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VIEW OF JERUSALEM FROM THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

TRAVELS

IN

GREECE, TURKEY,

AND THE

HOLY LAND,

In 1817—18.

BY COUNT FORBIN.

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INTRODUCTION.



A PLAIN edifice has not need of a peristyle ; and a simple and true narrative might dispense with an introduction. In complying, however, with this custom, I shall endeavour to take advantage of it, by remarking that I was deprived of all my resources nearly at the same time, inasmuch as I had depended on the help of two scientific men,* to be enabled to present to the Public a Work of more certain interest.

It is therefore to be considered merely as the sketch-book of a traveller, and as a text by which the embellishments are illustrated. The Drawings themselves would have been of little value, had it not been for the talent of the Artists who have bestowed on them their time and industry, with a zeal which affords me a promise of success, and the remembrance of which will always demand my lively gratitude.

The Episode related by an Arab will probably serve to convey an idea of the twofold scourge which oppresses the inhabitants of Syria. It will be read, no doubt, with interest.

* M. Huyot and M. Prevost.

When I had completed this task, discouraged by what was entirely my own, but encouraged by the brilliant execution of the Drawings, I was desirous to efface and begin anew, however I might be sensible of my want of ability to do better.

Did truth possess so powerful a charm as is supposed, I should offer the faithful delineations of my impressions with more security. Lively sensations, and the enthusiasm I felt, made me forget that every thing had been already said, written, and drawn. Surprised, however, by the unexpected effect of the objects themselves, it appeared to me that united and multiplied efforts could scarcely give a satisfactory idea of the East.

The manners of the inhabitants have been studied, the usages described, the ruins consulted, and the obelisks measured; and, notwithstanding, this ensemble strikes each traveller in a different way. Each of them searches profoundly into one part, and treats coldly and slightly all the rest. The smallest tribute is therefore not without its use. I timidly throw in my mite; and I shall, without doubt, owe to this good intention the indulgence of a few of my readers, and the courage to support the severity of others.

TRAVELS
IN THE
L E V A N T,
IN 1817—18.

I HAD formed, in my early youth, a resolution to visit the remote countries of the East. To effect this, I had to contend against a variety of obstacles; but an opportunity was at length afforded me of realizing the most ardent of my wishes, and my departure was decided on. The plan I had conceived was so hazardous and difficult of execution that I did not dare to communicate my ideas to those in whose judgment I might have confided. The suggestions of prudence—the arguments of reason and friendship—would have deprived me of the courage requisite to defend the reveries of my boyish days.

As it would have been imprudent to embark in so arduous an enterprize at a later season, I hastened my departure by all the means in my power. When, as the time drew near, the inconveniencies I should have to encounter presented themselves to my imagination still more forcibly, and with a greater semblance of truth, I resolved, notwithstanding, to confide my destiny to chance, without varying my plan. Amid my distracted thoughts, however, such was the ascendancy of the vow I had made, I often lamented inwardly my own determination, in the same way as one would complain of an unjust and peremptory command.

I crossed France with all rapidity, but was detained for some days at Marseilles on account of the Cleopatra frigate not being fully equipped. The King, by whose permission I had engaged in my travels, and who patronized their execution, vouchsafed to allow me a passage in this frigate, one of the Levant squadron.

M. Huyot, a skilful architect, whose talents and amiable qualities have acquired him a general esteem, fell into my views, and became my associate. M. Prevost, whose beautiful panoramas are so celebrated, and his nephew, M. Coche-reau, a very promising young artist, who had exhibited in the Saloon of the Fine Arts a painting which has been greatly admired, were to embark with us. It was agreed that we should rendezvous at Marseilles, where the Abbé Forbin—

Janson, my cousin, was to join us. It was there that, after having taken the best advice, I came to the painful determination to sell my paternal estate, the spot where I was born, and which holds the tombs of my ancestors. It is a large château on the banks of the Durance, surrounded by aged trees. There once dwelt those who were so dear to me; and there the remembrance of my mother's virtues was engraven in every breast. Dire necessity led me to make this sacrifice, with which I cannot help reproaching myself as a fault.

On the 21st of August, 1817, the vessels anchored in the Great Road of Toulon: on the 22nd, at half past four in the afternoon, the morning having been very stormy, the wind shifted to the north-west, and orders were given to set sail. The division steered, under an easy sail, towards the South, and at five o'clock was between the Isle of Porquerolles and Cape Sicié. On the following day, in the afternoon, we were in sight of the Island of Sardinia, of that of St. Peter, and of the rock named the Bull, from which we were distant about twenty miles. On the 24th, at four in the afternoon, we descried land in the south: this was the Island of Galetta. The sea was unruffled, and the division proceeded in the order of sailing, preserving the line of convoy, with the frigate a-head. On the 25th we had a distinct view of the coast of Africa, to approach which, the wind being contrary, we had to make frequent tacks.

On the 4th of September, our vessel was becalmed at a short distance from the Island of Anti-Milo, off which we remained until the following morning. At one in the afternoon, a strong breeze from the south-east drove us as far up as the Island of Egina. We then lay to: the sky became suddenly overcast, and we were unable to distinguish the coast, and the forms of the mountains. They were, however, to be seen at intervals, when the lightning flashed, while heavy thunder-claps rolled over the city of Minerva. This lasted during the night, and we were apprehensive of a gale coming on; but the sea was not agitated in an extraordinary degree. On the following day, the 6th, we entered the Piræus, the port of Athens. The beach is at first sandy, then dark and argillaceous, and covered with small ruins, amid which is the house of the Turkish Collector of Customs.

Instead of waiting for horses, we set out on foot with all diligence. We first had to ascend a small barren hill, which led us to a well cultivated plain, planted with olive-trees, across which lay the ruins of the great wall of Themistocles. A thick forest of olive-trees, of the age of Pericles, covered the vines, the boughs of which were intertwined around the

branches of these trees, which, in remote times, had witnessed the most glorious triumphs. The cultivation of Attica brought to my remembrance that of the south of Italy. With hasty steps we proceeded towards a height from which we should be enabled to procure a sight of Athens: we were approaching that city; and my heart palpitated violently. I was at length gratified with a view of this sacred spot, this temple of liberty, of glory, and of the arts. The Acropolis was detached, and around it hovered a dark cloud, the remains of the storm of the preceding evening. The sun's rays struck powerfully on these masses of white marble, which have preserved so pure a colour amid the constructions of the barbarous ages. The old walls surrounding the Propylæum seem huddled together to augment the eclat of the little that is left of the chefs-d'œuvres of Ictinus and Phidias. The temples of Theseus next opened on our view: farther on, to the right, appeared the Pnyx, the hill of the Museum, the Areopagus, the monument of Philopapus, and on the left, Mount Anchesmus, to complete this picture, which seems, in a manner, to realize the bold composition of the beautiful landscapes due to the luxuriant fancy of Poussin. Not a tree is to be seen in this direction to enliven the prospect: an extent of half a league of rocky, broken, and parched soil, separates the city from the wood of olives, which is not altogether devoid of beauty, more especially to one born in the south of France. We were rivetted to the spot, without either of the party being able to utter a coherent sentence, until modern Athens, the object of our inquiry, was disclosed to us by her lofty minarets. This city is surrounded by low walls, with gates which may be compared to those of the worst farms near Paris. It is modestly stationed at the foot of the Acropolis, and silent as the slave who feels ashamed of his misery and chains.

I had to pass through narrow streets, and through the principal bazar, to reach the house of M. Fauvel, the French consul. His retreat is truly that of a philosopher, but embellished with taste. It is surrounded by the ruins of ancient Athens: within, trunks of columns and capitals afford seats; and shelter is procured from above by antique tiles. Tombs and inscriptions, distributed around, bring to the traveller's remembrance the names, the enterprises, and the misfortunes of those who, in times long past and gone, had to struggle through this dreary life of sorrows.

M. Fauvel was not at home, but returned soon after my arrival, and received me in the most obliging manner. His rich collection was laid open to me, and he insisted on my becoming his inmate. During my stay at Athens we were

seldom apart. Would that I could communicate to my readers the pleasure I felt in inspecting, in his company, the noble ruins which have engrossed the whole of his attention for thirty years past! The extent of his researches has been such, that even where he entertains doubts he does not fail to afford instruction.

He appeared to me to be, at this time, about sixty-five years of age, and was just recovered from a severe illness, notwithstanding which his vivacity and the poignancy of his wit, still unabated, served to engender and foster discussion: he might have supported a theme advantageously beneath the celebrated portico, the vestiges of which his imagination has portrayed.

His house is situated between the ruins of the library of the Ptolemies, and the temple of Theseus. When we were seated on the terrace, in the evening, we could distinctly hear the discordant music of the Egyptian slaves, who assemble together occasionally to forget their bondage: they performed Nubian dances on the very spot where the festival of the founder of Athens was once celebrated by brilliant theories.

Our first excursion led us towards the temple of Minerva, and the Propylæum, to which we ascended with anxious speed. I was perplexed, for I wished to admire every thing at once. I could have imprinted kisses on these venerable marbles, if they had not been covered by the obscure names of the different travellers who have visited Athens for some centuries past.

Amid these sacred ruins, we feel a solemn awe which deprives us in a great measure of the power of utterance: we speak in half whispers. Here it was that the echo we still reverence once repeated the rival and celebrated songs of the tribes of Acamantis and Hippothoontis; for here they sung the victories of Theseus on Mount Homole, and in the plains of Thermodon.

We advanced slowly among a heap of reversed columns and broken friezes, to the spot where once stood the statue of Minerva, and on the site of which a small mosque has been erected.

This great destruction is not the work of ages, the ravages of which are not any where to be discerned: the fine polish of the marble, the sharp angles, and the compactness of the masonry, every thing, in short, unites to absolve time, and to accuse the barbarous hand of man.

At sun rise it was my delight to seat myself on the summits of the marble walls of the Parthenon, whence I could overlook the immense theatre of the pomp, the dissensions, and the

combats of the nations of Attica. With these remembrances my imagination was filled : all was animated around me ; the sea was covered with victorious fleets ; the songs of triumph were re-echoed along the shores of Phaleron and Munichia ; while Egina and Salamis joined in responsive notes. I saw Megara start from her antique tomb ; Eleusis invest herself with her crown of flowers and corn spikes ; and proud Corinth endeavour to shake off the dust from her brow, on which, in days of yore, gold shone resplendant.

The Pnyx still seemed to expect the tumultuous and frivolous crowd, the multitude, as agitated as the waves of the sea, once there assembled. I fancied I could hear even the praises her orators lavished on her ; but those days of glory, of proud contentions, and of cruel proscriptions, with all the passions which spring from liberty, were become mute as the ashes and ruins which surrounded me.

When I awakened from my long reveries I felt myself overwhelmed with sadness : I looked around me, but could perceive nothing besides immense heaps of ruins, steril plains, and a deserted sea ; while my ears were assailed with lamentations, and with the clamours of the disdar-Aga, the commander of the Chateau, who ill treated his slaves.

I am engaged at the present time in preparing a work on Athens, and shall therefore forbear from entering into details in this place, which many of my readers would assuredly deem superfluous. I shall therefore limit myself to a brief notice of a few of the impressions made on me, without pretending to display Athens methodically, and without professing to have found a single piece of marble which has not been described.

Athens contains a population of from ten to twelve thousand Greeks, Turks, and Albanians, the latter of whom predominate in the twenty thousand souls who people Attica. It is surrounded by low and ill built walls, which were repaired, and in a great measure re-constructed in 1772, under the inspection of the chief of the Bostangis, the vavvode of Athens. All the Greeks resident in the city, were, without exception, compelled to work. Thirty drums were in constant beat to cheer them and their fellow labourers in their toils ; and this new Amphion completed his singular operation in less than three months. Having in the sequel abused the power confided to him, he was strangled at Cos, where he had retired after having completely stripped the inhabitants of Attica. His house, and the gardens attached to it, which have been much admired, are situated near those of the ancient Academy : they belonged to the Validé-Sultan. A few trees, and several fine basins of water, were the only objects that drew my particular attention at this

spot. At a small distance from it are the vestiges of three tombs, which may have been those of Chabrias, Pericles, and Thrasybulus: two of them have been demolished; but the third resembles the monument of the Horatii at Albano. M. Fauvel has been frustrated in his attempts to dig beneath it. These tombs were near the ancient walls, the traces of which are still apparent. The authorities most to be relied on fix at seven *stadia** the distance which separated the gate Dipylon from the Academy: this estimate places the present gate, stiled that of the Egyptians, nearly at the same spot with the above gate; whence it would appear that the ancient circumference of Athens was not very great. We next come to the gate Mandravili, leading to the temple of Theseus; to that of Mne-mouria, or the gate of the tombs; to that of Indi Baba, so named by the Turks, because an Indian dervich there took up his residence; to the gate of Hadrian; to that of Bobonistra, which leads to Marathon, to the Lyceum, and to the Stadium; and, lastly, to the gate of el-Djeryd, formerly the gate Hippades, without which were the horse races: here likewise the Turks amuse themselves in various exercises.

We dug near the gate of the Piræus in search of antiquities, but were not very successful. I found, however, in a tomb, a vase of the description of those which are commonly called Etruscan vases, of a fine form, and of the best workmanship. When, at length, after several ineffectual attempts, the sound of the tools and pickaxes gave notice of a construction, of an arch-roof more especially, the workmen and spectators were gladdened with joy. This occupation has all the interest of the chase: we waited impatiently until the first bricks were removed.

I was surprised, notwithstanding, at observing those who profess so high a respect for modern sepulchres, thus disturb, without any scruple, the peace of those who sleep beneath the cypresses of Phaleron.

The adjacent shores are entirely covered with ruins: with the help of Pausanias, however, the parts where the long walls were united with those of the Piræus and Phaleron are to be traced. We fancied we could make out the place where the markets stood; and also, near the great haven, the ruins of the portico of Leschai, and those of the temple of Venus, erected by Cædipus. A greek monastery has been built on the remains of the altar of the Paphian goddess; the vestiges of a theatre abut on those of the citadel of Munychia; and steps indicate an amphitheatre near the temple of Diana.

* An ancient Greek measure of length, about equal to our furlong.

When the sea is calm, the distribution of the anchorage grounds, and of the ports of Phaleron and Munychia, now almost choked, may be distinctly traced. The most trivial objects have heroic names bestowed on them: a large black stone is pointed out to you, still ruder than the smallest of the druidical monuments on the coast of Britain: this is the tomb of Themistocles.

The Stadium, a monument indicative of the magnificence of Herodes Atticus, has been entirely stripped of its marble, notwithstanding which it impresses the spectator by the beauty of its proportions. On reaching the summit, the remains of the bridge thrown over the Ilissus are discernible, together with the pillars of the temple of Jupiter Olympius,* the gate of Hadrian, the theatre of Bacchus, the Acropolis, and the sea of Salamis.

From this spot the spectator has the most complete, as well as the best defined view, of Athens. He also sees near the gate of Hadrian the monument of Lysicrates, better known by the name of the lantern of Demosthenes. This work, belonging to the finest epoch of art, and elegant in the extreme, is wedged in the angle of a Latin convent, now falling in ruins. If the Propagande of Rome should decide on having this monastery rebuilt, the choragic tripod will suffer as much from the reconstruction, as from the otherwise speedy and inevitable fall of this edifice. M. Fauvel is of opinion that this beautiful monument constituted a portion of the street of the Tripods, which terminated near the theatre of Bacchus.

On my return from my long excursions on Mount Pentélicus—from the quarries whence so many chefs-d'œuvre have been drawn, and after I had rambled in the vale of Ciriada and over the slopes of Hymettus I interrogated M. Fauvel, who explained to me all that I had seen. A young Albanian female servant, arrayed in her picturesque costume, spread our table beneath a trellis, and we seated ourselves, with an excellent appetite, to the doves of Sunium served up to us, washing them down with the rich wine of Zéa. Never before had so many questions been proposed to M. Fauvel, whose patience was put to a severe trial. It is to be regretted that he does not write; for no one is better able than he is to expound Pausanias, and to elucidate his verbose and obscure style.

We were present at the dance of the derviches in the tower of the winds. It is probable that this solar monument was likewise an hydraulic clock; and an opinion is entertained that

* Mr. Fauvel thinks that he has found the Temple of Jupiter Olympius in the ruins, the corinthian columns of which are at present concealed by the shops of the bazar.

its erection was superintended by Andronicus Cyrrhestes. The derviches have taken possession of it. We found them whirling round in a paroxysm of religious fervour, but few examples of which occur. The arrival of a holy Mussulman, who was just returned from Mecca, and had brought with him a few drops of the holy water from the well of Zemzem, wrought their devotion to the highest pitch of phrenzy. At the commencement the performance of their songs and dances was slow and solemn: this was to be considered as a kind of prelude; but they soon became animated to such a degree, as to utter the most horrible shrieks. Old men, presenting the finest forms, were to be seen rolling on the ground, and tearing their garments: they were carried out of the temple in a state of intoxication and degradation difficult to describe.

I met with several well informed Greeks who support with painful indignation the yoke imposed on them. On this head I had an opportunity to be fully satisfied on the day when the Bey of Caristo, in the Néropont, made his entry into Athens. Several guns fired from the Acropolis announced his approach. Having taken our station beneath the peristyle of the temple of Theseus, we enjoyed, with a great part of the population of Athens, a spectacle which, to us at least, had the charm of novelty. The motley group forming the retinue of the Bey, consisted of Albanians on foot, janissaries, and spahis on horseback. The Turks of distinction, followed by their domestics, pranced around him, while the rabble of a mussulman militia shouted, waved their flags, and discharged their muskets. The Bey, mounted on an African charger, and disguised by an immense turban, surveyed, with looks of insolent disdain, the city on which he was come to levy tribute.

The Greeks who surrounded me were pensive and sullen. In their physiognomy, which never wants expression, embarrassment was depicted; and generous tears bedewed the marble monuments, the ancient trophies of the power of Athens.

In the same way as the Jews expect the Messiah, so do the Greeks look forward to independence: liberty would, however, alight in vain on these shores, once her noblest domain. This nation would no longer comprehend her divine language, which would be confided exclusively to ignorant caloyers.

Athens has still her twelve archons, and Rome still elects a senator. This mockery of the past is most afflicting to the Greeks, because they have to bend the neck to the cimeter, which marks the lowest degree of humiliation.

The twelve archons, however, assemble occasionally: they present their very humble remonstrances to the vayvode who heaps injuries on them, to the mufti who vents on them his

maledictions, and to the *cadi* whose protection they have often to purchase at a dear rate. Sixty Albanians, commanded by a *boulouk bâchy*, make all Attica tremble.

The climate of Athens is delightful; but the pure air, the resplendent light, and the vivifying heat it enjoys, have ceased to shed their benign influence on the Greeks. They no longer inspire them with sublime ideas and beautiful imagery; nor do the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art spring up, as heretofore, in this fostering soil. Langour prevails throughout; and those who were erst born to glory, are now, alas! the children of suffering and sorrow.

Liberty, in shifting her ground, has changed her character. This idol of the Athenians has become in our time cold and fastidious: she would repel with disdain the elegant rites and voluptuous incense of the temples of Epidaurus and Argos.

Athens is not altogether destitute of commerce. She disposes of her oil and dressed skins, and has had a balance in her favour of not less than a million of piastres. These speculations, however, are constantly shackled by extortions, confiscations, and custom-house disputes, insomuch that a Greek has but little chance of success unless he forms a connexion with a leading Turk.*

The richly decorated baths of the ancient Athenians have given place to buildings of a whimsical form, lighted by a high cupola provided with coloured glass. I paid frequent visits to them; and heard, amid volumes of suffocating steam, not the conversation of Greek philosophers, but the monotonous drawl of an assemblage of Turks, who chanted passages of the Koran.

I undertook, with M. Fauvel, the painful task of counting the riches of which the monuments of Athens have not as yet been despoiled: we could not find more than twenty-eight metopes on the two façades of the Temple of Minerva, and one only, that of the south-west angle, in a tolerable state of preservation. M. Choiseul-Gouffier carried away two of these valuable *bas-reliefs*, one of which was purchased by him. The other he received as a present from M. Fauvel.

After Lord Elgin's departure the vacant space of the *cariatid* which stood in the angle of the *Pandrosos* was filled up by a pillar of masonry. This statue, which he took away with him, was the one the best preserved. On the one next to it was inscribed *OPUS PHIDIÆ*; and on the misshapen pillar *OPUS ELGIN!*

* I allude here to the continent only: the islands are more fortunate, the prosperity of several of them observing a constantly augmenting ratio.

In the Island of Egina, M. Fauvel pointed out to me the ruins of the Temple of Panhellenian Jove. A company of speculators had just found there all the figures which decorated the pediment. This monument is thought to be of the date of the return of the Greeks from Troy; and as the heads of these figures have a very decided character of individuality, they may have been the portraits of Agamemnon, and of the other chiefs of the Grecian army. Two columns of the Temple of Venus remain; and on the western side of the island is a *tumulus* which has been opened without leading to any discovery, and which was thought to be the tomb of Phocus.

Within these few years the population of Egina has been augmented considerably: two thousand inhabitants are crowded together in a small hamlet, built on the ruins of the House of Laïs: there she led a voluptuous life, surrounded by her suitors.

On our return to Athens, we visited the prisons of the Areopagus. The tribunal had been long sought at a spot adjacent to the Citadel, where formerly stood the Palace of the Greek Archbishop, and a Church dedicated to Saint Denis the Areopagite. All that is described on this head by Pausanias was discovered by my learned guide; and this he demonstrated in the most satisfactory manner. But where could have been the house of Socrates, that of Aspasia, and the work-shops of Phidias? M. Fauvel led me to a spot covered with fragments and splinters of marble; and we afterwards sought the dwellings of Pericles and Alcibiades. In these researches he was never at a loss to point out the interesting objects within our view.

Our attention was next directed to the ancient city of Salamis, the ruins of which we descried in front of Athens. There it was that, from the summit of a circular platform, fifty feet in diameter, abutting on a wall of uncemented stones, Xerxes saw the discomfiture of his fleet, the wrecks of which in a manner choked the Strait. The left of the Athenians was protected by a promontory, where the remains of a tower are still to be seen, and their right, by Cynosura.

On our landing at Salamis, a few Greeks, who had more the air of savages than of men in a civilized state, betook themselves to flight. Two points only of this island are inhabited: we had to ferry over, and came to two wretched monasteries, one of which is opposite to Megara. The ruins of that city are the most ancient in Greece. In examining them Virgil was seized with the illness which terminated fatally at Brundisium.

It is estimated that there are still four thousand inhabitants

at Megara. It may be that the walls, the vestiges of which are its only antique remains, are the identical ones raised by Apollo with the aid of Alcatöus. The god placed his lyre on a stone, which has ever since given out harmonious and protracted sounds.

*Regia turris erat, vocalibus addita muris,
In quibus auratam proles Latoïa fertur
Deposuisse lyram; saxo sonus ejus inhasit.
Sæpe illuc solita est ascendere filia Nisi,
Et petere exiguo resonantia saxa lapillo,
Tum cùm pax esset: bello quoque sæpe solebat
Spectare ex illa rigidi certamina Martis.*

OVID. *Metam.* viii, ix.

The inhabitants of Megara wear the Albanian costume, but speak the Greek language: the women, whose tattered garments betray the wretchedness of their condition, welcome the stranger, notwithstanding, with the gracious kalimera.

I was present at an Athenian wedding. The parties were of an ordinary condition: Spiro, the son of Kthina, espoused the daughter of Georgi, belonging to the parish of Panagia Ulassaro. The young bride was agreeable, but disfigured by a profusion of gilt paper, by patches, and by the deep red and blue with which her cheeks were bedaubed. She was so encumbered with a load of garments that she could scarcely walk, and required the help of several young women, when she made her circuits round the large tapers placed in the centre of the apartments. The three Papas (Greek Priests) sung with a nasal twang; and every quarter of an hour the bride and bridegroom were led to an alcove, where they were seated, surrounded by their nearest relatives. Among the more opulent Greeks this ceremony usually lasts for a considerable time.

I fell in at Athens with several rich Englishmen, whose important business it was to traverse Greece with all possible rapidity. I met also with several English and German artists, the latter of whom had spent several years in drawing and measuring, with the minute precision of a scrupulous commentator, these monuments, the noble creation of genius. These wretched slaves of rules, of the slightest caprices of the Ancients, write volumes to point out an error of three lines, committed in 1680, in the measurement of an architrave. They pore, sleep, and remain eight years at Athens, to draw three columns. It is their practice to erect a small house at a spot they select for their perspective; and their dismal productions in water-colours require several years to be brought to the highest degree of their wearisome perfection. They have established a small academy, and assemble at stated periods, to honour and praise each other. One of them un-

dertakes the literary department, and pens, in german greek, harsh dissertations, to demonstrate that, (thanks to the progress of time, and the procession of the equinoxes) the arts can no longer flourish out of Norway, or among certain *southern* nations, such as the Prussians and Bavarians.

A marriage which engrossed all the conversation of the higher circles of Athens, was said to be at that time on foot. A young Englishman had, it seems, fallen desperately in love with a Greek lady, Mina Macri, whose charms had, together with those of her sister, been celebrated by the muse of Lord Byron. Their father had enjoyed the post of English Consul. I was not struck with the beauty of these young ladies; but, as a gallant Frenchman, I felt a respect for the enthusiasm of the Athenians.

I cannot quit Modern Athens without a slight mention of the society I met with there. The most agreeable, beyond all comparison, was that which assembled at the parties of the lady of the Austrian Consul, M. Grappius. This young lady, a Greek of Constantinople, possesses a fine figure, and speaks several languages with the grace and delicacy natural to her nation. Her husband, a well informed artist, employs the greater part of his time in researches after antiquities.

The English Consul, Logotheti, a name which he inherits from his father, who had this title bestowed on him on account of a post he held in the Greek church, was but little seen, and did not appear to me to be on an intimate footing with the Consul of France. The Archbishop of Athens has for suffragans, the bishops of Thebes, Livadia, and Talanda, the ancient Opones, in the gulf of Negropont, and to the north of Lebadaia. This man, who is not deficient in address and in a sort of politeness peculiar to the Greeks, is a native of Metelina. He was formerly preceptor to a prince of Walachia. I found him busily engaged in temporal concerns: he was on the eve of concluding an advantageous match for his nephew with the sister of the agent of France, at Zea. In this affair, which set all the busy tongues of Athens in motion, the primate was much more interested than in the remembrance of the preaching of St. Paul in the Areopagus, or in that of the mystical reveries of Patmos. I ought not to forget Doctor Avramiotti; and the potent wrath kindled in his bosom by M. de Chateaubriand: feeling himself offended at certain passages in the Itinerary, he made a virulent attack on the author in a small Greek pamphlet, which was translated into Italian at Padua, but which did not on that account acquire a greater celebrity.

I quitted Athens reluctantly, with the hope of returning

thither; and I cannot as yet persuade myself but that I shall again visit a spot, where my time passed so rapidly, where each object drew my attention, and where I seemed to realize the illusions and reveries of my youthful days. It was my frequent custom to walk out at night, because I fancied that the prevailing gloom, the solemn stillness, had the effect of bringing me into a closer alliance with the past. Then it is that the imagination, without effort, rears the most sumptuous edifices, while the pale and dubious light of the moon conduces to these grand resurrections. I peopled the porticoes and public places with illustrious shades; I agitated the multitude by the uncertainty of a defeat or a triumph: the temples opened, and I thought I heard the warlike shouts of the citizens, the impassioned accents of the orators, and the tumult of a free people, jealous of their glory, and devoting to the infernal deities all the enemies of their independence.

I purchased a part of M. Fauvel's collection: these monuments will at least possess the merit of having been found by him. I regret that the remote distance, and his advanced age, afford me but little hope of seeing him again; but he will learn how truly sensible I am of the hospitality he afforded me, and how much I value the lessons he bestowed on me.

Having again embarked on board the brig *le Léopard*, we sailed on the 23d of September, at eight o'clock in the evening. We were detained for a considerable time, by calms and contrary winds, in front of the temple of Sunium: this spot, the residence of Plato when he demonstrated the immortality of the soul, was gilt by the rays of the rising sun. On the promontory, incessantly beaten by the waves, these noble ruins are still standing, like a religious pharos, or the eternal monument of a divine inspiration.

We afterwards steered for Psyra and Tenedos, following the line of the coast of Troy: a strong breeze from the south-west afforded us a rapid passage through the strait of the Dardanelles, and the sea of Marmora. The banks of the strait are covered with villages and country seats, of so cheering an aspect, that one would scarcely suspect despotism to have taken up her abode in these rich valleys. This was, however, brought to my full conviction, as soon as the vessel approached sufficiently near to the coast, to enable me to distinguish the traits of the inhabitants: I then found, on looking around me, either the expression of power, or that of servitude.

On the morning of the 28th of September we anchored off the point of Concapi, beneath the walls of the Seraglio. It was a fine day; and I was dazzled by the view of Constantinople. The sea was covered with caiques skimming on the surface

of the water: the sun illumined the domes of the mosques, and the sharp, gilt pillars of the minarets: the burnt column rose majestically amid the groups of trees which enveloped these light and sumptuous edifices. Behind this line, on the opposite bank, we could descry a city, half concealed by the cypresses of the gardens of the Seraglio.

Constantinople appears to me to have been originally built with no other view than to gratify the sight: fearing that the illusion should pass off too soon, much anxiety is displayed by the moderns to imprint on the memory the fantastic shew of new ornaments.

The sea was almost entirely hidden by vessels: the boisterous sailor, come from afar, while he handled the cordage, made diligent enquiries about the plague, the chief object of his solicitude; and not far from him a party of grave musulmans, seated in a kiosque projecting into the sea, smoked with complacency the pipe filled with perfumes, and seemed to regret that the pleasure they received from their coffee cost them the trouble of drinking it.

We landed at the port, and proceeded thence to the Palace of the French Ambassador at Pera, not a little terrified at what we had heard of the ravages of the plague. Notwithstanding they had diminished latterly, they were still very formidable. You are cautioned not to touch any one; but it is impossible to walk in the narrow and slippery streets of Constantinople, without coming in contact with the end of a shawl, or with a loose robe or caftan.

The Marquis de Rivière, Ambassador of France at the Sublime Port, was at this time at Tharapia, on the Bosphorus, the summer residence of the French Embassy: it required several hours to reach this delightful spot; but time never appeared to me so short. My curiosity was excited by all that I saw: the banks were lined with charming palaces, which seemed to me to be merely temporary, and to have been erected with a view to a festival. I witnessed the departure of the gilt, long, and narrow barks, the traces of which the eye could scarcely follow, as they moved swiftly along the stream. A musulman, sitting crossed-legged on a carpet of Iran, at the extremity of the caïque, smiled at the vigorous efforts of the rowers, gently stroking his beard: his oblique and disdainful looks were cast occasionally on other boats which dared to contend in swiftness with his own.

On leaving Constantinople the strait narrows: meadows and gardens follow in succession, until they reach the sea, into which the brooks that water them flow, after a flexuous course beneath lovely trees. Such are the limpid waters of

Asia, of the vale of Caracoula, and of the groves of Buyucderé!

I met with a very friendly reception from the Marquis, as well as from his lady. I was not a stranger to his noble qualities; but I discovered in him daily the most exalted virtues, combined with a truly captivating frankness of manners.— Another Ambassador, the Russian, M. de Stroganoff, maintains all the dignity of his state at Buyucderé, which he inhabits throughout the year.

The plague had a little time before found its way into the corps diplomatique, and had been fatal to the son of the Austrian Internuncio. The family, in despair, withdrew to the distance of two leagues from Constantinople. Having been abandoned by their domestics, they had there to encounter every privation; but such was their dread of the formidable scourge which had brought this affliction on them, that not any persuasive could prevail on them to return, until after a lapse of two months, during which they were condemned to a lonely solitude, without one companion to distract their grief.

On the smallest symptom being manifested, on the slightest complaint, every one flees the object of the attack. He falls: his heart receives a deadly blow from the cruelly insulated state in which he finds himself, before the delirium of the fever makes him insensible to the horror of his position. His parched lips are tremblingly glued to the jug of water which affrighted pity had placed at a distance from him; but the thirst which consumes him is not to be quenched. It often happens that the convulsive dreams of the individual attacked by the plague are realized: the quarter he inhabits is consumed by fire. The destructive scourge reaches the house which the other inmates have deserted. The flames spread to the bed of sickness; and the poor helpless wretch finds an end of his terrible agonies in a gulf of fire.

A conflagration is the only right of petition the Turks enjoy: it makes known to the government the prevailing discontents of the people of Constantinople; and has of late years been employed by the janissaries in the most frequent and deplorable manner.

In this extraordinary city I saw palaces of a most elegant structure, magic fountains, dirty and narrow streets, hideous hovels, and fine trees. I visited the Sandal-bezestan, and the Culchilar-bezestan, where the furs are sold. Wherever passed, the Turk elbowed me, the Jew made me an obsequious bow, the Greek smiled on me, the Armenian tried to cheat me, the dogs followed me, and the pigeons alighted confidently on my shoulder: lastly, while some were in the agonies of death,

others were dancing around me. I had a glimpse of the most celebrated mosques, with their courts, and their marble porticoes supported by a forest of columns, and refreshed by jets of water. A few mysterious monuments, the remains of the city of Constantine, either blackened, or reddened by fires, are concealed in painted houses, barricadoed, and frequently half burnt. The figures, the costumes, the usages, present throughout the most picturesque and most varied spectacle. It is Tyr, it is Bagdad, it is the great market of the East.

Sultan Mahmoud, followed by an immense retinue, has to pass through this motley assemblage on his way to prayers on fridays: I saw him, mounted on a white horse, with trappings of a tissue of gold and pearls, and the harness richly ornamented with diamonds. He appeared to me to be under thirty years of age. His complexion is pale, but his features are noble and regular: his large black eyes were busily engaged in surveying his subjects, who received this expression of his regard with the profoundest silence. He proceeded on, until shouts of joy announced at length his entrance into the mosque of Ayoub, and the forehead of each faithful Osmanli still touched the dust. Such, in a few words, is the habitual scene presented by Stamboul, the well protected, and well-beloved of the Prophet.

During the fine autumnal season I met with the greater part of this population in the plains, constituting the most charming spot on the Asiatic shore: they were come out to breathe a pure air, in full freedom, and seemed to have a high relish for the charms of these elysian promenades. Whole families, the men on horseback, and the women shut up in a vehicle named arabat, were to be seen climbing to the summits of the Tocat, above the valley of the Grand-Seignor.

These heights were gaily decked in pelisses; while the ruins of the Genoese château were concealed by lofty trees: from the roofs, overspread with ivy, bubbling springs gushed, to refresh the parties seated around. Groups of young and beautiful Armenian girls formed graceful dances; and the tranquillity of the scene was alone interrupted by the hollow sound of the waves of the sea of Marmora, which broke in rude foam against the shoals of the Cyanean isles, and the rocks of Fanariki.

I was often struck, during my residence in the Levant, with the contrast between the noble physiognomy and apparent dignity of the men, and the degradation of their character. We are disposed to feel a certain respect for individuals of a tranquil, and sometimes majestic figure, until we have suffered from their cupidity and perfidy. To this remark, there are, it

is true, many exceptions ; but, beguiled by a stature above the ordinary proportion, a solemn demeanour, and a venerable beard, where I expected to find the patriarchal virtues, I had oftimes to experience the depravity of the vilest servitude.

It is difficult to explain the duration of the Ottoman empire, and more especially the existence of the Turks in Europe, on a close inspection of the want of discipline of the subsidiary troops, the deranged state of the finances, the ruinous condition of the fortresses, and, lastly, the independence of the Pachas of Albania, the Morea, Egypt, and Damascus. The title alone of Calif still supports the Sultan on the most tottering throne of Europe.

The most formidable neighbour of the Turkish Empire, by allowing it to subsist in Europe, is freed from the embarrassment of forming establishments elsewhere, amid the perplexities it experiences in founding institutions at home. Hallowed predictions, and the results of the last European war, place beyond every possible doubt the credit Russia enjoys at Constantinople. She there possesses the advantages of power, without having to dread the effect of a jealousy which such a conquest as that of European Turkey would necessarily inspire.

Almost the whole of the greek merchants, more especially those belonging to the most flourishing islands, such as Idra, Spezzia, and Ypsara, navigate under the Russian flag. Its influence is established throughout, and its protection as much sought after, and as anxiously desired, by the Christians of the respective rites at Saint-Jean-d'Acre, Jerusalem, and Cairo, as it is at Constantinople.

During my stay at Constantinople the kiosques of the Seraglio were fresh gilt, and additions made to the buildings. It was never before, I was told, occupied by more captivating beauties, nor were they ever more numerous. The Sultan has two sons : his mother, whom he had recently lost, had in her life time a great ascendancy over him. The city of Athens formed a part of her numerous domains ; and her protection served, in a certain degree, as a substitute for that of Minerva over the city of Cecrops.

I quitted Constantinople on the 15th of October, and embarked for Smyrna on board the brig le *Lézard*. A few hours after our departure, a sudden and violent gust of wind came on : the top-sails were reefed—and, after lying-to for some time, the brig at length was brought to anchor on the coast of Asia, at Rodosto. The dread of the plague prevented any one from landing, a circumstance by which I was not a little mortified. A fresh breeze enabled us afterwards to reach Nagara, where an officer landed to present the Firman at the castle of the Dardanelles.

We were in sight of Tenedos. An attempt was made to ply up to the eastward of Metelina, the ancient Lesbos, but the wind having become scanty near Cape Baba, we were under the necessity of passing without the island. Notwithstanding a severe squall, which had like to have driven the brig on the rocks of Carabournou, we succeeded in entering the port of Smyrna on the morning of Sunday the 20th of October.

I found my old companion, M. Huyot, in a very enfeebled state, but recovering from the effects of an accident. He had resided two months at the convent of the missions, where the reverend fathers had watched over him with the most tender solicitude. The tranquillity these good monks enjoy is a proof, among many others which might be adduced, of the toleration of the Turks of Smyrna. The Catholic church is very capacious and richly ornamented; the doors are constantly open; and the true believers, resident in the bazars, hear without indignation the psalmodies of the Christians. Interments, preceded by a cross, oftentimes fall in with the obsequies of a Musulman; the baptisms and marriages of the Greeks and Latins have to encounter the train of a circumcision; and the gilt cope of the priest comes in peaceable contact, in the street, with the beniche of an Osmanli, or the veil of a Turkish lady.

The spirit of commerce which prevails in the city of Smyrna thus softens down asperities, and brings together men of every sect and persuasion. This great factory presents unceasingly a mixture of European manners and oriental customs: lovely females, tastefully dressed in the French style, are to be seen passing, with nimble steps, through a long file of camels belonging to a caravan of Seyde, or of Damascus.

Greek ladies, seated at their windows, engage in a lively conversation with the passengers beneath, while others amuse themselves with dancing in groups in returning from the baths; or repair in parties to the delightful plains of Bournabat—all feel the influence of a fine climate, that of smiling and voluptuous Ionia.

The theatre of the ancient city of Smyrna stood on a sloping hill. From the banks on which the spectators were seated, the view commanded the city and gulf. Vestiges of the *proscenium*, the form of which is pretty accurately defined, still remain.

Smyrna is said to have been founded either by Alexander, or by Lysimachus: a colony brought from Ephesus bestowed on the new city the name of a quarter of the metropolis.

The château, built on the summit of a mountain, has nearly fallen to ruins: a janissary is at the same time the commandant and the garrison. He was laboriously employed in

loading two iron guns, the discharge of which was to announce, on the following day, the festival of the Courbam-Beyram, the Easter of the Musulmans.* He seemed quite ashamed of his awkwardness. A Greek who accompanied me, abused him in bad Italian, in the lowest tone of voice, but, in overlooking his performance, assumed an air of the most respectful submission.

An antique head, in an eroded state, placed over the gate of the château, seems to have belonged to a statue of Bacchus, or of Apollo, rather than to that of an Amazon, although Tournefort points it out as such.

From the top of a high tower a deep valley is seen, watered by the Meles, on the bank of which tradition says Homer drew his first breath, on which account the name of Melesigenes has been bestowed on him. This river, thus ennobled, flows afterwards beneath two aqueducts, and, finally, beneath the bridge of the caravans : throughout nearly the whole of its course it is overshadowed by lofty trees.

M. Mechain, son of the celebrated astronomer of that name, Consul-General of France at Smyrna, gave me a very polite reception, and provided me with the means of visiting the ruins of Ephesus. Ismael, his head janissary, was ordered to provide horses, to make the necessary preparations for our departure, and to escort us. A young Frenchman, attached to the consulate, who speaks the Greek, Turk, and Arabic languages with great facility, joined our caravan; and thus, accompanied by a pupil of M. Huyot, who begged to be of the party, and my servant, we gaily took the road of Sediceuil.

Count Auchepied, consul of the king of the Netherlands, and one of the richest bankers of Smyrna, inhabits, at Sediceuil, a fine house, with gardens laid out in the European style. He has a very interesting family, and the reception we met with here was truly hospitable.

Early the next morning our caravan set out from Sediceuil. The road, which was scarcely to be traced, led through a plain surrounded by mountains, and intersected by the small river Tertulithai, and the brook Durlikeuil : the latter bears the name of a small village. The banks of the river were lined with cypresses, with the agnus castus, and rose-laurels. [*Laurus nobilis.*] We fell in with a small Jewish caravan : [tchifout] it was terrified on seeing the approach of a dozen armed men advancing full speed, for this was the ordinary pace prescribed to us by Ismael, who led the way. Our horses were full of spirit, the weather was delightfully pleasant, and in a few in-

* This festival is celebrated on the first three days of the moon of Schowal.

stants we crossed the plain of Develikeuil, and the valley of Palamon-Deressi. The cavalcade did not stop until we reached Ghiridli-Kawe, where we breakfasted in a cottage inhabited by a Turkish peasant. The bed of a torrent leads the traveller through a rocky vale: this spot, known by the name of Alaman-Bogazi, is wild and romantic; sharp rocks display their dark and denticulated points, above thick tufts of laurels, holms, and olive trees. This rocky ground runs to a considerable distance before it reaches the station of Alaman-Bogazi, where there is a coffee-house for entertainment: here Ismael halted, according to the practice of the Muslims.

The traveller often meets, in the most deserted spots of Asia Minor, with small huts: a Turk, a poor dervich, sometimes offers him rice, water, and bad fruit, but always coffee. After having crossed the Caystre in a ferry-boat, I saw, on its banks, the remains of a quay belonging to one of the suburbs of Ephesus, and the foundations of several large monuments. We now followed the direction of the sea-shore until we came to the ruins of Neapolis, but did not reach Scala-Nova until the night had set in: this small port is become the *entrepôt* and magazine of a great part of the corn of Asia Minor. It is situated opposite the island of Samos, the whole of the wine produced in which is shipped for the account of the merchants of Scala-Nova. This city is built on a small hill of a sugar-loaf form: I have not yet been able to conceive how our horses, excellent as they were, contrived to reach the house of the French Consul, by such streets, not only steep and winding, but most wretchedly paved.

Helès Oglou, Aga, commands a part of Caria and Ionia: his usual residence is at Scala-Nova: his government commences at the gardens of Smyrna, lying without the gates, and extends to a distance of twelve leagues beyond the Meander. He is very firm in administering justice, the forms of which are prompt and severe. Several traits are, however, cited, both of his sagacity, and the impartiality of his decisions. He has several commanders under him; and among these is Gumuch, Aga, proprietor of Miletus and Magnesia.

On the day after my arrival, I was presented to Helès Oglou. He resides in a small house, the appearance and furniture of which do not correspond with the immense riches he is said to possess. He was seated on a carpet at one of the extremities of a small apartment; and, without doubt to affect an air of much occupation, and solicitude for the welfare of his people, dictated to no less than four secretaries, who were on their knees before him. These poor devils did not dare to turn the

head aside, to look on the strangers who were introduced to the audience of their master. In the courts in front of the house, or *château*, as it is called, I saw a great number of guards and Bosniacs, together with Albanians who amused themselves with firing at the target, and young Moors employed in breaking in horses of uncommon beauty. Helès Oglou paid very little attention to us; but, to atone for his neglect, sent the consul a dish of small fish of a detestable quality. He has a striking physiognomy, and is both feared and beloved by his people. It would not be difficult to come to an understanding with him, if a project should be entertained of searching for antiquities, in a province covered with the ruins of so many opulent cities. The consul spoke in terms of the warmest enthusiasm, as did all the members of his family, of a young and beautiful female slave, by birth a Sicilian, the favourite of Helès Oglou, and entire mistress of his confidence. She had given many proofs of her benevolence and firmness of character; and had tempered, by her soft blandishments, the despotic disposition of the aga.

At day-break, on the following morning, we were on our route towards Ephesus, and had again to cross the ruins of Neapolis. I examined the principal temple of that city, which appeared to me to have been circular, and built of large blocks of marble. A rocky mountain, of difficult ascent, leads, by a devious course, to the extremity of the plain of Ephesus, which is about three leagues in length, from the sea-side to the mosque, known by the name of the church of St. John. The principal ruins are about midway from the coast to the hills by which the plain is skirted: the latter is covered with heath, and intersected by the rivulets which descend from the mountains, and by the flexuous branches of the Caystre. This little river, after crossing the plain, falls into the sea near a spot where the vestiges of a quay point out the site of the port. This immense space is strewn with fragments of columns, and with the ruins of houses the distribution of which may be distinctly traced. Beneath are subterraneous channels for the conveyance of water; and around, an infinite number of pieces of granite, marble, and porphyry. An amphitheatre the plan of which is distinctly marked, long aqueducts, and triumphal arches—every thing, in short, proudly proclaims the elegant and magnificent Ephesus.

The hills which surround this plain are entirely excavated and vaulted beneath: at every step sepulchres and epitaphs are blended with the ostentatious inscriptions of an arch of triumph. To the right the Pharos rises as if the navigator were still approaching this deserted strand: to the left, in ad-

vancing towards the temple, fennels eight or ten feet in height, and wild fig-trees, conceal from the view the immense heaps of ruins lying beneath.

The ancient road led from the port to the city, and was formed of square blocks of marble, or of the stone drawn from the mountain, which is a species of *palombina*. This road commences at the angle of the quay, extends in front of the ruins of the magazines of the Stadium and of the theatre, passing thence between two mountains into the valley in which the principal edifices of the city stood. The arena of the Stadium was on a level with this road, and the steps hewn in the rock rose to the summit of the hill. The vestiges of a portico point out the probable site of the Forum. It appeared to me that the Stadium must have contained thrice as many spectators as the coliseum of Rome: in general, the theatres of that capital of the world were sufficiently capacious for its population, while those of Ephesus had to expect the assemblage of all Greece.

The entrance of the Stadium was decorated by two grand porticoes, one of which is in a ruinous state. The one still standing is of marble: two of the layers have been restored by fragments brought from another edifice. There are several Greek inscriptions on it, together with a few bas-reliefs, very much decayed, and placed without order.

In following the road which leads hence to the brow of the hill, I came to another theatre. On an arcade were two inscriptions; but these I could not read, because some busy traveller had filled them up with plaster. This theatre, likewise hewn in the rock, is of a surprising magnitude: in whatever part of its enclosure the spectator was placed, he had in front of him the sea, the circus, the naumachia, the mountains of the gulf, the port, and the temple of Diana.

Proceeding onward I came to a temple with its columns and entablatures: it was of the corinthian order, and of the greatest beauty. One of the angles of the pediment appeared to me to be of the dimension of the fragments which are preserved in the garden Colonna at Rome.

Behind these grand ruins stands a theatre much smaller than the former: it was probably the Odeum. It is circular; and its steps, hewn in the mountain, were without doubt coated with marble. Lastly, the immense baths are still supported by the remains of an aqueduct against which they were built, between two mountains now covered with scattered fragments of more or less note. This interesting research led me to the walls of the city, by which the spectator may judge, with a certain degree of precision, of its immense circumference.

I met with some difficulty in reaching, on a sultry day, the vast enclosure of the temple of Diana. The ensemble appeared to me to be of the size of the Louvre and Tuileries, comprehending the gardens. The mass of substructions on which the principal edifice was raised still subsists; but not any of the columns, a part of which had, however, been transported to Constantinople, are standing. Strong walls of stone and brick point out that the posterior part of the temple, on the side of the opisthodomos, has undergone a repair. Vaults, constructed with large blocks of freestone, are provided with an infinite number of passages, which might give the most precise dimensions of the edifice, with the site of the pillars, and that of the walls of the *cella*.

A view of these gigantic buildings suffices to give an idea of the vast sums their erection must have cost the nations of Greece and Asia. Behind the temple of Diana is to be seen a circular monument ornamented with columns, with another of a square form, and, in the centre, a wide space which was paved with marble. Another edifice, placed over vaults, has fallen down altogether. The ruins are so piled as to form a mount of considerable dimensions, surrounded by several smaller ones, the whole formed of shattered remnants which bear the marvellous stamp of the exquisite taste of the Greeks, at the brilliant epoch of their power, and of their triumphs in arts and arms.

What a subject of powerful emotions is that of this great destruction! What a dreadful and singular lesson is here afforded by a walk of one league in extent, during which we tread on ruins at every step, and where plains, mountains, and valleys, covered with materials wrought with the most admirable skill, are become the asylum of wolves, and of innumerable wild boars!

The gate of the Persecution is a marble monument, constructed of parts of edifices of an anterior date, purposely dilapidated: it reminded me of the monuments I had seen at Rome. Two bas-reliefs were fixed, without any regard to symmetry, over the gate: the one representing the death of Hector has been lately removed by an Englishman;* but the operation was so clumsily performed, that the car of Achilles, and the body of Hector, still remain to tempt another speculator. I tried to remove the other bas-relief, but, being un-

* This man, named Nichols, a Russian by birth, but of English extraction, had not the slightest taste for the fine arts, but was led by mercenary motives to this hazardous enterprise, in accomplishing which, not having the permission of the aga, he had great difficulties to surmount. — EDITOR.

provided with cords and the necessary implements, failed in the attempt.

A late earthquake has thrown down this gate, which was in such excellent preservation when I made a drawing of it. Around it, to the extent of more than a mile, the earth is now covered with a frightful chaos of stones and fragments of marble, piled in heaps: friezes, pediments, architraves, metopes, statues, each object, in short, which once charmed the sight by its regularity and perfection, now affrights it by the confusion of its dismembered parts.

I followed the line of an aqueduct which still collects the waters of the numerous torrents that flow from the mountains, but which no one frequents to quench his thirst. This river, having its bed supported by walls of a stupendous height, at length meets with a breach covered with wild vines and flowering shrubs of luxuriant growth: it here falls in a cascade, and its limpid sheet breaks against the dome of a decayed mosque, and the ruins of Turkish baths. The most remote ages, and the ages of barbarism, have here jointly inscribed their annals: what sublime reflexions, mingled with regret, arise from the contemplation of a scene where every object so nobly proclaims death!

The citadel, erected on mount Pion, commanded that part of the city beneath which is the great mosque: it is an exquisitely fine model of moresque architecture, and even superior to the Alhambra in plan and execution. It is constructed entirely of marble of a dazzling whiteness. The gate, the ornaments of which are admirably wrought, and of the highest polish, leads to a spacious court planted with fine trees, in the centre of which a basin receives a constant supply of limpid water. The lightness of the arches, supported by columns forty-five feet in height, the elegant workmanship of the vaults, whatever, in short, belongs to this edifice, is rapturous and wonderful.

We dined in the vicinity of the three or four miserable huts which compose modern Ephesus. The air is here insalubrious, and the inhabitants sickly and pale. An aga, as wretched as the people he governs, was, like them, dying of fever. It is remarkable that a residence in or in the proximity of cities which have fallen into decay, is infinitely dangerous: I have seen frequent examples of this, in Italy, in the Morea, and in Syria. Throughout, death seems to be jealous of reigning exclusively over the places he has subdued.

The general aspect of Ephesus brought to my recollection that of the Pontine marshes. At the moment when the sun immersed in the sea, to cool his celestial fires, the harmony of

the lineaments, the warm vapour of the distances, and the veil of this mysterious hour, formed a soothing and melancholy ensemble, superior to the finest landscapes of Claude of Lorraine. One day, perhaps, I said to myself, a native of the Floridas, influenced by similar motives, will visit the ruins of my country, where, as in Ephesus, a few names only will survive, amid the mouldered remains of the cedar, the dust of marble, and the rust of bronze. I shall not soon forget the soft but gloomy impression this evening made on me: the echoes, concealed in deep conduits, repeated the dullest sounds; the rustling of the wind among the heath resembled subterraneous noises; and the imagination was impressed with the expiring notes of the hymn of the priests of Diana, or the pious strains of the primitive Christians around the apostle of Ephesus.

We had constant rains on our way back. We should have halted, but swarms of insects drove us from the wretched hovels established for the convenience of travellers on the route. The caravan, therefore, galloping night and day, reached Smyrna at length, worn out with fatigue.

I should have devoted a much greater portion of my time to the study of this celebrated part of Asia, if I had not been constrained to seize the opportunity the departure of the brig le *Lézard* for Syria afforded me: I should have ascended the course of the Meander, and have visited Magnesia, Sardes, and Samos. The season was, however, too far advanced to enable me to undertake this; and I embarked for Palestine on the 29th of October. I quitted M. Huyot with regret; but not without exacting a promise from him, that he would join me in the month of march following, by which time it was thought he would be perfectly re-established at Alexandria. If his health had permitted him to fulfil this engagement, the result of our travels would have been much more satisfactory.

After having got under way at four in the morning, with a gentle breeze from the north-east, the brig had to work to windward the whole of the day, and found considerable difficulty in doubling Cape Carabournou. On the 31st, at seven in the morning, we were abreast of the island of Scio: the city, which appeared to me to be of considerable extent, is surrounded by country-houses. Pleasant villages are interspersed in the valleys, which are in a high state of cultivation: the rocks which encompass them resemble, in colour and form, the mountains in the environs of Toulon. The inhabitants of Scio are remarkable for the amenity of their manners. They owe to the cultivation of the *Lentiscus*, the shrub which yields the gum mastich, several privileges which make them

not a little proud; and, among these, that of wearing, like the Osmanlis, the white turban, is not the least in their estimation. I made a drawing of the islands of Spalmadori, and, opposite to Scio, of the city of Tchesma in Asia Minor. This strand, which witnessed the defeat of the galleys of Antiochus, one hundred and ninety one years before the Christian era, saw likewise, in 1770, the entire destruction of the Turkish fleet by the Russians: several of the Ottoman ships were burned; and the flames, which lighted the massacre of a great part of the crews, favoured the escape of the remainder. From this dreadful blow—from this terrible catastrophe, the Turkish marine has never recovered.

A fresh breeze from the north-west afforded me a rapid view of Nacri, Lipso, Lero, Colminé, Stancho, Nicero, Biscopi, Carchi, and, lastly, Rhodes. On the night of the first of November, the sea rose in billows, the vivid lightnings flashed, and, the wind still augmenting, we lost sight of the coast of Carmania. From the third until the seventh in the morning the storm raged with unabated fury.

The winter evenings are very dreary on shipboard, and inspire, in boisterous weather, an invincible sadness. I vainly interrogated myself why I had quitted my country, my friends, and calm repose, when the waves covered the vessel's deck, when the moon was concealed by black clouds, across which the lightnings gleamed, and when the fatigued and disheartened crew ceased to hear the captain's voice. The best reasons then appear either frivolous or absurd. Constant sufferings, and dangers to which we appear to be fruitlessly exposed, are not, however, entirely lost on us: great and profound impressions give a new stimulus to the mind, and exalt it to the pitch of the noblest meditations. It is perhaps on the deck of a vessel beaten by the storm that the world is best judged, and its grandeurs and miseries most truly appreciated. What a destiny is that of the navigator! He sets out on his voyage full of life and hope: suddenly exposed to the horrors of shipwreck, he has still to struggle against his destiny, to form an estimate of the danger, to calculate the duration of his own agonies, and, lastly, to have recourse to expedients which may lead to his inevitable destruction.

On the morning of the sixth of November land was seen from the mast-head. A general anxiety was displayed, to catch, through a thick haze, the glimpse of a mountain, the form of which each drew, according to his own fancy, in a different way. Mount Carmel was at length descried, having for its base an uneven strand: this was the bay of Caïfa.

The brig came to anchor opposite the small village of Caïfa,

at the foot of Mount Carmel.* We had to cross the bay, in a boat, to land at Saint-Jean-d'Acre. The sea was still rough, with high surges, so that we had great difficulty in reaching the small port.

The high walls of the pier have fallen down in an irregular manner; but a part of the breastworks, surmounted by battlements, are still standing. We entered by a breach to avoid the surf which covered the mole, the work of the crusaders, with its foam.

Saint-Jean-d'Acre, the ancient Ptolemais, is surrounded by high walls and deep moats: the new fortifications now form a double enclosure, terraced and flanked by bastions. It is also defended by the old ramparts thrown up by the Christians, and by the recent works of European engineers: its form is that of a semi-circle, having the sea in front. The waves break on the towers with which the beach is lined.

In this city, a mixture of gothic ruins and modern constructions is every where to be seen: here, a church in an entirely ruinous state meets the view; there, monasteries, a palace, and hospital, alike abandoned; still further, a new, rich, and elegant mosque; minarets, the bases of which rise from amid heaps of rubbish; and, lastly, the seraglio, the gardens of which, laid out in terraces, separate the ramparts. Sycamores, orange-trees, and the finest palms, nod their heads gracefully over this motley assemblage; and this view alone softens the sadness and disgust which a residence at Saint-Jean-d'Acre inspires.

The streets are narrow and filthy; the houses, built of free-stone, low, huddled, with flat roofs, and small doors, resemble prisons. The terraces of the different habitations communicate with each other by clumsy arcades.

The European consuls reside in the kans,* which are large square buildings, having in the centre a court, and which, in times of difficulty, become fortresses. In the interior, the ascent to the upper apartments is by steep and narrow stair-

* The name of Syria, bestowed by the Greeks on the country where I landed, is probably derived from that of Assyria, a celebrated empire of Asia, the limits of which were extended to this coast at the time the Assyrians of Ninevah made this part of Syria a province of their empire.

Syria, at that epoch, did not comprehend either Phenicia or Palestine. It is named by the Arabs *Barr el-Châm*, or the country to the left; for it is in this way that they distinguish all the space comprehended in the area from Alexandria to the Euphrates, and from Gaza to the Desert, taking the Mediterranean as the base of this area.

Damascus, the reputed capital of Syria, is by them called *el-Châm*. Mecca therefore becomes the centre between the *Yémen*, or country to the right, and *Barr el-Châm*, or the country to the left.

† Likewise known by the name of *okels*.

cases, which scarcely afford a passage to a single person : three flights of wide corridors, opened in arcades, face the court, in the centre of which is a fountain. There it was that I was greeted by the hospitality of M. Pillavoine, the consul of France in Syria : he found some difficulty in providing me with a corner in which I could be lodged with any degree of comfort.

Eight or ten thousand Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Christians, are to be seen parading the streets of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and the infected bazars, with an aspect at once savage and sombre. The senses each in its turn, are disagreeably affected by the most hideous deformities : beings, who seem to have risen from their graves, crawl about half naked, wrapped up in large blankets of a dirty white, striped with black, and the head muffled in rags which serve as a turban. At each step, at the side of the victims of ophthalmia, are to be seen the victims of Gezzar Pacha,* either blind, or wretches without a nose, and without ears. This assemblage of men, sluggish, miserable, and disgusting, may be constantly seen lying in the sun beneath the walls of the gardens of the seraglio. Soliman Pacha, who inhabits this palace, seldom stirs abroad to show himself to the public : this successor of Gezzar, deaf to the cries of an unfortunate population, spends his life in myrtle groves, beneath the shade of plaintains watered by deep and limpid brooks.

The conduct of affairs is entirely abandoned by him to a Jew, named Haïm Farhi. This man, who was the intendant of Gezzar Pacha, preserved the confidence of his master by submitting implicitly to his whimsical caprices. The tyrant doubled his wages, and heaped benefits on him, on the very day when he had his nose mutilated in so cruel a manner, that this sarraf† has ever since been horribly disfigured. Haïm, who is supple and adroit, has hoarded together incalculable treasures. The present pacha of Saint-Jean-d'Acre owes to the intrigues of this Jew the advantage of having been chosen the successor of Gezzar : when the latter was on his death bed, this puppet was brought forward, and placed foremost in the rank of those who paid to him their dissembled homages and respects. Soliman and Haïm Farhi are engaged in an exclusive and despotic commerce : they are the sole proprietors of the immense grounds which surround Saint-Jean-d'Acre and Nazareth. The extortions, the oppressions, and the tyranny of the details of this odious government, inspire the most profound contempt for those who submit to it.

Haïm Farhi is the chief of the Hebrews of Syria. He has

* *El-Gezzar*, the butcher.

† Confidential secretary

a sumptuous palace at Damascus, but received me in a small house, where he was surrounded by his family, and a great number of slaves. I was admitted on the following day to the Pacha's audience. Soliman is about sixty years of age: he was born in Georgia; and his fine figure recommended him to Gezzar, whose slave he was. By that depraved character Soliman was appointed Pacha of Seyde, the ancient Sidon; but the ungrateful favourite conspired against his patron, was detected, and exiled. He wandered for a long time among the Bedouin Arabs; but, being at length wearied of this life of independence, threw himself at the feet of his master. For some minutes, with the cimeter drawn to sever the head from the body of the proscribed fugitive, Gezzar hesitated; but at length pardoned him, and gave him back his pachalik.

I found Soliman squatted at one extremity of a sopha embroidered with gold, his officers and mamelouks being all assembled on the occasion: they were silent and attentive, with their hands laid across the breast, and scarcely dared to smile at the jests of a buffoon who was, it would seem, a great court favourite. The Pacha seated me at his side, and smoked while he paid a particular attention to my side-arm, and every part of my uniform. He politely granted what I asked of him through the medium of the drogoman. Coffee was served up in gold cups set round with diamonds, with which the pipe and poignard of Soliman were covered. He put but few questions to me; but insisted that I should inspect the new fortifications of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and his Arabian breed of horses, which seemed to interest him most particularly. To his kindness, and to the terror he inspires, I was indebted for the perfect tranquillity and facility with which I was enabled to delineate the most remarkable spots. The curiosity we excited in passing through the bezestans, was not productive of the slightest affront, or the smallest menace. Wherever my curiosity led me, I stopped to make sketches, and, among them, that of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, at the very spot where this city was unsuccessfully cannonaded by the French troops under General Buonaparte. With the help of the English, Gezza Pacha sustained a vigorous and well directed fire, and the most desperate assaults: the capture of Saint-Jean-d'Acre was to be the signal to sixty thousand Druses to join the French troops; and it is probable that this would have decided the fate of the Turkish empire.

The foreign consuls feel the necessity of affording each other a mutual aid against such a government, and live together accordingly on the most amicable terms. M. Catafago, a rich Greek merchant, the consul of Russia, received me in a sa-

loon furnished in the turkish style: his wife and children, seated on a very low and wide divan, or ottoman, were dressed in the turkish costume, with fillets, ornamented with sequins, bound round the head. They wore velvet robes embroidered with gold; and their hair, in tresses and perfumed, hung on the shoulders. Two of the young ladies were pretty, but listless, and motionless as statues, insomuch that at first sight one would scarcely have suspected them to be animated beings.

M. Malagamba, the English consul, resides in the same kan with M. Pillavoine and the missionaries, who have a small church in this vast edifice, gradually falling into decay.

The officers of the Dalmatian and Bosniac militia gave me pressing invitations to take coffee with them at their quarters; when I made my sketches on the ramparts: several of them accompanied me in my rural excursions, and offered me their horses. The Pacha's first black eunuch, a young Ethiopian admirably skilled in all the military exercises, afforded me the spectacle of the djeryd, in the vast plain which surrounds the remains of the French redoubt. His Arabian horses, of the breed of Guelfé, were selected from the haras of Solyman, whose confident and particular favourite he was.

His admiration, his astonishment, on seeing a sketch, set all comparison at defiance. He enquired of me, through an interpreter, whether the secrets of my art did not go the length of enabling me to divine what was passing in the interior of the edifices the external form of which he could trace on the paper. It was not without some difficulty that I quieted his apprehensions on this head; but still I cannot help fancying that he was not fully convinced of my innocence.

On the 12th of November I quitted Saint-Jean-d'Acre with a pretty numerous caravan, which was joined by several officers belonging to the brig. At this time the Abbé Janson left us, to visit Mount Libanon, and the religious establishments of Sidon and Damascus. After having traversed Caïfa, and passed beneath Mount Carmel, we came to a sandy beach, and to a range of barren hills stretching along the sea shore, from which they are distant about a league. The ruins of an extensive city, and those of the last fortress built by the crusaders, rise above tufts of mastics and carob trees. Athmatha displays her long deserted towers; her port choked with sand; her ramparts, once the noble refuge of the Christians of Palestine; and her gardens, now become impassable morasses which breathe an infected air.

We were overtaken by the night near the most wretched hamlet in Syria: the kan of Tantoura was occupied by a cara-

van which had arrived before ours, and we were forced to take up our lodgings in small huts, the habitual residence of toads, and of hungry insects, whose bites molested us to such a degree, that we sallied forth and kindled a large fire. Around it the Arabs danced and sung during the remainder of the night; but their festivity did not dispel the gloomy recollection of Tantoura, which I still retain.

As I was particularly anxious to visit Cesarea, we set out before day-light. This city, the position of which is similar to that of Athmatha, is entirely deserted; but its ramparts, port, and monuments, are so well preserved as to excite an inexpressible surprise. The streets and squares still remain; and if the gates which belonged to its lofty and formidable walls, were to be re-built, Cesarea might still be inhabited and defended. A calamitous event appears to have been either fatal to, or to have put to flight, its numerous population within these few years, perhaps even within a few months. The walls of the church are blackened with the smoke of the incense of the Christians; and the pulpit, which resounded with the eloquent discourses of the courageous and enlightened bishops, is still entire. The tombs are open, and the bones heaped around them are the sole testimonies of the past residence of man in this appalling solitude. The silence which prevails at Cesarea, is alone interrupted by the regular and monotonous noise of the sea: the waves seem indignant at having to encounter useless obstacles, and to obey those who are now no more; they break furiously, and cover with foam the jetty and quays of the port. Their reiterated efforts have shaken the enormous masses of granite; the tower of the pharos is dilapidated; and the stair-case and partitions of the chateau thrown open to the birds of prey who there take up their abode.

Cesarea, named by the Arabs Qaysâryeh, has still to boast of a great number of superb columns, several of which are entire, and in fine preservation; others were, in the middle ages, employed in the construction of the mole. The base of this edifice, which projected a considerable length into the sea, was formed of the richest materials. Near its ruins are to be seen blocks of rose colour granite, of the proportion of eight feet, having Latin inscriptions on them, which are, however, by the abrasion of the stone, become too illegible to be deciphered. In proportion as we protracted our stay, the sea became more boisterous, insomuch that we were thoroughly wetted by the minute particles of the divided spray: I was thus constrained, notwithstanding my curiosity, to quit the port of noble but dejected Cesarea.

For the space of two leagues we had still to follow the track

of a rugged and desolate strand: we then quitted the sea-shore to cross the barren plains which lie in front of Humcalad. Disgusted by the smallness and dirtiness of the kan, the caravan drew up in close order beneath a sycamore, near an abundant well: young females, not devoid of beauty, brought thither, with majestic steps, Rachel's pitcher. The cheykh-el-beled,* a venerable old man, presented to us a kid, oaten cakes, and fuel. Our supper was not long in preparing, for we were both oppressed with hunger and in much need of repose.

After this frugal repast, and a refreshing sleep, we proceeded on our route to Jaffa, where we arrived on the 15th of November. In keeping along the sea-shore, the traveller's feet sink into a sand, the dazzling whiteness of which fatigues the sight, and it is not until his near approach to the city that he suddenly finds enormous fig-trees, fountains, orange-trees, and tombs.

Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, named by the Arabs Yafâ, has recently been enlarged, embellished, and fortified, by Mehemet Aga, the governor of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter: he was absent, having very recently set out for Nabolos, the ancient Sichem, to quell an insurrection.

The port of Jaffa is small, and dangerous during nine months of the year. I alighted at the convent of the Fathers, the reverend missionaries of the Holy Land. These monks received us with a degree of coolness, for which they afterwards made amends by an excess of kindness. Their house is very poor; few alms are collected; the pilgrimages are difficult of accomplishment; and the lot of the Christians in Syria is more deplorable than ever. They come, with trembling steps, to hear the mass in a small, vaulted, subterraneous, and obscure chapel, which brings to mind the worship of the primitive Christians in the catacombs. Subject to unceasing persecutions, these poor creatures repair hither, to forget, at the foot of the altar, their sacrifices, and the profound misery in which they are plunged.

On my return from Jerusalem, I shall have some observations to offer on Jaffa. We set out for Rama at three in the afternoon; and this place I reached at night, followed by an interpreter. The horse on which I was mounted was so high mettled, that I was obliged to leave my fellow-travellers behind. We were recommended to the superior of the convent at Rama, a Spaniard, naturally blunt, of a large stature, and possessed of a Stentorian voice. This good Monk did not appear to me to be resigned to the martyrdom with which these poor ecclesiastics are constantly menaced. The Convent of

* The commandant of the village; he is usually selected from among the old men.

Rama is spacious, vaulted, and has the air of a fortress: my chamber, which was very neat and clean, and the best that could be provided, was on a terrace surrounded by palm-trees.

To reach Jerusalem, the traveller has to cross, for the extent of two or three miles, plains tolerably well cultivated, those of the ancient Arimathea and Lydda. The rising sun illumined our route, and we reached the hills of Latroun. "This," said the Drogoman to me, "is the birth place of Barabbas, the murderer and thief: those who look down into this well for a considerable time are sure to see the figure of this man of blood."

We next entered deep valleys, the vegetation gradually becoming weaker and more scanty, until it ceased altogether. From these valleys to Jerusalem, the soil is broken, reddish, and ungrateful; while, in the distance, the only objects which meet the view are immense mounds of ruins, the beds of dried-up torrents, and winding roads, covered with flints. Decayed cisterns, at the bottom of which is a greenish water; steep and naked mountains in the contour:—such, agreeably to the lament of Jeremiah, is the terebinthine vale which prepares the mind for the strong and terrible impression made on it by the sight of Jerusalem.

The sun was about to set, when, from the summit of a mountain, in passing along a flinty road, separated by two walls from fields which were also covered with flints, I perceived at length long ramparts, towers, and vast edifices, surrounded by a barren soil, and blackened points of rock which seemed to have felt the lightning's stroke: this was Jerusalem. A few Chapels fallen in ruins, were here and there to be seen, with Mount Sion, and, in the back ground, the naked chain of the Mountains of Arabia Deserta. Appalled and seized with an involuntary terror, we saluted the Holy City, the first sight of which has as powerful an effect on the senses, as the existence and dispersion of the Jewish nation can produce on the mind.

The Gate of Bethelam or Ephraim, by which our caravan made its entry, is not far distant from the Convent of the Reverend Fathers, Missionaries of the Holy Land, by whose exemplary display of charity our reception was marked. They inhabit an immense house, the gate of which, while it is constantly open to pilgrims, and to all who suffer, is as constantly exposed to the insults of the Musulmans: it is low and decayed, with iron fastenings. Having entered it, a vaulted passage terminates in an inner court, provided with dark and winding staircases, which lead to several cloisters, and to the Church. It is there that these courageous monks lead a se-

cluded life, having to struggle daily against the persecutions of the Turks, the hatred of the Greeks, and a fond yearning for their native homes. Although belonging to so many different nations, I heard them blend their voices, in sweet accordance, with that of the native inhabitant of Israel. A Monk, whose skill in the arts had once acquired him celebrity in Europe, played on the organ; and incense smoked in the sanctuary, where the words of the God of Horeb and of Sinai still resounded.

I shall not attempt to describe Jerusalem after the great writer by whose brilliant and animated pen it has been so admirably delineated. It is difficult to see Palestine under any other aspect beside that of M. de Châteaubriand, and impossible to speak of it after him: he has carried in all the harvest of the Land of Canaan. Notwithstanding the malediction with which this land is struck, his crop has been abundant: he has exhausted the fields of Zabulon and Magdeddo, and the plains of Pharan. It would be useless, at the same time that it would betray a want of skill, to endeavour to glean after his footsteps.

I pity the traveller who, amid these noble ruins, is solely influenced by the doubts that perplex him, and the mazes in which he is plunged. I envy, on the other hand, the happiness of the man who has seen this singular land with a lively and confident faith. But whatever the religious opinions may be, intellectual torpor alone can resist the sensation of surprise and respect Jerusalem inspires.

Around this city all is mute and silent: the last exclamation of the Son of God seems to have been the latest sound repeated by the echoes of Siloé and Gehennon. From the summits of Abarim, of Phasga, and of Achor, desolated nature presents herself to the view, like a witness still struck with terror by the scene which has just passed. The imagination portrays the sanguinary wars of the Crusaders, like those aerial combats which forebode great disasters to the children of the earth.

On the day of my arrival, I saw the whole of the Hebrew population of Jerusalem collected in the valley of Jehosaphat: the Motsallam* had sold the Jews the permission to celebrate there the festival of the tombs. On seeing these captives seated in silence on the tomb-stones of their ancestors, one might have said that the clamour of the last trumpet was heard, that generations were crowding to the banks of the Cedron, and that the words of joy and of tribulation had already burst from the cloud.

* Governor.



VIEW OF BETHLEHEM.



RUINS OF ASCALON.

The quarter of the Jews was what attracted my earliest attention. Eight or nine thousand of the children of the masters of Jerusalem still inhabit this capital of the past. A narrow, craggy space, covered with filth, which can scarcely be called a street, divides the houses of this quarter, which are falling in ruins. Pale and sickly beings, with a strongly marked physiognomy, there engage in warm disputes about a few medins.* Having descended, by a flight of broken steps, into cellars, the falling roofs of which were propped by pillars once sculptured and gilt, I learned with surprise that this was the great synagogue: children in tatters there learned from an old-blind man the history of this city, where their ancestors adored the God of Israel and of Judah, beneath marble porticoes, and roofs supported by the cedars of Libanon. They counted over again the miracles of him whom they also expected, of him who had guided the footsteps of their ancestors in the Deserts of Madian, and who so often brought them back triumphantly into this Land of Canaan, where were to flow fountains of milk and honey.†

Such are the remains of this nation, whose captivity left on every side such great remembrances, and who raised with their hands, and bathed with the sweat of their brows, the proudest monuments of Memphis and of Rome.

On the same day I paid a visit to Abdil-Kerym, the Agamotsallam, Governor of Jerusalem: ‡ this city is dependent on the Pachalik of Damascus, from which it is distant four stations, or days' journeys. He is a native of Constantinople, and enjoyed a certain portion of favour at the Court of Selim: on the death of the latter, however, he fell into complete disgrace, and was banished to Jerusalem, over which, as governor, he now exercises a mild sway. His manners are polished: he entertained us with pipes and coffee, after having, in token of submission and respect, approached to his forehead the firman of the Grand-Seignor. I next presented to him the persons who accompanied me, and the letters addressed to him. The drogoman of the convent of the Holy Sepulchre was our interpreter. I insisted on being allowed to take views of the city and adjoining territory. Abdil-Kerym, after a long explanation respecting the object and the means, at length granted me this favour. He cheerfully offered me an escort

* A small Turkish coin.

† *Sciens dolorem ejus, descendi ut liberem eum de manibus Ægyptiorum, et educam de terra illa in terram bonam et spatiosam, in terram quæ fluit lacte et melle.* (Exodus.)

‡ According to the French tables, this city is situated in latitude $31^{\circ} 46' 34''$; and in 33° of east longitude.

for my journey to the Dead Sea, which I was desirous to undertake after my visit to Bethelhem.

Abdil-Kerym had at his side a lovely infant on whom I lavished my caresses; and having made presents to the janisseries, and distributed money among the slaves, we parted extremely well satisfied with each other.

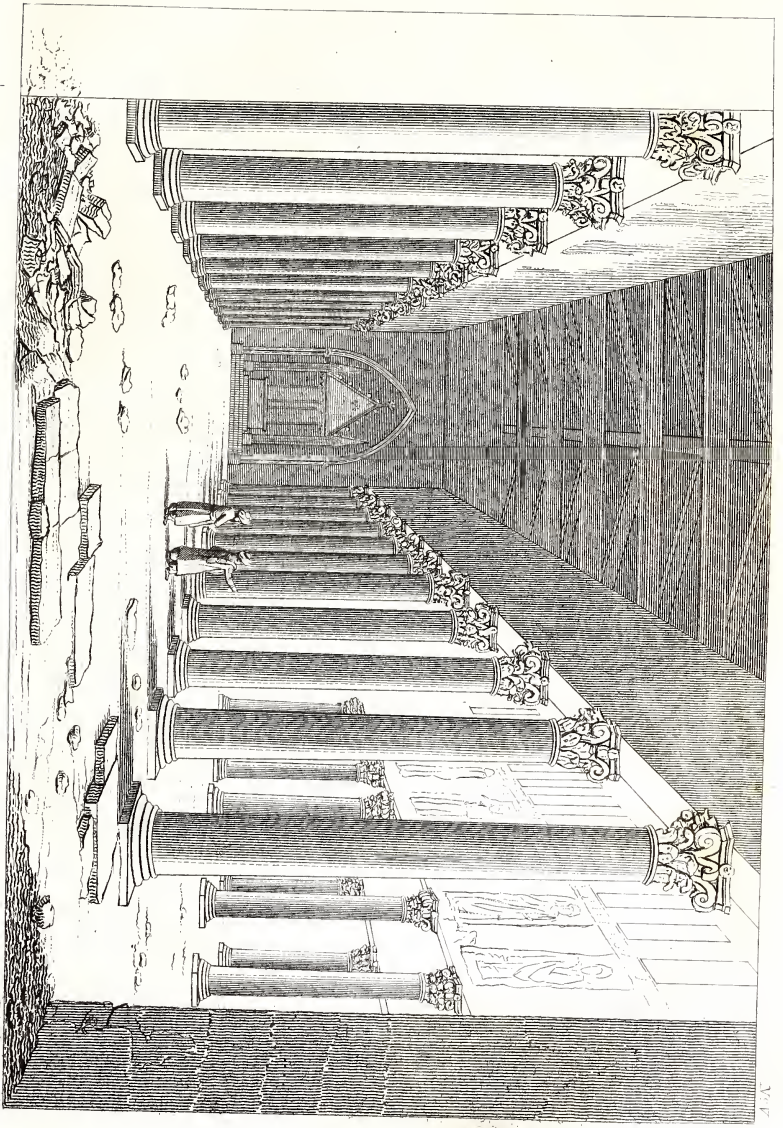
We had to cross the valley of Rephaïm to reach Bethelhem (in Arabic, Beyt el-lahm.) This name, by which is denoted *the house of bread*,* is said to have been bestowed on it by Abraham: it was likewise called *Ephrata* (the fruitful) to distinguish it from another Bethelhem belonging to the tribe of Zabulon. Here it was that David tended his flocks. Abesan, Booz, and Ruth were Bethelhemites. The primitive Christians built a small chapel containing the stable in which our Saviour was born; and in its place, the Emperor Hadrian erected the altar of Adonis, which was thrown down by the order of St. Helen, and on the ruins of which she built a spacious church; the form and architecture of which resemble those of the church of Saint Paul, without the walls of Rome. Forty-eight columns of Egyptian red marble support a wooden fabric said to be of cedar: the mosaics and paintings with which the walls are ornamented, bear all the characteristics of the barbarism of the middle ages; but are in a better taste than the carvings of the capitals and bases of the columns. The Armenians are in possession of this temple.

The monks, in full procession, led me to the subterraneous church: they there pointed out to me the spot where the magi stopped, and the one where our Saviour was born: all the chapels are incrustated with marble, jasper, and thin plates of gilt bronze: they are lighted by numberless gold and silver lamps.

The convent is spacious, and enclosed by high walls: it has a strong resemblance to a fortress. The principal gate is very low and narrow, to guard against the Arabs making their way within on horseback, and in large bodies. There was a dreadful tumult at the time of my arrival: a contribution of ten thousand piastres had just been levied on the population of Bethelhem, exclusively composed of Christians. Cries and threats were to be heard on every side; but the good monks, who are accustomed to these storms, did not on that account forbear the honours of their modest refectory, which was spread out to us with all the display of the charitable and hospitable spirit I met with in the other convents of Palestine.

The inhabitants of Bethelhem cultivated a part of the coasts

* It also signifies *the house of flesh*.



THE CHURCH OF THE MANGERA.

Engraved by G. S. ...

of Rama—of those coasts which heard the loud and pathetic plaints of Rachel. Of this resource they have since been deprived, and are now reduced to the necessity of making rosaries, wooden crosses inlaid with mother of pearl, and imitations of the crib: these are all consecrated at the Holy Sepulchre, sold to pilgrims, and their produce paid to the Turks. The features of the daughters of Bethelhem are in general regular, and their forms graceful: over the face a veil is thrown, but without concealing it; and their arms are naked, and frequently of the finest form that can be imagined. We found them very affable and courteous. I visited several families; and on my departure, these good people accompanied me, offering up their prayers to heaven for my safety.

The houses of Bethelhem, which are low and square, like those of Jerusalem, are covered with a terrace, or with a small dome: almost all the flights of stairs are without side. On leaving the city, the view to the right commands the mountains of Hebron, where they still point out to you the tomb of Abraham, and the valley of Mambré, where the ashes of Caleb repose. Still further are seen the mountains of Ergaddi, the hills of Odollam, the pointed rock which overlooks the cavern where David concealed himself to shun the fury of Saul, Massada, the vestiges of the fort of Herod, Bethulia, and the summits of Sennacherib.

I was scarcely returned to Jerusalem, when I busied myself with the necessary preparations for my journey to the Dead Sea: the dread that the tranquillity of this country, at all times so precarious, might be disturbed, led me to hasten my departure for Jericho. Abdil-Kerym gave me, as an escort, four of the bravest and most determined horsemen of his guard, with a Christian drogoman who spoke bad Italian, and an Arab chief named Mehemet. I was also provided with a mamelouk, named Hâggy Soliman, who had been presented to me by the pacha of Acre. Soliman was the gentlest and most charitable of men; and I should have been quite satisfied with him, if his zeal had not led him occasionally to overact his part, in driving away those who interrupted me in making my sketches. My servant followed me; the aga sent me excellent horses; and we were all well armed.

At an early hour of the morning our caravan left Jerusalem by the gate of Setty-Mariam, and, having crossed the torrent of Sedron, took the direction of Jericho, by the route of Bethania. It would have been difficult for me, if I had lost the tablets of my memory, to determine, by the temperature of the air, and the aspect of the fields, the precise epoch of this journey: throughout all Judea, a few showers of rain are what

alone indicate the winter season ; the autumn does not bring her fruits ; in the spring not a flower is seen to blow ; and, nevertheless, the summer heats consume the Haceldama, and dry up the source of the Siloé. It would seem that there are not any seasons in this unhappy country.

At Bethania the grotto in which Lazarus was buried is shown to you. In his resurrection, painted by Rembrandt, that great master has so completely divined the spot where the scene passed, that one would almost be led to suspect him of having consulted the port-folio of a traveller.

Having entered a narrow valley, we followed the bed of a torrent, which, after several windings, leads to mount Adomim : this is a reddish and argillaceous hill, uncultivated, like the ground we had hitherto trodden, and having on its summit the ruins of a monastery, or, perhaps, of a kan. Adomim in Hebrew signifies *of blood*. After having halted for half an hour, we entered ravines, almost impassable, which appeared to be the effects of a recent convulsion of nature. White mountains, which could not be more aptly compared than to the solfatara of Naples, were to be seen furrowed by fire, and marked with the stains of sulphur. After having descended into frightful abysses, we were obliged to climb up sharp rocks, to procure a sight of the plain of Jericho, which we shortly after reached.

Jericho,* named by the Arabs Ryhad, is at present nothing more than an assemblage of huts built of earth and reeds, covered over with a species of dried fern. Where its celebrated walls once stood, fagots of briars and thistles now scarcely suffice to defend the flocks against the frequent attacks of wild beasts. The aga, to whom I had a letter from the governor of Jerusalem, inhabits a square tower, in so ruinous a condition, that I found considerable difficulty in ascending to the apartment in which he was lodged. He was sick ; and, judging without doubt of my credit, by the orders he received, begged of me to intercede with the motsallam to procure him an employment at Jerusalem. This chief of the spahis selected for my night's lodging the most convenient place he could find ; for I could not endure the filth and bad smells of the habitation in which our caravan was assembled. My people took their stations around a large fire in the open air, and devoured a kid killed in our presence, a part of which was, however, consumed by the cinders. Wrapped in my mantle, and stretched on the earth, I slept soundly, notwithstanding this bad supper, and the interruptions of my guests ; the *notables* of

* In Hebrew Jericho signifies the moon.



VIEW OF JORDAN.



THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Needle & Son, 352 Strand.

Jericho had thought proper to pay a visit to the Turks belonging to my escort; and the conversation which ensued was long and clamorous. We were stirring before day-break: the sun rose behind the mountains of Arabia Deserta: their form was lost in a silvery, changeable vapour, shadowed with the richest tints, and the most beautiful colours. How much I regretted that I could not paint this fugitive and marvellous effect!

Jericho is situated in a plain. On the right appears the Dead Sea, partly concealed by the promontory of Segor. The Jordan is seen in the distance on the left, between hillocks covered with briars. Behind me were the mountains I had just passed, and the disorder and solitude of which made so lively an impression on me.

The women of Jericho are dressed in a blue chemise, fastened by a girdle; their head is covered by a veil. Their legs and feet are naked, as are likewise their arms, which are ornamented with bracelets of silver, pewter, or glass. They are for the greater part tall and slender; but their forms are usually shrunken; and among the youngest may be noticed a constant struggle between beauty and wretchedness.

The aga of Jericho added to our escort a few of his people. We crossed a sandy plain, on which were to be seen, at distant intervals, a few prickly shrubs, and a few plants breathing the most delicate perfume. Several authors think that the crown of thorns of Jesus Christ was formed of a branch of the *rhamnus*, a shrub named by the Arabs *alausegi*, and which is found in great abundance near the Jordan: several volumes have been written either to attack or defend this supposition. Its banks are frequently covered by locusts;* the Arabs cook them with great care, and find their flavour excellent; but I was not tempted to taste this dish. Where, alas! are the gardens which once covered these banks? Jericho is left without flowers, and without harvests. *Sicut plantatio rosæ in Jericho*. Achor calls aloud for her refreshing streams; Asason-thamar bewails her forests of palms: a powerful hand has plucked up by the roots her beautiful vines. *Botrus cypri dilectus meus mihi, in vineis Engaddi*.

We drew up in a regular line of march, a few of our men forming the advance-guard. The aga had received notice that a band of Bedouin Arabs† had been seen on the preceding evening, and were to pitch their tents for the night on the opposite bank of the Jordan. Lances were perceived behind

* Of two species: *Aphros* and *anos*.

† Arab, solitude; *bedâouy*, man of the desert, derived from *bid*, an uninhabited land.

a rising ground, and horsemen fleeing in several directions: we set off at full speed in pursuit of them. A Bedouin was unhorsed, and fell among the reeds, just as he was plunging into the Jordan; he was overtaken by our mamelouks; the cimeters were drawn; and he would have perished if I had not asked his life, which Soliman found some difficulty in granting me. This Arab was so terrified, that it was a long time before he could find the power of utterance. He had come, with his companions, from the land of Hebron, to avenge the death of one of their cheykh, who had been killed three days before by the Bethelmites. My spahis would not yield to my earnest entreaties to restore to him his mare, which neighed, and seemed conscious of her master's captivity; while his prayers and tears irritated them afresh. A second time I had to rescue this poor Arab from their hands: he plunged into the Jordan, gained the opposite bank, and disappeared.

The banks of the sacred river, called by the Arabs, el-Charia, are lofty, and covered with trees: its water is yellowish, turbid, and of some depth; its breadth is about one-fourth less than that of the Seine.* I made an exact drawing of the Jordan at the part where an islet, concealed by the trees and reeds, stops the current, occasions a reflux, and agitates a surface which in every other part is smooth and tranquil. Charmed with the soft murmurs of the water, to which our ears had been unaccustomed, we joyfully plunged into the stream.

I discharged all the duties of the traveller, made by ablutions, and brought away with me a flask of the holy water we had found so much pleasure in drinking. Our horses experienced some difficulty in crossing the sandy plain, which leads to the Dead Sea: my janissaries and Arabs sung, and discharged their pistols; Soliman Aga, the chief of the escort, mounted on a superb Arabian horse, was the most dexterous; and I followed the example of my guides. We sometimes paced silently, plunged in reveries, the subject of each of which was no doubt different; and at others, giving the reins to our horses, galloped over these sandy plains, breathing perfumes, and enjoying our independence. In this way I reached the banks of the Dead Sea, or lake Asphaltites.

It is said that this sea, or lake, is twenty leagues in length, and about ten leagues in breadth at the widest part. It is named by the Arabs Bahar Loth, They formerly tendered their services to travellers, to conduct them to a pillar coated with bitumen, which they showed as the pillar of salt; but it is im-

* It may be estimated at about eighty feet. The Jordan in this part has a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet.

possible at present to penetrate so far without danger, the Bedouins in the vicinity being in a state of constant warfare with travellers. For the greater part of its extent the Dead Sea stretches north and south. On the western bank were situated the five cities of Sodom, Gomorrhio, Adama, Seboyn, and Segor. The Jews are persuaded that, at the coming of the Messiah, these cities, now covered with the waves, will re-appear with all their splendour. *Et soror tua Sodoma et filia ejus revertentur ad antiquitatem suam.*

The general view of the Dead Sea, and of the mountains which surround it, made by me, was taken from the summit of a heap of shapeless ruins, said to be those of Gomorrhio. They are opposite to mount Nebo, where Moses died, and at the foot of which he was buried. In searching on the sea shore the vestiges of these guilty cities, it was my good fortune to meet with the remains of walls, those of a tower, and several columns. The water of the Dead Sea is troubled, pungent, and bitter. It throws up on its banks pieces of petrified wood, and porous stones in a calcined state. In speaking of it, which they do with the most religious respect, many mysterious things concerning it are related by the Arabs.

A layer of a glutinous, saline, and corrosive substance covers the ruins, as well as the whole extent of the shore of lake Asphaltites. The vegetation, which anciently followed the banks of the Jordan, from lake Tiberiades, has given place, near the Dead Sea, to small tufts of zaggoum and other shrubs, from which a precious balm is extracted.

We afterwards followed, by the mountains, the route leading to the monastery of Saint-Sabas. I had never before met with any sight so dismal and sombre as that of the deep valleys which are suddenly shut in by a high mountain, perfectly white, and easily to be mistaken, at the decline of day, for an enormous spectre whose office it is to defend the passage: the clefts and caverns represent his traits, and the ravines supply the folds of his frightful robe. Mountains of ashes, cones mutilated and thrown down, broken rocks of a capricious and fantastic form:—such were the objects which met my view for the extent of several leagues, until I came to a more elevated point. This afforded me another sight of the Dead Sea, just as the sun was setting over Arabia Deserta, behind the mountains of Edom.

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosrah?

I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. (ISAIAH)

From this elevation the Dead Sea appeared like a table of lapis lazuli, the golden margin of which was formed by the surrounding mountains.

Still further, the piled rocks resembled, now a fortified city, the walls and buildings of which menaced the starry firmament; and now an amphitheatre having for its spectators and performers kites and vultures; while eagles soared majestically in the air, over their proud domain.

The monastery of Saint Lebas is built in the angle of a rock, on an eminence four hundred feet above the dried torrent of the Cédron. I have never seen so frightful a solitude as this: the cells of the monks are excavated in the rock a hundred feet above the torrent, in places which appear to be inaccessible. Pigeons and thousands of hermits formerly inhabited this inauspicious and desolate valley: over the abyss the turtle-doves still take their lonely flight. The space inclosing the immense monastery, near which not a tree, not a plant, nor even the smallest rivulet, is to be seen, is defended by large square towers. Two low, narrow gates, covered with bands of iron and enormous nails, were inhumanly closed against us: the Greek monks, who thought the hour unseasonable, and were without doubt likewise terrified by the number of men composing our caravan, as well as by the impatience with which our solicitations were accompanied, refused us admission into the monastery. They spoke to us from the top of the ramparts, concealing themselves behind the battlements: the negotiation lasted for an hour; but neither the most importunate supplications, nor the strongest menaces, were of any avail. A jar filled with water, which had been long and anxiously expected, was lowered from the summit of a tower forty-eight feet in height. There the caloyers keep watch by night and by day, in constant dread of the Arabs, who frequently come in whole tribes to assail them. The latter take possession of all the avenues, until they make themselves sure of a contribution by a treaty.

Our horses, exhausted by fatigue, were not in a state to proceed any further: the night was dark; but still we were constrained to reach Jerusalem. Our Arab led us across places in a manner inaccessible, at the momentary risk of rolling down a precipice. I closed my eyes and abandoned myself to the prudent management of my horse, who sometimes slid along steep declivities, and at others stopped short, turned back, or stepped aside with surprising intelligence. The thunder howled tremendously over head; and it was not until two in the morning that a vivid flash of lightning afforded us a sight of Jerusalem. Another, of still greater intensity, shed its inauspicious ray over the valley of Jehosophat, the Mount of

Olives, and the tomb of Ezechias: had it not been for the incessant cries of our guides, the caravan would certainly have lost its way; for never was darkness more intense.

After having, by a laborious ascent, reached *Báb el-Naby Daoud*, the gate of David, we discharged our blunderbusses and pistols, which at length awakened the guard, and we entered Jerusalem.

On the following day I visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre, from which the convent of the Holy Land is distant about four hundred paces only. The streets of Jerusalem are crooked and badly paved; and the houses, which are for the greater part built of free-stone, are indebted for a scanty portion of light to a small door and one or two windows provided with wooden lattices. In a few paltry shops, olives, fruits brought from Damascus, rice, corn, and a scanty supply of dried leguminous plants, are sold: while a group of Arabs, dying with hunger, eagerly survey these stores, the Turkish dealer smokes his pipe with indifference, as if utterly regardless of his profits.

The convent of the reverend fathers, missionaries of the Holy Land, being situated in the most elevated part of the city, I had to descend, by a flight of steep steps, into the decayed vaults of Souq el-Nassâra, to reach the site of the Holy Sepulchre. The façade of this monument is a mixture of the moresque and gothic stiles of architecture: a square tower, deprived of its steeples, and levelled to the height of the church, has been thus mutilated since the epoch when the Turks regained the possession of Jerusalem. The exact drawing made by me of this place will perhaps help the reader to form an idea of it. It was on a festival; the doors were thrown open; and pilgrims thronged either to enter or pass out. Turks, in the interim, squatted on a divan, mercilessly exacted the entrance-tribute: the ear was deafened by importunate cries, and blows were struck; while the crowd mingled with the processions as they crossed each other: the ensemble presented a tumultuous and afflicting spectacle.

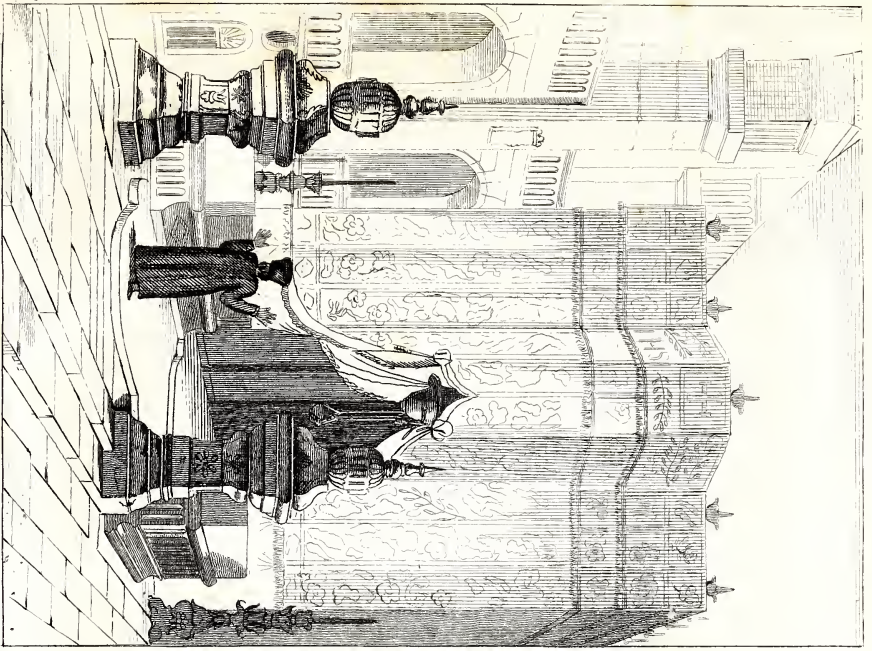
The church of the Holy Sepulchre has been described in so exact a manner, that I shall forbear a repetition of what has been so often said respecting it: the plan of the edifice is so irregular, that it requires a considerable time to come at the distribution of the parts. The dome of the circular church in the middle of which the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre is placed, was burned on the twelfth of October, 1807, and was rebuilt six months after, conformably to the plans of a Greek architect of Constantinople, named Coméano Calfa. The Latins ascribe this accident to the Armenians and Greeks, without

whose riches, however, the restoration could not have been made. Accordingly, the Greeks find, in the rebuilding, a pretext for excluding the Latin Catholics from the Holy Sepulchre.

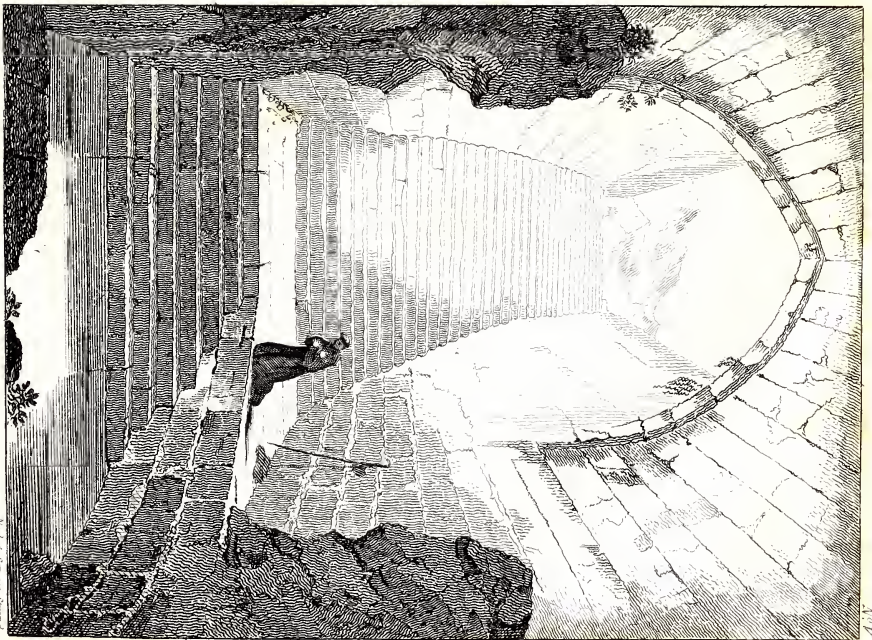
The cupola, built of stone cemented with stucco, and open like that of the Pantheon at Rome, is supported by six pilasters, each separated by an arcade, which forms a circular gallery, divided between the different communions admitted into this basilick.

The Holy Sepulchre is a low marble altar, seven feet in length, and two and a half in breadth, enclosed in a small square chapel built of marble, lighted by rich and magnificent lamps, and entirely covered by hangings of velvet. A painting within, above the sacred stone, represents the triumph of Jesus Christ over death. It is impossible not to feel a profound emotion, not to be impressed with a religious awe, on seeing this humble tomb, the possession of which has given rise to more disputes than that of the finest earthly thrones; of this tomb the power of which has survived empires, which has been so often bedewed with the tears of repentance and of hope, and from above which the most ardent supplications daily ascend to heaven. In this mysterious tabernacle, before this altar of perfumes, to which our attention has been directed from our earliest infancy, we feel an irresistible influence—an overpowering delight. This is the land promised by the prophets, and guarded by angels, to which the tiara of Constantine, and the brilliant helmet of Tancred, did homage. Lastly, it would seem that the regards of the Eternal are more specially fixed on this monument, the sacred pledge of the pardon and redemption of man.

I quitted the chapel, and spent an hour in visiting the different stations, which the Italian monks who accompanied me explained. By several lateral naves, beneath lofty vaults supported by columns of an order of architecture unknown to me, we proceeded, sometimes amid the glare of thousands of lamps, and at others feebly aided by the uncertain light let in by small glazed windows. “Here,” said my conductors, “Christ was scourged; here,” proceeding onward, “his head was invested with the crown of thorns;” and, still farther, “here lots were drawn for his garments.” Having ascended by a flight of steps winding spirally round an enormous pillar, we entered another church, on the pavement of which they imprinted kisses: it was Golgotha. A monk who was still busied in reciting his prayers, pointed to a gate through which the cleft in the rock where our Saviour’s cross was fixed was to be seen. “Here,” said he, “is the place where opprobrium and sorrow aided



THE CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.



THE POOL OF SION.

David & Son, 25, St. Andrew



death to consummate the triumph of sin. Here was committed the crime which dismayed the heavens, scared the sepulchres, and shook the remotest foundations of the earth."

Christians of Coptos, of Yemen, and of Abyssinia, were there prostrated at the side of the pilgrim of Tobolsk, of Novogorod, or of Teflis. In quitting this hallowed spot, I said to myself, alas! that the sensations which these great remembrances kindle in my soul should be vain, useless, and lost to others! What has the obscure traveller, sentenced to oblivion, whose passage through life will not leave any earthly trace, to do here? How is he to speak of Jerusalem, he whose noblest emotions were stifled between the prejudices and the conformities of the old world? Can he comprehend these mysterious and prophetic monuments, he whose regrets, the sad inheritance of the commerce of men, and of the passions of youth, are what alone bind him to the earth?

But what an unknown and divine language would have been revealed to Dante, to Milton, to Racine, and to Klopstock, if they had come hither to listen, during the still solemnity of the night, to the sorrowful hymns of the daughters of Jerusalem:—if the golden harps of these immortal bards had accompanied their pathetic strains amid the ruins of the temple of Israël!

Lastly, from the summit of Mount Sion, like the bird whose soaring aspect dares to fix itself stedfastly on the sun, Raphael might have snatched a few additional traits to represent the full majesty of Jehovah.

With respect to the general effect of the interior of this edifice, I may refer those who wish to form an approximate idea of it, to one of the fine paintings of Rembrandt, more particularly to that of the woman taken in adultery. In treating the subject of the Samaritan, this painter has been so happy, that one would be led to suppose he had spent all his life in Palestine. Poussin painted the people of God listening to his voice in the desert; and Rembrandt has brought about the resurrection of the Scribes and Pharisees.

In quitting the holy sepulchre, and following the route of Mount Calvary, pilgrims repair to what is called the palace of Pilate: this is a large fabric, surmounted by a tower, and evidently bears, in its ensemble, and each of its details, the character of saracenic architecture. I was permitted to ascend to a high terrace, where I descried the immense space formerly occupied by the temple of Solomon: on its site are two mosques, distinguished by the Arabs by the names of el-Harem el-Mogaddes, or Cheryf, and Djâmi el-Hadrar.*

* The Turks are persuaded that Mahomet descended from heaven to bless

I have observed that this space was immense: two of its sides are surrounded by buildings supported by arcades. When I made a sketch of it, I had behind me the Pool of Probation; (*piscina mirabilis*), and on my left, the long walls of Jerusalem, which shut in the eastern part of the great enclosure. The octagonal temple, placed in the centre, on a platform paved with marble, to which, passing beneath insulated porticos, there is an ascent of a few steps, was perhaps built on the site of the *Sancta Sanctorum*: its form is, as well as its ornaments, in the highly finished and tasteful style of Arabic architecture. The enclosed space at length terminates, being shut in towards the south by another temple, supported by the crenated walls of Jerusalem, which command, as well as the eastern wall, the valley of Jehosophat. It is thought that this latter temple was that of the Presentation. (Djâmi el-Hadrah.) Ali-bey el Abassi* asserts that this mosque is supported by four rows of columns: the details he gives, on this subject, are so interesting, that it is much to be regretted he did not make drawings of the interior of these celebrated mosques, to enter which is now more impracticable than ever. I was not able to complete my sketch without murmurs, although those who surrounded me belonged exclusively to the motsallams guard; several of them, however, were *hâggy*, that is, pilgrim's of Mecca, who thought that they could not better display their zeal than by blaming aloud the obliging toleration of Abdil-Kerym. The musulmans have gone to the length of insulting all those, not of their own faith, whose indiscreet curiosity has led them to peep narrowly through the porticoes of the *Ecce Homo*: they make a boast of having refused Sir Sidney Smith† the favour of visiting these monuments.

I blush at the small effect produced by my feeble sketch, when I bring to my recollection the magical effect of the light

these mosques; and that he visited Jerusalem, mounted on his mare, *el-Borâq*, which is no other than an angel with the body of a winged horse, and the face of a woman. The prophet is to return to Jerusalem on the day of the last judgment, accompanied by Jesus Christ, *Rouh Allah*. (The spirit of God.) He will stride over the valley of Jehosophat, with one of his feet placed on the temple, and the other on the Djebel-Tor. His robe will be formed of the skin of a young camel; the souls of the Just will nestle in it like so many insects; and, as soon as Mahomet perceives, by the weight of his garment, that the souls of all the true believers have sheltered themselves beneath his wings, he will take his flight towards the ethereal expanse.

* M. Badia, a Spaniard, known in the East by the name of *Ali-bey el-Abbassi*, having engaged in a new series of travels in the Levant, died, it is said, near Damascus. The Pacha of Egypt mentioned him to me in terms which made me regret that I did not counsel him to forbear paying a second visit to that country.

† After the defence of Saint Jean d'Acre.

on these edifices, so varied in the colour of their ornaments, and so elegant in their details. A plain of turf, overspread with fountains, tombs, and palms, envelops this marble platform: its reverberated light is blended with the lustre of the enamel and gold with which the mosques are covered. To the west, behind the ramparts, and beyond the torrent of Cedron, (*el-buald*), the mount of olives (*Djebel Tor*), terminates in the hamlet of Siloan: beyond, in a landscape embellished by the illusion of a brilliant and gilt vapour, are to be seen the hills of Bethelam, the Dead Sea, and the mountains of Arabia.

If it were possible to search at this time for the venerable remains of Hebraic antiquity, to what discoveries might not such an enquiry lead in a land enriched by the destruction of so many immense monuments!

The present mosques, built by Omar, felt the dreadful vengeance of the Crusaders. Saladin, to purify the temple from this religious stain, had the pavements and walls washed, when he made himself master of Jerusalem, in 1188. Five hundred camels, it is said, scarcely sufficed to bring from Yemen the prodigious quantity of rose-water employed in this lustral ceremony.

I walked round the walls of Jerusalem: it is said that this city has a circumference of four thousand five hundred paces. The gate of Sion, *Bâb el Moghreb*, and the *Sterquilinary* gate (*Porta Sterquilini*) lie to the south, as does likewise that of *Naby Daoud*. The Roman architecture of the gilt gate, *Bâb el-Dahrié*, which has for a long time been filled up with stone, is apparently of Hadrian's time. The Christians of Syria are persuaded that Jesus Christ made his entry into Jerusalem by this gate, for which they have a great veneration. *Bâb el-Sbal*, or *Bâb el-Setty-Mariam*, situated to the east, leads, as well as *Bâb el Dahrié*, to the valley of Jehosaphat. The gate of Damascus, *Bâb el-Amoud*, stationed to the north, is the one the form of which appeared to me to be the most romantic, and most picturesque. Lastly, to the west, is the gate of Ephraim, together with that of Bethelam, or the well-beloved, *Bâb el-Khalyl*. The walls are high, crenated, and provided with square towers from distance to distance. Godfrey of Bouillon took Jerusalem by assault on the 12th of July 1099, at three in the afternoon, on the side of the gate of Damascus. This is still the part of the ramparts the easiest of attack: Jerusalem would with difficulty hold out a few days against the weakest battery which might be erected above the grotto of Jeremiah.

Jerusalem, in Arabic *el-Quods*, (the holy) is situated between two hills, *Acra* and *Moria*. When Hadrian re-built this city, Mount Calvary was enclosed within the ramparts. *Golgotha*

is a point of the hill of *Moria*, so inconsiderable, that it is entirely locked in the principal nave of the church of the holy sepulchre. It is thought that Jerusalem still contains twenty-five thousand inhabitants, Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Armenians : not more than two hundred Christian families are to be found in it. The compass of the city would easily contain six times that number of inhabitants ; and, accordingly, great part of its steep and unpaved streets are without inhabitants : spacious houses, churches, and monasteries, have been entirely abandoned.

I frequently passed over these deserted spots, and had to force my way through thickets, brambles, and the stems of the prickly pear. Ivy creeps along the walls, and the aloes grow in security on the terraces, and in the fissures of the steeples. The palm, neglected in the gardens, shoots up to the loftiest of the cornices : its fruit, which no one gathers, becomes the food of the solitary bird. I have frequently passed several hours seated on the summit of a terrace, of a tower, or of a minaret : my soul, was dejected at the sight of this terrible desolation.

“ All that pass by clap their hands at thee ; they kiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, IS THIS THE CITY THAT MEN CALL THE PERFECTION OF BEAUTY, THE JOY OF THE WHOLE EARTH ? ”

Lamentations of Jeremiah.

I was present at all the disastrous scenes which, during my stay, passed in this unfortunate city, the constant theatre of the passions of men, and the wrathful vengeance of heaven. How often was the air rent with the exclamations of grief ! how often was the blood of its citizens, equally bereft of the means of extinguishing the fire which consumed it, and the fury of its vanquishers, wantonly spilled ! The most terrible scenes were incessantly presented to my view : the flames of the temple ascended into the highest regions of the air, which they kindled : the celestial hosts saw them with a holy terror consume those altars, whence had before issued the vapours of sweet perfumes, the mysterious cloud of the incense of Israël !

Oppressed by a thousand painful sensations, I descended to other monuments : I crossed the decayed courts of the monastery of Saint Helen, of the convent of Saint Peter, of the mosque of Aboubeker, and of the church of the Seven Sorrows : throughout I found ashes, ruins, and the accomplishment of a terrible decree.

Thus does desolation proceed. I vainly sought two noble tombs in the church of the Holy Sepulchre : they had been removed by the Greeks a few years before : their sacrilegious hands had dared to mutilate and destroy the tombs of Godfrey

of Bouillon, and of Baudouin, his brother. The following inscriptions were to be read on them :

EPITAPH OF GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

Hic jacet inclytus dux Godefridus de Bulion, qui totam istam terram acquisivit cultui Christiano ; cujus anima regnet cum Christo. Amen.

EPITAPH OF BAUDOIN.

*Rex Balduinus, Judas alter Machabæus,
Spes patriæ, vigor ecclesiæ, virtus utriusque,
Quem formidabant, cui dona tributa ferebant
Cedar et Ægyptus, Dan ac homicida Damascus,
Proh dolor ! in modico clauditur hoc tumulo.*

Indignant at this outrage, and without recollecting that I had not any authority to redress a wrong of this nature, I ran to the Greek patriarch to know the truth, and to make him responsible for these respectable monuments. I endeavoured to impart my holy wrath to the drogoman who accompanied me ; and we united in devising a number of things which I should have to say to these Greeks, all of which appeared to me to be unanswerable.

The patriarch was surrounded by bishops, respectfully waited on by caloyers, and guarded by several janissaries in the pay of the Greeks. These soldiers make their court to him by ill treating the Roman Catholics.

The patriarch, his archimandrites, and deacons, were all of them overwhelmingly polite. They possess a kind of subtle ignorance ; and I had but little dependence on the success of my negotiation, when I had satisfied myself that not two of them had heard of the crusades, or knew what was meant by **THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED**.* What was left for me to say to such people ? They affirmed that these ruins had been destroyed by the fire, at the same time that the conflagration did not reach that part of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. In the interim, they smoked their pipes, and ate of the candied fruits of Damascus.

It has been seen that I had reason to complain of the want of hospitality of the caloyers of Saint Sabas. I had scarcely returned home when the superior of the monastery came to make his apologies. On another hand, the patriarch's people brought me from him a present of wine of Chiras. This was the best result of my negotiation.

Since my return to Europe I have spoken of this profana-

* Of Tasso.

tion, and of the facility with which these two tombs may be re-established; but with as little success as I had with the patriarch of Jerusalem.

Although I have by no means the intention of constituting myself the judge of the disputes which have so long subsisted between the Greek church and the Latin church, I still feel a disposition to take up the defence of the Roman Catholics, because they are poor and persecuted. This warfare, of which the Holy Sepulchre is the constant field of battle, exasperates the Italian and Spanish monks to a degree hard of belief. Their rivals are rich, and pay the Turkish government daily the price of the privileges they wrest from the Latin priests. Sometimes it is an organ displaced, at others a picture taken down, and at others, again, a refusal to sing at the high mass. Volumes are written at Constantinople on these disputes; and it is not unusual to see a sainted monk die with chagrin at a small triumph of the Maronites, Greeks, or Jacobites. The choleric paroxysms of these pious cenobites were extremely painful to me; for I was at a loss to conceive how such littlenesses could be displayed on the heights of the mountain of Sion. They constantly denounce anathemas against each other, and either party consoles itself with the certainty of the reward which awaits it in the world to come.

The temporal government of the convents of the Holy Land is, as well as the spiritual, vested in the Spanish monks. Their sovereign formerly remitted to Syria large sums. All these establishments are under the protection of the king of France. At this time Spain promises much; the king of Portugal offers up his vows; the Pope bestows his blessing on Palestine; and the other sovereigns find a difficulty in permitting alms to be collected in their states, in behalf of the Holy Sepulchre.

The fathers, missionaries of the Holy Land,* have debts and enemies: I found them at open war with several persons. They persecuted M. Pillavoine, Consul General of France in Syria, whom they accused of not being a sufficiently zealous catholic: on his side, the consul complained of the want of attachment these monks displayed to France, and of the profusion of Spanish, Portuguese, and Austrian escutcheons with which their walls were covered. It is easy to perceive that this litigation was, on either side, a kind of pastime.

If I found models of virtue among the monks of Jerusalem,

* They are Franciscans: I left forty of them at Jerusalem, six at Bethelhem, as many at Nazareth, four at Rama, and four at Jaffa.



THE SEPULCHRE OF THE KINGS AT JERUSALEM.



TOMBS IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

there were not wanting, as is every where the case, examples of priests who were by far too much occupied with the affairs of this world. However, if the monks who compose the convents of the Holy Land are not all of them equally praiseworthy, I did not discover in any one of them the turpitude and avidity of which M. Volney accuses them: this is the only point on which it is not possible for me to agree with that writer, who is in every other respect so exact and profound. The monks by whom we were hospitably entertained in the convent of Jerusalem, are, of all the individuals with whom I am acquainted, least deserving of being consigned to the contempt of Europe: their poverty is but too real, and their courage has been put to too strong a proof. It may be that the state of human affairs has, as well as the principles of men, undergone a great change within these thirty years; and, if this hypothesis be granted, I can only affirm that there has been a complete reform. The most reverend Father Antonio Salvator, is a Maltese, young, of a feeble temperament, and of a mild and conciliating character; but the power is entirely in the hands of the procurator-general, Father Clemente Perez, a Spaniard, of a firm and decided character: he is constantly surrounded by the monks of Castille, who pay him a most implicit obedience.

I left Jerusalem on the 25th of November, by the gate of Ephraim, to visit the sepulchres of the kings. They are situated two miles from the city, in a quarry thirty feet in depth, square, and divided into two courts by a rock in the form of a wall, which appeared to me to be from four to five feet in thickness: the entrance into the second court is by a round gate, so low, that it is necessary to stoop exceedingly to pass through it. The four sides of this quarry are hewn perpendicularly: an opening, eight feet in height, and in length about thirty, made in one of them, passes eight feet into the rock. The left side of this artificial cavern has so narrow a door, that the first chamber cannot be entered without creeping: this chamber, which is small, is followed by three others, each of which has an out-jutting, or projecting tablet, on which the embalmed bodies were laid. The doors by which these sepulchres were shut, were of stone, as were likewise their hinges, which were skillfully wrought. A large serpent, and enormous bats, were what alone I met with in this dismal place. At the entrance of the vault is to be seen an elegant frieze, in the finest taste, sculptured in the rock. History does not throw any light on the date of this monument; but the sculptures of the pediment may have belonged to the epoch when Herod the Great governed Judea. The Sepulchres of the judges are at some distance from those of the kings. The ruins of several

cisterns prove that an attempt was formerly made to cultivate the steril space by which they are separated: the naked rock is almost every where to be seen, with olives of a feeble growth in its clefts, surrounded by brambles and thorns which elbow them, as if angry that their inheritance should be thus usurped.

Jerusalem is the city of tombs; the valleys of Halcedoma and Jehosophat are covered with them; and the living appear to have no other task assigned to them than that of keeping watch over these numberless ashes. The rocks are all excavated to receive bones, and the sides of the mountains incumbered with sepulchral stones: mysterious inscriptions protect from the efforts of time the memorial of those whose remembrance was so soon effaced in the heart of man. Such are these places of lamentations—these vales of tears—these vast annals of death.

Near several ancient olives the place is shewn to you which was bathed with the sweat of the blood of Jesus Christ,* where was presented to him the bitter cup of opprobrium and death; and, proceeding onward, the place where the faithful still fancy they see him carried up to heaven, leaving behind him a brilliant and luminous lustre. Marks of human feet are imprinted in the rock: these the pilgrim regards with a pious confidence: he no sooner applies his forehead, full of care, to this miraculous spot, than all his fatigues and sufferings are forgotten.

The bazars of Jerusalem, in which a few merchants and manufacturers are still to be found, are vaulted and spacious: every thing about them announces that, instead of having been occupied, as they are at present, by timid and needy inmates, these magazines were formerly the residence of those Asiatic merchants who traded in the perfumes of Arabia, in the pearls of the Ganges, and in the tissues of Lahor. Long rows of camels press forward beneath the arch-roofs; the assembled groups make way for them; the leader of the caravan, wrapped in his *gilabias*,† and mounted on the favourite dromedary, laying his right hand on his breast, salutes the passers by; the latter answer his salutation; and while they propound questions to him, the dervich bestows his benediction on the traveller who prostrates himself before him.

I paid occasional visits to an old and rich Jew, a native of Constantinople, to whom I had letters of recommendation: he was come to die in the city of David. Raphaël-Baruch

* But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water.—*John*, chap. 19. v. xxxiv.

† A large mantle striped with black and white.





Wood & Iron, 455, Broadway

A CHRISTIAN FAMILY AT JERUSALEM.

Motro spoke the Spanish language with purity; his conversation was lively and engaging; he was a profound observer; and the philosophy he had acquired in the course of his long travels was mild and liberal. I have met with few men who, knowing the world so well as he did, spoke of it with less ill-humour. His house, which he was fitting up with great care, had cost him five hundred purses.* At this time, among the papers of a brother of Baruch Motro, who died at Jerusalem, was accidentally found a contract passed between him and two rabbins, which secured to this credulous Jew a commodious place in Abraham's bosom at the moderate cost of eight hundred purses.

Abou-Souan, the second drogoman of the convent of the Holy Sepulchre, introduced me to his family; his house was small but commodious; and I occasionally called in to rest myself after my long walks. The eldest of the four sisters of Abou-Souan was eighteen years of age; but in Syria a girl is marriageable at twelve: these young females were all of them either agreeable or handsome. The youngest, Angela, who was aged thirteen, had fine eyes, teeth like pearls, and an expressive and timid physiognomy, accustomed to be half concealed by a veil. The Christian females of Jerusalem never go abroad without being wrapped in a black mantle: the most aged and tottering are scrupulous on this head; and it is inconceivable how they can make their way, with such an encumbrance, in streets so narrow and badly paved. It is a favour to find admission to a Christian family, to see the women there with the face uncovered, and to receive from them the coffee, the rose water, and the pipe which they fill with aloes, and which, having lighted, they gracefully present.

We were very desirous that M. Prevost should draw his panorama of Jerusalem from the top of the tower of David, which forms a part of the citadel, [el-Qalaa] or, at least, from the terrace of the Armenian convent; but it was impossible to obtain this favour, although the absence of the mufti, Laher Effendi, who had just set out for Mecca, might, we imagined, have afforded us this opportunity. Abdil-Kerym dreaded the fanaticism of the chief of the emirs, Omar Effendi, on whom the Franks have bestowed the title of *Capo Verde*, [the green bonnet.] He was obliged to take the central point of this panorama from the summit of the convent of the Fathers, missionaries of the Holy Land. At this time I made my general view of Jerusalem, taken in the valley of Jehoso-

* Upwards of six hundred pounds sterling.

phat, at the spot where the Christians suppose Jesus Christ, looking on this city, to have pronounced the terrible words: *Woe be to thee, Jerusalem!* Under these circumstances, I was greatly indebted to the kindness of the monks, and more particularly to the good offices of the respectable fathers Bayon and Angelo Munnos, both Spaniards. These good monks came to chat with us in the evening in a small refectory, where they treated us with the best they could procure. I could not forbear admiring their courage, their self-denial, and the gaiety they displayed in awaiting the new persecution with which the churches of Palestine were threatened.

Nothing can be more gloomy and dismal than Jerusalem, when the north wind, pregnant with showers, whistles through the battlements of the ramparts, is engulfed in the deserted streets, or groans in the cloisters and corridors of the convent. I was lodged in a cold chamber, which received the light from a small grated window: it commanded the view of a garden terminated by the high walls of the city.

The climate of Jerusalem is frequently rigorous during winter: snow sometimes falls; and the cold was somewhat intense when we prepared to leave it. The monks conferred on me the knighthood of the order of the Holy Sepulchre. The sword of Godfrey of Bouillon, the last relic that was shown me, was not the one I respected the least. I fancied I saw it wielded by the hand of this valorous and just man, who overthrew whatever he encountered to resist his progress: a noble pride brought to my recollection that this hero belonged to my country.

The second of December was the day fixed for my departure from Jerusalem: I quitted the monks with a secret presentiment of the calamities which were afresh to overtake them. The convoy, drawn up in good order, took the road of the terebinthine vale: the day, which had been at first overcast, became very fine. When we reached the village of Jeremiah, the chief residence of the Arabs of Abou Goch, we found that numerous *Vabyleh** in an almost entirely ruined state: they offered us, among other refreshments, honey, and sour mare's milk; and we partook of every thing not to displease our hosts. I was indebted for this kind reception to the friendship of Ibrâhym Abd-el-Rahmân, brother of Abou Goch, the chief

* Tribe, family. The Arabs commonly bestow on the inhabitants of a country the name of "child" of that particular territory: they thus name the Egyptians Oulâd Masr; the Syrians Oulâd Châm, &c. The fathers commonly add to their own name that of their first-born son: they accordingly say *Mohamed Abou Qâsem*, Mohamed, the father of Qâsem.

of this tribe : we had formed an acquaintance at the house of the governor of Jerusalem ; and he insisted on my visiting his establishment in the desert. Ibrâhym occasionally inhabits Keryet-Lefta, or the valley of el-Byr.

There is an extreme difference of temperature between the mountains of Judea and the sea-shore : it was winter at Jerusalem, and spring at Jaffa. We were delighted at breathing the perfume exhaled by the gardens of oranges and lemons which lie before Jaffa, on the road of the ancient Arimathea. These gardens are planted without symmetry and without art ; brooks flow amid rows of trees pressing on each other ; the flowers and fruits with which the branches are loaded, make them yield beneath their weight, and cool themselves in the water as it gently murmurs along ; while beautiful palms rise like so many minarets above this balmy forest. It is impossible to convey an idea of the pleasure the traveller feels when he penetrates into these groves, after having had his eyes fixed throughout the day on a scorching strand, and his ears struck by the shrill and incessant cries of an Arab population, which seems to be always menacing, and always in revolt.

Mehemet, the aga of Jaffa, anticipated my visit by a present he sent me, consisting of four lambs, rice, corn, poultry, sugar, and coffee. I went to thank him ; and he received me in a pavilion he had just had constructed at the sea-side : his manners were cordial and polished, and we soon came to a good understanding. This aga, by birth a Circassian, was about forty five years of age : he had been brought to Constantinople when very young, and was purchased by Gezzar, the pacha of Acre, who made him one of his mamelouks. Having been sent on several difficult missions, Mehemet displayed on these occasions great intelligence ; and bravery did for him the rest. Having been appointed governor of Jaffa, after the death of his patron, he looks forward to independence, and perhaps aspires even to the general government of Syria. This man, possessing a fine figure, active, adroit, and cruel even to ferocity, is capable of not sparing any means to obtain his aim. The territories surrounding Jaffa, Ascalon, and Gaza, are cultivated for his profit ; and he possesses exclusively the commerce of this territory. Constantly on horseback, either engaged in exercising his troops, or inspecting his workmen, during the day, he watches in person over the security of the city by night. When he makes the tour of Jaffa, followed by the executors of his orders, his rencounter is sure to be fatal to those who endeavour to frustrate his vigilance. He augments his guard daily, fortifies his ramparts, enlarges the port, and constructs quays. Lastly, Mehemet is a man whom destiny seems to

have pointed out as the successor of Gezzar Pacha, and who will, perhaps, like him, close his career tranquilly amid the numerous victims of his daily tyranny.

He was on a pretty good footing with the monks of the convent of Jaffa, all of them Spaniards. The Father procurator was hospitable, mild, and breathed the true spirit of evangelical simplicity. Father Juan Soler, the rector, was, on the other hand, influenced by a spirit of policy, by the welfare of his order, and by the credit he endeavoured to maintain with the aga. He was united in close bonds of friendship with a Christian, a native of Syria, named Elias Basila, the second secretary of Mehemet Aga, whom he endeavoured to raise to the post of prime minister: he propped him with all the weight of his influence, tormented him, and tried to rouse him from his apathy; while the latter, whose probity was blended with a certain portion of indolence, smoked two hundred pipes daily, in waiting his promotion—a forbearance which, in my opinion, was not unphilosophical. The drogoman of the convent of Jaffa was as poor, and, to say the least of him, as obsequious, as the other interpreters with whom the traveller is persecuted in the cities of Syria: like spaniels, they are constantly crouched at his feet; and he cannot procure the slightest information from them, until after he has, by way of prologue, had to listen to two or three long compliments in bad Italian.

The aga of Jaffa spoke to me frequently of the French armies: he insisted on knowing what I thought of the new fortifications he had just added to those which stopped Bonaparte a few hours only.* This led him to enquire of me the details of the recent events of Europe. I found him uncommonly well informed, not only as to facts, but likewise as to men. Mehemet Aga affected to show a profound aversion to the English and Russians: the reality of this hostility was not, however, confirmed to me by those who were most about his person, and enjoyed the greatest share of his confidence. One morning I found him seated in the centre of a quay which was just completing: the Arab peasants beat, in measured time, a sort of pouzzolana, or cement, which was to line the foot of the walls opposite the sea. Their task was performed to the sound of several harsh and discordant instruments; and this orches-

* The French carried the city of Jaffa by assault in 1799: they penetrated by the quarter of the Christians, situated in the most elevated part of the city, and, mistaking them for Musulmen, massacred a great number of them. This error, which they had in the sequel great reason to regret, damped the zeal of all the Christians of Syria, who looked forward to the French as their deliverers.

tra they accompanied by songs as barbarous as its harmony. They afterwards formed dances, and seemed to delight more especially in exercising, and marching and countermarching, like European soldiers. Pipes and sorbet were brought; and we conversed for a considerable time surrounded by upwards of fifty mamelouks, the greater part of whom had escaped from the last massacre at Cairo. Mehemet spoke to me of his troops, and dwelt much on the confidence with which he was inspired by the courage of the inhabitants of Nabolos, or Naplouse, the ancient Sichein: this part of the mountains of Syria furnishes the greater proportion of his guard. Extraordinary anecdotes, which evince the most ferocious intrepidity, are related of this tribe of Arabs, who are the sworn enemies of the tribe of Abou Goch, the ancient Jeremiah. *There is blood*, according to their phrase, between the two countries; and of this confirmed hatred lone individuals are the daily victims.

How often, in this fine climate, have I regretted the fogs and clouded sky of France! How often have my eyes been sorrowfully turned towards the west! When, after having seen in each of the countenances I met the expression of hatred, I returned to the convent of Jaffa, the mild and affectionate benevolence of the European monks comforted my heart, made it expand, and recalled to it its dearest affections.

In my chamber a young swallow was my companion; it settled every evening on a peg in the ceiling; and each morning, at sun-rise, I gave my little friend his liberty. It is not improbable that he came from France; and he may have quitted a roof which sheltered the objects of my tender solitude.

A sudden indisposition on the eve of my departure from Jaffa, was the more distressing to me, because it seemed to me to be the forerunner of a severe fit of illness. I submitted to a Turkish remedy; and a mixture of coffee and punch, made very warm, fortunately enabled me to get on horseback the following morning, although I was not as yet fully assured that I should have sufficient strength to prosecute my journey. In Syria not any medical aid, nor succour of any description, is to be had; and the sick must submit to the award of nature, either to recover or to die, without the intervention of man.

Having determined to repair to Damietta by crossing Palestine and the Desert, I did not allow myself to be discouraged by the various difficulties attendant on such a journey. The aga gave me a man on whom the fullest dependence could be placed, and of this man, Abou Douad, I shall have occasion to speak in the sequel. He had spent some years in France; and the consequence was, that when he spoke French I could not

understand him without considerable difficulty, and when he spoke Arabic he was equally incomprehensible. I had besides, as an additional escort, two horsemen, an Arab of Nabolos, and an African of Mogador. The whole of the city of Jaffa assisted in the preparations for our departure. Our caravans was very numerous: the streets were encumbered with the camels, the dromedaries, and Mehemet's guard: janissaries ill treated the Arabs, who uttered hideous exclamations; our affrighted horses sprung and pranced, while, in the interim, the cowls of the good monks, who braved the insults of this multitude, were blended with turbans of so many colours, while they bade us adieu. I succeeded at length in extricating myself from this croud, a small portion of which was so insolent, and the remainder so destitute and wretched.

The aga of Jaffa, a part of whose guard of cavalry escorted us as far as Gaza, offered me, as a token of his remembrance, an Arabian horse, which I refused; but, to make an equal display of generosity on my side, I sent him a watch set with pearls, with which he was highly pleased.

Our departure from Jaffa was not without pomp: the guns were fired, and numerous horsemen voluntarily joined our escort, to accompany us during a part of our journey. We slept in the open air, beneath a sorry tent, at Jabena, the ancient Jamnia, which was inhabited by a few Arab pastors only. The whole of this territory is susceptible of a surprising fertility; but the hand of despotism destroys during the day what the dew of heaven has made to spring.

I quitted the caravan, which was to direct its course towards Giza, long before break of day; and, having with me a drogoman, my servant, and a mamelouk, went in quest of the ruins of Ascalon. The dawn broke just as we were joined by an Arab near the ruins of Azoth, once so flourishing under the domination of the Philistines. This Bedouin, who was wandering without any settled plan, was delighted with the opportunity afforded him of hearing the praises bestowed on the beauty and fleetness of his mare, whose flashing eyes vied in lustre with those of the antelope: he hung unceasingly over the neck of this charming animal, to whom he spoke as to a beloved child, stifling her with kisses. On our drawing near to a ravine, our companion pointed out to me ell-Tell, the chief residence of the tribe of Ouahydyeh, to which he himself belonged, and which was in close alliance with the aga of Jaffa. He expatiated for a long time on the power and glory of his tribe; but, unfortunately, what he delivered in a very animated and impressive manner, was translated to me very laconically.

We cleared with the rapidity of lightning the space of eighteen miles lying between Jabena and Madjedal. This hamlet, distant two miles from the ruins of Ascalon, (in Arabic, Azgalân,) and from the sea, is situated in a fine plain, surrounded by a rampart of palms and large aloes. The hedges are formed of hornbeam and the prickly pear interwoven, and are more impenetrable than the thickest wall. It was here, in the plains of Ascalon, that the Crusaders obtained a signal victory over the army of the Sultan of Egypt, the loss of which was immense. This memorable battle is thus charmingly described by Jean Baptiste Rousseau :—

*La Palestine enfin, après tant de ravages,
Vit fuir ses ennemis, comme on voit les nuages
Dans le vague des airs fuir devant l'aquilon ;
Et des vents du midi la dévorante haleine
N' a consumé qu' a peine
Leurs ossamens blanchis dans les champs d' Ascalon.*

I repeated these verses with still more delight, because other Frenchmen, who came to seek new dangers, were encamped, a few years ago, on this spot. A plain leads to the ruins of Ascalon : this city, which is now without a single inhabitant, is situated on a high hill, in the form of a semi-circle : the declivity is almost insensible on the land side ; but there is a considerable slope towards the sea, which forms the chord of this arch. The ramparts and gates are standing, and the turret awaits the watchful sentinel. The streets lead to two squares ; and over a flight of steps, in the interior of a palace, the ante-lope bounds : in the vast churches not any echo is to be heard, save that of the cry of the jackal : large flocks of these animals are assembled in the great square, and they are at present the only rulers of Ascalon.

The Arabs, by whom it is named Djaurah, without doubt impressed by its gloom and awful stillness, make it the abode of evil spirits : they assert that, during the night, lights are often seen passing along, and innumerable voices heard, together with the neighing of horses, the clashing of arms, and the tumultuous shouts of the embattled hosts.

Not far from the Gothic monuments of Ascalon are to be seen the extensive ruins of a temple of Venus : forty lofty columns of rose granite, and capitals and friezes of the finest marble, rise from a deep vault half laid open. A well, having an immense aperture, descends into the bowels of the earth : a part of this great wreck is concealed by fig-trees, palms, and sycamores. What a picturesque and philosophical contrast is that of these Greek ruins, of matchless elegance, with the

ogive* and linked columns which support the dome of a chapel of the Virgin. She presided over this strand, and was without doubt invoked more than once amid the perils of a stormy coast. On the azured roof are still legible these words, written in Gothic characters:—*Stella matutina, advocata navigantium, ora pro nobis.*

The works of the port are become the sport of the waves: they break furiously, and at a great height, over the rocks, the firm and unshaken bases of these useless towers, and of these deserted turrets. I was rivetted to the spot, and could cheerfully have awaited the darkness which, fancy told me, was to re-people this dreary and fearful abode.

There once dwelt might and brilliant valour: it was in Ascalon that the elegance of the chivalrous age, and European politeness, were blended with the voluptuous pageantry and all the enjoyments of eastern luxury. There it was that religion, love, and a thirst of glory, wrought the imagination of the warrior to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and gave birth to those proud achievements which bestow on the history of the time all the *eclat*, and all the charms, of the most sublime fictions of poetry.

The Arab of el-Madjehal, urged by want, is to be occasionally seen engaged in digging among the sands of Ascalon: he surveys with a vacant look the breast-plate, once gilt, which chance has thrown in his way: his son tries to place on his head the helmet which rust has half consumed, and raises with difficulty the ponderous sword of the Christian knight.

*Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Eressa inveniet scabra rubigine pila,
Aut gravibus rustris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur essa sepulchris.*

VIRG. Georg. lib. 1. v. 497.

Coats of mail, the iron head of a lance, or the shattered remains of a buckler, may be found at almost every step. Lady Esther Stanhope† had recently attempted to explore the soil

* An arch, or branch of a Gothic vault, which, instead of being circular, passes diagonally from one angle to another, and forms a cross with the other arches.

† Lady Esther Stanhope has been for some years an inhabitant of Syria, and has fixed her residence in the small city of Antoura, at the foot of Mount Libanon: her bounties have attached to her the Bedouin Arabs; and it is said that they have every wish to proclaim her queen, and do homage to her as such. A ceremony, which bore a strong resemblance to the coronation of the sovereign Queen of the Desert, was prepared for her at Tadmor, the ancient Palmyra, when she went to visit its ruins; but her modesty led her to refuse this extraordinary triumph.

of Ascalon; but she soon found these researches too expensive. She had engaged a whole tribe of Arabs in this enterprise: the protection, however, of the aga of Jaffa was so costly, that she was obliged to abandon her project.

I did not arrive at Gaza until very late. After having crossed, to be enabled to reach it, forests of palms and nopals, the road suddenly quits the strand, and leads to rural valleys, and to brooks which must be sought beneath the fragrant shrubs that cover them. There it perhaps was that the noble and gentle Herminia fell in with those shepherds, with that lone retreat, which had never before witnessed any thing so brilliant as her armour, or so agitated as her breast.

*Cibo non prende già, che de' suoi mali
Solo si pasce, e sol di pianto ha sete.*

.....
*Non si destò finche garrir gli augelli
Non sentì lieti, e salutar gli arboscelli,
E con l'onda scherzar l'aura, e co' fiori.
Aprè i languidi lumi, e guardar quelli
Alberghi solitari dé pastori
E' parle voce uscir, tra l'acqua e i rani,
Ch' ai sospiri ed al pianto la richiami.*

(T. TASSO. Gerusal. liber. vii.)

These plains, although almost entirely uncultivated, are delightful: a vegetation at once active and vigorous, and palms laden with fruit of the most exquisite flavour,* display nature redoubling her efforts on the frontier of the Desert. It may easily be conceived that this land, so highly favoured, was long disputed.

Gaza, named by the Arabs *Razzé*, built on a hill of a moderate elevation, and of a circular form, overlooks these rich and fertile plains. By the dubious light of the moon, which was then obscured by clouds, I was astonished at the extent of this city, while my admiration was excited by the fine lineaments of the *seráy* of the palace which brings to remembrance the reign of the Sultan Saladin.

*Gaza è città della Guidea nel fine,
Su quella via ch' inver Pelusio mena,
Posta in riva del mare; ed ha vicine
Immense solitudini d'arena,
Le quai, como austro suol l'onde marine,
Mesce il turbo spirante, onde a gran pena
Ritrova il peregrin riparo o scampo
Nelle tempeste dell' instabil campo.*

(T. TASSO. Gerusal. liber. xvii.)

* The dates, the oranges, and the lemons of Gaza, have a very exquisite flavour, and are most esteemed in the Levant.

I crossed groves of banana-trees, and sprang over moresque arch-roofs, to deliver to the aga the recommendatory letter, or rather the orders, of Mehemet of Jaffa, his superior.

This terrible master was so well obeyed, that I met with a very polite reception. The marble palace, built in the time of the califs, in which the aga resides, must have been a voluptuous abode in the time of the sultans: each object still speaks there of these brave and gallant princes, who aided with their arms the bewitching Armida. The governor of Gaza was wretchedly lodged in a tattered divan, amid these magnificent ruins. The walls are, however, still incrustated with azure and gold; and marble arcades, skilfully wrought, afford a passage to the perfumes of the adjacent forests. The illusion of the evening embellishes every where that which exists, and gives a fine relief to that which is no more: accordingly, on the following day, I could no longer find the traces of what, on the preceding evening, had constituted the chief allusion of my brilliant and chivalrous reveries.

After having smoked the pipe, and taken coffee, which was presented to us by fine youths of from twelve to fifteen years of age, I was shown to the house of a Greek, the aga's first secretary. We there selected for our quarters a court, in preference to the interior of the house, and slept beneath thick trellises. In the morning, I was awakened at an early hour by the arrival of a courier from Jaffa, who brought me a present from the aga of very rich Damascus cloths. I was not at all surprised at this, as his munificence was, as well as his wish to make himself agreeable to foreigners, to the French more especially, well known to me.

Gaza at that time scarcely contained eight thousands inhabitants, divided between Turks, Arabs, and Greeks. The palaces facing the rampart were almost entirely deserted. All the surrounding objects bore testimony to the riches and elegance of remote times, and to the bad taste and misery of the present. The principal mosque is ornamented with four rows of columns of African marble, surmounted by corinthian capitals in the best taste: these ornaments were evidently brought hither from Ascalon. My host pointed out to me respectfully the remains of ancient walls on the summit of a hill: these he would have to be the ruins of the temple which Sampson overthrew: and, beyond these remains, he showed me the spot where this Hercules of the Israelites deposited the gates of Gaza. We fell in with the aga, who was proceeding towards the sea side, distant about four miles, on a hunting excursion. He was followed by a numerous retinue of mamelouks, among whom were several of the young men whose beauty had made

so great an impression on me the preceding evening: I was told that these unfortunate youths, who were brilliantly armed, and mounted on superb horses, were the favourites of the aga, whose treasures and power they contested.

At the epoch of the campaign of Egypt, the French did not obtain possession of Gaza until after a pretty severe action. The French engineers then threw up a redoubt capable of keeping the city in check; and the remains of this work I saw, but in a very ruinous condition.

If I had been alone, and could have submitted to pay the enormous sum which was demanded of me, I should certainly have confided my destiny to the Arabs of Bâkyr, and to a few known individuals of Gaza, to seek in the Desert, to the south-east of lake Asphaltites, the ruins of the cities of the Nabatheans and the Idumeans. The Honourable Mr. Banks, an English Traveller, was at the time on the eve of visiting that particular part of Asia, hitherto so little known: I was told that he was to be furnished with an escort of three hundred men for this expedition. He will see without doubt the Desert of el-Tyh, to which Moses led the Hebrews; together with Pharan, and the remains of Asion-Gaber and Aylah, which were, even in the time of Solomon, the *entrepot* of the commerce of Arabia and India.

The Greek at whose house I was lodged spoke a little Italian: he was affectedly grave, and gave himself airs of importance, because the aga did not undertake any thing without consulting him. I have never, even among the other secretaries and drogomans, met with an indolence which could be compared to that of this man. I do not know how the affairs of the government were managed; but I saw him incessantly with a pipe in his mouth, and twirling between his fingers a chaplet of amber.

It is impossible to conceive the perplexities and torments of an unfortunate traveller who is obliged to consume whole days in waiting for a *bouyourdik*.* The agas, the emirs, the interpreters, and the camel-drivers, all conspire to keep him in a state of suspense; and it is by the dint of money alone that he succeeds in obtaining what might be had without the least difficulty.

The sums which Syria had at this time to pay annually to the *khazneh*, the sultan's treasurer, were estimated at three thousand purses, somewhat more than one hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling. Aleppo, Tripoli, and Saint-Jean-

* A sort of permit, or passport.

d'Acre, were the places which had to furnish the principal part of the contributions. The musulmans do not pay any thing: the Christians, the Maronites, the Druses, and the Jews, are considered as the immediate subjects. The *kharadj*, the impost to which the former are liable, is a capitation tax under a distinct management, and for which they likewise are responsible to the sultan's treasurer. Syria might remit half a million sterling to Constantinople; for this province, which groans under taxation, in reality pays upwards of a million and a quarter sterling: this is consumed by the pachas, the mot-sallams, the agas, and their agents. If all the troops in the pay of the pachas of Damascus and Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and of the aga of Jaffa, were to be summed up, they would scarcely amount to eight thousand men, in which number only two thousand foot soldiers, all either metoualis or moghrabins, are to be reckoned.

I quitted Gaza on the 9th of December, after having had to encounter obstacles which threw a damp on an enterprize sufficiently arduous in itself. I refused the armed escort which was offered me; but I was supplied with camels, dromedaries, and a chief of the camel-drivers, whom I was led to select, from among many others, by the nobleness and frankness of his physiognomy. Abd-allah-d'el-Arych did not falsify the opinion I had entertained of him: this gentle and affectionate creature was of great use to us. The preparations for our departure soon collected around us, as was customary in these cases, all the rabble of Gaza. The most adventurous among them loaded us with abuse, and a few stones were thrown; but the threat of a volley of our fire arms soon quieted this populace, the most insolent in all Syria. We mounted on our dromedaries amid the shouts of the Arab guides. The fury displayed by these armed men among themselves would have led one to suppose that slaughter would ensue; but there was nothing of all this: the dispute was at the most about a leather strap, a cord, or a few medins: when the feeblest was dragged by the beard beneath the feet of the camels, the janisseries interfered, and, having discharged a shower of blows on the combatants, order was restored.

The step of the dromedary* was at first so painful to me, that I thought I should be greatly inconvenienced during a journey of such a length; but I found in the sequel that the motion was supportable. I contrived to seat myself pretty well on the back of this enormous animal, so tractable,

* Surnamed, by the Arabs, *the ship of the desert*.

so gentle, and so sure of foot: I found a greater difficulty, however, in accustoming myself to the hideous guttural cries of this poor animal, every time he was forced to lie down, either to enable me to mount on his back, or to alight.

At ten at night, we halted in a plain overspread with heath: while some were busied in collecting dry wood, others kindled a fire near a heap of ashes which indicated that another caravan had recently passed. Thus far, we had had to cross immense uncultivated plains: neither palms nor sycamores were to be seen; and the monotony of this barren waste was alone varied by clayey ravins, and the beds of dried torrents. During the whole of the evening the screams of the jackals were what alone interrupted the solitude; and during the night our people were obliged to discharge their pistols, to drive away these unpleasant neighbours, who swarmed about the tent. I slept soundly, nevertheless, until four in the morning, when I was awakened by the pious hymn of the camel-drivers. The caravan was composed of nine persons, four of whom were mounted on dromedaries: the baggage, water, and provisions, were carried by five camels. Our Arabs preceded us on foot.

I was desirous to reach el-Arych by night: the journey was long, and the road bad. We crossed hills and valleys of a fine, shifting sand, of a dazzling whiteness, without discovering the smallest trace of vegetation: as we passed along, large rats, on our approaching them, sought refuge in the holes with which the sands abound. At noon, the sun was scorching, and the heat almost insupportable. We fell in with several Arab shepherds near the tomb of a santon: they drank with eagerness the brackish water which they drew from a cistern falling in ruins. What a picture of wretchedness and suffering did these half-famished creatures present! This tribe, which was independent a few years ago, had been persecuted, and finally subjected, by the aga of Gaza: the women and children were detained prisoners in that city, and made responsible for the fidelity of the men of the tribe, to whom he had given the charge of his folds.

Having descended towards the sea side, we followed the strand during six hours. At length the palms of el-Arych were descried; but it required a long time to reach them. El-Arych consists merely of a small fort, surrounded by cottages sunk in the sand; but its forest of palms is truly magnificent: beneath their dome, ruffled by the evening breeze, we forgot the fatigues of the day. The overspreading darkness gave a relief to the sight; and the stillness and coolness of the night were inconceivably pleasant. It is then that the soul recovers its energy, while the body resumes its vigour and elasticity.

The Arabs of this territory have not forgotten the visit paid them by the French: they pointed out to us the different positions their troops had occupied, and the places which had been the scene of the most obstinate conflicts, throwing into the air handfulls of sand to denote the numbers of the slain. We were supplied with fish, which we cooked in the best way we could, and with fresh dates of an exquisite flavour.

After a progress of two hours along the sea-shore, we came to a well of turbid water, which was, however, passably good: our skins* were filled, and our caravan took the direction of the mountains towards the great Desert. In proceeding, the traveller has to cross, either sands intersected by very low hills, or plains immensurably spread, covered with a saline crust of a dazzling whiteness. At the horizon are to be seen shifting downs, on the surface of which the different directions of the winds impress varied forms: these represent, with great regularity, the gutters of a column, festoons, and, more frequently, waves similar to those the sea delineates on the strand. The water of the Mediterranean flows in by the valleys when the north winds prevail; and what is left of this water in the lowest of the plains, forms immense natural salt-pans. At intervals, and these very distant from each other, are to be found small tufts of a blackish and prickly heath. The herds of antelopes are so numerous as in a great measure to obscure the horizon. A few hares, the course of which the eye is enabled to follow for nearly a league, and a few tortoises crawling slowly to their retreat: these, and these alone, are the objects which attract the traveller's notice in the Desert. Not the warbling of one bird meets his ear to cheer this landscape, the monotony of which is so awfully striking: the solemn stillness of the scene is alone interrupted by the thunderclap, or by the deaf howlings of the tempest.

An Arab showed me, on a small mound of white sand, the recent tracks of a wild beast which had crossed it with its young, perhaps a few minutes before our passage. We fell in with two caravans only: several Arab women followed the latter on foot, carrying their children on the hips, and a pitcher on the head. Their husbands were naked, with the exception of the loins, which were covered with a leathern girdle, to which was attached a piece of stuff as small as could be well contrived for the purpose.

The Arab of the Desert is a far superior character to the Arab who dwells in a city: he is hospitable, faithful to his

* Goat-skins made to hold liquors.

promise, and is sensible of the full value of his independence. The Bedouin passes without longing through the bazars of Cairo and of rich Damascus: he is not to be seen, under any circumstances, struggling against his destiny. Civilized man expects from life what it can never bestow on him: in his inquietude, he makes the most strenuous efforts to remount the current of a rapid river, which the Bedouin Arab descends with resignation. All those we met with on our route accosted us with the most confident benevolence: with the right hand laid on the breast, they tendered to us their pious wishes: *God is great, he will protect your journey and ours*, was their usual formula in addressing us. *Alla kerym* and *In châ Allah* terminated the conversation which had commenced by multiplied *salems*, the salutations of peace.

In the evening my people laid out our repast beneath the tent. We were not long in taking it; for it was our custom to refresh ourselves with sleep, at eight, or nine o'clock at the latest, to be enabled to set out at three in the morning.

The heat which prevailed during the day, was augmented by the powerful action of the reverberation of the sun's rays on the plains of salt: the temperature could not be more aptly compared than to that of a very hot day, in the month of August, in the South of France. The humidity of the nights produces a sensation of the most piercing cold: these dews were occasionally so abundant, that it became very difficult to kindle a fire: our tent was as wet in the morning as if it had dipped in water. To seek relief from the awkward gait of my dromedary, I frequently mounted a small Arabian mare, aged three years, fleet, gentle, and a perfect model of beauty: she was so caressing and tame, that in the evening she frequently placed her fine nostrils on my shoulder, and partook of the supper.

After their repast, our Arabs drew up in a circle, and each in his turn told a story: by the physiognomies of those who listened to him, it was easy to judge of the interest of the recital.

One evening they appeared to be more attentive, and to feel a greater emotion, than usual: I wished to know the cause of this, and procured from Abou Doaud, our interpreter, the translation of a tale which must have been much more pathetic from the lips of Ibrâhym el-Arish. "My Lord," said the drogoman to me, "I have heard it repeated several times by a Monk of Jaffa: I am almost certain that I can tell it as well as he did."

THE HISTORY OF ISMAYL AND MARYAM.

In the continual quarrels which subsisted between the Arabs of the Desert and the Motsallam of Jerusalem, the people of the latter surprised and made prisoner, near the valley of Beqâa, a young cheykh who had already distinguished himself by his valorous achievements. He was named Ismayl, the son of Ahmed, the son of Bâhir: his father was chief of the tribe of *Ouahydyeh*, one of the most considerable of Barr el-Châm.* Ismayl defended himself with the courage of the lions he had so often attacked in the sands of Mâan and Karac. Being desperately wounded, it was not without great difficulty that he was transported to Jerusalem, where he was lodged, with his head resting on a column, in the court of the Governor's Palace. The paleness of death overspread his sunburnt visage, without changing the masculine and dignified beauty of his features: his stiff and chilled limbs, however, seemed to announce that he who was the rampart of the Desert, and the terror of Syria, would soon yield up the ghost. But his blood still flowed; and what pity denied, was inspired by a sordid interest. The motsallam, expecting a considerable ransom for the only son of the cheykh of the *Ouahydyeh*, ordered the drogoman of the convent of the Holy Land, who had the reputation of a skilful physician, to be called. "Hakim,"† said he to him, "seeing that thou hast received from heaven the gift of curing men, and that my people see in thee a second Averroès, I will confide to thee this prisoner, if thou thinkest that thou canst save his life: let him be conveyed to thy dwelling. Swear that thou wilt bring this slave into my presence on the twentieth day of the moon of schowal: if thou failest, if he escape thy vigilance, the treason be on thy head. The half of his ransom shall be the reward of this service."

The drogoman bowed his head, examined the wounds of the young cheykh, and, after laying his hand successively on his breast, on his beard, and on his forehead, said, "My Lord, what thou hast commanded shall be done: deliver up to me this slave, and I will endeavour to restore him to thee worth all the ransom which thy justice has a right to expect."

The expiring youth was conveyed to the house of the drogoman, who was named Youhannâ ebn-Temyn. The fire of charity warmed the breast of this Christian man: he dwelt near the gate of St. Stephen, on the *via dolorosa*, ‡ and the garden of his

* Syria.

† Doctor. Physician.

‡ The road by which our Saviour was led to crucifixion.

house was formed on the ruins of one of the walls of the *piscina probatica*,* to the bottom of which it descended.

Maryam, the most beautiful of the daughters of Palestine, heard the sounds of redoubled blows: having discerned the voice of Ebn-Temyn, her father, she opened the door, which was barricadoed like those of all the Christians of Jerusalem, and was not a little surprised at seeing him enter with the inanimate body of the young cheykh. "My daughter," said the drogoman, "I bring to thee one in affliction;" and thenceforth compassion was depicted on the celestial countenance of Maryam. "He is the most formidable chief of those Bedouins, the son of Ahmed, the cheykh of the *Ouahydyeh*." — "What! so young," said she; "and it is he who made himself so terrible to the Bethelmites! O my father, let us pardon him: bring to thy remembrance the history of the Samaritan. If thy art could save this unfortunate youth!" — "Haste, run!" replied to her Ebn-Temyn, "bring the balm of zaggoum, and stripes of linen."

With hasty steps she departed. Ismayl was laid on the plain divan of the drogoman. Maryam got ready the folded linen: on her knees, she supported in her arms the drooping head of the youth, and waited impatiently the opinion her father was about to form of the state of Ismayl. Alas! a sigh, perhaps the latest, is ready to escape his lips: the strong throbs which heave the bosom of the young virgin do not rekindle in his bosom the torch of life. Maryam watches the slightest movement, the smallest spark: she sees for the first time a man—a stranger—she contemplates with an ardent pity the closed eyes of the Bedouin, whose long black lids cast their shadow on his wan cheeks. On the breast of Ismael a deep wound has been inflicted; Ebn-Temyn thinks it mortal: Maryam shudders, and presses to hers the sad burden she supports. One of her hands holds what has been prepared to quench the blood which flows abundantly on the sash and unfolded turban of the Bedouin. Her tears, which she cannot wipe away, bathe the brow of the young man: this potent balm might have awakened him from the last sleep: he opens his eyes, and fixing them stedfastly on this ravishing beauty, in the delirium of the fever which consumes him, "Mahomet," he exclaims, "am I at length in thy divine Paradise!" — "O Virgin, mother of the true God," cries Maryam, "he is still alive! blessed be thy name: help this poor infidel, for without thee our endeavours will be vain."

During the time of his long confinement, Ebn-Temyn and his daughter did not quit the son of Ahmed for an instant.

* A pond at Jerusalem where the sheep intended for sacrifice were washed.

He saw almost unceasingly, by day and by night, the expression of the softest pity embellish the features of Maryam: words of kindness afforded the hope of a better destiny to this ardent youth, whose ignominious bonds galled him more sorely than the sufferings he endured.

In the mean time Ismayl recovered strength, and his heart paid back with interest the debt of his life. His soul was filled with love and gratitude. As soon as he was able to walk Maryam led him beneath the sycamore the branches of which overshadowed the house and garden of Ebn-Temyn: seated side by side, it was her delight to call on him to relate the wars of his tribe, the revenge taken by the *Ouahydyeh* on the perfidious Gezzar, the particulars of his family, and his pleasures in the Desert. The evening surprised them in the midst of these long and agreeable reveries, from which they were at length roused by the voice of the *mouezzin*, who, from the lofty minaret of the rich mosque of El-Harem, called the musulmans to prayers.

“Maryam,” said the Arab to her, “thou makest me forget my father, the Prophet, and my tribe. Within these gloomy and high walls which shut out the light of heaven, thy eyes are become the only stars I wish to follow. Either will my bones become light ashes, to be the sport of the wind of yamyn, or I will plant for thee the nuptial tent in the desert: my father and mother will leap for joy at thy sight; all the *Ouahydyeh* will kiss the skirt of the robe of Ebn-Temyn; and the girls of the qabyleh will contend for the honour of washing the dust from thy feet.” Maryam, confused and moved to pity, replied to him that she was a Christian—that every thing in this life separated them. “Death, alas!” she added with a sad presentiment, “death will perhaps be more just.”

In the interim, the pacha of Damascus, coveting the treasures of the motsallam of Jerusalem, called him to his divan, and reproached him with his extortions: his head fell by the stroke of the cimeter; and those eyes, a single glance from which would, the evening before, have terrified all Judea, became dim. A favourite of the pacha was appointed governor of Jerusalem: being desirous to repay the favour his patron had conferred on him by an acceptable present, he levied contributions, as well on the convent of the Holy Sepulchre, as on those of the Armenians and Greeks: twenty of the richest Jews sunk under the merciless blows of the staffs of the chiaoux. Grief and consternation prevailed throughout the whole city of Jerusalem. “Listen, son of Ahmed,” said the drogoman to the cheykh confided to his care: “bound by a

“ sacred oath towards the last motsallam, I have not made any promise to his successor: if thy strength will enable thee, profit by the confusion which prevails in the city; go out tomorrow, at sunset, by the gate of Naby Daoud; conceal thyself in the grottoes of Haceldama, where the sepulchres will afford thee a sacred asylum; and afterwards direct thy steps with prudence towards the Desert. May the God who sent thee to my house, protect thy flight, and may he bestow on thee, as on those whose blood flows in thy veins, long life.” Maryam blushed on hearing these words: the cup, filled with the drink she was about to offer, fell from her hand.

“ O my father,” said Ismayl, “ wherefore is it that thou wouldest have me sever myself from thee, when danger menaces those my heart will never abandon? That cruel man, Abd-allah, now persecutes the chief men of Jerusalem; but, when this new motsallam shall have sacrificed the dromedaries, his hand will slay the ewes, and shear the tender lamb. He will recollect the combat of Tiberiades, when he shall be told that Ismayl is a captive; and not any ransom will be the purchase of my life: *there is blood* between us and the children of our children. Soon will Abd-allah demand of thee an account of the slave; and thy mouth, the daughter of truth, what reply will it have to make? Let us rather flee together; or, if thou wilt plight thy faith to me, I will proceed towards my father: he will draw near to Pharan with the children of his tribe, gentle as antelopes, and courageous as lions; and I will bring a docile camel, which Maryam will guide without difficulty. Accompanied by her, thou wilt come out to meet us at the entrance of the valley of Gaza, and shouts of joy will welcome thee among the sons of *Ouahdyeh*. We will await thy coming during the last three days of the moon of sepher; and I will watch unceasingly on the heights of Ebor to discern thine arrival.”

“ My father,” said Maryam, embracing his knees, “ the offer of this young man is an inspiration of heaven: yesterday I prostrated myself before the altar of the virgin, and my heart divined all that he has proposed to us. Let us flee from the first blows of these barbarians: the hand of God will afterwards dispel this storm: this powerful God will look down on his people with compassion: but, I conjure thee, let us depart without loss of time.”

Ebn-Temyn, struck by the wisdom of these words, and by his daughter's grief, yielded to her prayer. Every thing having been agreed on, and all the measures taken, Ismayl

addressed to them the parting wish. "May you pant after the sight of the camp of Ahmed, the son of Bâhir, as the wearied traveller pants after that of the Oasis!" This project, however, was soon disconcerted: the tumult had become such in the streets of Jerusalem, that Ebn-Temym would not consent to allow his guest to depart: he even obliged him to conceal himself beneath the vaults of the cistern, there to wait a more favourable moment. After this precaution, he ascended more tranquilly to Maryam, with whom he was conversing when a party of spahis came to seize him. He had been denounced by a perfidious Greek, and was conducted to the motsallam: his daughter never saw him more.

What little Ebn-Temym possessed was confiscated. Maryam, in despair, hastened to throw herself at the feet of the superior of the monks of the Holy Land, to conjure him to sue for her father. The monastery was surrounded by soldiers, and the monks menaced. "My daughter," said the most reverend father to Maryam, "Our Lord has inflicted on us a deep wound, and you, of all the victims, are subjected to the severest trial: offer up your griefs to Him who, at this very spot, voluntarily drank of the cup, even unto the dregs: daughter of Jesus Christ, your father is no more."

The wretched girl was ignorant of this deplorable loss: she fell motionless. By the time she had recovered her senses, she was surrounded by several Christian women, who wept, and resisted her being taken before the governor. This man, having been informed of the beauty of Mariam, was desirous to present to the pacha of Damascus a gift sweet as incense, and well worthy his acceptance. The prayers of the monks, however, and their money, delayed this measure for a few hours. They were in hopes that they should be enabled to shield the young Christian from all further inquiries, by confiding her to the nuns of Bethelam; but news was brought in the evening that that city likewise had been delivered up to the fury of the Metoualis. Information was at the same time received, that the convent of Jerusalem, and the church of the Holy Sepulchre, were to be forced in the night. From that moment, every one betook himself to flight, as the only resource. The women concealed themselves, with their children, in the deep caverns containing the tombs of the kings and judges. Courageous Christians scaled the walls, and buried the most precious of the relics in the sands of the grotto of Jeremiah, or in the depths of Siloe.

Dejected, dismayed, without any one to counsel her, and without an asylum, Maryam returned to Ismayl, whom she found worn out with anxious expectation. When he heard

of the death of Ebn-Temym, and witnessed the despair of his daughter, he foamed with rage, and breathed nothing but revenge. "If God," said she to him, "has still left me a little strength, it is that I might engage thee to depart. I have told in confidence every thing to the Father of the convent. Yousef, one of the janissaries to whom the protection of the monks is confided, has been brought over by them, and will facilitate thy flight: he has consented to conceal himself in the ruins of Bethamia, where the Arabs of Siloah will furnish him with a camel. It is night; gain the valley of Jehosophat; thou wilt there find thy guide, who will wait for thee until the ninth hour. May God bless this journey, and may he accompany thy steps! Bring sometimes to thy remembrance Ebn-Temym and his unfortunate daughter. — 'Thou wilt not follow me,' said Ismayl, 'and thou proposest to me to flee?' — "I am a Christian," replied Maryam, "and am not permitted to be thy wife: but, Ismayl, if thou lovest me, save thy life; be happy in the desert: Maryam will not fail to find a refuge near the tomb of her God." Then, taking courage, she added with a voice half stifled by her tears: "the only grief which I could not support, would be that of forgetting my duties, or of seeing thee lose thy life: all others I shall be able to resist." "Thou didst not imagine that I would depart," said Ismayl in a sorrowful tone of voice, laying down his weapons and his mantle: "I have not given thee reason to suspect the son of Ahmed of so dastardly an act. Was it thy wish to try me? And what signifies life to me when removed from what I love? What is it I have just heard? Is it possible that thou canst live far from Ismayl? I remain, and I attest the Prophet that no earthly power shall drag me from thy presence." "Thou remainest," exclaimed Maryam, "and the death with which thou art menaced!" "I despise it," said Ismayl. "And thy father who expecteth thee, and the tribe which impatiently awaiteth thy coming!" "I remain," repeated Ismayl. "Wretch," replied Maryam, "dost thou not know that I cannot survive thee?—I will at least be the first to die," said Ismayl. These last words, emphatically pronounced, had all their weight: they decided the fate of Maryam.

"Oh my God! what is to be done?" exclaimed the young girl, falling on her knees. "Ought I to quit this soil sprinkled with the blood of my father? Ought I to suffer Ismayl to perish? Am I then, a poor and desolate orphan, to sacrifice him thus? If my father were living, a sacred duty would attach me to him; but, alone in the world, insulated,

“and without a prop, where is the tie that binds me? A
 “numerous family would have to deplore the loss of Ismayl;
 “and ought I to consent to his death? What matters the
 “fate of Maryam? He will live, and may still be happy.
 “Ismayl! save thy life, and dispose of mine: I depart with
 “thee. Pardon me, O! holy Virgin, pardon me; and, if
 “we are both culpable, punish me alone.”

Not a moment was to be lost: directed by the light of the conflagration which consumed the convent of the Armenians, Ismayl and Maryam penetrated with great difficulty through the hedges of aloes which bound the gardens of the environs. They reached the wall which encompasses Jerusalem, and climbed over it with the help of a few Christians, to whom they rendered a like service. They might be seen—they might be heard—the smallest noise might betray them: Ismayl knew for the first time what fear is. They hastened their steps: Maryam, accustomed to the sedentary life of the females of the East, found it difficult to follow her friend: he carried her in his arms. The minaret of Bethania was at length in sight: now it was that the son of Ahmed persuaded himself that he was master of the destiny of Maryam, who was still engaged in offering up thanks to heaven when they came to the ruins. They hastened to make the signal which had been agreed on; but it was not answered: all was hushed; the night was dark; and the guide and the camel missing. Ismayl repeated the signal; he searched in vain, for nought was to be seen: the ninth hour was certainly passed.

What was to be done? How travel over sixty miles of dreary and rugged roads, without help, and without provisions, to have to find, at the end of this journey, moving sands scorched by the sun. What obstacles will not love surmount! Ismayl had not any difficulty in persuading Maryam that they ought to proceed. “I know,” said he, “a spring midway between
 “this and the land occupied by my tribe: near the fountain
 “we shall find date-trees the fruit of which will nourish thee.
 “I will carry thee: it will require two days only to accomplish this journey; and if thy strength should fail thee, I
 “will press thee to my bosom to restore it.”

A pure and sacred love inwrapped them in its virginal robe: it tempered the ardour of their souls, where reigned a holy confidence—the tender and religious charm of a first love. Maryam readily believed what Ismayl said to her: they hastened to quit these solitary ruins: it was their wish to take advantage of the coolness of the night, to accomplish a small portion of their journey with less fatigue. Vain hope! Maryam

was already exhausted by fatigue : her tender feet were lacerated by the thorns. Ismayl saw her efforts and her sufferings, and his heart was broken. He took her in his arms, and carried her for a long time ; but he advanced slowly in treading on the sharp flints which his feet buried in the sand. The rising sun displayed to their view the desert :—an immense plain of sand, reddened by its earliest rays, without a tree, and without shelter. But this sight, far from dismaying Ismayl, gave him new courage : to him the Desert was the country and the image of liberty. “O ! Maryam,” said he, “be of good cheer : before the end of this day we shall reach the fountain of Engaddi, and to-morrow we shall be with my father.” Maryam, somewhat encouraged by these words, tried to conceal her sufferings : she attempted to walk, leaning on Ismayl ; but her paleness soon betrayed her, and she was near fainting when he again took her in his arms. Towards the close of this long journey, the Arab, not yet fully recovered from the effect of his wound, also became weak, and still the tops of the palms of Engaddi were scarcely perceptible at the horizon : it appeared impossible to reach them before the hour of darkness should set in ; but Maryam languished : the thirst that consumed her scarcely allowed her to articulate one word. ’Twas for him that she was dying ! This recollection inspired the bedouin with new courage : he walked, stopped, and walked again. The fear of losing the object of his adoration, diffused over his forehead a cold sweat : trembling, panting for breath, he pressed his treasure against his anxious bosom : yet a few steps, and they will reach the fountain so ardently desired. They reached it at length, both of them ready to sink ; and each, deprived of motion, lay stretched on the sand.

Ismayl rose, however, and dragged his wearied steps to the cistern : he took water in the palms of his hands, and moistened with it the lips of Maryam ; she slowly opened her eyes bedewed with tears, which a feeble smile tried vainly to disguise. Anxious about the condition of Ismayl, all her thoughts were concentrated in him. “Alas !” said the young girl, “without me thou wouldst not have been thus dying, and exhausted with fatigue.” She accused herself ; and, while she lamented him she loved, tried to find, even in her sacrifices, the occasion of her own blame.

During the night, and the following day, they reposed beneath the date-trees. When Maryam fell into a broken sleep, Ismayl was at her feet, and watched over her ; she then often uttered inarticulate and incoherent words, to which the Arab listened with a mixture of surprise and terror. The soft

and bewitching spell of an oriental night seems to bring man into contact with heaven : the harmonies of these mysterious hours accompany alike the plaint of the sufferer, and the hymn of gratitude. Sometimes transient lights flit across the horizon like a fiery chariot, and tinge with a pale and fugitive red the fleecy clouds which hover over the summits of the mountains : these uncertain vapours then resemble the celestial intelligences which defend the children of the earth from the spirit of darkness. The savoury fruit of the date-tree and pure water soon restored the strength of Ismayl ; but the daughter of Jerusalem will not recover her's. Under constant apprehensions for the safety of the young cheykh, she was anxious to depart. This third day was less painful than the others : Ismayl carried water and dates with which they might refresh themselves on the route.

They at length fell in with a party of Arab shepherds, who, moved by their sufferings, presented to them the milk of their mare, and bread baked in the ashes. The oldest of them, who was united in bonds of friendship with the *Ouahydyeh* Arabs, undertook to be the guide of these poor fugitives, who directed their steps towards the valley of Harma : the shepherd aided them to climb the summits of Gabar, and to cross the torrent of Soéta, and the dreary waste of Hebron. " My daughter," said he to Maryam, " place thy trust in God : it is He who " guided thy steps towards us in the pasturages of Edom. He " hath snatched from me, to take unto himself, a beloved " daughter, the only prop of my old age : thou bringest her to " my remembrance. Grief loveth grief : lean on me, poor " broken reed ; together we shall resist the tempest." Maryam, in the mean time, could scarcely drag her feeble limbs : the fountain of her tears was dried up. In the evening, the piercing sight of the Arab enabled him to discover several horsemen stationed on a height : he concealed his friends behind a rock, and ran with haste towards these men, whom he perceived to be Arabs. The Bedouins no sooner descried the shepherd, than they descended the hill with the speed of lightning. " O ! sons of the desert," exclaimed the old man, can " it be that ye are the children of the noble gabyleh of Ouahy- " dyeh, the queen of Bosor and of Eblata ?" " Yes, yes," exclaimed they all at once. The old man, without replying to them, returned to Ismayl, who confided to him his precious charge, to hasten towards his people, to send tidings to his father, and bring a camel. He returned a few instants after ; and, falling on his knees before Maryam, said to her, " My " sister, take courage, all the tribe awaiteth thee, and I wish " to restore unto thee a father."

Maryam was placed on a mare as gentle and swift as a kid : her lover, aided by one of the Arabs, supported her. She fainted several times before she reached the small circular plain of Harma, near unto which the old cheykh came out to meet her, with his wife and daughters. When they drew near to each other, Ismayl exclaimed unto him : “ heykd of the *Ouahydyeh*, O ! my father, here is the angel who hath pre-
 “ served unto thee thy son ! let the new-born camel be killed
 “ in honour of her, and present unto her bread and salt.” He afterwards related unto him the misfortunes of the Christian maiden ; and tears overflowed the venerable beard of the son of Bâhir. Alas ! death had already taken possession of the heart of Maryam. The young sisters of Ismayl vainly tried to divert her : when it was thought that she was somewhat revived, they led her to the well of Laban : seated beneath the fig-tree, the Arab maidens recounted to her their solitudes during the absence of their brother, and all that he told them of the benevolence and good offices of Ebn-Temym. When they returned to the tent of the women their mother, who anxiously expected them, spread open her arms to Maryam, called her her daughter, and treated her as she would have treated a beloved child in affliction ; she sent to Gaza to seek what it was thought might be agreeable or salutary to Maryam. “ We are poor and ignorant in the desert,” said she to her ; “ but our hearts open to friendship, as the pomegranates of Ascalon open to the sun, by which they are coloured and
 “ sweetened.”

Maryam was deeply moved by these marks of the simple and unfeigned interest taken in her welfare. She loved the young Cheykh ; but her piety, the terrors of another life, so cogent in the breast of a Christian female born at the foot of the sacred mountain of Golgotha—every reflection, in short, conspired to trouble her soul : she unceasingly thought she heard the voice of her father, who called her to his presence. In the mean time she was a prey to fever and want of rest. Ismayl, intoxicated with love, saw Maryam descend slowly into the tomb ; enraged at fate, he wandered around the camp, and roared like a young lion wounded by the empoisoned shaft of the hunter. His father went out to seek him. “ God is great,” said Ahmed to him, “ seeing that he has permitted
 “ the dove to seek refuge in my tent. Be persuaded, Ismayl,
 “ that this is a lucky sign to the *Ouahydyeh*: sooth, therefore,
 “ thy breast, more agitated than the waves of the great sea.”

The tenderest cares were fruitless. One day, the head of Maryam fell on her breast, the last sigh escaped her pallid lips, and her pure soul took its flight towards the Almighty.

All the roots which supplied nourishment to this feeble plant had been cut off. The death of her father, religious scruples, a first love—every thing conspired to wither this flower which had a little time before been so resplendent in freshness and beauty. Ismayl denied the relief of tears, continued sullen and pensive amid the lamentations of the females of his family. The old cheykh, dejected and dismayed, presided at the funeral obsequies: he concealed beneath the palms the mortal remains of the Christian Virgin, and had the crucifix which this unfortunate girl had constantly worn next her heart, placed on her tomb. The words which have been so often employed to express the sharp agonies of man—would these words suffice to delineate the grief of Ismayl, of this child of nature, rebelling against her barbarous decrees? It was in vain that his father presented to him a little nourishment; that he spoke to him of the interests of the tribe; and of the wars with which he was menaced: not a single word could be drawn from his lips. In the mean time the repose of this great family was about to be interrupted by the aga of Gaza; and the council of the elders had just decided on a general retreat to the Desert of Mephaath, beyond the Black Sea, in the country of the Moabites. Each individual belonging to the tribe was engaged in making preparations for departure, when, at the going down of the sun, the planet appeared surrounded by a circle of the colour of blood: the sky, which had suddenly assumed a yellowish hue, gave out a dim and livid light; the birds, skimming the surface of the earth, fled towards the west; the soil appeared luminous, while the air was dull and opaque; the motionless palm let fall towards the sand its flexible branches, while the slightest wind raises and tosses in the air; all was silent; fear prevailed around; and the plaintive moans of the animals announced the approach of the dreadful *semoum*, that pestilential wind, the terror of the desert. Ismayl, smiling at the prospect of this scourge, embraced the tomb of her whom he loved; his hands dispersed the sand which covered her; he touched, he pressed to his bosom the sheet, and raised the veil with which the virgin's face was covered. Ismayl contemplated with eager looks the traits which death still respected: Maryam appeared as if smiling on her friend. "Come," she seemed to say to him, "come, O! my well beloved: quit the land of tribulation for the abode of peace."—"Yes," exclaimed Ismayl, pressing his lips on the icy forehead of Maryam, "receive the chaste kiss of the spouse of the sepulchre: I am about to burst my chains, and we shall be reunited for ever!" The wretched youth waited with an impatient joy the death which was to

confound his remains with those of the object of his deep sorrows, of his agonizing pangs. In a little time a reddish cloud came from the east: the fury of the storm made a chaos of this tranquil desert: waves of sand came in conflict; the loftiest of the date-trees were deracinated; and a few minutes sufficed to heap up a valley. Amid this fearful destruction Ismayl disappeared. Ah! He towards whom the prayer of the afflicted heart ascends still quicker than the incense of the tabernacles,—He who judges the most secret thoughts of men, without doubt wished to reunite these two noble and pure souls in the region of holy, eternal, and ineffable joys!

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATES.

General view of Jerusalem.

The drawing from which this subject has been engraved, was taken at the midway of the ascent of the *Djebel Tor*, in the valley of Jehosaphat, beyond the torrent of Cedron. This spot was selected by Count Forbin because it appeared to him to be the one from which the circumference of Jerusalem, the surrounding monuments, and the grand effect of the hills *Acra* and *Moria*, were to be best judged. The tradition has handed down that at this particular spot our Saviour wept over the misfortunes of Jerusalem.

View of the river Jordan.

The spot at which the drawing of this subject was made, is, according to tradition, highly venerable. The Christians of Syria believe it to have been here that Jesus Christ was baptized by Saint John.

View of the sea of Galilee, or Dead Sea.

The draughtsman has been too studious and particular in the forms he has given to the ruins heaped up in the fore ground. Beneath and behind these vestiges are to be seen portions of wall half concealed beneath the waters of the dead Sea.

View of Bethelém.

In the fore ground are seen the ruins of a gate by which the enclosure, or court, of the convent was shut in.

Ruins of Ascalon.

Count Forbin remarks that he might have spent a month in making sketches amid these ruins, so picturesque, and producing such sublime emotions. Both the thickness and circumference of the walls of Ascalon, and the depth of the moats, are proofs, among many others, that this was one of the most important points of Syria. If an European colony were to settle at this spot, it would find a city ready to receive it, a fertile plain, a delightful climate, and all the means essential to the establishment of a considerable port.

Interior of the Church of Bethelém.

This plate represents a lateral nave of the church which belongs to

the Armenians. Behind the chapel at the extremity is the staircase, which leads to the stable where, according to tradition, Jesus Christ was born.

Interior of the pool of Siloë, at Jerusalem.

This spring is equally revered by the Christians and musulmans. The Abbé Desmazures * penetrated recently, at the risk of his life, into the subterraneous conduit of this fountain, in which he remained for a considerable time with the water up to his neck. The Arabs of Siloan were angry at this research, which had not any important result.

The chapel of the Holy Sepulchre.

A Coptic priest is at his prayers, before his entrance into the chapel. The periphery of this monument is of marble. The cloth which covers it is a kind of damask, the seams of which are concealed by broad gold fringes. A portion of the circular church, in the centre of which the Holy Sepulchre is placed, is to be seen. The great veil which fills the upper part of the engraving, is spread over the holy chapel to preserve it from the rain, the summit of the dome, like that of the Pantheon at Rome, being open.

Entrance into the Sepulchre of the Kings, at Jerusalem.

The description of this spot given in the work renders all further observations unnecessary.

Tombs in the valley of Jehosophat.

An absurd tradition will have these tombs to be those of Absalom and Ezechias : they are evidently of Roman construction. An immense number of Hebraic sepulchral stones cover the flanks of the mountain.

Interior of the dwelling of a Christian family at Jerusalem.

Count Forbin was lodged at the house of the second drogoman of the convent of the Holy Land. The mother, the wife, and the sister of this Christian are conversing with him in a small apartment on the ground floor.

* A French clergyman, almoner to the Marquis de Riviere. He has travelled over the whole of Palestine, carefully measuring whatever appeared to him to be of any interest.

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