extract from my own journal, though not quite so

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valuable as that of Columbus, will better answer my purpose as a note in illustration of the first stanzas of my poem.

ARRIVAL IN PALESTINE.

" April 26th. A strong breeze has wafted us some 500 miles in three days. There was thick haze at sunrise over Candia, but towards seven the mountains suddenly showed their peaks of snow over the mist, a glorious picture. We sweep by them till Ida rises in superior majesty over the low island of Gozo, from which we shall take a fresh departure. Is it a reef or current which makes the sea break, and our vessel bound like a cork off the point of this island ? I hope some surveying vessel of Her Majesty's navy will settle this question of much interest to Mediterranean navigators; pending which settlement we have shortened sail with more hurry and confusion than is pleasant, and stood out to the southward. The prosperity of our voyage, hitherto unmitigated, has been chequered by a few hours of murky, sinister, squally, and variable weather, through which we have been encouraged by the steadiness of that admirable instrument the sympiesometer, which I have not known to fail or deceive. At one moment it was proclaimed by all on deck that the island of Cyprus was in sight; and nothing certainly could be more distinct to the eye than a long line of hills, answering well enough to the description of that island. There were but two ob-

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jections to the vision,—that our reckoning and observations concurred in showing a distance of 150 miles from any land whatever; and that from the bearings of the spectre, if it were land, we must have passed over it. The incident afforded a striking instance of the extent to which the most practised eye may be deceived in the watery, as well as the sandy, desert. The breeze again favours us; but a heavy rolling sea, totally disproportioned to its present force, tells that a gale must have been blowing in these latitudes previous to our arrival.

"28th. Nothing can promise better: a fair and gentle breeze, and the land of Palestine in sight.

"The land of Palestine! Yes, that blue ridge of distant mountain is the hill country of Judæa, behind which the widowed queen still holds her squalid state. As it rises gradually above the horizon, and as the coast line itself becomes visible, the outlines of both appear monotonous, and fade away in distance on either side, without presenting any elevated object to attract the eye. We are too far to the southward for Carmel, Hermon, or Libanus. Jaffa itself is the only object of our search and pursuit, the solitary speck in the target before us which we are anxious to detect and hit. The sensations produced by the very sound of such names as these are strange and powerful. I shall not soon forget them, but I am not about to attempt their description. They are such as must easily suggest themselves to the imagination of every educated man. They may be enhanced, with reference

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to the individual case, by the fervour of piety, the extent of acquirement, or the depth of scriptural knowledge; but even he who reads scripture to doubt must feel that the antiquity, the historic curiosity, and sublimity of the volume, shed an interest over the scenes of the events it records which the first sight of no other country can afford.

"Though this spectacle presented itself to us at an early hour, and the breeze did not fail us, it was nearly dark before we could certify to our entire satisfaction the position of Jaffa; and we were obliged most reluctantly to abandon the hope of landing before night, under which we had strewed our deck with the preparations for our land pilgrimage, — tents, saddles, arms, and the miscellaneous baggage of a numerous party."

JAFFA.

"Delays in all human transactions are said to be dangerous, and the maxim is specially applicable to an intended disembarkation from the miserable and exposed roadstead of Jaffa. We, however, had no choice. To have landed without our baggage and effects would have been useless and hazardous; and we were fain to take our chance of the continuance of favourable weather. We endeavoured, however, to smooth the way for our future proceedings by effecting an immediate communication with the shore; and to this purpose we sacrificed divers cartridges, blue lights, and the plate glass of one skylight window

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shattered by the recoil of our ordnance. We were consoled for this accident by recognising an answer to our signals in the shape of lights hung out from the town; and shortly afterwards two huge boats came alongside bearing the quarantine officers, and the son of the Syrian resident, who acts as English consul at Jaffa. Presuming that we were the packet vessel from Alexandria, they came prepared with the sentence of fourteen days' quarantine; but willingly admitted us to pratique, when they found by our papers that we had come direct from Malta. The two gentlemen in authority were quickly on board, followed closely by a numerous band of curious followers. Tea had just been prepared in the cabin, to which we invited the principals. The consul's son, dressed in native costume, pleased us much by that grace of gesture and deportment with which the traveller in the East soon becomes familiarised, but which at first can never fail to attract his notice. It hardly forsook him under the severest trial to which human dignity can be exposed. After a week's experience of the sea, we were scarcely conscious of motion; but the swell of the roadstead of Jaffa soon discomposed our eastern visitor. It was not, however, till he had undertaken to make every arrangement both for our reception and early departure on the morrow that he took his leave. We lay on and off during the night, much of which I passed upon deck, inhaling a strongly aromatic breeze from the shore, or listening to the roar of the breakers to the north of the town.

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" It was about eight o'clock the following morning that we set foot on Asiatic soil. The party with which we landed consisted of Lady F., myself, and our eldest son, Capt. H. Greville, R. N., and Dr. Gloag, who has for some years enjoyed almost exclusively the British medical practice at Rome. Our servants were an English man and maid, a Maltese sailor, selected from my crew, and a Cypriote cook from the Propaganda College of Rome. The two latter could make themselves understood in Arabic. The cook was less eminent for professional skill than for the zeal and unalterable good temper with which he devoted himself to his fiery duties. This little host was led and marshalled by one, an host in himself, Assaad Ben Kayat, a Christian native of Beyrout. This individual had met with us at Rome on his return from a four years' residence in England. He had early learned the English language from those excellent persons the American missionaries in Beyrout. His proficiency in this, and in the whole family of Eastern dialects which spring from his native Arabic, had procured him the important post of interpreter to the British consul-general, Mr. Farren. In this capacity he had accompanied his employer on his journeys in Syria, and he had also served as guide and interpreter to one or two other parties of English travellers. On Mr. Farren's removal from office he had accompanied the Persian Princes on their visit to England. This journey had brought him into relation with a society having for its object the moral and religious improve-

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ment of his native country, and had procured him friends among that influential body which may be called, without offence to others, the religious class of the upper ranks of society in England. Under their auspices he had pursued for some time a course of study at Cambridge, and was now returning to further the objects of the society. It suited his views to obtain a passage direct to Syria in my vessel, rather than to take the circuitous route of Alexandria beset by quarantines and other difficulties. It suited him also to commence the preliminary inquiries of his mission by associating himself with an European party, whose object it was to traverse the country from Jaffa, if possible, to Damascus. To us the services were invaluable of one so intimately acquainted with the country, its towns, natural features, history, sacred and profane, languages, and customs. In addition to his native Arabic, and its derivatives, Turkish and Persian, he had some knowledge of Coptic and Armenian, was a master of Greek, ancient and modern, Latin, Italian, and English, with some French. I never saw a man more simple and unpretending under such a load of acquirement. His services in the most minute details of our proceedings were as prompt and effective as in the higher department of instruction and communication with the natives, in many of whom he recognised, as we proceeded, old acquaintances and friends. In all matters of purchase and provision for our equipment and comfort, he appeared to possess the magic pocket, from which the tall dark gentleman,

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in Peter Schlemil, draws forth chairs, tables, or sticking plaister, when required. The experience of European comforts, and the addition of European acquirements, had not unorientalised him, or diminished that suppleness of the joints which makes an eastern pair of heels suffice for all the purposes of our best arm chairs. Of his temper I will only say that it was proof against the thousand difficulties, vexations, and demands to which the comptroller of a nomade household is exposed. Such a substitute for some Levantine servant of small capacity and questionable character, picked up in haste and at random, falls to the lot of few travellers.

"The entrance to the harbour, which affords about nine feet of water to the vessels of the country, and is sheltered by a vicious-looking reef, was rather puzzling. Jaffa is described by all travellers as a miserable town, which I do not dispute; but had I been compelled to re-embark at the shortest notice, the sight of it and its population alone would have repaid me for the voyage. The Moorish population of Gibraltar had afforded me some specimens of the richness and variety of oriental costume; but here, with the exception of our own party, there was none of the formality and tameness of European attire to interfere with the general effect of the picture. The town is situated on a tolerably steep acclivity, and we ascended by lanes and winding stairs to the house of the consul, who received us with the most cordial hospitality. My first lesson in the East was one of submission; for I nearly stove

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in the crown of my head against the lintel of its low entrance. I should recommend all travellers for the first week of their pilgrimage to adopt the thickest and best stuffed turban they can procure, at least if their stature be not below the average. It was arranged that we should dine at the consul's house, and depart in the afternoon for Ramla, so soon as camels and horses could be procured for our conveyance. Both were difficult to be obtained; and the latter it was necessary to purchase for the most part. As the heat was by no means oppressive, we were able to fill up the interval much to our satisfaction in perambulating the town, where the appearance of man and his works was alike new and exciting. My first visit was to the bath. Descriptions abound of the mysteries of these establishments. I have read none which exaggerate their horrors and their luxuries. The former character belongs to the swarthy and nude attendants, with their shaved heads, and gaunt and muscular limbs, and to the vermin, which, in visible swarms, are attracted to the steaming and cavernous recesses in which the patient is manipulated. Nothing better deserves the name of luxury than the effect of the various agencies of horse-hair, soap, and flannel, upon the sensations of a frame duly prepared for such operations by previous fatigue or excitement. It is unwise, however, to use these baths immediately upon strong exercise; and I believe many Europeans who, through ignorance, or contempt for native experience, have done so, have suffered from fever in consequence. We

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did not fail afterwards to pay the accustomed visit of travellers to the house designated by tradition as the residence of Simon the Tanner, and which differs in no visible respect from the mass of the miserable flat-roofed abodes of this and other Syrian towns. The khans or caravanserais, swarming with the remains of the great annual pilgrimage, were more interesting. I was assured that the numbers which had this year visited Jerusalem were less than the average; but a vast population was accumulated in these receptacles waiting for the Austrian steamer now due. It was variously composed; but the great majority were of Armenian origin and sect, and Tartarian in feature and habit. The sanatory regulations adopted by the present government may do much to prevent positive importation of the plague; but how the generation of that disease in such an accumulation of old clothes can be averted, I can hardly conceive. The consul's dinner was thoroughly oriental: one dish, — a stew of meat, damsons, and onions, — I am ashamed to say, pleased me much. I was less delighted with a mixture of rice and spices rolled up in the young and tender leaves of the vine; a great favourite, I believe, with the natives.

"The ladies of Jaffa are the most punctilious I have met with in the use of the veil, or rather of a visor of black silk kept in shape by a pin of metal down the nose, and provided with eyeholes. By the old, — and one must travel eastwards to appreciate the hag-like hideousness of female antiquity, — it was lowered at our

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approach with an eagerness which was very entertaining. By the young and the pretty here, and I believe every where, this rigour is relaxed on all possible opportunities."

2. Stanza iii.

ROSE OF SHARON.

It is supposed that one of the varieties of the cistus which abounds in the plain of Sharon is the rose of Scripture. The perfume wafted seaward from the Syrian coast as we approached it was powerfully sweet, especially at night. It brought Milton's magnificent lines to our recollection.

3. Stanza vi.

Epistle of Jude, verse 9. — "Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him any railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee."

I have never seen in print, and much regret that I have lost the MS. which I once possessed of, a German poem by Wm. Müller, the spirited commencement of which has suggested the fifth line of this stanza. Sir Walter Scott much admired in it what he termed the reduplicated thunder of the German verse. I quote from memory the first lines: —

Sieben und dreissig trauer Schüsse, und wen haben sie gemeint?
Sind sie sieben und dreissig Siege, die er abgeschlagt dem Feind?

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Sind sie sieben und dreissig Wunde die an der Brust er trägt?
Sagt, wer ist der edle Todte den sein Vaterland beklagt?
Keine Wunde, keine Siege, meint des Donners dumpfer Hall,
Der von Missolonghis Mauern brüllend wogt durch Berg und Thal.

Seven and thirty funeral shots; — for whom I fain would know.
Are they for seven and thirty fields in which he smote the foe?
For seven and thirty wounds which on his breast the hero bears?
Name me the mighty dead whose loss his country's grief declares.
It speaks no wounds, no victories, the thunder's sullen roar,
Which from Missolonghi's embrasures rolls deepening to the shore.

4. Stanza vii.

THE SYCAMORE.

The sycamore, which is designated as the species climbed by Zaccheus, flourishes in great beauty near Jaffa.

I was not prepared for the beauty of our ride over the flat open country which extends from Jaffa to the first rise of the mountains, two hours beyond Ramla. In autumn it would doubtless be arid; but now the burst of spring had invested it with verdure and fertility, and the orange trees and many wild aromatics made the air heavy with sweetness. We halted for a moment to water our horses at a fountain, over which has been erected a picturesque edifice of cupolas and arches in memory of some Mussulman saint. A fine palm tree overshadows the centre of the building. Among some low hills we observed several gazelles, too graceful and diminutive to excite my deer-stalking propensities. After a sleepless night and a day of

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busy excitement, we were tolerably tired; but such was the pleasure of our ride, that, though it was quite dark when towards eight o'clock we knocked at the convent door of Ramla, we almost regretted that the day's journey was over.

5. Stanza ix.

RESIDENCE OF ABOU GOSH.

We started towards mid-day, and found the sun rather powerful across the plain, and till we reached the base of the hills. Here, while we halted near a spring, we saw endless troops of returning pilgrims defile as in review before us. The Tartar character still predominated,—punchy men clad in furs and high boots seated, often cross-legged, on mountainous saddles, and women of all ages and children stowed in wooden panniers. Among them were also some parties from Abyssinia, with whom Assaad was able to maintain some conversation in their own tongue. It was a lively spectacle; but when in our further progress we continued to meet a constant succession of similar objects, in ways which hardly permitted us to pass, we rather wished the procession at an end. The defiles of the western face of the range have much beauty, though not of a striking character. Some of the largest olives I have met with are to be found in them, and their vernal vegetation is exquisite. Many varieties of the cistus tribe, and other flowering shrubs,

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scent the air and delight the eye. As we ascended, and the sun declined, the temperature was such as to bring cloaks into requisition. At a little before dusk we reached our destination, the residence of the famous freebooter Abou Gosh, who for many years extorted black mail from the pilgrims. The original is dead, but his sons still occupy his mansion, known by the ominous title of the Robber's House. The Pacha has put an end to the plundering practices of the family, and travellers occasionally receive at their mansion a hospitality for which the payment is voluntary.

It was at this house we expected to pass the night; and, though aware that it would prove by itself scanty for our reception, we intended to make out our arrangements with the assistance of our tents. I have but little experience of the houses of the natives in Syria; but on it, as far as it goes, I should recommend all travellers to encamp as much as possible. The fleas are the principal and sufficient reason for such a line of conduct. Flea-proof travellers, if such there be, will find two good rooms in the Robber's House. Another piece of advice I venture to suggest to travellers is, to rehearse, if possible, their tents before starting. The art of pitching them with expedition is only learned by experiment. We had procured at Malta three of the common circular subalterns' tents used in our army; and, novices as we were, darkness closed over us before we had fully pitched one. Captain G——, who slept in this, suffered much from cold. We were received

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by the present occupants with quiet and unostentatious kindness. They stood aloof in their picturesque and flowing dresses, staring at us indeed with their large eyes, but not in any instance harassing us with more obtrusive curiosity.

In a window of our apartment stood one of those simple hand-mills of Scripture, deemed, in the time of Moses, so essential to the domestic economy of his people, that he exempted it, as he also did the widow's raiment, from the fangs of the pawnbroker. Deut. ch. xxiv. v. 6.:—"No man shall take the upper or nether millstone to pledge, for he taketh a man's life to pledge." Judges, ch. x. v. 53.:—"And a certain woman cast a piece of a millstone upon Abimelech's head, and all to break his skull." Some commentators wish to render this the upper stone of a hand-mill. If the Hebrew text allow this, it will be the more satisfactory version; for a better missile could not be devised than the entire stone. Such a stone, also, would not only serve as a sufficient weight to drown a swimmer, but might easily be attached to his neck for that purpose. These minute illustrations of Scripture, arising out of the remains of ancient customs still extant in the East, are not perhaps essential to its study; they are, however, of much interest to the traveller and the student. Towards the internal evidences of the sacred volume's truth, they perform the office of the light finishing touches of an artist to his picture, and are, as far as they go, correctives to scepticism.

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Sometimes, indeed, a contrary tendency has been imputed to them. I have heard of an instance in which a traveller was commenting on the passage of Scripture where the healed paralytic takes up his bed, and explaining that the bed was probably nothing more than the carpet or light mattrass still in use in Eastern countries. The explanation was, unfortunately, addressed to a worthy person whose ideas of a bed were inseparably connected with the four-post appliance and its appendages used in England, and who considered that the force of the miracle lay not in the cure of the invalid, but in the exertion of his recovered strength. The traveller was considered as an infidel, or at least a rationalist, and was answered triumphantly, "We believe our Bible." The designers and engravers of Holland have been very conspicuous promoters of error in this particular. In a Dutch illustrated Bible, in the passage to which I have already adverted, the woman is represented as heaving a millstone of some ten feet diameter on the head of Abimelech. In another engraving, which represents the angel of the Revelations, whose legs were like pillars of fire, these limbs are two fluted columns with Corinthian capitals.

There is a large and substantial quadrangular ruin of a church here, — one of the many attributed to the Empress Helena. It is now desecrated to the purposes of a stable; but the vaulted roof is entire, and some remains of painting are visible in the eastern window.

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ARRIVAL AT JERUSALEM.

A ride of three hours brought us from here to Jerusalem. The beauty of the vegetation ceases when the summit of the range is passed, and the road winds through barren and arid hills, presenting no object to arrest the traveller, or to distract for a moment his impatience for the first sight of Jerusalem. I found such distraction, however, in a living object; for about a league from Jerusalem I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend Ld. Ay., who, with the British consul Mr. Young, having been informed of our motions by an express from Ramla, had ridden out to meet us, and from whom we obtained much interesting information as to the state of affairs in Syria and Jerusalem. It was of a melancholy nature, and fully corroborative of all the intelligence which our guide had obtained since his landing. The pressure of conscription and taxation, the insolence of the Egyptian authorities at Jerusalem, and the general discontent of the people, were the principal topics of our discourse, which was interrupted at the issue of a defile by the appearance of the Holy City. The view of it from this approach is sudden and near, and as such is perhaps more impressive than if the mind had been prepared for it by a more distant vision. It is, however, a very partial prospect, as the eye embraces little but the Castle of David, and a slight extent of the walls on either side, and little of the city is visible behind the elevated screen of Saracenic fortification.

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6. Stanza x.

The summit is shown from which Richard Cœur de Lion is supposed to have looked down on Jerusalem, like Moses on the promised land, and with a like result.

7. Stanza xi.

True; but not *the* Mount of Olives, which is on the other and eastern side of the city.

8. Stanza xvii.

The Castle of David, so called, is, I believe, a Venetian work on a very ancient substruction.

9. Stanza xx.

the holy sepulchre.

Some of my most indulgent readers have reproached me for the scepticism, as to the sacred localities, exhibited in this and the following stanzas. I have no defence but this, that they convey the genuine impressions which I entertained on the spot, and which subsequent study and reflection have confirmed. Since I travelled, the works of Messrs. Wild and Robinson have appeared. The former is the production of an active and scrutinising observer by no means unlearned. In previous preparation, extent, and accuracy of research, and in professional devotion to his subject,

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Mr. Robinson exceeds perhaps all his predecessors, Chateaubriand not excepted. I confess that in the case of the Holy Sepulchre I have little regret in accepting his cool conclusions in preference to the eloquent deductions of the Roman Catholic writer; and, as the grounds of my consolation are set forth in the twentieth and following stanzas, I will not here repeat them.

10. Stanza xxxi.

TOMB OF LAZARUS. — MOUNT OF OLIVES.

I rather regret that Lord Lindsay should have thrown reasonable doubt on the alleged position of the tomb of Lazarus. The cavity designated as such would well suit the mightiest and most affecting of our Lord's miracles on earth, next to his own blessed resurrection. The chamber of death lies deep, some forty steps I think. Strong exertion of a human voice would be necessary to rouse from natural slumber one who was sleeping below. If it be an allowable exercise of our fancy to imagine the possible circumstances of such a scene, what a picture we may form to ourselves of the group around the entrance after the word of power had gone forth, watching — some doubtful, some confident — for the effect, and at last counting the steps of the summoned as they slowly ascend that winding stair! We rode back over the summit of the Mount of Olives, and enjoyed long, from the deserted convent on its summit, the finest

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and most comprehensive view of Jerusalem which any site can afford. The description of this view by M. De Lamartine is worthy of his talents. I have heard that eloquent and imaginative writer sneered at for giving something like credence to the tradition which makes the trees of the garden of olives coeval with our Saviour. If appearance could justify the theory of such a remote antiquity in any case, that of the olive in many regions, and of these few trees in particular, would do so; and I am not sure that men of science would be so much at variance with the poet in this particular as the laughers suppose. I do not, however, think these trees so large of their kind as some I met with between Ramla and Jaffa. Those near the Corniche road from Nice to Genoa are the largest I have seen in Italy, and are certainly inferior to those of Palestine.

11. Stanza xxxiii.

DEPARTURE FOR JERICHO AND THE DEAD SEA.

May 6th. This day was fixed upon to commence our expedition to Jericho and the Dead Sea,—objects only second in interest to Jerusalem itself, and which all travellers must consider as well worth the slight risk, and the amount of fatigue and exposure to heat, which it involves. The high level of Jerusalem is at this season a sufficient guarantee against inconvenience from the latter cause, and in the evenings we had rather suffered from cold; but we were told to an-

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ticipate a high temperature in the regions below. The excursion is not without danger to those who attempt it in insufficient force; for the Pacha's writ does not run beyond Jordan, and from the hill summits of Moab, which afforded Moses a view of the land he was forbid to enter, the Bedouin now overlooks the plain below, and occasionally swoops upon his prey. An instance of this had very recently occurred. The baggage of the pilgrims, escorted by three of the Pacha's horse, had been attacked and captured by a band of some thirty or forty Arabs. This number was, perhaps, overstated by the escort to excuse their own precipitate flight; if so, the exaggeration did not save them from the bastinado. Our party was tolerably strong in arms and numbers; but we thought it advisable to obtain the addition of an escort. An opportune demand of the Egyptian governor, Ismael Bey, for an interview with our medical adviser facilitated this arrangement; and we found in the morning five most picturesque horsemen of the old-fashioned Turkish cavalry in waiting for us at the gate. This corps has been kept up by the Pacha for the purpose of Arab warfare on the frontiers, for which his troops drilled on the European model are unfit. I must do Ismael Bey and them the justice to say, that they proved pleasant as well as picturesque companions; that they neither robbed us, nor worried us with unreasonable demands, as has frequently occurred in similar cases; that they showed themselves masters of horse and weapon in their own style, and did their spiriting

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gently and cheerfully whenever their service was required. No two were dressed or accoutred alike. The captain was conspicuous for white turban and long beard; one only carried the long Arab lance of cane, with its tuft of black ostrich feathers.

Another addition to our party was made by Ismael's directions, in the person of a sheikh of one of those Arab clans, which, though related by blood to the Bedouin of the desert, has established itself in the cultivated country. He had been, I believe, established at Hebron, and suspected of some connivance with the escape of a rebellious chief in that quarter; on which suspicion he had been summoned to, and detained at Jerusalem, and was now lent to us as a guide and protector, in virtue of his acquaintance with the country and its inhabitants. He was well mounted, and his gaunt figure and Arab dress formed an admirable appendage to our party.

It is no purpose of mine to criticise the writings or performances of the many and better men who have preceded me in this expedition; and least of all would I venture on this process with one of M. De Lamartine's eminence. For the benefit, however, of future travellers, I cannot help remarking that we met with none of the difficulty which, by his account, attended his journey to Jericho. He speaks of that place as ten or twelve hours' distance from Bethany. He starts at seven in the morning, late in October, gets benighted in the defiles, and loses his way. I find in my Journal this simple note: — "A little beyond

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Bethany is the fountain of the Apostles. From thence to Jericho, 6½ hours; no more water." We started at ten, and reached our destination in ample time to pitch our numerous tents before dusk. His guides must have loitered strangely on the way.

I presume that the fountain of the Apostles above mentioned is the one which, in the autumn, M. De Lamartine found dry. In May, its basin was amply supplied; but the water is of moderate quality, and much infested with leeches, as our horses found to their cost for many days after. This pest fixes on the soft parts of the inner mouth, and remains there for some days before he becomes swelled to a size sufficient for his detection and extraction. When he has reached this stage, it is not difficult to scrape him out from his luxurious abode by the hand wrapped in a horse-cloth, or other coarse and rough fabric, to which the animal adheres. I know not whether it was the same species which, in Egypt, bled many of Buonaparte's soldiers into a consumption, till Larrey detected the cause, and applied the remedy. I heard of no human cases here; but I was advised to strain the water through a handkerchief, and I think our party, like myself, preferred the supply from our leathern bottles, with which we were well provided. These bottles are invaluable on a journey, and every traveller should sling one from his saddle. The natives are of opinion that where water is of good quality it cannot be indulged in too largely. I certainly acted on this principle, and my bottle was always at my bed-

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side within reach of my hand, and in fellowship with my pistols. It was thus that Saul slept, if we substitute the spear for the pistol. "Take now," says David to Abishai, "the spear that is at his bolster, and the cruse of water, and let us go." (1 Sam. xxvi. 12.) Luckily for us, no David at any time attacked our camp. Those who travel with more questionable attendants than we did, would do well to observe the precaution of tying their bags or portmanteaus to the pole of the tent, which makes it difficult, though not impossible for the skilful, to abstract the same by creeping under the canvass at night. Lord Alvanley's Nablous muleteers succeeded in effecting this without rousing him, and he woke without a wardrobe. I do not remember any drawing of this fountain, though many artists must have halted at it; and with its pointed vault, and a mounted and armed group around it, it is perfect as a subject. Heat and fatigue are bad assistants to the pencil. There can be little doubt that the Apostles, and our Lord himself, frequently rested and drank here on their weary way from Jericho to Jerusalem. A pedestrian would hardly wait to climb the long ascent to the spring, however preferable, of Bethany ; and whatever be the risk to man from the insect I have mentioned, it must attach less to him who can fill his cup from the source, than to the beast which dips his muzzle in the basin.

Five hours of hot and weary ride through the rugged defiles of the hill country brought us to the summit, from which the eye embraces the vale of

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Jordan, the plain of Gilgal, the Dead Sea, and the mountain range of Moab. As each of these hours passed away to join company with those before the flood, the scene became more desert, vegetation more scanty. There was little or no risk at this period, for such a party as ours, from the violence of man in these defiles, which our Saviour selected as an appropriate scene for one of his most affecting parables, and where in later times many deeds of blood have been committed; among others, the murderous attack from which Sir F. Henniker scarcely escaped with his life. An adventure of a similar description, and very interesting in its details, is to be found in the Latin narrative of C. Furer, a German nobleman, who visited Palestine in 1565. He and three companions, travelling as monks, were assailed by Arabs on their return from the Dead Sea. The details of their danger and escape to Santa Saba are well told, and the whole work is worth perusal. The ascents are sometimes rude, and the track narrow and crumbling, but it presents no serious difficulties to horse or mule. The track once lost, indeed, even by day, a stranger would be embarrassed; and, by night, M. De Lamartine was perhaps fortunate to survive his adventure. In one of the narrowest of these defiles the rock overhung the path sufficiently to afford a moment's welcome shelter from the sun. Assaad reminded us of the allusions in Scripture to this incident of Eastern travel. Isaiah, xxxii. 2., is one of the most apposite: — "As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great

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rock in a weary land." A square tower rising from the plain, and embosomed in trees, was pointed out to us, by the name of the House of Zaccheus, as the site of ancient Jericho, and the place of our destination. The heat had long become severe, and I should have imagined that horse and man would have alike shunned extra exertion. Not so, however, our escort. We had no sooner gained the flat country than they began an active skirmish, charging, wheeling, pursuing, and firing over very rough ground. The lancer planted the but of his weapon in the sand, and wheeled round it at speed. This exhibition lasted till we reached the forest watered by the rushing brook which was sweetened by the miracle of Elisha. A tree is common here which bears a small fruit like an apple. Our escort gathered quantities of these for our acceptance, especially for the ladies. The fruit is juiceless and mealy, but has a most refined and delicate flavour. The same tree bears a curved thorn of great tenacity, to which my Turkish jacket bore ample testimony, as we forced our way through the thick jungle. I suspect that it must have been the same which arrested the flight of Absalom.

12. Stanza xxxv.

MY FIRST ENCAMPMENT.

The village of Rijah, which generally passes for the site of Jericho, though this is disputed by Mr. Buckingham and others, stands on a table land which overlooks

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the brook. The situation seemed to me defensible; and I could almost fancy that I could trace, towards the stream, the probable line of the rampart which fell before the trumpet of Joshua. From a bare knoll one solitary and blighted stem rises to remind the traveller of the title, once belonging to Jericho, of the City of Palms. We addressed ourselves busily to the task of pitching our tents, five in number, immediately under the tower, in a space surrounded by magnificent fig-trees, which promised a pleasant and effectual shade from the heat of the following day. The tower itself contained a garrison of some 50 men, which had, I believe, been placed there, or at least much increased, since the attack on the pilgrims. The temperature during the day was not less than 109° of Fahrenheit; but it was honest heat of the sun, not of a wind from the desert; and the nights were comparatively cool. I never enjoyed any thing more than this, my first experience of encamping; nor remember any thing with greater pleasure than the circle we formed by moonlight of smokers and conversers, after the labours of pitching, cooking, and eating were concluded. The affair of the pilgrims had irritated the authorities at Jerusalem; and, as our acceptance of an escort had placed us under their formal protection, I have no doubt they were anxious, for their own credit, that it should be effectual. Orders had therefore been sent to the garrison of the tower to supply a night guard for our camp, which turned out accordingly. They certainly did not sleep at their posts, for they sung at

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them incessantly through the night. The old sheikh, as I was informed, also kept watch.

ARAB VILLAGE AND INHABITANTS.

We started at six in the morning for the Dead Sea. Our way led us through the Arab village, which, in the general appearance, both of construction and population, reminded me of one of those collections of Scotch Highland huts which were once commoner than they have become since the introduction of sheep-farming. The entrances, indeed, of its hovels were wider, to admit the breeze which in Scotland it is an object to exclude; but a sort of ragged wretchedness is a distinguishing feature of both. Extremes often meet; and a sunburnt Arab urchin, rolling in the hot sand before the parental mansion, bears no small resemblance to the weather-beaten children of the mist with limbs as scantily clad, and the

Glance shot woful through the tangled hair.

A host of gaunt and wiry-haired curs completed the similitude. The jungle extends for some distance, occasionally intersected by ravines, in which thousands might remain in ambuscade; and we rode on under the conviction, never an agreeable one, that we might be watched by many whom we could not ourselves discern. Smoke from the fires of Arab alkali-burners was frequent on the plain.

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THE DEAD SEA.

Emerging from the forest we reached the Salt Desert. Our horses' feet sunk deeper as we proceeded into the bituminous soil; and we at length found ourselves on the margin of the accursed lake. The sun was powerful, and the limpid waters looked inviting; but I did not dare to bathe: many have done so, and have found it as difficult to sink as Taglioni would find it to be awkward, or Sydney Smith to be dull. Recent travellers have stripped the lake of some of its fabulous horrors. It reflects the azure of a southern sky as truly as Como or Garda; birds fly over it with unflagging wing; and, if M. Ponjoulat was truly informed, fishes swim in it.* I own, as in a case of high treason, I should like to have stronger concurrence of testimony to this fact; for surely it is treason against the laws of nature that animal life should be supported in such a medium. I tasted, though I did not bathe; and, to my fancy, a decoction of all the salts of a laboratory could scarcely be more horrible. It is more extraordinary still, if true, that an Irish gentleman, who embarked on this lake, and only regained the shore to die, should have been driven by any extremity

* M. Ponjoulat affirms this very positively, though apparently not from his own observation, but on the report of his Arab attendants. He affirms also that he saw shells on the shore. (See Michaud's Travels, vol. iv. p. 381.) M. Chateaubriand was also informed that an unusual rippling noise which he heard in the night was occasioned by the leaping of fish.

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of thirst to a draught of this hell broth. This has been asserted by his surviving companion, a Maltese sailor, who was interrogated by Mr. Stevens. A later attempt to explore the lake and ascertain its mysterious geography has been, I believe, more successful. What will not Englishmen achieve, especially by water? And yet, as far as I know, the gentleman who performed this feat, and who, I believe, brought science as well as enterprise to the task, has published no record of it. The lake has lost its Stygian reputation for colour; but its other features of characteristic sublimity remain such as Mandeville could not exaggerate. The term Cities of the Plain is apt to mislead one's notions — at least, it long misled mine — of the sea which covers them. My early conceptions had been of a sheet of water in an extensive flat like the Zuyderzee. It occupies, in fact, a trough between two parallel ranges of arid mountain.

BANKS OF JORDAN.

We were advised not to invite the Moabite by loitering on any part of our journey; and I turned my horse's head with reluctance from this scene of awe, and judgment, and mystery, towards the banks of Jordan. We reached them at the usual place of resort for the Greek pilgrims, where the jungle is thickest and greenest. We found the river turbid, but drank at a lovely spring which gushes into it at this spot, designated as the scene of our Saviour's baptism. Tra-

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dition does not profess to fix the spot of the Israelite passage; and, if the stones of the tribes remain, they are yet to be discovered, unless some Englishman should have found them and suppressed the discovery.

As we returned over the plain of Gilgal, a name fraught with so many scriptural recollections, we saw a strong party, probably of alkali-burners, at no great distance on our flank. How our escort would have behaved in action, I am fortunately unable to judge from experience; but under these symptoms of its possibility, which made our muleteers look serious for a moment, they behaved like men of practice. The two best-mounted capered to the flank in direction of the enemy, exactly as a light cavalry officer would have ordered, showing at once a good countenance and securing us from surprise. The old sheikh was always in front, peering about him with a falcon eye, and brandishing a large stick, the only weapon the Pacha had left him. We reached our encampment, hot, weary, but unmolested, by two o'clock, and flung ourselves down under our fig trees; where, however, the swarms of flies somewhat neutralised the soporific effects of our ride, and of a gentle breeze, which, playing through the foliage, rendered the heat endurable. As we sat smoking in the evening, the captain of our escort took the lead in the conversation. Like most soldiers of the East, he spoke much of his own bravery; and, like some of the West, complained of want of promotion. He had served, as he said, against the Russians. The Pacha had no talent for distin-

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guishing a brave soldier from the mass. He was severe upon the pilgrim's escort for running away; an act of prudence which appeared to me rather excusable, considering the alleged disparity of numbers, and the obligation under which the Arab considers himself to massacre the entire party if blood be once shed. The captain and his companions were equally delighted with a pistol I had by me, which fires seven shots without reloading. "God is great!" they said; "if the English would assist the Pacha with such arms as these, we should soon be rid of the Bedouins." He spoke highly (as who would not who knew him?) of an Englishman, a chief, and warrior, whom he had accompanied. It proved to be Sir Andrew Barnard.

FOUNTAIN OF ELISHA.

Our ride of the morning, though trifling in respect of time or distance, had left some of our party and myself but little disposed for further exertion. Lady F., however, was unexhausted; and the beauty of the evening and its comparative coolness induced her and myself to undertake a visit to the neighbouring spring, which bears the name of the Prophet Elisha, and is the source of the waters which he sweetened. Never was a trifling exertion better rewarded.

Our indefatigable janissary and escort mounted with the utmost alacrity; and the latter skirmished again incessantly during our ride of some twenty minutes through the jungle. The fountain is situated at the

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base of the hill chain, a neighbouring summit of which is pointed out as the scene of our Lord's fasting and temptation. I have scarcely seen a nobler source. It might vie in volume with Holywell, or with another spring dear to my early recollections, that of Woolmers in Hertfordshire, whose waters the Duke of Bridgewater projected to conduct to London in rivalry with the New River. Some ancient masonry fences in the water on the one side; a gigantic fig tree, its white stem gleaming through its leaves, overshadows the source; and the stream rushes on through high reeds and dense jungle, over which the distant hills of Moab were seen, crimson with the last glow of parting day. The red aspect of these bare mountains is very striking, even when not thus illuminated. The bare and bald effect of this species of Syrian scenery has been very happily rendered in a panorama lately exhibited of Damascus. It suggested here to the recollection the passage of 2 Kings, iii. 22., which commemorates the dispersion of the hosts of Moab, when a flood came down in the night from a mountain rain which refreshed the exhausted hosts of Judah, Israel, and Edom, and which, by the redness of its current, made the Moabite believe that the allied powers had fought among themselves, and that the trenches were reddened with the bloodshed. "And they said this is blood. Now, therefore, Moab to the spoil. The kings are surely slain, and they have smitten one another." The reeking horses of our escort needed no invitation to the stream; and, while they refreshed themselves

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in its pellucid waters, the scene formed as compact, manageable, and complete a subject for the pencil, as ever made me sigh over my inability to do it justice. We know that when Sir Walter Scott visited Carlisle Castle he was gravely shown the dungeon in which Fergus Mac Ivor was confined. Had he been of our party, he would doubtless have been told, as I was, that this was the Diamond of the Desert so admirably described in his romance of the Talisman. I know not whether some traveller's allusion to this scene may have suggested to him that lovely passage of his later works; but no detailed account of it would have supplied him with the peculiar features of that passage, for which he drew on an imagination whose visions he could invest with all the charm of reality. To his admirers it will probably be always matter of doubt, whether he most excelled in delineation from the life or from fancy. Between Jenny Deans and Rebecca, Teviot or the Diamond of the Desert, I, for one, should be at a loss to decide.

13. Stanza xxxvi.

2 Kings, ii. 19—22.—"And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of the city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is nought, and the ground barren.

"And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him.

"And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the

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LORD, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land.

"So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spake."

14. STANZA XL.

GENESIS, xix. 27, 28.—"And Abraham gat up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the LORD: and he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

15. STANZA L.

THE CAMEL.

I believe that no certain evidence has been furnished of the existence of the camel in a wild state. Djemahl, the Arabic name for camel most in use out of the 600 which that language is said to possess, thirty of which are certainly in common use, also signifies beautiful. When the young ladies of Hasbya became troublesome by their incursions, I asked my interpreter for a term of compliment, and he suggested this. It had the effect I expected, for they giggled and retired. Many of them deserved the title. It is said that vague reports have been brought of its existence in a wild state, by negroes from Central Africa. Mr. Moorcroft in his journal mentions a two-humped camel as among the wild animals of Khoten, a district of Chinese Tar-

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tary. The camels, he says, are generally brown, sometimes white, and have two humps. They are large and swift of foot, and are hunted for their flesh, which is eaten and much relished by the natives; and for their wool, from which a kind of cloth is fabricated. (vol. i. p. 370.) If this account be accurate, it is probable that the original habitat of the Bactrian camel is to be found in this quarter of Asia; but it is to be observed that Mr. Moorcroft did not penetrate even to the frontiers of this country, and derived his information from the traders of Ladak. It is not probable that, from the time of Marco Polo, any European has explored this remote province: but a considerable commerce is carried on by it with Russia, by Nogai traders; and Russian men of science might therefore find opportunities for verifying the information of Mr. Moorcroft on a point so interesting to naturalists. Mr. Moorcroft says that considerable commercial intercourse once prevailed between Khoten and Hindostan; but that it has been reduced by political changes to a very limited traffic with the Punjab, through the Chinese province of Yarkand and Ladak. These little-known districts beyond the Himalaya would be likely, if investigated, to add to our zoological catalogues. One species of quadruped hitherto undescribed, of the quagga species, but more nearly related to the horse, called the kiang, was seen and shot at by Mr. Moorcroft, but he obtained no specimen. Lord Hastings was firmly convinced of the existence of the unicorn in Thibet. The description he received from a

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native chief, who made a rough drawing of it, coincided singularly with that of Pliny, who says, "cauda apro similis." The chief's account was, that the animal's tail curled like that of a pig; the horn, he said, was flattish, and slightly curved, like his own sabre. He described the animal as very fleet, generally timid and gregarious; that young ones were sometimes caught, but that this was dangerous, as the herd would attack in their defence; and that an old one was seldom obtained, except by placing hunters in holes dug for the purpose, and sending parties to frighten the herd in that direction. Such was Lord Hastings's account to me, and belief with respect to the existence of a species of horse with a single horn on the forehead, the physical possibility of which has been denied by the best authorities.

The extensive use to which the camel has been applied for the purposes of military transport under the most opposite circumstances of soil and climate, in modern times, makes its neglect by the Romans the more remarkable. It is mentioned as having been used by the Parthians in their memorable campaign against Crassus to carry their reserve store of arrows. In our own times it has been found equally available and indispensable in the arid plains of Beloochistan, the mountain passes of Cabool, and the intensely frozen snows of Khiva. Twenty-two thousand camels were brought under the walls of Vienna when Solyman besieged that city in 1529. The following remarks on the nature and habits of the Egyptian camel, I have

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taken the liberty to translate and extract from a very amusing volume of travels in Egypt by Mr. Parthey, a German tourist. I suspect that Germans, in general, are better educated for travelling with profit than the gentlemen of other nations. A volume of German travels can seldom be opened without instruction. Mr. Parthey's journey dates so far back as the year 1822; but contains information as to the Levant and Egypt, and especially the antiquities of the latter, which retains its value in despite of numerous subsequent competitors: —

"It is the sad lot of every camel to perish on the highway; and in no instance is the ingratitude of man for service performed more conspicuous than in the treatment of this animal. So soon as it attains its growth, it is saddled with its burthen, and henceforth is doomed to unceasing wanderings, accompanied by the most wretched diet. When age and infirmity come on, there is no question of any alleviation of its load. An Arabic proverb runs — 'The older the camel, the more accustomed to the burthen.' To this must be added, that nature has denied to the camel, as to the horse, any sound distinctively expressing pain; for its usual roar or rattling sound, when compelled to kneel for the purpose of being loaded, is merely a sign of moderate vexation. On the other hand, it is also known that blows are of no avail if once the camel sinks beneath its burthen. The drivers unload the baggage with much indifference, divide it among the remaining camels, and quietly pursue their journey,

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leaving the fallen animal a prey to the vulture and the hyæna. It is seldom that they have time enough at their disposal to bestow the mercy of instant death on the victim, and to save the skin to be manufactured into tent or saddle-cover."

I have no doubt Mr. Parthey is correctly informed as to the incapacity of the camel to express, by sound, the higher degrees of bodily suffering; but I never heard an intonation more expressive of vexation and disgust than that emitted by the camel on the first sensation of his load. Mr. Parthey records some further results of his own observation and experience in the Egyptian wastes, which are not uninteresting. After describing the mode and extent of the day's march, he says:—"The drivers encourage the animals more by singing and by the sound of the whip than by its infliction. The song begins from our right flank with the sheikh, and runs along in single verses with variations, till it returns again to the sheikh. Both columns in the meanwhile, the camels and the drivers, move on with a simultaneously enlivened step. The effect of the simple tones, scarcely to be called music, on the camels, is very remarkable. With outstretched necks they step doggedly onwards; and their progress over the extended plains proceeds the faster. The conversation with the drivers, how imperfectly soever conducted, elicits multifarious information upon their manners and mode of life. In the lonely waste, observation attaches itself even to the insignificant, down to the trace of the camel on the

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path. All that we may have heard of the wonderful acuteness of sense of the sons of the desert recurs to our memory, and we deem the occasion arrived to put it to the proof. It soon, however, appears that we civilised men inevitably take an exaggerated view of these phenomena of the life of simple nature. For, in some respects, this gift of observation in the drivers has not that far-famed and absolute certainty which is attributed to it; and in others it is not so astonishing, when we consider it as the result of the direction of the faculties through life to one object; and, finally, the Western World affords analogous examples of faculties exalted by culture.

"By frequent question and comparison it is, however, possible even for an unpractised traveller to inform himself as to the nature, at least, of this power of observation. He will not indulge the notion of measuring his own judgment on the footprints of a camel with that of a child of the desert, but he may so far master the elements of the science as to be in a position to judge of its transcendental performances.

"To discriminate between the footprints of a young and of an elderly camel is, by reason of their difference in size, a matter of no difficulty even to a European; and, if we look attentively at the impressions in the sand, the feebler lineaments of a full-grown but young foot are soon distinguished from those of an old and cartilaginous one. To tell the age with accuracy by this indication is impossible. The footprint of to-day or yesterday is easily known by the sharpness of its

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outlines. With respect to those of longer date the drivers themselves are uncertain, inasmuch as the question loses its interest. Unladen camels are so rare in the caravans, that their light and shallow impress is easily recognised when compared with the deeper traces of their companions. A conjecture even at the weight of the burthen within certain limits is not so fabulous as it sounds, as the maximum amount is well known, and materially modifies the impression. Whether a camel is tired or not cannot be told by the footmarks themselves, but may by their relative distance. In the morning, when their strength is unabated, the steps are wider apart than towards evening. While in the case of the ass the hinder footsteps fall behind those of the fore-feet, and in that of the horse usually coincide, in that of the long-legged camel they fall some inches forward, and this interval is diminished by fatigue. In a smooth sandy plain of some ten miles extent, it requires little skill to count numbers up to fifty, if due attention be paid to the evidences of simultaneous impression. With greater numbers the difficulty rapidly accumulates, and the most experienced eye will be in an error of one or two. In hard and rocky ground, or in a shifting sand, all calculation is soon at fault.

"Among the Arabs of Yemen, it may be the case that still subtler differences are distinguished; but among the inhabitants of the valley of the Nile the faculties of the vision are not sublimed to a degree which lies utterly beyond the sphere of European

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sense. The races eastward of the Red Sea have, moreover, reasons more cogent to improve their powers to the utmost. They live in permanent and bloody feuds; and it is therefore of the last importance to them to obtain certain indications of the number and position of an enemy, whether their purpose be to find or to avoid him. Every Bedouin who rides out in the morning with the lance at his stirrup makes up his mind to encounter an enemy in any one he meets. He is therefore for ever on the alert for the glance of some hostile spear-point over every hillock, and every trace on the sand becomes a guide or a warning, with life and death depending on the use he can make of it."

16. Stanza liii.

THE SYRIAN NARGILÈ.

The *nargilè* is a contrivance for passing smoke over water, less complicated than the Indian hookah, and much used in Syria, though it must be fatal to the lungs.

17. Stanza liv.

PREPARATIONS FOR TRAVEL.

We had occupied ourselves with much success in Jerusalem, preparing every thing for our future operations, though the bazaars of that city are miserably provided, and no traveller should depend on them for supplying his deficiencies. Our expedition to Jericho had given us the advantage of some preliminary experience in encamping, and of the value and efficiency

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of a very large tent, which we had by good fortune found for purchase. It was large enough for a division into three compartments; the two interior being appropriated to Lady F. and her maid, and the other, which could be opened wide to the front, serving for drawing and dining room. The plan of our journey was to proceed by Nablous, Carmel, Tabor, Nazareth, and Galilee, to Damascus; thence to Baalbec and the Cedars; and, returning over Lebanon, to rejoin our vessel or the Austrian steamer at Beyrout. Our party had received some additions of more or less value: Jebraun, a respectable native and small trader of Beyrout, who wished to avail himself of the advantage of our protection on his return homeward, and gave us his general services in return, which we found zealous and efficient; a young native of Jerusalem, as an assistant to our overtasked cook,—a gay, and, I fear, rather dissolute specimen of the Gil Blas school. A carpenter had also pressed his services on us, with the view of obtaining immunity from a conscription for the works of Acre, which had swept at one blow all his fellows of that craft from Jerusalem, or so generally at least that the consul was unable to procure a workman for some trifling repairs to his house. This man we hired as a tent-pitcher. We had three brass travelling bedsteads with mosquito nets, — an article which I strongly recommend to travellers; a portable arm-chair, which Lady F. found very useful; a table of simple construction; and some of the folding cabin chairs common in vessels, from the cabin of mine.

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Among the articles most useful in an encampment, and which are not procurable in Europe, I recommend the Turkish portable lantern. When lighted and suspended from the roof, its candle is protected from the air by an oiled canvass cylinder, which packs down flat when not in use. It gives a most agreeable light, is convenient to carry from tent to tent, or in streets at night, and would afterwards serve as a very ornamental light for any small space in an English house. Often by its mild and appropriate lustre we have looked out the passages which had reference to the journey of the day in the Bible, which, with a work or two of former travellers, formed our only stock. Thus provided, we bade adieu to our entertainers the monks, and to our kind friend Mr. Young, and issued by the Damascus gate,—a cavalcade of some thirty persons.

FOUNTAIN OF BIR.

We halted at the fountain of Bir, without entering that village which is designated by tradition as the place where our Saviour was missed by his parents, and from whence they returned to find him among the doctors in the temple. The water was good; but the spot is deficient in shade for the traveller, and there were some springs a mile or two further on our route, where the rocks would have afforded a more sheltered halting-place. The village population was busy at the fountain; and among them a tall prophet-looking man edified me by the serious *recueillement* with which he

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appeared to perform the devotional exercises of ablution and prayer. Reserve is part and parcel of the civilisation of Protestant Europe; and there are many actions, laudable in themselves, of which we should be as much ashamed in public as if they were culpable. Our habits probably save us from much hypocrisy, and from a degeneration into mere ceremonial observance; but I doubt whether in matters of religion we do not carry this too far. It may be that my poor Syrian's devotions had small effect on his moral conduct; but, at all events, these simple and unaffected acts of recognition of the Creator and Moral Governor of the Universe, for such they are, are impressive and edifying. The way from Jerusalem to Bir was barren and desolate; but, as we proceeded, we descended into rich and well-watered valleys; and the village of San Jiel, near which we halted for the night, in an olive grove, overlooks a fine expanse of corn country.

A DELINQUENT IN CUSTODY.

I believe I was the only person who slept sound through the night, the rest of others being disturbed, as I afterwards heard, by a skirmish with some ill-doers, who attempted to steal some of our horses from their pasture. Our muleteers detected the attempt: the pursuit was hot, and several shots were fired; but the thieves escaped without their booty. I found, however, a minor delinquent in custody, who had attempted some humbler act of larceny in the camp itself. He

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was awfully frightened, but allowed to depart in peace. I mention this incident solely as an exceptional one. In all our expedition, with a camp perpetually filled with natives, and strewn with objects of temptation, I cannot remember that we lost an article.

JOURNEY TO NABLOUS.

We performed our next day's journey to Nablous, of some six hours and a half, including a short digression to Jacob's Well, without halting, but found the heat very severe. Our ride lay principally along the edge of a wide valley, well watered, and gloriously fertile. The green expanse of the wheat fields, though the first yellow tinge of ripeness was often perceptible, was refreshing to an eye accustomed for some time to the glare of the streets and surrounding rocks of Jerusalem. We were treading on the steps of our Saviour, with the object of his journey, Galilee, also in our view. As we crossed one elevated ridge, we caught sight of the distant peaks of Hermon, with the sun gleaming on their snows. To the neighbourhood, too, of these snows we hoped in due time to ascend; and the very thought of the springs from such a source was cheering. We found the stones which Mr. Stevens describes rolled away from the mouth of the cavity designated as Jacob's Well; but the water lay too deep for our observation, though our Maltese exerted a sailor's dexterity, or almost a chimneysweeper's, in attempting the descent. I see no reason to doubt the long-established and interesting tradition which identifies this source as

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the well of the Patriarch, and the scene of our Saviour's conversation with the woman of Samaria.* That conversation is one among many passages of Scripture, but surely an eminent one, which, by a grace beyond the reach of art, stamp the volume which contains such as one wide of, and above, the invention of man. I do not conceive how a Bolingbroke, or a Gibbon, or a Strauss, could read the record and retain a doubt that the words specified were uttered by the parties stated, in the place and circumstances described. There may be at first a little topographical difficulty in adopting this site. Our Saviour is described as coming to Sychar, and sitting by the well. Now Nablous, the modern Sychar or Sichem, is a long mile from this spot, which is at the entrance of the valley in which Nablous stands, and where that valley enters, at right angles, the one through which our course had lain. Nablous is, now at least, richly supplied with water, which, springing at the surface, and flowing through the body of the town, would make the labour of drawing from a deep well superfluous. When commentators, therefore, suppose, as I think I have known them suppose, that Jacob's Well was the fountain usually frequented by the inhabitants of the actual city, they create a difficulty; and, if they are right, this traditional site must be abandoned, which I should regret. The

* Mr. Robinson observes that the Moslem, the Jew, and the Christian, of each and every of their respective sects, concur in the former part of this tradition, which to the Christian involves the truth of the latter.

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woman in Scripture is not mentioned, however, as a woman of Sychar, but simply of Samaria; and the expression of our Saviour's coming to Sychar may, I think, reasonably be interpreted as not meaning his actual arrival at the gate, but at the immediate territory of the city, where the valley begins, which it occupies and commands. One solitary fragment of a granite column indicates the former existence of a temple over this now deserted source. Mahometan piety has been more respectful to the site where the Israelites laid the bones of Joseph, brought by them from Egypt. An enclosure with a small altar for incense, and a mosque, mark the supposed spot.

As we approached the town we saw Lord Alvanley's camels and servants, encamped in an olive grove, awaiting the return of their master from an ultra-Jordan expedition to Djerash. We were advised, however, that a better place of encampment would be found beyond the further end of the town, and, though tired, we pushed on. We were rewarded for the exertion; for the spot we selected formed, in my opinion, the most agreeable halting place of our travels,—an olive grove on a slight eminence immediately over a delicious spring. We had the whole afternoon before us for the enjoyment of that sort of repose which can only be purchased by exercise in a hot sun, and richly we enjoyed it. The spring was enough frequented to make it interesting, from the specimens it afforded of the inhabitants, without being burthensome as a neighbour, which a fountain in these countries often becomes, par-

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ticularly when much frequented by the younger ladies of a town or village. I never enjoyed pleasanter repose than in this cradle, of which the two sides were Mounts Ebal and Gerizim.

After sufficient enjoyment of rest and sustenance, we proceeded to inspect the town and pay a visit to the governor, who was prepared for our arrival.

VISIT TO THE GOVERNOR OF NABLOUS.

In the ruggedness and narrowness of its ways, Nablous resembles Jerusalem and other Syrian towns; but there was an appearance of bustle and life in its streets which contrasted agreeably with the City of the Dead we had quitted. The sound of the silk wheel and loom was heard from many of its houses, mingling with that best of music in an Eastern climate, the rush of many streams, which afford a profuse supply of water to the part of the town we inspected. I must admit, however, that Lady F.'s horse found as much difficulty in picking its way through the principal street as in many a mountain track. The governor was described to us as one of the richest natives in the Pacha's dominions, and as much respected for his influence and character as for his riches. His residence was, in truth, a very different affair from the hovel of our friend the civil governor of Jerusalem. Horses of blood and bone, richly caparisoned, stood at the door, and a goodly show of Arab lances leaned against the wall. The attendants were richly clad, and a number of black slaves gave a Paul Veronese effect to the

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picture. We were shown up stairs to a terrace, where we found some ordinary European chairs arranged for our reception, on one of which the governor himself was seated. This terrace was overlooked by the women's apartments, to which Lady F. received an invitation. The governor's physiognomy was more Turkish than Arab, his dress showy; but he looked dreadfully ill, for which his conversation with our doctor soon showed sufficient cause, and I trust he derived benefit from the advice and medicine he received.* He received more than one despatch during our audience; and altogether there was an air of business and authority about his proceedings which indicated him to be one whom the Pacha thought worth cultivating. The population of Samaria, though now disarmed, is warlike. It gave the French much trouble in their invasion, and has given the Pacha more since, and, by every information I could receive, was likely to take the first opportunity of doing so again. The governor was very gracious, and insisted on providing us with a guard for our camp, which we had no thoughts of requiring, but, near a large town, was undoubtedly a security and convenience. I was much struck with the manly intelligent countenance of a boy of fourteen, the governor's son by his favourite wife. His parents had somehow procured an Italian master for him. He visited our

* I have since heard of his death. I believe he is succeeded in his authority by a brother. The family is one of good repute in the country which it has long ruled. The fountain and tank at Djenin were constructed by his father.

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camp the next day, and drank in with eager ear Assaad's descriptions of England. He expressed the strongest desire to travel, and see England in particular; but said that he was his mother's only child, and had no chance of her permission. Our visit detained us till dusk, and we were anxious to visit the heads of the remnant of Samaritan sectarians now existing in Nablous alone, and to see their famous copy of the Pentateuch.

THE PATRIARCH. — THE SYNAGOGUE.

One of the heads of this small body, consisting of about sixty families, was in the employ of the governor as a clerk or secretary. By this individual we were conducted to the house of their patriarch, where we were kindly, and with great tokens of respect, received by him and a numerous family. These poor people were, I apprehend, much impressed with the notion of our influence; and a hint was given that it would be greatly to the advantage of our respective countries if a consul were established at Nablous in the person of our conductor, the governor's clerk. These situations are of little or no emolument; but they are universally courted in Syria, as they are considered to afford protection to the holder, who is, however, invariably the object of intrigues and calumnies, which probably counterbalance the advantages of his dignity. We were next conducted to the synagogue, where the famous MS. was unrolled to us by the chief rabbi. I mention our having seen it more to acquaint others, who might be better qualified to turn the inspection to account, of

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the fact that there is no difficulty in obtaining permission to do so, than for any other reason. I apprehend that few but the Samaritans themselves put faith in the extreme antiquity ascribed to it. I could wish, however, that some worthy successor of Dr. Kennicot could be found to collate and report upon it. The Samaritans, as sectarians, are perhaps hardly entitled to much sympathy: their schism was a wanton one; but the discrepancies between their version of the Pentateuch and others have an interest for Christians, inasmuch as some of the best commentators, and among them Kennicot, have leant to the Samaritan. A more interesting document to us was a letter received by the Samaritan community from a body of their brethren in India.*

* Since writing the above, I have fallen upon some passages in Klaproth's "Asia Polyglotta," which bear upon the question of the Samaritan version. He quotes a passage from Kennicot, in which that great Hebraist avows a reluctant conviction, that of the three oldest versions of the Old Testament, — the Jewish, the Septuagint, and the Samaritan, — the former has been designedly falsified. It appears that there was a tradition among the Jews, that the advent of the Messiah was to take place in the six thousandth of the years of the world. It became, therefore, an object of the Jews to show that the date of our Saviour's ministry was too early for this period, and of the Christians to prove the contrary. For this purpose, the former counted genealogies in such a manner as to place the flood 2348 before Christ; the Septuagint, 3716, was adopted by the early Christians. The Samaritans, having no special object, retained the true number, 3044. So much for the conclusions of Kennicot, reluctantly derived from thirty years' investigation. Klaproth, adopting them, brings to his aid the lore of Eastern Asia, and shows that India and

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ASCENT OF MOUNT GERIZIM.

It had been our intention to continue our journey towards Carmel the following day, but an offer of our Samaritan friends to accompany us to the summit of Mount Gerizim, coupled with the attractions of our camp, induced us to devote another day to Nablous and its environs.

We left our tents early, and in a few minutes were engaged in a very steep ascent, which, in less than an hour, placed us on a ridge nearly level with the peak of Mount Gerizim, on which the Samaritans perform still their annual sacrifice, and where they profess to show the altar erected by Joshua in commemoration of his conquest of the promised land. It is well known that one of the main discrepancies between the Samaritan version and the others which have been adopted by the translators of the Christian churches of Europe, affects the locality of this altar. According to the latter, Mount Ebal, and not Mount Gerizim, was the eminence appointed by divine command for the erection of this monument. Correct the text as we will, there is undoubtedly nothing in it to justify the sect in worshipping on this mountain to the exclusion of Jerusalem and all others, or to warrant the offence of that schism

China bring the flood to within half a century of the Samaritan chronology. The general result is: — Samaritan, 3044 before Christ; Indian chronology, 3101; Chinese, 3082. An average of the three would place it at 3076, or 728 years before the Jewish, 640 after the Septuagint.

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which has met its earthly requital in dispersion and all but extermination. Joshua is commanded to erect an altar, but not to ordain it as the perpetual place of gathering and worship for the tribes. Doubt, however, existing as to the mere question between Gerizim and Ebal, I was curious to ascertain whether any remains exist on the former which might tend to throw light on the subject; for though many travellers before me had performed the ascent, a matter of no difficulty or labour, I was not aware that they had directed any particular attention to this point. We rode along the mountain ridge, covered with rich herbage and wild flowers, till we reached the spot of the annual sacrifice, which is at some distance from that shown as Joshua's altar. The ground here is rather depressed to a centre, so that a larger multitude than the Samaritans can now muster might conveniently witness the proceeding, as from a theatre. A few stones formed into an altar, and a paved trench to carry off the victim's blood, are all the tokens of the place and its purposes. A little further, on the extreme and most elevated summit which overlooks the valley, are some very extensive remains of a Roman fortress, with large tanks and much masonry of massy and regular construction. Beyond this is the alleged altar, a sort of table, level with the surrounding ground, and at first sight appearing to be nothing more than the natural face of the rock from which the surface soil has been removed, and divided into compartments by natural accidents of fracture and fissure. Such I at first considered it, and such perhaps it may be. On

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closer inspection, however, I was induced to adopt the opinion that it was artificial. It slopes at an angle fully sufficient for the sacrificial purpose of allowing blood to drain off towards the cavernous mouth of a deep well. Of these wells there are several near, and in two at least of them I thought I perceived that the stones of the orifice had been arranged artificially, and if so with consummate skill, and to be in fact specimens of that kind of architecture best known by the term cyclopean, — stones, namely, unhewn, but fitted to one another with a felicity which, on a small scale, is often exhibited by the dyke-builders of Scotland. Now Joshua was directed to build his altar of whole stones untouched by iron tool; and on looking at the altar itself, and comparing it with the wells in the neighbourhood, I was much inclined to the opinion that all were of the same construction, and of one which would answer this description. I have said perhaps enough to direct the attention of some more competent enquirer to the point, and by such I should wish it to be decided, rather than by the results of my own cursory and inadequate inspection. Another scriptural association belongs to this summit, in its being the spot from which the first apologue on record was addressed by Jotham to his countrymen. Altogether it is well worth a visit. The Samaritans also claim for it the honour of being the scene of Abraham's sacrifice of his son, and show the altar, — a claim which neither Christian nor Jew will for a moment entertain. It is easily accessible for horses; and one of the views of the town,

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at the beginning of the ascent, forms one of the finest landscapes I have seen in Syria. A ruined tower of the middle ages is on the left of the foreground, which is otherwise made up of a mass of foliage, in which the deep green of the apricot and fig predominates. A single palm tree breaks this mass in the front, and others are seen in the distance, adding to the oriental effect of the picture of the city itself, with its terraced roofs, mosques, and cupolas. Mount Gerizim on the one side and Ebal on the other, feathered with olive groves, complete the scene. In some of its features, Nablous struck me as not unlike Bagnères de Bigorre in the Pyrenees.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PASSAGE IN ST. JOHN.

While reposing under the olive trees of our camp, I watched the flocks of the neighbourhood on their way to the water below. The custom, universal in Syria, and I believe not uncommon elsewhere, of the shepherd going before the sheep, reminded me of St. John's Gospel, x. 4.

MOUNT EBAL.

Lady F. and myself, after the heat of midday was over, resolved to ascend the opposite elevation of Mount Ebal, and to endeavour to ascertain whether any remains could be found there. Our attempt was unproductive and indecisive. We soon found the ascent impracticable for horses; and, I believe, our faithful janissary, Hassan, who insisted on accompa-

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nying us, seldom has had such a breathing on foot as we gave him. He toiled on before us with his sabre and loose trowsers, till we reached what had appeared to us the summit, but which proved to be only an inferior part of the long ridge which runs parallel with Gerizim. Should any remains, therefore, exist (a fact of which I could collect no indication, but which my Samaritan friends might perhaps designedly suppress), they should be looked for further to the northward.

LORD ALVANLEY'S ENCAMPMENT.

Returning on our steps, we made a circuit by Lord Alvanley's encampment, and found him and his companion, Mr. St. Leger, safely returned from their expedition to Djerash, of which they spoke with much delight. Their Bedouin escort was still with them, and on our arrival jumped into their saddles to exhibit their horsemanship. These people were of the purest desert breed, and a more magnificent specimen of the race of Ishmael I can hardly imagine. They had been brought across Jordan with some trouble by the agency of Mr. Young for Lord Alvanley's journey. Most of them appeared of fully middle age, tall, and blackened almost to a Nubian tint. The youngest and tallest appeared not more than twenty, and reminded me strongly of Lord A. Pt., being just what His Lordship might become in appearance after a few months of the fare and training of the desert. In riding I need not say they were centaurs. The Bedouin dress, exquisitely graceful and picturesque as it is, appears

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to a stranger, and would probably be found by one, inconvenient for riding. The loose robe flying to the wind, and the head-dress, a thick and gaudy handkerchief fastened by a cincture of camel's hair, appear as if any exertion would throw them off from the wearer. It is a dress, however, which leaves every joint and muscle free. I have no doubt that if an Arab were to be forced into a Melton costume, and placed on an English saddle, he would fall off at the first fence. After the evolution was over I was employed in sketching, when I heard the word 'Backshi' gently murmured in my ear, and was tapped on the shoulder by Lord Ad. The state of my pocket luckily enabled me to respond to His Lordship's suggestion. I am grieved to say that, before parting with his employers, this young nobleman was guilty of an act of indiscretion which may serve as a warning to travellers. The party had been hired on liberal terms, and the sum was duly paid over to the elderly sheikh who commanded, and who was uncle to Lord Ad., and conspicuous for a pair of brass-barreled Birmingham pistols. Lord Ad., it appears, was discontented with his share, and ended a hot discussion with the sheikh by rushing into Lord Alvanley's servants' tent, breaking divers articles of earthenware with his lance, snatching up Lord Alvanley's double-barreled fowlingpiece, and riding off with it desertward. Confusion, like that of the Camp of Agramant, arose. Lord Alvanley's servants promptly seized the person of the sheikh, and the horses of the others. The old man was much alarmed,

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as he knew that Nablous was not a safe place to play tricks in, and ended by obtaining permission to mount and overtake the offender. This, being probably the best mounted of the party, he accomplished in good style, firing two shots at his nephew at speed; which failing, he adopted the process attributed to Dr. Johnson in argument, by knocking him off his horse with the but of his gun, and brought back the double barrel in safety. There is a cunning sparkle in the lighted charcoal of the Arab eye, which would prevent a physiognomist from trusting them in any matter in which the inviolable usages of their race do not afford security for their good behaviour; and I suspect that even these are not always to be relied on, where their edges are worn by any neighbourhood or intercourse with civilisation. In this case, however, I believe the action was not premeditated or assisted by the others. The vengeance on the pottery was without excuse; but the gun was too much for a young Achilles to resist, and a Ulysses would certainly have put it out of his way.

MENDICANT LEPERS.

While reposing after our breakfast on the margin of the stream which ran beneath our encampment, I was assailed from the opposite bank by the clamour of five or six mendicant lepers — miserable objects. They held up the stumps of the mutilated and distorted limbs, from which, in most of them, the fingers had decayed away, with an eloquence of distress not to be resisted. It would seem that they enjoy more liberty

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here than their fellows in affliction at Jerusalem. They reminded me of the four leprous men who sat in the gate of Samaria when that city was invested by the Syrians, and who, in their despair, sought the Syrian camp, and were the first to ascertain the effects of the panic which had dispersed its occupants. (2 Kings, vii. 4.)

JOURNEY TO DJENIN.

The place selected for our next encampment was Djenin, which has usually passed for the site of ancient Jezreel, an error which Mr. Robinson has corrected. Cæsarea, the ancient capital of Samaria, and the site of Ahab's and Herod's palaces, lay in our way about two hours from Nablous. The church built by the Empress Helena over the tomb of St. John the Baptist is, externally at least, the grandest Christian edifice I have seen in the East, after the Holy Sepulchre and Bethlehem, and occupies a commanding and magnificent situation. The neighbourhood is quite a forest of truncated columns, bearing witness to Herod's magnificence. Our progress led us over some elevated ridges, till we halted some two hours further under some fig trees in a well-watered valley, sending our tents and main baggage on before us. Relying on finding these prepared for our reception, we dined, and loitered perhaps rather longer than was prudent; and when we rose to depart, our horses, which had got loose in a rich but luckily enclosed meadow, took an ungenerous advantage, and gave us much trouble to

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catch them. I was at first reluctant to turn horses into an enclosed field in a cultivated country; but in this region such a proceeding seems to excite no question. I was struck, indeed, by the little attention which our party attracted here from the peasantry. We might have expected that so motley a group, with the unusual spectacle of a Frank lady on horseback, would have made more effect; but here the peasants scarcely looked at us, though many parties of them passed us on their various avocations. We subsequently, however, found the curiosity of the ladies inconvenient enough. Recovering our horses, we rode on, passing a lake of some miles in circuit, the marshy banks of which were frequented by a very beautiful white wader with long pink legs. An ornithologist might make a fine collection in Syria of birds of prey; hawks of all sizes abound, and many varieties of the larger raptores. I have seen countless numbers of the latter, principally of a white variety, on the wing at once. Our slight delay made us borrowers on the night, not for a dark, but a moonlight hour, balmy, fragrant, and refreshing; and we had light enough from the moon to see that there was much wild beauty in the hilly country, and the ravines over and through which our course led us. At length the welcome lights of our encampment twinkled before us; we found our tents pitched on a low spot in dangerous vicinity to a sluggish stream, which would have disturbed any rest but that of a traveller by the croaking of its thousand frogs. Some of our natives, and among them our janissary, suffered

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by this bad choice of the station; his loose trowsers were of very thin material, and I made interest with Assaad to provide him in future with a blanket for his bivouacs. Jebraun, who usually shared a tent with the doctor and Assaad, was the only native of the party who rested under cover. This tent so peopled was an amusing scene of confusion,—smoking, conversation, and coffee-brewing. Near us were the fires of a large party, which we found to be the children and household of the Pacha of Damascus on their route to Egypt. I can hardly believe that this numerous band travelled without tents; but I was told they did so, and it is probable that some slept in the village. Any travellers who may succeed us at Djenin should endeavour to overcome the difficulty of finding a smooth spot for encampment on the hills which overlook it.

VALLEY OF ESDRAELON.

We were now to enter on that fertile but depopulated valley of Esdraelon, the scene of so many great events,—where the Amalekites came down like grasshoppers for number, where Sisera fell by the hand of a woman. No wheel for agricultural or other purpose now furrows the soil where rolled the iron chariots of Sisera, and where Jehu drove furiously. Since the Romans, indeed, I believe the only specimens of wheel carriages exhibited in the plains of Syria have been those which conveyed the guns of Napoleon to be foiled by the mud wall of Acre. The Amalekite, the

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Roman, the Gaul, and the Egyptian have been here ; and the last plague I believe the worst.

We were up early, but the Damascenes were still earlier. I saw a long train of veiled females and armed attendants defile along the valley as I was dressing. The last of their escort took his way, probably from curiosity, through our camp,—a black slave dressed in light blue and silver, mounted on a black horse : rider and steed seemed cut out of lustrous ebony. We left the village of Djenin to our right, passing by a fountain which is shaded by a fine group of palms. That tree has not been common enough on our route to allow us to pass it unobserved. We now entered on the rich and moist valley of Esdraelon, and found some difficulty in crossing some tracts of swamp near the town. Earlier in the spring it would be necessary to make a circuit, and keep the flanks of the mountain, or change the route altogether to Carmel and Caipha ; or Carmel might be reached in about nine hours from Djenin. Our Maltese sailor complained of fever, our principal muleteer of rheumatism, and even our stout janissary showed symptoms of distress. We proposed, therefore, to encamp by some springs called Ain el Zirkar, at about six hours' distance. The valley or plain of Esdraelon is one of those tracts of Palestine which account by its natural fertility for the vastness of the population it once supported. I am a poor authority in agricultural matters, but imagine I never saw a fatter stratum of mould, and it is intersected by numerous streams which flow to form

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that ancient river Kishon. Timber is scanty enough to make two fig-trees very conspicuous as land-marks, about three hours from Djenin; we enjoyed our mid-day halt under their most impervious shade. Fortunately the fruit was not ripe. The larger one bore enough of it to decimate an army with dysentery. As we reached our place of encampment we saw the plain studded with black huts and tents of agricultural Arabs—a race which, though it has made the important transition from mere pasturage to agriculture, and from the absolute independence of the desert to the rule of the Syrian government for the time being, retains its nomade habits. Objects less agreeable were the tents of a very numerous body of the Pacha's cavalry, forming part of the large force he had collected in the neighbourhood of Acre, at about a mile distance. Our muleteers, after their ill-treatment at Jerusalem, looked at these with an anxious eye; but their fears were far exceeded by those of a well-mounted guide whom we had hired from a village. His apprehensions were, I really believe, groundless, in the particular case; but they spoke volumes as to the general feeling of the natives towards the Pacha's government. My friend Mr. St. Leger's tent happened to lie in the line of march of some of these men a few days afterwards; and I must do them the justice to say that he described them as perfectly civil and accommodating. The fact is, that the proceedings at Acre had spread terror through the surrounding district; to make it a place of arms its natural population had been expelled, and supplied

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by one of labourers and artificers swept by force from all parts of the country. Several sites of villages near Carmel were pointed out to me as deserted in consequence by their inhabitants. The name of our place of encampment, Ain el Zirkar, or the Blue Springs, indicated its position. We enjoyed from it a fine view of Mount Tabor. Retiring to rest I was alarmed by a shot and the whiz of a ball very near my tent. I was disposed at first to think that some of the Pacha's people were practising at the light in my tent, and looked out under the impression that this view of the subject might have suggested itself to our nervous attendants. None, however, protruded a head from the folds of the horse-cloths in which they lay completely covered like tortoises. It turned out that one of our muleteers, on guard over the horses, had fired at a jackal, and burst his gun in the exploit. We here had a severe example of an inconvenience which Maundrel suffered by in nearly the same locality, and for which travellers in the East should in the finest season be prepared, viz. a dew which answered all the purposes of a heavy rain in soaking the tents. This is a very unmanageable calamity. If departure be postponed till the risen sun has gained power to dry them, the cool of the morning is lost—that precious hour to the traveller. If the tents are packed wet, it is seldom that the day's journey admits of their being again pitched in time to dry them before dusk. Altogether it is a serious grievance, and one which may affect the health of the stoutest traveller. It was when the Amalekites were encamped

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in the valley of Jezreel that Gideon used this natural phenomenon to test the validity of his mission, and the truth of the inspiration which had come upon him, and had summoned him to be the champion of Israel. The dews even of our cool and rainy climates might occasionally supply a similar test, but it is only under such cloudless skies as those of the East that the fleece would fill a bowl with water in the morning. With us the experiment would hardly suggest itself, and if adopted would require more accurate inspection to be conclusive. Here the idea was natural, and the miracle undeniable.

CONVENT AND TOWN OF CAIPHA.

May 15th. As we set our caravan in motion in the morning, we saw the Pacha's troops also on the move; and as our route lay for some way in the same direction, at the instigation of our guide we made what speed we might to head and pass their column, in which we succeeded. Approaching Mount Carmel, we learnt for the first time the very disappointing news, that the convent and the town of Caipha had both been placed under strict quarantine. This was death to our hopes of enjoying a day or two's rest in that asylum, described by every traveller as the abode of Eastern hospitality, and even European comfort. Experience had made us unwilling to pass a night in the low grounds of Esdraelon. We halted, however, in a neglected garden of orange, fig, and palm, about a mile from Caipha, and sent forward a mission to ascertain

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the state of things. The result only confirming the evil intelligence, we determined, with reluctance, to push forward across the plain, and gain the hill country which lies between it and Nazareth. There is no doubt that in the instances of Caipha and Acre the quarantine was purely political, and an adaptation by the Pacha to his own purposes of a system which, whether efficacious or not against disease, is likely to produce a powerful moral effect in the East. As a practical abandonment of the principle of fatality, it may be considered as even a more important innovation than the Sultan's changes of costume, or the spinning-jennies of Mehemet Ali. Not that I am disposed to under-estimate the efficacy of Sultan Mahmoud's policy, which, like that of our Hanoverian government after 1745, extirpates the dress as well as the rebel who wears it. Without stopping to speculate now on the precise tendency of such measures, I proceed by the sea-shore of Caipha towards the village of Schaf el Amour, the site of which was pointed out to us some way up the distant range of hills, but which cost us a weary ride over the plain to reach. The merits of the bay of Caipha as a resort for vessels, and the value of the slight protection afforded to it from the south by the promontory of Carmel, are best estimated by the quantity of wrecks, whose shattered ribs protrude from the sand.* We pursued the coast till we crossed the

* Since our visit the elements have left upon this shore a prouder trophy of their power than the hulls we found there, in the wreck of the Zebra. After every exertion on the part of her

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Kishon, where it joins the sea, and then struck to the right through sand hills till we recovered the fertile plain. The only incident of our ride was the massacre of three small and beautiful snow-white cranes, at one shot, by one of our party. I would rather have obtained some living specimens for the Regent's Park, to which they would have been a great ornament. As it was, I regretted an useless slaughter, thinking that the unscientific traveller should confine his murderous propensities to animals of prey, or such as may serve to grace his own meagre table, and vary the eternal pilau, of which one becomes as tired as an invalid of his messes and slops. The hillocks of fine white sand, through which we pursued a winding course, reminded me of the links of Golspie, and also suggested how easily the unpractised and careless traveller might, by a slight deviation or delay, fail to recover the track of his companions. In the Great Desert, I believe, such accidents are not unfrequent, and must usually be fatal. It was dark before we reached our encampment, situated in a hill country very beautifully wooded. Our wet tents were a bad exchange for the luxuries of Carmel, and we

officers and crew to save this vessel, dismasted in the squall, it was found advisable to hoist a sail on the stump of her bowsprit, and direct her end on to the sandy beach. She was lifted on to it high and dry on the crest of the wave like a Deal pilot boat, the operation being performed, as I have heard, with all the silence, regularity, and precision, of an ordinary manœuvre. Such is the English navy! The Pique, also dismasted, clawed off the shore under jury masts.

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determined to dry them at least by a halt for the next day, and this Sabbath's rest fully restored our invalids.

VILLAGE OF SCHAF EL AMOUR.

The fountain near which we encamped was frequented apparently by the entire female population of the considerable village which overlooked the valley, and afforded a shifting but perpetual picture of costume. It was various, and as graceful as any costume can be which exposes the bosom without stays, after the first youth of the wearer. Much of the population here is Druse; and we saw for the first time the Druse horn or tantour, worn by the women,—differently worn, however, here from the fashion of Libanus, where it projects to the front, and is longer; here it was often worn projecting behind, chiefly perhaps for the convenience of that graceful custom of carrying heavy weights on the head. It is certainly the most singular, inconvenient, and inexplicable costume ever worn by human being, except, perhaps, the long wig of our ancestors. Splendid and costly in material, being of silver, and often valued at twenty or thirty pounds, it yet answers no purpose of female vanity or show, for its substance is always veiled in drapery. Heavy and awkward, it is not laid aside even at night. The head-dress of the unmarried girls, who have not attained the privilege of thus burthening and disfiguring themselves, is very becoming, and the whole coquetry of the veil, like that of the Spanish mantilla, ad-

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mirably adapted for manslaughter. As far as I could judge, youthful female beauty of a high order is common; but, as in other hot countries, hard labour and marriage obliterate it at an early age. Though a little annoyed by the curiosity of these damsels, we passed a quiet and refreshing Sabbath, closed by a very agreeable stroll in the wooded valley. The town itself is finely situated, and has a large embattled castle, which I was told, however, was not more than fifty years old. We did not visit the town; but our guide, who did, had a long conversation with the governor, and brought back melancholy reports of the state of the neighbourhood — taxation pushed to the extreme, provisions and men swept off *ad libitum* to the works at Acre; every camel abstracted to carry stone for the same object, &c. In short, Mehemet has picked the bone, and is now sucking the marrow, of this fine and wretched country; and this the European guests whom he cajoles call a government of progress.

JOURNEY TO MOUNT TABOR.

May 18th. Mount Tabor was the object of this day's journey. Nazareth itself was shut to us by the quarantine, which was certainly justified in this instance by some cases of plague, — few, but indubitable. We were reduced, therefore, to a bird's-eye view of it from a near eminence, which afforded, perhaps, almost as good a feast to the mental appetite, as a closer inspection could have given to any but a devout believer in

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the tales of monkish cicerones. I never saw a finer range of park-like scenery, woody hill and pasture, than that we rode through on our way to Nazareth. If Wentworth or Harewood could, like the house at Loretto, be transported and set down in it, the scene would want nothing but a lodge and a gravel approach to make it English. The hill country became less rich as we approached Tabor, which at length faced us as we mounted a breezy ridge — a huge mole-hill expanded, like so many other mole-hills, into a mountain, and clothed to the summit with a forest of brushwood.

It is well known that since the time of St. Jerome this mountain has been selected as the scene of our Lord's transfiguration. Though no proof exists of this surmise, I do not think the objection commonly brought against it, of the existence of a Roman fortress on the summit, conclusive. The mole-hill formation gives so large an extent of surface that our Saviour, even without any exertion of miraculous power, might have secured himself and the witnesses of the miracle from observation by man. The remains of the fortress are undoubtedly very vast; but it was probably much increased towards the time of Josephus, when it stood a siege. Isolated elevation, however, is a feature which attracts notice, and suggests itself as a fit scene for extraordinary transactions, and in this instance may have led St. Jerome to adopt Mount Tabor without positive evidence.

We had picked up a guide at a village, one of the

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handsomest men in stature and countenance I ever saw; but he proved an indifferent pilot. It was our wish to encamp on the summit, which might, as we afterwards found, have been easily accomplished; but the track selected by our guide was absolutely impracticable for heavy-laden mules. We were soon forced to sound a retreat for our baggage, and direct our people to form the encampment below. We ourselves ascended on foot; and after as toilsome a climb as I have often had in the very different atmosphere of the Scotch Highlands, over rocks and through brushwood, and crossing a meadow which delayed our progress by the height and luxuriance of its grasses, reached the Roman work. The ruins are very extensive, and would require a residence on the spot thoroughly to explore them, being much covered with brushwood. I scarcely regretted that the mule which carried our small store of wine had, by a happy mistake, followed us to this spot; for a last bottle of Rhenish could find no better excuse for its consumption than the aid and fellowship of an ice-cold spring, which had doubtless assisted the garrison to stand the siege mentioned in Josephus. There are, in addition to this source, the remains of large plastered tanks, in which large trees have fixed their roots in the masonry, overshadowing the recesses beneath, and giving them the gloomy and mysterious character of Shakspeare's scene of murder in "Titus Andronicus." As we descended, we found that Assaad had lost a valuable watch, which we conjectured rightly might be found near the spring at

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which we had refreshed ourselves. It was proposed to our guide to return for the search with Assaad, which he refused to do, unless allowed to take one of our guns; and we found on inquiry that his reluctance at such an hour as that of dusk was not groundless, for that wild beasts have increased since the general disarming of the natives to such an extent that the monks of Carmel are afraid to leave the convent after dark: of such, I presume, the panther is the only one that can be dangerous to man. The lion, and, as far as I know, the bear, are extinct in the land in which they once executed the judgments of God on the disobedient prophet and the scorner of his servants. Of wolves I never heard.* The wild boar abounds near

* Guibert de Nogent, one of the most amusing of the early historians of the Crusades, relates with much minuteness a dangerous adventure of Godfrey of Boulogne with a bear, near Antioch. He adds, however, another anecdote, which might lead us to doubt the strict veracity of his narrations. "Pendant le siége d'Antioche, ayant rencontré sur le pont de Farfar un Turc qui n'avoit point de cuirasse, mais qui étoit monté sur un cheval, le duc le frappa si vigoureusement de son glaive que le tronc de l'homme tomba sur terre, et que le bas du corps demeura sur le cheval qui l'emporta aussitôt au loin." The Abbé adds, what must be admitted as a probable corollary of such a story, if true, "Les Lorrains se servent habituellement d'epées excellents et remarquables, autant par leur longueur que par la force de leur tranchant." It is satisfactory to know the power and spirit which enable one man to cut another into two halves are perfectly compatible both with a slender frame and an unalterable sweetness of disposition. In the latter respect the Abbé Guibert's eulogy is confirmed by the concurrent testimony of all the biographers of Godfrey. The sword of Godfrey, preserved and

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Jericho, and especially on Mount Tabor; but he is an animal only dangerous when at bay, and in whom appetite does not overcome the natural avoidance of man. The panther, I believe, still comes up from the swelling of Jordan; but I was not before aware that it was common enough to become an object of dread. An incredible quantity of a white vulture were hovering over us on Tabor. One of them we shot, but found it difficult to kill, being as tenacious of life as the condor of South America is described. Gazelles and rock partridges were seen by our party. We returned tolerably weary to our camp. We had been between twelve and thirteen hours either in the saddle or engaged in mountain climbing — pretty hard work for a lady, who never flinched. I found five or six of the principal elders of the village, a small and miserable one, in a circle before my tent. They gave us every assistance they could, and no annoyance, and procured water for us from some distance. Their curiosity, though only expressed in smoke and silence, had been heightened probably by a report that the Queen of England, with her son, were travelling through the country.

We were enlivened this morning by a visit at breakfast from Lord Alvanley, whom we left about to explore the mountain. He succeeded in finding a track perfectly practicable for horses. In fact, the consul at

exhibited by the Latin monks of the sepulchre, appears in no respect peculiarly adapted for any extraordinary feat of skill or strength.

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Sidon, Mr. Catafogo, has been long in the habit of encamping on the summit during the summer heats.

ROUTE TO TIBERIAS.

Proceeding towards Tiberias we soon emerged from ravine and brushwood into a dismal open country. We halted in the neighbourhood of a very extensive ruined caravanserai, still resorted to by travellers, and occupied by a small guard. A band of the roving Arab agriculturists were in the neighbourhood, and their chief paid us a visit; without, however, dismounting from the finest mare I have seen in my travels. She was not exactly of that silk-coated, showy, French lithograph class, described in M. De Lamartine's glowing language; but more like a powerful and well-bred English hunter, with hocks which would have helped her through a Lincolnshire fallow, and clean and sinewy fore-legs. Not having any horse-dealing intentions, I made no direct inquiry as to her value; but my guide was of opinion that the owner would not part with her for less than 200*l.* She was probably worth little less. The Arab was much pleased with our evident admiration of her. The main object of his visit was to obtain our guide's assistance to decipher a letter he had received from the governor of Tiberias. It was found to contain an order for the appearance of one of the tribe accused of some misdemeanor. He looked rather blank on this interpretation, and rode off,—whether to obey or not I cannot

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tell. Our halt was further enlivened by a chameleon caught under our sycamore, and by a tame gazelle brought to us by some peasants. We have heard of the porcelain classes of society. The union of beauty and apparent fragility in the gazelle might entitle it to be considered as the Sèvres china of the brute creation. As we proceeded on our route, the hill of Saffat was pointed out to us as the scene of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount; and a well, the orifice of which is one large hollowed stone, was shown as that of the miracle of the loaves and fishes,—traditions which rest on no evidence. We traversed an open and monotonous, but cultivated country, which reminded me of Burgundy in its features, till we reached the ridge which overlooks the lake of Tiberias. The view from hence is very fine, embracing the entire northern portion of the lake, with Anti-Libanus and Hermon in the distance. The mountain range, which forms its eastern barrier, is red and bare, like the Moabite range of the Dead Sea; but there is at its base a margin of fertility, occasionally rich and verdant, which is wanting to the latter. The town itself of Tiberias has recently been converted into little better than a heap of ruins by an earthquake. We descended towards it by a steep and rugged path; and, leaving it to the left, pushed on a mile beyond it to the hot springs, over which Ibrahim Pacha has erected a white kiosk, with an apartment and a private bath adjoining to the large edifice, which is open to the public. These springs are in great repute. We found the private bath

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occupied by some native women of rank; but as they were to leave it on the morrow, we engaged it for Lady F., and in the meantime pitched our tents on the margin of the lake, determining to prolong our stay over the morrow. We found bitter reason to repent this arrangement. All my previous conceptions of heat were inadequate to the reality of a hot wind which set in during the night from the desert, and which at this season, I was told, was without precedent. At Jericho the sun was powerful; but it was honest heat, tempered by the breeze, and mitigated at night. Here the night scarcely lowered the thermometer a degree below 104. The wind, confined by the conformation of the surrounding mountains, blew strong down the valley, like a furnace blast through a funnel. The ineffable luxury of a morning and evening bathe in the lake was dearly purchased by the miseries of the day and night. I could observe, while enjoying this temporary relief, that the water actually swarmed with fish; generally of small size near the shore, but large ones were taking the fly at a little distance. The assertion of some travellers, that there are no boats on the lake, is erroneous. Tiberias can produce two belonging to Jews. That a few fish are somehow caught we had proof, as our cook obtained two or three small ones at Tiberias. They were of a bad quality, of the carp species, and barely eatable: such might almost be got from the lake by hand. One of the boats above mentioned passing near the shore in front of our encampment, I longed for a sail, and

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desired our janissary to hail her and make the proposal. The boat at first pursued her course; but I presume that Hassan, in his zeal, resorted to threats, for she soon came-to, and landed her master, a Prussian Jew, who accosted me in bad German, and deprecated my supposed wrath with excuses as profound as though I had any right to command his services. As he was standing, with bated breath and uncovered, in the burning sun, I desired him to put on his broad-brimmed hat. The astonishment which he displayed at this act of common civility, or rather humanity, convinced me that he had expected to be knocked down as a preliminary to further conversation. I of course soon relieved him from further anxiety, and he quitted me to prosecute his mercantile voyage,—I hope under no bad impression of Christian dealings, or of our mode of employing the powers of the Pacha's firman, which, I suspect, had been made the most of by our zealous official. We found the kiosk scarcely more supportable than our tents as to heat, and far worse as to noise; for parties of men and women were using the public bath alternately through the night, sustaining an uproar such as I never heard. We could make no attempt to explore the shores, or look for the lost site of Capernaum. No physical lassitude, however, could deprive the scene of its impressions. The hot red haze which obscured the distant mountains by day melted into a deep purple towards evening. At night the fires of Arab charcoal-burners on the opposite hills looked like the bivouac of some

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Sennacherib. The waters, agitated by the hot wind, broke with a soothing sound upon the shore. I need not detail the nature of the reflections, or the richness and variety of scriptural associations, which such a scene engendered. That the Christian pilgrim should consider ground so illustrated as this has been holy, is easily understood; but why the Jew should hold it in particular reverence, I am not informed. With them it appears only second in repute to Jerusalem; and here, as to Jehosophat, many came from Europe to lay their bones. The former grandeur and extent of Herod's constructions may be guessed from the quantity of broken columns which strew the shore. Tiberias was then the centre of a large population; but the summer heats must always have been aggravated, as now, by the reflection of the rocks and the confinement of the air; and earthquakes have, I believe, always been frequent.

Two of our party, my son and English servant, had begun to feel the effects of the unseasonable heat; and it was not to be expected that any European frame in the party could long escape. We started, therefore, as early as we could manage, with the view of getting as soon as possible to the upper regions of Anti-Libanus, and to recruit our strength in the neighbourhood of its inviting snows before descending on Damascus.

Again passing Tiberias, we followed the banks of the lake for some two hours; sometimes threading precipitous paths in the face of the hill, at others passing tracts of level and swamp. We must have passed

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near the site of the ancient Capernaum, the supposed remains of which have been discovered and described by former travellers; but we did not observe either these or any indications of the other towns which once existed on the margin of the lake. Many streams wind slowly, amid thick groves of oleander and other shrubs, through the flats; and I should be sorry to pass a night in this neighbourhood in the autumnal season of malaria. We at length quitted the shore, and, passing the remains of a large khan, pursued a more westerly course over high lands of dismal sterility, till we reached another of the now deserted places of refuge for the traveller, raised by the caliphs of old time. The ruinous and destitute condition of these places affords striking evidence of the weakness and vices of the Ottoman rule, as their vast dimensions and solidity of structure do of the efficiency and magnificence of that of their founders. The vaulted entrance, however, of the building in question, in the absence of all vegetation, afforded us the blessing of impervious shade; and though our previous information had led us to doubt the existence at this place of other water than that of a stagnant and muddy pool, our people after a time discovered a well or pit of some depth, from which they raised it of tolerable quality. It is possibly in honour of this cavity that the spot has been designated as the locality where Joseph was sold by his brethren. I know no better reason for fixing here the site of the Dothan of Scripture. We traversed from hence an extensive tract of elevated land

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till we commanded a view of the valley of the lake Houlé, a wide and swampy flat, which extends to the flanks of Mount Hermon. We encamped near the base of the western range of hills on a dry but bare place, far from any village, but pastured by large herds of goats, which supplied us amply with milk, and a neighbouring stream afforded me a refreshing bath at daylight. For this and the following day the heat was less severe than in the furnace we had quitted, but still sufficient to make us uneasy for our invalids.

VILLAGE OF MEIGHNOUN.

We had nothing for it but to push on for the mountains, which, after a weary and distressing ride, we gained on the 22d, encamping at the village of Meighnoun. We halted here during the 23d; and although the hot winds returned with much violence, my son was restored to health by the repose: my servant continued to suffer. We found the local authorities and male inhabitants of this village, as far as we came in contact with them, every thing that we could wish. Our large tent was in a vineyard, and our people had little scruple in cutting away a vine or two which intruded. I made a point of awarding due remuneration; but I never heard that it had been expected. One of the heads of the village acted as agent and purveyor of necessaries; and I never saw an employé better satisfied with a trifling salary: the ladies, as usual, perseveringly curious and intrusive. Our doctor

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was called in to the wife of the sheikh, whom he found dying of an illness which might have been cured by earlier care. It may be that medical skill, as some suppose, can do little to prolong the average span of human existence; but it is melancholy to see a nation utterly devoid of the means of mitigating human suffering, which medicine and surgery certainly can. Bleeding and cupping seem to be the extent of their surgical practice. The former, promiscuously applied, probably kills more than it cures. The latter is barbarously performed with a razor. If Mehemet Ali's government of progress does any good at all in its day, it will probably be by the introduction of some surgical science through his army practitioners; but it might be long before any advantage would filter through to the mass of the people.

Finding but little relief as to heat from the elevation hitherto attained, we sighed for greater altitude; and our muleteers described in glowing colours the situation of a village almost within reach of the snow, and which lay on the route to their own native village Rashya, which we proposed to visit.

TOWN OF HASBYA.

On our way to this destination, we descended into one of the most agreeable valleys I had seen, watered by a fine stream, and rich with mulberry groves and olives, which might vie in size with those of Ramla or Jerusalem. Leaving this, we ascended by a rocky and

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difficult road the narrow defile of Hasbya. The town of that name occupies one of the most picturesque sites in Syria, suspended on high cliffs, and with the snows of Hermon above it at no great distance. Its population must amount to some thousands; and I had seen no buildings so respectable since Nablous. Our ascent lay on the other side, however, of the ravine, which became more narrow and precipitous as we mounted. It was a holiday; and as the Queen of England's reputation had preceded her, the inhabitants poured out in great numbers, and in their best dresses, to see her pass. It was the gayest scene I had witnessed in Syria. Some aged females went so far as to burn incense before her horse's nose, and others presented her with flowers. Our reception was very different from that of a poor Jew whom I had met a short time before, near the entrance to the defile. I was riding somewhat apart, and beyond the reach of an interpreter, when I met with what I considered a religious procession. It consisted of an old man mounted, a closed palanquin on a horse's back, and a troop of boys who were chanting a sort of chorus. The old man saluted me lowly as I passed, and I rode on returning his salute, somewhat puzzled. Don Quixote would unquestionably have charged, or at least have stopped the procession, and instituted a rigid inquiry into its objects. If so, his proceeding would have been for once justified by common sense and humanity, as well as chivalry; and if I had known myself what I afterwards learned, I should, perhaps, considering the age

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and strength of the offending parties, have acted Don Quixote on the occasion. The old man was a poor Jew transporting a sick wife from the interior to the coast; and the boys were a rabble of juvenile bigots, — whether Druse, Mahometan, or Christian, I cannot say,—who were persecuting him with some ribald song, which was afterwards, before he could reach Hasbya, improved into pelting and beating. This was one of the consequences of the Damascus story, which was now the universal theme of conversation.

ENCAMPMENT ABOVE HASBYA.

An hour's most precipitous ascent from Hasbya brought us to our promised Paradise. Its appearance was inviting. A magnificent tree afforded a shade for our largest tent, and more than one fine spring bubbled up at a few yards' distance. Our muleteers had kept their word so far, and were certainly not answerable for the persecution of the desert wind, which followed us even to this elevation. Its propinquity to the snow was demonstrated by the arrival the next day of a mule-load of that article, which, covered with a horse-cloth, afforded us a supply for our water and wine during our stay.

All accounts concurred in describing the heat we here endured as without example for the season, and rare at this height in July or August. We were visited here by a Christian chief or prince, of very interesting appearance and handsome mild physiognomy,

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and, as I was told, of a family whose genealogy is counted back for many centuries. He was superbly mounted, and followed by one attendant and a beautiful greyhound of the long and silky eared breed, which we call Persian. Stripped of feudal authority by Mehemet Ali, he consoled himself with the sports of the field, which, as the Pacha's disarming measures had not been extended to this neighbourhood, he was still allowed to enjoy. He was just returned from a hunting expedition to the valley of the lake Houlé. He said that his horse had been positively forced back by the hot wind, and that in the night the party had been compelled by it to break up a bivouac, and regain the upper grounds with all speed.

The conflux of natives to the Frank strangers' camp, though highly amusing, from the great richness and variety of the costume of the three sects, which seem much mingled here, was at times oppressive. Besides the population of the neighbouring village, the parties from Hasbya, who came up and established themselves for the day to stare at us, were numerous, and comprised probably the whole beauty and fashion of that place. The race is a fine one, and there was no lack of the former commodity. One young woman, evidently, by the value of the jewellery she wore, a person of rank, was as lovely a creature as eye could behold. She had walked up from Hasbya; but had met with some repulse in approaching Lady F.'s tent, and, not having the persevering impudence of many others, was mourning her hard fate apart when I heard of her

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case, and procured her the introduction she desired and deserved. The Druse young ladies behaved unfairly, pressing noisily and eagerly upon our privacy, but playing every trick of coquettes with their veils whenever we returned their fire. I found the best receipt at last was to sketch them, when they usually giggled and fell back. One, however, stood the shot, holding her horn on high, and seated like a queen on a throne of loose stones, one bare leg protruding from her drapery below, her silver bracelets shining in the sun, and her dark eyes still brighter flashing over the veil she held up — foolish woman! — to her pretty nose. Another Druse lady, who visited Lady F., consented, without difficulty, to disclose the mysteries of the horn, and, removing its veil, showed us the manner in which it was fastened and worn. This visitor, a handsome and stately woman, besides the silver bracelets and other ornaments of that metal commonly worn, wore jewellery and precious stones of some value. As Franks, and especially as English, we had little right to complain. How would a provincial town in England behave to a New Zealand chief in full costume? or how did London behave to the Cossack of 1814?

Having heard rumours continual of plague, &c. at Damascus, but determined to believe none except on better evidence than Eastern report, we detached from here a messenger direct to the consul to obtain assurance as to the facts. He returned, beaten by the Pacha's soldiers, and robbed of his turban, but with an answer from the consul. It was fatal to our projects;

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plague and cholera in every line. These we should have had little scruple in facing; but the positive announcement of quarantines on every route for our return was more than we dared encounter. The letter warned us also of reported insurrectionary movements which might interfere with our progress to Baalbec by the plain of Beka, and after a council we determined upon taking the most direct route towards Beyrout by the country of the Emir Beschir, and to be governed with respect to Baalbec and the Cedars as circumstances might direct. Our stores were considerably exhausted, and we hoped to refresh these from the vessel, and also to leave our invalids either on board or in the town. This was a hard decision on our muleteers, most of whom belonged to Rashya, only a day's march from our camp, on the route to Damascus; but my son was barely recovered; my servant, though reported able to move, still ill; and our extinguisher itself on fire in the person of our doctor, who began to feel the effects of the climate. Our muleteers themselves saw the force of these considerations; and, mourning over the sheep they had intended to kill, and the village festival they had looked to give us, proceeded to load their mules with a better grace than I had expected.

TOMB OF ZEPHANIAH.

Our course now led us over divers valleys and ridges which intervene between Anti-Libanon and

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Libanon, and which terminate in the extensive plain of Beka. On passing one of the last of these, we came upon some singularly massy remains, I presume of Roman architecture, which pass with the natives for those of the tomb of the prophet Zephaniah. I am not aware that any traveller has described them; and as they lie out of all usual routes, nothing but such accidents as had affected our plans would be likely to bring them under notice. The building appears to have been a quadrangular temple of simple construction, and built of massy stones: one side and the greater part of its two fronts have fallen; but the western side, with part of a bold and substantial cornice, is preserved, and one Ionic pilaster, with a corner of the northern pediment. Our day's march was a long one, and allowed me no time for closer inspection, or for more than a slight sketch. Its situation is solitary and striking, and the rocks near it are broken into very picturesque confusion. From the bare and desolate ridge in which this monument is placed, we descended into a verdant valley, which communicates with the plain of Beka, and halted at the encampment of a tribe of Arabs, who had pitched their black tents in the midst of a rich pasturage. Beyond the confines of the Great Desert, it would have been impossible to find a more interesting and characteristic specimen of this migratory race. A large family of mothers and dark-eyed children were collected in the principal tent: they poured forth their stores liberally. We revelled in fresh milk, and our native attendants in

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leban,—the Turkish yaourt or preparation of soured milk,—which is nectar to a Syrian, but very unpalatable to me. We distributed sugar for the children, which won the heart of the parents. I remarked the partiality with which one grandmother, passing over the rest of a fine family, appropriated every morsel she could clutch to the most squalling and fractious urchin of the lot. A girl of about fourteen would have made a curious subject for a statue; she stood erect with her bare legs enveloped up to the knee with a knot of at least a dozen calves which had nestled close around her. There is always something pleasing in the intimacy which the pastoral life engenders between the brute creation and its masters. I regretted that we had no artist on our staff competent to do justice to this Jenny Deans of the Beka. We left the pleasant and amusing party with regret; crossed another ridge, where the white soil and rock, reflecting the sun, drove me for the first time to the use of spectacles. We then crossed a rapid and considerable stream by one of the few bridges I have seen in Syria. From the valley of this river the high range of Libanus rises at once with great majesty; its lower regions are richly cultivated in parts, and in others clothed with extensive tracts of wood. Population naturally follows the copious supplies of water which are fed by the snows above, and large villages surrounded by mulberry plantations are frequent in the landscape. To one of these, the village of Saarbin, we mounted by a most direct and precipitous ascent; and, after

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some difficulty in finding a spot sufficiently flat and extensive for our tents, encamped in a mulberry ground above the village, fenced on either side by two rills of pure water, and on the verge of the cultivated country. In the course of this day's journey I was woke from a reverie by the unusual sound of a large drum, which suggested the approach of the Metowali insurrection, as the trumpet of Punch did that of the Pretender to Mr. Partridge in Fielding's novel. It proceeded from a small gang of gipsies, who in these regions, as elsewhere, pursue their avocations of palmistry and mendicancy. They puzzled me much, being totally different in dress and appearance from any human beings I had met with.

A WHIRLWIND.

Nothing could be more convenient or refreshing than this place; but in the night a change came over the spirit of our dream. Various appearances in the heavens had betokened a sudden alteration in the unusually hot weather. As we were retiring to rest a whirlwind suddenly came down the ravine with such violence, as soon to make it evident that our large tent could not long stand up against it. The affair, indeed, was so sudden that Lady F. had barely time to escape, and her maid was for some time buried in the ruin. One of our small tents was also blown down; and Dr. G., who was sleeping in it, suffered severely afterwards from the chill of the sudden exposure to a tem-

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perature of some 60 degrees less than that of Tiberias. Luckily but a few drops of rain accompanied this convulsion. Lady F. took refuge in a house in the village; and the loss of baggage was found in the morning limited to that of an old, but only bonnet, long reserved for state occasions, which had been blown over three fields, and was found unfit for further service. After a hard day's journey, however, this interruption of repose was any thing but refreshing. This rush of the mountain air into the rarefied medium below lasted for about three quarters of an hour, after which it subsided into a chilly but moderate breeze. The villagers were kind and active in their hospitality.

We were now to cross one of the highest ridges of Libanus, which rose directly above us. The positive news here first reached us of an extensive insurrection, and that the country we had just left, Rashya, and Hasbya itself, were in open revolt. I was alarmed less from implicit belief in this or in any other report, than on account of our muleteers, who I foresaw might leave us to return to their families at Rashya; as yet, however, they showed no symptom of such an intention. We climbed the ridge by a picturesque zigzag, amid some rain and mist, in less time than from the appearance I had expected. We had but one patch of snow of a few yards to cross; and however dangerous the sudden transition to such a climate, I enjoyed even the wet blast, which came like a breath from Scotland, and compelled me to coil my lowland plaid about me as though I were sporting in that country.

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I paid dearly afterwards for the luxury. We met one or two armed and mounted messengers as we advanced, and all the information we could collect confirmed the accounts of the insurrection. In the numerous large villages we passed, however, there was no unusual stir. The views we obtained from commanding points were very magnificent,—the ravines deep, and clothed with fine wood; but I have seen no scenery in Libanus which could bear comparison with that of European mountains. We passed the ruin of a very magnificent palace, formerly the residence of a Druse prince, who long divided the sovereignty of this country with the Emir Beschir, and at length fell in battle with his successful rival. Their neighbourhood was indeed too close for long endurance of simulated amity; for some two leagues further we found ourselves at the gate of Taak el Deen, the mountain palace of the Emir Beschir.

TAAK EL DEEN.

Descriptions of this nest of the old eagle of Libanus are numerous; and M. De Lamartine could hardly in his poetic prose exaggerate the singularity of its fantastic features of position and construction. Its picturesque beauty is somewhat diminished by the rounded forms of the hills, which rise behind and above it. In ordinary times I apprehend that a train of Frank travellers would hardly have been delayed at the Emir's gate; but on this occasion it was necessary to transmit our credentials to the Emir before it was

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opened to us, and some ten minutes elapsed. We were then admitted, and shown into a wing of the palace which is usually appropriated to travellers, — a small elevated court, with a circular fountain in the centre, into which open some half dozen rooms with unglazed and grated windows: these we soon furnished. We were informed that our dinner would be provided from the Emir's kitchen. It took some time to prepare, but when it arrived, both in quality and variety, gave us a very agreeable impression of Eastern cookery and hospitality. We found the temperature rather chilly, and one regular shower of rain fell before evening. I suspect that it was here, after enduring heat and fatigue without sensible inconvenience, I laid the foundation of an internal state of disease, which never left me till I escaped from a southern climate at Lyons. Our terrace commanded a view of the long outer court of the palace, — a busy scene of saddled and tethered horses, of messengers riding in and out, and occasionally small armed parties entering to swell the garrison.

I suspect that the visit of an English party rather perplexed our entertainer at such a moment. He declined an interview for this evening; and I at one time had reason to think he intended to allow us to depart without one, which I should have regretted, but felt no claim to press for the honour. In the morning, however, he sent an attendant to show us over the palace.

Our cicerone was very proud of some rooms which

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had been for a long time in progress under the superinspection of some Damascus artists. They were prettily decorated, reminding one a little of the Alhambra; but not, I think, improved by some fresco paintings representing subjects of the chase, which were here considered the triumph of art: a double-barreled gun was pointed out to me in particular as a chef d'œuvre; and they were really not ill executed by some Landseer of Damascus. One of the oddest ornaments was the face of a large clock painted in the ceiling, with the name of a London maker on it. We were conducted afterwards to the bath, kitchen, and bakery. The bath was gorgeous; the kitchen, with sixteen cooks at work, much resembled the large vaulted monastic kitchens to be seen in our colleges; and in the bakery we found many men and boys, baking flat barley loaves for the consumption of some 2000 individuals.

INTERVIEW WITH THE EMIR BESCHIR.

We were now informed that his highness was prepared to give us an interview. We crossed a handsome inner court, and, mounting a stair to a long gallery open to the court, found the Emir at one end, —a venerable figure. The conversation was of no interest; the wily veteran was not likely to make us the depository of his intentions, which, for the present, were a subject of intense interest and busy speculation, the question probably being less whether it was in his

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power to raise, than to prevent, a general insurrection. Whether he had any doubt or misgiving of our object as travellers in such a country at such a time, I cannot tell; very likely not. He was well enough acquainted with Englishmen to know our roving propensities, and could hardly imagine that spies or emissaries would travel with so many incumbrances. The subject of the insurrection was never mentioned.

As the venerable-looking old man sat quietly conversing on topics of trifling moment, our recollection was naturally called to the vicissitudes of his long life, soon about to close, perhaps as it had begun, in scenes of blood and danger, or in the exertion to the last of those powers of craft and intrigue which had saved him through many perils, and raised and retained him where we found him. Memory also reverted to many acts of cruelty and violence which deface the page of his history, and which may be collected from the pages of Burckhardt. Recollections such as these create odd sensations in Europeans when brought into contact with the despots of the East,— men of the sabre and the bowstring; and there are probably few travellers who have not felt such when in their presence. I do not mean sensations connected with the circumstance, often noticed, that the life of the visitor himself depends upon a nod or other gesture of the cross-legged gentleman on the divan. "If I speak the word," says the Baillie to Rob Roy. "Ay, but you'll never speak that word," replied his Highland cousin; and as matters stand in the countries of which I speak, there is as little chance

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of any violent proceeding on the part of Pacha or Emir. Neither, as it seems to me, is the interest of the same class and description as that which takes persons of figure and fashion to the cell or scaffold, and procures locks of hair and autographs from Greenacre or Courvoisier. With such we feel nothing in common; for we can no more imagine the circumstances which would lead ourselves to such acts of hazard as well as wickedness, than a sane and prosperous person can realise to himself the feelings of a lunatic or a suicide. In the case of the Eastern despot, sympathy is at work; and we may feel as if in his position our own exercise of power might, like his, have been bloody and capricious. Uncivilised by literature, the barbarian who sits before us has the advantage of his European visitors in many outward particulars, — in grace of attitude, richness of costume, and dignity of manners. He is generally in the latter a personification of mildness, gravity, and good humour. We ask ourselves, why should not we be able, like him, to leap at once the narrow boundary which separates this apparent placidity from the wildest excesses of violence and crime? May not the outward gloss of civilisation and humanity adhere as loosely to the Englishman as the Turk? One answer of general application may be given—that we have been nurtured under that Christian dispensation which embraces in its insensible influence even those who reject its evidences. And yet the time is not long gone by when, in the game of English politics, heads of the statesmen players were the stake. I really know,

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however, no other security against a sudden orientalisation of our habits.

As we departed from the Emir's presence, we were pleased with the spectacle of the procession of two of his sons on their way to their morning visit to their father, which, I was told, they never omitted. There is something always agreeable in these acts of adult respect and attention to age; and I rather fear we see less of them in England than not only in the East, but in France or elsewhere. They seemed large and powerful men, and on the warlike habits and supposed political predilections of one of them I believe the hopes of the revolters rather rested. The Emir, late in life, has chosen to make an honest man of himself by marrying one wife, a young Circassian, to whom he is reported to be much attached. His profession of the Christian faith has been generally attributed rather to motives of policy than conviction.

Among the figures I saw passing from our terrace was a little man on a pony, in a Frank dress and spectacles, with an umbrella. I found it was the Emir's physician, a Frenchman, which I thought looked ill for the insurrection. I was also told that the visits of the French consul from Beyrout had been frequent of late.

The Emir's conduct at this crisis was a fair subject for speculation. From all the information I could collect of the state of feeling in the mountain as well as the plain, it was a question whether his authority could check the movement, — no question at all whether he could cause it to extend throughout his dominion. His

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people were now called upon to deliver up those very arms with which two years before they had assisted Ibrahim Pacha to subdue the revolt of the Hamran. Their compliance would deliver over the Emir, as well as themselves, bound hand and foot, to the Pacha. He has made his calculations, however, and has shrunk from a contest with Ibrahim's military array; and this course may perhaps secure him a few years' more enjoyment of the physical luxuries of wealth and dependant power. The question is not yet settled.

DEPARTURE FROM TAAK EL DEEN.

Our interview over, we again passed the Emir's threshold and plunged into the profound defile which separates his palace from the large village of Deer al Kammar. Our road led us for the most part alternately up and down steep staircases of rock. Leaving this town to our right, we surmounted a ridge, and after a long descent crossed a river by a picturesque bridge, where we met a strong party of armed mountaineers, who passed us without question. This was the only visible sign of movement I could detect in this part of the mountain. We here left the formation of white limestone rock, which, though fertile wherever decomposed, and richly cultivated, especially with the mulberry, is far inferior in picturesque beauty to the district occupied by a red sandstone, —a region of pine forest and aromatic vegetation, which reminded me of the Estrelle by the odours which we crushed as we

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rode from its gummy vegetation. Water, however, is less abundant in the latter, and we had a thirsty ride till we passed the last ridge which intercepted our view of the coast, and descended to a village, which afforded the very first specimen I had seen of a wayside place of rest and refreshment for travellers. It was merely a single-roomed hut, with a matted divan for smokers; but it afforded us a splendid repast of fried eggs, and a fine view of Beyrout and the coast, and even at times, I was told, of Cyprus. The latter, however, must be rare. As far as my experience goes, the atmosphere of Syria is rarely transparent; and I have often found it difficult to believe the assurance of my guides, that its lurid haze would not collect into a thunder cloud and descend in a deluge.*

A DRUSE PRINCE.

Assaad had arranged that we should for this night rely on the hospitality of an old friend and schoolfellow of his, a Druse prince, who resided at about an hour's distance from this place. We left the main road, and

* I have observed, in the case of Gideon, on the use of natural phænomena as tests of miraculous intervention. This passage of my journal suggests to me a similar instance in Scripture (1 Samuel xii. 17.) — "Is it not wheat harvest to-day?" says the Prophet; "I will call upon the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain; that ye may perceive that your wickedness is great, which ye have done in the sight of the Lord, in asking you a king." A thunder storm in wheat harvest in Europe would be a common inconvenience; in Palestine it was a miracle.

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forcing our way with some difficulty down watercourses and over the fences of olive and mulberry grounds, reached our destination. We were fortunate enough to find the two brothers, who dwelt together, at home.

The family was one of long descent and former consequence in the country, but, like others, had been reduced by the Pacha's government to the level of a country squire in England, or perhaps of a Catholic squire when disarming acts were in force, for neither prince nor peasant can shoot a partridge within the sphere of the present government's operations. The house, in point of extent, might make a decent residence for such squire with a rental of 1000*l.* or 1500*l.* a year. For visitors, indeed, the accommodation was limited; consisting of two large rooms on either side, an archway which led into a court, and a third smaller room not finished. A small kiosk at an angle of the court afforded a splendid view of Beyrout and the coast, and from it we were able to distinguish our vessel at anchor. This end of the court was open; the remaining two sides were occupied by the women's apartments, to which Druse habits only allowed us a partial admission. The larger room was devoted to Lady F., the other to servants, and we made out the rest with our tents. Those encamped had the advantage, for fleas in Syria are of all sects.

The meeting of old friends in this country is productive of much kissing and embracing. In this case that of Assaad with his friends was unexpected, and the joy on both sides seemed very rapturous and sincere. I

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never saw a more amiable or prepossessing countenance than that of the elder brother. In the quiet, but cordial politeness of his hospitality, he was a perfect model; and he suffered in proportion by some strange freaks of his brother, evidently feeling much as Lord Chesterfield must have felt at the behaviour of the son to whom he addressed his famous letters. We soon discovered that his brother, a fat good-humoured giant, was touched in the brain. Luckily his madness was an amiable and hospitable variety. He seized my hand, dragged me from one room to another, and displayed the restless and active curiosity of a savage in examining all our various travelling articles. The giant was married, and had a numerous family. The elder brother was on the point of union with a Druse princess of his family, to whom he had not only been betrothed from infancy, but with whom he was said to be violently in love. The Pacha, however, had interfered, and the lover was at this period under orders to proceed to Damascus, there to discuss the case with the government; or, in other words, to be pillaged probably to his last farthing before the obstacle should be removed. I have little more to relate of our reception here; it was a scene of continued, active, and unostentatious kindness and hospitality.

The elder brother consulted us much as to the course he should adopt with respect to the insurrection: to a man unarmed and completely within the grasp of the Pacha, and with all his belongings within reach of a three hours' march from Beyrout, I could only recom-

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mend patience and caution. To me his interrogatories naturally had principal reference to the probable policy of European powers, and England in particular, subjects on which I had little means of enlightening him. My advice was simply to distrust every report, and at least place no reliance whatever on foreign aid till he should see ships of war landing a force, and should know that foreign consuls had struck their flags at Beyrout.

DEPARTURE FOR BEYROUT.

We were here meanwhile ourselves in one great difficulty, and were destined to escape another still greater. Our muleteers had with difficulty been prevailed upon to accompany us thus far. Nothing could induce them to enter Beyrout. Their wives and families were behind them at Rashya, and before them the risk of being seized as hostages or conscripts,—a danger to which I was myself reluctant to expose them. The ingenuity and resource of Assaad overcame this difficulty. He was part proprietor of a country-house at about a mile distance from the town, and to this he prevailed on our muleteers to convey our heavy baggage under the cloud of night. We were not aware that up to this moment a quarantine cordon had been established round the town, which would have detained us for eleven days, and lost us our passage in the Austrian steamer. We were as little aware that on this very day the said cordon had retired before the advance of some 2000 mountaineers, and thus left our operations free. The

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very report of its existence would have made our muleteers proof against bribe or entreaty.

This intelligence we gained on the return of our friends from their nocturnal exploit, which they had executed in safety, leaving our luggage at the appointed place. The ruggedness of the ways, which was sufficient to make it difficult to conceive how the enterprise could be achieved by night, had delayed their proceedings longer than we had calculated; and I passed some anxious hours after daylight, directing my glass on the Beyrout road, before I could discern and count them winding up the rocky path. It would have been very painful to have got our faithful followers into a dungeon, or have known that they had been forced into the awkward squad of some Egyptian regiment. We parted with, I think, mutual regret. When, among some other trifling memorials and gratuities, I awarded to our chief muleteer, Hanna, a Birmingham powder-horn, he held it up to Heaven, uttering a long and solemn discourse; the pith of which was interpreted to me as an undertaking, that if ever in better times vessel of mine should appear on the coast again, the flight of the bird, the path of the arrow, should be less rapid and direct than his to rejoin me. Poor fellows! with some trifling exceptions, their toilsome service had been as cheerfully as they had been faithfully and honestly rendered. Not an article under their charge had been lost or pilfered. The only habit of their profession, of which we had complained, was one from which they never depart,—of refusing to load a single beast till the

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entire luggage was packed and ready for charging. This had occasionally driven us to murmur; and, in cases of urgency, our janissary had to use his sambouk more lustily than would have been borne in England; but blows are so common in Syria as to pass with little ill-blood.

About three hours' rough riding down stairs brought us to the level of the rich plain of Beyrout. The wayside khans grew frequent, with goodly rows of nargilès or water-pipes displayed to attract the passing traveller. After winding for some miles through sandy lanes, we reached the grove of pines described by M. De Lamartine. We were here charged by a body of some half-dozen horsemen, who came on at full speed, and, flinging themselves off their horses, nearly pulled Assaad off his, and smothered him with kisses. These were young Beyroutines, who, hearing of the arrival of our luggage, had taken advantage of the dissolution of the cordon to come out to meet us. There was something pacific, almost effeminate, in the attire of these young men. The large spotted muslin turban, and the quantity of thin stuffs by us appropriated to female attire contained in their habiliments, had this effect. By this time, perhaps, they are doing duty in an Egyptian regiment. A labyrinth of sandy lanes led us at length to the country-house. It consisted of a room or two, and kitchen, and was placed in a garden of about an acre, which afforded a good emplacement for our tents. Its situation to the southward of the town made it less likely to become the immediate

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theatre of military operations, than if it had been towards Libanus. In case of emergency, our boats and vessel were at hand. Here then we found opportunity and leisure for deliberation on our further proceedings.

BEYROUT.

Our land expedition was now by all the party considered as terminated, as, in the present state of the country, Damascus was out of the question; and even Baalbec and the Cedars, though placed at a more tempting distance, could only be reached by traversing the scene of actual insurrection. These three objects comprised, in fact, all we had to regret as omissions from the original scheme of our travels. Of the revolters themselves we had little distrust or dread; but, in a case of civil war, the passage from the territory occupied by one party to that of its enemy is in itself a hazardous proceeding. Beyrout, up to this period, was itself almost open to a *coup de main*, and a little enterprise and concert would probably have enabled the mountaineers to take it at the first rush. It is surrounded by a stone wall, which might be escaladed in many places. The garrison did not exceed 800 or 1000 men, who allowed the enemy to take quiet possession of the environs. An attack on the town was hourly expected; and altogether we thought it advisable to hasten our sailing preparations. These were hardly completed, when an alarm of the immediate approach of the revolters induced us to embark in

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the evening with more haste than convenience, and the next day saw us fairly under weigh for Athens. The promise, however, of the barometer, and the performance of the weather, controlled our schemes; and after beating for some hours to windward in a heavy sea, breaking off more and more from our course, we put about and re-anchored in the roadstead of Beyrout. These proceedings had brought us nearer to the period of the arrival of the Austrian steamer; and as the comparison suggested itself of the certainty and punctuality attending that mode of conveyance with the chances of a sailing contest with the prevalent northerly winds of the Archipelago, we grew less and less in love with the latter alternative. Meanwhile, as things appeared pretty much in *statu quo* in Beyrout, we ventured on shore, and took up our principal quarters at an hotel kept by a civil Italian.

We had reached in this manner the 2d June, and the steamer was not to sail till the 11th. The inn, though really creditable in respect of accommodation, compared at least with the scenes of our past adventures, was hot, noisy, and troubled with mosquitoes; and, in short, we came to a sudden determination to risk an attempt on Baalbec. At one time we endeavoured to include the Cedars in our projects; but, failing in an attempt to seduce the Austrian steamer to pick us up at Tripoli, and hearing moreover a bad account of the Metowalis, a disreputable race in that neighbourhood, we abandoned this scheme.

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VISIT TO BAALBEC.

Our principal difficulty was that of finding horses, though we arranged to travel without tents, and with as few incumbrances as possible. In the present state of affairs no beasts were to be hired. We had still, however, our own riding horses; and Assaad's influence among his friends made up what was wanting for our baggage. Our faithful attendant, the Jaffa janissary, had sailed for that town; but he was replaced by a janissary of the British consul, who was well mounted and zealous. One or two of our former companions, still lingering about the town, renewed their services; and on the morning of the 4th we set forth, leaving the doctor in charge of our effects, he having suffered too much in health by our Libanon adventure to risk another expedition. I was myself unfortunately also an invalid.

The mountain rises at some three or four miles' distance from the town. The rich plain which intervenes is intersected by a broad and shallow stream, which we traversed by a bridge at some two miles' distance from its mouth. On the coast, a little short of this, is the lazaret, a position of some strength, occupied at this period by a hundred of the Pacha's Albanian troops, — good soldiers, I believe, in every respect but that of discipline and subordination, and ruffians of the first magnitude. This position was closely invested by the mountaineers, who had established a strong post on the bridge. Our road for-

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tunately lay out of musket range of the lazaret; and the post at the bridge, paying all respects to our Frank dresses, allowed us to pass without question. It was more remarkable that under such circumstances the guard at the gate of the town should have been equally indifferent; and that strangers of a country supposed to favour the insurrection, and who might be carrying information, or even ammunition, to some extent to its aid, should have been allowed free egress. I must do old Mehemet's delegates the justice to say, that they showed none of that disposition to a pedantic and vexatious exercise of authority which European functionaries are wont to take every pretext for assuming.

The convent of Mar Elias, some six hours' ride from Beyrout, was our destination. It stands in a rugged and lofty situation, commanding a view of unparalleled extent and beauty towards the coast. The building includes two monastic establishments, a Maronite and a Greek; and as female guests are excluded from the former, we were forced to throw ourselves on the hospitality of the latter. It bore the aspect of miserable poverty and dilapidation; and contained, I believe, but one monk, besides a venerable superior and a few servants. Such as it was, however, its small resources were placed at our disposal, with a kindness and cordiality, both now and on our return, to which no language of mine can do justice. Suffice it to say, that a dinner which I could not taste appeared excellent, and that every thing human inge-

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nuity could devise to make our lodging acceptable was put in practice.

We were sitting on the flat roof of beaten and rolled clay, enjoying the magnificent spectacle of sunset, when the heavy thump of distant cannon-shot arrested my attention. Our situation afforded us a view of the town itself, and it was clear that no engagement was going on there; but we conjectured rightly that the mountaineers were attacking the lazaret, and that one of the Pacha's vessels had stood in to the shore to support the Albanian garrison with their artillery. The vessel, in fact, at first hidden by the intervening flanks of the mountain, soon sailed slowly into sight, discharging her carronades in succession; and at times a long flare of musketry smoke would rise above the ridge, showing that the mountaineers were pressing the place. This continued till dusk, and we retired to bed uncertain of the result. It turned out, as I afterwards heard, very nugatory. I believe the assailants succeeded in shooting one Albanian, and the brig in once hitting the building it endeavoured to defend. I never heard of any other damage from its fire. The prospect of having to return through the theatre of such occurrences was not satisfactory; but sufficient to the day was the evil thereof. We were at least safer where we were than those we had left in the town, and I was for myself much more troubled by some symptoms of progressive illness than by the events transacting below. I felt certain that the insurgents would give

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us every facility in their power for reaching the coast. The position of the rooms we occupied on an upper story would have been dangerous for a sleep-walker. They opened on the flat roof above mentioned, and the outer wall of the convent rises straight from the edge of a considerable precipice. The absence of parapets reminded me of a humane clause in the Mosaic law, which has fallen into disuse in these regions: — "When thou buildest a new house thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood on thine house, if any man fall from thence." (Deut. xxii. 8.)

To an eye familiar with the principal mountain ranges of Europe, Libanus by comparison must appear inferior in grandeur and beauty. Its snows at this season still filled its upper clefts, and lay extended in long streaks down its steeps; but the glittering peak and white expanse of the Alps and Pyrenees were wanting. Its lower regions were rich with terraced vines and mulberry plantations; but the latter tree is clipped into unsightly and stunted shapes, and the mountain has no wooded recesses or pastured valleys like the Val du Lys, near Bagnères de Luchon, — no passes like the Pont de Venasque, or those which lie between Switzerland and Italy. Wherever, indeed, the limestone formation prevails, its baldness of outline and aridity of surface are the reverse of agreeable. The pine forests and the undergrowth of aromatic vegetation are delightful to both the senses concerned, and the colouring at sunset and sunrise is glorious. In

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some of the ravines the rhododendron presents at this season a blaze of colour.

Our second day's route led us for a second time over the summit of the range, as our destination for the night was the village of Zaaclai, situated at the verge of the valley plain of Beka. The earlier part of our ride through the pine forests was beautiful. Shortly after we emerged from these to begin the ascent of the higher elevations, we were hailed by a sturdy joyous-looking mountaineer, well armed and dressed, and mounted on a showy grey horse. On mutual explanations we ascertained that he was a chief of considerable rank in the district, and actively engaged in the revolt. He told us some particulars of the fray of yesterday, accusing his countrymen of cowardice for not driving the Albanians into the sea, and announced early operations against the town. He seemed not insensible, however, of the magnitude and difficulty of the enterprise in which they were engaged, and said that should they fail it was their intention to die rather than submit, or at least to endeavour to escape by sea to some part of the Turkish dominions. The horse he rode had been taken the day before from one of the government messengers on his route to Damascus, and he charged us to tell the English consul that should it turn out to belong to any of the consular establishments, it should be restored. Declining with some regret a cordial invitation to his house, and giving him my usual warning against false reports of

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European assistance, we continued our route, and after a fatiguing ascent plunged down upon the village of Zaaclai — one of the largest and most flourishing we had visited, and with an unmixed Christian population.

Here, again, Assaad had relied on the hospitality of two brothers; and, without enumerating the particulars of our reception, I will only say that his confidence was as amply rewarded as in the case of our Druse and Greek friends. The room appropriated to the gentlemen of our party — Captain G., my son, and myself — was the principal one of the house, and covered with carpets, mats, and cushions, which had not lately been shaken. I am usually less than others a prey to vermin of any description; but, having rashly half undressed and rolled myself in a quilt, I soon felt myself literally lifted from the floor by the accumulated force of a million of fleas. Sleep was out of the question; and the rapid progress of my malady, coupled with the prospect of severe fatigue on the morrow, made this a matter of more consequence than the inconvenience of a single night.

In the course of this day's journey my attention was diverted from the scenery of our route to an object in motion on the ground. I found it to be a ball, of the size of a large egg, apparently composed of dried horse-dung, and the moving power a round squat beetle about a fourth of the size of the mass he was urging. I never saw a finer or more attractive exhibition of spirit, perseverance, and muscular power. There was something irresistibly droll in the attitude in which the little

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animal's strength was applied to its undertaking; for it usually stood on its head, and kicked its burthen back and upwards with an elastic exertion of its hind legs. The soil was not favourable to the operation; for the surface was strewed with loose stones, from which the ball frequently rolled back on its unwearied and undaunted mover. No obstacle could depress its spirit: sometimes, by a curious manœuvre, it contrived to cling to the mass which it had set in motion, and roll head over heels along with it. Its speed was such on the average, that I really believe I could have calculated the time in which it might have reached Damascus. It was a glorious example for a younger brother starting in life, an East India cadet, or a Scotch emigrant. I fell in lately with a description of, I should imagine, the same species of animal from the Mauritius. It delayed my journey, and would have stopped a White of Selborne for hours.

As it turned out, the task we had undertaken of riding to Baalbec and returning in the same day, was one which would have been severe to fresher horses and riders. The vale of Beka is one of those surfaces of gentle and insidious undulation which are deceptive as to distance, and most wearisome to the traveller. About an hour from Zaaclai we derived momentary encouragement from a first glimpse of the distant mass of Baalbec. It vanished, however, and for five mortal hours never again presented itself to our view. Village after village, and swamp after swamp, were passed. The heat was intense, but we reached our

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aim at last, after little short of seven hours' riding. I exerted what little strength disease and fatigue had left me, to crawl, rather than climb, over the ruins, which I saw imperfectly, and cannot attempt to describe.

Baalbec, like many other great piles of antiquity, has been a quarry from which the materials of Mahometan and other more recent edifices have been constructed; and probably here, as at Palmyra and elsewhere in the East, the prevalent belief in concealed treasure has led to much destruction. Still, from the profusion of scattered fragments which lie undisturbed around, it would appear as if the powers of nature had been busier than those of man, and the gigantic dimensions and solidity of the structure convey the impression that no force but that of the earthquake could have dislocated masses so huge and so compacted. Such has evidently been the fact in the case of the singular key-stone of the magnificent portal which every succeeding traveller since Volney has found more displaced from its position, but which still remains suspended. In the memory of man, column after column has been upheaved from its base and prostrated, but not destroyed. I am satisfied that many ruined portions of the original plan might be restored from the fragments now extant, though modern skill might hardly be able to rival the *callida junctura* of these artists of antiquity, who,

> Building to God and not to fame,
> Have never marked the marble with their name.

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Our proceedings in this instance had been governed by a knowledge of the wretched state of the village of Baalbec, which affords little accommodation for travellers; and our conductor was also extremely reluctant to pass a night in the immediate neighbourhood of a depôt of the Pacha's cavalry, whose barracks were situated at a quarter of a mile from the ruins. As far as they were concerned, I believe that in case of emergency they would have been useful to us. They were commanded by an Italian officer named Ferrari, who had shown civility to Mr. St. Leger, and I was the bearer of a note from that gentleman to him. It was not, however, improbable that the mountaineers might at any moment organise an attack upon this body, which, consisting principally of invalids, ought to have fallen an easy prey; and I was anxious to avoid assisting in any capacity at such a proceeding for many reasons besides the mere risk to our party at the moment,—a pretty strong one, I admit, in itself. I have since had reason to suppose, that if any communication had taken place between us, we should probably have been requested to take charge of Mr. Ferrari's wife, a native of the country, as her escort to the coast; a responsibility I should have been reluctant to refuse or to incur, as we might have found it difficult to ensure to such a companion the security which we ourselves enjoyed. I contented myself with committing my despatch to a dragoon, and we remounted our weary steeds for our weary ride.

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We took care to direct our homeward course by the southern and western fronts of the structure, into which are built those mighty stones of 60 feet and more in length, which M. De Lamartine suspects to be of antediluvian architecture. The human beings of our company achieved their return in safety; but the excellent horse which had carried Lady F. so surely, and so well, gave in at two hours' distance from Zaaclai, where we were forced to abandon it the next morning, I fear in a dying state. My kind entertainers, distressed at my adventures of the preceding night, had fitted up for me a bed in the open air under a shed on the roof, in which I slept as well as illness would allow. They had ransacked the pharmacies of Zaaclai also for simples, which they hoped might be of service. Man could do no more to relieve his brother, and many were their entreaties to me to prolong my stay, *i. e.* to turn them out of house and home, and live at free quarters on their resources during the pleasure of a stranger. Such was the conduct of the men, conduct accompanied with all that delicacy of manner could do to recommend it. The women, I am sorry to say, presented a contrast to the politeness and exquisite good feeling of their masters. I mention this contrast because it illustrates that abject condition of the sex in Syria, from which it must be gradually elevated, before missionaries, or anybody else, can effect any real improvement in the general condition of the country. Their curiosity was not only childish but brutish: while their male relations were treading

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softly for fear of disturbing us, they were trying to beat down the door of Lady F.'s room, and encircling her whenever they could find an opportunity, with an idiot stare on their countenances; and these were the ladies of best condition in the place.

We regained the Convent of Mar Elias in good time the following day, and here I was obliged to remain, and despatch a messenger for our doctor, who arrived in time the next day, as I believe, to save my life. My situation only brought out in fresh lustre the virtues of my friends. The superior lost all sense of dignity in administering to my comforts.*

* It has been a great satisfaction to me to have heard of the safety both of this my venerable and kind entertainer, and of our Druse friends. Their abodes were in the principal seat of the insurrection, and much exposed to the possible effects of Ibrahim's wrath in the first instance, and to the chances of war during the operations of the allies. The villages of Brumana and Bekfaya, near which I apprehend the action took place, in which Commodore Napier defeated Ibrahim, are close to Mar Elias. It is possible that the excesses attributed to Ibrahim's Albanian troops in the suppression of the first insurrection may have been exaggerated. It is, I believe, however, not doubted that some of the convents suffered severely; and it has been said that some monks were boiled in oil. It was, therefore, a relief to hear that my friends have, since the occupation of Beyrout by the English, dined with my son at the midshipmen's mess of the Princess Charlotte. The superior has also received a horse which I promised him for the use of the convent. I should hope that my Druse friend will have experienced no further obstacle to his love match, which I imagine Sir Robert Stopford will hardly interfere to prevent.

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" Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Whate'er his journeys may have been,
Must sigh to think that he has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

The author of these libellous lines had probably as much right from experience to publish them, as the road from London to the Leasowes could convey to an elderly twaddler ensconced in a postchaise. He had no Druse visiting acquaintances, and assuredly never slept in the Convent of Mar Elias. Travelling usually with my house on my back, I have myself had no further experience of Eastern hospitality than on the few occasions I have enumerated; but never, from the time of the angels in Scripture to that of Mungo Park, did wayworn travellers find reception more cordial and active in its hospitality, than I on those the only occasions on which I tried it. And let not any one cavil at the motive for its exercise. The offer of money remuneration would have been an affront. In the case of my Druse entertainers I found great difficulty in forcing on their acceptance a few articles of European manufacture, which I fortunately had the means of leaving behind me; and the younger had been so lectured by his brother, that I had to slip a knife as well as I could into one of his capacious pockets. With my Christian entertainers I was reduced to satisfy them and my own conscience by promises. Fortunately an Englishman's word passes as yet in Syria like a bank note in London, and I hope the time may be distant when the value of such

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a currency shall be depreciated. With this wish I bid a traveller's adieu to this kind and interesting people. I fear that the long night of suffering and ignorance and oppression has not yet passed away; that they have yet much to endure before a steady government, with education and commerce in its train, can develop their better qualities, and call forth the rich resources of their soil. Still I trust that some streaks of the dawn are discernible in the efforts of American missionaries, and in the bent and direction of England's policy.

18. Stanza lx.

I am afraid that Tăbărĭa, not Tăbārĭa, is the proper pronunciation, but I have sinned in good company: —

> "E'en tender maids assume
> The weighty morion and the dancing plume,
> And smile to see their armour's iron gleam
> In the blue waters of Tabaria's stream."
>
> Heber's *Palestine.*

19. Stanza lxix.

It is only in the district of Lebanon that the Christian subjects of the Ottoman empire are allowed the privilege which has been so poetically extolled by Shakspeare and Cowper.

20. Stanza lxx.

Revelation, xxi. 21. — "And the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass."

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A Scene from Madame de Crequi.

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"Their painful and anxious situation was alleviated by the pride of conscious virtue. They sternly rejected the temptations of fortune and favour; and a dying Courtenay would have sacrificed his son, if the youth could have renounced, for any temporal interest, the right and title of a legitimate prince of the blood of France."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ch. 51.

The work cited by the great historian in support of the above passage is probably in the hands of few readers. The anecdote, however, to which the extract refers has lately become accessible by its appearance in that very amusing but apocryphal French publication, the *Memoirs of the Marquise de Crequy*. Those who may take the trouble to look for it in the fifth chapter of that work, will find that in the following poem I have adhered pretty closely to the narration of the French author — authoress I should say if I or any one else believed in the existence of the Marquise de Crequy, or her connection with the lively pages which bear her name. Should my selection of the subject induce any reader to refresh his recollection of Gibbon's brilliant digression by turning to its pages, he will be better rewarded than by the perusal of my verses or the Frenchman's prose.

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A SCENE FROM MADAME DE CREQUI.

THE banner which floated o'er Salem's wall
Is waving now in the Courtenay's hall,
And over the Prince of Courtenay's head
The Emperor Baldwin's tent is spread.
It is ever thus that the Courtenays lie
Whenever they wed and whenever they die.
And to Cezy's hall, where the Courtenay lies,
Ready to give up his princely ghost,
To take his blessing and close his eyes,
The young Count Roger has ridden post.

" You are welcome, my son," the old man cried,
" For my course is well nigh sped;
" And I wish to die as my fathers died,
" With the labarum near my bed.
" Glad tidings have reached me, Count Roger, my son,
" Such as call up my strength anew,
" Ere the last of the sands in my glass are run,
" To learn if the tale be true.
" They say that our king has at last been won
" With the robe of his order to grace my son,
" And its ribbon of honoured blue ?"—
And the cheek of Count Roger it glowed like fire
As he murmured in answer, " 'Tis true, my sire."

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The Count's old fingers they fumbled awhile
In the folds of the tent, and the massy pile
Of pillows and cushions, which under his head
In the Emperor Baldwin's tent were spread.
But he drew back his hand, and thus pursued
The strain of his princely colloquy:
" And you, with a subject's gratitude,
" Have accepted his majesty's courtesy?"
And the cheek of Count Roger resumed its glow,
And his dark eye flashed, as he answered " No. —

" They have offered the line of Courtenay's heir,
" When the years of his manhood are twenty-one,
" The collar which France's princes wear
" Ere their beards be grown or their spurs be won.
" They have bidden him strike from the Courtenay's shield
" The lilies of France, which drew their bloom
" From infidel blood upon Salem's field
" When Baldwin rescued his Saviour's tomb."

" I am near my end," the old man replied,
" But remember the time when the demon of pride
" Possessed my bosom, as I repine
" To think that it now has mastered thine;
" But the damps of departure are on my brow,
" And the demon is dead within me now,
" And I think there is truth in the ancient saying
" That the veriest jackass alive and braying
" Is worth far more than the best dead lion;
" And all the world in the fact agrees,
" That the King is alive in the Tuilleries,
" And the Emperor Baldwin is dead in Sion."

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The son was silent, but well the sire
Could read in the young man's eye
And the burning cheek's rekindled fire
The tale of his mute reply:

" The tree that bends may rise again
" Soon as the blast be sped,
" And never a whit the worse remain
" Although some leaves be shred.
" A great-great-aunt of yours was fain
" A peasant churl to wed;
" The Bourbon woman, Jeanne d'Albert,
" Dared with the gibbet's lot to threat
" A Courtenay once."——" My sire, my sire,
" I faint! permit me to retire."—
" One moment yet. You will not yield
" The lilies from the Courtenay's shield?
" And round your neck you will not string
" The ribbon of the Christian king,
" E'en at thy sire's command?
" 'Tis well, my son, thou hast answered 'No;'
" For if thou hadst faltered in answering so,
" Thou hadst died by thy father's hand."

Then up from the Emperor Baldwin's bed
The old man jumped, and drew,
From the pillow where late he had laid his head,
A pistol charged to view.
But neither the son nor the father died,
For the sire was well and hale
As the young Count Roger who stood by his side,
Or as those who hear my tale.

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Lord William Bentinck.

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On our passage to Malta, we sailed for some hours along the southern shore of Sicily. At a few miles' distance, the numerous towns on the coast presented an appearance of opulence and splendour which, I fear, would have been sadly belied by a nearer inspection of the results of the wretched administration of this magnificent insular appendage to the kingdom of Naples. The sulphur question was at this moment at its height; and the remembrance of the benefits of English influence which accrued to the island when occupied by our forces under Lord William Bentinck, was said to be so strong, that the English flag could scarcely be displayed in a Sicilian harbour without danger of exciting insurrection against the present government. The following token of remembrance towards the good and just man who once held high command in this island, may claim a place among my Mediterranean sketches. No difference of political opinions could abate the affection which he inspired in those who enjoyed his acquaintance and friendship, or diminish their deep regret for his loss. I believe, but am not positive, that the friendship which long existed between him and the now reigning Royal Family of France, commenced in Sicily when the then Duke of Orleans was still excluded from the inheritance of his ancestors, and his royal relations of the Bourbon line were retaining by English assistance this last stronghold of their European possessions.

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LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK.

It seems but a day, but an hour, since he left us,
With no warning to cloud us, foreboding to pain,
As we clung to the hand of which death has bereft us,
Little thinking we never should grasp it again.

We ought to have thought so : to earth for a season,
Worth, friendship, and kindness are lent, but not given ;
And faith but confirms the conjecture of reason,
That the dearest to earth are the fittest for heaven.

It is true that the younger who flourished around him
Forgot in his converse the years he had passed,
While the youngest of all the gay circle they found him
With the sunshine of morn on his brow to the last.

For age could not curdle, nor politics sour,
That well-spring of kindness, whose warmth could endure
All the trials of wealth, the temptations of power,
Which left as they found it—untainted and pure.

The friendship of kings let them blame who have found it
The faithless delusion which sages condemn ;
But nearest thy coffin, when friends wept around it,
A king graced the circle, a mourner like them.

I deem not thy mourners a solace could borrow
From the tear with which Royalty's eyelids were dim,
But the proudest who wept thee may boast that their sorrow
Was sanctioned and shared by such partner as him.

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For 'twas not by some royal concocter of phrases
That a flowery tribute of language was shed,
But the lips were a sage's that uttered thy praises,
The heart was a hero's that beat for the dead.

His friendship was reared not on service to power,
Nor on flattery's worship at monarchy's shrine,
But was nurtured when exile was royalty's dower,
And the rule of a king o'er a people was thine—

Of a king and a father — where'er it extended,
Whether Europe or Asia acknowledged its sway,
It curbed the oppressor, the feeble defended,
And snatched from the Molochs of India their prey.

Should I turn to the hills we have traversed together,
When from cares of dominion thy bosom was free,
The breeze that comes over my own mountain heather
Shall waft me a gentle remembrance of thee.

And still in such scenes when that tribute is borne thee,
With thy vision united by memory's spell,
The form shall arise of another to mourn thee,
Who lived not, like me, but who loved thee as well,—

Of her who, like thee, when existence resigning,
Left many to weep for the spirit that fled,
And to one of her children the task of entwining
The remembrance of both in one strain to the dead.

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Francesca della Serna.

"Chi non ha visto á Sevilla,
Non ha visto maravilla,"

Says the Spanish proverb. I may add, that the man who has visited that city without seeing the national dances of Andalusia performed by its inhabitants, has omitted the most agreeable of its maravillas. The Francesca della Serna, to whom the following stanzas are addressed, was the childish heroine of a very lively entertainment, the commissariat of which was supplied by my fellow-travellers and myself at our lodgings in Seville. The corps de ballet consisted of some three or four professional dancers, of whom she was the youngest and most accomplished, assisted by performers from the middle class, among whom a barber of gipsy origin was very conspicuous. The orchestra, consisting of a violin and guitar, was assisted by the castanets, and occasionally the voices, of numerous chaperons and relations. Paper cigarritos, confectionary, and ordinary wine at discretion, formed the very simple and unexpensive fuel which kept up till daylight as strong a fire of merriment and good humour as I ever witnessed in any society. With the single exception of Taglioni, I have hardly seen grace of motion which

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equalled that of our performers; and over theatric exhibitors in general they had all the advantage of those who are engaged in a labour of love over such as perform a task for which they are paid. The excitement of Moorish blood, whether in pleasure or in anger, is a thing to see; and Spanish dancing, compared to the drilled movements of figurantes, is the equitation of an Arab or a Peon contrasted with a dragoon. While on this subject I may remark, that no nation with which I am acquainted is so thoroughly, if I may use the expression, imbued with music as the Spanish. To the greater triumphs of musical science, indeed, Spain has probably no pretension; but I question whether, either in Italy or Germany, the pleasures of sound are so universally appreciated or generally enjoyed. There is certainly none in which music is so habitually wedded to politics. Every shade of opinion has its impromptu Marseillaise. The movement marches, the antimovement halts to music, and every political tenet of the day has stanzas for its formula. In the harbour of Malaga my vessel was alongside of a felucca, in which some most miserable-looking infantry were embarking for one of the African presidios. Many of them came on board with a musket in one hand and a guitar on the other, and till long after midnight they made the air resound with hymns to the honour and glory of Espartero and the popular cause. I am a poor authority in such matters, but I question whether a false note or a wrong cadence ever occurs in Andalusia to offend a nicer ear than mine.

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TO FRANCESCA DELLA SERNA.

Once more my anchor swings above the brine;
Yet, to what shore soe'er I plough the main,
One page in memory's album shall be thine,
Seville, the flower of all the realms of Spain.

And thou, Francesca, when that page I score
With many an outline of fantastic grace,
With Moorish arch and Arab tracery's lore,
Thy gentle vision there shall find a place.

If sages rightly to the dancer's skill
Have given the name of motion's poetry,
I ask no other Lesbos than Seville,
No fairer Sappho, gentle child, than thee.

To thy young ear time has not struck the hour
For aught but gay guitar or castanet,
Nor breath of lover stirred the jasmin flower
Which decks thy locks of Andalusian jet.

Oh! may some Sylph, commissioned from above,
Still haunt that flower, and, with Ithuriel spear,
Deny to all but truth and honest love
Access and entrance to that maiden ear!

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Thou art not all thou shalt be, more than Spain
Is what she was. That eye, half dew, half fire,
Can but provoke some livelier music's strain,—
Some nameless wanderer's verse, like mine, inspire.

Time was when charms like thine, matured, had warmed
To triumphs, not of dancing, but of war,
And partners in the seguedille had armed
To onslaught on the Arab's alcazar;

When such approving glance as thine to meet
Towns had been sacked and Emirs had been slain,
And at the fair Francesca's nimble feet
The spoils of slaughtered infidels had lain.

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The Alhambra.

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LINES INSCRIBED IN THE ALBUM OF THE ALHAMBRA.

Long shall Iberia curse the apostate's name,
Her sovereign's guilt, and injured Cava's shame;
For long she mourned her lands the spoiler's prey,
The Pagan's triumph and the Moslem's sway,
And long in high Grenada's regal tower
Arabia's caliphs fixed their throne of power.
E'en now, on Xeres' plain or Xenil's shore,
Though passed their triumph, and their reign no more,
With awe the stranger views Alhambra's walls,
Her marble fountains and her sculptural halls,—
The bath, the harem, and the arched alcove,
Abodes of science, luxury, and love;
Courts where cool zephyrs o'er the lemon bower
Come sweet, and freshened by the fountain's shower,
Where through the broad banana's screen the day
To emerald mildness soothes its fiercest ray.
And all this faded pomp of years gone by
Wakes in his breast the involuntary sigh,
Tells him how vain the haughty victor's boast,
The sword, the banner, and the embattled host;
For time has swept more massive walls away,
And war's stern front has mouldered to decay
Bulwark and rampart low on mount and plain.
These peaceful towers attest the spoiler's reign,
Alone recal his splendour and his pride,—
How Tarick conquered, and how Roderick died.

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Gonsalvo di Cordova.

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UNDER a plain slab, in the church of St. Jeronimo, at Grenada, lie the remains of Spain's greatest warrior, Gonsalvo di Cordova, by whom the church was erected. The comparison in the following lines was suggested by an article in the "Quarterly Review" on Mr. Prescot's admirable History of Ferdinand and Isabella.

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GONSALVO DI CORDOVA.

" Whose grave is this? A stranger's eye like mine
Can scarcely read the well-worn legend's line.
The slab is simple — yet, I know not why,
It seems as if no common dust should lie
Beneath. This reverend building's central nave
Might suit a king's, a saint's, a hero's grave.
Which of the three lies here?" — " The last; who died
As he had lived, his country's boast and pride,
Statesman and warrior, — who, with patient toil,
Scant and exhausted legions taught to foil
Skill, valour, numbers. One who never sought
A selfish glory in the fields he fought, —
Lived, breathed, and felt but for his country's weal,
Her power to 'stablish, and her wounds to heal.
The dread of France, when France was most the dread
Of all." —— " Why surely Wellington is dead,
And buried here! And yet my memory calls
The church we see St. Jerome's, not St. Paul's.
I slept last night and woke in old Grenada;
Not in a Christian inn, but a Posada."
— " Sir, with your leave, all this may well be so,
For Cordova's great captain lies below.
Here, in a word, to make the matter plain,
Gonsalvo sleeps, — the Wellington of Spain."

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Radicofani.

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RADICOFANI.

" Now give me, landlord, if you can,
Another room, I pray!"—
'Twas thus a travel-wearied man
At eve was heard to say.

It was at Radicofani,
Amid the tempest's din,
Whilst autumn blasts were sweeping by
That weird and lonesome inn.

" I cannot bear, through sleepless hours,
To hear the creaking vane,—
The tempest's fiendlike scream, its showers
Against the clattering pane.

" I cannot stop my ears, nor hide
In vaults beneath the ground;
But on the mansion's sheltered side
May half escape the sound.

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" E'en could I sleep, that voice of fear
Would rouse me from my dream,
Believing that I woke to hear
My drowning children's scream.

" The sky was bright, the breeze was kind,
And fair as breeze could blow.—
Oh God! that I could trust the wind,
Or that deluding show.

" Two days, with weather to befriend—
Two days, or little more,
Had brought them to their journey's end,
And now a week is o'er.

" And ever since such storm has blown
As now I shrink to hear;
And nothing of their fate is known,
And all is left to fear.

" Oh! should the tempest's wrath prevail,
What hours or years remain
For him who watched that lessening sail
He ne'er shall see again!

" To bear that lingering agony,
The worst that man can bear,
Of lessening Hope's uncertainty,
Slow fading to despair.

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" To pace along the haven quay
To dusk from daylight's hour,
Till sailors question, — ' Who is he,
Who, from the lighthouse tower,

" ' With gesture wild, and visage pale
As one who leaves the grave,
Seems to hold converse with the gale,
And question every wave?

" ' Sad stranger! Were his faith but ours,
And saints could show him grace,
A cell in yonder convent's towers
Might best befit his case.' "

Thus raved that traveller, till at last
His angel whispered — " Peace:
The God who raises rules the blast,
And bids its fury cease.

" Cling to his Scripture, kiss the rod,
Submissive learn to view
The infant and the orphan's God,
God of the parent too."

He heard, He saved: His lightnings round
That vessel harmless played,
Whilst fast her anchor clutched the ground
By Elba's arms embayed.

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E'en there her tall mast felt the squall;
Yet still that frail abode,
The ark that held a father's all,
In peace and safety rode.

THE END.

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