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The Ansayrii, (or Assassins,)

Frederick Walpole

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THE ANSAYRII,

(OR ASSASSINS,)

WITH

TRAVELS IN THE FURTHER EAST,

IN 1850-51.

INCLUDING

A VISIT TO NINEVEH.

BY

LIEUT. THE HON. F. WALPOLE, R.N.

Author of "Four Years in the Pacific."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

WHILE at Beyrout, after my Mesopotamian tour, I looked at the map ; there was nothing to do, all was filled in, Kesrowan, Jerusalem, the Haouran. If I bought tape in a shop on Ludgate-hill, ten to one if the person who served me, had not taken a return-ticket by the steamer, rushed in a fortnight over Syria and Egypt, and knew as much, at all events, as his dragoman thought he ought to know for his money. The compasses dropped from my hand in despair ; there was nothing for it but to get a friendly doctor quietly to make me a Mussulman, and joining the caravan, go on to Mecca—but, no : here is a wild part, bare from Safyta to Nahr El Kebir, which

Arrowsmith has never ventured to put on copper. I turned to Kelly, almost the only book that has survived my journey, and there actually in print saw—"We have now skirted both flanks of the mountains inhabited by the Ansyrri, or Ansayryan, and Ismalys, without having made any intimate acquaintance with these strange tribes, or their abodes, which all European travellers seem very shy of approaching."

Ten thousand thanks, fellow travellers. Here was untrodden ground. I was off; and fixed my head-quarters at Latakia.

In this journey, or rather in its first stage, others far abler than myself have trodden before me; but the reader will allow that I have not sought to copy or relate what they also saw. I came like a pilgrim, and but put mortar in the interstices, and replaced stones broken through the lapse of time—thus endeavouring only to relate what others had overlooked. In this, I hope, the reader will find pleasure.

My travels in the Mountains of the Ansayrii

are new, and many of the places were never before visited by Europeans. To this new route let me invite the reader, the traveller, the savant. The Ansayrii have long been an enigma—travellers have skirted, have beheld from a distance, but have never ventured among their hospitable tribes. Even Burckhardt slept but one night at an Ansayrii village. Pococke, I think, says merely that they make and drink abundance of good wine. The pioneer has been—he has returned safe. From what I know of them, I invite travellers among them, and in the language of the Arab say, “*Ta faddall eh mah salaame*—step in, and peace be with you !”

NOVEMBER, 1851.

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TRAVELS IN THE EAST,

1850-51.

CHAPTER I.

Eastern Travel—Discomforts of Starting—The Train—Arrival at Southampton—Embarkation on board the Steamer—Passengers—Their reserve wears off—English Clergyman—Coast of Spain—Trafalgar Bay—Gibraltar—Etna—Arrival at Malta—Sight-seeing at Malta—Diversified Population—Padre Rylo—His hapless fate—Greece—Mitylene and Tenedos—Troy and Olympus—Arrival at Constantinople—Early Impressions of that City rectified—Departure for Smyrna.

IF anything could have dispelled the enchantments of Eastern travel, it would have been the discomfort of the start : the body, a rebellious subject, and perfectly unequal to the spirit that governs it, will often not see sense, or obey even necessity. Mine had kept a lively watch all the night, and had sunk into a profound slumber just as the servant called me. At the same time he added a warning to rise quickly or I should be too late. A sailor alone understands punctuality in rising ; he is ready to the moment ; but your landman either

over-does it, or is hours too late—the former was my fate.

After a hasty toilet, and one look at my dear sleeping mother, my companion and myself found ourselves at the train as the earliest porter was opening the door. No fire, stale gas, and a cold, grey, damp mist ;—but all things must have an end. More railway functionaries dropped in ; the ticket clerk was at his post ; the old lady in the corner of the office pulled out buns that had been fresh once, and were, she maintained, fresh still, and disposed them on the cloth ; cabs drove up feebly, and deposited their passengers noisily ; porters rushed here and there ; the news-boys shouted and waved damp newspapers about ; the whistle sounded, and we were off on our first stage.

Arriving at Southampton nearly as per train-paper, there was breakfast to be eaten, not because we were hungry, but as a point to get over, and purchases before forgotten, to be made. Then, when once among the shops of that pretty cheerful town, (I have been there very often, and the sun always shone brightly,) there were seducing tradesmen tempting to

delay, till nothing but a hasty run saved our passage.

We found a boat with Her Majesty's mails about to go off, and for these alone our steamer was waiting far down the river. The guard strongly opposed our entry; but being in the boat, and she off from land, he turned moodily sulky, and sternly refused to answer any of our enquiries. Our introduction to the steamer was undignified, being effected by climbing over the bows, amidst the compliments of the crew, who probably doubted our gentility, or took us for bailiffs or runaways. Walking aft, however, we assumed the proper gait, nor could we help congratulating ourselves on the size and appearance of the noble vessel.

It is curious to observe stranger English when brought together. At first, each walked the deck with the one he knew, or alone; the rest were passed as if introduction was creation, and before making their acquaintance they were not; some were scuffling for cabins, surprised to find that the elaborate drawing, with numbers and dimensions, at the office in town, did not represent the real vessel afloat. The 'passage paid—parting's follies—tears' nonsense—the regular

form was gone through. The vessel cleared : Go ahead ! sounded merrily—to me at least—and we were off :

———— “ I depart,
Whither I know not ; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shore could grieve or glad mine eye.”

Desks now appeared, new and shining ones—those latest gifts to the writers—youth, bound on its first voyage. Soon the paper was covered ; promises made ; vows vowed, that a few months would prove false, and the paper alone retain the impression of. It was early spring, and the weather keen, so the stove introduced many. “ A few coals, if you please, sir,” and we knew each other ; a nudge of one's chair, so as to let another crowd round, produced very favourable impressions ; and before Cape St. Vincent was rounded we were all old friends.

There was the cadet, half ambitious, yet half boy, and anxious to be at home ; the young lady, already practising the arts that were to make her future lot ; the tourist for pleasure, eager to get on ; the man of business, frantic for news ; the regular John Bull with his English eyes, going to see all, through English lens ; the gentleman with

his real perfections, and all the rest. Among the many, though, I must distinguish one—a small, round, cosy, rosy man : anybody could see he was a clergyman, with a good digestion, and fond of his comforts. I had at this time taken rather a dislike to his class. My sojourn in England had shown me a Church warring only against herself ; with huge inert power, she was tearing herself with her own arms : Charity banished from her synods—the spark was but wanting to ignite the whole. We had our quota of martial men ; we had more than our proportion of men who earn a livelihood by the sword ; yet I found that the small lowly figure, and common-place appearance of the clergyman, covered more heroism than we could boast of altogether.

He had returned to England after long pastorate in the East, his wife and children unable to bear its sultry heat. After twenty years he was compelled to leave his flock, and seek for health in his native land. Here he found every temporal comfort, and a home ; but his spirits sank. Where were the friends, the fellow-communicants of years ? Where the men whom as babes he had enlisted as followers in the cause of our Lord ? Where the mild

daughters, whose virtues he had watered and dug about ? He communed with himself, and then with humble prayer put his petition before his God. The answer came ; it filled his soul and pervaded his spirit. Home, friends, family, wife, children,—all resigned,—he was now, though advanced in years, returning to stay by his fold. This was true greatness : within that lowly form was great nobility.

The gallant vessel glided on ; sunshine and warmth clothed us, and we seemed, as we turned east, to leave clouds and cold behind. The coast of Spain, wild and green. How altered now, the spot ! Trafalgar Bay, over whose smooth waters our vessel glides, once re-echoed the thunders of war ; there the flag now floating at our peak sealed its preeminence ; thence went forth, in fire, the herald sound that owned our Sovereign, Lord of the Seas.

Clouds hung over Africa ; Calpe's hill was covered to the base, as we cut the smooth bay of Gibraltar. Owing to some mistake in our bill of health, we were not admitted to *pratique*, sorely to the disappointment of several of our passengers ; so, except one gaze at the lion of the Straits,

we passed on, encountering a heavy easterly gale as we entered the Mediterranean. Few now appeared at breakfast, fewer at dinner; the youngsters deplored their lot, and one young cadet begged me to give him my advice, whether 80*l.* per annum was not better in England, than a soldier's career in India, with this as part of it,—the good ship dashed through the gale, and again the heavens smiled on us as we neared Malta. Etna (10,800 feet high), was plainly visible on our port beam, a mighty peak with snowy cap; the coast of Africa, rugged and rocky, on the other.

The whole beauty of spring was on us as we anchored in Malta. Here all rushed on shore. I had often visited it before, but it seemed to me cleaner and more quaint than of yore—more picturesque, more peculiar in itself. The mixture of warlike defences with Eastern comforts;* the stiff bastion and shaded arbour; the dread array

* The Eastern reclines on the cushioned divan, the embodiment of repose; the softest carpets, the freshest flowers, surround him—soft women attend the slightest motion of his eye—all breathes of indolence, abandonment, and ease; yet his girdle bristles with arms—his gates are locked and guarded. So at Malta, the bower is a bastion, the saloon a casemate, the serenade the call of martial music, the draperies war-flags, the ornaments shot in ready proximity.



REMY: THE HON^{BLE} FRED^K WALPOLE, R.N.

London Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, 1851

of war ; the Eastern lattice—all form a contrast peculiar to Malta, and are characteristic of its former lords. I visited the noble cathedral of St. John, but could not remove from my mind the impression of former years. It is ponderous and sombre, the columns heavy, and the arabesque tawdry. The mausoleum to the brother of Louis Philippe, put up since my last visit, is handsome : it represents a young man in a half military dress reclining on his arm, and an open scroll in his hand. The face and figure are well and naturally executed.

Though but the beginning of spring, the weather was warm enough to make us gladly take refuge in the cool room at an inn, which was happily situated ; for we heard the band playing opposite the palace, as we ate an excellent dinner, and its flat terrace-roof commanded a very good view of the grand Plaza. Here, it being Sunday, the whole population were sauntering up and down. There were the lower classes of Maltese women, in their black faldetas ; the European in bonnet and gay colours ; the scarlet soldier ; the blue sailor ; the variegated Highlander ; the swarthy Arab ; the disdainful Moor ; the pompous Turk ; the furious Italian ; the stealthy priest ; the

swaggering Frank ; the white-faced German ;—and all passing beneath us, as if for our peculiar pleasure.

Few places, either, can match Malta for the various nations, and quaint costumes, that throng its crowded streets. If the eye wearies of the living scene, our terrace afforded views of other life on the flat roofs of the town, with their different parties ; here whispering love, there screeching scandal. Beyond, the sea lay calm and still, save where cats'-paws of wind ran like a road upon its lifeless plain ; vessels rested *motionless* on its surface, their sails reposing noiselessly. Sicily appeared blue and distinct in the distance, and a heat-line alone marked the most distant horizon.

In the evening I walked to the Florian gardens, calling at the Jesuit's house on my way. In answer to my enquiries for my old friend, Padre Ryllo, I was informed he had gone to rest—the sad history of his death I did not hear till long afterwards. Well-born, polished, and clever, he was courted by all classes. Recalled from his foreign mission, he resided for some time at Rome. Here he entered freely into the best society of the place—a linguist, scholar, and gentleman, he shone

a star of the first magnitude. One evening, returning from a brilliant party, he received an order to start for Abyssinia immediately : before six months had worn on, he died amidst its fetid jungles of starvation.

We embarked, and were off at midnight. Another set of passengers : introduction, acquaintance, familiarity. As before, we met a strong breeze, and in two days were off the coast of Greece—a fine, bold, rocky coast, with cold, bleak snow on its higher ridges—and now history, poetry, and tradition rise before us ; each spot is a volume, each glimpse a story—

“ Could'st thou forbode the dismal hour which now,
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
 Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain :
 But every carle can lord it o'er thy land ;
 Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,

• • • • •

From birth till death enslaved ; in word, in deed, unmann'd.”

For what is Greece ? A puppet nation, with the fiction of law, but without its force.

Fast revolve the paddles ; we dash by Mitylene and Tenedos, Troy and Olympus, each mound in view the grave of a hero, each spot bears a sacred name. Lemnos, with its snowy mountains is fading, and now we enter the Boghaz, and stay our

course at the Dardanelles, or Cape Janissary. The Dardanelles are by far the most picturesque part of the passage to the Black Sea. The weather was fine, and, though cool, not cold ; all were on deck, and this oft admired scene received its well deserved praise. We stayed again between Sestos and Abydos, to get *pratique*, and here caught our first glimpse of the real East. The town, on the Asiatic side, is a quaint place, the buildings of wood, in a truly Turkish state of repair. The crowds of Turks ; the noise of the boatmen ; the immobility of the Mussulmans ; the cypress, minaret, and tomb lands, all reminded me of years long passed, when scarce a man, and all a boy in enthusiasm and ardour, I first wandered over Asia. Now, though older grown and sedate, the scene worked its way, and old feelings of ardour revived at the thoughts of the journey before me. I now saw, however, what fancy hid in years gone by—that the houses were of wood, and the country around a desert.

Again we are roused from our slumbers—“Stamboul ! Stamboul !” The first approach, however, to the deck, dispelled all illusions conjured up by the semi-magic call. In the words of

Anastasius, Constantinople in all its grandeur rose before us. Alas ! in the concluding words of his apostrophe, he owns it was an illusion—our visions were dispelled. Snow, thick and deep, enveloped the town ; cupola, dome, and cypress were burdened with icicles : above was an angry and a wintry sky, while the wind was keenly piercing ; and it was with no regret we returned below to breakfast. A boat carried us afterwards to a wet, dirty yard, where amidst noise and confusion, porters carrying charcoal, others unshipping lime, our luggage was left till it suited the convenience of the officers to examine it, who full well knew that a message from the British Consul would be sent, and they would be compelled to let it through at once.

All one's attention was necessary on the way to the hotel ; for the streets were knee-deep in snow and mud, and more fell in showers from the eaves of the houses. Misseri's Hotel, in Pera, is about a mile from the water side, up the hill of Galata, steep always, and now, from ice, rain, and mud, nearly impracticable. However, we plunged down the hole his house is in with joy, and forgot our cares, in the comforts of his hotel. For three

days we were blockaded by the weather ; snow fell constantly, and the English fires and English coals were the best things I saw. Once, with desperate energy, I mounted the tower of Galata ; but the view was only a greater extent of snow, and I pitied the ancient Genoese watcher whose ward fell in winter.

Again in a sedan to the Embassy, a huge penitentiary style of building : on my way home at night, somebody—an English youth or youths—joined the hinder bearer, raced with the sedan down a steep street, and finally overturned it in a snow-drift. Their laugh, as I emerged from the cold mass, reminded me of my old misdeeds ; so the hotel received me in a subdued philosophic mood, but very wet. It was most assuredly useless as far as seeing anything else but snow, to remain ; we therefore embarked on board an Austrian Lloyds steamer, bound for Smyrna.

CHAPTER II.

Leave-taking on board the Smyrna Steamer—Captain—Dinner of the Passengers—Carouse—French Packet in Distress—Touch at Tenedos—Arrival at Smyrna—Population—Increase of Buildings—Bazaars—Jewish Quarter—Bournabat—Caravan Bridge—Baths of Diana—Burial Grounds—View from the Castle—Turkish Quarter—Arch near the Amphitheatre—A Turkish Beauty—Case of doubtful Justice—Statue of Polycarp—Brief Notice of him—Alleged Miracle at his Death.

As we mounted the side of the steamer the crew were shovelling the deep drift off the deck, so we rushed below, where fifty Greek friends were bidding adieu to a dozen or more Greek passengers. Wine,—light in summer, vinegar now,—was drunk to friendship ; all smoked, and every egress for the smoke being shut, the smell and noise drove us on deck, till the snow and cold again drove us below. Here our fellows were maudlin and kissing ; more wine ; more vapid cigarets. The agent of the vessel was signing more paper than an English firm would use in months. Why is it that foreigners use so much paper in all business transactions ? At last there was quiet :

the friends kissed, knocked glasses, kissed and departed.

We were at war with the captain at once ; for on asking for the stove, he said it had been forgotten ; so we grumbled at everything. At four a start was pronounced impossible : this we said was ridiculous, as the day was clear though the snow fell fast : the battle of words continued till dinner was ready. Let me record this meal, which resembled all others on board the same vessel ; but not (I trust for the comfort of travellers,) to be found elsewhere. Fancy a narrow, long cabin, the bulkheads beautifully varnished, the sofas, &c. perfect ; the skylights and all other air-holes carefully closed ; the whole atmosphere redolent of bad tobacco smoke. Fifteen persons were seated at a table sufficient for eight. These consisted of eleven Greeks of the Fanar and Smyrna, (who used their forks like harpoons, grasping them with the whole hand, low down, and their knives as forks—save when they likewise performed the duty of salt-spoons,) two officers, and ourselves. On the table were two plates of unripe oranges ; two saucers of pickles ; two ditto of salt Chilis ; two wine-glasses of tooth-

picks ; two plates, with nine Sardines disposed star-ways in each ; and castors, salt, pepper, plates, &c.

The meal devoured, the agent of the boat took his ease, one calf crossed over the opposite leg, his elbow on the table, picking his teeth with a large steel carving-fork. But our troubles had only begun. We retired early, but only to listen from our cabin to noise and clinking of glasses : at last, unable to sleep, we were fain to open the door and lie gazing, as well as the atmosphere would allow, at the scene. One tall thin fellow held the sway, and told a story of his defeating four brave Turks with a small knife. He produced the weapon, offering to sell it, much as he valued it, to a soft-looking fellow who gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder. His first story being believed, he bragged on till contradicted by another. He offered to bet : the bet was caught at by a hard-visaged man, upon which the spokesman retired at last ; and we dropped asleep, just as one poor fellow, who wore his spectacles up over his forehead, fell drunk on the deck, and was dragged to bed, offering to fight the company collectively.

It was not till late the next day that our captain would start : the same scene was renewed in the cabin ; smoking, songs, and quarrels. At last we were off, gliding past the Seraglio Point, swathed in snow, and looking like a man in summer clothes caught in a wintry storm. Among our second-class passengers, was an Armenian convert to the Armenian missionaries. He spoke well and warmly of his cause, and related many painful stories of the persecutions endured for the faith's sake. Again we made a lengthened pause to endeavour to get a French packet-steamer off a mud bank, whither she had run during the night. She was lying quite comfortably on the bank, and our captain's unsailorlike efforts produced no effect, but that of snapping a few hawsers, and delaying the vessel. We received most of the Frenchman's passengers who, talking wildly of their adventures, called it a wreck. As we rounded the Janissary Point, and ran down the coast of Troy, the snow retired to the mountain tops, and the keen clear atmosphere displayed the scene to the fullest advantage.

We touched at Tenedos, a high barren-looking island, though producing the best wine of the Levant. The town is a straggling place with

a large strong castle at its northern side. In the evening we halted at Baba Kalusi, a small Zebek town on the coast, with a fortress and a garrison beyond it. The coast is most beautiful; low points of golden sand darting out into the wintry sea; the rocky coast covered with luxuriant shrubs; the mountains behind rising gradually, till in the far distance they tower grandly to the sky. Mitylene, all-classic ground, lay right a-head.

As we entered the channel between this island and the main, the breeze freshened fast, and the vessel urged by her steam against it, jumped and kicked like a frightened steed. Our passengers soon succumbed; and save groans and other disagreeable noises, all was quiet. The next morning, the stillness around, the unthrobbing of the vessel, spoke of port. On mounting the deck, our vessel lay on the smooth waters of the Bay of Smyrna. The morning was clear and beautiful; the bright early sun threw a light of beauty over the lovely scene: the town crowding along the beach, shut in by grave sands; the mountains smiling round, of every hue and form; the verdant shores; the stately castle; the vast bay—all formed

a scene worthy of the *ornament of Asia*, the *crown of Ionia*, the infidel Ismir.

Landing at a rotten, wooden wharf, we went to Mr. Milles' hotel, whose comforts and excellent *cuisine* made us forget the disagreeables we had endured. Smyrna has now become nearly a Frank town: one large quarter is newly built. It has broad and regular streets, and handsome shops in the European fashion. The population is composed of Greeks, who half adopt European customs and dress, and Levantines. Of the latter there is a large proportion. Its bazaars, though old and Eastern, display little else but European goods, and are chiefly kept by Jews, who pester you as you walk, in bad English, or worse Italian. The Turkish quarter, to their right, situated under the hill on which the castle is built, retains its old features; but even there innovation is at work, and new houses with light brass knockers start up. The Jews' part is the oldest and quaintest. As yet, spite of reform and their ameliorated condition, they dare not make a display. Commerce is now thriving, and trade increases almost as rapidly as its merchants could wish.

The weather enabled us to make various excur-

sions. The sun was pleasantly warm, the evenings cool and refreshing ; and it was pleasant to introduce oneself to Oriental life ; albeit, somewhat Europeanised. Bournabat is a nice ride of some six or seven miles ; in the environs are the summer residences of most of the Franks, who live here to escape the heat of summer. The town, or rather village, is Oriental, and contains a fine mosque and many pretty cafés. On our return, we rode through the Armenian quarter, almost destroyed a few years ago by fire, but now in process of rebuilding. The Saracenic bridge—a stone work—over the Meles is well worth a visit.

Here the camels pass on for their start on their arrival from the interior ; here also they encamp and remain previous to their return to the interior. Along the banks of the river, commanding pretty views, are cafés. Here Turks make *kief*, and Christians show their finery on a Sunday. We visited also the Baths of Diana, now environed by a paper-mill ; and difficult would it be in the modern building, with its long low apartments and vigorous activity, to trace any remains of the chaste goddess. May we hope that the impressions made on the paper there produced, do no discredit

to the virtuous spirits who considered one stolen glance to be expiated only by the death of the offender !

The town contains few traces of antiquity, and none of any note ; here and there a wall, an arch, a column—but little more : the extensive burial-grounds of the Turks are picturesque in the extreme. They never at least not for a very long period of years—turn up ground where a body has been buried ; therefore as you walk beneath the stately cypresses that tower up so gracefully, you pass from the dead of old to the modern dead. Where the younger cypress springs, the tomb-stone is bright and new. Among the older graves, those of ages and generations gone exhibit the best ruins of ancient Smyrna ; for pillar, carved work, and altar stone, have been culled from the ruins to mark where rest the dead. The scenery is fine ; the mountains close round, and except the want of leaves to the trees, all looked fresh and green.

The sight most worthy to be seen, however, is the view from the castle itself ; save the remains of the statue of Polycarp, the building has little interest. Of vast extent, great solidity, and in a fine

situation, it has little about it of the picturesque : the view, however, from its summit is one of surpassing beauty. The bay is beneath your feet, the town at them. The eye roams over the mosques appearing amidst the other buildings ; the quaint old domes, the spiral cypress in large groves ; the various-hued mountains, and far off, the high land of Scio floating on the sea. Round the hills are numerous traces of antiquity ;—an aqueduct, wells, amphitheatre, curious old arch, &c.

We walked back through the Turkish quarter. Here are many remains of the ancient cities ; entablatures in the walls, well carved stones used as bricks, and other barbarities.* As we descended its silent streets, a young girl opened her veil : one glance was all we were permitted, and then the envious sheet closed round again. But a face of more rapturous beauty I never saw. At the time, my knowledge of Turkish was small—let me own it—nothing ; so had she addressed me, the pearls beyond price which such words might probably be,

* The arch near the amphitheatre, probably of one of the dens for animals for the arena, exhibits beautiful workmanship, and the fitting of the stones is well worthy of attention. They do not seem to need a key-stone, though there is one. It is now partly filled with rubbish. Strange ! Even during my stay, a sharp-sighted Englishman found a coin in the castle : it was of copper, too much defaced for us to discover its inscription.

would have been thrown before swine. My star was, however, in the ascendant—I was fated to meet her again.

Smyrna is too travelled ground to need description. Visited twice a month by steamers, every shop-boy knows it well, has wandered over its bazaars, smoked his pipe at the Douane, and spoken of it as “the East.” Let us hurry beyond, and on to the real East,—the far, far desert of the free.

It will not, however, be out of place here to mention an instance of rather doubtful justice, the theme of every tongue during our stay. England is a great nation, and Englishmen the greatest of people ; there are, however, among English subjects some bad. Among these we may class many of the Greeks and Maltese that throng the Levant. Our government is jealous of all interference with her subjects by the Porte, and from the extreme difficulty of condemnation by a court at a distance, these blackguards are the terror of the towns ; and yearly Pera is set on fire by these fellows in hopes of gain during the confusion.

At Smyrna, five or six men set all authorities at defiance, and became the terror of the place. After a long run of success, they resolved to attack

the Austrian consul's house, and meeting one of his native servants, made him promise under threats of death to leave a door open, and assist them in their adventure. Honest or frightened, he betrayed the plan to his master, who desired him to do as he had been commanded, but to warn him when a day was fixed. The evening arrived, the bolts were withdrawn, and armed kavaises ready within. The robbers, four in number, entered the house at the appointed time ; and being allowed to penetrate to the inner court-yard, were there cut down. Not a scratch did the kavaises receive ; so spite of assurances to the contrary, I believe the robbers were unarmed, as four men do not kill four without a wound. This certainly rid Symrna of a desperate gang ; but the means can hardly be justified. Three were killed in the court, one managed to drag himself off, and died in a coffee-house close by.

Let us turn from such a dubious theme, and, ascending the castle hill, rest at its south-western gate. Cast the eye up the wall, and you will see a mark, as of something removed. There stood the statue of Polycarp,* martyred in the amphi-

* Polycarp was born in the reign of Nero, and suffered martyrdom A. D., 167, at the age of 100 or 110 years. The flames according to

theatre after more years of usefulness than are usually given to man. His statue was piously replaced here with honour by the descendants of those to whom he had taught the way of life. Avoiding persecution, he had originally fled from the town ; but being taken and brought back, he suffered, blessing the Christians, praying for his murderers, and thanking the Lord who deemed him worthy to suffer in His cause. His statue, now but a shapeless trunk of marble, lies in a hole at our feet ; it was spared for many years, and but a short time since fell a prey to some fanatical Moslems. After a few days spent in seeing the immediate environs, in pretty rides and pleasant walks, we prepared to start in the Grand Turk steamer for Beyrout.

monkish legends, refused to burn him. On being struck with a spear, the blood flowed from his wounds so as to quench the flames. His soul, in the form of a dove, fled from the wound up to heaven. The statue was larger than life, and of white marble.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from the Port—Passengers on board the Steamer—Scenes on Deck—Arrival at Rhodes—General Appearance—Where the Colossus probably stood—Tachtalu—Coast of Pamphylia—Anchor at Tarsus—Description of that place—The Ansaryii—Their Religion—Alexandretta—Town—Harbour—Pillar recording the Miracle of the Prophet Jonas—Kutchak Ali, the Robber Chief—Murder of Sir Christopher Jones, and by whom—The Issus—Darius and Alexander—Tancred, and Godfrey of Boulogne—Boilan described—Tomb of Abderahman Bey—Government of Ibrahim Pasha—Latakia, its ancient History—Wife of the British Consul—Aspect of the Town of Latakia—Its Exports—Adjacent Country—Departure from Latakia.

ACCORDING to the singular circuitous mockery of business peculiar to the Turkish authorities, we had, after leaving the wharf where we had fee'd the officers to reimbarc what we had previously fee'd them to land, to pull to the Lazaretto and take on board a health officer, though another had already preceded us. Arriving on board the steamer, no easy affair, as she was pitching and diving, and surrounded with other boats, we found her decks crowded with subjects of the Sultan. Masses encumbered the decks, and our voluminous baggage was thrown into the passive heap, and

kicked about until it found quiet in the hold. The numbers thus congregated were principally pilgrims, on their way to Jerusalem and to the Jordan ; though others on more worldly journey bent, were mingled with the rest. Each family had taken a spot on the deck, and there, piled over with coverings, and surrounded with their goods, they remained during the voyage ; one side of the after-deck was alone kept clear for the first-class passengers, and even this was often invaded by others who wisely remarked that we had cabins below.

Each family forms a scene in itself, and an epitome of life in the East is found by a glance around. Four merchants on their return from a trading tour, have bivouacked between the skylights ; and they sing and are sick ; call kief and smoke, with true Moslem indifference. On the starboard quarter, our notions of Eastern domesticity are sadly put out, for there a Moslem husband is mercilessly bullied by a shrill-voiced Houri. It is curious to observe her perseverance in covering her face, even during the agonies of sea-sickness. Their black servant has taken us into the number of licensed ones, and her veil

now hangs over her neck like a loosened neck-cloth.

On the other side, a Greek family in three generations, lies along the deck, fortified by a stout manservant across their legs, whose attentions to the girls during his own heart-rending ailments, is very pretty. The huge grandmother was set on fire and smouldered away most stoically, until her foot began to burn, when, while others put her out, she sunk blubbing to sleep again. The pretty grand-daughters find the long lie more irksome ; but send their flashing eyes about with careless movement, and so the mass goes on. Here one appears to be offering up *nazam*, but nearer inspection shows his shoe is only receiving the offering to the heaving waves.

Our steamer had passed sad hours of toil, and pitched and tossed us all out of temper before we entered the calm waters to leeward of Rhodes, and at last, passing the low points covered with detached houses and windmills, we shot round in front of the harbour. Our view of the intervening coast had been too vague to form a judgment upon it ; but here and there a peak towered up above the mists, all else being veiled by the cloudy sky.

Passing the first harbour, divided from the other but by a reef, against which the swell beat passionately, we shot by castle and fort and dropped anchor near a Turkish man-of-war. Being in quarantine none were permitted to quit the vessel, so midst coaling and dirt were passed our hours here.

No place it has ever been my fortune to visit, more, by its appearance, justifies its character than this. Around the harbour's shore, one continued line of high castellated wall, unbroken save by flanking towers or frowning portals; from the wave on either side, dovetailed to the rock, rise the knightly buildings, and as the eye reaches round, no dissonant work mars the effect, save that one lofty palm rears its tropic head; but it adds to rather than lessens the effect. Above the walls, a mosque with its domed roof or minaret appears, and the fragile building speaks, how truly, in its contrast to the massive walls and ponderous works of former rulers, that the battle is not always to the strong.

On the northern corner is a more sheltered dock almost, for walls from either banks nearly meet within. Some small vessels lay moored, and their

rest seemed indeed enviable as we rolled heavily in the outer harbour. It is across this probably that the Colossus strode, else he was a giant indeed. The day dragged on ; one health officer got his arm crushed ; the poor old man bore it admirably ; and at last, with all the changeableness of Mediterranean weather, the sun set in a cloudless sky and in a sea unruffled by a cat's-paw ; the moon shone down on the old towers ; not a light broke their gloomy outline. Ere the scene was half admired, we were again steaming out into the dark expanse, our funnel making the only cloud that broke the uniformity of blue and star-studded sky overhead.

And now along the coast, the high snow-capped mountains of Lycia, till at noon we bring Tachtalu (7800 feet high) on the beam, and coast along Pamphylia. They want, however, the depth that gives to mountains their most brilliant beauty ; those mystic shades of valley and gorge which, filled by the imagination, render the scene one of grandeur and magnificence. Passing Khelidonia, the steamer stood across the bay of Adalia, and as the evening drew on, the high land of Thracia was seen in the misty distance. By port Anumurium

ruins of an aqueduct and other scattered works lay strewn about ; but Watts tugged us on before half our curiosity was gratified. The hills along the coast assumed a lower, less grand, and more barren appearance. Snow no more ; a stunted vegetation half concealed the barren rock. At Aphrodisias, under Cape Cavaliere, a ring of ruins was distinctly visible ; but for the rest it seemed as if it was undiscovered, unvisited land : not a trace of man or civilisation met the eye.

In the evening the steamer anchored at the port of the antient and modern Tarsus. The village, a modern place, built within the last twenty-five years, to assist the increasing trade to the interior, stands on a low unhealthy plain, which stretches inland nearly 150', affording pasturage for the wandering Turkomans and their numerous herds. To the north the range of Lycian hills ran along till lost in the distance ; snow lay on the summit, but the good spirit of warmth was in the ascendant, and warmth made all look well ; camels in long strings, laden mules and horses at the gallop, spoke of trade and traffic.

Long ago this scene looked on beauty and on fame. Up that stream which now scarce forces its

silvery thread through sand and rock, the galley of Cleopatra floated in all her pride, in the height of her beauty and magnificence ; there freighted with conquest, she sailed when she went to subdue the bravest general of Rome, the Conqueror of Conquerors.

The few houses were mostly those of the consuls, who, residing in the town of Tarsus about 20' inland, come here merely to transact business. Under the guidance of a health officer we were permitted to land and walk freely about, even to enter the houses and take sherbet and coffee, though his voice warned us from stuffs, sofas, and clothes. To the north of the plain are the fine ruins of Pompeopolis, and in other parts are many objects well worthy of a visit. Near our anchorage stood a venerable tree, surrounded by a low wall, venerated as of peculiar sanctity by the Ansaryii, as marking the burial-place of St. George, one of their most venerated saints.

They are the most prevailing people from this to Tripoli ; of their religion nothing hardly is known ; their books they keep from prying eyes, and their faith seems a mixture of that of the surrounding people—an obscure Christianity ; an impure

Mahometanism. They esteem St. Peter* as their spiritual chief, and even venerate our Saviour in a lesser degree. To the south, along the coast, are vast cemeteries which were described to us, (for, much to our regret, we were unable to visit them,) as of ancient Jews, and even crusaders.

Again we were off, as evening closed in. This is indeed talismanic—to sleep at Tarsus, to rise at Alexandretta—and so we journey for days : each eve the land recedes, each morn we enter on new and varied scenes, with no fatigue save sleeping, no discomfort save repose. It was strange to remark how little the native passengers cared to see ; many did not even rise from their beds to look ; others glanced up, then sank again grumbling to sleep. Dark and cloud-wrapped as we came on deck, the Amanus lay before us. Rossius and Cassius frowned over the low swamps on which stand the ruins of old, the skeleton of new Alexandretta.

The present town, a wrecked collection of hovels, save the few houses of the consuls, stands on the beach. Behind it, in every direction, stretches a swampy plain, below the level of the sea : it is

* I knew as little then as others of this singular people. This was what a native passenger told me of them.

fetid and stagnant ; no wonder, then, that the plain is unhealthy, and that fever of the most malignant kind rages from May to October. There are few remnants of antiquity near, though several are scattered over the plain. Our Levant company had a fine khan, in whose vaulted stores the water now lies stagnant and putrid : the swamp was caused by a pleasant stream, whose pure, good waters can little contemplate the mess they make. Draining would remove this, and the fertility of the place would soon repay the expense ; but the jealousy of the Porte, and the unfortunate position between two Pashalics—those of Adana and Aleppo—have hitherto caused all overtures from Europeans to be rejected. The Pashas each claim it when good or gain is to be got ; but as inconsistently reject it when for trouble or loss.

It is a port of some importance, as the port of Aleppo, and the whole of Upper Arabistan. The harbour is splendid : then what a pity some means are not taken to render it healthy. Our consul can name the day on which the fever will attack him ; and as he is ill, the view of the grave-yard whither his predecessors have gone in regular and rapid succession, must be far from pleasant.

About three miles to the northward of the town, a marble pillar marks the spot where Jonas was disgorged by the whale. If this event happened during the fever months, he had not much to congratulate himself on the change. In the passages above, the famous robber-chief Kutchuk Ali—literally little Ali—long held an independent sway, stopped travellers, robbed vessels, and a natural death alone relieved the Porte and visitors from his unconquerable rule. At present even the people are semi-independent, and are now resisting the conscription with success ; though a large body of troops are in the mountains to enforce it. This coast, in fact, may be deemed the most dangerous to travel on of all the Sultan's dominions. Mountainous and thinly inhabited ; nominally reduced, but really factious ; not worthy of an army, but evading policy ; its easy opportunities of escape and impracticable fastnesses, render it the abode of the bandit and the pirate.

On this coast, though very much further north, poor Sir Willoughby Jones was shot. Justice was sought in vain ; the utmost interest could not at that time induce the Porte to convict a Mussulman on the evidence of Christians. The man was

sentenced to the galleys for life ; but obtained his manumission on a jail-delivery on the occasion of some joyful event to the Sultan. He may now be seen at Makri, an oracle among his fellows, and a living proof that Franks may be murdered with impunity. It was my good, or rather evil fortune to meet him at a coffee-house. On quitting the room he swaggered against me ; being about to enter from the street, I pushed him down the steps with some violence. Being well armed at the time, he only threatened me ; whether he would have dared attempt to injure me or not, I had no means of judging, as I left the place some few hours afterwards. My servants, however, were fearful he would, and rode with great caution for two or three days.

On the north-east portion of the bay is the Issus. Here history seems to have fixed the spot where Darius and Alexander met. A tel and a few stones alone remain, on the north of the Pindarus, now a petty stream : they probably mark a flank or centre of the Persian position. From these positions, the right bank being hilly and difficult, and the left, from whence Alexander led his force, flat and low, the danger of the attack is evident ;

and well and gallantly must each of his men have done their duty to win the day. From the ease with which they crossed the river, the action probably occurred in the summer, or early in the autumn. Nor must Darius have been soft and effeminate if, as historians relate, he rode from here, without rest, to the Euphrates. His treasure, wife, family, and arms fell into the hands of the conqueror, who would neither see nor hear of the latter respecting their misfortunes. He dismissed them with honour and without ransom. Tancred in the first crusade, probably led his forces round by the shore of the gulf; the rest passed over the steppes of Mount Taurus. But he would naturally follow this route from Tarsus, which he had just retaken. This was also the northern frontier won by the gallant descendants of his brother Godfrey. It would extend this work beyond all limit to mention more of its historic vicissitudes.

During our stay we procured horses and, accompanied by the kind and intelligent consul, started for Beilan, a village in the mountains about nine miles off, on the road to Aleppo, and supposed by some to be the third of the three Cilician, or Syrian gates.

Threading our way through the muddy village we emerged on a paved causeway in its rear, the only safe road through this swampy morass, over which we passed to the foot of the mountains, and then commenced the ascent of the Amanus. The road winds up an ascending gorge, the hills clothed with luxuriant trees or well-cared vines ; bold and rocky heights exhibit views of much beauty ; the eye upturned rests on bolder, higher eminences backwards over the muddy plain, in the distance green and pretty ; over the deep waters of the bay. North over tract, plain, and hill famous and recorded in history, till lost in the lofty mountains of Cilicia. South it skirts along the track of the bay, kept in by the Jabel Keskrik, till it ends in the turret's peak of Mount Rossius, the modern Point Khangir, or Pig Point.

Every foot of road is trodden on by history : armies in the flush of victory have stepped, with lofty strides, these narrow ways ; fugitives, in rapid haste, have rushed along its paths ; pursuers, thirsting for blood, have dashed on impatient of its difficulties ; Heathen, Moslem, Christian cries have reëchoed and died in its now quiet dells. Here Cyrus passed ; here Xenophon, unfamous

then, marched through to war—he knew not where. In a less time than usual, we reached Beilan, a pretty village built on either side of a narrow valley, the houses rising on terraces one above the other. Unlike those of the surrounding country, they are flat-roofed, and, like them, built of mud. Each roof forms a fore-court for the house above it. The village is large, and many opulent Turks live in it.

Formerly, when the trade of Aleppo was greater, the Franks made it their summer residence ; but their houses are now closed, or degraded into cottages. The air is pure and wholesome, and fever little known. A noisy stream dashes through the centre of the valley, plunging over stones and rocks ; it freshens the scene, and supplies a constant coolness and healthy wealth to the inhabitants. It is down this valley that the north-east wind rushes to the bay ; its tubular shape condenses its force, so as to spout it on the shipping there with destructive force. However, they have sea-room behind to run to.

On entering, an old aqueduct on the south adds beauty to the scene ; with its droppings, water-creepers and plants that now shelter in its rents.

On a platform is the tomb of Abderahman Bey, the last of the hereditary chiefs of the place, who, a robber, murderer, and villain during his life, is now worshipped by the Mussulman population of the place as a saint. He has been dead some sixty years, but his tomb is freshly repaired by his pious followers. His grandsons form a council, and rule the district, having ousted the Cadi, who was appointed by the Pasha. He resisted a long while, but the feeling of the people went with their hereditary tyrants, and the Cadi's office sank into a sinecure. He now and then fulminates fierce orders ; but, like many others, they are never obeyed.

After receiving the kind though dirty hospitality of a native, we started back. The evening was cool and delightful. Alexandretta now lay like an island in its swamp ; the pilot-jack was up, and scarce were we bundled on board, over pilgrims and people, before we were off. Above Beilan is a village called Mortawan, where, in its debased customs, the curious trace the remains of the ancient rites of Venus. I have been told that these rites have been kept from time immemorial, and the people brave the disdain and abuse of

their neighbours sooner than quit their immemorial custom. Strangers are freely admitted ; and he who offered not wife or daughter would be considered a niggard and degenerate.

I forgot to mention in our ride a pass where the road is encroached on by the head of a valley that runs off at right angles with it, and clothed with thick wood, offers ready concealment. The government of Ibrahim Pasha in the country was fair and good : his justice was prompt and stern, and affording such a contrast to the dilatoriness and peculation of the Turks, could not but be valued by all. To the Christians he was kind and fair ; but that does not apply here. He said himself, and said truly, " Were it not for the conscription, I should be adored." But, knowing the insecure tenor of his rule, he was forced to maintain an enormous army greatly disproportionate to the population, and which, in fact, would in ten years have depopulated the land. On one occasion his emissaries had made a good haul, as fishermen say, of five mountain men, and were on their way back to Aleppo by this path. As they passed this spot, the fellows, though bound together, cast themselves, with one accord, into the hollow,

cast and, amidst firing, noise, and confusion, all escaped.

Again the vessel cuts the wave. The mountains become a feeble, bleached outline, save Cassius on the north, who frowns on his unrecorded fame. Yes, noble hill ! though not so high as Strabo tells ; though not lofty and imposing ; though dark thy path now, unnoticed, solitary ; there blazed up the last effort of the flame of pagan civilisation : there Julian the Great—whatever name bigots may give him—offered his solemn sacrifice to Jupiter the Avenger, previous to his last campaign, when the eagles were to wave over Mesopotamia.

The Sabbath dawned fresh, unclouded, and beautiful, as we anchored in the pretty little port of Latakia, the ancient Laodicea. The town of Latakia, built by Seleucus Nicator, in honour of his mother, is comprehended in the Pashalic of Saida, or Beyrout. It stands on a spur of the Ansayrii Mountains. About half a mile inland, the spur falls into the sea, and forms Cape Zairei ; the town stands on its southern slope, and is joined, by gardens and a port, to the sea. The port is small and well sheltered ; but time, Turks, and ruins are filling it up. The buildings on the shore,

having their backs to the sea, present the appearance of a fortification. On a reef of rock that shelters the harbour, stands a pile of building of different eras. It seems to be castle, mosque, and church. Along the beach lie hundreds of shafts of columns, and many are built into the walls, of whose remains you catch a glimpse on the southern side.

Latakia has played a smaller game than most of the Syrian towns. It was founded B.C. 300, and received its name in honour of the founder's mother. The Jews settled in it in great numbers, and were granted the same privileges as the Greeks and Macedonians. In the third century of the Christian era, it was pronounced unable to bear the expenses of building a temple to Tiberius, though its revenues then were great, and it bore the remains of vast ancient splendour. It has generally fallen under the race, or conquerors, that held Aleppo. It surrendered to the first crusade, they marching down the coast and taking the cities to Jaffa. It possesses many ancient remains, and the people appear happy and prosperous. The hill on which it stands was gay and green with gardens, and the holiday made the gardens

and houses bring forth gaily-dressed men and white, veil-covered, ghost-like women. We landed as soon as possible, and receiving a very needless, lengthy examination at the Quarantine, were afterwards allowed to pass on.

How delightful it is to be again in a land one loves ; among people one has known before ; among those whose language and manners are familiar to one ! Now for the first time the reality of travel broke on me : the wish to welcome each passer by : to be friends with—to conciliate all. No grog-shops and marks of civilisation marred the sight : if a word was spoken it was Arabic, and I had no longer to exclaim, as the slave Dames did, “ What a cursed tongue these dogs speak.” A walk of twenty minutes through walled-in lanes, amidst fallen ruins, and then through the narrow picturesque streets of the town, brought us to the consul’s. His house is one of the best, and himself and brother represent half the sovereignties of the world.

His wife, already celebrated by former travellers, and who well deserved their utmost praise, received us most civilly. She possessed a face of medallion beauty of the highest classic caste, yet it wanted

not the soft beauty more peculiarly Syrian. Some traveller had written on the wall of the guest room the following rhapsody, to which the whole of our party subscribed their names. "Oh lovely and intelligent creature, why did you marry till I came?"

We started off to see all we could in the short space allowed previous to the departure of the steamer. The town is built of stone, the houses good, and flat roofed, the streets narrow—by far the best plan in hot climates, whatever the Health of Towns' Commission may say. There are connecting arches across the streets to support the walls. The bazaars are good, and well supplied. The streets have a high raised trottoir on either side, between which is a narrow path for horses, so that a man riding does not overtop the foot passengers.

The chief export from here is tobacco, for which it is famous; it now exports about 3000 quintals yearly; the greater portion to Egypt. However, a market is now opening for it to Marseilles, so the quantity will soon increase. Besides this, it exports a little oil and silk; it also produces fruit of a superior description, and its oranges are famed

all over Northern Syria. It now contains 7000 houses,* and its population consists of 5000 Turks, 200 Catholics, and 1800 Greeks.

The adjacent country is Ansayrii. The persons I asked attributed to them a Greek origin—why, they knew not. We examined many remains, none of any peculiar interest till we came to the ruins of a temple, now a mosque. The pillars are about twenty-four feet clear, of the Corinthian order, and standing twelve or fourteen feet apart: they probably formed the portico of some temple; but the mosque and surrounding buildings prevented a further examination. Near it we saw the noble triumphal arch attributed to Septimus Severus, a native of Syria. The ornaments are good, and its commanding situation shows it off to the best advantage. Much more remained; the

* This was probably a mistake, and 7000 people, I should think, would be nearer. In the East they always reckon by houses: thus, you ask how many houses such or such a place has? About five persons are generally allowed to a house; but the authorities, natives, &c. are proverbially ignorant of such matters. A census has been endeavoured to be made this year, but it bears no approach to correctness. The Easterns have a strong prejudice against numbering their people; all deem it unlucky—the Mussulmans, as directly against the command of their prophet. They all also have a shrewd suspicion it is connected with further taxation; or worse—more dreaded than all—with the conscription. Their aversion to the army is extraordinary in so warlike a people.

ruins of the ancient Acropolis, tombs in the neighbouring rocks, &c., but we were forced to hurry off.

Latakia, however, thus hastily seen, appeared to me perfect—visions of fair women, of Eastern streets, of what I once lived in, and long to live in yet, as we steamed off. The place looked venerable in its ruins, gloomy in its age-worn buildings, but smiling in its verdure, and all alive with the flutter of veils and women.

Latakia was the birth-place of the famous Bishop-poet, Appollinaris, A.D., 362 : his son also was a poet and philosopher. They endeavoured to supply to the Christian youth the literature of the ancients, which Julian forbade them to read. Here also is still retained the old and pretty custom of greeting on Easter-day ; and soft voices from Christian hearts even now salute on that blessed day, with “ Christ is risen, brother ! ” South of this harbour, close in to the coast, lies the island of Ruad, the ancient Aradus, once a large independent city. It is now seldom visited. The inhabitants are said, by tradition, to have derived their water from a sub-marine fresh spring, over which they placed a leaden bell, whilst others obtained the water fresh at the surface.

CHAPTER IV.

Beyrout — Description by Lamartine — Meeting with old friends — Beyrout, as it now is — Policy of the Pasha — Progress of the Turks — Influence of European Consuls — European Ball given to the Pasha — Ball given to the Turkish Ladies — Their Acknowledgment of the Courtesy and its Effect — Second Tomb of Jonas — Sidon — Old Friends there — Call of the Muezzin — Prayers of the Mahomedans — Antiquities of Sidon — Its refusal to admit Ibrahim Pasha — Lady Hester Stanhope and her attendant — Stud of the Emir Beshir.

“AND, I pray thee, let me go over and see the goodly land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon.” What was denied to the Lawgiver of old was permitted to us, and at early morning we were at anchor beneath it in the bright blue waters of Beyrout. It would be vain to attempt a description. Lamartine’s rhapsodies, dear Warburton’s poetic prose, have displayed the view to the world in happier phrases than could fall from my pen. They have monopolised the prettiest form of laudatory words, the happiest expressions of descriptive praise.

Yet Beyrout deserves them all. The views of the mountain range are superb, and the various-

tinted plain forms no unworthy foreground; the town was outwardly transformed to a white-housed Frank place. Within, however, it still is a capital specimen of the Eastern city, its narrow passage, streets closed in by arches, the strictly latticed overhanging windows, the low doors, the old walls, with here and there the columns of handsome workmanship built in, the old grey khans, the marble-paved mosques, the Eastern bath's, bazaars, and cafés,—all are worthy of inspection.

It was with boyish enthusiasm I had gazed at it before; it was with calmer emotions, yet pleasure-able still, that I looked over it now. We landed at Turkino's, and old acquaintances of many ranks soon crowded around me. Breakfast over, we sat upon the terrace; the pipe sent up its first incense, a meet sacrifice, and the news of the place was heard.

"Some were dead, and some were gone,
Some were scattered and alone,
And some were rebels on the hills."

The wildest, freest and best had gone as they ever do. Some had risen; some had fallen; the young timid maid was the matronly wife—the happy mother; boys were now grown to couriers, and the courier settled into the innkeeper. Every

moment brought some old companion. With this one I had been once robbed by the Ansayrii ; with that captured by the Druses ; with another had fled from the fierce-pursuing Arnouts. Each was an episode in my history, and all made up the chapters of the freer, happier portion of my life. But the old spirit was upon me, and I resolved to start at once for the road.

Beyrouť, since my last visit, now eight years ago, has nearly doubled in its size : each Christian merchant has now his villa. The Franks have pleasant houses surrounded by green gardens ; the wastes around us all cultivated, rich mulberry groves, fruit trees, and other verdure, imbed the whole in one mass of green. Enquiring of a native the cause of all this prosperity, he at once imputed the whole of it to the Sultan's visit. " Ibrahim Pasha," he said, " first treated the Christians well and taught them that the possession of wealth was no direct crime ; but the presence of the Padishah blessed us, and now we prosper." Prosper it does—whether from the benign visit of the man-slayer (one of the Sultan's titles), or from the reform forced on him by the English ambassador, I leave unsettled. But now new and good houses spring

up on every side : the indolent Turk must either give way, or pocket his dignity, and move. When I was here before, one small schooner ran once a month, now three large steamers during the same time find good work. The Boockrah (to-morrow) of the Turk is lost, and he boldly exclaims, "The steamer goes; I must do so and so to-day."

The presence of European consuls also, while it affords great protection to trade, does away with nearly all cases of oppression, furnishing a proof of what can be done by a fair and equitable government. A ball had been given by the Frank residents some time before our arrival, to which the Pasha and the principal officers of his government were invited. On their return home they praised the Frank women, the dresses, &c., and above all, the beautiful dances in which they had joined the fair houris of the west. So lavish was their praise, that the helps of the true believers felt their blood boil and their hearts big for revenge.

Calling on some Frank ladies, they repeated the stories they had heard, and begged a similar exhibition might take place before them, stating that no male Caffer* was to be present. An evening was

* Infidel—the Giaour of the Turk.

appointed ; they came, and several Frank ladies present stood up and danced waltzes, polkas, quadrilles, &c. On the conclusion of the festival, the slaves of the Pasha's wife put a purse of gold into each of the dancers' laps. Down went the Westerns in a faint ; cries, hysterics,—was ever such an insult ! The Pasha's wife calmly departed, saying, she had only followed her country's custom of paying dancers.

The history of Beyrout * has been often told, and it is vain seeking for new matter among my papers :—let us to horse. The Salome of Warburton, no longer as of yore, speaks soft words of safety for my journey. She is an old matron, and says we are bad people, but the horses are as fresh

* The origin of the name is ascribed to the Arabic word *Birath*, a well. The *ath* must have been put for the sake of euphony ; *Bir* is a well. But it seems to me, (for I have no authority up in these wilds to strengthen my opinion), to be more probably derived from the Greek *Βήρυς*.

The ancient town may probably have been founded by the General of Alexander, to whom Syria fell in the division of his empire. Far also from its being a place of wells, the water consumed is brought into the town, not one well existing within the walls. Its roads cut in the rocks, and numerous remains, mark it as a place of importance ages ago.

Among the remains of antiquity at Beyrout, tessellated pavement shows itself here and there, particularly after rains, on the road between Beyrout and Rars Beyrout ; also the remains of a sea wall and other artificial works in the cliffs. Frequent pillars are visible here and there about the bazaars ; and there are one or two remains on the Maidan to the north of the town.

as their fathers, we rode ; and the same lanes lead us by the same road. Passing out through garden and grove, I followed a route, peculiarly my own, by the sea. Jumped two walls for old association's sake, for which the owner condemned my father's beard to be burnt, and my mother to bear no more children, and was soon fairly on the sands alone on my travels.

Beyond Beyrout, to the south, the mountains swerve back, leaving a beautiful plain. On their varied sides lay villas, convents, and gardens. I passed the second tomb of Jonas I have met already (few men have so many mansions), and at sunset was on the rough road round the ancient point, Adonis. The sun set gloriously over the ocean, one blaze of light ; henceforth he sets not on the sea for me. And what is in the book ? "Will these eyes e'er see him thus ?" My moralising was stayed by a sound ducking from the Nahr el Damur ; but we galloped on and were barked at by the dogs of Sidon ere the boots were empty of the holy waters.

The gates were opened by a silver key, and I was soon in the arms of one of my best and dearest friends. Time had a little played about his hair,

but spared with pitying hand his truly beautiful wife. No change was in her—ten years before she was as now. The first greetings over, the girl I had known a babe, peeped slily up ; but where was the older, darker beauty ? Alas ! so it ever is. In the beautiful words of that poet of our soul, Longfellow :

“ There is no flock however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there ;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.
The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.”

Their news was told, how, save one loss, all was well ; the worms spun merrily, the plough throws cheerily, while I had, like a bad merchant, returned to them with but the hair upon my head.* My welcome, however, was most warm ; and we passed the evening delightfully.

For the edification of quiet people at home, and those who dread Eastern travel for their sons, from its debaucheries and the pleasures presented them,

* On the western coast of Africa, when a merchant returns from a trading voyage, his friends and acquaintances assemble to welcome him. He spreads before them such presents as he has brought for each, and relates the adventures of his journey, and the profit he has made. If it has been a bad trade, the carpet before him remains unspread with gifts ; he removes his turban, and says, “ I am a fool ; I have brought back but my hair.”

let me say they may banish most of their fears. If a young man is inclined to drink during four-fifths of his time, he must do so alone, and he may traverse the land from Beyrout to Bombay without seeing the face of woman, or in familiar conversation hearing the sound of her voice. The illnesses incidental to travellers, indeed, are many, and his risks of death from them great. Look at the numbers of our countrymen who fall and lie buried everywhere ! but the smile of beauty is really accorded but to few except in the houses of consuls, &c.

Mattresses were spread on the ground of the sitting-room, a thinner one folded at the feet to use as a coverlid. My host and family retired, and I was soon in the land of dreams. At midnight the Muezzin's call awoke me : the minaret from whence he shouted was close to the window of the room I slept in, and it was with little regret that I lay awake and listened to the beautifully rich voice that thus broke on the stillness of the night to bid the faithful rise and pray. His voice, full and clear, rose on the silence, swelled through the gloom ; and taken up, as by an echo from the further

mosques, melted away into the depths of night and all around was a solemn stillness.

The calls are a good deal varied by different Muezzins, but the following is the general call :
" Allah Akber, Allah Akber, eschadou in la illah ilallah eschadou in Mahomet Ressoul Allah hi alle fallatt hi alle fallatt Allah Akber Allah Akber, Allah Akber Allah Akber, la illah illallah." God is great, God is great ; God is great. Show that there is but one God ; show that Mahomet is his prophet. Come and present yourselves to the mercy of God, and ask forgiveness of your sins. God is great, God is Great ; there is no other God but God !

It is hard to discover whence we got our word mosque from, as such a term is totally unknown to the Mussulmans. It is, however, probably a degeneration from Madjni ; but the term in ordinary use is Djamma, literally " place of assembly ;" and what we call the minaret is madjni. The men who call the muezzin have generally, unless at the largest mosques, some other calling. This one I subsequently found was a dyer of calico. Prayer is particularly enjoined by the Koran ; and though charity in its most extended meaning is placed before it, still it is necessary to salvation. Accord-

ing to the Koran, the Lord taught Adam words of prayer after his fall, for as it beautifully expresses it :—" And God turned unto him, for he is easy to be reconciled and merciful." Again, their prophet says : " Be constant in prayer and give alms ; and what good ye have sent before for your souls, you shall find it with God. Surely God seeth that which ye do."*

Mahomet, it is averred, was himself enjoined to pray and celebrate the praise of the Lord " before the rising of the sun and before the setting thereof, and to praise Him in the hours of the night, and in the extremities of the day, that thou mayest be well pleased with the prospect of receiving favour from God." Again : " Be constant in prayer, for prayer preserveth a man from filthy crimes and from that which is blameable, and the remembrance of God is surely a most important duty." In another chapter : " And be ye turned unto Him, and fear Him, and be constant in prayer, and be not idolatrous." They were allowed to shorten their prayers in war, or even omit them in times of pressing danger : if this was done without sufficient cause, they were to seek pardon in prayer, " for He is indulgent and merciful." The particular

* These, and the following, are extracts from the Koran.

hours were not named precisely. The prophet says : " Regularly perform thy prayer at the declension of the sun, at the first darkness of the night, and the prayer of day-break ; for the prayer of day-break is borne witness unto by angels."

These hours have been subjects of endless controversy : the declension of the sun is by many interpreted as the noon, by others as sunset. Commentaries have been written on either side. At present, the more usually received hours of prayer and muezzin calls are : Salaam, one hour and a half before sunrise ; El Doohr, at noon ; El Asser, from two to three hours before sunset ; El Mougariat, sunset ; Nussuf El Layl, midnight.* The Koran gives no precise form of prayer ; but the following verse, which those who have seen the Mussulman pray must allow he obeys, is very beautiful : " Call upon God, or call upon the Merciful ; by whichsoever of the two names ye invoke Him, it is equal, for He hath most excellent names. Pronounce not thy prayer aloud, neither pronounce it with too low a voice ; but follow a middle way between these, and say,

* The five hours of prayer are also called Fidger, Suback, Aser, Mougariat, Lilak, or Ashce.

‘Praise be unto God who hath not begotten any child, who hath no partner in the kingdom, and magnify Him by proclaiming his greatness.’”

They are also enjoined to pray previous to commencing the reading of the Koran, and to invoke God in these words: “I have recourse unto God for assistance against Satan driven away with stones.”* The injunctions to pray are numerous, nor can the meed of respect be withheld from them for the way the Mussulman fulfils them. Rising from his business, his carpet spread, he composes his mind; his face towards Mecca, he reverently prays; abstracted from all around, he calmly supplicates his God. In the road, on the sea, in the mart, the camp, the wild, or the solitary room, as the hour arrives, divesting himself of the world, putting off his shoes,† in respect to Him before whom he bows, he humbles himself before the Lord God in calm and holy prayer. Many, it is to be regretted, never pray; but a lesson is read us to which both heathen and Christian may listen with profit.

* In this they, as well as all Eastern travellers, follow the command of the Old Testament: “Put off thy shoes, for the ground on which thou standest is holy.” The climate would not permit, still less their head-dress, the following the commandment of the New, “to pray uncovered.” The Christians, however, remove theirs, at particular portions of the service.

† This refers to a legend the reader will find in the early fathers, and referred to in the Koran; where, however, no explanation is offered.

In the morning at daylight, the household was astir. I was regaled with coffee, nargillehs, and under the guidance of my host, paid a visit to the curiosities of the place. Sidon, that city famous for its antiquity and the renown of its founder, the begotten of Canaan—"Sidon, where the fair and clear glasses was made, and which is the mother of the great Thebes and Beotia"—the mother of Tyre, has been often described. Like most of the cities of Syria, it has undergone revolutions and changes, stood sieges, repulsed conquerors, subdued and been subdued, persecuted and been persecuted. Ibrahim Pasha intended to make it the capital of Syria, for which its position is better adapted than Beyrout. The mountain passes in its rear are never closed in winter, and its harbour, which little labour could clear out, would be secure, which that of Beyrout never is. But on Ibrahim's advance, Sidon closed its gates and resisted his march.

Around it are many interesting ruins. It possesses fine baths, and several old mosques. Its khans, more particularly the old Frank khan, is large and well-built; the gardens and fine country around it make it a pleasant residence, and its climate is as good as any in Syria. Josephus

derives the name of Sidon from its founder, the eldest son of Canaan : others supposed it to be derived from the Phœnician word Sidon, fish, of which abundance are found in the harbour. Caught they are not, for except very much distressed for money, no one will pursue such a laborious occupation as fishing.*

Among other things I was taken to the house of an old servant of Lady Hester Stanhope's, where her cup and saucer were preserved with religious care. It was a plain plated metal cup, with L. H. S. engraved upon it ; but the attached servant assured me that her ladyship for twenty years used no other. Neither persuasions nor offers could induce her to part with them ; they were to me, as to her, interesting relics.

From here we went to see the Emir Beshir's stud. Eight years before I had seen them ; in fact for ten years now, they have never been moved, except to shift their hobbles, since his

* Near the gate of the city is a small square building, now neglected. It contains the tombs of such of the Emirs of the Druses as died when Saïde was in their possession. The once magnificent Palace of Fakr el Deen is now a mass of ruins. Legend also points out the tomb of the Canaanitish woman ; it seems to be the ruins of an old chapel. The tombs, said to be those of the ancient kings of Syria, well merit a visit ; but it is too long since I saw them to warrant my describing them without reference to the notes then made, and which were left in England.

leaving the country. Save one or two sent to him at his place of exile, Brusa, and some inferior ones given away, they have remained herè. Their hoofs, from want of wear, are turned up at the end. The blood of all is good ; but only two claim great admiration, the far-famed mare Hassefereemee—a grey mare of upwards of thirty years of age, She would never breed ; but at last she did from a donkey. The mule, however, died, since which the Emir says it is Kismet. There is also a chesnut stallion of noble make, but tender-legged and old.

We were shown also a celebrated Arab mare from the Anase Jemeli, or the Beautiful. She was worthy of the pen of a Warburton or a Lamartine : clean grey, with black mane and tail silvered at the end ; her skin thin as a kid glove, and the long hair as fine as that which drops over the shoulders of beauty. The eye was bright, wild and flashing ; the nostrils full—almost bell-shaped : tall and strong, yet light and active, she well deserved her name—the Beautiful. The sight of such creatures made our own hacks look wretched ; but spurs are invented, so mounting the said hacks with many regrets, we were out of the town by noon.

CHAPTER V.

Anxiety to reach Djouni—Antipater the Poet—The road to Djouni—The Kiah and his Daughter—Late Residence of Lady Hester Stanhope—The Life of that Lady—Arab recollections of her—General Lestanau and the Prophecies of Lady Hester—Her eccentricity—Mischances on the Road—The great Hero of the Christians—Palace of Beit ed Deen—The Country of the Yezdeky—Ascent of Barouk—Plain of the Bekaa—Arrival at Jeb Jenin—Dispute of the Geographers.

SKIRTING the beach for a mile or so, we turned up into the mountains, anxious to reach Djouni, Lady Hester Stanhope's former residence. On talking over our projected tour, our hostess said, "You are going to stupid people : the Cairenes, if asked a question, have a ready reply ; the Damascene has to hunt for one in her sleeve ; the Halebeen has to run to her mother to ask what to say."

Sidon was the birth-place of Antipater the poet, A.M. 3856. He had great powers, and composed verses extemporaneously ; he was noted also for regularly having the fever once every year, on the same day—that of his birth, which was also that

of his death. He was one of the most esteemed of the Stoics.

Passing the Anta, or modern river of Sidon, we sent the servants and baggage on to Deir El Khammer while we proceeded at a more rapid pace to Djouni. At a former period, while stationed at Beyrout in a vessel of war, it had been my almost weekly practice to ride to Djouni, and leaving Beyrout at midnight, generally to arrive there at eight or ten in the morning. The day was passed in learning Arabic from ruby lips under the kiosks and shade of the lovely but neglected garden. The night saw me again on horseback, to regain the ship and probably walk a four hours' watch ; but long years had passed, and the very face of the country had changed under quiet peace and protection.

The road lay along the mountain side, affording here and there beautiful glimpses of the river and narrow gorge below ; every available spot was cultivated ; the earth kept from being carried off by stone walls. Thus, the whole mountain side was terrace on terrace, verdant in the young spring, save where some tough boulder of rock refused all compromise and reared his front bald

and barren. The road, a mere goat's track, wound up now on one hill, now on another, crossing the stream with wayward turns, as it jumped and frisked fresh from its native springs. The mountains got higher, and scenery wilder, till, after three hours of patient toil, the much loved spot appeared, but still far off, and we had to wind up and through the small village of Abka.

Here my first endeavour was to find the house of my old friend, the Kiah or head of the village, whose lovely daughter had made the groves of Djouni a paradise. After some trouble we found the house ; a middle-aged hag put her head over the terrace, and yelled to us to be gone. "Ya sit,"* I said, "where is the Bint Miriaim ?" "Married," was the short reply : a handsome matron showed herself over the terrace ; "and I am she." The appearance of a huge mountaineer stopped any desire that arose to recall old scenes ; so we descended the hill, and climbed up to the old convent, Lady Hester's residence for so many years. Sad, sad, was the change !

* *Ya sit* means "my lady." It is a term which, being totally undeserved, save by the wives and daughters of the Shebab family, is seldom used to any others. It, therefore, rarely fails to conciliate even the outrageous demons of old women met with only in the East.

Low portions of the walls alone stood : the interior, a green grass-grown heap, formed by the fallen roof and walls ; the garden, once a mass of tangled beauty, all the more beautiful, that no hand had watched or trained it for years, was gone ; and the cold furrows of the plough gave a sadder appearance to the spot. Some few lemon and lime trees alone were left for their intrinsic worth. The very ground she reposed on was envied by the plough, whose sharp traces had run round it in scraping propinquity. The beautiful kiosks into which, on my last visit, a way had to be forced through honey-suckles and jessamine, were entirely removed : the outer wall around the plateau of the hill alone was left. Her tomb had been respected, and the isolation she sought was indeed perfect :—choosing out the sunniest spot, we lay and mused. Often in other climes and beautiful scenes had fancy strayed back to the bright hours spent amidst this once lovely grove ; and now the return to it in desolation seemed but a necessary act in the drama of life. We dream ; but rarely does the glad fulfilment come.

A room where once the merry laugh of gay companions rang, now is a grassy bank ; its own

green tomb formed our resting-place. Each scene was re-enacted from memory. The bivouac fire and the manly strength ; the lonely travel and mournful Arab ditty of love and danger ; the soft words from softer lips ; the intellectual feast when the future author of the Crescent and the Cross lit up the scene with brilliant words.

It was too sad to linger long ; the horses, who probably liked the grass better than the flowers we mourned for, were saddled, and we withdrew down the mountain side, happy that a fragrance had been distilled from those flowers that gave the fragrance of summer, though summer was gone.

“ So memory draws from delight ere it dies
An essence that breathes of it many a year ;
Thus sweet to my heart as 'twas then to my eyes,
Are those flowers that bloomed on the mountain so dear.”

Hers was a sad life, sadder, perhaps, that the stern spirit sought no communion, asked no relief from her kind. Too proud to descend to the humble station of private life, after the notable position she once occupied, she preferred even exile to such a fall, however at first amused and excited, she may have enjoyed it. But imagine the long years of solitude and distress that preceded her

death, embittered by actual poverty, and no longer surrounded by the wild romance of its beginning. Latterly pecuniary embarrassments pressed with redoubled force. Alone and unattended, her life must have been sad beyond measure. Possessed of a large, though certainly most extraordinary collection of books,* she seldom, as her old servants have told me, ever read. Passing most of her time in bed, living on the same fare as the common people, she gradually sank dying alone, and in the same haughty, unconfessing spirit, she had lived.

Though so many years in the country, she merely spoke the colloquial Arabic, and barely could read it; yet who can help admiring the strong will and firm determined resolution displayed in her life. All was consistent: she who had awed the puppy in the most polished circles of the most civilised part of the earth, with the same spirit subdued to her will the proud and

* Her books, which were sold at Beyrout during my former sojourn there, were a most heterogeneous collection. Odd volumes of travels, receipts of domestic physicking, military tactics, French novels, cookery, manuscripts of remedies, cottage architecture, farriery—in fact, on all odd subjects. There were some on gardening; and none who saw her garden can deny that these must have been used: it abounded with every English flower, and was laid out with perfect taste.

haughty chieftains of the land she adopted. Alone, unaided, she defied Ibrahim Pasha, and spite of all his threats maintained her points ; uncomplaining she bore the lot she had chosen. Not sullyng her resolve with vain complaints and useless words of bitterness, she closed her gates on the world, and died in no communion with it.*

The sheiks and emirs of the mountains have often conversed with me about her, and the elder ones have described in glowing terms the receptions they met with from her in former days. Even the villagers approaching her tomb would cover their eyes and salute it with respect. Their fears of her were great ; as though perhaps not inclined to believe her prophetic character, they did not question her power of inflicting temporal evils on themselves. A Frenchman formerly in the service of Ibrahim Pasha, and residing at Sidon, used to relate stories of her in connection with General

* To many of the stories of her no belief ought to be given. Her head servant—who, however, had gone to Sidon on the morning of her death—told me, latterly people used to steal the very utensils from the house. The people of the village, who had formerly suffered much from the tyranny of the servants, even to being forced to labour without wages and supply of food, would not protect her. The outhouses were in ruins then ; and latterly her own room would not keep out the rains. This, however, is so usual a defect in the Syrian houses as not to be worth mentioning.

Lastanau, who was some time a guest in her house.

At first she vouched for his prophetic mission, he prophesying about her own. But at last the general appears to have prophesied of himself, and given her but a very subordinate place in the procession in triumph to Jerusalem. On this point they quarrelled, and he was driven to Sidon. She, however, long continued to support him, which he repaid by loud declamations against her prophetic character. His life, as told by Kelly, and also by the Frenchman, was one of the most curious on record. He subsequently died at Sidon.

If, however, her spiritual prophecies were vague, many, as regards temporal affairs, were singularly borne out by the result. In this, doubtless, her strong intellect, and, spite of appearances, her perfect knowledge of all the intrigues of the country, helped her, and there is no doubt she prophesied to a month the battle of Nejeeb, its result, its effects, and also the subsequent recapture of Syria by the Turks and allies. She foretold to almost a day the capture of Sidon, and many other predictions of a like import are well

authenticated. In conclusion, how well these beautiful lines of Byron's may be applied :—

“ Meanwhile, I seek no sympathies, nor need :
The thorns that I have reaped are of the tree
I planted ;—they have torn me, and I bleed ;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.”

Who can wonder at the pride of Lady Hester not descending to private life and poverty, when England's great minister had so flattered her ! Who does not remember the story when the king on the slopes of Windsor, condoling with Mr. Pitt on his declining health, said—“ Ah ! whom shall I look to for advice when you are gone ? ” “ Your Majesty need never want an adviser as long as my niece lives.” On one occasion, while at Djouni, she had asked Shiek Besheer Jamblett of Mocktara, one of the most powerful Druse chiefs in the mountains, to dine with her. The sheik arrived, but unfortunately one hour behind the time named by her ladyship. He found the gates closed, and no answer being vouchsafed to his repeated calls, shouts, shots, &c., he and his train had to pick their way through the dirt, seven long hours of mountain road back to his home. Various stories of this sort are told of her ; nor would she overlook

the least ceremony due to her rank, which she assumed as equal with that of the princes of the mountains.

Descending the eastern side of the mountain we commenced our journey with a stock of about five words of Arabic and no guide. The result may easily be guessed. We rode on admiring the scenery as it grew wilder and wilder, talking, jesting, quoting, soliloquising, till sunset. The idea then sprang up that we might have lost the road.

Far beyond the inhabited regions the only man we saw ran off at our approach; murmurs, discontents, repentance of our folly, occupied a few hours more. Darkness came on, and with it every prospect of a bivouac without tobacco, food, fire, or cloaks: falls, stumbles, loss of the only road left us, a heavy cold mist, and absolute despair succeeded one another, when huge through the fog came a big old man perched on a very small donkey. He ran off, indeed; but a supper and bed depending on the hunt, we caught him, and by repeated cries of "Iptadeen" and "Backshish" made him understand our wants.

He led us through scenery wild and grand, over

which the fog-sick moon threw a pale light, and, I suppose, alarmed at our appearance, ran away as we reached the village of Deir El Khammer. Here we found our servants had quietly eaten the food they had intended us to eat at an earlier hour, and had retired to rest. Our fatigues, however, were soon forgotten in tea and bed.

At Deir El Khammer at present resides, Abou Semera, the great hero of the Christians. He was a poor muleteer, but on the advance of Ibrahim Pasha, took up the profession of arms, and distinguished himself above all warriors. Fabulous stories without end are told of him. He surpasses the heroic Antar, and like him, killed his thousands and tens of thousands. On one occasion he galloped to the gates of Beyrout while it was held by the Egyptians, hurled his jereed against it, caught it up and retired unwounded by the fire of the enemy. He fires with unerring precision, and aims at full gallop, throwing himself under his horse's belly to reload. He defeated the famous Druse chief, Chiblearean, and Omar Pasha was forced to call in his individual aid to complete the defeat of the Koords. I am thus diffuse on his fabulous history, to introduce the first lines of the verse

written in his favour ; they were made and sung
by the Christians—

“ Fee Sabahein fee Hadderee,
Abou Semera ou Shanteree.”

“ There are two lions in the land,
Abou Semera and Shanteree.”

The Druses alter this to—

“ Fee Kelbein fee Hadderee,” &c.

“ There are two dogs in the land,” &c.

April 4th—Deir El Hhamar to Jeb Jenin, eight hours.* Having visited the Palace of Beit ed Deen (Anglice,† the house of religion), formerly, before the soldiers had plugged up its fountains and picked out its mosaic, we started soon after breakfast. The morning was cool and beautiful ; our road over paved causeways was a continual ascent in a north-easterly direction ; the scenery was of the grandest description ; deep green vallies, lofty precipices, ridges covered with snow, slopes clothed in sunshine ; before us towered loftier heights that showed there was much to be done before we reached our journey's end.

* Generally written Deir el Khamar. Why? Hhamar is “moon;” unde derivatur the K?

† *Beittedden*, also, means in the Syriac language “two teats.” This is said by some to be the origin of the name ; but I incline more to the other, “the house of faith.”

The country around Beit ed Deen is richly cultivated, but here even the mountaneer has deemed it useless to struggle with the rock, and, except a few vines and some thin native goats, there is no sign of cultivation. The Saback Bil Hhair* of the Maronite and Christian has been exchanged for the Salaam Alikoom of the Moslem, and as we ascend the mountain, moist and keen snow-breeze succeeds to sun and heat.

The houses of the villages are smaller—one door, one window; and being built of grey stone, they have an old and ruined appearance. We are now in the county of the Yezdeky, one of the faction of the Druses. I was particularly struck by the enormous distance the voices of the mountaineers can be heard. They speak to each other across the valleys and at distances seemingly impracticable; a peculiar pitch of the voice is required, and a clear distinct pronunciation of the vowels. We waited for some time at some Druse tombs, but could learn nothing of them beyond that they were of sheiks, and much venerated. They had

* Among other salutations of the mountaineers, *Mah habbah* is not uncommon: it is a curious salute, as it literally means "I thank you." In a subsequent chapter, I hope to give at full length all the modes of address; they are infinite.

chosen a lovely resting-place at the head of a beautiful valley. Between the two villages of Feridies or Fridesk and Barrouk, passing the two villages of Rilla Barouk and Barouk,—the one Christian and the other Druse,—we commenced the ascent of the pass of Barouk. Burckhardt had passed it in March, and makes a remark we may repeat, that it is dreadful and covered with snow.

We were one hour and a quarter on the ascent. Naturally steep, the half frozen stream rendered it a work of desperation. The mountain, magnificently awful in its sterility, rose above us; mists of spectral aspect stalked noiselessly about athwart the snow—athwart the rocks, as if they had their homes in its solitary glens. The whole scene was grandly sublime, barrenly magnificent. “Oh, Lebanon where is thy thistle now, where thy cedar?—Why did thy father beget thee?”* But at last we surmounted the steep, and putting the baggage to rights, crossed the snow-drifts.

It was pretty to see where the roaring torrents of the hills and the fertilising stream of the valleys

* 2 Kings, xiv. 9. See the Visnu Purana, Bhogavat Purana, and others. There the Lebanon is said to be the son of Haviosta, cousin of Casius Anti-Lebanus, &c.

were born ; how gently at first, ushered by the warm rays of the sun, they parted out of the bosom of the snow bank ; anon how joyously they flung themselves from crag to rock, till joined by others, young and fresh as themselves, they disdained restraint and roared down towards the plains. Meanwhile, the poor mother exhausted by the labour, melts away her snowy bosom, dries, and, her offspring gone, dies out. The snow lay in every gulley, and following the track of a man who had luckily gone before us, we passed—not, however, without many falls and bruises—and arrived at the further side. The plain of the Bekaa or Cœlo-Syria lay before us, and sending the baggage on, we lighted our pipes and made kief,* while our eyes feasted on the view.

At our feet was the Bekaa, tinted to every shade ; here red from the plough, there whitening with advancing harvest, there green with fresh pastures ; the Anti-Libanus rose before us, with Mount Hermon towering up. To the north the plain stretched away beyond the ken ; while,

* *Kief* : this word it is quite impossible to translate : it means repose, perfect, thorough and complete.

south, blue mountains, faint from distance, closed in the view. The descent was easy, taking an hour or so; and then a smart gallop over the plain brought us to the Liettiani, a pretty, though lazy stream, the ancient Leontes, which takes its rise a few miles north-east of Baalbec, and flows into the sea, a large river north of Tyre, which we crossed by a long, badly-built, worse-kept bridge; from thence a quarter of an hour brought us to Jeb Jenin, one of the principal villages of the Bekaa.

The keen evening air drove us from our tent, and we gladly sat over a fire, in a house prepared for us. Burckhardt divides this plain into two districts, the Bekaa and Belbech; but doubt may be entertained if they are not two names for the same place. Bekaa means, in the Hebrew, mulberry, which constitutes one of the principal sources of its wealth. The natives frequently call the northern portions also Bekaa. Its principal inhabitants are Mussulmans, with some few Greek Christians. It is, however, scarcely half in cultivation. This arises from the indolence of the Mussulmans, who are sedentary Arabs; the oppression to the Christians; the enormous rents

levied by the holders of the property which, belonging principally to the Sultan, is farmed out to inhabitants of Damascus; and, worse than all, particularly in the northern districts, the incursions of the Metualis, who are a restless, lawless people.

It is disputed whether this is the ancient Cœlo-Syria, some ancient geographers giving that name to the country east of the Anti-Lebanon, commonly known as the Haoran, while some give the name to more northern plains.

CHAPTER VI.

Zea—Some Account of him—Prejudice of Jews against Dogs—Hills around the Anti-Lebanon—Pharpar and Abana—The Kebab—What are its Points—Mahomet and his Commentators—First View of Damascus—Four Paradises of Persian Poets—Damascus one of them—Arrival at Damascus—Certain social Changes in the City—Multitude of Dogs—Their Persecution—Take Refuge in the Hotel de Palmyra.

APRIL 5TH—Job Jenin to Damascus, thirteen hours.—The morning was keen ; went off early, and, leaving the baggage, pushed on at a fast walk. Zea chose our company in preference to that of the more slothful baggage.

It would be but a poor tribute to his worth to pass over this companion of many wanderings, without a more lengthened description. He was one of the most intelligent of his species, and more travelled than any. Originally a gift from an Albanian chief, he was the perfection of a Grecian greyhound. Well-built, tall, and strong, of a perfect white, of great speed, bottom and pluck, he kept up with my horses for many

months. Conscious of his worth, he insisted on the lion's share of my bed and board ; and when we occasionally stopped in houses, he ensconced himself in the best corner of the best divan. Unfettered by religious prejudices, he was friendly, as occasion served, with Turks, Koords, and Jews. Now, these several races will not touch, nor hardly tolerate dogs near them. A Turk considers a dog's nose impure, but will, if he wishes for a favour, condescend to pat him elsewhere ; but to the Jew and Koord, any contact is a profanation. Zea's irruptions on their carpets was a perfect plague to them, so much so as to compel us to tie him up while visiting them. If, however, they came to us, he kindly patronised them ; nor was he easily driven away, for he knew perfectly who was master, and often dislodged the usurper.

On one occasion, a Jew who had imbibed liberal notions with a Russian, whose protection he enjoyed, established himself at my door, and, in spite of threats, refused to move, unless compelled by force. Unwilling to indulge my servants in what they would have delighted in, throwing the intruder, traps and all, into the river, we shut the dog out ; and he, finding no access to his usual

bed, took possession of the Jew's. During the early hours of the night, we could hear the sounds of frequent war. In the morning the Jew begged for permission to depart, and that I would order the dog away while he got together his traps ; he then advanced, and threw away the remains of his stock of provisions, upon which Zea breakfasted. He had supped on the other part during the evening.*

Crossing the plain obliquely in an E.N.E. direction, we mounted the low hills which cluster round the base of the anti-Lebanon, light, broad vallies, but far less picturesque than their western

* The prejudice of the Jews against dogs is easily accounted for ; they held them in abhorrence from the earliest times : thus, flesh unfit for man, was to be thrown to dogs. The next mention of them, however, holds them in higher esteem, "It is better to be a living dog than a dead lion." Dogs ate Jezebel. Job mentions those that triumphed over him, as persons whom formerly he would not have allowed to sit with his dogs. David in his grief exclaims, "Deliver my darling from the power of the dog." St. Matthew bids us not cast what is holy unto dogs. They are frequently mentioned as symbols of evil, as in the list of those shut out of the heavenly Jerusalem, "Without are dogs," &c. Mahomet expressly admits the little dog who followed the holy men, to heaven, and allows his followers to breed up dogs for sporting. They are protected, too, in their streets, both by law and custom. Among the Christian population the prejudice against them is very great. Once, on the road, I was driven out of a village for letting my dog finish a bowl of milk : he was never suffered to drink or eat out of any vessel, though otherwise they exhibited a by no means scrupulous cleanliness. They point out his constantly grubbing about, and cleansing himself with his nose, as indications of his very uncleanly nature. Koords or Turks will repeat their ablutions if accidentally brought in contact with his nose.

brother. Here and there detached rocks lured us from the road by their semblance to ruins. At four hours from Job Jenin we found, on passing through a narrow gorge, several sarcophagi, cut out of the solid rock. The lids, pent-house shaped, were thrown off; some were merely interiorly hollowed, but the others exterior, and all were hewn out. The stump of a column, without pediment, was standing on a recess in the rock, and two other portions of the same lay broken near. The sarcophagus had no inscriptions. The round for the head was in all of these towards the south.

The mountains now lowered into undulating plain, and at each minute we put up franklin or partridge; but leaving their haunts behind, we wearied on for hours over a rocky plain, save the distant mountains on the right and in our rear, whose cool snow-covered tops but increased the feeling of horror for the plain we trod.

Nothing broke the monotony. The rocks threw back the sun's heat painfully; the heavens overhead, in their cold blue, seemed of brass heated to furnace-heat; the rock beneath our feet, of iron, vibrating and polished, threatening us with sun-strokes and brain fevers. Still we rode on, too weary to spur the cattle on, while they just moved

with subdued energies ; but time came to our relief, and we felt as if escaping from purgatory to paradise as we descended into the beautifully green valley of the Barada (Pharpar). Then would we have exclaimed with Naaman, "Are not Pharpar and Abana better than all the rivers of Israel?" Its fresh cool waters flowed along a mere rent in the plain. A belt of greenest green lived on the banks. Birds sang and sported in their branches, made rapid swoops out into the plain, but wiser and steadier grown, dashed back into its deep shades, and sang for very joy of their return. The hawthorn tree, in full blossom, sent forth its sweetest odour ; the budding mulberry looked gay and happy, while in the middle the river ran broad, rapid, cool, and fresh. We trod on, fearing it was but a mirage, and would soon disappear, and leave us again on that sadly sunny waste ; but the road seemed to love the scene, and clung round the stream in its sportive windings, following each wayward turn, and courting the deepest shade of the trees.

"Oh, delight, the stream,
Gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhead with wild woods thickening green ;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest."

At last we crossed the river by a stone bridge, Djissr-fumar. Here pious hands had raised a fountain and keblah on the platform above it. A traveller had stayed his way, and now, the world, the road, the toils forgot, was bending in lowly prostrations to his God, the one true God of all.

The points of the keblah,* or whither his followers should turn to any particular spot, and if so, to which, was one Mahomet was long in doubt on, and, in fact, never exactly decided. He says, in the chapter entitled the Cow—"To God belongeth the east and the west ; therefore, whithersoever ye turn yourselves to pray, there is the face of God ; for God is," &c. At first there was no direction enjoined on the faithful. After his flight to Medina he ordered them to turn in their prayers towards Jerusalem. This was probably to conciliate the Jews ; but finding all means fail of gaining them as proselytes, and that they used this order as a handle against himself, and also that it was impossible to erase their love and veneration for holy Mecca from the Arabs' breasts, he had

* Why do we call and write it so in English ? It is pronounced *eble* : the literal meaning of the word is "place in front," or towards which the eyes are turned.

opportunately revealed to him the order to turn towards Mecca.

Accounting for his former order as a desire to prove their faith, he goes on to say—"Turn therefore thy face towards the holy temple of Mecca ; and wherever ye be, turn your face towards that place," &c. The prophet also asserted, and the learned Jallalo'ddin so translates it, that the Caaba of Mecca was the point toward which Moses commanded the Jews to turn. Many long passages might be quoted, which would perhaps prove little more than the clever mode Mahomet had of escaping from any doctrinal mess he got into, by an opportune revelation.

On most points, also, Mussulman commentators have almost superseded the Koran, and as with various sects of Christians, legendary tradition or abstruse explanations have taken the lead of the original revelation. Credit, however, must be given to Mahomet, that he gave a purer, better religion to his followers than the absurd, idolatrous corruption of Christianity they possessed before : *Nulla falsa doctrina est quæ non aliquid veri permiscuit.*

Leaving the pleasant valley, we breasted a high

and barren hill, and were all eager for the first view of the heavenly-smiling Damascus—Sham Geneth Mesham, as it is styled. My eyes had feasted on it before, years gone by, when youth and boundless enthusiasm filled my veins. Not so my companion, though much travelled. This was new, and had been praised by me with all the force of language. A fear now came over me lest my description should have exceeded its deserts; lest, having seen it through the eye of youth, his keener judgment should view it less brightly.

We urged our horses up the ascent, crossed its plateau, and entered the road cut in the solid rock; —a few yards further it burst on us in all its mighty beauty. Well might the Damascene love his city; far may her sons journey; well may they explore earth's utmost bounds, they will after all return and find the scene our eyes feasted on more beautiful than all. Well may the prophet say that Damascus is the head of Syria; well may the far-off Persian poet extol it as one of the earthly paradises. I dare not sully it with my description—it is lovely, all lovely.

The four Paradises of Persian poetry are the

Valley of Soghd, at Samarkand ; Sha Abi Bowan, Kaleh Sojid, in Fars ; Masham Jud, at Hamadan ; and the Ghutchah (or plain) of Damascus, (see Nozhetu-E-Kolub).- We descended the hill, and, finding a guide, after skirting the wall, entered at the gate of the Christian quarter, crossing the Barrada, "the golden stream," which has here for very delight divided itself into three branches, the more lavishly to extend its fertilisation. We passed the suburb of Salakie, and rode along a broad paved causway.

Water flowed on every side, as eager as ourselves to enter El Sham Shereef, the noble Damascus. Fanaticism has dropped its head now in Turkey : exist it does, but they know the power and dread the vengeance of the Frank. The hat may be fearlessly flaunted before the turban, but we are doomed to another scourge. All eastern towns abound in dogs ; these are of a cowardly disposition, and belonging to nobody, live in and eat the garbage of the streets. As drains are unknown they are a useful evil : sets of these belong to every street, and if an unlucky dog wanders beyond his station the intruded upon attack him

in a body and generally add him to their evening meal. No sooner did Zea, therefore, appear, than the whole pack assailed him, and he wisely retired between us. Each step was now contested, and it was as much as four stout fellows of us could do to get him and ourselves into the Locanda alive. Under cover of the night I used a huge bowie-knife on them with great effect, but it was no small relief when we were safely housed and the battle over. Times are changed : Damascus, however, unchanged in her beauty, must advance too, and an inn, the Hotel de Palmyra, profanes the classic town.

CHAPTER VII.

Description of Damascene Inns—The Leewan—Luxury of Fountains—
 A Saunter about the Streets—Bazaars—Vendors and their Goods—
 Varied Dresses and Appearance of those who frequent the Bazaars—
 The Women—Distinctions of Dress in Damascus—The Term Hadgi
 —Mode of wearing the Hair—The Beard—How the Beard was
 regarded by the Jews—Dresses of the Women particularly described
 —Veils—Their Origin—Dress of the Men described—Mosques—
 Christian Churches—Mosque of the Dancing Dervishes—Probable
 Population of Damascus, and of whom composed—The Castle.

THE inn lately established by Demitrii, an old acquaintance of mine, is a fine large Damascene house, and as a fair sample of them generally, one description will do for all.

The walls are built of rammed mud, and present nothing towards the street but a bare continued wall with, perhaps, one lofty window, a species of balcony closely latticed. The door, a wretched ill-fitting affair, opens on a small court, with one or two small rooms for servants and dirt. In it another door admits you to the principal court, called Dar ; many of the finer houses have two or three : it is usually of from thirty to fifty feet square, paved with marble or stone, and often laid out

with flowers or handsome trees. Sometimes the flowers are on raised parterres ; in the centre is invariably a fountain or reservoir of water. Round this are the rooms, generally a room on either side, with a large open room, or rather room open in front, in the middle. This is the Leewan : a raised dais of marble occupies the space, (except the extreme front,) and on this, round the three sides, is a raised seat of stone, a foot in height and some five broad. On this are spread cushions, carpets, and pillows, and it forms during the warm months the principal sitting-room. Some have one or two of the other rooms also fitted with divans and clear for reception, but usually they are appropriated for sleeping and stores. Some even have seven or eight reception rooms ; but this is rare.

Where there are several leewans, the family migrate from one to the other to avoid the sun and court the breeze. Fountains sometimes adorn the centres of the sitting-room, and a delightful piece of furniture they are.

All must have felt the charm of pictures ; perhaps the portrait of some dear and valued friend, perhaps one beloved with all a heart's love, now gone, or, harder still, now cold and changed ; may-

be a picture of a once loved scene, a spot endeared by a thousand recollections, or, better still, the walls concealed by books, those essences of the brains of ages, those *salmés* of talent ; but all have not felt this sweet companionship of water—the soft splash : how pleasant the *tête-a-tête* with this Undine—

“ And gentle winds and waters near
Make music to the listening ear.”

In the soft evenings of the East, it is delightful to sit, and as the eve grows old, to hear the murmuring tones, so cool, so quiet, so unobtrusive ; the perfumed nargilleh lends intenseness to the powers of enjoyment, and so floats on the life.

“ Still o'er those scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly dreams with miser care ;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

Not idly pass those hours. The mind free from care breeds thought ; the energies of the mind are awake ; and so the spirit, inspired by the water-tempered weed, expands—*ex fumo dare lucem*. Some, but few, of the houses have more than one story, and these are very desirable ; for during the winter months the climate is very damp, and many a fever is escaped by sleeping in an upper room.

The roofs of all the houses are flat, with a raised parapet. On these the people spend their evenings and sleep during the summer months.

Let us now saunter about the streets :—this is verily the East. The streets narrow ; which, say what they may, is the form best adapted for coolness. No noisy carriages along ; you may stray among them, far and near, without seeing aught save dogs. A veiled figure perhaps flits past, but a door receives her—she disappears ; and noiseless as a sudden dream is gone.

But here is life : not the bustling active make-money life of the West, but life as lively as it ever is in the East. We reach the bazaars ; long lines of stalls, raised about three feet from the ground ; round the sides of the place are the goods, and more perhaps are displayed on the front. The shop-keeper is within ; no lively bustling fellow, anxious to sell, but a calm sedate personage, who, though very keen indeed at a bargain, will not let you see it, but appears as if he carried on the business for fun. They seldom, however, do make much money, particularly the Turk. He lives by his trade, and that is all. The stalls are in long rows, frequently

in long arcades ; roofed over so during the day that even they are cool and pleasant.

A bazaar is appropriated to each description of goods. Here you may walk through one hundred yards of shoemakers—here two hundred men are tinkering up copper, brass, or tin. There are other bazaars for horse-furniture, goods of all sorts, &c. In these, English goods are much superseding the native manufactures. They can be procured cheaper. Silks, however, and a more durable cheaper stuff, made of a mixture of silk and cotton, are its staple produce. The fruit-market is very rich. Tobacco-pipe makers each have their peculiar locality;—and, oh, keep in my remembrance several delicious places where preserves and pastry, worthy of immortality, are found in plenty.

To me it was a never-failing pleasure to saunter about these cool walks ; to watch the crowd, and, seated on one of the shop-boards, to see the panorama of Eastern life. Each individual of the crowd was a picture. The dresses of gorgeous colours, the face adorned with its natural ornament, the costumes, the peculiarities of ages long gone by. On the countenances how many races ! What mixture here, what purity there ! First comes the lordly

Turk ; dominion in his walk ; coolly pursuing his way ; slipping his beads slowly through his hands, nor deeming aught can dare dispute his sway. Next, the officer in the employ of government, his red fez, the only Orientalism about him, the rest of his costume slovenly and dirty European. A frock coat richly braided, buttoned all but a few buttons on the top, where it opens enough to display a dirty Oriental shirt, crumpled beneath a dirty pocket-handkerchief, used as a neckcloth ; the coat probably very dusty, and *mal chaussée* to a degree. Next a Christian, portly and sleek, glides along, eager to be presumptuous, but ready to cringe. The Derwisch in his belt proclaims him a man of peace. Next, perhaps, a Jew, with his high caste yet disagreeable beauty ; they are a numerous body in Damascus, but he only dares swagger among his brethren.

But here, swathed in their shrouds, come the women. Yellow slippers proclaim them true believers. The first, from long experience, I should think old ; the second, no doubt, is young. See the spring of her walk, the tall slim figure—what beauties may not be underneath ? They halt at the stall, but the mother only speaks. We ask

the shopkeeper about her. She is the daughter of Hassan Effendi, the most beautiful girl in Damascus. See, four slaves follow—their black would be quite hid, and they might pass for mysterious beauties; but, from a fancy of collecting as much of their loose garments as they can in their hands, they display a small ring of black between their yellow boots' top and their izar.*

This wild fellow, half naked, no trousers, in a long loose shirt of cotton, once, but long since, white, slit in the front, the narrow waist bound in with a leather girdle—a dirty handkerchief of silk and cotton with plaited fringes over his head, kept in its place by a long rope made of lengths of worsted, or camel's hair yarn, bound together at small intervals—perhaps an old pair of slippers, worn more as if in accordance with where he is, than from any use he sees in them—he is an Arab; all our romance may be wasted, and he be but one of the sedentary men who have disgraced themselves by doing work, and earning an honest livelihood. But he may be a Bedawee, a true son of the rock.

And thus, troop after troop. The women come and pass, one mass of white shroud, save opposite

* The sheet that the women shroud themselves in.

the face, where they wear a black gauze or coloured silk handkerchief. Etiquette is in every movement in the East ; every act, every thought, is subject to certain rules. None are, or rather were—for this is passing away—more strictly enforced than dress. Every means were used to degrade the unbeliever ; certain colours were forbidden him, and he was not allowed to pass on horseback by a true believer, nor to ride in the town. Even now the distinctions of dress are pretty well observed. Nobody but a Mussulman is allowed to wear yellow shoes, or white turban. Other colours are also proscribed ; but though the Christian must die fifty deaths before he may wear these colours, he may be as gay and splendid as he likes in his own.

This regulation has one good ; for, after a short residence, you can tell exactly to what rank, what class, what occupation, every man you meet belongs. The shoes are well adapted for their habits ; a leather highlow, without sole, fits close to the foot. It is called *elsheen* ; over this goes a large boot about nine inches in height, or a shoe. At Constantinople, or wherever its customs are adopted, they wear an overshoe much resembling our *galoche* ; the outer shoe receives all the dirt, while the

inner is clean. On entering a room, the outer ones are left at the door : servants, and others less refined, wear but the outer, and enter the room in their stockings, or more usually their bare feet. The green turban, as all know, is only permitted to the Hadgi, or pilgrims, and the Seyd, or descendant of the Prophet. This last distinction, however, is allowed to others, descendants of his principal companions, and has been purchased also.*

The term Hadgi is very common. It is an honorary rank conferred in the provinces on all Egyptians ; for their country, as it has been explained to me, is near Mecca. Also, a Christian, in addressing a Mussulman from whom he wishes information or otherwise, will say " Ya, Hadgee ! " The white (perfectly white) turban is confined to the Ulema (council,) or persons attached to it, and the mosques ; but this is not now rigidly adhered to, and I have met Christians here in Mount Lebanon who wore it. They would be stoned, however, if

* The turban, or cloth wound round the head, appears to have been a most ancient dress in the East. On Mahomet's triumphal entry into Medina, on his expulsion from Mecca, a turban unfolded was borne before him on a spear as a banner (he rode on a she camel with an umbrella over his head). In their Syrian campaign the Moslems used a yellow turban cloth as a banner : this was borne by Caled really.

they did so in the eastern or more fanatical provinces. Arms are now forbidden throughout the Turkish dominions ; but this law is much evaded. A chief or head-man has to buy permission for his servants to bear arms. Virtually the whole population were disarmed, and this was carried out as regards the Christians rigidly,—not so much so with the Mussulmans. Few men of the western provinces wear turbans before their fortieth year ; a handkerchief or scarf is wound round the universal tarboush. The Constantinople fashion is the tarboush only. With regard to their hair, the Mussulmans usually shave after circumcision,—a rite never performed till they are aware of the promises they make ; before that they wear it, as we do. The boy's is often long and plaited like a girl's ; but after, it is shaved, when he visits the bath, except a knot at the top of the head.*

At Constantinople it has ceased to be the fashion : they wear it like Europeans. The beard

* This was a custom probably of older date than Mahomet. I cannot hear or see that he enjoined it, nor does it prevail among the Bedawee, who deny it is ordered by Mahomet. The Sheites also do not consider it as necessary. There is a legend that the Arab followers of the Prophet shaved their heads—their enemies therefore were forced to hold their heads up by the mouth when they decapitated them after battle ; to avoid this profanation of a true believer's mouth by a darkened infidel, they left the one long tuft they generally have.

is almost universally shaved till after the fortieth year ; the moustache seldom or ever touched, as it destroys the shape and fine points of its after growth : this refers to all sects—after that age it is never cut again, and they say the Mussulman who shaved his beard, once having allowed it to grow, would be deserted by his wife and stoned by the populace. It is considered by them all as a manly appendage, and the man who has no hair on his face is considered a woman. Let me give another hint. They say of a man who wears whiskers, he is but half a man, and has a monkey face to boot. On one occasion, while living with a native family in one of the towns in the interior, I, who before had a rather flourishing beard, shaved it off. On my appearing at breakfast, I was saluted by men, women, and children, with “Suback bil Hhair ya sit—Antee Mabsout ya sit ?” “Good morning to you, my lady: Are you well, your ladyship?” And I was pressed to tell what had happened to me in the night to produce so dreadful a change.

With the Jews shaving the beard was a lasting disgrace. They are even enjoined in Leviticus viii., 27, “Not to mar the corners of the beard.” Shakspeare makes use of almost the words of

David, who took the lion, as Othello took the circumcised dog, and "smote him thus." So ashamed were David's ambassadors at the disgrace of having their beards shaved, that David allowed them to remain in retirement till they grew. Mephiboseth showeth his grief by not trimming or caring for it. David shows his madness by letting his spittle run down it. Joab takes Amasa by the beard to kiss it, to show him honour. To show plenty, it flows over his (Aaron's) beard. As a plague, the Lord was to consume the beard—but the examples are numberless on the antiquity and nobility of this manly mark. The glorious Cid Campeador boasted, among his loftiest honours, that he was called "of the perfect beard." The Jews in the dominions of the Sultan may be known by the small curl of the hair at either temple.

The dress of the women of the East is infinite in its variety, and now great innovations creep in. They usually wear huge loose trousers (lebass) gathered in round the ankles; from the waist a species of apron falls before and behind (embass): many now adopt a later fashion, and wear one petticoat over the trousers (sittere); a long sort of dressing-gown open in front, the sleeves wide and

open, displaying the embroidered fringes of the fine shirt beneath. This is tucked into the trousers, and a jacket (fustan or fistan) over all; and a shawl or scarf (zenar) round the waist. A tarboush or not on the head; if so, the tassel is opened, sewed down behind. Of this there are various fashions both for men and women. The small short one now usually worn was first brought into vogue by the present Sultan, Abdel Medjid, and is called after him. Another, with a full top but short sides, Tunisy or Tuniscan fashion; the long one is Egyptian, Merooken, Frank, &c. The previous one is the best and most desirable. The tassel of the caps, of which the fashions are infinite, is called *therrabee*, the handkerchief wound round it is called *mandeel*, and the cloth of the turban *leftee*. But their heads are most differently dressed; the hair often plaited, and the whole head adorned with diamonds, gold or silver; the hair plaited down the back in numerous plaits, silk plaits at the end, to which are appended gold. In fact, they are covered with ornaments or not, according to their wealth: the horn is peculiar to the mountains. They wear yellow highlows (elsheen) without soles, and shoes with only an

instep ; no guard or sides behind over it ; the Christians black or red. I do not find that there is any difference in the dress of the married or unmarried. Parents begin to adorn their children (girls) from the earliest age, and this is their dowry. Many have hundreds of pounds on their heads ; nor, when married, is the husband allowed to sell their ornaments save with their consent. The materials of dress of course are various ; the poorer classes mostly are without the fistan. Silks, furs, cloth of gold, are the usual dress of the rich, and it was always a wonder to me how all the household work could be done in, and seemingly without damage to, their beautiful costume ; but, alas, except a few of us most favoured, all this mysterious, romantic, fascinating dress is worn in vain ; for when women leave their houses they are swathed up in a huge sheet.

In the villages and country a veil alone covers the face ; but in the towns a huge white calico sheet (izar) shrouds the whole body. Across the middle runs a selvaige two or three inches wide ; this, when they put the affair on, is tucked inside the zenar right round : one part is permitted to fall to the ground, the other

goes over the head, and is either held closed on a handkerchief of coloured silk, or sometimes a piece of black stiffened crape or gauze, called *mandele*, covers that. This is dreadfully unfair, as they can see all, themselves unseen ; sometimes, however—and I always find it is with pretty women it happens—the *izar* is most untractable, and requires to be opened a moment to be adjusted, or a good light will reveal the veiled beauty.

The origin of veils was probably from the remotest ages. In Genesis we see the women had veils, though there it seems that they were rather occasionally than constantly worn. In the New Testament women were enjoined to cover their heads, and to pray with them covered. That this should be a veil seems more probable than that it should be a bonnet, as that was unknown then. I cannot see that the Egyptian monuments show us any veils, nor do the Assyrian. It was the custom among the Arabs long previous to Mahomet. He, however, enforces it, saying, "O, prophets, speak unto thy wives, and unto thy daughters, and the wives of the true believers, that they cast their outer garments upon them (the word in the Arabic is

“great wrapper”) when they walk abroad. This will be more proper, that they may be known to be matrons of reputation when they walk abroad and may not be affronted by unseemly words or actions.”* In other places he enforces the same. It is not everywhere enforced, but in the towns most rigidly. Girls, however, seldom veil till they have reached the age of puberty.

The dress of the men consists of the large trousers called, when made of cloth—as they usually are in the higher classes—*sharwall*; when of linen or calico, *shintean*. They come down to the centre of the calf, where they are usually met by high red boots, or yellow ones (*jesmee*): beneath this are naked feet: socks (*jerabb*), either of native, or now, as cheaper, of European manufacture, and sometimes *alsheen* are worn; underneath the trousers are drawers smaller and shorter than the trousers (*elbass*); in the top of the trousers is a tuck, in which a long silk sash of plaited silk is seen, called *dickie*. Above is a shirt like the outer coat, of very

* Chapter 33 of the Koran. The whole chapter shows how jealous the Prophet was of his wives, and that though he loved Ayesha too much to believe the scandal against her, he seems to have by no means relied on the others with confidence.

fine linen, silk, or coarse cotton, called *amisse* ;* another above it of the same shape, generally of silk or cotton (mintrean) ; a waistcoat buttoned up the front with round covered buttons and plaited eyes (suderee) ; over this a jacket called *kebran* or *dameer* ; over this is often worn a long dressing-gown affair, called *ferterkea* at Aleppo, *jibbee*, if stout, *capote*, &c. The sleeves of all these are long and open, and though inconvenient, are beyond measure graceful. A large shawl, or broad silk scarf, goes round the loins (*zenaar*).

The mosques of Damascus, one hundred in number, are not generally fine. The grand mosque loses much of its beauty by being so closely surrounded with other buildings : it is shut in by a bazaar also ancient, and whose roof is supported on fine columns ; these have been almost hid by successive coats of whitewash : the floor of marble, and not as is mostly the case, covered with mats, is polished bright with naked feet.

Benjamin of Tudela, who visited this city in the ninth century, but was afraid, or not permitted to enter a mosque, gives a truly extravagant

* This is a Levantine (lingua Franca) word, but as it has entirely superseded the other, I use it.

description of one. He mentions that it was supposed to have been the royal palace of Ben Hadad ; but other accounts seem to show that it was the Christian cathedral, dedicated to St. John. There is another account, also, that it was the church built by Heraclius, and dedicated to Zachariah. It is a fine building, composed of three aisles running parallel to each other, supported by handsome Corinthian pillars with five or seven verde antique columns* brought from a former temple. It has a noble court, and a fountain throwing up a column of water to a considerable height. I visited this mosque on a former occasion, and as it nearly cost me my life, through the fears of a native who accompanied me, I did not repeat the visit.

The rest, though many, are ancient, and there are some Christian churches, hardly worth detaining us from the road. The mosque of the dancing dervishes is one of the finest, being built on the plan of the mosque at Mecca : its minaret cannot be excelled for grace and symmetry. Unlike

* I say verde antique, because they are said to be so ; but on my visit there, they were whitewashed. I also am one of the very few who have entered the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, which I did as an Arab of Nejd.

most of this singular community, these dervishes are poor, and labour at the silk-loom for subsistence. An account of this, or rather these orders, would be a valuable work. We do wrong in imputing to them fanaticism, for they are generally liberal, and advocates of improvement. It is perhaps not known that the Sultan is a dervish.

Let us rest after all this—and what city on earth affords more opportunity? Cafés or dekkan shops, or perhaps more properly, *awee*, (coffee)—look at Eothen, read Warburton—their descriptions almost realise these shades of comfort. For me, I can enjoy them, smoke their nargillehs, and think over what these, my dear friends, have said of them.

It is impossible anywhere in Turkey to get statistics. The other day I was asking one of the Ulema how many baths there were; he said 300; I said *saihhaia* (truly); he mentioned twenty that he knew, but did not convince me that the others existed: probably there are fifty. Some of the khans are very fine; that of Asad Pasha, built of black and white stone, is a noble building: there are others, also, nearly as fine.

Volney, in his time, calculated the population at 80,000. Buckingham is perhaps more nearly correct, when he says 150,000. They may be divided into 80,000 Mussulmans, 10,000 of whom are Turks, employés of the government, shopkeepers, soldiers, &c. ; 15,000 Jews ; 40,000 Christians ; and 5000 strangers, Arabs, mountaineers, servants, &c. The Jews have six or seven synagogues, the Roman Catholics a convent and church. I advise anybody who wishes to see the fair catholics of Sham to go there : they throng its passages unveiled, committing their sins to the judgment of the fathers. One Greek church ; one Armenian ; one Syrian ; one Maronite. The Castle offers nothing remarkable : in the armoury are some fine pieces of armour, principally Saracenic, and some ancient cannon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Origin of Damascus—Supposed to be the Site of Eden—The Word Paradise—The Name Damascus—Sham—Ancient History of Damascus—Gallantry of the Saracens—Saladin—Tamerlane—Mehemet Ali and the Damascenes—Hospitality of the Damascenes—Impressive Legend—Legend of the Four Young Men—Anecdotes of Ibrahim Pasha—His Treatment of the Arabs—Songs in praise and in ridicule of Ibrahim—Hospital—Antiquities of Damascus—The so-called House of Ananias—Window whence St. Paul escaped—Site of St. Stephen's Martyrdom—Houses of Damascus—The Caab—Purchase Horses—Animals for Sale—The Auctioneer—Fanaticism of the Turks at Damascus—Ancient Families there—Gardens—Prepare to bid adieu to Damascus.

DAMASCUS, that ancient city, which was, and is, and will be always great, has its origin variously accounted for. Spite of the sacks and sieges it has endured—spite of revolutions and oppressions, its commanding situation has perpetuated its splendour, and its numberless advantages of position, for trade, for climate, and for beauty, will probably keep it great till men shall cease to be. The inhabitants, with pretty fondness, claim Eden for its site, and say that here was that earthly Paradise God first gave to man; they show the spot below the town, amidst the gardens called El Roobbie, where the Fede and Barrada

divide into four streams ; these, they say, are the four streams of the Holy Eden, the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates. They further strengthen their proof by showing the spot where Cain slew Abel. Probably, if one went first to the latter, they would prove its authenticity by the site of the former. It may be Eden, for Eves still tempt, and if report or tale tells true, still many Adams fall, weak as their first father, whose failing, alas, seems such an hereditary one, that they now as then,

“ Consign their souls to man’s eternal foe,
And seal their own to spare some wanton’s woe.”

Shakspeare casts in the weight of his word in favour of the spot, where he makes the Bishop of Winchester defy the Duke of Gloster, saying—

“ Nay, stand thou back ! I will not budge a foot :
This be Damascus ; be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Henry Sixth, Act I, Scene 3.

The word Paradise is originally Greek, derived from the word *Παράδεισος*, an orchard. Eden is supposed to be from the Hebrew, meaning pleasure or delight. The Arabs use the word Jinni usually, but also know Phardose, which they probably obtained from the Greek. The Mahometans do not believe in this as the site of Eden : they place it

altogether in another sphere, and load the deceived father of our race with the further punishment of a separation of 2000 years from his serpent-tempted spouse. The name Damascus was by many supposed to be derived from the Hebrew *Damasck* or *Demesk*. The Arabs again assert it is from Demis el Sham (Sham the Beautiful). Sham means a mole, and this is given, the natives say, as the best description of the place. Volney ascribes its origin to the habit of the people of giving the name of the country to the capital. None of the people know it by any other than Sham. Scripture speaks of it in the earliest ages. Abram, in his appeal to God on his childlessness, says his steward is Eliezer of Damascus.

Damascus was besieged and taken by David and by Jeroboam. It was one of the western frontier towns of the great Persian empire : it was independent—surrendered to Alexander ; it has played its part in every succeeding age, and yet it is green and lovely as ever, though beauty and verdure have been its own for upwards of forty centuries. At the time of St. Paul it belonged to the kingdom of Arabia Petræa.

In A.D. 632, Abubeker, having secured his

throne and his faith, sent his circular to the Arab tribes :—" In the name of the most merciful God—Health and happiness and the mercy and blessing of God be upon you, &c. I intend to send you to Syria, to take it out of the hands of the infidels." Quickly the chivalry of the Desert poured in at his call, panting with heat, and longing for spoil. They murmured at the delay necessary to accumulate their forces. He himself reviewed them at Mecca, and on foot led them forth. Soft words of peace, of charity, and of mercy flowed from his lips as he waved them onwards to ruin and to spoil. And what could withstand such a force ? An effeminate and unwarlike soldiery, an impotent monarch, a faith debased by its own dominance—how could it encounter with any hope of success the hardy sons of freedom, panting for spoil and conquest ; a heaven above promised if they fell, a heaven on earth theirs if victorious ?

"Paradise is under the shadow of swords," and they spread over the Haoran with the speed of their hailans (high-bred horses). Abu Obediah had the nominal command, but the Sword of God (Caled) was their real leader. In A.D. 633, they encamped in the environs of Damascus. Not as

their prophet did they turn from it to the Desert, but though the resistance was desperate, so was their pertinacity. A noble ransom was offered by the city. "Ye Christian dogs," replied the Caliph, "you know your option—the Koran, the tribute, or the sword!" Then, nobly worthy of more glorious days, the Romans mustered for the fray. The Moslems, life-long conquerors, paused, and feared., "Ah!" exclaimed their chief, "this is God's mercy. We cannot escape, but Syria may now be ours in one single day." Twice the sun rose upon the field, twice he set; but the second eve, he saw the loss of the once proud empire of the East: that day sealed its fate—henceforth the Crescent ruled its destinies.

Damascus made a short and gallant resistance. Two women caused its immediate fall. The Moslem wife Aban, who rallied their hosts and led their van; and the fair Eudocia, whose lover for the love she scorned, betrayed his faith, his country, and his cause. It was subsequently, during the Ommaide dynasty, the capital of the Caliphs, those monarchs wisely preferring it to the more sanctified but less delightful Medina. During the Crusades, it was rather the stronghold of the Saracens

than the actual scene of battle. Then commenced an encounter, such as, perhaps, the world never saw. Then faith met faith, enthusiasm battled enthusiasm. And while, like duteous children, we love and respect the mail-clad Crusader, we must do impartial justice to the men who met, who warred against, and overcame them.

Even in our own histories, drawn from partial cotemporaries, or only on one side informed historians, see their noble carriage. Each page records their courage and renown, and their high-souled honour illumines the lines over which Crusaders have cast the stain of faithlessness. The hearts of the sons of the West still bound high as they read of the exploits of their fathers; many a tribute the Moslems pay to their honour. "We are worthy of each other; we alone are soldiers," they exclaimed, when first they met by Nicea. Alas, how often had they to reproach with want of faith, the followers of him who was all truth. Who does not remember the words of Badazet to the Duke of Burgundy,* in 1397? "I despise thee and thy arms. Thou art young, and may be ambitious

* He had already once been conquered, but was released without ransom or pledge.

of effacing the disgrace or misfortune of thy first chivalry. Assemble thy powers ; proclaim thy design, and be assured that Badazet will be rejoiced to meet thee in a second field." The Crusaders appeared before the city in 1148, but, weakened by dissensions and treachery, retreated without hostility.

It was here, in 1193, the shroud on the spear of Saladin announced that, in his fairest city, the mighty warrior had breathed his last. His enemies called him a barbarian only in his creed. The bright roll of chivalry holds no nobler name. Brave, clement, tolerant and bountiful, we must be the prouder of our own Richard in that he measured swords with the great Saladin. On the morning of his death, he distributed alms to the poor, without reference to creed, and left a name still dear from Bagdad to Cairo. Tamerlane subsequently took Damascus, and, since then, it has degenerated to be the capital of a Turkish Pashalic, and the head quarters of the army of Arabistan, which ought to consist of 38,000 men (regulars), but seldom is really above 15 or 18,000.

Previous to Mehemet Ali taking possession of the country, the inhabitants, accusing the Pasha

of favouring the Christians, and, in fact, of being a Christian himself, rose against him. He retired to the Castle, and made a desperate but unavailing resistance. His garrison was cut to pieces, and himself burnt. The advance of the Egyptians prevented this rebellion from being properly punished, and Ibrahim Pasha at once offered them the alternative of oblivion for their late act, if they opened their gates, or flames and sack, if they resisted him.

And here we actually are at a good inn, and in Damascus, and pleasantly passed the day ; now at one house, now at another. Turks, Christians, and Jews, all received us well. Severe was the course the stomach had to stand—at each visit, coffee, sherbet, preserves, pipes, nargillehs, and sometimes liqueurs. Yet all were kind, and it was not without many regrets we thought of exchanging this hospitality for the saddle and the road. Zea and a tame gazelle had established a firm, comprising community of beds and mutual play ; but it was regularly broken at meal times, to be renewed when the *causa belli* was finished.

Many are the legends besides these I have related, told, and perhaps also perfectly believed. They relate that when the principal mosque was

first converted to its present use, one chamber of it remained unopened ; even the bravest Moslem forbore to intrude into the holy spot where lay the body of the great saint, St. John. At last, one bolder than the rest, ordered it to be forced. Not till mighty engines had plied all their strength did the door yield. Slowly then, of its own accord, it opened wide. All paused in wonder ; out from the room rolled one deep stream of blood. It filled the mosque, flowed over the court, drowned the white waters, and itself threw up strange fiendish jets. Now it bursts forth over the town, and, savagely licking up the Christian blood, rolls on to the Turkish quarter. Quickly the Jews are brought and, beneath the sword, are made to pray to their God to withdraw the plague. It foams but the fiercer—a deeper deadlier red : forth then come the Christians ; and, with fervent prayers, and words of kindness, pray for their Moslem tyrants. Slower flows the stream—the prayers grow louder. Now it stops ; they show their wounds, their bleeding hearts bare before God ; and pray for those who caused them. The stream recoils, and, as the sounding anthem swelled to the clear unclouded heaven, it wound back, like

a serpent, its gory folds. Slowly the doors closed, and on their face, in words of fire, was written—
 “Cursed be he, his sons, his house, who dares disturb the rest of those who sleep in the Lord.”

Another legend is also related, not without wit:—

Four young men* arrived in Damascus and resolved forthwith to learn Nahoe (grammar), or more properly, the high Arabic. Averse to study, they resolved to sit in the bazaar and listen to the conversation that went on around them; each thus spent a day, and on the fifth day all asserted their knowledge of the language: the first had learnt the word *we*; the next, *he had no charity or kindness*; the third, *oh, he had gold and silver*; the fourth, *illan abouk*, &c. “Curse your fathers if you do not do it.” All were perfectly ignorant of the meaning of the words they knew, but, perfectly confident of their powers, set off to spend the evening. Pleasant was their host, and swiftly passed the hours, so when they rose to depart the hour of sunset had long passed. In all Moslem towns it is forbidden to walk about the streets after dark without a lantern; being unprovided with this, they crept along, anxious to escape the Bashi

* Of course, English.

Bosooks (police), who parade the streets. Presently they saw them coming, and hid in a corner : here to their surprise they found a dead body. The police approached their retreat, and, seeing the body, exclaimed, "Who killed this man?" "*We*," exclaimed the first. "But, why?" said the officer. "Because," replied the second, "*he had no charity or kindness.*" "And do you kill all men who have no charity or kindness." "*Oh, he had gold and silver,*" said the third. "Then, we must kill you in return." "*And curse your fathers if you do not do it,*" added the last. The law had its course.

In this way the time passed swiftly ; sometimes we adjourned to the cafés, where there were singers and tale-tellers, and it wanted but little to make us feel as if the Arabian Nights were still—such were the evenings we passed. They now sadly ridicule Ibrahim Pasha, and show the versatility of their poetical talents, by parodying the very songs they themselves made during his rule ; they now ridicule his person, his habits, and all but his justice and courage ; for, to his rule the Christians owe everything, and his biographer might use his own expression with thorough truth, "I should be adored in Syria if it were not for the conscription."

His rule was fair, just, and prompt, and if the taxes were high, they were fairly levied, and the loss was on the gatherer, who dared not eat money. Christians were allowed, even preferred, in offices of trust, more especially those connected with the revenue, and justice was summary and unbought.

As a proof of his determined character, the following story was related to me by a French officer who served in the expedition.

On one occasion, he required a quota of four hundred men from the Druse villages of the Haoran, and summoning their principal sheik, he ordered him forthwith to furnish it. In vain the Druses pleaded inability to comply with the request, stating that already they had not enough men to till their fields ; all the Pasha's answer was, " By a certain day I shall send a party of irregulars, and shall expect the men to be ready." The irregulars were there on the day named, and were received with more than hospitable kindness by the people. After being feasted and entertained, one was assigned to each house, and lay down to sleep. Of the whole sixty but one man was alive at dawn ; each had been slain by his host, save this

one who, having been taken ill, had crept out of the house. Ibrahim Pasha despatched 2000 men to take vengeance on the Druses ; 2000 more were sent to revenge their defeat, and 4000 more fell during the various encounters ; thus, when he had subdued them, he had gained 400 and lost 8000. If, as he said, however, he had not done so, the whole country would have been in arms against him.

With the Arabs he dealt most severely : as he himself said after his expulsion from Syria, when he heard of the subsequent commotions there, and the insecurity of the road, "I am the only man who can govern Syria. If an Arab lied, I cut his tongue out ; if he stole, I cut off his hand." With regard to the Ansayrii, the wild and lawless tribe who inhabit the country north of the Lebanon, he obtained recruits from among them by a cunning equal to their own. They, hearing that he was about to take the conscription, retired to their high mountain fastnesses, and there he had no wish to pursue them. After a time, however, his scouts caught some twenty or so who were skulking about. These were brought before Ibrahim, who no sooner saw them than he

exclaimed, "Why do you bring me such dogs as these? I want true believers; men, not curs such as these:—let them go." Highly delighted at the estimation the great man held them in, they returned to their friends and spread the intelligence among their countrymen, who forthwith returned to their villages. Scarcely were they comfortably settled, than on them rushed the troops, and half the men were carried in chains to Aleppo, where they were just in time to share in the victory of Nezeeb.

But enough: let me just repeat one song I heard, that was sung every where on his advance:

"Sun of the East, of the holy Egypt,
May prosperity attend thy arms;
May they advance to the wild,
Till night shuts in the world.

May soft maids attend thee,
Loving go before thee,
Their breezes thy soft couch be,
Fanning and sheltering thee.
May thy arms be victorious,
Whilst we sing thy praises;
May thy troops be victorious,
Greatest of men!"

There is a great quantity of wretched verses such as these, and they became familiar to me from my servants keeping up choruses of them

on our long marches. There is one whose tune is beautiful; many may remember it from its chorus :

" Och Laley Laley Why Why
Ibrahim Pasha," &c.

This is a song describing his victories, and would well merit a translation, for the words and expressions are very graceful :

" Ibrahim Pasha ra a la Saide
Ya ene Saide
Tar ejoum a la mackboub
Estadou Saide.

Ibrahim Pasha ra a la Hamah serubee
La oolu el Hareem atturbe
Ibrahim Pasha ya Meiseri
Hadjee temseck el Nizam.

Ibrahim Pasha ra a la Musciat
La aatee lel Buabee shellatt Bennatt
Ibrahim Pasha tack out matt
All meri ou urahell el addie.

Ibrahim la ten hem
Sciephak um be nuecket dum
I Slamack untill tum
Alla Homs ou Burrt Shamsee
Ya Ibrahim maye itchtara
Tickeroub min ouel rara.

Abou Mackmoud sa hebb du barra
Be jeek be sueph el Macknee
Ibrahim Pasha ya Roume
Yaboo lefet ma broumee
Atenee sharra min ducanak
Ta hiet a ta soumea.

Ibrahim Pasha fee asakeer
Cam mussel mouge el Bash zackeer
Assaker la ouel walha Achier
Musfoofee min el Ind la belad Saide."

After his defeat, and even now, they sing this ;
most of those who have travelled in the East
will remember the song so often heard on the
road :

“ Ibrahim Pasha tack ou matt,” &c.

“ Ibrahim Pasha split and burst
At the taking of Acre, which he had nurst
For seven long years with all his powers,
While he lost it again in three short hours,” &c.

Another is probably alluding to the Nishan,*
or order of the Pasha's when invested with
command.

“ Oh, thou of the turnip face,
Why did you come to this place,
Only to run away!
Give me a hair to lace
My shoes, from your hairy face.
Do not now say nay.

Only a hair or two ;
You can well spare it, too,
From your old beard.
'Twas not right, you well knew ;
And now you do rue it, too ;
So you're off, as you feared.

Make it up with the Sultan, then ;
For very well you ken,
He can beat you.
Leave off your strong liquor,
And trot off to Mecca,
And he will well treat you.”

* On a Pasha receiving an appointment to a post, he is invested by the Sultan with a diamond crescent and star appended round his neck, like our orders. The Pasha of three tails has three of the hairs of Mahomet's beard in his Nishan ; of two tails, two ; of one, one. This order is returned on his removal from office. The horse-tails are

divan in the Leewan are mosaic in marble, oftentimes by workmen brought expressly from Persia.

An essential part of the women's costume is their high pattens (*cabcab*) often twelve inches high, made of rich wood, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl; from the flat sole hang small silver chains, with coins or ornaments attached, and the band across, into which the foot is thrust, is richly adorned with silver or gold. These are used for crossing the stone passages, and are left at the door of the apartment entered. Their skill in walking in them, getting them on and off, is very great, and, like the rest of the dress, they are charming. The pace in them is rather a short-stepped run than a walk, and they make a pleasant noise—one lively and romantic. In fact, no house is perfect where they are not heard; and the sound reminds one of soft visions of Eastern beauty, bringing you, perhaps, the fragrant coffee, the aromatic pipe, or the soothing nargilleh.

It was deemed advisable, from motives of economy, to buy horses, at all events, for our own riding. Accordingly, early one morning, we were up and dressed, and wended our way through the

streets on our search ; for each town in the East has a horse-market. At Damascus, a large city, there is one daily ; at the smaller towns it is held only once a week or so. The first animals that presented themselves on nearing the horse-market were long rows of jackasses : these vary in price from 1*l.* to 15*l.* or 20*l.*, from the small weak one, fit for carrying rubbish, &c., through various grades of excellence, up to the huge animal of Cyprus, as big as a mule, or the beautiful, white-pacing donkey of Bagdad. Next came lines of mules : these are fine, strong, and the best for baggage. A good one fetches from 8*l.* to 15*l.* ; the pair will fetch more. We now come upon a large Maidan (open space). Round it a great number of horses of all sorts were tethered ; mares, foals, baggage-horses, hacks, whose prices vary from 3*l.* to 15*l.* The better animals are in the khans around, and not brought out unless called for. We ascended a raised tuckt,* called for coffee and nargillehs, and looked on.

There are regular auctioneers, who mount the horses, and pace them backwards and forwards,

* Literally but a small raised stage to lounge in.

extolling their merits. They dash off at full gallop, stand up in their stirrups, and throw him suddenly on his haunches. This is one of their greatest acquirements in native eyes, and, of course, puts the poor brute to much torture, as it strains the body and legs, and the cruel bit is much used. It has, however, one advantage, that the eye can at once detect any unsoundness. While the auctioneer is galloping about in this manner, he shouts the price, and either diminishes or increases it, as offers are made ; but, generally, as the ideas of the owner and purchaser relative to his value differ, it resembles a Dutch auction. Twelve piastres, or about 2s. 2*d.*, are given by the seller to the auctioneer, and the bit, if it is a riding-horse, is included in the purchase.

The Turks of Damascus are famed for their fanaticism, but late acts of the consuls had conciliated them. The government of the Porte had kindly offered to take charge of the title deeds of such as had them, and further stated their intention of raising a tax on all increase of property. This the consuls represented as unfair and destructive ; it was therefore petitioned against, and through the ambassadors the petition

received a favourable reception. Many old and fine families of Mussulmans reside here, and also there is, what elsewhere in the Ottoman dominions has no existence, an hereditary Saracenic nobility—families descended from the conquerors—collateral descendants of Abubeker and others, who for years have given Pashas to the empire. Many of the Christians also claim high and proud descent; but boast more of their faithful adherence to the faith of their fathers through good and much evil, through generations of persecutions, spoliations, and oppression.

The beauty of the gardens of Damascus are proverbial; historic through Pliny and Kinglake, on them each traveller has lavished his praises as Nature has poured on them her beauties. Let me, then, quote the words of Eothen's closing account of them:—

•

“Never for an instant will the people of Damascus attempt to separate the idea of bliss from these wild gardens and rushing waters, even where your best affections are concerned. And you—prudent preachers hold hard and turn aside when they come near the mysteries of the happy state—and we (prudent preachers too) will hush

our voices, and never reveal to finite beings the joys of the earthly paradise."

We found upon inquiry that it was impossible to proceed to Aleppo without a large escort. The Arabs were plundering and at open war with the Pasha, who had a short time previously entertained two of their sheiks, who had entered the town under a promise of safe conduct, in his house, and for fear of their tiring of his hospitality had given them an underground apartment, well secured. Subsequently, finding them still insensible to his kindness, he had administered a pleasant potion, which had so strangely disagreed with their stomachs, that after a short illness they died.

A regiment, however, was about to march to fodder their horses at Homs, and we were allowed to take advantage of their escort. All the necessary preparations were soon completed, and we prepared to bid adieu to Damascus.*

* Since the above was written, I saw a note in Mr. Buckingham's Travels, which says, that some of the older writers (who?) considered Damascus as the ancient city of the Jews, i. e. the city of Abram. How can the text, Genesis, xv. 2, ever lead to such a supposition! Quoting from the same author, he says, that the Syrian kings boast their descent in a direct line from Semiramis, and that the city received its name from a king so called.

CHAPTER IX.

Last Look at Damascus—Scenery on the Journey—Cultivation of the Soil—Douna—Dead Camels—An irregular Soldier—Pay of his Force—The Persian Shauzerdah and the English Ambassador, touching the relative Merits of British and Persian Soldiers—Escort—Castal—Nepth—Jacobites—Houses of Nepth—Dispense Medicines—Arrive at Karah—Opinion of England by the Officers of the Escort—Interesting Ruins—Conversation with the Villagers—Visits from the Sick—What they were prescribed.

APRIL 9th, 1850—Damascus to Kiafta, six hours.
—We were not off till nine, * as the day's journey was short, we having only to overtake the cavalry, who, marching slowly, had started the previous evening. Passing out of the northern gate, our road lay over a paved chaussée, gardens, water, and mud walls on all sides, and it was at least an hour before we reached the open country. Here we halted, and took our last look at the beautiful place we were leaving. The town reposed in a mass of verdure, smothered, as it were,

* My stay at Damascus, the reader may observe, had been very short; but on previous visits I had spent some time there; and it was during these, that the information contained in the previous chapter was obtained.

in its own beauty, while a few cupolas alone were visible over the green sea of trees ; here and there the cypress towered up, saddening, as the poet says, the sacred mosque ; there an opening revealed the gleaming turrets or the gay kiosk.

The open country that succeeded was most richly cultivated, and the labourers were busy irrigating the fields. For a description of the method, I cannot do better than refer the reader to the *Thousand-and-One Nights* : as it was done then, so it is now, and the result certainly is perfect. Others were ploughing with the light plough so often described, drawn by a pair of the small handsome oxen of the country. The spade is of a peculiar shape ; it is entirely of wood, sometimes, but rarely, shod with iron, and is sadly inefficient. It exactly resembles one of the pieces used in the game of spillikins, and a curious inquiry might be made from it into their origin.

If the ground is required to be turned up beyond the depth to which the plough attains, a broad board, sharpened on one side, is used ; to this is fixed a handle. One man uses it as a spade, digging it into the dusty earth, while two others pull it over by a string attached to its surface.

The sowing is broad-cast, and more seed is put in than is necessary. The whole agriculture is here lazy and negligent. Nature does all the rest.

In one and a half hours from the time of leaving the gates, we reached Douna, a small mud village, with one minaret. Here the Aleppo caravans generally halt the first day, and our soldiers had done so on the previous evening. The country is now open plain, little cultivated ; for, except in the immediate vicinity of a town, there is no great certainty that the hand which sowed will reap. Leaving two other villages on our left, Kusair and Menin, we entered a wild plain. Away on the east the plain made a round sea-like horizon ; on the west was the Anti-Lebanon. In the south, Damascus seemed a mass of green under the magnificent Jebel Sheik, Mount Hermon. Here we saw two men skinning camels, that had dropped from a caravan bound from Bagdad to Damascus. Crowds of vultures hovered about, while higher over head in large circles, with impatient flights, soared the noble eagle of the Lebanon.

There was rain occasionally, the wind keen. The road now led over a spur of the mountains, and was still good. On reaching its summit the

small and pretty village of Kiafta lay before us, surrounded by a low mud wall, but of sufficient strength to resist the sudden attacks of the Arabs. At a short distance on the east of it the green tents of the regulars glistened in the afternoon sun. We pitched our tents at the entrance of a large finely built khan here on the Hadjee road. The khans are very fine. This was of a black species of granite, and little out of repair, consisting of two large courts, with a cistern in each, and large vaulted buildings all round. We had passed several of inferior size on the day's march, also one tomb high up in the rocks on our right. An irregular soldier joined himself to us. This is common in the East, where food is never refused ; and in return they help to load, and do any odd jobs wanted. He stated his pay at twenty piastres, rather less than four shillings a month ; he is allowed rations besides : But how does he find arms, horse-accoutrements, &c., for such a sum ? This reminds one of Fett Ali Shah, the Shauzerdah of Persia : he took the English ambassador to a window of his palace, and pointing to his troops, a large body of men, below, said, " Has your sovereign any troops like those ? " The minister

paused, unwilling to offend, fearful of telling an untruth. "Well, I do not think he has," resumed his Majesty. "They have had no pay or rations for eighteen months. Your king cannot show such fellows."

April 10th—Kteefa to Nepth, eight hours over plain.—Started with the troops early, and rode over undulating plain. Four hours brought us past a village called Castal, situated on a hill on our right. The cavalry, now augmented to 800 men, lancers and carbineers, marched well. A bugleman carried an hour-glass, and they usually halted twice during the march. The men were fine heavy young fellows; the horses small, but stoutly built and active, chiefly from Anatolia. They purchase them where they can; colour principally grey; their accoutrements good, and generally well kept. The officers, who were very civil, were for the most part mounted on troop horses; their own, none very fine, being led. Their baggage was carried on camels and a few mules. The camels kept up well, considering that the march was a jog-trot. The caravan consisted of at least three hundred people, besides those who had joined, like ourselves, for the sake of protection.

As we passed Castal, the people flocked down with bread, milk, raisins, Leban cheese, and hard-boiled eggs, which sold well for the soldiery. No disputes occurred. Nepth is as usual a wretched village, on a hill, with a large khan at the foot. The country through which we travelled all day had been uncultivated desert, but not desert now; for it was one mass of flowers, the ground rich with them as a Persian carpet. Alas, they were soon to fade—

“ Like the violet in the spring-time of nature :
Forward, not permanent ; sweet, not lasting.”

Passed many wells, covered over, and descended to by steps; also some more ruined khans. Pitched our tents in the inner court of the khan, which, though now half in ruins, has only been built, we are told, some fifty years. No sooner were the soldiers released from their duties than they patiently sat and watched all our proceedings, remarking what beautiful trousers the fine English tents would make.

The village of Nepth, or Nebk, is partly inhabited by Mussulmans, partly by Christians; nor, if report speaks truth, can much be said for the honesty of either population. The Christians are

curious, as being Jacobites, of which sect few are found in this part of the country.* Doctor Robinson says that the same tests of Syriac origin may be found among them as among the Maronites. Their church service is in Syriac, though they only speak Arabic. They receive their Patriarch from Mesopotamia, and he resides at the convent of Mar Musa, a few hours only distant. There are others of the sect at Sudad, supposed to be the northern extremity of the Holy Land, the ancient Zedad of Numbers and Ezekiel. The sect is not held in much estimation, being poor and few.

The village is built of mud ; the houses, however, are neat and clean, with low doors, into which it is necessary to creep. These are to prevent the entrance of animals and avoid giving facilities for carrying off their goods by plunderers. The Arabs, however, do not often plunder such large villages, fearful of the musqueteers they furnish, and also because they are necessary friends to buy corn, &c., from. The country around was well

* In reckoning the number of Jacobites, the priest mentioned congregations of them as found in the southern parts of Hindostan, which, he said, owned the same Metropolitan as they did. I shall speak more fully of them when at Mosul, where they are found in greater numbers.

cultivated, and, possessing irrigation, is no doubt very fertile. The priest showed me over his church, the neatness and order of which did him great credit : he showed me some old Greek books, and appeared much surprised at my being able to read and translate them.

Served out a great number of harmless medicines. Having at all times very small faith in doctors, I am convinced that half and more of the cure is the effect of imagination. Surely, then, it is but kind to humour these poor people ; and besides they never attach the smallest belief to one's denial of medical knowledge.

One poor woman besought me most importunately to visit her son. On acceding to her request I found him far too ill for me to venture to doctor him, and therefore offered to fetch the Turkish doctor to see him, as I knew nothing of medicine. She said to me, "Of what use is a Turk or an Arab? I know their knowledge, but want yours, the Frank wisdom." Read the priest a lecture on his duties, when I found all the Moslem boys could read, while few of those of his flock could.

Nebk is governed by five sheiks or elders ; has five mosques, two churches.

April 11th,—Nebk to Karah, two and three quarter hours. Off with the soldiers. The river has its rise (eight hours) about thirty miles east of the village, among some low hills that break the plain, and appears to be lost again to the south-east of Zebdani. The natives called the hills where it took its rise, Djebel Djouk. The road ran N.N.E. for an hour over a hill and undulated plain; then leaving a village, Daratea, on our right, we rode nearly east. The natives call the Anti-Lebanon, Djebel Museri, and a range that ran east, and before us, Djebel Deratea.

Reached Karah early, encamped in an old tomb. The people told us Ibrahim Pasha had pitched his tents in the same place on his way to Aleppo, just before Nezeeb; "Beware," they said, "of bad luck." Our tents just fitted it nicely. The colonel and his officers paid us a visit, when we thanked them for their escort, they us for our company. Complained of service amidst such savages as the Arabs, and that Stamboul was the only place to live in. We nodded, drank coffee, and puffed our pipes. The chief grievance seemed to be leaving Damascus, their wives, and comforts: they departed wondering profoundly why we travelled,

and satisfied that ours must be a most wretched country, if we, of our own accord, changed it for this. The village of Karah, a wretched collection of mud hovels, contains 200 Mussulmans and 100 Christians. Around were the ruins of several fine khans, one evidently an old Christian church and convents attached ; one of the mosques had also been a Christian church : its exterior was handsomely ornamented.

Sat in the sun and chatted with the fathers of the place, smoking our pipes ; no grog-shops, no ale-houses. A meditative pipe and a sunny spot (for in the shade the air is still keen and cold) and then happiness is complete. Here they tell and hear tales or news—any thing interests this quiet people. Not boisterously gay, their enjoyment is expressed in quiet pleasure (*kief—kief kateer*). One told how Ibrahim Pasha's force in all the panoply of victory, had encamped where the Turkish troops now lay ; how his Arabs and irregulars had dashed about, playing jereed, &c., in all the intoxication of a triumphant advance.

At sun-set the shouts of the troops recalled us ; the scene was a most pleasing one : the lovely eve, the bleating flocks following the shepherds, the

dark ancient-looking khans, with the high-pointed arch entrance, the green mass of tents, the moving stream of life, the barren hills in the faint distance. Towards the south-west the mountains assumed a curious form, like following surfs petrified as they curled ready to burst upon the plain. Yet each crag in itself was sharp and angular, as if carved by a mason.

We were soon disturbed by a multitude of sick. It recalled to one's mind how in this land, of old, the same style of faces, probably in the same costumes, crowded to Him who healed. The lame, carried by the healthy; feeble mothers with sickly babes; hale men showing wounds long self-healed; others with or without complaints. A rope had to be put across the tents to keep off the crowd: behind this stood E——. A servant attended with tumblers and water, and he administered seidlitz-powders to the mass, a specific for fevers, jaundice, ague, scrofula, sore eyes, fancies and frailties.

CHAPTER X.

The Whirro—Sleight of hand of the Natives of Karah—Halt at a large Khan—Description of it—Son of the Montselim—Firing at a Mark—Muskets of Damascus—Dine with the Montselim—His Guests—Their Manners—The Bedawee, and his Evolutions—Mailed Bedawee Warriors—The Old Man and the Fire—Beautiful Scenery—Hasiab—Populations of the Pashalics of Aleppo and Damascus—The Euruque and Koorda.

APRIL 12th, Karah to Ekikopole, five and a half hours' plain. Made two halts during the march. Awoke by the shrill whirro* of a woman: it instantly occurred to us that one of the patients of yesterday had not recovered. It proved, however, only a demand for more physic. While our loads were packing, the colonel kindly sent us a guard, as he said the road was dangerous. The natives sat with us for a last talk: they picked E——'s pocket, and gave me the contents, at the same time picking mine and transferring the things

* This dreadful cry is caused by vibrating the tongue up and down in the mouth, and patting the half-closed lips rapidly with the hand. It excites the Mussulman to any pitch, and is made use of by the fair sex on all occasions of excitement.

to his—it spoke more for their talents than their honesty. Our tomb had crumbled in showers on the tents all night.

Off at last, rode N.N.E. Mountains now on all sides of the plain we rode over. On the near eminences were tombs of those who had fallen or died on their pious pilgrimage. Halted at a large khan, in which, in this country of the Bedawee, the villagers are found to live. Seldom daring to stray far, they receive corn, &c., by caravans, and sell it again to the Hadge or travellers. This one is called *Perisuh* (Turkish for chicken). Not a sign of cultivation. They brought out eggs, leban, and bread. Rode now north, over a rich flowery plain, the wild hyacinth and camomile smelling sweetly as its scent was trodden out by the horses' feet. The mountains had sunk to rounded hills, save on the west a building similar to an English cottage appeared ahead on the horizon ; soon it appeared but an upper story peering over the wall of a huge khan, whose walls held villages, hostel, &c., all for fear of Arabs. We ensconced ourselves in a corner, being warned not to encamp outside, as it was a risk.

A gay scene of yells and cries, as the soldiers in

the court endeavour to make unruly camels kneel while they unload them. The Montselim's son, a boy about eleven years old, attached to an Austrian small sword, came and ordered the people about, strutted and cursed so vigorously that we soon had all the place could afford. After our meal I ascended a watch-tower near the vault we had appropriated. An inscription over the entrance said it had been built by Said, son of Said, some hundred years ago. The whole consisted of a large court, with a double story of vaulted rooms running round ; a walk on the roof ; the greater part falling to decay ; in the centre a mosque, in whose portico, it being wholly deserted, our horses were now quietly feeding ; the watch-tower I sit in, from whence danger is seen, and the women warned by the approach of travellers, to grind and bake, hens to lay, &c. Within the same walls is the entire village, whose inhabitants now, save the Montselim, are all Christians.

Away : east and north, plain, plain ; west, rises the Djebel Essharki, or morning-ward Lebanon, while the lofty peak beyond is probably Djebel Akkar, the old Hev Ha Hor. South, lie the hills we

have wound among for the last three days ; the reservoir of water, a huge tank of stone, is outside, as the one well inside affords but a scanty supply. The khan has two gates, north and south ; the Gate of the Pilgrim on the north, that of Mecca on the south. The sun sets—sets like a warrior flushed with conquest. Every spot yet glows with his glory, while around him is one bright halo of splendour. The earth reposes under his parting beams—faint warm gleam—and he is gone, nought but the bright spot he illumines left in the sky.

To what can one of these khans be compared ? A short residence in a light vessel, or the Eddystone in fine weather, might give the reader a pretty fair idea of it. As for the people, they live, they sell, they die. The musqueteers of the place were out firing at a mark, a piece of wood some 80 or 100 yards off, and, considering the unwieldy nature of the weapon, they did it well. The barrels of Damascus, or native manufacture, were, as they usually are, very good ; but the stock very short, saw butted, and the lock bad, commonly an old worn-out European one, or, even worse, one made in the country : the weapon, being from five to six feet long, is but very badly balanced.

They pile up a small heap of stones, and crouching behind it take a long aim, firing well ; but as this advantage can seldom be gained, most targets fired at from necessity, being unwilling to wait so long, their fire is usually inefficient : the Turks joined in without any great display of skill. The village contains about 500 or 600 people, a fine sturdy race.

In the evening we received a most pressing message from the Montselim to dine there. On our arrival we were shown into a high enclosed court, ascending some very steep steps. We entered a large bare room, in which the Montselim and Turkish officers were sitting on carpets. On a carpet in the centre was a large circular piece of leather : in the middle of this were three huge circular copper platters tinned over, piled two feet high, with rice boiled in grease ; to which is added a herb that gives it a yellowish colour. Round these were earthenware plates of savoury messes ; while, around all, flat cakes of the unleavened bread of the country formed a ring : a few wooden spoons were disposed here and there. A ewer, of classic form, was handed round, and each washed his hands. The basin is fitted with a false bottom full of holes, so

when one has washed his hands, which is done with soap and water from the ewer poured over them, his dirty water sinks below and does not offend the eye of the next to wash: the false bottom has a place in the centre for the soap, the common soap of the country. This act of cleanliness over, all hitched round the food; the legs were tucked well in, the left, or impure hand lay passive on the lap, the right went to work; a piece of thin cake served as a spoon when gravy was in the case; for the rest fingers sufficed. I can only say, that many of the dishes were excellent, and the sauces not bad. As each had finished, he hitched back to his place, said *A ham del Allah*, (thank God,) washed his hands, made noises in your face to show his repletion; and, coffee over, the smoking of pipes began. Some, I noticed, swallowed a handful of soap, a liqueur I felt no inclination to taste.

Scarcely was the table cleared—or rather the floor—than yells, cries, shouts, &c., broke on our ears; dark figures filled the door, and a half-naked Bedawee came in, brandishing his sixteen or eighteen foot spear. These spears are full that length, the pole being of bamboo, or a species of

lance-wood, found near Damascus. The iron head is about nine inches long ; then, bayonet-shaped, close beneath it, is a huge circular tuft of ostrich feathers, and frequently two or three small bits of iron to keep up a jingling : it is called Rhummer. He held it horizontally in his right hand and caused it to vibrate rapidly, chanting his war-song the while, in which some twelve or sixteen others joined. He darted about, rushing now at one, now at another, approaching the point in most unpleasant propinquity to one's face ; those who bobbed, which many did, were cheered by fresh yells. The yell was most piercing in its higher pitches ;—the Arabs close their own ears to render it more so, and I do not think that anybody who has once heard the Anase war-cry will readily forget it. They got more furious as they warmed ; threw off their *chefias* or *kephea*, (head-handkerchiefs), shook down their long black hair, and cried surprisingly.

At the colonel's request, they showed us the dance of their women ; but, except contortions, it was nothing wonderful. When these retired, sixteen more, all clothed in armour, came forward to welcome the colonel. Their armour consisted

of long coats of chain mail reaching to the knees, and a low steel morion, with a movable bar down the face, instead of a visor. I fancied, and in fact I still believe, the suits were ancient, though they all maintained they were not. One helmet struck me as French; and when one considers the armoured men slain in this country, one can easily account for its being found. These men, however, said it came from Kourdistan, and towns in the north, where it was made. They also said, in their division of the Anase, they could bring 500 horsemen thus clothed; but for their mares' sakes they seldom wore it, save in actual fight.

Retired: three men were sent to guard our quarters, who sang dolefully all night, and at daylight, began clamouring loudly for backshish. The Montselim saw us home, but left such a wild wind behind him as prevented our sleeping.

13th April, 1850—Ekikopole, or Haseah, as the Arabs call it, to Homs the ancient Emesa, nine hours': plain.—We were told of large ruins existing seven hours S.E., but whether with truth or not, we had no opportunity of ascertaining, for without a large fee to the Anase it would have

been impossible, and the lateness of the season made us anxious to push on. Our Arabs of last night, it appears, had come in to greet the soldiers; but none of them were men of consequence, whose capture would have been of any importance to their tribe or worth the while of the Turks.

It was curious to see the whole female population out gleaning on the spot where the troops had encamped: they collected the very refuse of the chaff left by the horses. As I was standing by our fire, for which we had paid some most exorbitant charge, an old fellow advanced with a bucket. I did not warn him off, as I thought he wished perhaps to warm his old bones, but he had no sooner got near than he commenced purloining the half burnt, burning bits, which he threw into his bucket full of water: we emptied his bucket over him, a process he grumbled at considerably.

Again upon the road—the desert gay with flowers; each day it seems to wear a different dress, so quickly come and fade the flowers: as Spenser moralises—

“So passeth in the passing of a day
Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower.”

North, south and east, dead plain ; west, a low range of hills, and beyond, the fair Anti-Lebanon in all its snowy beauty. Desert all around us, but no dreary waste. Here and there were loose stones and rocks, the rest a carpet of green, fresh, dewy grass, filled with every hue of wild flowers—the poppy in its gorgeous red, the hyacinth, the simple daisy and others, thick as they could struggle up, all freshened with a breeze heavy with the scents of thyme. The lark sent forth its thrill of joy in welcome to the coming day ; before us the pennon of the spearmen gleamed as they wound along the plain. We passed the site of an Arab encampment strewn with fire-blackened stones, bones and well picked carcasses. Storks and painted quails sauntered slowly away at our approach, or perched and looked as if they questioned our right to pass. At eight o'clock halted at a khan called Hasiah also. The population consisting of robust, wild-looking fellows ; and very pretty women poured out to sell hard-boiled eggs, leban, bread, and milk : they were all Mussulmans.

The populations of this country are most varied. It is calculated that, besides Arabs, Christians, &c., in the two Pashalics of Aleppo and Damascus,

there are 30,000 Turkomans, and 20,000 tents of Koords (plural Krat), or as they generally call themselves Kourmanche : they inhabit the more northern portions however. The Turkomans now, as in the days of Ezekiel, trade with Syria, even down to Gaza, in sheep and horses ; in fact, they chiefly supply the country with these. The Turkomans or Euruque, and Koords are a vast nation, and an inquiry into their customs would well repay the trouble, as there is no doubt that many tribes of them, though professing Mussulmans, are heathens and idolators. If my memory serves, several scholars have endeavoured theoretically to trace this people, designing Armenia and Media as their country. In the former they are certainly modern interlopers, within the proper limits of the latter they were hardly found. Probably, theirs has been a gradual migration from the east, from the vast plains south, and south and east of the Caspian, pressed forward by conquest or for conquest, or driven out by a more united and settled people.

CHAPTER XI.

Solitude—Enormous Burial Ground—Arrival at Homs—Host and his Daughters—Lake of Kades—Mode of making Coffee—The Greek Doctor and his Antiquities—The Christian and the Turk compared—Stupidity of the Homs People exemplified—Ancient Tomb—Vast Cemetery—Town and Castle of Homs—I explore the latter—Asmodean View—Cemetery of the Greeks—Greek Church—Conduct of the Congregation—House of the Bishop—Population of Homs—Visit the Bazaars—Prepare to start from Homs with an Escort of Soldiers—Early History of Emessa—Bassianus—Heliogabalus—Zenobia and her Husband—Close of the Career of Zenobia—Heraclius and the Moslems—The Cousin of Kaled—Chivalry of Kaled, “the Sword of God”—Food of the Homs People.

AND now my companions are far behind; I am alone, not a living creature within my horizon: the stillness is oppressive, no bird, no bee breaks the awful silence; the sun is hid by clouds; so vast and overpowering seems the solitude,

“That God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.”

But now a mound,—long, jagged, and broken,—rose on the northern horizon. Minaret and tree grew up by its side. Our soldiers, as if there was no sun, no lameness, no hard stones in the track, dashed about in chase of one another. We passed a most desert-looking Arab on his dromedary, another on

his mare. Corn and plough succeed to desert and flowery sward, the towers were now full grown into monuments; the jagged mound to an imposing Acropolis in picturesque ruin.

We passed through an enormous Moslem burial ground, with ruins in it; from the top of these, women crowded to see the arrivals, closely veiled; one, old and ugly, thrust her face at mine, cursing my respected father (illan about); for this I thanked her beauty and her youth, which caused a loud titter among her friends. Here we bade a kind farewell to the officers, who with their men filed by in the plain beyond, where they were to encamp, and entering by an old arched gate, rode along the deserted streets of Homs. They were clean, and had, like many of the streets in Syrian towns, a raised paved trottoir on either side.

A Mussulman offered to receive us into his house: he had a good room, and we were soon reposing on the carpets within it. The house was kept by a man named Machmoud: his brother and family occupy the next within the same court, and—dreadful to relate—beat his wife, because she liked watching us. Fatma and Cadija (Anglice, come and take), the daughters of our host, eleven and four-

teen years of age, after a proper hour of coyness and coquetry at the door, came in, soon found their veils uncomfortable, and we were speedily on good terms. We give them some English coins for their hair ; Fatma looks down, then up, and blushing runs off to put them among her other treasures ; Cadija retires and asks our servant how much they are worth, and if he will change them for base current coin of the realm.

Fish for dinner, from the Lake of Homs or Kades, whose blue waters we saw in the distance to-day : the Lebanon opens behind it, and you may pass to the sea, on the plain, without a hill. This plain, but rarely visited, is among the most interesting portions of Syria, containing numerous convents, castles, and ruins, and its people are still but little known. Maszyad, the principal seat of the sect called Ismayly, the Ansayrii also, and Koords, besides Turks, Christians, and gipsys, may be found among its varied population. The ancient castle of El Hoshn, supposed, by the lions over its gates, to have been built by the Count of Thoulouse, is well worth a visit. The Orontes taking its rise in a rock, from whence it gushes just west of the Tel of Khroumee,—true bearing from

Homs from south $60^{\circ} 32'$ east,—flows through the Lake of Kades and passes about 2° to the west of Homs : it is called Nahr El Aazzy, or the rebel river, some say because of its running north, while all the other rivers run south ; more probably, however, on account of its rapidity and strength of current. It is an historical stream ; on its banks were altars, and the country it waters is almost unmatched for beauty—

“ Oh, sacred stream ! whose dust
Is the fragments of the altars of idolatry.”

Coffee is burnt here over a charcoal fire in an iron spoon, and pounded directly with a wooden pestle in a wooden mortar, which is sometimes handsomely carved ; just enough is done for immediate use : water is then put on in a small tin or copper pot. When boiling, the pounded coffee is put at the top, a moment or two is allowed for it to settle, and it is served up,—it is burnt, pounded, and drunk within half an hour. The oven is a square brick or stone pile, in which is a circular hollow, whose opening is in the upper front. One woman sets on the pile and kneads the dough ; she deposits round lumps of it on a cloth ; another passes these from one hand to the other rapidly till they become

flat, then wetting them with water, she dabs them on the upper sides of the oven, removing them as fast as she requires their space ; thus the bread is a half baked, flabby stuff, like thick damp brown paper. The oven is heated with sticks ; when these are half burnt and form a smouldering mass at the bottom, the baking begins : the bread, however, is said to be wholesome. By rebaking it till hard and crisp, I found it very palatable—when there was no other, at least.

A Greek doctor, in the service of the Porte, paid us a visit. He complained sadly of many things—of the service he was in, of the pay of the people, who considered they ought to be paid for taking the vile stuff he ordered, instead of being disgusted and paying also. He told us of vast hidden treasures at the Lake Kades, but—what was more immediately profitable—of a stream of water he had found, and which he hoped to dispose of advantageously ; for there is no water at Homs—it has all to be brought from a distance. He expatiated long and earnestly on the lax morals of the whole community, and related how a poor girl who had fallen had been so badly treated by her parents and the priesthood, that he had called

in the Turkish authorities to protect her from them. He added a curious finish to his tale ; for he said : “ I gave a man at last twenty-five piastres (five shillings) to marry her ! ”

As conversation flagged, he put his hand far into the depths of his pocket, and pulled out coins, curiosities, and sundries. Among the things he produced were two cylinders : these it is to be regretted my delicacy prevented my offering to purchase, as they are of great value in elucidating the Assyrian mysteries now puzzling so many. They were similar in all, save their legend, to several lodged in the British Museum by Mr. Layard, and would have been of much value ; as they were, he assured me, dug up at the ruins here. For coins I care little, but we read their inscriptions ; as some old poet says :—

“ The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name.
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties lie ;
With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
The inscription value—but the rust adore.”

We passed the evening pleasantly, and obtained the doctor's consent to accompany us in our explorings the next morning. He knew and

seemed much interested about the antiquities of Homs, most of which he had himself copied. The two girls and their mother, whose company we requested, made themselves agreeable ; though their lot was humble, their ambition was small, and they had no wish apparently to better it. This is a feature which all those conversant with Turks must have remarked ; they are seldom ambitious. They take life as it is, content with ease and comfort, hoping to enjoy existence as their fathers have done before them. They bear the extraordinary rises and falls to which they are subject with an admirable philosophy ; and I am inclined to ascribe to this their never seeming parvenus when raised to an unexpected position : they behave as if born to the rank they have attained.

With the Christian, however, it is far different ; active, keen in business, he cares for little so he gain money, nor is he over scrupulous as to the means : cringing towards all he fears—suffer him to hold up his head, and he becomes intolerably insolent. From this cause the Turk is no match for him in the advance of civilisation. Distanced in trade, he lags behind, and has but his pride to wrap himself in ; in this march of

mind, religious prejudices of course increase his difficulties.

The fair Damascenes, who, while they own the superiority of the Egyptians to themselves in conversational powers, abuse all others, yet say that the people of Homs are particularly stupid. The following story is told, among many of the same kind. A woman of Hamath wrote to her sister at Homs to send her a stone mortar, used for pounding sugar. "In order," she said, "that it may arrive quickly, send it by Aazzy," such being the name of the muleteer who, in default of a post, carried her letter. The sister bought the article, and instead of taking it to the man, took it to the river, and attaching a letter and direction to it, threw it in.

Awoke before the sun by cries from our host's brother's house. He must either have beaten his family all round, by the various keys in which they screamed, or else they all cried for sympathy. He disappeared for the day afterwards, so I had not an opportunity of seeing this justice-distributing Turk. When I was up, however, his pretty wife was hard at work, her eyes bright as ever. She received my condolences with a

"Why do you listen? I dare say I deserved it." Wondrous woman! reasonable! Went and had a bath (this is not described in my journal; for a description of it, look to Warburton's "Crescent and Cross," or Titmarsh's "Cornhill to Cairo"); the marble floor and attendants good. After a short kief, returned to breakfast, and at seven walked out to see the place.

Passing out of the town by a half ruined gate, we proceeded to the tomb described by Kelly. It now consists of but one side of the ancient edifice, and that much resembles the tombs found by Fellowes in Lycia, and some of those at Palmyra. On the face, in the centre, is an inscription; the portion removed is in the serai of the Montselim. On what now remains is written, "Alexeus Alexeonos," but time, and—more fatal still—treasure-hunters, have entirely destroyed the building. Masses of it thrown down, still held together by the cement, lie on every side. On the inside, part of the vaulted ceiling of the first floor still remains. The usual stories are told of treasure; and while we were there a hole was pointed out as the last place from whence it had been taken. A Maughrebin (Moor) arrived one

night on a jet-black barb ; he went to the spot ; it opened, and he took from thence a pot of gold. Vain was all search for him ; none saw him go, none saw him afterwards. “ *Ya beg*, we should not believe the tale, did not the hole show us it was true.”

To the west of the city is the vast cemetery of the Mussulmans, and among the head-stones are many remains of the ancient city. The walls have not been built more than 500 years, though, in tracing them, many portions appear of an earlier era. The town has seven gates, one of which, and the finest, has been walled up for 300 years : it is handsomely built of alternate layers of black and white stone, and is still in good repair. A Pasha, it appears, died while passing under it, and it has been walled up ever since : a long inscription in Arabic over it, tells the story.

The castle presents a remarkable object. It is an oblong mound, of considerable area, about 150 feet high, and about half a mile in circumference at the plateau on the top. The whole hill is cased over with solid masonry, immense blocks of black, ferruginous stone, of great depth and solidity : here and there columns of the same have been worked

in. Many portions of this are now in ruins, as it is much used by the inhabitants for the lower portions of their houses, tombs, &c. Of the castle above little now remains ; Ibrahim Pasha blew it up, in return for the resistance it made to his forces. He built some fine cavalry barracks outside the town, which the Turks have been far too stingy to finish, so they keep straw in them while their troops are under canvas. The uncultivated plain near makes it an excellent cavalry station in the spring, when grass is very abundant, and regiments and horse-artillery are sent here yearly.

The Doctor and my companion declined ascending the hill, so, mounting by a goat-path, I proceeded to explore it myself. One entrance-gate alone remains, built of alternate layers of black and white stone ; it is of modern architecture. All round the plain, west and north-east, faintly appear mountains. The Orontes can be traced from the lake to the far north ; the plain is variegated with every tinted verdure, or with red where it is ready for the seed. Within all is grass-covered ruins, broken arches, tumbling walls. I noticed a rather well-cut Corinthian column, built into a modern mosque, and another, rudely carved

in black stone in the base of the wall, still standing. The stones are of almost Cyclopean size. It has, however, evidently been patched at very different eras. Here and there carved marble scroll-work is built in ; gloomy entrances led to the huge passages underneath ; in fact, most of the holes I saw seemed only intended to give light to passages below. These are said to run all over the interior of the hill ; and a large one which I followed, ran round inside the revêtement masonry on a level with the bottom of the ditch.

Much conjecture has arisen as to whether the hill is natural or artificial. By the frequency of hills of almost similar shape, I should be led to believe it was a natural formation, its shape altered by art to suit the purpose for which it was originally adapted ; though, doubtless, the people who revêted its face with such care and labour, could have cast up the mound with comparatively little trouble. The whole is surrounded by a broad deep ditch, whose bottom and sides are faced in a similar manner to the rest. From the ruined walls I had an Asmodean view of the houses of the Turkish quarter. Within the sanctity of their courts, the veil laid aside, they pursued their occupations.

Oh, glorious invention, the deer-stalking glass ! It protrudes no long tube, courting observation. Beneath me, then, was a superior sort of a house ; a lady sat on the open leewan ; a man comes up the street ; he looks up and down to see if passers are near ; he knocks ; a black, who has been sitting in another court doing a kind action to the head of his fellow, opens ; he walks on through the door, shuts it very carefully after him ; she rises, and they stand facing each other. I suppose

“ She looked down to blush,
And she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips
And a tear in her eye.”

They sat down lovingly on the dewan.

It was just mass time as we entered the crowded cemetery of the Greeks. It is within the town, walled in, and the church stands in the centre of it. The small space was crowded with dead, and half the congregation were clustered outside, the church being too small to hold them. The church possessed no architectural beauties, and was most dismally blackened with the incense of years. It was rich in silver lamps, several of them of most delicate workmanship ; and a picture of a black Virgin seemed, by its richly covered figure and

frame, to be an object of peculiar sanctity. It was dreadful to hear the way the mass was gabbled over ; and a priest, with a piece of stick on which was wrapped a piece of cotton wool, anointed my eyes and hands from a pot, much against my will, though I smothered it with a *Katheer hheurak Abounee* ! “ I thank you, father.” The mind flew home to England in thoughts of her pure fanes and simple worship ; and I felt, sadly felt, how much the soul strays from God when not led by others and by outward invitation. At this hour, in my own land, from how many thousand voices heartfelt prayers are humbly lifted ; how many knees are bent in holy adoration ; how many hearts attuned to prayer by the simple solemnity of our dear Church.

Here a noise prevents all that quiet repose so necessary to prayer. They jostle one another to kiss the bishop’s hand,—a mortal perhaps frailer than themselves ; they drown the sound of prayers which with their utmost attention they could not understand. The ceremony is all stopped while we are introduced to the bishop, and our Greek friend explains who we are. He presses us to go to his house, and wait while devotees press round

him to slobber over his fingers. As I stood outside, waiting for my companions, a boy asked me what I was. "A Christian, thank God!" I replied. A woman addressed the same question, to which I made the same answer. "Why not go to church, then?" "I am a Protestant," I replied. "Alas!" she said, shrinking from me, "he is a Catholic."

We went to the bishop's house, in the rear of, but adjoining the church. The cloisters were supported on light and well-cut pillars, dug up from the ruins. He hurried after us, and received us most hospitably, introduced pipes and coffee, and mentioned his great anxiety for foreigners to settle, as it would bring also consuls and protection. He said that now at this present time they had nothing to complain of; but it was rather a toleration that might be infringed upon than a security that could be relied on. His flock in Homs consisted of seven thousand persons, for which this and another church equally small, did not afford sufficient space. He complained sadly of his brother, who, won by a pretty face, was about to commit matrimony, and to resign his hopes of a bishopric, as it is only the lower orders who are permitted such indulgence.

We visited a school newly established, partly by a present from Russia of three thousand piastres (about 30*l.*), to which a sum raised by subscription among themselves has been added. This put out to interest, supported a school in which one hundred and twenty children were educated. It was held in a small building adjoining the church, and would doubtless be productive of much good, though great opposition was found in the parents, who removed their children at an early age to assist them in their labours. The bishop has been translated here but a year from Damascus, whose pleasant groves and other comforts he seemed much to regret. He reckoned the total population at 40,000 men ; but this I should think much exaggerated, as scarce two-thirds of the space within the walls is inhabited. The Roman Catholics number from thirty to forty houses.

Sauntered about the bazaars, which were mean and dirty. The principal trade is with the Arabs, who frequent this place to make their purchases, as being much safer for them than Damascus ; visited all manner of out of the way places in search of inscriptions. The most valuable are said to be in a mosque, and I regret much having been unable to

procure a copy. Pillars, capitals, &c. abound ; and in digging they constantly come on the ruins, and almost as constantly break or deface any ornaments found on them. It was late in the evening before my search was completed, and then there was Cadiga and Fatma's prattle to pass the rest, till it was time to retire for the night—my companion had withdrawn earlier. Then there was packing for the morrow, and other preparations for a fresh start. A number of discharged soldiers were about to proceed north, so we agreed to accompany them, thus affording each other mutual protection and assistance on the road, which was pronounced totally impracticable to travel without an escort. However, there are none who know less, and whose information is more limited, than those who live at a place, so we resolved to start whether or no, and leave the rest to the chapter of accidents.

Homs is the best starting point for visiting Palmyra, as the Arabs, with whom the bargain must be made, are more readily found. It is about ninety miles distant in a direct line, and the journey takes four easy days. I forgot to mention, in my day's rambles, that we saw a curious dance at one of the coffee-houses. Two men, armed with

sticks and round shields, advanced with mincing curious steps to the music of the tambour and a shrill fife. They began by striking one another's shields ; this was repeated, the music varying with every stage of the combat.

The origin of Emessa seems unknown ; it was long celebrated for its Temple of the Sun, dedicated under the title of Allah Gabal. About the year of our Lord 217, the Roman soldiery, enraged at the severe discipline maintained by Macrinus, and fancying they recognised in the features of Bassianus a resemblance to their murdered Emperor Caracalla, raised him to the throne. His subsequent reign under the name of Heliogabalus adds no lustre to the residence of his youth. He propagated, however, its worship ; and the black stone of Emessa, supposed to have fallen from heaven, was bowed down to by the Roman world. He was murdered by those who had raised him to power, after having disgusted the world by his vices, seemingly unrelieved by a single virtue.

In A.D. 271, Emessa again emerged from its obscurity as a small provincial town. Aurelian turned east to conquer Zenobia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt ; equalled in

beauty her ancestress Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valour. She gave her hand to Odenathus, who, from a private station, had raised himself to the dominion of the East. Her talents soon made her overcome the prejudices entertained against her sex, and she became the companion, friend, and counsellor of her warrior-hero husband. Odenathus was killed by his nephew Mæanius. Zenobia avenged her husband's death, and with the concurrence of all, mounted his throne, which, with the assistance of her friends, she ruled with manly vigour. On Aurelian's approach she behaved with judgment and precision. In two battles her fate was decided, and, retiring to Palmyra, she made preparations for a vigorous resistance.

It was at Emessa that she was brought as a captive into the presence of Aurelian. Why did she not there fall? Why add those lustreless years to her life? Why, in the words of Gibbon, sink insensibly into the Roman matron? Zenobia, fat, dowdy, and contented—profanation! Zimmerman invests the close of her career with graceful philosophy: here he says—speaking of the villa presented her by Aurelian at Tibur or Tivoli, in happy

tranquillity—she fed the greatness of her soul with the noble image of Homer and the exalted precepts of Plato ; supported the adversity of her fortunes with fortitude and resignation, and learnt that the anxieties attendant on ambition are happily exchanged for the employments of ease and the comforts of philosophy—

“ And here, where once she reigned,—what now remaineth here,
Recording freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger, spurns around !”

It was at Emessa, in A.D. 633, that Heraclius received an embassy from Mahomet ; the letter of the Prophet he reverently kissed, and deposited under his pillow. The ambassadors who invited the world to profess Islamism he treated with distinguished consideration ; but their friendship was of short duration, and the hordes of the Desert spread over the land. Then arose the cry of fierce chivalry, burning with religious zeal, and thirsting for conquest. Allah Akbar, Alhamlah, Alhamlah, Alfannah, Alfannah—God is great, fight, fight. Paradise, Paradise. In two years the whole of southern Syria was theirs, and like eagles round a prey, their host appeared at Emessa. The commander

of the faithful reproved the slowness of their conquests, and the Saracens, bewailing their remissness, begged with tears of rage to be led against the enemies of their God, to fight for his faith. In the fight the cousin of Kaled was heard to exclaim—"Methinks I see the black-eyed girls looking upon me ; for one of whom, should she appear in this world, all mankind would die of love, and I see in the hand of one of them a handkerchief of green silk and a cap of precious stones ; and she beckons me, and calls out, come hither quickly, for I love thee." He spurs with dreadful charge amidst the Christian ranks. The Governor of Homs, however, with his javelin, put a stop to his visions—in this world at least.

Heraclius, awaked from his lethargy, mustered his force ; keeping himself aloof from the dangers of the campaign, he ordered the fate of the country to be decided in one field. The Saracens withdrew to the south, and the battle of Yermuk, or Hieromax, saw Syria lost to the empire. The loss of the Christians was enormous ; that of the Saracens, no doubt, severe ; but what to them was loss ? The sword is the key of heaven and of hell. "Paradise is beneath the shadow of swords," cried

the prophet. "A drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent in arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and of prayer," says the Koran. What precepts for conquest—what maxims to make warriors ! It was one of the four cities which was not possessed by the Christians after their first crusade—the strip comprising Aleppo, Hamath, Homs and Damascus, never being subdued, or wrung rather, from the Moslems.

Kaled, or Caled, "the sword of God," is buried in the mosque ; he deserted from the revolution raised against Mahomet, and in the first war with the Roman empire he bravely won his name : this was at the battle of Muta. Καλεδος (says Theophanes) *ὃν λεγουσι μαχαίραν του θεου*, of that day. He was of immense importance to the cause under Caliph Abubeker, attended the army through the Syrian conquest, was foremost among the bravest in cruelty, as in valour, at Damascus and at Aignadin, and commanded the army at Yormuk. After such a life of danger he died quietly, having survived most of his distinguished companions in arms. This immunity from death on the field was imputed to a cap he wore, which had been blessed by the

prophet of God. Surely all must admire the high-souled cavalier of the Moslem cause. Who does not remember the boy's apostrophe, as he parted from his home, his mother, and soft, loving sister ? "It is not, mother mine (*emee*), the delicacies of Syria, or the fading delights of this world, that have prompted me to devote my life in the cause of religion ; but I seek the favour of God and his apostle ; and I have heard from one of the companions of the Prophet, that the spirits of martyrs shall be lodged in the crops of green birds who shall taste the fruits and drink of the rivers of Paradise. Farewell ; we shall meet again, among the groves and by the fountains which God has chosen for his elect."

The speedy conquest of the land may be imputed to the degeneracy of the empire. Her soldiers were aliens, hated and feared : looked upon as conquerors, they treated the people as conquered. The inhabitants looked almost with apathy on a struggle, for the result of which they cared little. Spite of every search and enquiry, it was impossible to find or hear of any trace of the once-famed temple. If descriptions are true, it equalled that of Baalbec, and the

poet has compared it to the Lebanon in splendour—

*“Emesa fastigia celsa resident
Manu diffusa solo latus explicit; ac subit auras
Turribus in cœlum nitentibus; incola claris
Cor studiis ac erit
Denique flammicomo devoti pectora soli
Vitam agitant: Libanus frondosa cacumina turget,
Et tamen bis certant celsi fastigia templi.”*

The food of the people is poor and meagre in the extreme, and no doubt renders them more liable to the attacks of the fever and ague so prevalent here during the midsummer months. On the Christians, owing to their long fasts, it falls with greater severity. Meat they seldom eat; bread, leban, milk made sour on purpose, and bruised maize form their chief sustenance. The Turks indulge occasionally in camels' flesh, which is very cheap; this the Christians will not touch.

CHAPTER XII.

Departure from Homs—Tel Bissè—Description of that village—Tel el Cartel and Djebel Mariam—Kubbes—Arrival at Hamath—Our Reception—The Bazaars—Manufactures of Hamath—The Orontes—How the Town is supplied with Water—The Algerine Arab and his Stories—The Provident Turk and his Silly Wife—Hamath to Khan Shokune—Scenery on the Way—Two Algerine Moors and Abd-el Kader—Columns and Ruins—Shokune to Marra—Corn-holes—Use they are put to—Beautiful Ruins. .

WE quitted the town at daylight: the gate we passed out at was fine with carved marble, but fast falling to decay. We crossed the wheat fields that environ the town, and then on into the flower-strewn desert. At length, a mound broke the roundness of the horizon, and we came upon a village built on it. The mud houses had dome-shaped roofs, a form seemingly better adapted for a country subject to rain, than the flat roofs universal in Syria. They looked like enormous native ovens. The village is called Tel Bissè, and is about nine miles N.N.E. from Homs. On again over uncultivated verdure; in one hour and ten minutes we reached Rastan, the ancient

Arethusia. The ruins are extensive, built of black ferruginous stone. They occupy a long hill on the right bank of the Orontes, which flows in a deep channel far beneath: the northernmost part is occupied by the village. All is perfectly ruined.

We noticed one spring of an arch composed of alternated layers of black and white stone — Saracenic, and comparatively modern, and some remnants of walls built of huge blocks uncemented. The rows of pedestals form a broad way for some distance till lost in the village. Shafts, in all stages of decay, lie strewn about. The present village is built of blocks about a foot square: these compose the walls, yards, &c. Roofed with sticks and mud, well rammed over all this, they form wretched, low, dark hovels, light and air being admitted only by the door. I saw only one capital of black stone, small, and perfectly unornamented.

We passed through the modern village, and descending the hill rejoined the baggage, which had halted at a large spacious khan close to the banks of the river. This we crossed by a fine solid stone bridge, and climbed a long, steep

ascent, leaving the river on our left, while we traversed a broad, barren plain. Some mountains separated us from the stream : these are put down in Palmer's map as Djebel Erbayeen, or Mountains of the Forty ; but I asked several persons, in order to ascertain correctly, and found the more southernly was called Tel el Cartel, and the other Djebel Mariam. One man told me the whole were called Djebel Swadia ; but this I doubt. To the west lay a plain rich with cultivation ; before us over the rising ground rose a few kubbes, or tombs, built on the hill over Hamath. As we approached, we met rich Turks riding out with their suites, and at last entered the gates.

Here we were surrounded by Turks anxious to have us for lodgers. One little girl scrambled under the crowd and entreated us ; her pretty face won the day, and we were lodged in a wretched place in less than no time. My voice was for the tent which we always carried with us, but never used. I must not forget to mention that our little hostess was nearly torn to pieces by the rest, and then dreadfully worsted in a single combat ; finally, under our protection, defeating the main body by her speed and sharpness of

speech. It takes eight or, with baggage, nine hours from Homs to Hamath.

After dinner I took a walk through the town, and was severely pelted by small boys in a by-street: the brutes seemed never to miss one, and running after them produced no other result than fatigue. A Turk, however, licked them soundly, and I knocked over a couple with stones with admirable effect, and for the rest of my walk was unmolested. I visited a fine large khan: the upper story is in ruins; but the lower, with its great size and clean Saracenic arched entrance, is very fine. It was built about seventy years ago by a Mourad Pasha, who subsequently was what the Chinamen call *squeezed*, and lost his head; *i. e.* avernised for peculation.

It was amusing, as we entered to-day, to see the admirable conduct of the Turks. Oh wise Moslems! In the battle attendant on our coming, they let the women do the fighting; these crowded round us, but the men kept entirely aloof, looking on with apathy, while their wives and daughters fought it out, which they did with hands, nails and tongue. The damage would have been much greater, but all employed one hand in keeping the

veils over their faces. Oh Turks, you are a great nation !

Night dreadful ! Insects within, cats without. Zea drove one off who was drinking a pan of milk. Zea finishes the milk ; cat returns with friends. Zea victorious ; break of crockery—cats without—most painful noises. Breakfast ; smoking ; out to see the town—how much one's habits change with circumstances ! Three months ago it was painful to be up to breakfast at ten ; now five sees one up, hungry, fresh and active.

The bazaars present nothing very remarkable. Hamath, however, manufactures a fine cotton towel worked with silk, much prized ; also nar-beeshes, the leather snakes for nargillehs, and *abas*, or cloaks. These are made of wool ; some are fine and handsomely embroidered with silk and gold.

The views of the Orontes—or rather the glimpses caught of it between the streets—are fine ; girded in with houses, it flows through the centre of the town in a deep low bed : on its high banks stand the houses. The two portions of the town thus divided are called Hadher, and El Djisser. On the plain to the west where we were lodged, are El

Aleyat, and El Medine, on the farther side. Of the former castle little remains except the mound. The Orontes is crossed by three bridges—they say four, but I did not see them. The water is supplied to the town by means of water wheels—*naoura*—which empty themselves into stone aqueducts, supported on arches, which again spread it over the town. They are moved by the stream which is dammed off to meet them. They are usually sadly out of repair ; so the quantity of water thrown is not very great. The largest, Naoura el Mohammedge, is seventy feet in diameter, and there are several others of nearly equal size: thus gardens and lands are irrigated. The former we saw bright with ripening fruit, green with healthful verdure.

Hamath is a favourite residence of many wealthy Turks, as they have their enjoyments, and are removed from the immediate oppression of governors and governments. The merchants, from its want of trade, are poor and few. The family of Nasyf Pasha, or rather of A Deen, has a rent-roll of 8000*l.*, per annum. The houses of the wealthier people are rich and handsome—that of A Deen's one of the most handsome and oriental-looking I

have ever seen, with its kiosks over the river, and its marble courts, minarets, and graceful spiral cypress. Ibrahim Pasha built here also fine roomy barracks.

In the afternoon we were visited by an Arab of Algiers, attached to the irregular cavalry, of which four or five hundred are always quartered here to resist the Arabs, who frequently attack and plunder the neighbouring villages. He conversed with us in very odd French ; his words and pronunciation were most curious. He said there were two hundred more of his countrymen in the force here, and seemed to hold both the natives—the Nizam, or regular Turkish soldiers, and even the courage-famed Bedawee—very cheap. As to their courage, he told us a vast variety of stories, rather in the Antar or Abou Samera style—how they killed their thousands and tens of thousands. This I regretted, as if he would have adhered to the truth, he would, perhaps, have given us much useful, or at least interesting, information.

The muleteer most resolutely refuses to start, and he was not compelled, which was wrong ; as these fellows are either slaves or tyrants. Walked about : could not help admiring the view over the

principal bridge. The noise, the grumbling noise, of the naouras is not ungrateful to the ear. Lost my way, but met with the greatest civility from all : tea ; ingratiated ourselves with the girls of the houses about, who at first peeped in to look at the strangers feeding with gifts of sugar-plums —*min geman*.

A long time ago, there was a Turk who dwelt in Hamath, and he had a lovely wife, whose beauty, save his love of eating, was his greatest passion. Being poor, he gradually collected food of all costly descriptions, telling his wife, "This is for Ramazan, this is for Ramazan," and so on ; meaning to feast after the sunset gun proclaimed the fast to be finished. Daily, as the feast approached, he surveyed his meal, and kissed his wife, with fond anticipation. Now the wife, like many another beauty, had not much sense. One morning, while her husband was out, a dervish came and begged for food. "I have none," she said. "What, none for me ?" "No, none : what is your name—are you Ramazan ?" "I keep Ramazan always." "Oh, then," she exclaimed, handing out the cherished store, "here, this is for him, give it him." We will hope the husband took his loss

philosophically, and only cherished his pretty wife the more.

April 17th.—Hamath to Khan Shokune, eight hours. Road good ; travelled very slowly. Left Hamath after some delay waiting, for the guards were considered necessary for our protection. Passed through the bazaar, and by a stone bridge over the Orontes, under one of the huge water-mills, and so out on the plain to the north. The hills forming the high water banks are full of tombs, but did not seem to merit a visit. The plain of wheat, of grass, of camomile, and rich coloured flowers, opened before us. The river ran along a deep ravine : one unbroken mass of fruit-trees and verdure. Passed a ruin called Dareaa, on the banks of the river, and soon afterwards a hill, on the summit of which is the tomb of Sheik Jenel Ab Deen. The hill was called Jidda. The noise of the wheels grew fainter and fainter, and we rode along the level plain, leaving the city which of yore worshipped Ashima—the city where Jeroboam worshipped, which has now no answer for, “Where are thy gods, where thy kings ?”—the city where David smote Hadarezar ; where Solomon the wise stored grain ; whence the

Lord shall recover his people—the border of the Promised Land on the north and on the west.

The houses of one village we passed had the same tent shape I have before described. All the way was a plain, save that on the west; the mountains towered up till lost in mist. Several discharged soldiers accompanied us; they had completed their period of service, and were now on their return to their several homes. Our escort were two irregulars, (Algerine Moors), who said they had left Algiers in the suit of some great man formerly in Abd-el-Kader's suite. One bragged considerably; the other's account was more probable. He said, twelve French officers had been sent over the country, offering a free passage to those who wished to leave for any Mussulman country. He and his brother had among others availed themselves of the offer, and been sent to Egypt, whence they had travelled here. They frankly avowed, if Abd-el-Kader returned, they should rob money and hasten back to join their much-loved chief. The contest, in their minds, was not one of the Algerine to resist French aggression, but one of faith—the Mussulman against the Christian—in fact, the man

never spoke of them as French, but as Christians.

Passed a village called Theba, built on, and round one of the hills that rise out of the ground. Three hours afterwards we rode through columns and ruins. The Arabs called the place Ludmian. Many plain shafts of columns were standing; excavated vaults; corn-holes, such as are in use now—solid stone water-troughs, circular stones for well mouths. The grass and weeds grow too thick to see the outline of the buildings—the whole might be a mile and a half round. I observed but one or two carved stones. I copied also an ornamental scroll; pediments of columns also, but plain and uncarved, lay about. In one place, a number of stones stood in a square. From one of these stones I copied an inscription, the only one I saw; and, from a stone behind it, an ornament.

This may be one of the stone cities of Solomon, which he built in Hamath. This plain, probably, furnished grain for the crowded and less fertile land of the Jews. The villages are now deserted, and the people encamped out on the plain in order to pasture their cattle. Poor Zea was furiously attacked and badly bitten by their dogs. We

reached Shokune early, a village of tent-shaped houses, built on and round a hill. We took up our quarters at a large khan, built, the inscription said, two hundred and twelve years ago, by one Arsad Pasha. It has no well ; all the water is contained in two large cisterns outside the enclosure. Passed the evening alone, disturbed only by the fleas and insects swarming in the dirty place chosen for our tent : the weather lovely.

April 18th.—Khan Shokune to Marra, five hours. We travelled very slowly. My dear brother's birthday ; the God of all bless and preserve him ! The Montselim had sent us numerous messages on the dangers of the road, and the necessity of horsemen, to all of which we turned a deaf ear. He sent eight or ten with the soldiers, but we departed alone, while they plodded along more slowly, behind the vast plain. Here and there we saw huge patches of wheat, but, generally, nature scattered her flowers in rich profusion. I noticed, to-day, amidst other plants, cabbages and hearts-eases. The once lofty Lebanon has now sunk into stony barren low ranges, inhabited by the Ansayrii.

On a hill on our left were ruins, but totally

levelled, save that here and there one stone stood on end. There were a few columns, water-troughs, and corn-holes in plenty. By corn-holes I mean circular excavations built up in the earth, and plastered within, opening by a circular hole at the top; on this fits a cover. When this is full, the inhabitants secure the entrance with clay. The villagers store all their grain in this way throughout the plains; the mouth is a little raised above the surrounding level, so as to throw off the rain: the natives call it Aar. Jarapolis occurs to me as the only place whose position would coincide with the situation of these ruins; nor is there such a dissimilarity in the names as not to allow an inference from it—Aar and Jar, or Jaara.

In an hour passed on the right of a small village containing a ruined mosque and a tel, on which were heaps of ruined stones: the name given was Heish—the plain more and more undulating. About one and a half south-west of Marah, I left the road to visit some ruins I observed on my left, standing on the breast of a hill. Several walls, of large massive stones, well built, were still standing; and the whole hill, for two miles or more one way, and certainly five or six in circum-

ference, was literally deep in stones squared for building, and fallen columns. In some places the stones, all huge, had been arranged so as to form inclosures for herds of sheep and goats, which were now spread over the plain grazing, under the protection of armed villagers from the surrounding villages.

It is a sad and mournful feeling that comes over us as we thus sit gazing at ruins—at decay; to see thus a stately city crumbled down, nor know who built it,—when, or how, it was built.

The wild waste of all devouring years,
How — her own sad sepulchre appears ;
With nodding arches, broken temples spread,
The very tombs now vanished, like their dead. :
Imperial wonders raised on nations spoiled,
Where mixed with slaves the groaning martyr toiled.
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age ;
Some hostile fury ; some religious rage ;
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

To the south remains one corner of a wall, some forty feet high, built of stones five feet long by three thick, broad, and uncemented. In several other places, portions of walls are still standing ; but the ground is too much encumbered with ruins to trace any building with accuracy. I also found the subscribed sign, which I copied. In

another portion is a wall and spring of an arch, most delicately executed, which in its style and workmanship reminded me of Baalbec. The minute tracery here, as also on many other stones I noticed, was beautifully cut, and as fresh and sharp as if yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. The place seemed to have been ruined by a sudden shock, and this one remnant alone left, to make us, by its beauty, mourn for the rest. So perfect was each broken portion, that it seemed as if the spirit of old, of evil, and of death, had breathed his destructive breath, and, in one minute, blasted the whole. No corners were worn with the dull edge of ages—sharp and clear destruction seems to have blasted them in their beauty.

At the corner is a small pilaster on the wall, more Corinthian than anything else, but richly ornamented: to the right is one protected, over it a niche, merely cut deep and clear; below, on a lower range, are two others; beneath them is a niche like a scallop, and the ruins of several others lie about. The whole bears a striking resemblance to the gate of the famous temple of Baalbec, and I cannot but think the same hands built both. I

attempted to explore some vaulted passages, but from want of candles, was forced to return. The natives knew no other name than Knack. After a lengthened stay, I left, and cantered on to Marra.

CHAPTER XIII.

The present village of Marra—Its Appearance—Inhabitants—A Turkish Answer—Crusaders and Saracens—Cruelties and Barbarities of Crusaders—Sacking of Marra under Bohemond—Khan Sebel—Dishonesty of Turkish officials—Sermeim to Aleppo—Approach to that City—Its Walls—Mode of Life and Habits of Aleppenes—Bazaars and Streets of Aleppo—American Missionaries there—Hungarians—General Bem—Gate of Fair Prospect—Strange Custom of the Ladies of Aleppo—Visit to Mussulman Tombs—The Beautiful House of the Family of Sada—General Indolence at Aleppo—Turkish Servants—Vaccination for the Aleppo Button—That Disease Described—Curious Cure—The Slave and his Master.

THE present village of Marra lies on the side of a hill ; pretty fields and plantations stretch away, till lost in the distance at the foot of the Ansayrii Mountains. Beyond, to the west, are the remains of the Castle, famous in crusading annals, built of huge stones. Amidst its now crumbling ruins, live eleven families, principally inhabiting its old vaults. The ditch, deep and broad, is cut out of the solid rock. The inhabitants are now entirely Mussulman ; the town, flat roofed and unwallled, presents the usual, half-ruinous appearance of all Eastern places. The mosque, or rather the

minaret, is handsomely built : there are also two large khans. In the mosque, in the centre of one, we have taken up our quarters. My companion has most comfortably put his head in the niche that points towards Mecca, the broad road of the faithful to the realms of bliss. The whole is well built; outside is a very pretty court, supported by plain, handsome pillars. A curious instance of the idea the natives entertain of the universality of the Frank's talents occurred here. The Montselim sent many compliments to our courier, to beg he would cut him out a pair of European trousers, at the same time sending the calico.

The khan full : a caravan arrived from Aleppo ; a Turkish usurer has joined us. These are a dreadful set : they lend the poor fellahs (cultivators) money on the next year's produce, and this at 40 per cent., or even higher. Few Turks do this ; it is a profession more common among the Christians ; and the man who follows it is deservedly looked down upon. The people here were most civil, more so than the Turks are generally, which is saying a great deal ; and nowhere do we less deserve it, as, probably, my crusading ancestor, of proud memory, helped to

slay the ancestors of some who now bid me welcome to their houses. Some dancing boys made their request to be permitted to dance before us, which was refused ; they, however, kept up, till nearly dawn, a racket, in which camels and donkeys joined chorus, while our money-lending companion snored *solo* in the corner ; and the fleas attacked us so fiercely, that it was no interruption of rest to rise up and prepare for another day's march.

The autumn after the Crusaders had taken Antioch was passed in disputes, jealousies, and dissensions, which bade fair to be more hindrance to the Christian cause than all the swords of the Moslems. The soldiers, apparently imbued with the true spirit, clamoured to be led to complete their holy intentions : their chiefs but led them to achieve aggrandisement for themselves, and they marched on Marra. Their zeal and courage were, however, long ineffectual : the Moslems met their assault with a courage equal to their own, and now, for the first time, with equal weapons—the state secret had oozed out ; and from the walls of Marra Greek fire was poured on the invaders. The Saracens had before used it at the siege of

Thessalonica, A.D. 904 ; but this was, probably, the first time they had used it against the Crusaders.

Already the fat plain of Antioch had been exhausted by the wasteful invaders ; the people of the district of Apamea, in which was Marra, had driven off their cattle to the mountains ; and such was the improvident recklessness of the Crusaders, that they began the siege without stores or provisions. Their scaling-ladders were too short ; they supplied their other wants by tearing open the graves, and feasting on their fetid contents : they rifled the dead for gold, and then ate their bodies, raw or cooked, for food. Albert of Aix says they ate not only Saracens, but cooked dogs. Foucher de Chartres relates that the Crusaders, ravening with hunger, cut the flesh from the thighs of dead Saracens, and, with cruel tooth, devoured the same almost raw. Some roasted boys whole on spits, or boiled them like chickens. At last, on the arrival of Bohemond, the frantic courage of the Crusaders carried the place. All—even those who had bought a promise of safety from the Christians—were massacred ; the men fell, or were sold to slavery ; the girls met a gentler, but more dishonoured, fate.

Jealousies again arose, and the city was finally levelled with the ground, to remove the dissensions as to its possession. Apamea, the capital of the province, was one of the three cities built by Seleucus, B.C. 300.

April 19th.—Marra to Sermeim, five hours and a half.—There was a delay in starting. The mountains on our left are now a low range of hills, loose rock, with no signs of cultivation. We passed several villages lying on our east, and in two and a half hours arrived at Khan Sebel. It gives one the idea of a rough fortress of the middle ages, consisting of a large court-yard, surrounded by a double range of low huts in two stories, full of inhabitants as a rabbit-warren ; people, fowls, dogs, all pigged together. The outside walls high and well built, quite sufficient to resist any sudden attack. Without, there were a few almost underground huts, not worth plundering, or they would not have been there.

We passed on, leaving the Turks, who had no property to be robbed of, clamouring for an escort, which, spite of letters and orders, the Montselim steadily refused to give them, though we were pressed to take one. Oh, silver key ! Oh,

mighty backshish ! Our usurer continues with us, and another man who, not having paid his kharadge, or tax, has temporarily enrolled himself as our servant. The servants of Franks pay no taxes, as also, Franks themselves are exempt from all. This man, not having paid his, has no teskere : now this is asked for at every village the native traveller stops at ; not for the just purpose of transmitting the same to the Padishah's treasury, but in order to extort a present from the poor victim on their own account. This fellow says he has already paid six piastres in presents. He has pursued a man from Damascus who owes him 2*l.* 5*s.*, leaving wife, shop, and all : it would be a curious calculation to find out what sum he makes a year.

In one hour and twenty minutes passed the village of Dadear with a fine minaret ; the plain and its flowers have ceased from under us, and we tread over bare rocks and among huge blocks, amidst which flocks of sheep and goats in scriptural style follow their shepherd. One hour and forty minutes more we reached Sermeim, a large village, and our Turk procured us a house where we took up our lodgings for the rest of the day and night. The people turned out, but they left

their insects and much of their dirt. A furious fight among the horses concluded the day. I took some bearings : Djebel Enish, or Mount St. Simeon, N. 9 W. : it is from here a fine snow-clad peak. Djebel Edlip, N. 122 W. Low mountains run from N.W. to N.E. The sun set in glorious splendour.

April 20th.—Sermeim to Aleppo, by caravans, thirteen hours. I rode it at a trot and walk, examining several buildings on the road, in six hours and a half. Sermeim has no wells, therefore all the water is preserved in cisterns filled by the winter rains : each house has one, and there are others for the purposes of irrigation. Finding my stallion had no idea of keeping quiet while a mare was near him, I pressed on at a trot, passed the two tombs of Kubbett (tomb) Deneih on my right, and Megar Kubbett Menega on the left, the plain and country all in cultivation, passing, now between, now over ranges of low hills. To the north lay a low range, backed by a high and picturesque chain of mountains, seemingly running E. 8 W. One hour later I passed the site of some ruins ; amidst them stood erect one *fluted* column, the first I have seen. Passed a Turkoman encampment, black tents similar to the Bedawee, and

entered a barren looking chain of hills. At their foot stood Khan Toman, a ruinous old khan.

Three hours from Aleppo! Oh, how tedious were those hills, smooth travel-worn rocks, a mirage the vibrating heat; and as far as the eye could reach, hills—hills. Now a point was passed, now an angle turned, and the weary eye hoped surely to see Aleppo; but no, fresh road. More toil, heat, and weariness. Two and a half hours of the road are passed; the city must be lost. At last, far on, a barren ridge just before me appears; the top of a castle, old Saracenic it appears, with its minaret and tower. A few scraggy olives, all insufficient to hide the barren-parched soil beneath, ran along the ridge. Now rises in sight a minaret or two; I count them again—there are six, again eight, now twenty. Aleppo sneaks into sight.

I passed several khans, the first halt without the walls of the traveller who wishes to start ere the sun rises the following day. Passed the Koeyk in a deep gulley, the river of Aleppo, and reached the outside of the city. I was directed to skirt along the walls, which, though shaken and ruined, are a beautiful specimen of their style. Entering, the streets struck me as cleaner, and the houses,

which are built of stone, finer than those of any Eastern city I have seen ; and finding my way to the convent, I was kindly received by some friends whose acquaintance I had made before. My companion arrived some hours afterwards ; but our baggage not till late the following morning.

We were unable to procure lodgings in the convent, but at last were put up at the house of the consul's dragoman's sister. Her husband was a Constantinople Italian, dressed in the native dress, and more Arab than any thing else. I can speak warmly of the kindness we met ; every attention was paid us during our stay ; but I would advise any future traveller to make an arrangement before hand, as we paid rather dearer than we should have done at the Clarendon, and our table, rooms, &c., were execrable—a bad admixture of Anglo-Franko, Italian, Arabic.

At Aleppo the mode of life, the habits of the people,—all induces a perfect idleness. Days were dozed, smoked, lounged away imperceptibly, and we could not muster resolution enough to prepare for the road, to exchange the soft divan and softer company, the perfect kief and undisturbed repose,

for the saddle, the sun, the glare, the toil, and the fatigues of the road.

“ It, indeed, is a listless city made ; where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, nor cared to play.”

We idled away the long morning, for all rose early ; paid visits till eve, then made kief till late at night. At this time my Arabic was very scanty, so I was unable fairly to judge of the truth of the Arabic saying, “ Wit was born in Egypt, pointed at Damascus, died at Aleppo.” But the romantic dress, the Eastern manners, all were enough to enchant one already in love with every thing Oriental. I took a walk to the outside of the town to the castle : it is built on a lofty mound, the front of which is faced with stones, well built. The whole has a fine and noble appearance.

The bazaars are finer than those of most Eastern towns ; many have arcades over the buildings, which are lofty and well built. The streets struck me as finer and the exterior of the houses better built, as I have before said, than any I have seen in the East. Here and there are the picturesque fountains so peculiarly Eastern, with their pious inscriptions. To the natives who constantly drink water, this must be a great boon. The

present Pasha has placed the cleansing of the street department under the Frank military officer, and he energetically puts his power in force. Yesterday as I passed, he was, much to their disgust, compelling each person to cleanse the street before his door.

The day following my arrival being Sunday, I proceeded to the house of the American missionary to attend the service. It was Presbyterian ; and though fondly wedded to the forms and creed of my own loved mother Church, there was much comfort in thus meeting with sincere Christians, and lifting up together humble prayers in a heathen land. The not kneeling seems a cold form of adoration, and in extempore prayers the preacher, unless singularly gifted, must grow vague and wandering, using repetitions. The mission here bides its time, and perhaps I may say nothing has yet been done by them. It is invidious to speak of individuals, but those in Aleppo seemed well-meaning and earnest in their calling ; quiet, gentlemanly, and well informed—in fact, much what missionaries ought to be.

We also made the acquaintance of several Hungarians : there were, I think, above ninety resident

at Aleppo. They seemed very discontented, and censured each other's conduct in no measured terms. Two of them whom we knew, had, at all events, the negative merit of not having changed their religion. General Bem, since dead, and whose funeral was conducted with every high Mussulman ceremony, was also a resident. I regret much I had not the opportunity of seeing this man, whose singularly eventful career has thus ignobly closed.

Walked out to the Bab el Faradge, or Gate of Fair Prospect. Here is one of the favourite lounges of the Halebeen ladies ; all who are, or fancy they are sick, come here at an early hour to drink milk. The animals are brought and milked on the spot. On my way passed three stones, two erect and one placed across, thus affording a passage beneath. This, which either is the tomb, or near the tomb, or in some way sacred to a famous sheik, all the women not blessed with families pass under. Its efficacy I heard nobody doubt. About one hundred veiled figures were there ; many bore a cup in their hands ; some were sitting, others sauntering about. This meeting of solid ghosts, with their fluttering garments, was very pretty.

It being still early morning, I prolonged my walk on amidst the Mussulman tombs. It was pleasing to see the pious Moslem thus bowing down before his God—bowing down on his father's grave—to the same God in the same way his father bowed before. With flowing robes and abstracted mien, each chooses some small eminence, and there worships. Probably they use much the same attitudes and wear the same dress as Abraham did of old. Their shoes are always removed, for the ground they tread on is accounted holy.

We visited the best Christian house here ; probably finer might be found amidst the Mussulmans. Beit Sada is situated in Judaïda, which, as its name imports, was formerly the Jewish quarter. Proceeding up a narrow street, bounded on either side by dead walls, we passed through a low door, and crossing a small narrow passage, entered a magnificent court, planted with oranges, lemons, and jessamines. Round this are built the rooms. The floor and front of the lewan are of marble, the whole walls stone. Within there were two or three noble rooms, the walls wainscot, and richly gilt, covered with curious scrolls and figures, the whole very rich and handsome. There is one upstairs

room, a perfect bijou. The date on it is two hundred and odd years, yet the gilding is as fresh as if done yesterday ; also the other colours. Underground are three stories of vaults, built on arches, one beneath the other, and passages also, which communicate with other houses. Thus, in times of danger or persecution, communication could be kept up throughout the quarter, for I am assured all the houses have the same. The three stories of vaults were to secrete, I suppose, their riches. The entrances to these also were well concealed.

The family of Sada is of antiquity, but fines, avernizing, misrule, and persecution, have dilapidated its once noble fortune. We were most hospitably entertained by the family ; and the noise the pretty maids made with their cabcabs as they hastened about to prepare coffee, sweets and sherbets, haunted me as I slept that night. And thus rolled on the day. If one had not much leisure allowed one, the society was of a nice sleepy sort, where each said what he liked, or held his tongue if he thought fit. This palls after a time ; but I had just come from the west, and the bent bow, the strained intellect, revelled in the

repose. Body, heart—all reposed, and felt inexpressibly happy at the rest.

“Pleasant now without a check,
To lay the rein on fancy’s neck,
And let her gay caprices vary,
Through many a frolicsome vagary.
Nonsense, thou delicious thing,
Thought and feeling’s effervescence,
Like the bubbles of a spring,
In their sparkling evanescence.”

The natives themselves are peculiarly impregnated with what dear Warburton would style this self-indulgent life ; no wonder, therefore, they grow fat and sleek when the first blush of youth is over. Those in trade take it coolly, happy if business comes, but resigned if it does not. Ask a man, “*Fee shay jedeid eliom ?*” (Any news to-day ?) “Thank God, no,” he will reply. The women, who do all the domestic duties of their household, and do them well too, do them in a quiet full-dress sort of way ; the servants, who get through their work well also, do it in a lazy, indolent, slipshod way, and appear always as if they had nothing to do but sit in the sun or sleep. There is no “My horse at three,” and he is there ; “My dinner so and so.” They require to be told everything, and possess another quality we English do not much appreciate. If, for instance, I say

“Bring me a glass of water,” he answers, “What for?” “Do this;” “Why?” “Bring so and so;” “What for?” nor will a few lessons unteach this habit.

I must, however, from my own experience, now confirmed by a year’s acquaintance, say they are honest and attached, quick and faithful; but the Englishman must submit to the dawdle, procrastination, and loiter, which attend all Eastern motions, or he will be endlessly hot, uncomfortable, and complaining. I was dreadfully so at first, but have now philosophised, till even no dinner and wet ground to sleep on have ceased to excite me. But to return to my journal, with a pardon sought for my long digression.

I observe no note on the day in question, except being vaccinated for preventing the Aleppo button. The operation was performed much in the same manner as for the small-pox. A fat child was brought with an atrocious-looking button, and my arm received in various punctures the matter. It was as well to avoid a nasty sore if it could be done at so cheap a rate; and though the vaccination never took, yet, as I also escaped the button, there was no great harm done. The Aleppo

button, which forms a formidable objection with many to visiting Aleppo, is an endemical disorder, called the *habeḥ el seneh*, or ulcer of the year. It is a large pimple which is, at first, inflammatory, but, at length, becomes a large ulcer; remaining one year, and leaving a very disagreeable discoloured scar behind it. It does not attack people twice: it sometimes appears in several places at once, and the children of Aleppo may be seen with two or three at once, apparently not caring. It is so common that none seemed ashamed of it.

It sadly disfigures all the people, and you may know an Aleppene any where by his scarred face. Nor is it confined, as is commonly believed, to Aleppo: it occurs in certain localities at Damascus, and through all the country from Aleppo to Diarbeker. No care is thought necessary, as nothing can apparently remove it before the year is out; patience and resignation, *kismet*, are the best remedies.

A curious cure occurred here; the fact was related to me by the patient, and several others bore testimony to the fact. The poor fellow suffered long and severely with the fever, which at last terminated in a complete lock-jaw. The

Frank doctors were called in, pronounced the case hopeless, and withdrew: the native sages came, saw, and departed, saying they could do nothing. The poor man folded his robes, and turned to the wall, resigned to his fate. Resolved, however, to make one more effort, he told a Frank doctor, who was young and enterprising, to do something. The practitioner immediately proceeded to operate, trying to force open his jaws with a knife. This proving ineffectual, the poor man again settled to death, and thus lay three days. His friends came to pay their last sad farewell, and, among the rest, a Koord, from Mosul, a fine liberal-minded man, whom I knew very well. On entering the room, he looked closely at Mr. K. and, approaching him, gave his ear a peculiar twitch, repeating some words, and then ordered a plaster of dates to be applied to his jaw. Three days afterwards he was convalescent, and soon quite recovered. The Koord refused to tell me the cure; he said it was a secret handed down, in his family, from many generations.

A slave was much pressed on me as an eligible purchase: 2000 piastres, or about 18*l.*, was the lowest price. He belonged to a curious fellow who, after wandering everywhere, lost to his

friends, &c., turned up after many years, a zealous Turk. He had accompanied Mr. Banks during part of his Eastern travels, and the reason assigned by him for parting with the lad was the same as so frequently appears in our newspapers with regard to a carriage, &c., the owner having no further use for him.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Mussulman Funeral—Tomb of Abou Beker—The Rich Husband and the Unwilling Wife—Youthful Betrothals—Visit to the Castle of Aleppo—The Building Described—View from its Summit—Veneration of the Turks for Stamboul—Costume of Turkish Men and Women—A Picnic in a Turkish Garden—Ibrahim Pasha—His Policy—His Conscription—His enlightened Treatment of Christians—Turkish Sweets—Of what composed—Four Turkish Musicians—Their several Instruments—Final Glance at Aleppo.

WHILE passing the Mussulman burial-ground, I saw one of their ceremonies. The body had been laid in the ground ; it being that of a man of some consequence, a rich pall covered the monument. The men stood round it, and with their hands raised and open on either side of the head, bowed simultaneously. It is difficult to say exactly the prayer they repeated : the women sat at a distance looking on. I visited the old serai without the town : it covers the crest of a hill about half a mile from the town, but is now in ruins. In it is a tomb of Abou Beker—not the famous one—he did not move from his capital.

In the next page of my journal I find an

excessively ugly fellow wished to marry a young and very pretty girl. The parents being poor, readily consented to the match, for he was very rich, which all ugly men are not. By force of presents, jewels, gold and promises, they obtained her consent. Unfortunately, a few days before the marriage, she happened to see him, and immediately told her married sister it was impossible—she could not marry him. However, she was answered that it was far too late to retreat, and the preparations were completed. During the ceremony, she twice withdrew her hand from his, and when asked, “Will you take this man?” her sister forced her head down, the only sign of assent they could make her to give. After nine days, however, she returned to her father’s house, a virgin. Supplications, prayers, entreaties, were in vain—she would not go back to her husband. The bishop has just dissolved the marriage, at the same time stating, that this is no precedent.

Our next door neighbour has two daughters affianced, pretty little girls of from seven to nine years of age. They told the elder, “Your betrothed is ugly;” he, however, was shown to her one day, and she said, “He is not so bad.” And this is

marriage ; this is the way to choose a help meet for one. Better the old proverb :

“ I would advise a man to pause
Before he takes a wife ;
In fact, dear sir, I see no cause
He should not pause for life.”

However, my opinion is rapidly changing—not as regards marrying, but as respects the way it is done here in the East, in comparison with our way. Of one thing I am sure, that wives in the East are fully as true and faithful, and more economical, domestic, and useful than even in England. In these engagements the man certainly has the worst of it ; he can rarely, if ever, see his betrothed. If she walks, she is shrouded up, while she can see him freely, and watch him, while perhaps he little deems those eyes are upon him.

Sunday : attended divine service. These three Sundays, viz., Friday with the Mussulmans (not that that shuts their trade for above three hours) —then Saturday with the Jew traders ; then Sunday with the Christians—it is a sad invasion on the week, as far as business is concerned. In fact, what with the different sects of Christians, fêtes, &c., it is rare to see all the shops open at once.

In the early morning I sent for an order, and,

preceded by a stately kavais, one of the inflictions we have suffered under during our stay, mounted the castle : a kavais from the Pasha joined us ; and so with a suite of about five I walked along. My companion preferred studying life, lazy life, in the gardens, to mounting, for no purpose, a rough hill.

“ — Different minds
Incline to different objects ; one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;
Another sighs for harmony and grace,
And gentlest beauty.”

The castle standing on a tel to the south of the town forms, as I have before said, one of its most striking features : the hill can be little less than six hundred feet high, and the circumference of the counterscarp of the broad deep ditch must be a mile or more. The ditch is in parts still wet, but by far the greater portion is filled with gardens and overgrown with trees. Entering a square and handsomely built barbican, which stands at the foot of the hill, and in whose narrow postels a few long, thin culverins are mounted, we ascended a broad, stone causeway, which, built on arches, conducts to the entrance gates. The wall and outward appearance are fine and imposing, and we can well imagine its vast strength before gunpowder was invented.

Over the door are the following arms, the lions, and the *fleur-de-lis*. The only guard now maintained is at the gate, and one over the powder magazine. The entrance tower itself is a massive square building, standing boldly forward from the main wall, which, here and there strengthened by towers, runs round the entire crest of the hill. The whole is built of the yellow stone used also for the houses of the town, variegated with black granite, ornamented with overhanging corbels, containing niches for the archers. A large broad scroll of Arabic inscription also runs over the gateway ; while above, a beautifully worked iron grate shows no longer the arabesque ceiling, but opens on the deep blue spring sky of this cloudless clime. Entering its arched portal, loop-holes still frown on you, and show, though stalwart knight had won thus far, many a good blow must yet have been struck, and many a peril passed, ere he stood a conqueror within.

A turn to the left leads through another vaulted passage, and three other doors must be passed ere the interior is gained. Over the first are carved huge serpents, with strong and cruel fangs, tearing themselves ; over the next, two huge animals ;

and on either side of the third, two large blocks are carved to resemble the head and fore paws of some savage beast—half tiger, half man. This door is not arched, and overhead is some Arabic inscription. They, *i. e.* the animals, protrude some eight or ten feet from the wall.

We now enter a confused mass of modern and ancient ruins : here and there an arch or a piece of wall remains standing ; but generally the erections are modern. There is nothing standing save a mosque and the powder magazine. One sarcophagus I saw, and the remains of several columns ; some thrown about, others that have been ruined, having been built a second time into the modern buildings. On the N.W. a tower still stands, though sadly rent and broken ; but it well repays the fear and difficulty of mounting, as its top commands a fine view.

It was a spring morning, and a gentle keenness, wafted from snow-clad mountains, rendered the climate delightful. The town lay beneath me, and each terrace, court, serai and leewan lay open to my view. I saw Aleppo was built in a hollow, from which ran plains north and west, surrounded by mountains. To the north, Djebel Ma Hash and his

range, untouched by the soft smiles of the young spring, lay deep in the snow ; the flat, connected grass-grown roofs and well-watered sparkling courts, with their carefully tended trees, relieving the glare of the houses, while all around the town lay belted in its garden. The scene was pretty and pleasing ; here and there the forests of tomb-stones, the perfect minaret, the Eastern dome swelling up from the mob of flat roofs, —these formed a sight that told I was in the East, in the cradle of mankind — the home of history.

Within the castle some antique guns are shown, of bars of iron linked together, and hooped with strong iron bands. My servant, Abdallah, hearing the kavais constantly saying, "Here is an antique : " "This is antique:" he asked, "What is antique ? " "From Stamboul," replied the man. It is wonderful how the Turks venerate this city : speak of beauty, they answer "Stamboul ; " show them some of the wonders modern brains invent, "Ah! from Stamboul." They also firmly believe in the fact that the Kings of Frangistan come humbly to the Padishah to receive their crowns ; this they have taken from the Princes of Servia

and Bulgaria doing so. Soldiers join the hated army to go there—but I must not forestall all I have seen on that score.

Among the fairer part of the population it is the Paris, the emporium of fashion, and they dress from it. Do not think the change of mode is, however, as monthly as among our own gayer, more versatile neighbours (that any change is made at all, is a wonderful improvement); no, it takes a few years among them to alter the cut of a petticoat or the ornaments of a tarboush. The last change is, that a petticoat is now worn over the voluminous graceful trousers of the women. Formerly, the skirts of the shirts, slit to the breast, descended to the ankles; and many, even now, retain this, to me infinitely more graceful, costume. The petticoat is ill adapted for their mode of sitting, and, being single, sits badly at all times.

I may mention, while speaking of dress, the difference between the trousers of the men and those of the women—and it might have been instanced, in “The spirit of the East,” as another striking difference between the inhabitants of the East and the West—we divide the legs of the men; they do so with the trousers of the women.

Those of the men consist of a long doubled affair, the upper parts not sewn together, but a ridge made, through which a silk, thin, plaited sash is passed ; more frequently, however, a long strip of rag or stout tape. Thus gathered together, and the plaits carefully adjusted, it is tied round the middle. At either extremity is a small hole worked, through which the leg is passed.

In the women's garment, the upper part is the same ; but the whole bottom is unsewn, the centre cut, and two legs formed, which are drawn together by tape loops, through which passes a string, which gathers them up round the ankle. Those of the women are longer than the men's, reaching to, or even below, the ankle, over which they fall gracefully, while the men's seldom descend below the half of the calf. In parts of Asia Minor, they wear things like very ill-made western trousers, loose above, and gradually tightening below the knee. The labourers wear far less voluminous affairs (some put fifteen or twenty yards of stuff in their trousers), as they cannot work in them ; all, when they wish to run, catch up the folds from between their legs, so inconvenient do they find them.

On my return, we set out for a picnic, which E—— and myself were told it would be right to give. We provided carpets, nargillehs, horse-loads of sundries, cushions, a cargo of lettuces ; and thus equipped, we sallied out, a very numerous party. The first thing to select was a garden, a point on which our own choice, and not the owner's will, seemed alone to be consulted. Let not the reader fancy an Eastern garden is what a warm Western fancy would paint it ; wild with luxuriant but weedless verdure, heavy with the scent of roses and jessamine, thrilling with the songs of the bulbul and the nightingale, where fair women with plaited tresses touch the soulful lute in graceful attitudes—no ; it is a piece of ground enclosed by high walls, varying in size. A wretched gate, invariably badly made, probably ruined, admits you to the interior. Some enclose a house with two or three rooms—windowless, white-washed places. Before this is a reservoir of dirty, stagnant water, turned up from a neighbouring well by an apparatus as rude as it is ungainly and laborious : this is used to irrigate the ground, which therefore is alternately mud and dust. Fruit trees or mulberries are planted in

rows, and the ground beneath, being ploughed up, is productive of vegetables or corn. One or two trees, for ornament, may be planted in the first row, but nothing more ; and weeds, uncut, undestroyed, spring up in every direction. Such, without exaggeration, is the *Bistan zareff!* *quiess*, the Lovely Garden.

We selected one, that belonged to the Mollah. Oh, true believer ! in thy pot we boiled a ham ; on thy divan we ate the forbidden beast ; thy gardener, for base reward, assisting to cook—who knows, but also to eat the same ? We chose a spot shaded by a noble walnut tree, and spread carpets and cushions. Fire was lighted, nargillehs bubbled, and kief began. The principal occupation of the ladies was picking the lettuces—huge, coarse, overgrown things. From every leaf they strip the green, leaving only the spine of the leaf. Taper fingers then, with winning smile, soft, pleasant words, and graceful arm, present you a vegetable reduced to the appearance of a worn, useless birch-broom.

The spot selected had one advantage which the owner probably never contemplated. A huge ruin in the wall let in a view of the river, which,

making a sharp turn, ran before us away to the town, and, on our left, rushed from its bed in pretty petulance. Dyers, blue with their work, passed by, smoking ; idlers in the shade filled in the picture : while gardens, rendered pretty by their distance, wall, tower, and housetop, formed the background. It was proper that the walnut-tree should lend us its thickest shade ; for, by a suspicious red mark upon its trunk, I found it owed its present existence to British protection.

Ibrahim Pasha used to have these trees cut, and then bought them at a small price, to make military carts and other engines. This had been marked to fall, but the English came, and it still lived to throw its protecting arms over the humblest of her sons. It is incalculable how much damage Ibrahim did, though all of it was more or less forced on him by his precarious tenure of the country. His conscription, in six years more, would have depopulated the country, but the force was necessary to maintain his position ; and could his own talents have become hereditary, there seems no doubt the rule was every way preferable to that of the Sultan.

To him the Christians owe the dawn of liberty

they now possess ; his government was just and prompt, and far less venal than that of any the Sultan can form for years to come ; and from my own experience I perfectly agree in the truth of his own expression : " Were it not for the conscription I should be adored." The troops he levied in Syria were generally hurried to Egypt, while, *vice versa*, the Egyptians garrisoned Syria. The Christians under him were first rendered eligible for all public offices, and though relieved, as now, from all military service, they were levied as rigidly for other works. It is related of Ibrahim, that the plain (near Aleppo, I think,) being infested by locusts, constant complaints were made of their devastations : hearing this, Ibrahim sallied forth with his whole army, armed with sticks, and their morning's work was probably more productive of good than some of their victories.

When the sun had nearly run his course, we entered the house and drank water and sherbets. The raisin is mostly used for sherbets in Aleppo ; and the grapes once so famous for their excellence, have now so degenerated as not to be worth the trouble of making into wine. Two dishes of

Arabic sweets figured advantageously—bucktouna, made of honey, walnuts, butter, and flour ; the other, knaffee, made of a grain so called, mixed with butter, cream (or cheese), sugar, and honey. Each occupied an enormous flat brass tinned dish. The economy of using cheap substitutes, such as honey, grease, &c., spoils most Arabic sweets, and they make mixtures which we, who are unaccustomed to them, can hardly find palatable. Four musicians had sounded noisily all the day, nor must they now be forgotten ; they formed the best company of musicians at Aleppo. No fantasia could be good where they were not. No. 1 played on a small instrument of wood hollowed out, rounded towards the bottom, the top covered by a tight drawn skin ; these he beat with two sticks, called Na Areat. No. 2 played the tambourine, called dira. In addition to the noise produced by shaking it, he struck the skin and played on the cymbals set in the edges. No. 3 played the violin ; this is now in common use all over the East, having probably superseded some less sonorous instrument of their own of a similar description : it is called kamangee, and they stoutly maintain it to be their own inven-

tion. The next plays a flute without covers to the notes, called nare, and tones of singular sweetness are produced by it. The last, a lively fellow, played the kannoon, a species of harp : it has seventy-two strings. Each sang a verse, the whole then joining in chorus ; and this they kept up untiringly ; being refreshed (though they were Mussulmans) by frequent draughts of ardent spirits. Some of the gay ones of the party danced, and so the evening wore on. The frogs outcroaked the music ; the dark came on ; and then we sauntered home, to other divans, to continue the same lazy sort of amusement, till we felt inclined to go to bed.

It seemed quite impossible to quit Aleppo, and any attempt at it was met by so many difficulties that we half thought our journey was finished. At last, however, we slipped off, having dismissed our dragoman for most frequent robberies. Fresh servants were hired, and, our own horses being insufficient, some baggage animals were added to the train.

Except the castle, Aleppo offers few antiquarian attractions ; its few inscriptions are of the Lower Empire, or Arabic. Its history may be comprised

in the same words as will relate that of most other Oriental towns — built, besieged, taken, retaken, &c. ; to which may be added its destruction by earthquakes. The last one, which happened in the memory of youth, was frightful, and the people of the town have hardly recovered from the effects of it. Its plains and wells have drunk deep of blood. It has heard that dreadful cry, “Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar ; Alhamlah, Alhamlah ; Aljannah, Aljannah !” “God is great, God is great ; fight, fight, Paradise, Paradise !” And recent events teach us that the sound still lurks in the throats of the Turks. A word will bring it forth, and then they will spring on the Christian, hateful, ferocious savage, as of yore. Well then can we feel how proud was Othello’s boast, when in fair Venice’s palmy days :—

————— “ In Aleppo, once,
Where a malignant and a turban’d Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the State,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him.”

CHAPTER XV.

Universality of Smoking in the East—Smoking in Persia—Story of the Young Widower and the Holy Man—Substitute recommended by the latter for a good Wife—When was Tobacco introduced into the East?—Old Arabic MS. on Smoking—Nimrod alleged to have been a Smoker—Mode of Smoking in Ceylon—Antiquity of the use of Tobacco in China—Sale on an alleged Prophecy by Mahomet that Tobacco would at some future time be smoked in the East—Legend of Mahomet and the Viper—Pipes used as Projectiles in War—Bhang and Hashish—Sultan Mahomet IV. prohibits Smoking—The Sultan and the Saphi—Modes of Smoking in the East—Tobacco used—Water-pipe—Nargilleh—How made—Their occasional Richness and Beauty of Manufacture—Persian Pipes.

It is rare in the East to find a man or woman that does not smoke. Enter a house, and a smoking instrument is put into your hand as naturally as you are asked to sit down. Among the Persians it is had in greater luxury than elsewhere ; particularly the water-pipe, for which Shiraz produces the best tobacco. There is a story, often heard at the dekkans (shops), which may not be out of place here. In the good old days when time was young, and all men had comforts, or plenty of money to buy them, there lived a young man good and virtuous, as young men

were then, and ought to be now. He had many treasures ; but among them all, none he valued so much, or treated so well, as a virtuous and loving wife. Alas ! alas ! she fell sick and died.

Vainly he sought to bear up against the loss with brave resolution. He filled his harem with the choicest beauties, and married four beautiful virgins, as the Prophet allowed him. None, however, could fill the place of his lost, his precious jewel ; and his heart died within him for grief. At this juncture, he resolved to visit a holy man of whom he had heard all men speak ; a man whose youth had been passed in one long strict nizell fill hallowee.* And to his dreary habitation in the desert he took his way.

* The *Nizell fill Hallowee* is even now often practised by devout Muslims. They leave their homes and take up their quarters either in the mosque itself, or in one of the numerous apartments round it, and within the holy precincts. Here they remain for a longer or a shorter period, according to the amount of their zeal ; some in strict retirement, or only joining in the prayer ; others receiving visits from their friends. At the end of the period, generally forty days, the devotee goes to the bath, receives from the public or the funds of the mosque a new suit of clothes ; if wealthy, distributes charity to the poor, not forgetting the dogs, and is escorted home with music, and a large concourse of the faithful.

While residing at Latakia, a man in difficulties withdrew in this way, refused to see anybody, and strictly maintained his seclusion. He was a merchant, and thus avoided the inquiries of his creditors, who were Christians. By the time the retirement was over, his friends managed to set his affairs in such order as to be able to offer his creditors the option of getting nothing or giving him time. He was escorted home

The holy man received him as a father receives the son he is proud of, and begged him to empty all his cares into his bosom. Having heard his cause of grief, he answered, "My son, go to thy wife's tomb; and there thou wilt find a weed: pluck it, place it in a reed, and inhale the smoke as you put fire on it. This will be to you wife, and mother, father, and brother; and, above all will be a wise counsellor, and teach thy soul wisdom, and thy spirit joy."

Without this legend it would be very difficult to trace how tobacco first came into use in the East. We can hardly suppose that it was imported hither from America. In making enquiries on the subject while at Mosul, an old Arabic MSS. was found, which is now being copied,—a lengthy process, as the original extended over one hundred closely written pages, and the owner a Bibliomanist, would by no means part with it,—it was divided into eight chapters:—

1. On the origin of the different opinions for and against the use of tobacco.

with the usual ceremonies, nor could I find that the Islam at all considered the roguery of the step as injurious to its meritoriousness. In fact, I was rather put down for saying our duty towards God could not be well performed in opposition to our duty to our neighbour,—a big word, that means all human kind.

2. When this plant, called tobacco, was first used; how it was used, and the name of the instruments used in inhaling it.

3. On smoke in general; how it is begotten; its good and evil properties.

4. On the smoke of tobacco; its good and evil properties.

5. On the argument of such as forbid the use of tobacco, &c. &c.

The author, in his chapter on its first use, says that Nimrod smoked. Poor Sir Walter Raleigh's claim fades before that of the mighty hunter, clad in the garments of Adam. If the curious reader will go to the British Museum, he will there see an Assyrian cylinder, found at Mosul, and presented to the institution by Mr. Badger, whereon is represented a king smoking from a round vessel, attached to which is a long reed. We can hardly suppose that in the comparatively short space of time since the continent of America was discovered by us, it would have spread through Europe* to the

* Russell, in his "Aleppo," (I quote from memory, not having seen the book for years), says, "Tobacco was unknown at Aleppo so late as the year 1603." And Sandys, in 1610, speaks of smoking tobacco as a custom recently introduced by the English at Constantinople. This is proof as far as Aleppo; but so far north, the weed can hardly be considered indigenous. Even allowing Sandys to be correct, till greater

very utmost corners of Asia: that the Burman would smoke his cigar as he does, and the wild man of the forests of Ceylon would make his hand into a bowl, and smoke out of it.*

In China we find smoking a custom, of whose origin among them they are ignorant. In the tombs there opened during the expedition, a pipe was always found, placed as a necessary solace to the dead when he should awake from his dreamless rest. In Peru we find the bodies without this adjunct, showing that it was not so necessary to the American people; while we find bread and water, and the instruments of his trade stored by the dead man in the grave.

The universality of the habit of smoking may be pleaded in its favour; as, what all do, must be right. In Europe we have no record of it; which established the fact of its being unknown, at all events to the polished Romans, whose every act, art, and deed we have recounted by their

further proof is produced, we cannot concede to America the birth of such a prodigy.

* These people, perfect wild beasts, double up the hand, curving the palm, and thus form a species of pipe; a green leaf protects the hand; within this the weed is placed, and thus they smoke. This is certainly the youth of smoking. Adam may have practised this method even in his days of innocence.

historians. But we lovers of the weed may reasonably hope that the elucidation of the Assyrian history will show us Nimrod making kief over his chibouk, and Semiramis calling for her nargilleh. It would enhance the grace of Cleopatra, could we imagine her reclining on a divan of eider down, toying with Marc Antony, as she plays with the jewelled narpeesh ; and her death by the bite of a viper, may be an allegory intended to depict her as over smoking, and dying from the snake of her nargilleh. Zenobia was, probably, of too mercurial a temperament to lounge her hours away enjoying a nuffuss ;* but we can only say it would have intensified her pleasure as she gazed on Palmyra in its glory.

Sale says, in his admirable Discourse, " At present the use of coffee and tobacco is generally tolerated, if not granted ; though the more religious make a scruple of taking the latter, not only because it inebriates, but also out of respect to a traditional saying of the Prophet (which if it could be made out to be his, would prove him to be a prophet indeed), that in the latter days

* *Nuffuss* means "breath : " you do not say, when you wish for a nargilleh, " give me a nargilleh," but " give me a breath."

there should be men who should bear the name of Moslems, but should not be really such ; and that they should smoke a certain weed, which should be called tobacco. However, the Eastern nations are so addicted to both, that they say, a dish of coffee and a pipe of tobacco are a complete entertainment ; and the Persians have a proverb, that coffee without tobacco is meat without salt."

But the reasoning of Sale is illogical ; because Mahomet also does not mention coffee, which was drunk, we know, as early as the ninth century, and is at least as exciting as tobacco. Moreover he does not name bhang, or opium—probably then also used : he only generally interdicts all intoxicating things, and we may form a long list ere we reach tobacco. Among Mahometans there is a legend that he produced or introduced tobacco. They say that passing the desert in winter, he found a poor viper frozen on the ground : touched with compassion, he placed it in his sleeve, where the warmth and glow of his blessed body restored it to life. No sooner did the ungrateful beast find his health restored, than it poked forth its head and said,—“ Oh, prophet, I am going to bite you !”

“Wherefore?” said the husband of Ayesha;
“have I done you harm?”

“On the country, you have done me good;
nevertheless, I must bite you.”

“Give me a sound reason, oh snake! and I will
be content.”

“Your people kill my people constantly: there
is war between your race and mine.”

“Your people bite my people; the balance
between our kindred is even between you and
me: nay, it is in my favour, for I have done
you good!”

“And, that you may not do me harm, I will bite
you.”

“Do not be so ungrateful.”

“I will; I have sworn by the Most High, that I
will!”

At the name, the Prophet no longer opposed the
viper, but bade him bite on in the name of God.
The snake pierced his fangs in the blessed wrist,
which the Prophet not liking, shook him off, but
did him no further harm; nor would he suffer
those near him to destroy it, but put his lips to
the wound, and, sucking out the venom, spat it on
the earth. From these drops sprang that wondrous

weed, which has the bitterness of the serpent's tooth, quelled by the sweet saliva of the Prophet.

The Easterns abound with legends of this description, and they are not without their beauty or their use. Perhaps this is too trivial to merit the remark, but it is a happy habit which refers all the good back to the giver, and thanks with traditionary tale, their Prophet, as the source of good. Legends are links which unite us to past times, and lead us to think of their heroes with affection and respect.

Burnes, in his *Travels in Bokhara*, relates an anecdote, where the pipe, forsaking its proper soothing influence, appears as a mighty weapon of war. In the battle which overwhelmed the city of Raylour and terminated the life and reign of Dulora Rae, the Brahmin appeared with a train of elephants, on one of which he was seated, with two women of exquisite beauty, to supply him with wine and betel nuts. The Mahometans, unable to oppose these animals, retired from the field to provide themselves with combustibles: they filled their pipes and returned with them to dart fire at the elephants, which fled with dismay and disorder. In a note he says, "It would

appear from this that they smoked in that age : it must have been bhang (*haasheesh*) or hemp, since tobacco was unknown prior to the discovery of America." If the note had been left out the story would have done, for pipes could hardly dart fire at elephants, even though loaded with powder. The story must probably be a fiction ; but if any pipe would do it, a good straight chibouk would be the one, whereas bhang and hashish are smoked through water in a small bowl with short tubes.

We may, however, turn to history, and there we find Mahomet IV., son of Sultan Ibrahim, at Constantinople, in 1655, prohibited smoking under no less a punishment than decapitation. There exists a doubt as to his motive for so doing ; for Sultans in those days had not to render an account of the why or wherefore ; but some say he did so as a mild way of driving his people to Mahomet's Paradise ; others that it was to prevent the fires which nightly or daily laid waste Constantinople, then built of wood. Amurath hanged people who were detected smoking, with their pipes through their noses, and a tobacco pouch round their necks. He is reported once

in disguise to have entered a caique on the Bosphorus: a Saphi who was in the boat crept into the small place beneath the bows and there began to smoke; he joined him, smoking out of his pipe. After a little while the Saphi got up and struck him a blow on the back, saying, "Do you not know the Sultan's order?" The Sultan replied, "And it refers to you also." "No," said the Saphi, "I fight for, I would die for him; he does not mean it to apply to me—but I caution you not to do so." A few days afterwards the Sultan sent for him and made himself known; the man fell at his feet begging for mercy. The Sultan gave him his pardon and a good appointment, sending him, however, to a distant frontier to enjoy it.

Smoking in the East is practised two ways: the common tobacco from the chibouk. Tobacco is found in many parts of this vast empire. The tobacco smoked at Constantinople comes from Samsun and the adjacent parts; it is strong, of a light colour, and dried in the sun. The tobacco smoked in Egypt come principally from Latakia, and the mountains near. Of this there are several sorts.

Besides those which bear the greatest reputation, other tobacco is grown and smoked locally. The sticks of which the pipe is composed, are of various sorts ; the best are the cherry-sticks, which are found finest in Constantinople. The young sticks are trained up straight and strong, but most of those that are largest and handsomest are joined, which is done so neatly, that, till smoked, it is impossible to detect the joining, these last a considerable time, and are elegant. Others are made of jessamine, rose—in fact of any wood—and some are ornamented with silk and embroidery. The bowls are made in all the towns, but the best come from Constantinople. The mouth-pieces are of all sorts ; amber is the most valuable, and the colour most prized varies, as do all fashions. Many adorn their mouth-pieces with diamonds. Men come round who clean the pipe with a wire and cotton, but this is a thing few Orientals think about. They smoke on, clean or dirty. It would be a long list were I to give all the names for what we call a chibouk—there are, perhaps, a hundred and fifty ; I myself know upwards of fifty : it is generally known by a different name among every different people.

The water-pipe is of different kinds ; first, the long upright tube, supporting a clay bowl, filled with tobacco, which fits into a round ball of brass or cocoa-nut ; from this comes a reed of bamboo. This is the ordinary pipe : when riding, it is taken to pieces and hung, in a leathern bag, at the saddle. The tobacco smoked in this, is tomback ; the best comes from the Province of Shiraz, in Persia, but much is grown, of an inferior sort, in Egypt and elsewhere. It is used dry, and broken with the hand ; when wanted, enough is put into a bit of rag, and water poured over it ; it is then wrung, and this process is repeated three times, more or less, according to the taste of the smoker. Much art ought to be shown in charging them, as without it is done *secundem artem*, the thing is a failure. A servant is required, and if you smoke much, and have guests, it is no sinecure for him. There is, also, another sort of water-pipe, where, in lieu of a bell of brass or a cocoa-nut, there is a common native-made bottle. The better ones have handsome bottles ; the stems and pipes of these are of pear, which are considered as sweeter and nicer ; these are rather Persian.

The nargilleh owes its origin to a Persian of

the name of Thatmass, who was troubled with a complaint which rendered him a nuisance to himself and to others in whose company he happened to be. After a great many failures, he invented the nargilleh, in whose soft slumbrous gurgle his own infirmity was drowned. It would be needless describing what all have seen : there are some with many narbeeshes, so that each guest may smoke from the same pipe. The bottles are made in Bohemia—that is, the finer ones. The heads and pipes are of silver, brass, or wood. The first are often handsome, and are made by the silver-smiths, at any of the towns ; though those of Constantinople, Aleppo or Damascus, are the finest. The brass and wood, of course, may be procured any where.

The nargillehs in a house constitute its plate ; and 100*l.* worth are frequently seen among even the middling class of people. The narbeeshes are made best at Constantinople, as they are stronger and more lithesome. Those of Hamath are the best in Syria. The top is either a mouth-piece of wood blackened or, what is more graceful, of amber. In Persia and Bagdad, a tube of silver or gold forms the end. They are made thus : a stick is placed

horizontally in a vice; strong wire is then wound spirally round it; leather, in strips, wetted with glue, is placed over this, and again a finer wire of steel or brass wound over all. They average from two to thirty feet in length. The long ones are most graceful, but the middling lengths smoke better, as the others are seldom air-tight.

The luxury is heightened by scents, which are placed on the coals; they, however, add little to the taste of the pipe itself, shedding the scent over the room, not inwards. Rose-water is also put to the bottle instead of common water; this likewise is tasteless, and but a water. No doubt, this is the cleanest mode of smoking. The tobacco, however, is so subtle that much oil and deleterious matter still escapes into the mouth: and, as in all other things, the Orientals are careless of cleanliness, in this, where they exhibit the greatest luxury, they are sadly neglectful of details; and a silver nargilleh of great beauty often is brought you stuck into the bottle with bits of old rag.

At Constantinople they begin to make the heads screw into the bottles; these the servants are apt to break, so for peace, one returns to the rag, says "Mashallah," and

smokes. The Persians, who are an infinitely more elegant people than the Turks, make them of a beautifully inlaid work of iron with silver : some of the old ones occasionally seen in the houses in Syria, are perfect gems. Thousands of verses are repeated in honour of the pipe, the nargilleh, and its invariable companion, coffee ; but except the jingle of the words, they merit no notice, for though like all Oriental poetry, they abound in high-flown phrases and far-fetched hyperbolical similes, there is a striving after a beauty which they can never attain ; and the ideas, when stripped of the words, are bare and meagre. They can never be natural, but always indulge in extravagance.

CHAPTER XVI.

Departure from Aleppo—Halam—Muselmeicha—Meheritei to Ze Maled—Dilatoriness of Eastern Travelling—Advice to Eastern Travellers—A Spell to propitiate Relations to a Marriage—Arrival at Aintab—Put under Quarantine—Quarters there—Purveyor of Stores in the Quarantine—His mode of keeping Accounts—Doctor Smith, the American Missionary—Difficulties attending his Settling at Aintab—His persecution by the Armenians—Progress of Protestantism in Aintab—The Bishop—His School—Castle—View from the Wall—Conversion of the Armenians—Their better Treatment of Women—Departure from Aintab.

I WOULD fain have visited Hierapolis, where Julian collected his forces for the great Eastern expedition. It lies not far N.N.E. of Aleppo, and being out of the regular route, is seldom visited. I had found an account of ruins in an old paper of the old Asiatic Society's transactions, whose position struck me as referable to it ; but a person who had joined our party, having over-ruled my wish, behold us again on the well-beaten track.

We emerged from the Khan Khantaff, where we had resided, our horses fresh from their long rest, and making a detour, went to pay our respects to the consul. We went to Catab, a

suburb of the town, where the Frank residents have houses. It is a small place, and joins the town itself. The air, however, is said to be purer and cooler than that of Aleppo. Turning north again, we rested, after some half hour's ride, at a garden, and whiled away the heat of the day, which, even at this early time of the year (May 2nd), is sufficiently intense. The shade was good, and we should have enjoyed it, had it not been for our horses breaking loose, and fighting furiously. A grey of mine, the most vicious brute I ever saw, well-supported a name he had previously earned, Ibn Haram, "the son of wickedness."

At four we mounted, and, bidding adieu to our friend the Doctor, who had accompanied us thus far, we started. An hour's walking-pace brought us to Halan, a small Mussulman village; in another half-hour we reached Muselmeicha. The houses, about fifty in number, are of mud, and of a conical form. Our road had lain north along a half cultivated stony plain; the town rose, however, well and strong. On our right lay a range of low stony hills.

The sheik, or head of the village, came and paid his respects, and for ten piastres, or about 2s. 2d., furnished our horses with cut grass, and

gave us two guards to watch the encampment. Seeing the animal I rode was of value, they hobbled him with iron hobbles, secured with a padlock, and at last, not satisfied of his safety, locked him up in the house. If the proper pronunciation of the name of the village is Meheritei, it may be traced to a Syrian origin ; but all the people pronounced it as I have written it above. As the district of Halan, or Hailan, however, is also expressed by a Syrian word, the term Meheitei may be more correct.

May 3rd.—Meheritei to Tel Maled three hours and a half. One is almost ashamed to write on paper such a day's journey ; but those who follow may find my remarks and itinerary useful. Should any do so—

————— “ If on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
I've worn the sandal shoon and scallop shell.”

It is vain to say we were lazy ; the reader may see that, first, the horses kicked off their loads, then the muleteer had to finish his pipe before he loaded them. Nor in this business are any of the Easterns adepts ; they pass ropes and cords round the loads, and pack-saddles, which are huge packs

stuck full of straw ; but adjustment is constantly required, and they have little idea of balancing the whole properly. The muleteers are a troublesome race, and further experience has led me constantly to travel with my own horses ; because, first, the muleteers will not deviate from the regular road : next ; will not perform, even when occasion requires, a forced march—and then constant trouble is made about the loads, journeys, &c.

To all who study economy let me recommend purchasing horses. I do not allude to those who wish to hurry furiously on,—let them ride post ; but to the general traveller. He may buy a good horse for three pounds at most for baggage or servants ; his food will be fourpence, or less, if he has several, a-day ; one penny, or less, in the interior, and he will sell the animal for his value when he has done with him.

Our road lay along a plain completely sown with corn. We passed a small lake on our left, crossed the Chalus river, and rested for sometime in some Turkoman tents. They are similar to those of the Arabs. The women's apartment was screened off. We did not see the dames, but their voices were not low or smothered. One of the men

asked me, "What can you want fine horses for?" regarding my really handsome steed with admiration; "you do not make war on the Arabs; you do not steal mares; what can you want with them?"

We lost our way, and coming up with our servants, found they had waited for us; so we pitched our tents and resolved to wait for the night. Two names were given to the village built on a tel, or mound—Tel Maled or Tel Their. The road we passed over abounded with these mounds: many, no doubt, are artificial, but the whole cannot be so. Probably, one of them was Tel Bashier, or Bashae, the supposed site of the castle that made such a gallant resistance to the Crusaders on their advance to Bir, when they went to the conquest of Elwa.

May 4th, 1850.—What with bathing, idling, visiting, &c., it was two P.M. before we started. The Tel was a wretched village, or collection of huts and tents, inhabited by a variety of races, Turkomans, some few Koords, Arabs, gypsies, &c. The Turkomans move their tents only a few yards, or at most, a mile, so, strictly speaking, they can hardly be classed as migratory; the others—except the Koords, who do much the same—come

and go as custom or their own pleasure bids them. We were driven into a hut by the noonday heat, and my companions were asked to officiate in a most delicate affair.

The son of our host, a fine strapping youth, wished to marry a girl of the neighbourhood ; she was willing, and the parents on both sides were anxious for the match ; but her cousins would not allow it. Now, the agency of a spell was required, and what could be more opportune than the arrival of the Franks—those wise men to whom the wisdom of the past, the acts of the future, and the wonders of science, are clear as pure spring water ? A spell was accordingly written, a strange figure with tail, and trident, and potent words ; this the loving fair one is to put under her head, and perhaps her cruel cousins will relent.

Six hours over a rich plain, watered by the Chalus river, which we passed frequently, brought us to the village of Gadawa, a wakf, or appurtenance, of the chief of the Dewishes—the Daida as he is called. The tents were pitched in a wet swamp ; but luckily none took the fever : this village is an hereditary possession, and in its ruin we see the whole of the Mussulman rule. The inhabitants

tend large flocks of sheep and goats, but the houses are neither weatherproof nor even safe. Spite also of their light cultivation, and small care of the ground from the time it is sown till it is reaped—for they follow the Scriptural verse, and tares and wheat grow together till the harvest—their crops look strong and well.

On the following day we reached Aintab in five easy hours, our baggage doing it in seven. As we marched along, the sun burst forth : we left the sun behind, and trod over a rocky stony plain. A streak of verdure appears on the horizon ; long and weary is the rocky road ; a height is gained ; and Aintab Kutchook Shams lies before us : nor is it entirely undeserving of the name, though small, and not to be compared to its beauteous mother.

No sooner did we approach than the officials marked us out, and we were escorted round the outskirts of the town by screaming guardians, who conducted us to a huge khan, the place of quarantine. They refused our request to be allowed to pitch our tents outside on the banks of the pretty sparkling Sadsckur river, which, fresh and young, danced brightly on, as if eager to join

its waters to the Euphrates, and see the bright world beyond. We entered our prison, the gate closed, and we were caught.

We were visited by the German doctor of the Quarantine and a young Frenchman who had been sent to Aintab to study Turkish. The doctor had learnt English at Aintab ; but I must confess, just then being very hungry, I wished his jokes deferred till after supper. However, all was forgiven them when our own meal appeared, and very kind friends both proved during our stay. We occupied one large room, windy and ruinous, but retaining many marks of former splendour ; faded arabesques, gilded scrolls, and a handsome fire-place—for this was formerly the Governor's palace, and this his favourite room. Our hunger appeased, our fatigue over, we established our carpets, and found much comfort in our prison : the numerous windows opened on to pretty views, and the Eastern panorama of slow, lazy life was acting beneath our gaze.

Quarantine has in my opinion many advantages ; it stays, as it were, the too hasty progress of one's life. Activity proscribed, our companions few, we turn inward, reflect, and analyse.

The past reviewed, perhaps sends us forth with better strength to meet the future ; our future planned, receives assistance from the irrevocable past. We are thus put in order ; our accounts arranged, our armour re-arranged, we spring forth freshly nerved for the strife, the wrestle and hard fight of life.

Our tent, pitched on a neighbouring terrace of the khan, formed a quiet room to retire to, and its cool shade was peculiarly grateful. There was a sort of purveyor of stores in the Quarantine, a fellow who, perpetually living among the unclean, thanks to the peculiar rules of a Turkish quarantine, preserves his cleanliness. He supplied all the poor quarantiners with what they wanted, and a good place he made of it. As nobody else was allowed to approach, he enjoyed a complete monopoly. This did not apply to us ; as what law of poor Turkey does to a Frank ? The fellow has grown fat in his office, and, unlike his stores, was fresh and full weight. He could neither write nor read, so kept the accounts of his customers on a large sheet of paper, and these were distinguished by rude representations of some peculiarity of their persons or symbol of their trade, so that their

identity might be satisfactorily impressed upon his memory. Horizontal lines indicated the amount of piastres the customer had paid on account, and perpendicular the number of paras.

Among other visitors was Doctor Smith, an American missionary. He was a well-bred, sensible man, a clever linguist, and, from all I ever heard, an earnest and zealous servant of his heavenly master. His mission already shows results which must indeed be a source of peace to his heart, and proves that some are allowed even in this world to reap the fruits of their toil for the Lord. In that very town, whence a few years ago he was insulted and abused, a faithful flock now join in humble prayers to God ; and surely they pray for him, the instrument of their salvation. I was much pleased at the plain unexaggerating way in which he told the history of his Mission.

It appears a *warterbert*, an Armenian bishop to whom a see has not been assigned by the Patriarch (a practice, I find, not at all uncommon, as the Patriarch during the interval reaps the revenue), visited Aintab in 1845, and being much inclined to Protestantism, sold, during his stay, one hundred and fifty copies of the Scriptures. From hence he

proceeded to Aleppo, but returning again, he was ordered to quit by the bishop here, who had heard of the liberality of his opinions. He complied, and then formally became a member of the Presbyterian Church. Returning again to Aintab, in company with an American missionary, they were both, after a short residence, driven from the town by the Armenians ; not, I believe, without insults and some violence.

On the following day, Doctor Smith arrived, and he also was somewhat insulted, being compelled finally to occupy a stable in the khan. Probably, however, it was as clean and comfortable as any other part of the building. The Turkish khan-keeper, seeing by his baggage he must be somebody, gave him next morning the best room in the place. He now sent for the principal Protestant Armenian,—for already about ten families had avowed themselves of this faith,—and stated his wish to reside with him, to which the man readily assented. The Armenians, however, broke into the khan, and proceeded to destroy his luggage, at the same time ordering him to quit the town immediately. Upon this, he appealed to the Turks, announcing that he was a doctor, and they at once

took his part, saying it was against their law to expel a doctor. He also told one of the people, a priest, who was among the most active rioters, "I remember you at Smyrna, and now hold you responsible for any mischief that may be done to my property or myself." Things calmed down, the good work progressed, and he now has from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pupils in his school, many the children of non-converted parents. And in this year's enrolment,—great glory to our ambassador at Constantinople!—the Protestants are enrolled as a separate religious community : the males are two hundred and odd here. All sects recognised by the Porte are enrolled separately, as their taxes, &c., are apportioned by their own heads (chiefs).

The day before yesterday a fracas occurred in the school. A quarrel had arisen between an Armenian and a converted Armenian, but not on any religious question. They went before the Cadi, who sentenced the former to have his beard spit upon, and to undergo some other indignities. On the following morning (yesterday), about twenty, fiery with liquor, repaired to the Protestant complainant's house, resolved to beat him ;

but not finding him within, they repaired to the school, expelled the children, and beat the master, formerly a priest. This morning the children have applied to the doctor for physic ; for they allege here that a fright is equal to thirty days' sickness ; the master is in bed.

The present bishop is a liberal-minded man, and was himself hustled by his flock for asking them to desist. We breakfasted with the good man and his wife. The food was a great treat ; but thus to see talents and superior education toiling in a humble and distant sphere was grateful indeed. We then visited his school, held in two small rooms ; the children were not all collected since yesterday's fright. They sang a hymn in good time ; but my attention was attracted by the great number of defective eyes among them—hardly one had a sound pair. On the opposite side of the court a church is being built ; but though a firman has been obtained from Constantinople for the purpose, the Governor here has stopped its progress. Probably, Armenian gold has tickled his Mussulman palm, and he fancies himself far enough off from all authority to do as he pleases.

I visited the castle, like those of Aleppo and Homs, built on a hill just without the town, the face of which is revêted with masonry. Within are nothing but the ruins of modern erections, the body of a Moslem sheik, and four hundred barrels of powder. The stone, the same as that used in the construction of Aleppo and Homs, will not stand the severity of the climate, and crumbles away, split by the frost, or washed away by the rain. From the walls a fine view of the town is obtained. Like Aleppo, it is built in a hollow ; the sides of the surrounding rocks are full of tombs, and the bare land is well peopled with the dead. The tombs, cut in the solid rock, seem old ; on many I saw our sacred emblem, the cross, deeply cut : I counted thirty-six minarets.

The population is computed at 45,000, but this, I should think, is exaggerated. Till within the last two years it was governed by an hereditary chief, but he was recalled ; the Porte having gradually removed them all, preferring to centralise the government. His fate seems just, as his rule was both bigoted and rapacious. The Kaimakan, or Governor, is allowed money for keeping the castle in repair ; this he pockets, and

reports it in a perfect state—perhaps it is as useful in one state as in the other. In my want of all authorities, I do not recollect any instance of the mention of it in history. Timour took it, no resistance being offered, and here received the envoys of the Sultan of Egypt, A.D. 1400.

Our view enabled us to see the interior of a large khan, where yarn is sold by the women, they bringing in return raw cotton. By an old law, still in force, no man without a beard is allowed to enter, his discretion not being supposed capable of conducting him properly through so trying a scene. One mosque has a fine minaret, and, in its court, a noble tree.

The conversion of the Armenians has been a vast change for their women ; they are now emancipated from the bondage they have so long been held in—I do not mean personal bondage, for perhaps there is less of it in the East than in the West—but their whole moral position has undergone a vast change. The man is now first taught that the woman is his best friend ; his firmest, truest companion ; his equal in the social scale, as God made her,—a help meet for him, not a mere piece of household furniture. The woman is also

taught to reverence the man as her head ; thus imparting that beautiful lesson, " He for God only, she for God through him." She is also taught perhaps a harder lesson, a more painful task ; to relinquish all her costly ornaments, when such may be more usefully employed in trade and traffic : to consider necessaries more beautiful than costly clothes or embroidered suits. Gradually she is allowed to unite with the man in prayers, which is permitted by no sect in the East, women always having a portion of the church set apart for them, and the Moslems praying at different times. May it please Him who gives and dispenses all things, to prosper this and all other good and holy works !

A Frank traveller reached Aintab as we left ; he would fain have joined our party, but was detained for quarantine. Winding out of the town, we passed over the hills that environ the town, and entered a pretty valley, through which the Sadschur river accompanies us. Here, at a small village called Naringa, we chose a pretty spot under some trees, and pitched our tents. The horses browsed at our door, the stream jumped by before us as we took our evening's repose. And

repose it is, to sit thus at the close of a day of travel, to enjoy the view of the lovely regions given man to dwell in, to see the various changes time, circumstances, and religion have wrought in the family of Adam, or, as the Arabs say, in the Beni Adam. It was a lovely evening ; and as I reclined apart from my more gregarious fellow-travellers, I felt

“ That the night was filled with music,
And the cares that infested the day,
Had folded their tents, like the Arab,
And as silently stolen away.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Naringa to Nezeb—Towns passed in our Way—Origin of Tels—Great Victory of Ibrahim Pasha described—Nezeb—Pilgrims from Bokhara—First View of the Euphrates—Reflections suggested by it—Ancient Passages of the Euphrates—Pass that River—Town of Bir—Remains of its Castle—Spanish Monk—Beautiful Scenery—Detention from the straying of the Baggage Horses—A Pasha—His Courtesy and Kindness—Nobbagee, or Musician—Charmelieh—Its curious Construction—Extraordinary Well—Arab Mode of churning Butter—Arrive at the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, now Orfa—Hospitality of the English Consular Agent—His Opinion of the Arab of the Desert.

MAY 10th.—Naringa to Nezeb, six hours and thirty-five minutes.

We left our encampment, and passed the village of Kurdagee on our right ; in one hour and a half passed Jorkadeir, and in three hours forty-five minutes passed Orrull on our right, and Negaar, and also some others. We had no small ado either to be off ; the route lay over low, undulated hills, generally planted with corn, which numerous pigeons flew over, probably very anxious for it to ripen. We halted at noon on the banks of our old friend, who frisks away S.E. at every village almost.

They gave it a different name at the place we halted at ; the man called it El Leban.

All now speak Turkish, so we are forced to hold our communication through two languages, both foreign to the speakers ; how much of our meaning then reaches its destination ! All the villages I have mentioned are built on Tels. Are these natural, or does man still fondly cling to the ruined home of his fathers ? Crossing the Kirsan, two hours more brought us to Nezeb. Leaving, then, the village of Orrull, we crossed the river, and traversed a wide, undulating plain of lime. Here and there were plantations of figs, pistacios, and olives ; while broad lands of wheat grew elsewhere.

To the S.E. was a range of mountains, probably those of the range said to run north of Hurassolis Banbyre to the Euphrates. In front, green trees and a tall minaret welcomed us on, and we found our tents pitched on a pretty green before the large village of Nezeb. This was the scene of the grand victory which laid all Asia Minor open to the conquering arms of Ibrahim Pasha. The Turks crossed the Euphrates at Birejek, and reached this, some 70,000 strong. Ibrahim, it is

said, (and nobody who glances at the map can doubt it,) intended to dispute their passage : why he did not is unexplained, save that he might have felt certain of the result and wished to crush them at once. It is even whispered that the Sultan, secretly finding his army too strong for him, and fearing they would succeed the Janissaries and establish another Prætorian guard, ordered Mehemet Ali to destroy them.

Ibrahim hurried up from Aleppo, where he had concentrated his force, and arrived also at Nezeb, with a force some 45,000 strong, but incomparably superior in tone, discipline and material. One account says, he manœuvred in vain to allure them from their strong position, and at last marched and turned their flank, attacking them at daylight, himself directing the attack of the artillery. Three hours finished the affair. But I believe a truer account is, that he reached the field and encamped for the night. The Prussian officers with great difficulty persuaded the Pasha in Chief of the Sultan's forces to plant two guns ; this was all they could extort from him, and with these they commenced playing on the Egyptian troops. The rout was complete, when the Mollahs and others began

exclaiming against the Mussulman blood thus shed by Giaours ; the fire was therefore stayed.

Ibrahim and Sevre Pasha exerted all their powers, the scattered troops were rallied, and by the morrow able to play their part on the field. Ibrahim Pasha is described with courbash in one hand, and tarboush in the other, among his artillery-men, frantically shouting, flogging, and cursing them : Sevre Pasha probably acted the General. We asked the sheik and old men of the village, who paid us a visit, for an account of the battle ; but they frankly owned they and theirs had, with all their property, taken timely refuge in the mountains. To our question, as to which side they had wished the victory, they replied, " Where God chose."

The village is prettily situated on the right of the Turkish position, standing on higher ground than the surrounding undulations, amidst its vineyard, olive grounds, and green pasturage. It contains four hundred houses only, fifteen of which are occupied by Christians belonging to the Armenian Church. We met here some dirty, ragged-looking people, with high, conical, felt hats, pilgrims from Bokhara. They gave us the Salaam

Alikoom, more civil than their faith-mates generally. Well do these men obey the injunction of their prophet, "Perform the pilgrimage of Mecca and the visitation of God : whosoever, therefore, purposes to go on pilgrimage, let him not * * * nor transgress, nor quarrel in the pilgrimage. Therefore, then, with you be peace."

We passed a quiet evening : the goats were milked at the very table to supply us with food, and we sought our beds with the asser, an hour and a half after sunset call. The voices of the Muezzins, as I have before said, are very fine—in fact, they choose for this quality men of all trades, and even boys : the effect on a still night is perfect. The asser, in some respects, resembles our curfew ; after it none can appear abroad without a light, and the people generally retire to rest about the same time. It astonishes me how correctly, in these distant places, they keep their time. On one occasion, taking the meridian, I found that, at a very small village, they were but half a minute out. It is said to be done with hour-glasses, but this seems improbable. I have never seen, except as a wreck of former times, a sun-dial.

May 11th, 1851—Myab to Birejek, $2^{\circ} 20'$ to the eastern bank of the Euphrates ; * one hour in delay and crossing it.—Sending our baggage on, we rode to see a large mosque, formerly a Christian church : it was a large stone building, in the form of a cross, with side aisles added ; the pointed windows were filled in, and the original slanting roof was loaded with earth plastered so as to render it as nearly a dome as possible. We did not enter ; passing through the olive grounds, we ascended a gradual slope. On the right we observed a large circular encampment. The ascent gained, a large undulating plain is before us ; the ridge we stand on slopes downward, and, midst its undulations, the father of waters rolls his glistening coils.

All toils are repaid at last. “No small Euphrates through my piece is rolled.” In all its majesty it glides beneath my gaze. It is needless to tell the history of this river : from the earliest days, when tradition glimmers but obscurely in the few spots handed to us, the name occurs. Watering the

* Euphrates, called *Mourad Shai*, or *Sont*, “Water of desire :” they say one of the caliphs sent to weigh all the waters in the kingdom, and found this the lightest. Euphrates, from Bir to Bursna, $116^{\circ} 3'$; by its eastern source, to Malasgird 500 more : 1600 of run.

Paradise of earth, it has been mingled with the fables of heaven ; * the Lord gave it in his covenants unto Abram ; Moses, inspired, preached it in his sermon to the people. In its waters are bound the four angels, and, at the emptying of the sixth vial, its waters will dry up, that the way of the kings of the East may be prepared. In every age it has formed a prominent feature in the diorama of history, flashing with sunshine, or sluggish and turbid with blood ; and here, on its bank, its name unchanged, all now is solitude and quiet.

Descending amidst lands of dead, where here and there a kubbe sheltered some clay more revered than the rest, we reached its shores, and patiently took up our quarters beneath the shade of a tree, till a boat should arrive to carry us over. The redoubt, Fort William, as it was called, of the Euphrates expedition still remains. In ancient times these passages existed where there were bridges over the Euphrates ; the northernmost at Samosata, now unused ; Rum Kalaat, further

* Dicitur et Euphratis fluvio ovum piscis columba adsedisse dies plurimos, et exclusisse deam benignam et misericordiam hominibus ad bonam vitam.—*Lucius Ampelius ad Markirin.*

south, being the route frequented ; Bir, the khan and eastern bank of which is called Zeugma, or the Bridge, to this day ; and the fourth at Thapsacus, the modern Thapsaish, where Cyrus, Alexander, and Crassus passed into Mesopotamia. The Arabs now generally pass here, or else by fords known only to themselves. Julian crossed at a place called Menbidjy, which was probably abreast of Hierapolis.

But what avails to recount individual cases—the whole land is history. Near us is Racea, once the favourite residence of Aaron the Just. Here he delighted to spend his leisure—

“ Entranced with that place and time,
So worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.”

But our boat, which we have long watched, has been tracked up to the spot where we stood, some mile or so above the town, which stands on the western bank, and occupies the site of a hill rising abruptly from the river. The boat was built of strong logs laid transversely on two beams, above which another beam is laid longitudinally ; up-rights are then nailed to these, whose lower portion, where secured, is the entire round of a

pole, the upper being cut roughly into the shape of a plank. A strengthening plank is nailed without ; the stern rises high, while the bow is perfectly open to the water. Two men used a huge pole abaft with a plank nailed to it as a stern oar, while two smaller ones of the same rough make were pulled forwards by two men to each—they carry two or three tons.

We rode on board on our horses, five in number, and then with yells and shouts drifted across. The current ran very strongly, so we but just fetched a low portway, the gate of the town. The river was of considerable breadth, say, a cable's length ; but the greater part was a mere shallow, and muddy to a degree. Here, while some difficulty of quarantine, or custom-house, was being surmounted, we were most ignominiously thrust into a dirty café. An Italian, however, vouching for our respectability, we were permitted to proceed to a Christian house, where we were kindly entertained.

The town of Birejek, or Bir, the ancient Apamea, or the Birtha of D'Anville, is built of white stone and on white cliffs, so even from the opposite bank can hardly be distinguished. The remains of its fine castle occupy the heights above.

The whole town, save the river face, is surrounded by a fine old wall, here and there disfigured by repairs, and on the face of the cliff are a great number of caves, probably of Troglodytes, as they do not seem to have been excavated for sepulchral purposes. Many faced with masonry for a front, are still used by the poorer inhabitants. The eastern gate is handsome, ornamented with the fan-shaped niches adopted by the Saracens from the Roman. Also, I observed a stone engraved with three fleur-de-lis traverse.

Our host gave us all needful refreshment, and I completely won the heart of a poor monk by half an hour's conversation in Spanish. All was news to him, and he recommended me to heaven as an angel, for the good, he said, hearing his language did him. He belongs to a convent at Orfa, which is, it appears, supplied by the Propaganda at Leghorn.

Leaving Bir as soon as our baggage* was passed,

* It was not till I reached Mosul, that I discovered the cause of our being detained and annoyed; nor, as none of our party could read Arabic, were we conscious of the mistake, till my *teskere* was read me at Mosul. But our dragoman at Aleppo, had been ordered to procure them, after we had told him we had no further need of his services. He, therefore, had them made out for us, maliciously saying, we were petty merchants: hence all the bother and delay.

we ascended the hill on which it stood, and from the top enjoyed a truly beautiful view of the river. The Euphrates in its windings seemed a lake amidst which lay green islands, while all else was wild grass-clad undulating plain. Water poured down the side of the road disdaining the restraint of an ancient aqueduct ; beneath us lay the town and the long home of its inhabitants on the opposite side of the river ; the antient walls, still stately in their ruins ; the caverned rock, and here and there green trees and fallen pillars. Far south as the eye could reach, the Euphrates glistened in the evening sun like gleaming steel ; it wound away rolling on to the far ocean of the blue, the tropic East.

We now entered on the flat uninteresting plain that spread in all directions, strewn with a small-bladed scanty grass, aromatic flowers, and worm-wood in plenty. Not a tree broke the monotony. About an hour's ride from the river we saw our tents, white and glistening amidst a Turkoman encampment ; so turning up off the road to where they stood, we had hardly got beneath their welcome shelter, before the rain poured down in torrents. The head-man of the encampment

displayed genuine hospitality ; what he had he gave, and what he had not he regretted.

In the evening all our baggage horses strayed, and the servants scoured the hills all night in search of them, but in vain. Sheiko, the muleteer, was distracted. We hobbled our own beasts near the tents, and waited the event with resignation. The encampment we were near was scattered over the neighbouring hills for convenience of pasturage. On the road in front of us some mile-and-a-half off, is a fountain, Heirat of Saikheb Effendi, which means the Charity of ——. We are deeply condoled with for the loss of our beasts. They affirm on their beards nothing was ever lost before for one thousand years.

May 12th.—No beasts : our servants returned dreadfully tired with their hunt, the old muleteer the picture of despair. For my own part, the being unable to depart was no grief. My carpet spread outside the tents, it was delightful to lounge away the early morning ; the feeling of perfect health, produced by our abstemious mode of life ; the cool breeze, the scent of herbs fresh with the spring dew ; the wild view ; the free air.

We lay on the slope of a hill facing the S.W. The eye wearies with the space as it passes over the undulating plain on to the dead flat, till lost in the land of the Bedawee. To the N.W., blue with varied lights, the peaks over Nizeeb break the distant horizon ; one small gleam, like a polished shield on a dark sword, is all we see of the river whose mighty waters flow round us. But it is impossible for pen to convey the impression of the scene : it is necessary to see it, to feel it, to know it. Every hour of the day changes its faces, now gloomy, wild, as swift scud swept overhead, now smiling with maiden sweetness, as the sun poured down its lustre.

In the foreground were the tents, scattered here and there, the restless herds, the busy maidens ; now in shrill tones recalling some straying animal, now with soft voice trilling forth a song wild as the wanton tresses she wedded to the winds. The men, of course, as lords of the creation, sat in dignified idleness : they were fine stout-looking fellows. An only son wears an ear-ring : this is more, however, as a charm than as a distinction.

About noon we saw the party of the new Pasha on his way to Orfa, to reinstate the former one,

and despatched two servants to state our wants. He halted, and most kindly offered us mules to carry our baggage. Feeling it would be wrong, however, to desert our poor muleteer,* who, had we left, would never have found his beasts, we declined, only requesting some soldiers. Accordingly, a party was put at our disposal, who commenced a fresh search. At last, late in the afternoon, our missing animals were found tied up in the tent of an Arab of the tribe of Jakesh, who said he was on the point of bringing them back when the soldiers arrived. It was not worth while disbelieving the assertion, so they were well secured to prevent such vagrancy for the future.

We were thronged with visitors, whose principal cause of complaint seemed the Anase, who now and then indulge in a foray over on this side of the Euphrates, and are far too numerous for any of these petty tribes to attempt resistance to them. The Pasha at Aleppo has begun the only system which can have any effect on these free sons of the Desert ; he has forbidden the inhabitants of any of

* It is a law, that, having hired animals to go a certain journey, if they are lost, stolen, or die, the loss is the owner's, not the hirer's ; so we remained, from a feeling that our presence and interest was the only chance of recovering the animals.

the villages within his jurisdiction to hold any traffic with them. This, as it prevents their exchanging their superfluous produce for other needful stores, has made them rather knuckle down ; but, as it is but partially enforced, has not been able to produce the effect desired of bringing them to ask the protection of the paternal government of the Turks.

The sun-set was glorious : Sol sinks to rest in a mass of blue, purple, and gold ; the air full of bleatings, as the flocks all tamely follow their wild leaders home. After dinner a nobbagee, or musician, who had long been hovering about, requested permission to perform : he played a small flute, a mere hollow cylinder with seven holes. Many of his notes were particularly sweet and the execution not bad. He played a tune resembling " God save the Queen," but could give no account of its origin, nor even of where he learnt it.

May 13th.—We started, and in five-and-a-half hours reached Charmelick ; the country the same long rolling plain, all the bottoms planted with barley, and here and there dotted with tents. We observed several caves apparently made and used

by the shepherds to confine their flocks in at night. We could not, however, see the ruins described by Lord Pollington. Probably he took the other road. Charmelick is a large well-built khan, and near it is the village of the same name. This is one of those curious semi-interred villages: it seems as if a hole was cleared out and mud walls of division run up. On these rest mud domes curiously contrived with a large opening in front. You may ride over the village and remain ignorant of its existence, thinking you have passed by a number of small craters.

These holes give light to the houses and egress to the smoke. It is curious to enter and explore the labyrinth of holes of rooms; horses, fowls, animals—all are lodged together, so they abound superlatively with vermin. I had a good opportunity of exploring, as the inhabitants were encamped without for the summer. This is the supposed site of Anthemusia,* the capital of the district so called. In front of the khan was the tel and the ruins of an old mosque, with another ruin; also a column and large remains of stones.

* It was, perhaps, the city of Anthemeus, or he might have been its founder, A. D. 467 or 469.

Beneath the mosque are some fine vaults. The khan has no water, but there is a well some thirty yards from the mosque, which has two hundred steps of stone to descend to it : such a work could never have been made in this day.

On the arrival of my companions, we went on to the encampment. some half-hour off the road, where we resolved to pass the night. We noticed a tel and two burial grounds. Arrived at the encampment : it consisted of about sixty tents. We were received most civilly. This we owe to Ibrahim Pasha, who burnt and drove all the lawless independence out of the people : now they are labourers, not warriors. Nimrod Dagh, a long mountain to the W.N.W. of us.

May 14th.—The noise of churning the butter awoke me to witness the operation. Two tall stakes are driven into the ground ; between these is hung a goat's skin, the openings of which are sewn up, save the neck. The milk is put in, and the women work it rapidly backwards and forwards. Each tent has one of these churns, and when many are at work they keep time together. With others a stick, the length of the goat's skin, is tied to it ; this is slung to a tent-line and

worked. The butter is sweet and good, but thin. The whole fuel used is dung, dried in the sun in flat cakes. The men as usual, supremely idle, sat and watched us. Our washing afforded them great amusement.

We rode to Orfa in six and a half hours ; the baggage took eight or nine. The Turkomans endeavoured to rob us, but were detected. Riding over the plain till we regained the road, we pursued our way. The country was of exactly the same description as before ; here and there we came upon a covered well. There is generally a flat surface with stone in the direction of prayer below ; a few steps lead down to the water ; seldom deep down, an inscription, containing the name of him who built it, and near, several stone troughs to contain the water for the cattle. We passed another tel, with remains of a modern village.

Leaving the open plain, we rode amidst rocks and barren places over a paved road for miles. In places the road was cut in the solid rock. From thence we descended into a plain, covered with here and there brown dusty olive trees. On turning to the right we observed a low wall run-

ning along the hill in front, and then, on the left, the ruins of a castle. And this was the Ur of the Chaldees, the Edessa of the Romans, the Orfa of our day. Here God spake to Abram !

Passing through the gardens, we rode to the house of the English consular agent, who pressed us most warmly to remain with him ; but we preferred the convent, so were soon established in the Nestorian one, which is without the town, or rather in a suburb on the other side of the water. The kind old man sent us a dinner, saying, if we would not eat his dinner at his house, we must eat it at our own. He received the honorary distinction as a tribute for his humane and kind protection of the Nestorian Christians. We explained to him our resolution to go by the Desert to Mosul : this he could not understand ; the regular way was enough for him, and he spoke long and fearfully of the Arabs—the bad, savage Arabs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Eastern Bath—How thoroughly to enjoy it—Visit the Pasha—Incongruous Dresses of his Attendants—Arrangements for crossing the Desert—Town of Orfa—Well of Abraham—Sacred Carp—Inquiry as to the ancient Worship of Fish—Mosque and College of the Patriarch described—Birthplace and Tomb of Abraham—Moslem Veneration for Abraham—Account of the Patriarch in the Book of Jasher—Terah and Nimrod—Caves and Tombs in the Rocks described—Pillars of the Throne of Nimrod—Castle of Orfa—Its present Condition—Vicissitudes of the City in ancient times—Its various Conquerors—Present State of Orfa—Its rude Cotton Printing—Its Manufactures—Dresses of the People—Diversity of Languages heard at Orfa.

MAY 15th.—At daylight the worthy representative of her Majesty paid us a visit. As we showed no inclination to rise, he grew dreadfully impatient, opened all the windows, and finally pressed us to visit the Pasha off-hand. We compromised the matter by going to the bath. Here his kindness led him, and he even washed with us. The bath is certainly a great luxury ; few Englishmen, however, enjoy it properly : they hurry over the process, and as the bath-men know they do it from a species of curiosity, they act accordingly.

But voyagers extend the luxury thus :—Send a

servant before you to warn the bath-keeper you are coming, or, if the bath is small, have it cleared altogether ; send your own carpets, clothes, soap, scents, nargilleh, coffee, and sherbet. I need not describe the bath (*vide* Titmarsh, "Cornhill to Cairo ;" *vide* Warburton's "Crescent and Cross"). The one is a caricature, the other is as he and I enjoyed our bath at Deir el Khamar. Spend in it two or three hours, having previously settled your affairs, so that nothing may interrupt the perfection of the kief. Well, we saw the consul dirty, we saw him washed, and then, after breakfast, at all of which delays he complained sadly, we walked to the serai.

The Pasha received us kindly, in a wretched room, hung with a dingy curtain, and furnished with a red baize divan. He was dressed in the semi-European dress of Stamboul. The dress of a Pasha's attendants is a curious melange. They wear embroidered coats, faded, a little torn ; straps probably cut, no socks, or huge Persian socks ; their clothes unbrushed and unfitting ; some European waistcoats, some native ; some had shirts, others not. Why not have preserved their own handsome flowing robes and Oriental costume ?

After the grandiloquent compliments were over, we stated our desire to cross the Desert ; he offered us fifty horsemen if we needed them, but at the same time said he thought we could not do it safely with five hundred ; finally, he begged to refer the matter to the Medjelis, which was to sit next day. To this we agreed, and thanking him for his civility on the road, retired. On reaching the convent we found the Rev. Mr. M—— had arrived. He proved indeed a welcome addition to our party, which he kindly consented to join. Accompanied by our constant friend the consul, we then sallied out to see the place. I was much struck by the numbers of green turbans here : it shows either more wealth, or more disposition to spend it in the purchasing such a now nominal distinction. Also there were no dogs in the streets.

The town is clean for an Eastern town, and has fewer bare places than most. We visited first the Birket el Ibrahim el Khaled, or the Well, literally, of Abraham the Beloved. This is a large reservoir, filled by means of a channel from a small stream, rising a short distance S.W. of the town. The reservoir is thus fresh, the water being supplied by the river. In this water are preserved carp, which

multiply exceedingly : they are not allowed to be taken. The infidel Giaours, however, sometimes eat the sacred food, catching by stealth those that wander from the sacred precincts. Being fed by all who are charitable, they are fat and large. The consul's kavais poured some eatable into the water, and they rushed to it, forming literally a tangled body of wreathing fish. In the reservoir, a shallow place of some sixty feet long and about forty broad, there could not have been less than fifty thousand fish.

It would afford a curious subject of inquiry, the origin of this veneration for a creature uninteresting in every way. It is probably a relic of a more ancient worship. In Deuteronomy the Jews are warned against making any image of fish to worship it. We find the fishes, or images, rather, with fishes' scales and tails, among the excavations at Nimroud and Koyunjik. The worship of fish would also belong to Mesopotamia, for here Osiris was metamorphosed into a fish when flying from Typhon :—"Timebant ne sibi membra si animalibus hisce vescerenter a vindicta Deæ intumescerent, ulceribus scaterent, aut tabe consumerentur." Clemens remarks that the Phœnicians of Syria

paid no less worship to their fish than to their God.

At the western end of the reservoir is a kiosk, from the latticed windows of which a pretty view is obtained of the mosque and college of the Patriarch, built on the northern side. This is a charitable institution of some pious Pasha, but, alas ! the revenue is sequestered, and the students flown. It consists of a large mosque, with three domes, and a graceful minaret : the door of the mosque was of wood, beautifully inlaid, and the door-posts of marble, carved in the most graceful manner of Saracenic work. This stands on one side of the court, its foundations washed by the water of the reservoir. On the remainder of this façade are graceful Saracenic arches, light and open ; on the three remaining sides are the rooms of the college, and in the court fine cypresses.

From thence we walked to the birthplace of Abraham. A Turkish cemetery has been planted round it. The water flows through in a pretty stream, and its banks are a favourite place for solemn Turks to come and make quiet kief. The tomb itself is a cave in the rock, shut by a door ; an open wall forms a sort of outer chamber, where

votive rags and some religious banners are deposited.

The poor consul exhibited such lively fear on my attempting to approach that I forbore, and am therefore unacquainted with the interior of the chamber. Moslems are brought from afar to lay their bones on the spot where Abraham was born. They consider him as their founder; they called him the Blessed, the Friend of God. The cave can claim no Scriptural authority for its authenticity, nor even (except by inference), can we prove Ur his birthplace. Thus, Genesis xi. 28 :—"And Haran died before his father Terah, in the land of his nativity, in Ur of the Chaldees." In the book of Jasher,* which, if its asserted antiquity is dubious, is at all events a curious collection of current legends, there is a long and miraculous account of the birth, preservation, and youth of Abraham. Terah was the son of Nahor, and was prince over the hosts of Nimrod, and he was great in the sight of his king and of all his subjects. Abram was born, and all

* For the genuineness of this book it is impossible to vouch: it is however, twice quoted in Scripture; and farther on, I shall endeavour to prove its antiquity. It only gives a more detailed account of the early world, not in any way contradicting the Scripture account.

the great men of the land feasted in Terah's house in honour of the event. As the conjurors returned home, they saw a very large star, and it came from the east, and ran in the heavens, and swallowed up the four stars from the four sides of the heavens. This they told to Nimrod, who, resolving to defeat the ill omen, sent for Terah, and ordered him to bring to him the son that was born to him, that he might slay him. Terah pleaded for him with a father's fondness, but Nimrod offered him a house full of gold as a recompense, insisting, however, on compliance with his request. Terah begged the king to give him counsel in a matter. He said, "Ayon, the son of Mored, offers me gold and silver if I will give him the horse of great price your Majesty gave your servant." And Nimrod answered, "Art thou a fool, to give thy horse for silver or for gold? Of what worth will it be unto thee when thou hast no horse?" "Live for ever, O king! Of what use will silver and gold be unto me when I have no son?" The king, however, would not admit the analogy, but ordered Terah to give up Abraham on pain of destruction to him and his if he refused. Terah accordingly gave up a son born to him that day of one of his handmaids,

whom Nimrod slew at once. Then it says :—
“ And Terah took Abram his son secretly, and hid him in a cave, together with his mother and nurse, and he remained there concealed ten years.”
At all events, the legend is curious.

Much of the other legends of Abraham, as contained in the Koran, may be found in the Book of Jasher ; he is, as I said before, the founder of the Moslem creed, according to the Koran, where it is said : “ And Abraham bequeathed this religion to his children.”

We next visited one of the Ians, or principal Mussulmans of the place. He said that he knew of two Anase then in the town, whom he would send to us to make an arrangement relative to the route by the Desert. Our new companion shamed our idleness ; before we were up he had made many sketches, and then again expressed his willingness to accompany us. We directed our course to the south-westward of the town, to explore some of the many rude caves and tombs cut in the rock. Many of them are inhabited, others converted into stables.

Some, however, remain as they were : they consist of a large outer chamber, opening to the

air either by an entrance their whole size, cut in the rock, or else cut and then closed by masonry. In the first chamber are four, six, or two recesses, seemingly for bodies ; a second chamber then succeeds, entered by a square doorway, within again an arched one ; there being a foot or two of space between the two, in which the work is cut away, as if to admit the stone doorway that closes the tomb to be pushed away when it was required to enter it. There are likewise huge places cut as if to permit a bolt to be shot back in the same way. This chamber is entered by three steps, and the threshold within is a square chamber, varying in size in the different tombs. Within the larger are five recesses, one facing the door, and two on either side ; on the wall of partition are niches, and others are dispersed about. On several were the remains of thick plaster, and also paintings in fresco ; the plaster seemed, in fact, to owe its preservation to the colouring.

The tombs cover the faces of almost all the neighbouring hills ; we examined nearly all, but, except in the difference of size, found no variety. The niches were pent-shaped at top, with a niche over the place rounded for the head, as if for a

lamp. Entering the walls of the town, we mounted the steep hill on which the castle stands. The hill-side has been used as a cemetery by the Turks ; the path zig-zags up the steep sides, in parts cut out of the rock. The part of the hill enclosed within the walls may be a quarter of a mile in breadth, by 150 yards in width. On the wall near the gate we entered by, are carved two twisted snakes and numerous lions : the interior presents nothing but a confused mass of ruins, save the two fine Corinthian pillars that form, from a distance, such a prominent landmark. The rest are all Mahometan—a mosque, a bath, and other buildings, in bad Saracenic style.

The pillars, two in number, on which, according to tradition, rested the throne of Nimrod, stand on rudely-built basements, nor could I find any remnant of a third, or of any building to which they seemed to have belonged. On one is the Estranglo-Syrian inscription copied and translated by Mr. Badger ; I therefore need not repeat it : parts of it are effaced. The pillars are, perhaps, seven feet in diameter, but their height does away with all appearance of heaviness : they are built in pieces, and projecting knobs left on each piece.

Here and there, likewise, are notches also made for some purposes, probably of building on to the pillar. The capitals, a good deal weather-worn, are deeply and well cut. Beneath stands a ruin, probably one of the old chapels of the fortress. In portions where the hill is most inaccessible, the wall is further strengthened by a deep ditch ; in others, it rises against the perpendicular rock itself. It is defended also by strong towers ; but the whole is too patched to judge of the era it was built in. On one portion, overlooking the town, is a long inscription in Arabic, but I dared not copy it—the task was hopeless.

The castle commands the town completely, and from it a fine view is obtained. The town is found to stand on two hills, to fill a gorge between them, and then range away the northern plain ; the gorge of the Skirtos was a mass of verdure, just bursting into fruit. At present no attempt seems to be made to retain the castle in repair. It was probably impregnable before the invention of gun-powder, but now, commanded by the neighbouring heights, it is allowed to drop into decay. The town gains a splendour from this distance it is far from really having : the domes, the minarets, the

open terraces, the courts of the khan—all look well. One mosque has a square steeple ; we did not see it, but probably it may have been a Christian church : the Armenians have also just finished a great staring square church.

To the present city little antiquity can be justly given. The castle would probably be nearly destroyed before it was taken ; the pillars are perhaps those which Tamerlane found and erected his trophy on. The walls of the town are patched up, but very little of any ancient portion remain. Ur is generally allowed by all to be the ancient city built by the children of Aram, and receiving its name from their eldest brother in the Land of Shinar. Mr. Beke is inclined to fix here the site of Babel. As time passed on, it has received many names—the Oureasdim, or Fire of Chaldæa ; for here Abraham was cast into the fire by King Nimrod, which, consuming his brother Haran, wreathed around him as a pleasant garment—Callirrhoe of the Greeks—the Edessa of the Romans ;—Koha, hence Orfa—in our times. It was also called Antiochia in honour of Antiochus. Among the Arabs of the Desert of this day, it is known as Ur, the name they have

received and retained unchanged from long times ago.

In A.D. 198 it was conquered by the Romans, the city then constituting the capital of the small state of Osrrhoene. Situated between two great powers, it inclined to the Parthians; the Romans at first merely menaced it, subsequently reduced it, and in A.D. 216, Abgarus, the last king, was sent in chains to Rome. The kingdom became a province, and thus the Romans secured a firm possession beyond the Euphrates, fortifying Nisibis. Tradition mentions an Abgarus, King of Edessa, who sent to our Saviour for his portrait, which was afterwards the Palladium of the city, preserving it from foes, prayed to in their churches, &c. In A.D. 361, during the reign of Julian, the Arians rose and committed many outrages; for this he confiscated their property, and wrote that famous though ironical letter which in his calmer moments he might have forborne.

“I show myself,” he says, “the true friend of the Galileans. Their admirable law has promised the kingdom of heaven to the poor, and they will advance with more diligence in the paths of virtue and salvation when relieved by my assistance from

the load of temporal possessions." Justinian is said to have rebuilt it,—that rebuilder of churches, the great founder of St. Sophia at Constantinople. In the fifth century it received the Nestorian faith ; subsequently, the sacred picture was sold to Constantinople for twelve thousand pounds of silver, two hundred Mussulmans, and a perpetual truce. "The prudent Franciscan," says Gibbon, refuses to mention where the sacred image now reposes ; but its retreat is inglorious, and this ancient object of worship is no longer famous or fashionable."

About A.D. 635, Zegid, the Mussulman general, despatched by the Kalif Omar, took this city from the Romans, and levelled its walls with the dust. Edessa was famed for the purest of the three Syriac dialects, that of the Aramæan. It is by some asserted that St. Thomas, the apostle of the Indies, here received the glory of martyrdom ; but more probably he died from the hands of the Indians near Madras. In 1099, Baldwin was supplicated by the Armenian or Greek king who had been suffered by the Turks to reign over the Christians of Edessa, to marry his daughter and protect his kingdom. He granted both requests,

and repaid his father-in-law by procuring his death ; and secured the kingdom to himself by conquering it. His dominion endured for fifty-four years.

When Zenghi, the son of Ascansar, the sole man who stood on the right hand of Malek Shah, who first proved his arms in taking Antioch, was appointed Emeer of Mosul, he overran the country, and Edessa fell. Its king, Jocelin de Courtenay, unworthy of his father, saw his kingdom wrested from him, and, finally, died in the prison at Aleppo. Saladin took it, and Tamerlane.

Of course, it is now more flourishing than it has been for many years. The baths are large and fine, particularly the Khan Kooleh Oglee and the Custom Khan : these have a mosque attached to them. In the latter, the savage mode of cotton printing particularly struck me. A number of people were employed at it. The cotton is laid on a small board, as the portion on the flat surface was stamped, the man pulled a fresh part over, letting the stamped portion fall down the other side. On his left, stood a bowl full of the colouring matter ; across this, just floating on the surface so as to damp through, was a morsel of felt tied there to

keep it in its place. The block of wood on which was carved the pattern, was dipped on this, then put on the cloth, and there pressed. Sometimes two colours were to be printed on ; then two bowls, two prints, two troublesome processes, had to be used, and the result was very bad.

Carpets, saddle-bags, and the coarse cloth from whence sacks are made, are manufactured in Orfa. Ice was plentiful, and though brought from a considerable distance, is so cheap as to be within reach of all ; and a luncheon of bread, cheese, and iced sherbet, each in abundance, might be indulged in for a farthing, or five paras. The dress of the men at Orfa is much the same as at Aleppo and elsewhere ; I mean that of the middle class, whom I look upon as the type. The upper classes generally dress *à la Stamboul*, the lower according to their means, and those are generally very circumscribed.

The sleeves here are long ; generally the shirt sleeve is full, and long enough when extended to fall over the fingers. Here, however, and hence eastwards, the low pointed shirt is worn, whose sleeves, running to a point, hang three feet below the hands. This shirt is made of coarse cotton,

and is universally worn by the Arabs, Ansayrii, and all the people who border on them. Nor are the long sleeves without their use : they are graceful and ornamental, and form no small part of that wild, fly-away appearance the Arab loves to make on horseback,—his hand grasping the lance, with this wild pennon flying loose. There it is, his towel, his handkerchief—not his duster, for he has nothing to dust. When not wanted, he ties the corners of either sleeve together, and puts them over his head, where they remain till they are wanted.

The women wear different dresses. The Nestorians have on their heads a huge round pad, flat at the top ; this they adhere to as the ancient dress of the Syrians. All classes wear the white veil, and here generally a piece of stiffened black crape or gauze replaces the usual coloured cotton handkerchief.

The Aleppo button extends here, and few there are who have not had it. At Orfa the traveller will first hear that medley of languages, which will increase as he goes to Mosul. This must be the land of the confusion of tongues ; for about eight will be found used in the town as household lan-

guages by the different sects. The monks of the convent treated us with great kindness. Poor and persecuted they had been, and probably, but for our consul, would have been exterminated or driven forth to seek an asylum elsewhere. They repaid the protection he had given them by more than reverence.

CHAPTER XIX.

Leave Orfa for Haran—Tels and Barrows on the Way—Visit Tel Sultan—High Tower of Haran—Description of an Arab Tent—Its Furniture—Sheik Abdallah—Some Notice of his Tribe—Alarm of an Arab Attack—All Labour performed by Women—Dress of the Bedouins—Town of Haran—Its Ruins—Description of the Tower—Another Alarm of Arabs—Salt Stones, anciently used for building—Arab Indifference to Prayer—The Mosque—Filial Affection of an Arab—Christian Worship in the Desert—South Gate of Haran—Account of that Town by Pliny—Description of the Castle—Repose at a Well—Women come to draw Water—How they resembled what we read of Rebekah and Rachel—Departure from Haran.

MAY 17th—Orfa to Haran, six hours' plain the whole way. We left Orfa early, and, passing through the gardens, which on this side skirt the town, struck due south across the plain. East and west of us, ranges of hills running north and south, shut in, leaving between a plain of some twenty miles in width, which, towards the south, was boundless. Leaving the garden walls, we emerged on the sea of land; nothing broke the horizon before us but a few tels. Now, since many have been found, which, on excavation, have

produced ruins and antiquities pronounced as sites of ancient cities—

“Ambition sighed ! She found it vain to trust
The faithless column, and the crumbling dust ;
Huge moles, whose shadows stretch from shore to shore,
Their ruins perished, and their place no more.”

So she invented tels, barrows, and such like.* These were very numerous ; some large, some small ; all, or nearly all, had names. On many still stand villages ; others were covered with grass.

Many parts of the plain were planted with corn ; patches of it extended for miles. Other portions were left ; and there the cattle of the Koords, who encamp here in great numbers, were pastured. The villages are peopled by Arabs, who, by circumstances, have been compelled to become sedentary, and thus forfeit their rank among their migratory brethren. The herds of cattle were enormous ; young camels playing unwieldy tricks, and numerous storks quietly sauntering. The sheep and goats seemed much oppressed by the heat.

We visited one of the principal tels, Tel Sultan : it is divided into two portions, and in one side has

* See Jasher, x. 4. 5.

a deep hole. Various curiosities are said to be washed out of it during the rains. In the hole I have mentioned, was a large squared block of stone, on the top of which, in the same piece, was a circular piece, exactly resembling the mill-stones at present in use, with a square hole cut into the centre. There was also another block ; and every part of the mound was covered with broken portions of common pottery.

And thus our road lay. Perhaps by this very route Abraham of old and those with him travelled ; nor is it extravagance to say, the family we now meet may exhibit the exact appearance that the patriarchs did four thousand years ago,—the tents and pots piled on the camels ; the young children in one saddle-bag balancing the kids in the other ; the matron astride on the ass ; the maid following modestly behind ; the boys now here, now there ; the patriarch himself on his useful mare, following and directing the march. As we pass, he lays his hand on his heart, and says, “ Peace be with you ; where are you going ? Depart in peace.”

For many miles before we approached, we saw the high tower of Haran. At first, it appeared to float on water, and its hill seemed standing in a

lake, for the sun was intensely hot. Thus it looked quite near, and enormously large. As the sun grew more horizontal, it dwindled down to its proper dimensions, and showed its real distance. In the evening we arrived and pitched our tent just beyond a large Arab encampment of the tribe of Jahesh.

The Arab tent is formed of cloth, black and coarse, formed of camel's hair. This is woven by the women in pieces about twenty inches wide, and of any length. These are roughly stitched together with strengthening patches. Wherever the poles press, rough cords are strapped to blocks of wood, and these are sown into the tent, the rope passing through it from the peg, and being secured. Many have not this, but the rope is sewn at once to the tent-cloth. A row of poles support the centre, running from end to end ; these are placed perpendicularly ; a row runs parallel on either side, each sloping outwards ; these, put beneath, support the cloth, and the ropes, attached to strong stakes, keep it firm. The cloth then hangs down to within two or three feet of the ground all round, and a cloth curtain or a mat is hung to form a screen on the weather on the sunny side. At the

centre is a division formed of mats running across. The one half is the lounge of all or any who choose to enter it. In the sheik's tent it is the guest-room, café, hotel, council-hall of the tribe ; in others it is still open to all. Behind this is the cook-house ; and, probably, where the favourite mare is hobbled, it is an open space. Behind this is another screen ; and there is the women's apartment, screened all round.

The furniture of the tent, as well as its size, &c., will vary ; but generally it consists of a dromedary's saddle, handsomely bound and covered, a carpet, and several felts and sheepskins. There may be also a cushion and mattress, a few pots and pans, large vessels for milk, and other utensils for their simple cookery. An iron plate for cooking bread, would complete the rest of the kitchen traps ; while his treasures, corn-store, &c., would probably form the bed in the harem.

Sheik Abdallah, a very young, handsome fellow, received us most kindly. His people exhibited the greatest curiosity, which he begged we would excuse, on the score of their ignorance. The sheik's manners were charming, and there was an air of softness and effeminacy about him little

agreeing with our notions of an Arab warrior. The tribe has been gradually, as the Americans say, "wiped out:" they belong to the Desert about Palmyra, but were beaten and expelled from thence by the Anasè, which caused their dispersion. A few families of them fled over the Euphrates and settled here, having first tried the Desert, whence they were driven again; so they have already performed the first part of the fall, by ceasing to wander. They boast that they are called Ibn Succor, or Sons of the Rock. The tribe at present is divided into four, which are scattered all over the Desert, some being near Mosul, while others pasture their flocks among the ruins about Beyrout: these four are the Beni Mahomet, Youseff, Beni Tamour, Beni Jemassee.

Our tent was besieged; every possible cranny where an eye could pierce had a black piercing one looking at us. The chiefs entered and drank tea, and were good-natured, content merely to be allowed to look, without our disturbing ourselves for their sakes. Of any legend of Abraham they were perfectly ignorant: we, however, carefully instructed them in all we knew. Our horses had to be sent to a distance to feed, as there was nothing but standing

corn, and the pasture round had been eaten by their flocks ; but a short distance off it was in abundance : “ And when they came as far as the land of Haran they remained there, for it was exceeding good land for pasture, and of sufficient extent for those who accompanied them.”

On the following day there was a rumour of an attack : a party of hostile Arabs were prowling on the outskirts. Sheik Abdallah, like the hunting cheetah, seemed to expand under excitement ; all the almost maiden softness of his mien and manner vanished, and he sprang first to the saddle. A party of *hytas* also dashed after the wild marauders, but they swept off as swallows before a boy who wishes to seize them, actually swooping down again and scattering the cattle on another part of the plain. It was curious to see how simultaneously the whole camp was excited ; and again, how, half an hour after, they were as calm, lazy, and idle as ever.

A boy set to watch on the top of the Tel gave warning ; in a moment the war-song went forth and off galloped those who had horses, followed by those who had none. In a quarter of an hour they returned : the spear was stuck in the ground

in the centre of the tent up through the seam, and each sat down, talked a little, and then sank down to sleep.

The whole domestic labour of these people is performed by the women : they tend the flocks, drive them out, drive them home ; the boys also helping in this duty. They perform all the drudgery of the house : when the camp moves, they unpitch the tent, pack it, and often have to walk with any odd bit of a load that will fit nowhere else. They dry the fuel ; they prepare it of the dung of their beasts. They make the tent-cloth, felts and mats ; in fact, though only they do not till the ground, (a depth of degradation the Jaese have not fallen to yet,) the men literally do nothing except on great occasions.

The dress of the Bedo is picturesque ; a long, loose, cotton shirt, reaching below the knees—in fact, almost to the ankles—with the peaked sleeves I have before described : a strong belt of worsted, like a horse-girth, coloured black and red, goes over the shirt ; the *aba* or loose cloak, generally with broad stripes of white and black—this hangs loose. Many of the young men have their hair long, and plaited in small plaits : this is probably

the work of a pretty wife, who, newly wedded, loves to toy with her beloved. Over the head is laid a large handkerchief—*keffieh*—which is doubled cornerwise, but not in equal parts—the lesser half is uppermost. This is laid over the head, and bound round with the *ahkahl*, a worsted rope of various lengths made of loose worsted yarns, bound together at short intervals. This is wound round the head, and, as sailors say, passed under its own parts : the corners of the handkerchief are thrown up over the head, if not required to shelter the face from heat or cold. Often one corner is brought round the face, covering it up to the eyes, and passed under the *ahkahl* on the opposite side. It is a good protection from cold, and perhaps the best from heat ; except that thus swaddled up you are nearly suffocated.

The colours of this head-dress vary : the predominating colour of the *keffieh* on the west of the Euphrates, is red ; in the east, yellow, with small stripes of red. The other is red with stripes. There are others, but they are fancy ones, for the townsman. The *ahkahl* also is black, or brown—a pale brown : the black is used to the east generally, the brown to the west. Trousers I do

not mention, as they are seldom seen : when worn, they are generally short, made of loose cotton worn under the shirts. Thus, the Arab's breast is open ; but there is very little difference in colour between the parts of the body covered, and those uncovered.

I have now lounged long enough : we must out and survey the ruins. The morning has passed ; we have seen the whole domestic habits of the Arab : for eight hours of daylight they have lounged, some at their tents, others in the sheik's, idle, while their wives have spent those hours in toil : even now they begin anew to prepare the meal for the evening repast of their lords.

The Haran of Scriptures, that ancient town where Abraham tarried, where Terah died, whence Eliezer fetched Rebecca, the mother of the chosen, where Arabs still live, and by their manners serve to perpetuate the history of the past—is built on a Tel of greater extent than the generality, but of no great height. The hill is surrounded by walls which may perhaps embrace a circuit of three or four miles : within, the whole is strewn with ruins, bricks, stones, foundations, portions of arches, door-posts, &c.

On the south-east are the ruins of a more

modern edifice, but far too ruinous to allow me to judge correctly what it has been. It has one door with a broad, low, pitched arch, and the ruins of two others ornamented with richness and tolerable skilfulness of execution. In the centre of the court is a large handsome fountain in perfect preservation. The tower we saw so far off is a square tower of nine stories of loopholes, the whole built of stone ; and an extra height of brick has been added afterwards. I explored an arched vault, perhaps a bath, the arches resting on pillars without any ornaments. I say a bath, from the numerous pipes running into it ; the whole was nearly full of rubbish. On one of the pillars was carved in large letters, K. O.

Amidst the ruins in this part; which seem Saracenic, stand several columns, broken off, and the softer portions of the stone worn away with time. These are of large diameter. Of the Saracenic building the whole north-east wall is standing, and over the door is an Arabic inscription. Many portions of the place are ornamented with the plain olive leaf, which would point to an earlier period.

There was another alarm of Anasè ; and from

the hill I had a capital view of a most spirited chase ; but the fellows got off, though forced to relinquish the prey they had commenced driving away. At first they kept with the camels, driving the awkward brutes along before them ; but as the irregulars and village Arabs came up, they dashed through the herd and made off. One was most splendidly mounted, and the speed of his mare beautiful to look at. The grass was full four or five feet high, so they rushed through it by bounds, rather than at a regular gallop.

The Arabs employed the afternoon in scraping the walls for saltpetre, to make powder. Many of the lower stones of the castle are salt-stones. Pliny says : " At Carrhae, a city of Arabia, all the walls thereof, as also the houses of the inhabitants, are reared and built of salt-stones, and the same are laid of masons' work, and the joints closed and soldered by no other mortar than plain water."

The pursuit over, the people returned, shouting their war-song, and I proceeded to a large ruined mosque. It has been fine : the Arabs, however, seldom pray, and during the many days, and even weeks, that I have at various times spent among them, I never heard them call to prayers. They

are as much and as blindly attached to their faith as if they understood all about it ; but it is rather an hereditary tradition with them than an acquired knowledge. Some among them read and write, but the number is very few.

The Wahabees, perhaps, tainted their faith : they first showed that no immediate ill befell him who blasphemed the Prophet : they first dared to dissent, to enquire, to criticise. Was a faith that enjoined washing five times a-day fit for them who had no water ? Were they to fast who never feasted ? It reminds one of the letter of Prester John to the Pope, asking how he was to abstain from meat where there was nothing else to eat, and how he was to take the sacrament where there was no corn or wine ? The mosque has been large and handsome : the view from the top of the Tel gives a full idea of the vast plains : a little south, the eastern mountains fall into plain ; and then, far, far as the eye could reach, all is unbroken flat, save here and there a tel—like an island in the sea — breaks its otherwise perfect level. The weather, cold and windy ; the contrast between the night with the day, great.

Sunday.—At an early hour I started to see the

Kalaat, situated on the N.E. of the Tel. Near it is a large village of conical-shaped huts inhabited by Fellahheen Arabs, or tillers of the ground. The houses were merely enlarged beehives built of mud ; and as well tenanted by industrious insects of another sort (as I found to my cost), as if they had really been meant for them. The torments do not seem to be cared for by the natives, and they admit their company without opposition ; perhaps, it may be a necessary blood-letting. I must own it is a scourge always dreadful, and to which no use can render me callous.

We were visited by an Arab, who entreated us to visit his mother, who was ill. On our assuring him we possessed no skill, he became wild with grief, conjuring us by all we held dear : “She is my mother, my own dear only mother.” We might well learn a lesson in affection from this wild savage : bred up to robbery, to rapine, to violence, his heart was tender and soft as a gentle child’s towards her who bore him, who reared, who bred him. As Locke says, “there is no man from whom we may not learn some duty, and few from whom we may not turn what we learn to good.”

After breakfast Mr. M—— performed the morn-

ing service. May we not hope that, as the incense of the solitary altar of Abraham found its way to heaven, so may those prayers we also offered in the wilderness have floated up, caught by the saving breath of our Lord and Saviour ? It does the traveller inconceivable good, thus bearing His altar with us : well may they say that the service of our God is a loadstone pointing to Him. We seem in it to join dear friends afar ; to mingle, as it were, our voices with theirs ; to be prostrate together at the footstool of our God !

Again we started to view the remainder of the ruins from which our tent was distant perhaps half a mile. The walls are much ruined, though what remains is well built ; the south gate alone is perfect. Over it is an Arabic inscription : it consists of a single arch, perfectly plain : the spring has a little ornamental work on it ; the gate itself is square ; over the door-way the stones are curious dove-tailed ; the work well done. There was formerly a tower over the gateway.

Pliny lived A.D. 29 ; his history would have been written, perhaps, in A.D. 70 ; so his account of Haran at the time may have been correct. But the walls are built of blocks of stone, totally

uncemented, though well put together, and solid through their whole thickness. They are defended by towers—some round, and some square. Within the south gate are steps to lead up; showing, when built, that the Tel was much as it is now, though other buildings elsewhere show foundation floors on a very much lower level. Within the gate are stone divans.

The castle stands within the walls, but other portions of the Tel are much higher;—in fact, it is but little above the level of the plain, and much ruined. Its upper portions have disappeared, and its own ruins half bury what remains. The vaulted chambers within are fine and lofty, the roofs of bricks, small and well put together: these—spite of becoming black with fleas and scratching—I explored; and my research was rewarded by finding two pillars built into the wall, of great beauty. Small, but well proportioned, of an extremely black close-grained marble, the capital lotus leaves clustered round the stone. There were several other fluted shafts, but I saw no capitals.

The villagers have dug into the place for bricks, as if it was a mine; every flat portion of the ruin

also has a hut on it, and below the spot on which it rests another man digs for bricks—thus undermining his neighbour. At one corner of the castle is a circular mosque, isolated in a circle of the main building: a mosque, I say,—for so it was called,—but it resembled rather a tomb, being much the same as that of Absalom in the Valley of Jehosaphat. This I was not permitted to enter.

As the evening came on, we sat and watched a well, which we had fixed upon as that by which the servant of Abraham stopped: “And he made his camels kneel down without the city, by a well of water, at the time of the evening, even the time that women go out to draw water.” The well was to the S. W., without the town: this was the direction he would have come from; and, of all the wells, this alone was sweet and good.

Then Eliezer prayed that God would give him good speed. As we sat, camels came and knelt by the well; and then the veiled girls came out in long file, each with her pitcher, on her shoulders; as in Holy Writ it says, “Rebekah came with her pitcher on her shoulder.” And they one by one let down their pitchers; the bearded men knelt

to indulge in the draught they asked for. At such a well could any ask in vain? The Bible says, "she hasted and let down her pitcher upon her hand." With each family is a rope : this is attached to the handles of the pitchers, and the drawer,—generally, as now, a woman or maiden,—lets down the pitcher, the rope held by her hand, or resting on her hand. And here we sat and saw this very scene.

We might pursue the simile further : the ornaments, the dress, even the veil ; for we hear, when Rebekah knew that the man who sat in the field was Isaac, she took a veil and covered herself. This shows she had done so before, or she would not have had one ready, or even at all. The objection Eliezer made, was one that would arise this day among all Easterns, and perhaps among them only : "Peradventure, the woman will not be willing to follow me into this land."

The well, like many others, had a square stone at the top with a circular hole to draw water, and near stood (this is usual, also) numerous stone troughs, some higher, some lower, for the different descriptions of animals to drink out of ; and we read,—“She hasted and emptied her pitcher into

the trough." The pitcher itself, as may be seen from the Nineveh and Egyptian excavations, was of exactly the shape used still. Little did those laughing girls,—Rebekahs, Rachels, and Sarahs,—perhaps, think of the reason we watched their every motion so closely, and of the deep interest we took in every step of what seemed to them a mere daily duty, but to us was a wondrous record of the past.

On the morrow we left Haran with the dawn.

CHAPTER XX.

Haran the Site of Nahor—Site of the Defeat of Crassus—Haran in the twelfth century—The right-hand man of an Arab Chief—His dress described—A fight in an Arab village—The Sheik Dahhal and his Son—Gradual declension and probable extinction of Arab tribes—The Agedach tribe—History of the Sheik Dahhal—The young Sheik and his Mare—Arab Saddles and mode of Riding—Arab Horses—An Introduction to the Sheik Dahhal—His manners—His character—An Arab prisoner—His treatment—Bargaining for a Conveyance across the Desert.

NONE seem to doubt that the present site of Haran is the actual site of the City of Nahor, the place inhabited by Abraham ; whence Eliezer took Rebekah, where Jacob served for Leah and Rachel. The Theodosian tables place Haran twenty-six miles from Edessa—probably a correct distance. In the earlier mentions of it in the Scriptures, it is called Haran, (Genesis xxix. 40.) and others later (Acts vii. 2.), Charran. It is also styled Charra, Carra, and Carres, by the Romans. It was anciently famed for being the seat of the Sabians, who worshipped the hosts of heaven. This part of Mesopotamia was also called

Anthemasia by the Macedonians, after a district in Macedon ; and was so called from the superabundance of roses it produced. It was afterwards called Osrrhoene, from a race of Arab Princes who ruled it, but of this district Orfa was the capital.

Two hours' walk from Haran, according to Hadfi Khalifah, a Turkish historian, there are to be seen, on a Hill called the hill of Abraham, the remains of a Sabian temple. Haran lies fifty-five miles south-east of Zeugma, the place at which Crassus crossed the Euphrates ; and two roads separate here, one direct south, leading to the Euphrates at Nicephorium ; the other to the north east, towards Nisibis and the Tigris.

The site of the battle and defeat of Crassus, (B.C. 52, 53,) is placed twenty miles south of Haran. It is too much a matter of history to need repetition. Probably it was at the lower spurs of these mountains I have described, running north and south, a little to the east of Haran, which the Arabs told me were Djebel Dugdug. Their lower spurs run into the plain : nowhere are they mountains, I should have better said high lands. The ground there is still marshy, as it then was. Bitterly, as is well known, did haughty

Rome feel her disgrace, and Cæsar himself was preparing to efface it when he fell. Nor was it till thirty years afterwards that the Parthians restored to Rome, under the reign of Augustus, the trophies gained in that campaign.

Crassus himself fell, by an unknown hand, upon the field: of the rest of his forces, many were slain; but some met a far more hospitable fate, bitterly as their countrymen deplored such disgrace; for Romans and allies, in the words of Horace:—

*Milesne Crassi conjugē barbarā,
Turpis maritus vixit? et hostium
(Proh Curia inversique mores!)
Consenuit socerorum in armis,
Suo rege Medo Marsus et Appulus
Ancilliorum et nominis et togæ,
Oblitus æternæque Vestæ,
Incolumi Jove et urbe Roma!*

At the time of the visit of Benjamin of Tudela, Mesopotamia appears to have been ruined, for the Rabbi mentions that then not one building was left in the city, where his father Abraham had his dwelling. This was about the year A.D. 1173, or shortly afterwards. In A.D. 749, however, the dungeons at least remained; for there the ill-fated Ibrahim, the Abbasside, sighed away the life he had dedicated to the empire of the Moslem world.

The city that existed then, may also be traced to A.D., 1130 or 1147, for it appears that it was the disputing to whom the conquests should belong, which prevented the united forces of the Princes of Antioch and Edessa from taking the city of that name, then existing.

The day was intensely hot, the wind hotter ; our poor friend, the consul, completely doubled up on his saddle, just managed to arrive ; however, the bath, and a long course of *kupsedge*, (shampooing) restored him in time for the fresh toils we begged him to undertake ; as, whatever was our will, we had no power to interfere even between the persecutor and the oppressed. The good old man, however, promptly obeyed the call of humanity, and two Nestorian boys were saved from being compelled to become Turks.

On the following day, we met the grand right-hand man of one of the chiefs of the Shammar, then encamped in the neighbourhood. He was a small, clean-built, wiry Arab, clothed in a handsome dress of red silk next his skin, with a sheepskin coat outside. These sheepskin dresses are almost universally worn by the Bedo, and merit a description. The skin is cured with the wool on,

and rendered very soft by rubbing in grease ; these skins are then sewn together, forming a large coat that reaches below the knees of a tall man, with long and ample sleeves. The outside is of a red colour, from ochre being used with the grease ; and, during wear, it is also frequently rubbed with the same, to render it more impervious to wet. These dresses are worn in winter to keep out the cold ; in summer to keep out the heat ; and at once form the cloak, the bed, and pretty often the house of the Arab, collecting on its surface every species of dirt—within, perhaps, other matters not less repugnant to our feelings.

His business at Orfa was partly to get an advance on the wool of the people with his sheik, and also to sound the Pasha relative to protection from his master. All further arrangements were deferred till we could see the sheik, who was moving north to the plain near Haran. We waited, therefore, the two following days at Orfa ; days, which the society of my companions, especially that of E. and Mr. M., rendered anything but dull. The difficulty of the Desert route has never been overcome, and Basool Ain, the Resen of Scripture,

is untrodden ground to all but the wild Arab's plundering party.

Late on the third morning, our friendly Arab appeared, mounted on a beautiful dromedary, a great fat fellow bent on a trading journey, seated behind him ; and we started again across the plain to the east of our former route. At one period, I counted thirty tels, and the whole plain was covered with tents and cattle ; the villagers, at this time of the year, leaving their houses, and encamping without, for the benefit of pasturage.

In the evening we arrived at a small village, called Suaran, and pitched our tents on the Tel, a little apart from the houses. Sheik Abdallah rode over from Haran, and said, " Do not trust to Dahhal ; he cannot protect you, being himself much pressed ; pray wait and see your way well." The Shammar was indignant at a report that was abroad, that Dahhal, his master, had changed his encampment, and at once mounted his dromedary to go and find his whereabouts. The brute obeyed him readily, though he had just pitched the poor merchant, who rode on his croup, ignominiously to the ground.

In the evening the villagers had a fight with

clubs, with the men of another village, relative to the aggressions of a donkey on their corn. The noise was great, the blows few, the real damage in the fight nothing. I, myself, and the servants, joined the villagers among whom we lodged, or intended to do so ; for I believe we took the side we ought not, according to the rights due to hospitality, to have done. Both parties retired chanting the war-song and claiming victory.

At dawn on the following morning, a letter came from Dahhal himself, offering us every hospitality, and saying, the moment their tents were pitched, he would send his son to escort us to their encampment. In the early morning the thermometer stood at eighty-six in the tent ; but the breeze rendered it deliciously cool. At noon it was ninety-eight ; but still the same cause prevented our feeling any annoyance from the heat. Shortly after, Nouéran, the son of Dahhal, made his appearance.

He was not, probably, more than seventeen or eighteen years of age ; handsome, but with that peculiarly girlish effeminate appearance I have before mentioned as so frequently found among the younger aristocracy of the Desert, and so

strangely belied by their characters and deeds. This is also often found among the whole Turkish easterns, or those west of the Persian frontier : they are boys until they are middle-aged men, with a delicate skin, soft effeminate manners, and a round fleshiness, till at once they turn to old men with harsh lines and marks of time. The young sheik would have made a very beautiful woman. He entered the tent where we were lounging, said it was only while on their march during the night that they had heard of our arrival, and he had left the tents the moment they had been pitched.

The day was passed : in the evening we prepared to return with him to his father's encampment. The people of the plain, as well as the sedentary Arabs, had always expressed fear of the Anasè ; whether they were afraid to express fear of the Shammar I do not know, but should much doubt Anasè coming at this season here. There are, however, two or three thousand Anasè horsemen to be found living in friendship among the Shammar, with their tents, &c. They left their own tribe on account of some feud, and have been, I have heard, many years on this side the Euphrates.

Probably the Wahabee dissent and its disruption of all tribes, has changed almost all the rovers of the Desert ; then, their own constant feuds materially assist in this disturbance.

At Mosul there are now but thirty tents left of a tribe (Ali Abou Hamed) which ten years ago was a powerful one : they are at blood feuds with another, who threaten, and will, to use the expression of the Western Prairies of America, "wipe them out." But generally the Anasè may be taken as the tribe from the mountains of Syria to the Euphrates in the north, round' Aleppo, to, and south of Palmyra. They often cross the Euphrates on plundering parties, either swimming or fording it, though more frequently they pass over with the assistance and boats of a tribe, the Agedack, settled along its banks, with whom they are in strict friendship.

These Agedack are cultivators, and furnish the wandering Anasè with corn, when they are afraid to venture to the western frontier.* From the

* The Anasè crossing the Euphrates is one of the causes why Rais El Ain is so difficult to reach. It was inhabited by a sedentary tribe, the Bugara ; but they were so plundered by the Anasè that they left. The whole of this district now is a sort of open battle-ground, swept by war parties of the different tribes.

Euphrates to the Tigris are, in the northern stretch of Desert, the Shammar, who are now, however, divided into several divisions ; these often at open war with each other. The division of which Dahhal is sheik, is a branch of the Shammar, called Hammond : he, however, is but sheik of a small portion of the division ; and the cause (as we subsequently found) of his thus running under the Pasha's hand, was an act he had just committed, the consequences of which he even thus early began to fear.

He had stopped and taken a large caravan, though protected by Sophuk's men, and insured by his word. In Mr. Layard's "Nineveh" may be seen the best account of the Sophuk, the King of Mesopotamia : his son is now head of the tribe his father commanded ; but two-thirds have separated from him. He, or men under his orders, were now in pursuit of Dahhal, who therefore rushed for this place, and, like a proper subject, expressed himself sorry for past sins and ready to swear allegiance. This may be taken as an epitome of Arab border life,—a rover, he sacks and plunders as long as he can, and then, driven from the Desert by some stronger neighbour, he flies to the

protection of the Sultan, to fly back again to the Desert on some new aggression committed on the Sultan's subjects. In fact, however, as much treachery is shown on one side as on the other.

We remained at our encampment several hours, the young sheik with us, who was at first amused, then very anxious to be off. We accompanied him back to his father's encampment. He rode a noble old mare, of which he related many stories: one—which however was confirmed—was, that by her speed he had overtaken five other mares; these he had sold, and with the price of one of them had procured a very pretty second wife.

The Arabs seldom ride in saddles, more seldom with stirrups: several thicknesses of felt and two or three pieces of old carpet girthed on, form a pad. On this their seat is perfect, their feet hanging as gracefully and easily as if supported by a stirrup. A bit or bridle is also seldom used; a headstall or woollen rope, a chain which passes over the nose, and the rope which he holds form all his means of guiding his steed. The mare stands tied to the long quivering lance; he unties her; grasping the lance, he swings up till he falls

into his seat. The lance is carried generally over the shoulder: it is light and well balanced, the pole, about twenty feet in length, made of a light, good wood. The lower end is sharp, shod with an iron point for sticking into the ground. On the other end, before the long iron, is a round bunch of black ostrich feathers; above, a long bayonet-shaped point with two or three small bits of iron to keep up a jingle.*

We started in company with the young sheik, his attendant, and two or three of our servants, the young Arabs chanting with not unmusical voices—

The tecbir, so the Arabs call
Their shout of onset when, with loud appeal,
They challenge heaven, as if demanding conquest.

This war-song begins with a chant, and then passes on to another song; it is very characteristic and wild, and thrilling through their wild excitable

* The plume below the spear head of the Arab is said to have originated in the custom of the Western warriors in the earlier wars, of adorning their lances with the hair of their victims. Now that human hair from the cessation of wars is unobtainable, they substitute the more graceful plume of ostrich feathers. The tuft of long hair left on the head, and which is not according to the precepts of the Prophet, originates also from their wars. As the heads of the believers were shaved, the enemy had no other means of displaying the head of his victim than by thrusting his hand into the mouth and so holding it up. This tuft was left, therefore, to spare the mouth from the profanation of an unclean hand.

natures with a thousand recollections, stirs up instantaneously to blood and excitement. Perhaps

Ho ho, ho ho, ho ho ho, ho, ho ho,

is the nearest approach to it words may convey. This they chanted with great defiance whenever our route led us near a village.

Our way was generally over high coarse grass, for we rode direct towards the tower of Haran, near which Dahhal had fixed his camp. They asked leave to play with our servants, after riding many courses with E. and myself. I was very well mounted, but the young sheik's mare could always creep up to mine. As one galloped away, all the excitement of a chase was felt ; one's ear heard behind the approach of the steed, and then, spite of every turn and shift, the long lance-head rose just above the eyes before one. This attained, it was whirled round with rapidity, and the Arab swept gracefully away.

Their ménage was perfect ; the inclination of the body of the rider guided the docile animal, and a check of the rope staid in a moment his rapid career. This stop the Arab horses perform to perfection, the more so that there is no force used ;

it is the result of training. When thus checked, the legs, before at full stretch for the stride of the gallop, are brought under ; one short bound, and they stand—how infinitely better than in South America, where it is an act of the enormous lever of the bit forcing the poor brute to stop. The Arab would, however, be utterly unable to perform the feats a Guacho child could do with ease.

Turning on the servants, they handled them pretty roughly ; Abdallah, who was well mounted, threw the sheik's attendant, which put an end to the play. The young sheik arrayed himself in a silk dress we had brought as a present, and we reached their encampment of about twenty tents, before which were some thirty spears.

The young sheik held my horse, and apologising for his father's temporary absence, welcomed us. The tent was large and well made. We remained here smoking and drinking coffee till our baggage arrived, and our own tents were pitched. Dahhal was more fully dressed in silk. He was a fine man, with light clear eyes. Wounds, received long ago, have incapacitated him from the free use of his hands, but report says he can grasp the rich dagger at his girdle with a fatal strength when

passion urges him. Though every feeling was subdued, there showed through all his mildness the baffled tiger, whose vengeance would be fearful—he resembled a netted animal, vainly with all its cunning seeking to break the meshes that encompassed him on all sides.

He received us with a hospitality that seemed natural ; his words were more sonorous, grand, and flowing than those of any Arab I had before seen. They reminded me of the pleasure I had felt in South America in listening to the language of a true Spaniard, heard amidst the harsh gutturals of a provincial jargon ; strings of highflown compliments, uttered with an open, noble mien, that, while it must please those to whom it is used, seems but a worthy condescension in him.

“ He was a man of war and woes ;
Yet on his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.”

If report speaks true, never did there breathe a truer son of Hagar than Sheik Dahhal. During his whole life his hand has been against every man, and every man's against him. Gaining his social position with his dagger, he openly endeavoured to

enlarge it by every exercise of force or fraud. The whole frontier of Mardin, Nisibis, Mosul, Bagdad, &c., are his deadly enemies, made so by his acts. It must be sad in declining years to see the wreck of a youth thus spent; already the punishment and repayment are hard at hand.

Successful violence brings temporary rewards—power, rule, dominion; but for this he has bartered honour, fame, youth, conscience: every stake, every ruse, has been used, and he gains but defeat, disgrace, and contempt. It must be hard, very hard, for the proud man to live on. I pitied him, and could feel for him as he fondled his young son, a lovely little naked savage, who lay crouching at his side. He had two or three others all strikingly handsome.

We retired late, and he was far too well bred to permit any of his people to peep inquisitively about us. Those he had, some sixty men, seemed devoted to him, though he complained bitterly of the desertion of numerous other families of his clansmen. The young women were generally very pretty, but the men were the most atrocious looking scoundrels I ever saw. All night the children

were at noisy play on the plain before the encampment.

On the morrow we were doomed to wait, as the sheik had business with the Hyti Bashi. While sitting, my servant prayed me to intercede with the sheik to release a poor prisoner they had got, and would kill unless relieved speedily. The poor fellow had been taken two days before, while out on a plundering party, so had been confined when I saw him some thirty hours. He was caught, bound, and brought to the tent of his captor ; a messenger was immediately despatched to his tribe, said to be about three days' off, to say, " We have caught so and so ; he is very rich ; send ten camels and we will restore him."

Meanwhile, he is not well treated, in order to make him increase his offers. His tribe will send back to say, " You have caught so and so ; he is very poor, and can pay nothing, for he has nothing ; we who hate him because he is a bad man, will give three camels for him." And so the bargain will go on till the two prices meet—the prisoner being occasionally beaten to hasten a settlement. The poor fellow meanwhile was lying in a narrow trench, just sufficient to contain him : his feet

secured by irons to a post driven into the foot of the trench ; his head rested on the edge, and his long lock of hair was well secured to another post or large peg. Small places were cut at right angles to the trench, in which each arm was intruded, the wrists well secured ; a rope round his waist held him there ; and there the poor wretch lay, fly-eaten, miserable. Sometimes a little water was poured over his mouth. He stoutly persisted he was wretchedly poor, and they might let him go and work to earn a little to pay them. As many as twenty or even fifty camels are sometimes paid for a ransom, according to the wealth of the captured. My servant finally could bear it no longer, and himself went and besought the sheik to let him go. Dahhal quietly answered, " Give the man his price and I have no doubt he will let him go,—and both will thank you."

The bargaining now began ; a Christian, named Jacob, who lives with Dahhal in the capacity of secretary, accompanied him. He had passed half his life among the Arabs, and was with them at Palmyra when they went there to meet Lady Hester Stanhope, who he said took with her three camel

loads of presents. We opened the discourse by saying that we had come with a wish to see him and his people, and had been much gratified ; that we were now on our return to Orfa, but if he chose to take us to Nisibis, or the Singar, we would give him so much, to be paid on our arrival ; if not, it was really very indifferent to us by which route we went, and thanking him for his hospitality, we would return. Jacob, on the part of the sheik, accepted the offer, but his son interposed and said an extra sum must be given to each horseman. This the Christian said was unfair. " May your mother be childless of you," retorted the young man. His father rose, and with the short dromedary stick, aimed a blow at him ; but he darted out, saying he would kill that dog yet. He afterwards mounted his mare, nor did we see him again.

CHAPTER XXI.

Difficulties urged against crossing the Desert—The Sheik Dahhal on the unchangeableness of the Arabs—Confessions of Arab plundering prepossessions—Anecdotes in illustration of them—Sheik Abdallah on the milking of pigs—Burden of a song of Arab children—The magnanimous Guide—His violent return to worldliness—Transitory beauty of Arab women—A Bridal party—Arab mode of contracting Marriage—Indifference of Turks to their Children—Turkish regular and irregular Troops—Their Duties—How they exercise them—Costume of the Koords—Reflections excited by the Scenery—Reach the Tscham Usschai River—Beauty of the Night Rides—We reach Yel Bagdad.

DAHHAL owned he could not enter Mosul, or Nisibis, or Mardin, but said he would conduct us to a short distance from either, and leave us at the last halting place or shortly afterwards. Sheik Abdallah sent again to beg us not to go, saying that Dahhal was unable to perform what he undertook. "If you are attacked, he will gallop off, and save himself in the Desert, of which he knows every inch, while you will be as certainly carried off and held for ransom." So most reluctantly the majority determined not to proceed.

Sheik Dahhal came and said he heard we had

determined not to go. "It is well : whether you go or stay, all Dahhal has, all his enemies have left him, is yours." We asked him if he saw any change in the Arab since he remembered : he looked quietly round at his tents, at his camels now crowded round them, the flocks lowing to their homes ; his dress, his arms, and then said, "No : since the time of the Prophets,—since time was, we are unchanged ; perhaps poorer, perhaps less hospitable in consequence ; but otherwise unchanged." He made a very just remark afterwards. "Our habits are the only ones adapted to the country we live in ; they cannot change unless we change our country : no other life can be lived here."

He said his tribe had been driven up by, or come with, the Wahabees ; but owned, from the mingling of tribes, from families deserting one sheik and joining another, from wars, &c., none of the tribes now could boast of much antiquity. With regard to southern Nedjid, or the southern portions of the Desert, he said, "I never had men enough to venture there ; the tribes are larger and more united. I have plundered south of Bagdad ; but had to fly, so saw little. Fortune has never

smiled on me ; for here I am what I am, though I ventured further than most men." He himself was at Palmyra once on a plundering excursion, but not when the Bint el Melek, the king's daughter, was there,—Lady Hester Stanhope.

On his retiring, we continued conversing with his people. One said : " Allah has been very good to me (meaning he had been a successful plunderer), but he never yet sent me a Frank. Ya Wallah ! * I would not touch you ; I know your faces ; but another, I should strip to his skin." " But he would die." " Well, he came stripped into the world, and as a helpless child managed to grow up and get clothed : Allah Kerim ! God is merciful ! He might do so again surely, now he is a man, and able to take them of himself. God gave the Beni Adam (sons of Adam) gold, silver, riches, cities, plenty : to us he gave the barrehee (Desert) : all that comes on it is our own."

The fellow was a plain-spoken man, and freely owned he robbed all who came in his way, "except his friends ;" and "at night it is difficult to distinguish them, particularly if they are weaker than yourself." "But of what use would our

* Yes, by God.

things be to you ?" " Well, we might not use them perhaps as you do, but an Arab throws nothing away. We neither sow nor reap. It is our way to rob ; our fathers robbed and lived ; we must also live and rob."

Travellers assert that the Arabs on robbing any body say, instead of our matter-of-fact, " Stand and deliver," " Your aunt hath need of it." I was certainly never robbed by Arabs (at least in a wholesale way), but I imagine a mistake to have occurred from their usual salutation.* They have none of those modes of address which with us answer for all, " My good man, my good sir :" the Bedawee, therefore, use the expression, " my uncle," or cousin, for any body, and addressing the person they wish to lighten of his load, as they would a companion, they say " My uncle, or cousin, I want your load." They would hardly say " my aunt," as all mention of that sex is an insult. A Christian journeying and wishing to address one whose name he does not know, will say to a Mussulman, " Ya hadjee," " Sir pilgrim ;" to another Christian, " Ya howadja," " Sir merchant ;" to a countryman, " Ya sheik ;"

* The words being much alike in Arabic, might easily be confounded for " thy aunt."

to women they meet they will generally say, "Sister, cousin, aunt," &c. It is ridiculous to hear the high titles all bestow on each other in conversation. Thus, servants speaking to each other will say, "Ya sede," "my lord ;" "Genarbak," "your excellency ;" "Hatharatak, siadatak," &c., being correspondents to our "your highness," "your loftiness," &c. Europeans are generally addressed as, "El howadja," a very low title, and conferred as it is on any dirty slop-shop keeping native, one I would recommend them not to allow. *

He described their war parties : sometimes they openly attacked and carried off all, respecting always the women ; † at others, "we creep and creep, keeping well concealed until we come dash in, and carry off a mare." It is for this reason they always keep the best mares hobbled in the tents, bound to a stake near the owner, with other persons sleeping round her. The breeds of the Arab horse, and the different qualities imputed to each breed, are too numerous to mention, so I will only give the

* There is one principle said to prevail among the Wahabees which shows a good deal of religious sophistry, like that of Mahometans generally, who will lie or not, but sooner die than omit a fast or a prescribed motion or ceremony. They say that it is unlawful to rob the living, so they kill first and then strip and plunder.

† The Arabs never in their wars hurt or capture the women ; they carry off girls, but treat them well.

names of the different breeds among the Shammees, those of the eastern portion of the Desert :—Hedban ; Mañaghiyat Hedery ; Lughlacoÿ Jidran ; Oberiget Sharagh ; Hamdunya Senerÿ ; Schuawuy-meh Sëbbāh ; Duhāmah Muadjil ; Nelcha Om Argheret ; Oberyit Futthÿāh ; Saadet Ioghan ; Iméhāh ; Rabdat Khushéibÿ ; Kéhélat il Thubaiÿaret ; Djilfāt Thāwā ; Kelehat il Athillÿ ; Kelehat il Feddawÿ ; Khallawÿ ; Naabootÿyet ; Kubéishah ; Semhah Koomaiyah.

The Indian market, which demands annually a large supply, is destroying the breeds : they require a larger, heavier horse than the pure one, and consequently inferior blood is admitted, so gradually the true blood is being lost. The Arab horse may be said to have no training ; he lives in the tents, and follows his mother wherever her master rides her. The foal is mounted and ridden at all ages, though they are not worked till three or four years. The Arabs rarely sell their mares, keeping them for breeding, and they generally, therefore, ride mares. They say the neighing of horses is the reason they do not ride them, and that the mare also is more docile and enduring. Forty years ago a thousand tents rose round

Dahhal's fathers. Now look, and perhaps in all he has a hundred.

The two following anecdotes are related of the Arabs' jealousy of a mare being stolen ; for independently of the actual loss, there is the wound to his pride in being outdone at his own trade :—A Pasha near Orfa made large offers to a chief for a magnificent mare he possessed, but the sheik refused them all, so the Pasha cut the matter short. In Turkish style he surrounded the encampment, and carried off the coveted treasure. Shortly after, another Pasha passing through, admired the mare : the stealer immediately presented her to him, insisting on his accepting her, which he was unwilling to do, from the enormous present it entailed as a return. At last, anxious to know what induced him to part so readily with such an apparently priceless animal, he sent his physician, a German, the person from whom I had the story, to discover the reason. The stealer owned, when much pressed upon the subject, that though a Pasha, with all his power, it cost him more than she was worth to guard her, so closely did her rightful owner watch to retake her.

An Englishman at Bagdad visited a sheik near,

who presented him with a very beautiful mare, saying, "This mare my people took from Sophuk. I cannot keep her ; do you take her, and give me something for her." He did so, and kept her in his closed stable within the town for three years. Sophuk kept a man in Bagdad to watch her ; his vigilance was repaid at last. He seized the mare, one day, and she was heard of shortly afterwards at Sophuk's tents. One more anecdote occurs of a better description. An Englishman visiting Sophuk, accepted from him as a present two horses he offered. Sophuk was far too much of a gentleman to show at the time that he had never intended his offer to be accepted, and the stranger departed with his prize. The next morning nothing remained but the empty hobbles—Sophuk had quietly sent and stolen them back again.

Sheik Abdallah and his uncle, a good theologian, paid us a farewell visit. Alluding to pig hunting, he asked us if it was true we milked pigs. "So far from it, we are cleaner than yourselves ; we do not even milk sheep,—in fact we use little but cow's milk." "Ah, you are like the Arabs, who say cow's milk is good, but cow's flesh is better." We strongly impressed on him to lessen his regret that

his people had become sedentary ; that teaching them to read—particularly the children—would prove a far better change than any return to a nomad life. They do, however, occasionally venture to the Habour river, south of the Singar mountains. It was late before they left, later still before the camp was wrapped in repose. The chief burden of the children's song, as they played, was, "Remember we were born on foot ; he must steal who would become a man and ride : remember we were born alone ; he must ride well who would buy a girl—who would earn the bride he loves."

I forgot to mention, that our guide from Orfa had refused, on a former occasion, a very handsome present, saying, "No ; your heart's love is all I want." Finding we had resolved to return, he sent us the dress he had worn on our first meeting. "This," he said, "when I heard of the Franks, I bought, saying to the shopman, I have no money, but they will reward me ; let me then wear this for their honour : should the guide before them be dressed like a Fellah ? (labourer). No, it is wrong, it is a shame on them : he should be dressed like a sheik to be worthy of those he guides."

He now, however, seemed to think heart's gifts

were not much, for he clamoured dreadfully for a reward, telling us of all the great toils he had gone through on our account, or rather would, had we wished it. He was successful, and received a present that half emptied the purse of our party's treasurer, which, on its return to the pocket of the owner, he quietly picked.* The sheik showed great concern at our loss, shouting out, "All who love Mahomet and serve God, return this ;" however, it was never recovered. We returned to Orfa ; encamped in a field without the town, resolved to go by the ordinary rout.

Easter Sunday.—Mr. M. read the service.

Monday, 29th May, 1850.—In a former page, I have described the tents, &c. Those of Dahhal's people were much better made ; the seams closer ; the walls pegged to the roof with neat wooden needles : also I described the dress of the men. Let me apologise deeply to the pretty brown Bedo virgin, and to the industrious matron, and describe theirs. As girls, they are very pretty, tall, slender, and, though sparely, still well formed and comely. This soon fades ; they can hardly be said to veil,

* The Arabs are very expert at this trick : for a joke, while among them, they have picked mine, replacing the articles again unobserved, when I remarked it.

visions had been dispelled, her dream of love thrown back by brutal indifference, her bright ideal quenched in tears—a few short days of passion, then a life of unthankful drudgery? Of her children—did she think of her sons, the image of their father, or fear, with aching heart, for her tender daughter, so like herself? Were she a wise woman, that must have been a sad walk;* but probably she thought only of the supper, and how much could be saved from the voracious guests.† Most of the women wear the huge species of drum on their heads, I have before

* It shocks one to hear the Turks speak of their daughters: with us children are a holy trust,—a gift from heaven. In this light they ought to be regarded, but are not here. They are, perhaps, proud of boys, and grateful for their birth; but a girl is universally regarded as an incumbrance. This is the case not only with Christians but Turks; and while the one looks at woman but as sensual creatures, to minister to the pleasure of man, the other has, perhaps, imbibed somewhat of the notion, or at all events regards her as an unproductive piece of furniture. The other day, a Montselim and a Turk of great talents, numbering over his children, said he had three sons; daughters—he never looked at them. And I have heard fathers say, if it were not for fear of the consequences, they would strangle them all. Christians also I have heard talking of daughters who were dead with much less feeling than they would talk of sheep.

Τὼν τρεφὲ τις καὶ κερὲς ὡν τύχη

Θυγατέρα δὲ ἐκτίθησι καὶ ἡ πλουσιός.

As Posidippus said of old, we may say now.

† The cold-blooded way these “sons of fire,” as we are taught to believe them, set about marriage, would astonish the colder-blooded Englishman. Say a Christian, his mother and father pick out a girl of their relations; he assents, is written, or ringed, as the expression goes—that is, affianced. After this, he may see the girl no more, as, if he comes where she is, she veils, or more generally, runs away

mentioned. The Turkish women here wear a piece of gauze or crape stiffened, as a sort of vizor, to their shrouds ; this the unmarried girls do not wear.

Well, not having any matrimonial thoughts, as I said before, I turned to the other side of the wall of the field, where we were encamped, and saw the irregulars of the plain enter. These are composed of the sedentary Arabs, and for this service they are exempt from taxation ; they are to protect the plain and fellah, (cultivator, or villager,) from the Arabs. They were a ragged looking gang, but, probably, better light cavalry could not be found. Besides the regular army, there are various corps of irregular troops. The Nizam, or regular troops, are raised by lots, so many per cent on the Mussulman population, of from twenty to five-and-twenty years of age. The irregular, on

so he has no opportunity of testing the temper, habits, &c. of her whom he has resolved to make his partner through life. This troth is frequently broken ; his mother or father do it, and the parties most concerned are perfectly passive in the matter. The Christians marry much in their own families, many never venturing to take or give in any other. Villagers almost always marry among themselves ; hence, a species of clanship arises. They have no sort of patriotism, except for their village ; and there their love extends only to their own family or house. They hate all other sects ; and of their own, love only those of their own house. The Turks have a species of patriotism, not for their country but for Islam ; though, unless at a moment of enthusiasm, it would not, I think, lead them to make any sacrifices for it. They would probably in public be profuse and generous in their offerings towards its support, but in private the result would be far different.

the contrary, are volunteers : this service suits much more the habits and customs of the people ; it is a wild, idle, roving, independent, blustering, bullying, life. They are generally on detached service, have no discipline, and are feared and well fed every where. They wear the native dress, and are armed much as their taste suits them ; as I have said, elsewhere, a pipe stick is oftentimes their only weapon.

There are various of these services : villages in certain places enjoy the privileges of protecting the roads and affording escort to travellers ;^{*} a force is also raised from the Arabs to protect the plains ; and there are several others, whose duties are local. In the towns, for instance, the merchants and shopkeepers hire people to protect the khans and bazaars. The irregular horse, however, form the principal police. Before the reform, they were called Hytas—now Basha Bashuk, to represent their more constitutional functions. The government pays them seventy-five * piastres per month, thirteen months to the year : for this they are bound to provide horse, horse-gear, and arms. However, they are generally raised by a

* About fourteen shillings.

leader, who, according to his reputation, gets better or worse men ; the horses and arms are his, and he pays the men thirty piastres * per month, reserving the rest for himself. Government provides food for horse and man. When in a town, they reside at home, if they have a home ; if not, at the serai, or at their commander's, the Deri Bashi. Each man receives a ration of bread, which he may eat where he pleases.

While away, he quarters at the Montselim's, sheik's, or governor's, who feeds him and supplies his horse fodder, receiving in return a paper, with the man's seal, certifying the number of men and days he supplied food ; this he balances subsequently with the Government. They generally lord it bravely, and are hated and worshipped accordingly, for the two go together in the East. At the villages they drink, bully, and do just as they please, receiving in return presents in proportion to their pretensions.

They are a gallant, serviceable body of men, and, for all practical purposes, worth five times the number of the regulars ; know the country well, and perform every possible species of service.

* Five and tenpence.

There is another force, which cries to be put down. It existed before Ibrahim Pasha ; was put down by him, but has again sprung up, with redoubled force and numbers—that is, the private force of every man who chooses to raise one. The country is overrun with these self-styled greats.* Each Turkish gentleman maintains a force of his own ; these are in his service, and obey his orders, being paid by the villagers who belong to their master.

The third of the country belongs to the Sultan. This is *dumas*, as it is called, that is, let to the wealthy inhabitants of the towns (generally to relations of the members of council of the town) ; they guarantee the taxes. The Mussulmans and Christians both hire these villages, and it is, perhaps, hard to decide whose villages fare the best. The hirer takes one-fourth of the produce direct, and his private forces collect this and extort the taxes besides. All things, likewise, for his house, are levied by these fellows (without any repayment whatever) on the villages. Of all reforms, this would be a most difficult one to effect—these ramifications of government within government,

* *Attaveer* : "a great one," literally ; or *Kebeer*, great also ; this is the style they give themselves.

wheel within wheel. The Christian dares not proceed in the same open way, but in the end, perhaps, nets more ; as, the worst coming to the worst, he hires the powers of Government to effect what he dares not do himself.

Another force is that of the Twangee Bashi, a species of town police ; these are to maintain order. Then each Turk has his servants ; these form a loose, armed gang, ready to obey every word of their master, and the only wonder is how little injury is done : but the people are naturally quiet, and perhaps, with all these loaded weapons, fewer outrages are committed than in any European towns. During some lawless months I spent at Latakia and the Ansayrii mountains, the idle vagabonds who were with me, and whose only quality was fidelity, several times set the authorities at defiance ; and on one occasion, when I could get no satisfaction from the authorities, we drove our opposers out of the town, punishing such as we deemed guilty pretty severely.

But to return,—there I sat and read, admiring the motions of several most solemn grave-looking Turks, who were perched up in some mulberry trees, plucking a dysentery of unripe fruits. All

Orfa seemed at work on the same occupation : left in the afternoon. The road mounts a lofty hill side, north, and a little east. From the top we had a beautiful view—our last of Orfa. Traversing the ridge, we passed a pretty valley and the village of Harakib, and, shortly after sunset, we reached a small encampment where we pitched our tents for the night.

Tuesday, 28th.—It poured too hard to start : the view from our encampment was very fine. The gradual ascent had opened the magnificent range of the Taurus. Behind, the mountains over Orfa, away north, tower up in fine height, snow creeping down their ridges. The country east and west, rolls away in round waves of hills, here and there patched with corn-green from the recent rains. The Koords who, when we pitched here, said, “Why do you stay with us? why not go among the Turks?” now crowd round with ready civility, the women, hiding themselves so as to be seen, being the more numerous.

The dress of the men consists of the long white cotton shirt, and an overall jacket of cloth, or rather of a coarse species of woollen stuff, confined at the middle by a girdle of leather, handsomely

ornamented with gold and silver threads, and covered with velvet ; these are made at Orfa. The women wear handsome ornaments round their necks, in their ears, &c. ; but their head-dress is most peculiar. A huge tarboosh, or large red cap, stuffed to a considerable size ; over this, a handkerchief worked with gold, and enriched also with gold and silver ornaments. Their dress consists of the white cotton shirt, and a loose outer garment open at the side, loose cotton trousers, and a veil over the head, with which, however, they do not seek to cover the face, but let it float down behind.

The encampment was called Chevelek Hassan Colo, for the people belonged to that village, from which they have migrated here for pasture. Our laziness prompted us to every sort of shift to travel without exertion, for, from the heat of the weather, we all allowed that the only bother of travelling was the actual movement ; but we never could hit on any plan of progression without motion. It was therefore determined to start in the afternoon about three, and go on to the next konauk, whatever hour it might be. Our real hindrance consisted in having too much baggage for the number of servants. Experience has at

length taught me to have little baggage and plenty of servants. However, the night was resolved on as the time for marching, and the nights were so lovely, so calm, and so still, it was a pleasure to travel.

“ Night is the time for peace,
When gentle thoughts hold sway,
And all the tempest-passions cease
That tear the heart by day.
Then welcome gentle night,
Most welcome ! for my soul
Is wearied of life's pageant bright,
And needs thy soft control.”

But at all events our consciences were put at rest ; for if one thought, “ it is too bad to lounge the day away even in reading, when we ought to be on the road,” why, the majority have resolved to travel by night : therefore it must be.

As I thus lie listlessly reading, now and then looking up,

“ Pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use,”

my eyes wander over hills of chalk, and seas of rich waving corn rustling in its young ripeness. By the noon-day breeze, far away, the cool Taurus lords it over all. In the S.W. the plain lies, resembling a sea, with tels in it, like the islands of the ocean ; and beneath these, the learned say, are buried the ruins of a mighty empire's vast cities, communities of the men of the ancient earth. All

this is strange ! With all our learning how little we know ; with all our talents how little we perform ; and of that little, this unknown fate, a green mound, with or without a name, is all the record left on the page of the world !

The Koords are a cold, phlegmatic race, but when warmed up they exhibit many friendly qualities. These called themselves Kourmanchee, the literal translation of which would be, inhabitants of Caramania ; unluckily we had no one with us who spoke Koordish well. We started after a dinner, made plentiful through their means, for they brought us abundance of cheese, kaimack,* yowourts, eggs, &c., all as presents, refusing to sell anything. This, of course, entailed a present in return, more than the price, had the articles been bought. We rested near a wretched village, Kaajurn. The country now nearly plain ; nearly all the inhabitants Koords. The head-dress here underwent a small change, and was very graceful. The lower part of the tarboosh, worn by the women, was stiff, the upper part hanging gracefully over the neck and shoulder. Round the lower portion of the stiffened part was a handkerchief in broad folds

* *Kaimack* and *yowourts* : different preparations of milk described elsewhere.

of cloth of gold ; over the brow a black one was bound, with an arch coquetry that made the whole head-dress most becoming. There is a small difference between those worn by the Christian women ; for at this village there was one Nestorian family.

May 29th.—We started in the afternoon, and in two hours reached the Tscham Uschai river. They here gave it the name of Mariere river, or river of the grotto. On its banks was the large village of Mushmischim. We passed three other streams. These night rides were inexpressibly charming : my companions, I think, rode sleepily along, but for me there is a charm I cannot describe in this mystery of things half seen,—the world, as it were, all to oneself. I used to remove the bridle from the mouth of the tractable brute I rode, which was as quiet and gentle as a lamb ; he then followed the caravan, the march to him being one long graze. Thus, I was removed from all care or guidance of him ; my thoughts might wander or return, stray far away, or pace with me, dwell on the past, forebode the future ; the temperature was perfect, the heavens alive with stars ; and thus I enjoyed

“ The mystery—the majesty of heaven,—
The joy—the exultation.”

At midnight we reached Sewerik, and having outstripped the baggage, lay down on the ground and slept very well. Sewerik is a small town, standing under a tel, on which is built a castle, now little more than a heap of ruins. The castle, like many others I have described, covers the crest of the hill, the face of which still bears marks of having been revêted with masonry. The town at the foot is a collection of flat-roofed houses, built of flints, one or two of tolerable size, three minarets, and a large khan. The tomb-land is very extensive, even more so than around most Oriental towns, where, as they seldom bury a second time on the same spot, they cover a great deal of ground.

May 30th.—The mountains north of us take a northerly direction here, so appear on our west. Off at two: we started round the town on its western side; the road then led E.S.E., winding over low stony hills partially covered with wild barley and wild flowers. While thinking of anything, my horse far outstripped the rest, nor did I wake up till I found myself alone on that vast plain. A sense of loneliness crept over me. What was even this vast plain?—an atom! yet I again but

an atom on it ; the vast plain on all sides rolling like the long broad swell of the ocean settling to calm after a gale : on all sides not a trace of man. He might never have been here, for not a wreck had he left,—not a mark of him remains. In woods the view is circumscribed ; human beings may be close at hand ; but here the eye attests one is alone with God and nature only. While our honest industrious population lie in masses, each unable to work from the press of his neighbour, these vast plains lie unoccupied. How their skill, their intelligence would touch them as with an enchanter's wand, and bring forth towns, cities, and cultivation ; make them yield more than mines, and give up their wealth, now wasted on savages.

We found a caravan had halted, therefore did the same until the tent was pitched and the horses hobbled. The place where we were was merely a fountain called Utschkupu. Just above it was a large tel,—Tel Bagdad. The moon rose red, and of that shape as if it had been badly packed over night ; the high grass in the tents waved above the camp bedsteads. The stream Kasa Tschai runs beneath the encampment.

CHAPTER XXII.

Apostrophe of the old Muleteer to Tel Bagdad—The Dying Englishman—The Khan of the Black Garden—Incivility of some Koords—View of the Tigris—Diarbekr—General Description of that place—Made Acquaintance with more English Families—Silk produced at Diarbekr—Description of them—Bargain for a Raft—Ancient Accounts of Diarbekr—Description of the Raft, and how it was put together—Scenery on the Voyage—Places passed—Aledino Kaleesi—Misadventure on the Voyage—A Man drowned—A halt—Excessive Heat as we proceed—The Pious Boatman—Mosul in Sight.

MAY 31st.—Our old muleteer awoke me. He was apostrophising the place : “ Oh Uutsch Kupu,” he said, “ I have visited you in the summer, I have visited you in the winter, but you are always the same nasty cold place as you are now. Your neighbours are warm, and why are not you ? Storks will not live on you.” I met a mule coming along ; on either side hung what resembled a very roughly made Bath-chair ; it was a takterwan, and contained an Englishman and his wife, on their return from Bagdad. We halted, and conversed for some half-hour. Poor man ! the next news I heard of him was his death from the fatigues of this journey.

We passed a few villages whose names I could not learn, and passed another, Berguttar. The road now became a steep ascent ; at the upper portion we reached the large ruinous khan called Khan Karabaytsche, or khan of the black garden. The people from it were out in tents. We continued our ascent, and in half an hour reached the site of their encampment. Here the view was lovely : an immense expanse of undulating plain to the north, shut in by lofty mountains ; to the west and south, hill and plain in beautiful variety ; the tints and colours shed over the whole rendered the scene one of great beauty. This place was 1905 feet by the aneroid barometer above the spot where we began the ascent. There was also some wood,—a pleasant sight, for it was the first almost we had seen, save about the towns, since we left Aleppo.

The Koords near were very uncivil. At first, they took us for Turks, and swore on their lives they had nothing ; now they say, as we are not Turks, they will sell us nothing. We were joined by a Turk and his suite. He had accompanied the Persian princes to England, and had certainly gained much by his voyage. His janissary quickly

made the Koords give of their abundance ; but they appeared to wish to have nothing to do with us, pay or no pay.

June 1st.—Off early. We wound down a rocky ravine. Ascending again, we reached the summit, whence a noble view burst before us. Dr. Johnson says the sublime consists in general descriptions, not in descending to details. It was, indeed, magnificent ; and countless folds of the Tigris glistened like silver here and there along the plain before us. Diarbekr was there. We descended 1202 feet to the plain ; here we halted, and found the post waiting, and a poor caged one in a closed takterwan,—a poor thing, transported like a canary in a cage, save of one the bars are open, of the other shut,—beyond hope of the smallest peep. The plain that from the mountain top had seemed so far and smooth, was sadly hilly work to traverse. We arrived at the gate in the afternoon, and pitched our tents at a village some half-mile from the town of Diarbekr.

Sunday, June 2nd.—Walked from the tents to the town : the village near which they are pitched is one that has deserted its creed,—the Nestorian—and lately become Roman Catholic, or, rather

says it has, for much most unjustifiable violence has been used by the Church of Rome in the country, particularly in places remote from observation. Diarbetr is surrounded by high walls of black basalt, to which may be attributed much of its unhealthiness. The wall is further strengthened by towers ranged rather closely along it. One or two of these are very large, with handsome over-hanging battlements. Near the gate at which we entered, were large fine mulberry-trees, beneath the shade of which the idlers assemble, smoke, drink coffee, and quaff iced sherbet. Just within the gate is a dome, beneath which repose some Mussulman martyrs slain in a contest with the Christians.

The streets are dirty, and struck me as more wretched-looking than those of most Eastern cities. We called on our consular agent, finding there two English families on their way to Bagdad. It was indeed like cool water on a hot march to meet countrywomen in such a place. Mr. M. read the service, and one of the gentlemen, a missionary, preached. A deep gorge runs round the west and south-west of the city ; the bed of it is now called the Kara Kanesse, or black church, from an old Nestorian

the plate of the church of Armida, employed the price in the redemption of seven thousand Persian captives taken in the Theodosian war, supplied their wants with affectionate liberality, and dismissed them to their native country to inform the king of the true spirit of that religion which he persecuted."

In the meantime an arrangement had been made for a raft to take us all to Mosul ; and, after a great deal of bargaining, it was settled that we were to be provided with one capable of carrying the four of our party and their servants ; that we were to be accompanied by two boatmen, and a sort of hurricane-house, covered with branches, was to be erected on it — all for 500 piastres, about 4*l.* 10*s.* This raft, we subsequently found, was far too small, and only adapted for two persons. We were very much crowded during the whole voyage ; our baggage being packed. Skirting round to the south of the town, we traversed a valley—the *débouche*, in fact, of the Kara Kaniese : it was bursting with verdure, engendered by some pretty fountains that sprang to life within it. Southward from this lay a most fertile space, where the river irrigated mulberry

and fig groves, keeping a perpetual spring, even through the parched, dried-up, sunny summer. The rocky face of the valley, below the town wall, has been scarfed away.

On the south-western tower of the wall, was an Arabic inscription, and two figures of lions, also overhanging niches for figures; on the next tower, likewise, were some sculptured figures. The town itself stands about one-third of a mile from the bank of the river, the rock on which it is built being nearly perpendicular. A causeway leads up, parallel to the rock, to the riverward gate. This side of the wall, though showing an imposing front, is apparently not so well built as the rest, perhaps from its greater natural defences. A little to the north of the gate is a small postern, at the foot of a tower : perhaps it was by this that the soldier betrayed the city into the hands of Sapor, A.D. 359. It is related that Yezid levelled the walls of Diarbekr : this we may doubt, for the practice of levelling walls does not seem to have prevailed among the Turks ; nor were they, without just cause, content to keep those they found. Within the walls of a city, their warlike population could withstand an assault with success :

thus, no garrisons were needed ; and the Christians or Jews within were too timid and reduced to cause any fear of insurrection.

The river-bed is swampy. Having mistaken our road, it was late at night before we found the raft : the other party were on board theirs. We, however, at last came upon it and passed the night on the ground—on the banks near it.

“ I know not what came over me,
Nor who the counsel gave,
But I must hasten downwards,
All with my pilgrim's stave.
The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go ;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.”

The word Diarbekr is stated to mean “ Province of the Virgin.” This, according to Moslem tradition, was given it from its having been founded by the daughter of an infidel king, in the days of darkness. This can hardly be called Mesopotamia : that appellation was applied by the Greeks to the territory that lay north-west of the Babylonian plain, or the wall of Media, which ran across it from the Euphrates at Macoprasta north-east to the Tigris. This is a restricted sense of it ; for the term, in its full sense, would include Baby-

lonia and Chaldea as far as Korna, where the two rivers meet. The word Mesopotamia is a translation of Aram Naharajim, or "Aram of the Rivers," to distinguish it from Syria, whose Hebrew name was Aram. By others it is said to be a translation of the Hebrew word "Shinar," derived from Shene *two*, and Nahar *rivers*. Shinar, however, would include more than Mesopotamia.

Diarbekr would more properly correspond to the valley of the basin of the Upper Tigris, the southern portions of Armenia. Another derivation of it is from Bekir, an Arab emir, who anciently settled here. Mesopotamia has three names—Dier Bekir, Dier Modar, and Dier Rabia—from three tribes, they say, who anciently settled here.

At an early hour we were awoke from our rest by the starting of the other rafts; for us there were yet a thousand troubles. The vice-consular agent wanted a *certificate*; his man clamorous for *backshish*; our raftsmen would not go without money; our ~~horses~~ were fighting on the beach;—at last all was huddled on board, the stake was withdrawn, and we floated off into the stream. Our raft was about twenty-five feet long by fifteen or twelve broad; a light framework of wood was

lashed together, of the size required ; the pieces that ran across between the outside poles were about one foot apart ; the lashings were coarse-spun twine of goats'-wool, the wood slight poles of lime. This was then floated ; sheep-skins prepared with the wool inside were then inflated, and the mouth of the bag tied up with twine. They were lashed in rows beneath the platform, secured at either end to the poles. The skins were carefully tried, to see if they were air-tight ; if a vent was detected, a circular piece of wood was put over the place, and the surrounding leather lashed to it. Another height of platform was then added, in the centre of which a few rough boards were nailed ; and four posts, placed upright, supported a roof of branches. Two bundles of faggots were lashed, one on either side ; into these were struck short upright poles, which served as thole-pins. The oars were two stout poles of eleven or twelve feet long ; a piece was lashed to each ; between the pole and the piece was thrust the thole-pin : the blades were formed of small flat pieces of board about two feet in length, lashed across the pole, and further strengthened by cross pieces.

Our crew consisted of two men, but one

deserted on the first opportunity. The pulling merely consisted of keeping the vessel clear of the eddies and banks, so we dropped down with the current, our little world twirling round and round, just as the stream chose to take her. Now we got into a clear run and passed the other boat; anon, we were left in a corner, while she floated triumphantly past. We found the cover very nice for a few hours, but then the poor leaves died, dried, and fell in distressing showers upon us.

Diarbekr formed a fine point of view for some time, and the scenery below it was of equal beauty, though the immediate banks were low and uninteresting. Bee-eaters (*merops*) in thousands; the temperature hot; but the breeze made the air deliciously cool, and, being fair, our progress was rapid. The Prussian map, which I had with me, I found generally most accurate, a few small villages omitted; but all those put down, as far as I could form a judgment, were placed very correctly. At noon we caught up the other raft; at evening struck the stake into the bank, side by side, at a village called Kara Achmet. The boatman, a Koord, told us all possible luxuries were procurable: however, we got

nothing. Night was dreadful in that crowded space : for one it would have been roomy ; for two, inconvenient ; for three, misery ; but for four, it was utterly impossible. It revived one's recollection of a night passed in a mail, with four inside.

June 5th.—Off early. However, the skins had absorbed so much water, we had to stop for them to be reinflated, as we were only just above the water. We passed Goseley (it is down on the wrong side of the river), a small, wretched village. Saw the first buffalo yet seen. Bismil is a collection of low mud huts, with branches for roofs ; here the river runs very rapidly. I bathed, a work of some danger and no small difficulty ; saw the high mountains of Aschyt Dagh, covered with snow ; passed Bulekely, a small village of mud-huts, much cattle about it ; and anchored for the night at Dscherefli, a wretched place. .

June 6th.—Off before dawn. We passed Bealia on the northern bank ; the houses, caves in the rocks, with their fronts closed by stone or mud ; the banks now rocky and picturesque. The river runs rapidly ; a large confluent joins it. The scenery now became very grand ; the mighty

river rushed between high picturesque rocks ; tombs or houses cut in the rocks abound near every village. As we run down,—for our course is now very rapid,—we hear the echo of the shepherd's calls ; the herds nestle in the holes and under the ledges to escape the burning sun. The noise of the stream, as it runs against the rocks in its course, or the splash of the lazy oar to avoid a shoal, are all that disturb the stillness of the scene.

An unbroken chain of magnificent scenery. We reached Kiefla, a village half caves, half houses. The women were bathing at a fountain in the middle of the village, without any attempt at clothing or concealment. However, they ran off the moment we appeared. Here is a ferry for the road from Mardin to the north-eastward ; as we passed it was at work,—a raft smaller than our own. The baggage is placed on it, and the horses swim by the side. As we waited, music came down and greeted us : again on our road.

We passed Houn Kaifa, well situated on a bold buttress of rock far up above the river. It is a large town. The minarets tower up grandly : one portion of what seems a castle stands beautifully.

The whole face of the rock is honey-combed with tombs, caves, houses, &c. ; staircases traverse it in every direction. One leads from the village to the river, a descent of some four hundred and fifty feet. The excavations extend all over the adjacent rocks. Just below are the ruins of a bridge ; three lofty arches once spanned the river ; at present but one from the right bank is left. The pieces of the other two are standing. The centre arch must have been of a great width.

Few pieces of river scenery could be more picturesque than this. As we look up, the noble ruined bridge is in the foreground ; then the town thrown about the heights ; the bold crags ; the steep precipices ; the swelling mountains. Again we glide down the stream, deep, calm, and quiet. The scenery continued its beauty to the Kef Art, or Alb, as it is in the map, two fine large houses on the hill, shaded by some noble trees. It was pleasant thus in fairy-land to float down the river. We brought up for the night at Difra.

June 7th.—Off before daylight. The scenery of yesterday was but a preparation for that of to-day, and the raft swept down, reach after reach of magnificent scenery—grand precipices, sprinkled

with all taste by trees and verdure, rocks and crags, sweeps and turns of mingled beauty. We passed the village of Tschelik : it resembled much the villages of Nubia. Above it are the ruins of an old castle. We saw now but few people and little cultivation ; many, with tombs and caves, were inhabited. The afternoons, when the sun is lateral, are now intensely hot ; we are under weigh about sixteen or seventeen hours a-day, so make good way. The servants are now as good at the oar as the boatmen : all our cooking was done on board. We lie all day upon the various things spread on the ground. Unfortunately, a lee-haff, (cotton wadded with cotton wool,) or bed-cover, belonging to Ellis, was at top : as we smoked all day, any ripple of the boat upset the coals of the nargilleh on to this, which as certainly took fire ; so full an hour during the day we were employed in quenching ourselves, and once or twice it reached a serious blaze. The water of the river also is very bad, and when boiled made a considerable incrustation in the pot.

Aledino Kalessi is a fine ruined castle, placed over the edge of the river on a jutting crag, lofty precipices rising around it. Three hours more we came

to Jindek Kalessi ; another ruin and a village. The river put on new loveliness then ; the hills rounded down and became more tame. We sighted Djezireh Ibn Omar.*

Ellis and myself went to the other raft, sending back two of their servants to ours, so to adjust the weight. The river now ran furiously ; then we grounded, bumped and burst several of the skins ; a few shrieks, and we reached the bank almost a wreck. We landed ; our own raft meanwhile re-

* It was probably just below Djezireh Ibn Omar, that the Ten Thousand under Xenophon met with those natural impediments to a farther passage along the banks, which induced them to return. Here the rocks on the left bank approach the river, rising perpendicularly to a considerable height. The banks here, also, shelve rapidly away, and from the bank a depth of 17 or 18 feet might be obtained. Nor does the country below at all contradict this opinion, except that the distance would, perhaps, be too great for the march. Just below Djezireh, a road has been made on the face of the rock, by passing from ledge to ledge, the gaps being filled up with rude masonry. This, however, (had it then existed,) would have been remarked by so careful an historian as Xenophon : no where lower down did I remark a spot which seemed to me to suit the description so well. Just below, (for the Greeks made a retrograde march,) the prisoners mentioned a road that, crossing the Tigris, led to Lydia and Ionia. Few changes occur in the East, and naturally the roads through mountain country, being those over the lowest passes, taking advantage of the valleys, and avoiding difficulties, would never be altered. The prisoners also mentioned one road that led to Babylon and Media ; another to Susa and Ecbatana. These roads all remain at the present day. The third to Babylon would be the post-road now through Mosul to Bagdad. They mention also a northern road as leading through the country of the Carduchians ; but this was hardly passable. This would be a very difficult road, which still exists up the lower ranges of Djebel Dechudi, passing round its western base, and so up through the unknown Koordish districts north of Julamerik.

mained pertinaciously aground for sometime, but at last joined us with the loss of one of the servants, who had been drowned. He seemed to have been allowed to drown without any effort to save him. The bar on which we were both so nearly wrecked, is occasioned by the ruins of an old bridge obstructing the entrance. Poor fellow! he had his savings for years about him. The skins being blown up, resewn and repaired, we left again, no effort being made to find the body of the man. Ellis rode off, like a noble fellow, on a horse we hired, but knowing nothing of the language, was forced to return. We had sent a man after him to assist him, but they missed each other.

June 8th.—Aroused early by the water pouring in over my legs; we were passing another bridge. One high-pitched arch alone remained, and some fragments: these ruins occasioned the ripple that caused our present disaster, and wetted us all through. The country was now low, rounded hills waving with corn, or wild with grass: the mountains made a fine view on the north-east; the villages were collections of tents, or low flat-roofed houses of mud and brushwood. We halted at a large village called Fischabur; the banks of

the river lower, but the distant mountains fine ; the river broad, deep, and rapid. The scenery varied little ; the banks lower and less interesting every half hour. At evening we halted by the bank, and spent it pleasantly with our English friends on the other raft. It was sweet on that wild river's banks at eve to hear the soft sweet voices of our countrywomen ; to hear the language of dear, dear England, floating over the dark water ; to hear the songs of home amidst the wilds of a far-off land. And, if it brought a feeling of regret for absence, for distance and exile, it brought a soft and gentler sense—a sense of quiet and repose, a wish to be at peace with one's kind, and soft as that music to one's fellow-creatures.

We were now in the land of the Yezidis and the Koord ; in those open wilds where the Bedouin roams searching for prey, and the more timid part of the company really begged us to arm and be prepared. The less voyaged ones of our party, I believe, even kept watch. I offered to do so, but in a deprecatory voice, so was allowed to retire and sleep, leaving dear Zea to keep ward for me : however, I fancy he too found it all nonsense, for he crept to my side, and we fell asleep.

Tuesday, June 9th.—Afloat a little after midnight. We passed many encampments of Koords and Arabs ; their numerous flocks crowd down to the river, as if its waters were a consolation for the burning heat of the sun : the banks are now but low mounds. We passed the village and tel of Eskei Mousul (old Mosul). Passed a ruined aqueduct, and a bridge also ruined ; heat intense ; and now the goal is near. The land that thrilled through one in description, when devoured on the page, is around. What is heat—what the toil of the journey ? Mesopotamia on one side, Assyria on the other : all vegetation is gone ; sand, burnt, parched, crackled ; earth alone before us ; the river flows on to barren hills, bleak, dreary ; vibrating beneath the sun, cheerless but blazing is the approach ; all seems dead and lifeless ; and the burning heat cries out, “ Acknowledge my dominion, bow to my sway, or thou shalt not live.” Hot east and south-east winds : it is like the blast from a furnace, and sadly mocks the cheek its breezes fan.

The birds dart screaming over the waters ; flying, dashing, screaming, and across the river, as if our downward course disturbed their quiet,

invaded their solitary rule. On the east a plain—a vast dead, flat plain—and over it comes the breeze laden with languor, fiery with heat. A few strong tufts of weeds have survived the death of the vegetation around, but they are dry and withered monuments that the verdure must obey the undeviating law of nature, and perish beneath the sun that brought it forth. Reach after reach is passed, each adding to our disappointment. The map seemed to have lost its utility ; dried, curled, it was returned to its case. The boatmen exclaimed, “ Far, far, far off,” in tones of despair : the wind dried the perspiration it produced ; the river was like molten lead—all was heat and discomfort. Pipes, nargillehs, have ceased to please ; for we were in a blaze from them, when called for, as if they also refused to mock the heat, sufficient without them.

At last the pious true-believing eye of the boatman detected the minarets of Mosul over the low land on the right. On our left was a large temporary village, built of dried grass, roughly and coarsely framed ; low peaked mountains ahead broke the steel line of the sky. No sooner did our boatman detect the minarets, than he continued

his prayers, confiding the oars to one of the servants. Poor fellow ! it was sad work ; for the raft, as if in revenge for the way he had pulled her about, kept pertinaciously turning, and as it bore his Mecca—turned front to the north, east, or west, he had to stop his pious invocations that otherwise would have been wafted to some useless bourne ; and then, as in the swing, she turned him to the black stone, he had to hurry on, like sportsmen anxious for some passing game. Often he rose, but seemed not satisfied, and again he knelt, and bowing prayed his Caaba-directing prayers. This man had not prayed before during the voyage.

At last, over the land appeared a mud fort hardly distinguishable from the hill ; before it a white-washed dome, a few straggling buildings—it was Mosul. Presently an angle is turned, and the broken ruinous walls of an Eastern town lie before us.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Situation of Mosul—Opposite Side of the River—Difficulties of Landing—Appearances from the River ere doing so—Iniquity of the Passport System at Mosul—Reception by Mr. Layard—Hospitality of the Consul—Researches of Mr. Layard—Domestic View from the top of a House—The Mussulman Servant Lad—Diversity of Languages at Mosul—General Appearance of Mosul—Christian Churches in the City—Reflections on the Religious Animosities of different Christian Sects in the East—The Maronites and the Missionaries—Adventures of a Wandering Artist—His Treatment on his Travels.

MOSUL Castle stands on a long low hill some distance from the river, here a truly majestic stream. To the south stands the town, covering the west side of a hill ; high over it, as if capable of swathing it in its folds, floated the English consul's flag—good, hospitable Mr. Rassam. The only thing which sets up any claim to vie with it in conspicuousness, is the ugly white-washed dome of a mosque. On the opposite side of the river rises the huge mound of Koyunjik, "Coverer of Cities," succeeded by low sand hills and mounds, till all melts into distance, and the picturesque range of Djebel Macloub.

Drifting down the city walls, we passed a gate of marble defended by two round towers of mud ; more wall : active women beating the dirt out of clothes ; another gate and one mud tower more, near which were bathers in their timid nakedness ; a dome, a stork's nest, beside it the stork on one leg meditative. Bad smells ; lower, more decayed walls ; masses of houses, none good ; more bathers, more washers ; a picturesque fort ; a species of water-port strides into the stream. We are whisked round and round ; the boatman tugs frantically at the oar ; doubts if we shall ever land, and, dashing against bathers, boys and men, we reach a low dirty place, which is the wharf.

Here we found the other raft already clear of its fairer cargo. Officers besieged us for our *teskeres*, or quarantine bills (they are passports literally, but are of no use except for quarantine *visées* to Franks. I give them this name). They are necessary for the natives as passports, and are made a constant source of annoyance to them by every petty official. It is one among the many ingenious modes of extortion : for instance, when a poor fellow arrives at a *khan*, the Mussulman sheik

sends a man to demand his *teskere*. If he has one, some informality is detected, and he fees the official ; if he has not, a heavy tax is imposed before he is allowed to proceed. I have known men who lived at a *khan*, and made a good livelihood by this without any possible right, save that the poor people were afraid to resist him, and the *Khangee* shares in the profits.

As ours were put carefully away, E. and myself remained while two of the party adjourned to the consul's ; we most philosophically remaining deaf to the clamour, which became furious when a gap appeared caused by the silver staff of the *kavajs*. He led an army of porters, who fell on the raft and seized our baggage. One bore off the tiny tongs which performs half the cooking and puts fire to the smoke ; another the bellows ; others shouted, till at last with a sigh the last seized the heavy loads and disappeared under the gateway, whither we followed, through streets, under arches. At last a low door admitted us to a few high steps, and we emerged on a terrace, where Mr. Layard and his party were just sitting down to dinner.

A sportsman hates poachers, and even the

generous game-preservee hates to see the birds he has fostered and trained cut and mangled by unskilful hands. The name of Nineveh will last to the latest of ages ; and now the name of him who laid bare, who brought to light, its treasures, will be handed down with it : let me not, therefore, requite the great hospitality I received, by ungenerous purloinings, but, rather, thanking Mr. L. for what is past, wait till he himself throws the light on it, and explains his own works, his own discoveries.

We lived a pleasant life. Mr. Rassam's house, I think, could have had no doors ; if it had, they were always open, and it was furnished with all European comforts, and a goodly store of books. "Punch" and his paper had penetrated the Desert, and his sheets rustled in the halls of Nimrod. The excavators were fully employed ; early the work began, late it was continued. Myself more idle, sauntered about wherever anything of interest offered itself, living with Mr. Layard in a house where treasures of antiquity were crowded in all directions ; here bricks, there bas-reliefs, mingled with rude articles of to-day, whose curious form, ill-made and antique

appearance, led one strongly to doubt whether they were not also as ancient as the others. Then there was constantly fresh news from the diggings; a trusty employé bore to the house a small basket; in it were relics newly dug; then there were visits from chiefs and high men of all the people round, daily, hourly; wild Arabs loitering about—it was a life of great interest—there was also the post from Nineveh.

Our journey hither over, my companions dispersed in different directions. I spent many days at Mosul. Several English were there. Of an evening we met on the flat roof of one of the houses, and whiled away the hours: it was pleasant then to get a lonely corner: from one's lofty position, each terrace was revealed, and unseen one could watch the domestic arrangements around, and see each phase of life acted naturally before one's eyes: sometimes, friends called on the families, and all the motions of Eastern manners were performed in dumb show before one: then the company retired; then the lady of the house bawled a little, and up came mattresses borne on the heads of the daughters or maid-servants. These were laid in rows; no undressing took

place, but each lay down, pulled a coverlid over, and the day was done.

During the day the heat was extreme, but to make this tolerable, there are fine vaults beneath the house, with marble pavements, and the inhabitants rest in them during the heat of the day. One English traveller and his lady were on the eve of departure ; with them many hours were spent ; for even among us islanders, cold-hearted as we are called, there is much companionship in these far places. They had just taken a Mussulman boy into their employ. It is generally difficult to get Turks to act as servants to Christians ; they are far too proud—and in fact seldom suit when they can be had. (I only allude to Turkey and Syria when I say this.) The day the young monkey was hired, he was sent to his master's house to await his arrival. On his master entering, with the doctor of the expedition, he surveyed them both, saying, "And which is my master?" On his being pointed out to him, he said, "Do you talk Arabic?" "No." "Turkish?" "No." "What, pray then, do you speak? I know both, and at Koordish am a nightingale." This was a sad difficulty for all at Mosul ; it might

have been here that the confusion of tongues took place : Turkish, Arabic, Koordish, Chaldean, Syraic, are household tongues ; Persian, Armenian, are heard everywhere : India has likewise lent many words. Mahomet is not very clear in the Koran on this point : he says, " And of his signs are also the creation of the heavens and the earth, and the variety of your language." How beautifully brief is the description of the Scriptures—how brief, yet how expressive ! " And now the Lord said : the people is one, and they have all one language, and this they begin to do, and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do."

Few Eastern towns of its size ever struck me as so wretched as Mosul. Nearly half of the space is bare, mere heaps of dirt and dust : the buildings are nearly all built of mud, and the sun and heat dry them to a white, arid, stricken colour, peculiarly barren, and hurtful to the eye. Walking over the town, large blanks occur where broken arches and thrown down walls mark present decay. Mosul is surrounded with walls ; these, though in many places ruinous, are still capable of preventing the city being suddenly surprised and sacked, as it

would be if open to the country. It possesses no fine mosques,* or khans. When there, the Pasha, infected with a sudden zeal, had white-washed all the mosques, so they looked clean and new. Mr. Rajam's khan is the best, and is large and roomy : this, however, he keeps for his own extensive trade. The bazaars are well supplied, as trade is brisk with India, Koordistan, and Persia. The baths are clean and comfortable ; but the extreme heat of the weather during my stay, took away the luxury of them.

It possesses fourteen Christian churches belonging to the different sects of Christians. Several of these are now in the hands of the Roman Catholics ; others again are divided by partition walls ; in one half is the old form of worship, in the other the Catholic. It is, however, unfair to mention the stories of violence, wrong and oppression, said to have been perpetuated by the Catholics ; the menaces, promises, threats and dissimulation by which they procured converts ; as all I heard was of course from those whose violent anti-Catholic feelings naturally induce them to

* One mosque is curiously built ; it is an octagon pyramid, and is said to be of older date than the faith it belongs to. But I could hear no tradition of its building,

distort, if not misrepresent, the facts. For years a strife, however, has gone on, and whether by right or otherwise, the Catholics have gathered to themselves many congregations.

To the traveller in the East, at first sight, its Christianity will seem indeed a blasphemous mummary ; and he may, as I will own I did, turn to the pure worship of God,—the one great God, alone, alone, for ever alone,—but this is not a national failing, nor one which a philosopher or a Christian ought to nourish. We must love the sinner, though we hate the sin ; and prejudice must be laid aside while he examines if these ceremonies were not instituted for a good purpose. Let us take only the simple and beautiful ceremony of signing the cross as we enter the church : it reminds us that we hope to be saved by that which that sign represents ; through that we hope for efficacy in the prayers we there offer up ;—as we leave, to show that we go forth into the world fearless, invincible, through Him, whom we serve, represented to us by that sign. It may become an idle habit, but it is one that, unless sadly misused, can do no harm ; and if all that can be distorted to ill is banished, we should stand

as naked as Adam, without any of his innocence. It is a narrow-minded policy, and an irreligious mind, that condemns a sect in a mass : we may deplore known errors, we may condemn what is plainly wrong — what is palpably contrary to reason ; but I fear nine out of ten of us are born and bred in a faith, and, without the smallest enquiry into it or others, condemn all the rest. A few broad facts are told us by interested persons ; these we accept, and at once set down all else as error and as sinful,—I say broad facts, because I mean a broad shallow surface covered with an upper stratum of truth. But every Church supports its own doctrines, and no other that I ever saw could disprove them. Christians, of all sects, prove to their own satisfaction, that their own Church is the true one ; each has the Bible, and each appeals to it. Who on earth can decide the truth ? Heathens maintain their own opinions, and show an equal or greater zeal than the rest.

For my own part, wishing to see a Church stripped of all tradition and useless form, for fear any importance should be attached to the ceremony, and my weak brother be turned from the doctrine—still I find these legends (superstitions

if you will) sweet to the soul ; reminding one, when in the house of prayer, at each moment that this hour is not ours. The incense, the lights, make a distinction from the outward world, and bring one to the visual sense of where one is. The holy water is a lively emblem, and often as I see the drop trembling on the forehead, I think it may not have fallen in vain. Perhaps this is a morbid feeling nurtured in solitude, engendered by living long amidst those of other sects : it may be ; but I trust myself it is rather Catholic-mindedness, —charity ; for I find I can believe other men good, other men sincere, and truly God-serving, besides those of my own sect. I would regard all sects and creeds as so many chapels in the same vast cathedral ; as beneath the same roof, covered by the same robe ; as services chanted in different dialects of the one great universal language of adoration to God.

The Oriental Christians generally do not respect their priests : they call him father, they kiss his hand with reverence, but they are well aware of his faults. This, however, causes no disgust in them as it would with us. No possible crime can expel a man from society or degrade him in the East.

The priest once, is a priest ever ; and whatever he does, unless the bishop condemns it, is the same. The offices of the Church seem to occupy his attention, and he does not perhaps visit and direct his flock as our clergy do. In many villages where I have remained and seen the working of the social system, the priest appears to do little of the pastor's duty. If poor, he has to work ; if supported by the poor—as is mostly the case—he remains idle. Among the Maronites, the power of the priesthood is indisputable, and extends to every thing.

The Sultan has lately honoured the heads of the different sects and invested them with orders : this has been received in anything but a proper spirit, and is reckoned a fair opening for more concessions and immunities. It argues, they say, the weakness of the Turk, and this feeling will yet, I fear, produce bloodshed in this already blood-stained land. Slaves are not fit for freemen ; the ages of slavery of the poor Christian must be obliterated by successive stages of moral elevation : as soon as freedom is granted without preparation, he becomes insolent and intolerable. By such conduct the wealth-swollen hauteur of the Christian goaded

on the Turk at Aleppo. See it every where : the poor priest at Antioch ought to have known that from a priest, one whom the Prophet orders the Moslem to cleave down as a limb of Satan,* a Turk would ill-stand vaunting words.

Yet so it is : none are more domineering than these emancipated slaves. The Armenian and Greek Churches received our bishop with kindness, the Latin held aloof, and no intercourse ever took place between them. Perhaps of all Churches, the missionaries will find the Maronite the most difficult to make any progress with. Wrapt in their ignorant fanaticism, they fold its impenetrable cloak around them, and will listen to nothing. The American missionaries were driven out of Edhen by the fanatic population, and I do not believe they ever procured the satisfaction †

* This man, a Maronite priest, had resided several years at Antioch, where he established a school for children. He was much loved and respected for his active benevolence. Being known to have money in his house, a Turk—I believe, the Mufti—asked him why he had bought land, and what he meant to do with the money? He said, “build a church.” Some high words followed, the priest saying he should build a church, and all would come to it soon. The poor man, a few days afterwards, was found strangled in his room in the middle of the day. The Moslems were ordered, when they attacked Syria, to spare the convents, and the priests there, the friars, &c.; but the interdiction did not extend to the secular clergy, whom they were ordered to cleave down as limbs of Satan.

† I say this, having heard only the Maronite side of the story, in which they seemed to come off very triumphantly.

they ought. The Maronites are very proud of their victory. I visited Edhen shortly afterwards, and nothing could equal the rancour of the priests. The Americans were "Frank," "Mason," "Sheitan," and the patriarch had forbidden any to speak, and drink, sell, or buy, with them.

This step of the missionaries, however much they may laud it, was more bold than wise. "Be ye wise as serpents." In answer to this they say, "We are not Jesuits; we go openly, boldly, to work; what did we ask in this instance, at least, to harm?" "Why attack the citadel while the outworks are unwon, and give occasion to an entire enmity, where before there was at least outward courtesy and peace?" I do think, however, many of the scattered villages of the Maronites might be successfully visited by the missionary; but in the heart, the stronghold of their faith, where numbers add to their strength, where all are under the immediate eye of the numerous and omnipotent clergy, the attempt was worse than folly. With myself, the priests were friendly enough; but this was owing to sundry gifts, and my rather listening to what they said, than affirming anything myself. The following circumstance, however, helped me considerably:—

Some time before, about three hours from Tripoli, on the road to Edhen, I had passed a few cottages. At the door of one was a crowd of forty or fifty men, women, and children, surrounding a poor, ill-dressed Frank : one man had hold of his collar, and menaced him with his stick ; two priests were quiet spectators of the scene. Seeing me, he addressed me in French, and begged I would release him. The people gave way as I rode up, and the poor fellow came to my side. He was a fine, handsome young man of two or three and twenty years of age ; and, spite of dirt and misery, it was not difficult to see, did not belong to the class his dress indicated. The people about him now pressed me for payment. I found that he had been travelling over the country as an artist ; a mule bore his worldly chattels, he and the muleteer walking. At Gezin he was robbed, a loss that not only involved all his property, but with his easel, paints, and pencils, any hope of gaining more. He had been beaten and left naked. When arrived at Acre, the American missionary provided him with clothes. From thence he journeyed to Beyrout, where he obtained an order to return to Gezin, where his goods would be restored him.

He returned, and got nothing, except visible proof that his paints had been appreciated, as they adorned the interior of the minister of justice's house. He now begged his way to Edhen, where he had a relation in the convent,—when I say begged his way, he had received several small sums of money from Franks; but he solemnly assured me, he had never, save at convents, received a mouthful of bread without paying for it. On arriving at Edhen, he found his friend gone and the convent closed against him. He now turned to Nablous: the previous day's meal had cost him his shoes; the waistcoat and shirt, the gift of the Protestant, had gone before; "and," as he said, "my trousers would have gone, but for you."

The breakfast was paid for, and he, mounting one of the servant's horses, we pursued our way, encamping at Zerarti, a large Maronite village. No sooner was the baggage unpacked than my protégé descended to the river, and, by the assistance of water, soap, and some clothes, soon returned quite a different creature; meanwhile a carpet had been spread, and I was already surrounded by the whole male population, priests, &c.

Just as he came up the important question had been asked me, what my religion was? to this I replied at once, "Protestant; an humble member of the true Anglo-Catholic Church." The faces lengthened sadly, but the Italian (the artist) began with a volubility I in vain endeavoured to quell: "You ask his religion, but let me ask yours. I am of yours. You neither give me food nor shelter. Your convents give me a morsel, and begrudge it when I go and do not pay; though perhaps the money which served the monks for breakfast was provided by my family. You ask his religion; it is that which gives to the poor and distressed. When I was naked, men of his religion clothed me, and gave me money for the way. They knew my religion, they knew my sect, yet questioned about neither—it was enough for them, I was in distress, and they gave."

He went on in this strain which would have shamed most people; but the Maronites did not seem to take it to themselves. When the Italian retired to enjoy an ample breakfast, I sat on; but, finding that solitude was not likely to be granted me, and that to all hints that I wished to be alone, they were deaf, I proposed that we should make a

collection for the poor fellow. They were uneasy then as I pressed the subject ; at last I said, " Let each go home, and bring what he can afford." There were shouts of applause, and my solitude was complete. This, which one would have thought would have aroused them against one, far from it, gained me applause, and a few judicious presents made us great friends.

It would occupy too long a space to relate the differences existing amongst the sects in the East, and I must refer the reader to Gibbon or to Robertson. The hatred of one sect for the other is an increasing feeling, fostered by ignorance and pastors. At present, all hope of a change is faint, and we must leave it in the hands of God, using our best efforts to second the good work a few humble men have taken in hand. *Education, education!* This confusion of sects, these differences of former times, have swelled up till the people are now ready to receive implicitly whatever the priests dictate. Forms have taken the place of faith ; the priest is the doctrine, and a due attention to outward forms is all that the mass consider necessary. The priests, instructed in their own dogmas, will hear nothing against them ;

reason—all is to be subservient to the will of the Church ; and too often, I fear, the heads of that Church make all things to work for their own good. Their bishops discuss questions transcending the utmost limits of human understanding, and decide them with the flippant readiness of self-satisfied ignorance : the masses dare not think or consider. To question the authority of a priest is a crime, and, as it entails no temporal advantage, one they seldom commit.

In fine, the traveller will find, with surprise, the hate and rancour existing between the sects ; and that the Christians have more love and charity far for the Mussulman or idolator, than they have for the Christian of another sect ; and he will hear blasphemies uttered against things he holds sacred, because they are regarded either a hair's breadth more or less by another.

END OF VOL. I.

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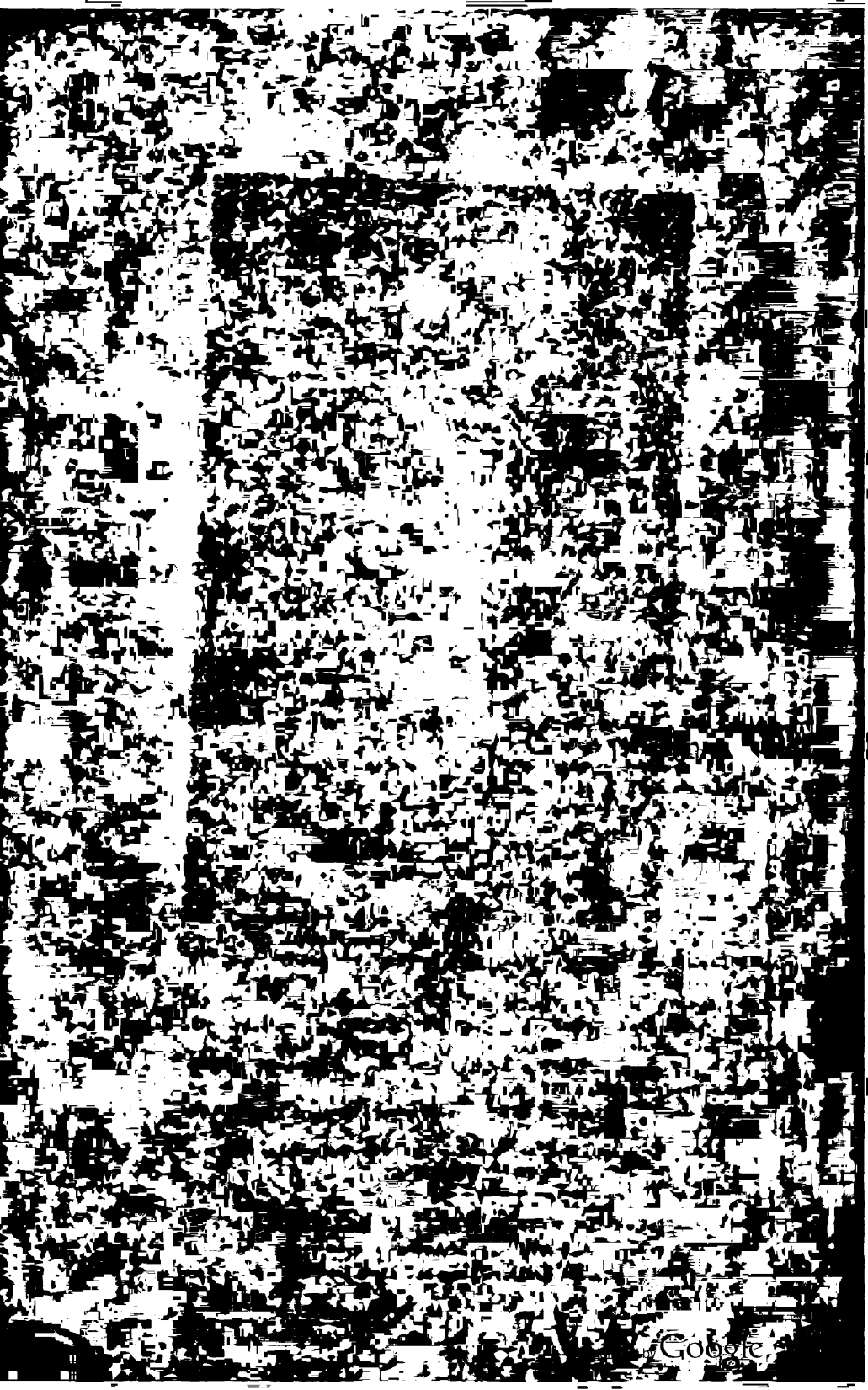
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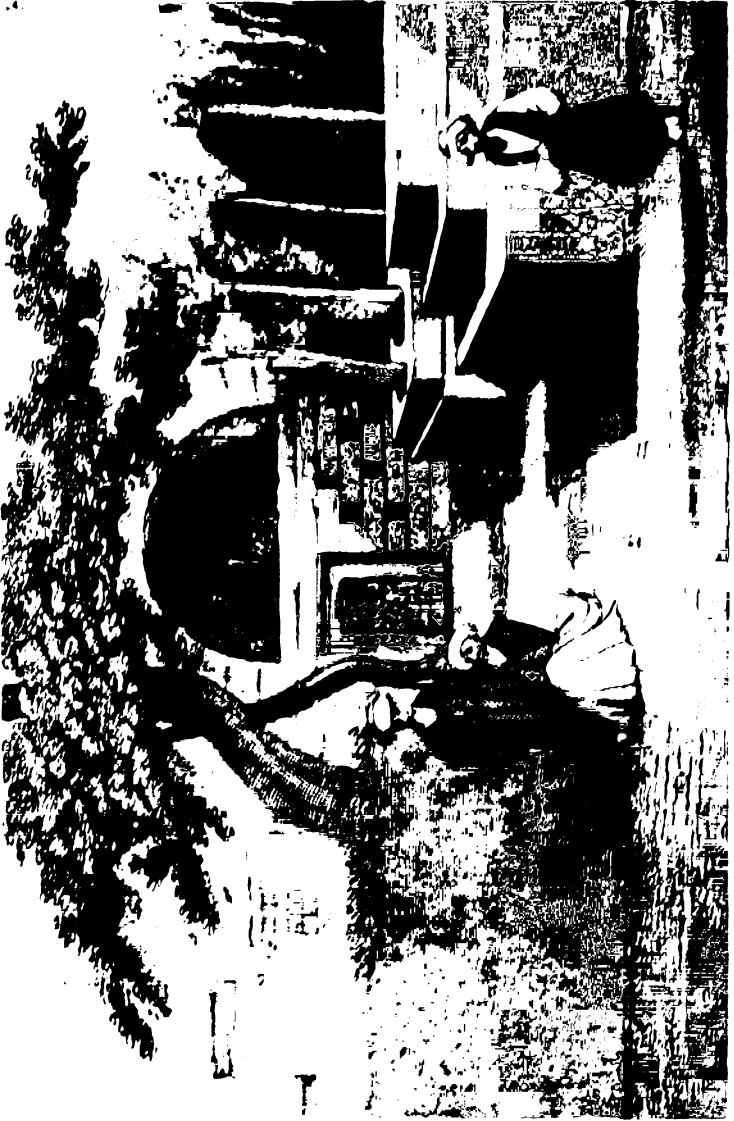
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THE ANSAYRII,

(OR ASSASSINS,)

WITH

TRAVELS IN THE FURTHER EAST,

IN 1850-51.

INCLUDING

A VISIT TO NINEVEH.

BY

LIEUT. THE HON. F. WALPOLE, R.N.

Author of "Four Years in the Pacific."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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TRAVELS IN THE EAST,

· 1850-51.



CHAPTER I.

Residence of the Pasha—Foundation of Mosul—Its Situation—Its Mode of Communication with the other side of the River—Reside at the Encampment of Mr. Layard—Tiyari Nestorian Christians—Their Assassination by the Koords—Antiquity of the Chaldean Christian Church—An Appeal on behalf of those that yet remain—The Jabour Tribe.

THE Pasha resides in a large serai some half mile lower down the river ; it is, as most serais are, a vast pile of building which has probably never been repaired since the day it was built. This is one of the things that cannot fail to strike a traveller : he mounts to a Pasha's palace through a court full of dirt, loungers of all sorts sitting about, up rotten stairs that totter with his weight, to a room whereof the walls are whitewashed,—or rather have been, and ought to be again—and so also with the room where sits the great man. The curtains, of the commonest stuff, are held by a

couple of nails over the windows, which are half broken, and patched with paper or rag ; the floor covered with rude mats, the divan probably of red baize, ill-fitting, and out of order. The character of the natives here—the type,—it would be impossible to describe—they are so various, and so dissimilar. Their dress, also, is peculiar in each of the races.

The Turks, as elsewhere, also the Christians and the Koords, wear the short, straight-cut felt jacket, and an enormous turban of the native manufactured handkerchiefs, of brilliant colours. The Yezidis seemed neater and cleaner than any, with their many-coloured garments and large dark turban.

The foundation of Mosul is veiled in obscurity. Gibbon assumes it to be the western suburb of Ninus, the city that succeeded Nineveh. There is at Mosul a curious old Syriac MSS., which says it rose on the ruins of that great city, and that but little space intervened between the fall of the one, and the rise of the other. Had we the book of Xisuthus,* buried at Sippara, these things would be plain to us ; but this antiquity of Mosul must be exaggerated, or else Nineveh can hardly be the

* The history of the world before the flood was written by Xisuthus, who was warned in a dream by the god Cronos to do so. He was told to bury it in the city of the Sun at Sippara. This is the Perisabora of ancient geographers, and Anbar, the ruins of which are still to be seen close to the castle of Felugra, south-west of Bagdad on the road to Babylon.

Larissa of Xenophon. It is well known and constantly occurs in Saracenic history, that Salla el Deen, the Great, besieged it, and Jenghiz Khan ; Tamerlane of course poured out her blood ; and the remains of the batteries may still be seen on the mound of Koyunjik, where, in 1743, Nadir Shah planted his cannon when he bombarded the town. Since then it has experienced no great shocks ; it has, however, suffered from that slow decay which, reform as they will, falls on every place and town beneath the withering sway of the Turk.

The houses at Mosul seem built now exactly as those of ancient Nineveh, judging from the ruins as laid open for inspection by the excavations ; and from inspection of the others, this would in great part account for the ruins being covered as they are. The houses are built of sun-dried bricks, or merely rammed mud formed into bricks on the wall itself, and vaulted over. Sometimes small stones are used in their composition. Within, all round the court, are slabs of roughly carved coarse alabaster, of about ten or twelve feet high ; in fact, except the rough scratched work of the one now used, and the elaborate travail of the other, those now are the same as those found at the mounds.

From its scarcity, very little wood enters into the building of the houses ; in fact, except for the doors and windows, none. The mere fall of the walls and roofs would bury the slabs, and an accumulation would occur above this from natural causes.

The water used in the town is brought up on mules or horses, in enormous leathern sacks : this water, though of a bad colour, is sweet and good.

Mosul is situated on the western bank. To afford communication with the opposite side there is a bridge of boats ; these are moored head and stern abreast, nearly close together, with a platform on each ; two or three boats are connected by one part of this. This, during my stay, was out of repair, so the passage was effected by boats, numbers of which plied across. The bridge of boats is secured on the townward side to a water-port, on the other it met a low stone pier that stretched across the shallower portion of the river. Thus, here it was confined within narrower limits than usual, leaving but a small space for the boats to span. During the period of the freshets in the river these are always removed, and few years pass that the river does not overflow the wharf on the eastern side, flooding the flat land within it.

The boats used for the passage are large and

well built, rising remarkably high behind, sharp bowed, with a small sheer forward. The stern may be six foot out of the water, the bow two. They are nearly flat-bottomed, with a good beam in the after part, pulled by two oars, with two or three men at the lee one, where the greater strength is required. A stern oar directs their motions : the crews are all Mussulmans. These boats are required to be constantly hauled up, when their bottoms are covered with pitch ; every night also at sunset they are compelled to cease to ply. Besides these, the natives cross on sheep-skins. One or two are inflated in the manner I have described when speaking of the rafts ; on these the person places his stomach, grasping the skin ; thus, his whole person above his thighs is out of water, with his legs he paddles as well as he can. It has a singularly ludicrous appearance, and reminded me of ineffectual efforts to mount the skin or of anything circular and buoyant, which slips from under one. I omit to describe the sulphur lake, naphtha pools, &c., as already familiar to the reader.

There is a tradition that an original portrait of the Virgin was preserved here, and on one occasion saved the city, which was closely besieged and about to fall into the hands of the besiegers. The

picture was paraded on the walls, and the Moslem commander, seeing no hope but in her, vowed he would build two churches to her honour if the city was preserved. With all the pomp they could command, amidst the mingled prayers of various creeds, she was carried to the walls in solemn procession : the enemy retreated in confusion. Mosul was saved, and the Pasha kept his word and built two churches. Thus, we have a miracle whose result at least is well authenticated. From Mosul the mound of Koyunjik appears of great size, as Nebbi Yunus appears in one with it : the whole has quite the appearance of an artificial mound, which many other tels have not.

From the terrace at Mosul we could see the white top of Layard's encampment, which stood on the summit of the mountain. The tents of the workmen were hid by the formation of the mound. Being soon tired of Mosul, I accompanied Mr. Layard and lived with him in our tents upon the excavated mound.

Crossing the Tigris we mounted our horses and rode about two miles for the south of Koyunjik ; passing a small river at a ford ; rode along the half of the western face, and then a short desperately steep path brought us to the top of the mound. The plain below was cultivated with care,

and planted with large fields of melons and cucumbers. In the middle of each stood a small hut where people kept watch by night to drive off the wild boars. On arriving at the top, a broken ground lay before you ; entrances to excavations ; heaps of earth brought up from below ; triangles for whipping up basket loads of earth ; huts made of boughs. Beneath the first of these lived the Tiyyari Nestorian Christians : these did the heavier work below, being stronger men and more accustomed to labour than the lighter built Arabs. They lived together in one or two large huts with their wives.

Great numbers of these people come down every year to Mosul to seek employment : they are fine stout men but not tall. Their dress is far from becoming ; a little cap with a peak almost as uselessly small as those worn at Madeira, and the half large, half small trousers common in Arabia, that seem the ugliest cut of inexpressibles in the world. The women were tall, handsome, and well made, with large saucer-gazing soft black eyes. I believe at first there were great quarrels between them and the Jebour : * these had gradually been appeased by the admirable management of the head

* The Arab workmen employed by Mr. Layard chiefly belong to this tribe.

of the expedition. They are allowed to be a quarrelsome set, and before the massacre by the Koords were arrant freebooters. Their bitter sufferings must, however, call forth all our sympathies. The bloody tiger-like fury with which the Koords fell on them, mangled them, tore them, is among the foulest tales of history.

The Sultan, I heard lately, gave a large present to one of their chief assassins, a brute who in cold blood knived and tortured them with his own hand. The Sultan is averse to blood even when justice demands it to flow—there is inconsistency here. Beder Khan Bey, of whom I speak, used to say (he is now in exile at Rhodes or Candia), “ Ah, it is very well the Sultan punishing me ; but we were wolf and dog : they ate me yesterday, I eat them to day.” Mr. Layard’s book describes many of the horrors of the Koord onslaughts, but paper would fail in describing all,—of maids who threw themselves off bridges and precipices to avoid being the slaves of the hated oppressor, of the firm joy with which many welcomed death when offered as an alternative, with apostasy :

“ If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee ;
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free ;
If the exile on earth is an outcast on high ;
Live on in thy faith : but in mine I will die.”

The deep hatred of the Mussulman to Christians is hardly to be conceived—he despises yet envies them. I have already mentioned the Mussulman law, that the honour, the wives, the wealth, the faith of the Christian, are in his hands. A Christian's testimony is of no avail against a Turk; by this law (now, however, modified) a Christian was a beast who was to be allowed to live for the tribute he could pay. There are various accounts as to the cause of the Nestorian massacre—I mean the ostensible immediate cause. Fanaticism was at the bottom of it, but a refusal to pay a tribute was the spark that kindled the blaze. Then, the Tiyari were much divided among themselves, and it is supposed Koordish gold weakened the force of more than one Tiyari arm. To us, as members of the Reformed Church, those of the Chaldean Church must ever be brother and sister. We ought, and God grant in his mercy we may, to stand forward with the right hand of Christian fellowship.

Let not, then, the interest English Protestants took in these, their brothers, die away. Shall we read the reproach of the prophet? shall we read the line of the Scriptures?—"Thy people are scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them to him" (Nahum, iii. 15),—and not extend

the arm of our temporal might, and efface the shame—the bitterness of our fellows ; shed over them that quiet which God has so abundantly granted us, and give them time to breathe, to live, to recover ?

Here is a Church into which though, through lapse of time, ignorance, and confusion, some errors may have crept, we find pure and untainted by most of the dogmas so plentifully found in all Oriental sects ; we find an antient people and an antient faith, without contact, professing nearly as we profess. What proof can we show with greater pride than this, that, as far as human changes allow, we have returned to the Apostolic Christian faith of the early fathers ? Few Churches have extended their faith more actively than these Nestorians. From China to Cyprus ; among the wilds of Tartary ; amongst the jungles of India, they restored and saved the southern Indian Church, which, on the death of MacGeorge, fell into great disorder (in the sixth or seventh century) ; and a better knowledge of the countries would probably trace co-religionists amongst the millions of Chinese and in the southern parts of Hindostan. Twenty-five metropolitan bishops, extended over a fourth of the world, once acknowledged the Chaldean patriarch

as the head of the Eastern Church : the Mussulmans, the Tartars, reigned, and they have become broken and dispersed. Tamerlane out-did his own renown in cruelty and blood, and they became a few persecuted outcasts in the inaccessible mountains of Koordistan and the borders of the lake of Oroomiah. Those few who remained true to their faith on the plains, fell before the persecutors, not one whit more scrupulous of their own faith, and but few now remain in their father's faith. Great interest was excited by their sufferings in England. Fellow Christians, let not this subside ; it is a great, a good deed, to save, to help, to protect those we ought to love as brothers. Though now it may be hoped that they will be allowed to breathe in peace and cultivate the rugged mountains they inhabit ; still, much may be done, and it is to be feared that others exist dispersed amidst the Koords who are still in the depths of bondage and endure a slavery destructive of every good quality they possess.*

* Mr. Layard will probably write an account of our joint journey from Mosul to Lake Van, through these heretofore unvisited districts ; and to him I leave the task he is so well competent to perform, of describing the condition of the unknown Christian districts we found hid away for ages among the mountains. The journey was one of great interest.

Several other huts stood about, occupied by servants, cook-house, &c. ; and then, on a parched, dusty stubble, we reached Mr. Layard's tent. My own stood by its side, and another or two near. At a distance of some two hundred yards S.E. of us stood the black tents of the Arabs ; for as the workmen had their wives, relations, and several others with them, this formed a large encampment, and, thanks to their regular gains and protection from exaction, they were in a flourishing condition. They were a portion of a tribe called the Jebour, one widely spread, and sometimes nomad, at others sedentary, and often labourers in the fields. The tribe may be found scattered in divisions down to Bagdad. This division had been in a wretched state of poverty ; their wages for work on the Mound were by no means high, yet they are now wealthy as compared with others. How plainly this speaks as to the misrule and incompetence of the government, and the capabilities of the people, if allowed to develop themselves.

CHAPTER II.

Frequent Visitation of furious Gales—Their Effects on the Tents—Excavations by Mr. Layard described—Reflections caused by the Monuments—Arrival of Southern Pilgrims on their way to Mecca—How other Pilgrims now reach their Destination—Further Excavations by Mr. Layard—The Well of Thisbe—How the raised Monuments verify and illustrate the Language of the Prophets—How far Mussulmans are addicted to the drinking of Wine—Legend of Mahomet respecting Wine—Two hostile Tribes—The Tai Tribe—Its Antiquity—Pride of the old Sheik—Arab Muskets described—Pay-day on the Mound—Another furious Gale—Start on an Excursion to Nimroud—House of Mr. Layard there—Present State of the Villages—Excavations at Tel Nimroud—Imposing and solemn Effect of some of the excavated Figures—Prepare to depart for Koordistan.

WE were frequently visited during my stay by furious gales from the N.N.W., hot as fire, of great violence, and heralded by clouds of burning dust, which penetrated everywhere. Paper dried and curled; ink stagnated. Our dinner on these occasions was as much earth as anything, and the first puff generally swept away most of our European-built tents, carrying their remains far to leeward, and leaving a confused wreck of prized property all about. Meanwhile, the wretched, shaky-looking tents of the Arabs stood unharmed. It was very

hard ; the neatly-stretched canvas, the carefully-adjusted ropes, all through one blast—and away they went, hurting one's pocket, one's feelings, and one's pride. The wind chops round to N.E., and then gradually dies away.

It was, however, worth while seeing the wild gestures and excited energy of the Arabs. Mr. Layard's kavass, who usually lounged away the day torpid, would dart up in sudden activity, rush down into the trenches, and there, with frantic gestures, recount the disaster. Up rushed the Arabs, the wind roaring, masses of sand sweeping by. They yelled, they shouted, holding and tugging at the ropes to keep the huge masses on their after-legs.

From the time of my arrival here I seldom visited the town, frequenting constantly the trenches and the excavations. Descending a few rudely cut steps, a narrow passage leads to one of the regular excavations ; these were long galleries, some ten or more—perhaps fifteen feet high, and four or five broad, with the earth cut in an arch overhead, so as to render it less likely to fall in. Every fifteen or twenty feet a hole was cut in the top, open to the surface ; up this, as the excavations had pro-

ceeded, the earth from below had been passed, and it now served to shed an ample light. On one side in rows stood the flat slabs, while on the pathway were traces that it had been so used before; and above the slab the first cut of the pick showed the sun-baked brick. It was impossible to enter these without a feeling of awe—God's words so forcibly proved! Once the mighty fallen, the great laid low! Perhaps those now digging ceaselessly before us, uncaring why, how, or where, are turning up the bones of their fathers, striking at the Gods of their race!

The extent of the excavations is very great, and they have been admirably directed. Looking at the result and the sum allowed, it is wonderful. As the world knows, these bas-reliefs are beautifully cut, and the inscriptions fresh as on the day they were executed. They had all been washed so as to permit of their being copied. The mound of Koyunjik is only the largest of the mounds near here; the mound of Nebbi Yunus, or the prophet Jonas, is just S.W. of it. This spot, the traditional tomb of Jonas, is a great evidence for the site of Nimroud. It is a large mosque, held in much veneration by the Mussulmans; this, and there being a village and tombs, has prevented any

extensive excavations being made. On the eastern side of the mosque are some cavern tombs of great antiquity. The mosque is said to have been erected on the site of a monastery, built to commemorate the preaching of Jonas.

“Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than He who deems e'en seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust,—
The moth survives you : and are you more just?
Things of a day, you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to wisdom's wasted light.”

During my stay the southern pilgrims for Mecca were performing their devotions here, this being one of the spots they deem it necessary to visit. Many of these people had come one hundred days' journey, painfully toiling through heat and privation to perform the service ordered them by their Prophet : for he says—“It is a duty towards God, incumbent on all those who are able to go thither, to visit this house.”* Here is a lesson for us and our lukewarmness.

The Mussulmans themselves, however, say that the morals of the pilgrims suffer by the pilgrimage, and the saying is well known : “Beware of a man who has been to Mecca once ; but fly from the house where there is one who has been twice.”

* He speaks of the Caaba here.

Many pass years going and returning, either because they like the wandering vagabonding of it (for they beg and live well on the road), or else they receive money and go as substitutes for others. A Dervish who courted my company and went with me several days' journey, confided to me that he was then on his road as substitute for eight persons, each of whom paid him and each of whom thought he went for him only.

The march of intellect is at work here also.; the pilgrims from India now often steam it to Suez, and thence to Jidda, only twenty-five miles from Mecca ; from Constantinople they steam to Beyrout or Alexandria : we may yet live to see a fair lady drive to the Caaba in her brougham. Many make it a trading voyage, doing a good business on the road there and back.

Beside Nebbi Yunus are many other mounds, and the lines of walls and ditches are still well marked. At one of the gates of the city, Mr. Layard has excavated and discovered bulls similar to those his energy has placed in the British Museum. The mound was always awake with the dawn, when the workmen repaired to their stations. We generally took a ride, the

greyhounds accompanying us : in this way a good idea was gained of the locality, and in company with such a companion as Layard, all was made plain.

The well of Thisbe, the beloved of Pyramus. When flogged at school, and, as I well remember, kept in a lovely afternoon to learn this legend by heart, I little thought of the kind act my good instructor was doing me, and how in after years, sitting on the well, drinking its classic waters, I should repeat those lines thus roughly written on my memory, with true pleasure and gratitude to him who, by sheer might of hand and strength of perseverance, gave me a knowledge of a classic tongue spite of my will, and enabled me in later years to enjoy what it once cost me such tears and pains to learn.* On our return there was a breakfast of fresh melons, sad food to tempt one on to fever and ague ; then the party dispersed to the excavations, whither I also followed them, as there was full twenty degrees of difference between the thermometer in the tent and in

* My gratitude to this good man I cannot express. Spite of every difficulty he sent me forth, knowing enough to wish to learn more. The legend places the well here, though without any reason, as this fountain must have been within the city. However, if we are to look for proof, and correct topography, what shall we believe in the end ?

the mound, the one being 104° to 106° , the other 80° to 82° or 84° .

Here carpets were spread on a mattress, and each pursued his employment, some deep in studies, the artist drawing, and I, the idle one, seeing, thinking, dreaming. To me there was something solemn in sitting within these caves ; it seemed as if I had been brought here to witness the mighty power of God to convince my own stubborn heart ; as if I was here to see, to believe, and to carry forth with me, the wondrous truth of His word. Before me were the pages of the prophet of old : he had prophesied, he had died, his words remained ; and here one was called, as it were, to bear testimony to the truth of every word. The spot we lay in, though pitched upon by chance, seemed the very spot we witnesses should mark. At our very feet was a large bas-relief of the king in his chariot, followed by his eunuchs and people, "girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads ; all of them Princes to look to." (Ezekiel xxiii. 15.) "Which were clothed in blue, captains and rulers * * * horsemen riding upon horses." On our right stood two mutilated

winged bulls, awe-striking in their very decay. The bas-relief at our feet was very fine ; the king shaded by an umbrella ; his dress, chariot, and horse's gear delicately and minutely cut.

“ The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.”

On the next stone was depicted a siege without the walls ; women were drawing water ; the bucket is in the well, a crane with a block supports the rope. “ Draw the water for the siege ; fortify thy strongholds.” (Nahum iii. 14.) On others, “ Captains and rulers clothed most gorgeously, horsemen riding upon horses.” (Ezekiel xxiii. 12.) On others, “ They shall come against thee with chariots, waggons and wheels, and with an assembly of people who shall set against thee buckler and shield and helmet.” (Ezekiel xxiv.) Again, I saw the sons and daughters taken as captives ; here were prisoners stript and bound—“ They shall strip thee of thy clothes, and take away the fair jewels.” These things, as I sat, I

saw portrayed on the walls, the images of the Chaldean. The place, but gloomily lighted, all tended to increase the feeling. "Not open, but half revealed, thou shalt be hid," (Nahum iii. 11.)

In the evening there was another ride, dinner, nargilleh, and conversation. At a late hour, we retired to our tents. Even then there was excitement : the guardians of the gardens below seemed to fire very much at random, and more than one bullet aimed at a boar passed distressingly near to my tent. Thus each day was a valuable record storied up as a memory of the past. Tablets were found (they seemed, by their number, to have entered the record office of Nineveh) ; many of them resembled cakes of Windsor soap, except, instead of "Old Brown Windsor," they were covered with most delicately cut arrow-headed hieroglyphics. Pieces of glass, &c., were found, but little else during my stay. The task of splicing the ropes was delegated to me. This was duly performed.

There was a young wild ass of Mr. Layard's which was a constant amusement ; it had been brought up by an Arab, a petty sheik, on the mound, and nothing could now part it from him. The

capriciousness of the little brute was extreme ; it would take food from his hand, and then with wonderful activity turn round and kick him. We said it was a pity to teach him this. "Teach him, Ya guest," for so I was called ; "he kicked, as all his race do, in his mother's womb." The shape, make, and form of the animal were perfect, and already it gave great promise of speed : its nostril was full and round as a bell, its colour dusty pink. One day the sheik, who had charge of it, entered the tent, and Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, whose influence is unbounded, told him to drink some wine. He drank it off, saying, rather justly, the sin was Hormuzd's, not his. They say : Mahomet passed a house where a large party were making merry, and he went on his way pleased, saying, "These men were enemies ; a little wine makes them forget their quarrel, and they are friends. Wine then is good for man ; it is the gift of God, to make his heart cheerful, happy, and friendly."

In the evening he returned by the same road, and again passing the same house he found all fighting and quarreling ; so he says in the Koran : "They will ask you concerning wine and lots ; answer, in both there is great sin, and also some things

of use unto men ; but their sinfulness is greater than their use." Perhaps he saw the actual necessity of this to the existence of a race in such a climate as his own ; or else he would hardly have dared, almost at the beginning of his career, to have restrained what has ever been a cherished indulgence with mankind ; though probably it was a habit which in excess the inhabitants to the west of the Euphrates were never guilty of.

The Persians, from the earliest ages, have been wine-bibbers, and spite of Prophet and fanaticism, are so now. Herodotus mentions of them, that they used to deliberate on the most important subjects when heated with wine ; that then they met again and deliberated on the same subject while cool. If, on the contrary, they discussed any important subject while sober, they met again when excited by wine and re-considered it : between the two was wisdom.

One afternoon the whole mound was thrown into the most desperate excitement ; baskets, shovels, and work were thrown aside, and the Jebour demanded with loud voices to be permitted to attack : six horsemen of the Tai, a neighbouring tribe at

deadly feud with the Jebour, quietly mounted the tel. The Arabs were with some difficulty restrained, and the horsemen were ordered to retire. The Tai are a tribe known on the pages of history, and their sheik may probably be of the oldest chief blood in the world. This tribe in the seventh century could send forth its ten thousand horsemen; and had the descendant of the Prophet (Hasseen) confided in their honour, they might have changed the fate, the religion of the Oriental world. War, feuds, and pride have now reduced the tribe; and though too proud to become sedentary, their migrations are confined to a space about the size of the county of Lincoln.

The old sheik, who traces back his pedigree in one pure line from before the Prophet, is a remarkably noble-looking old man; but his pride is rapidly hastening the destruction of his tribe. He will treat with none upon equal terms; claiming a superiority from his descent, which his enemies are little prepared to allow. "If they wish for peace, let them come and ask it." His tribe, who have remained faithful to him—a rare quality—through all his adversities, are at feuds with all, and daily exposed to the ills of unequal war. The Jebour

especially, are their deadly enemies, and during my stay inflicted on them a severe loss of cattle and mares.

It is the Tai who have exterminated the tribe of Ali Abou Hamed, of whom, from a powerful tribe, now scarce thirty houses are left, and these they hunt down with ceaseless pertinacity. I ought to mention that the Arabs on the mound are all well armed, all have good serviceable muskets ; these are long barrellled, and the stock short and light. It is a cumbrous weapon to use without a rest ; here, however, they have one consisting of two parallel legs, attached to the musket ; this not only supports it, but the two render it a good steady stand to take an aim on. The rest lies along the barrel when not in use, held up by a string. The barrels of these native made weapons are excellent ; their locks are the part they fail in—the springs are bad, so the whole works ill. The shots, however, they make with ball are wonderful, and our table was supplied with hare or gazelle daily.

Pay-day on the mound was a peculiarly characteristic sight, and well worth seeing. Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, an invaluable secretary,

whose sojourn in England has opened and improved a mind already well cultivated, and who possesses a knowledge of several Oriental languages, presided. Imagine a broad passage, or rather hall,—for a spot was chosen where several passages met—every outlet and cranny crowded by the expectant receivers : the lean, muscular Arab ; the more stolid, but more determined Tiyyari ; the fat, sleek Christian of the town ; the haughty Mussulman artisan ; the disciplined fine form, and resolute expression of the kavass—all these discordant elements were pliant beneath the young secretary, whose acquaintance with their characteristics, many customs, characters and language, gives him great power. Their healthy appearance, good dresses, and arms, spoke of the advantage they derived from the regular work and fair pay. I forebore asking with regard to their pay, but believe it was two piastres a day for the ordinary workmen, higher for the rest. They were called up in tens, the money for these paid to one, and a bakshish added. They, on their parts, seemed to have implicit confidence in the payer, who insisted that each should buy meat for his wife.

In the evening we had another gale, and all our

tents, save one of Mr. Layard's, went by the board. It was sad, picking up one's goods from the sand, scattered far over the plain—pens, paper, watch, pots, sheets, bed, carpets, pistols, shirts. Soon afterwards, I took advantage of Mr. Layard's going to Nimroud, and one evening, after dinner, with one servant, we embarked, with Mr. H. Rassam and one servant, on a small raft for Nimroud. Slowly we floated down that silver river; the moon shed over the water a pale brazen hue, wavy, tremulous as the ripple; slowly the town floated from us, as we sat leaning on cushions—then came on us the wild, mysterious, barren, lifeless gloom of growing night.

We fell asleep in our musings; for my first consciousness was, that we were near the Awai or dam across the river, and the boatman said we had better get out and walk, while he went down it in a light raft. When my opinion was asked, I gave it against any change of position. Very sleepy; the chance of a swim seemed far preferable than the certainty of a walk, so we whisked down with great rapidity and, what was more, some wetting. One only buttress of this work remains above water, and the rest—when the

water was low, as it then was,—makes a fall again. Awaking, I found we had arrived, but burying myself under cloaks nothing roused me until the force of the sun drove me fairly from the raft. While the luggage was collecting, I could not but contemplate the scene before me. The place where we were, the banks being level with the water, was the watering-place of the country about, so thousands of animals were struggling, fighting, and pushing to the stream. They were tended and cared for by the girls, who either sat on the ground careless of their charge, or else, more busy, ran with them into the stream, keeping back those who rashly ventured too far.

We walked up to the house Mr. Layard occupies, and while the servants were busy I sauntered over the village. The reader may, perhaps, remember Mr. Layard's description of it before he began his excavations : the magic wand of justice waved over it ; good order was established. The change is wonderful ; every house was neat ; a mare and foal stood tethered at each door ; fowls, corn heaps, children, plenty, peace everywhere ; and yet this was less the actual money spent, than the security given. Here in small was the fruit

of spoiling the buried mound—the buried treasures of Chaldæa : “ And Chaldæa shall be spoilt ; all that spoil her shall be satisfied.” * We too have rifled the treasures in her bosom, and are satisfied.

A Mosulean Christian, the overseer of the work, provided us with an excellent breakfast, after which we started for the Mound. The country around is a perfect plain, now busy with reapers gathering in their crops. From the village we could see the Mound, the famed Tel Nimroud, peculiar among all others I have seen, from a conical elevation which rose on its north-west. Its whole outward form is now much altered, from the trenches and openings excavated in it. We passed rapidly over them : unlike those of Koyunjik, the trenches are open to the sky, as little space seems generally to have intervened between the surface and the bas-relief. Many of the bas-reliefs from this mound are in London ; many of great beauty still remain. They are certainly of a higher, bolder, larger class than those of Koyunjik : many of the best now here are again covered.

It would be beyond my province to particularise each passage and trench ; the excavations are

* Jeremiah, i. 10.

scattered over a great extent of ground, and though much has been removed, much covered, there was sufficient to keep me in a high state of activity for many days. While looking at the workmen, they turned out a jar ; it resembled in everything those now in use, and had it been found elsewhere would have been thrown aside. It broke in the endeavour to remove it, displaying its contents, earth and burnt ashes. The workmen were now at work on the Pyramid, whose outer wall they had dug round, forming a passage between it and the earth. Below, it is encased by a solid stone wall, some nine feet thick ; above, of sun-baked bricks, covered with cuneiform character, as fresh and sharp as if cut yesterday.

After a very hasty survey we retired to one of the trenches ; carpets and pillows were spread. Mr. Layard was hard at work copying off inscriptions ; I was soon deep in Moore's Epicurean—at least as deep as the lively scene before one would allow ; the Arabs shouting, as they bore their tiny loads of earth ; the people coming for orders, or mysteriously approaching with a handful of dirt. Now a visit, now a petition ; then a great bustle consequent on the arrival of Mr. Layard. After

a short rest in the passage, we adjourned to where two enormous winged bulls still stood on their original site : a light awning had been spread overhead to keep off the rays of the sun, but the heat was very oppressive. I lay back in a retired corner : how was it possible to resist a feeling of awe at the figures before one ? They stood, freed from the earth, displaying their admirable proportions—emblems of strength, gigantic, passive strength, in perfect repose—the claws doubled up : the whole powerful, but quiescent ; the countenance worthy of Jove himself.

Between them was a broad slab of cuneiform-covered stone, which added very much to the effect, and much should I like to see them thus placed in our own Museum. The doorway of the room opened to admit of their standing as an entrance to the Assyrian chamber, and here, immovable, grand, solemn, magnificent, they had stood for ages, since time was young. They grew into this mighty life beneath the sculptor's touch ; thousands on thousands have passed between them, trembling with awe, strong in zeal, or mighty for their minute. Vengeance overlooked them, and the earth covered them. Unchanged, they guarded

the holy fane : mighty men from lands grown old during their strength again laid them bare : no longer worshipped, they are found still faithful to their charge. Imposingly grand they stand, unmoved, untouched, strong as of yore. Perhaps we see them to more advantage than those who thronged here, when the temples were perfect ; then the errors and coarseness of the detail would have been noticed ; time has removed these, and we cannot descend to criticise. When formed, to any thinking mind, these were but stone ; but antiquity casts her shadow around ; history lies buried in the dust ; and we long to ask of this strange guardian of the fane, his tale, his founder, and his name.

It was an epicurean dream thus to remain watching these figures, or rather becoming one of the particles of dust that remained at his gate for a second, and then passed away, blown—who knows where ?—while they remain in the position of ages. The sun caused a sleepy, heavy feeling ; the body yielded to the heat, and a dreamy state possessed one.

“ Then memory, too, with her dreams will come,
Dreams of a former happier day,
When heaven was still the spirit's home,
And her wings had not yet fallen away.”

These figures, perhaps, gained greatly in their effect from standing at the entrance of a dark mysterious excavation, instead of at the door of a temple ; but, whatever the cause, never before had any work of man made such an impression on me. You descend from above, and arrive at a large open space, whence the earth has been cleared. In front are these mysterious, strange figures ; behind opens a passage leading to the bas-reliefs. On each side are three figures, admirably cut, one over another. The winged bulls, therefore, form the entrance to the passage, dark as contrasted with the outer light. There is a distance of, perhaps, twenty feet between them, paved with a huge slab of stone, covered with cuneiform characters : this distance apart is in good proportion to the height of the bulls, and well adapted to display their massive forms.

Again I returned to the passage, in whose further recesses the flocks of the people sought shelter from the noon-day heat. Our coffee was cooked on splinters of cedar wood, dug from the buildings. The Arabs resumed their work, stretching from the sleep they had enjoyed after their frugal meal : they cursed the people who

made the place so strong, and their work so hard.

“ And he will stretch out his hand against **the** north, and destroy Assyria, and make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness, and **flocks** shall lie down in the midst of her ; all the **beasts** of the nations.” . . . “ Desolation shall be **in** the thresholds, for he shall uncover the cedar work : this is the rejoicing city, that dwells carelessly ; that said in her heart, I am ; there is none beside me. How is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in ! every one that passeth by her shall hiss and wag his hand.” (Zephaniah xi. 13—15.)

In the evening, Mr. Layard returned to Mosul, a distance of some twenty miles, and left me with my servant as the occupants of his house. I lay on the terrace or roof of the house : it formed my thinking place, till sleep overpowered every other faculty, and then my bed, till the rising sun sent me forth to hunt over the Mound.

If the reader will turn to “ Nineveh and its Remains,” he will there find how much of the ruins exhumed were entirely consumed by fire, so much so that it was with difficulty the slabs



(many of them) could be preserved until drawings of them were made. This, also, is another striking verification of prophecy : "There shall the fire devour thee." (Nahum iii. 15.) Also Isaiah, xlvii. : "There is no throne, O daughter of the Chaldeans, for thou shalt no more be called tender and delicate : take the millstones and grind meal ; uncover thy locks ; make bare the leg ; uncover the thigh ; pass over the rivers ; thy nakedness shall be uncovered, thy shame shall be seen." The whole of the chapter might be quoted, and each portion pointed out, as fulfilled by the actual present state of the country, or the ruins found.

On the following morning, accompanied by Zea, who soon, however, left me in pursuit of a hare,—"Nineveh and its Remains" under my arm, I walked to the Mound, and went over the whole of the excavations with a care, as to detail, I had been unable to give on my preceding visit. The excavations occupy about one-third of the whole Mound, which is of great extent. The wind, or probably the nature of the earth, has already caused much of the trenches to be refilled ; but on my visit all the bas-reliefs were perfectly

visible. I have already noticed their superiority to those of Koyunjik. Whilst wandering about, I came on a well in an open trench, the brickwork of it new and fresh, as if of yesterday : but this also was uncovered during the work, and is, doubtless, of an antiquity equal to that of the other ruins. The workmen make use of it.

A beautiful chapter is Ezekiel xxxi., from the 3rd to the 14th verse, and well does it describe the grandeur of that mighty empire of which we possess but faint, scattered accounts. Its ruin was complete ; struck down in the midst of its strength, it remains a warning to us and to all. The result of the excavations of the Pyramid of Nimroud will be a matter of great interest, and determine the truth of tradition. It seems hardly possible from its present form, that it can be the tower of which Xenophon speaks ; there seems more probability it may be the tomb of Ninus, built by Semiramis.

I thus passed several days, wandering about during the mornings and evenings, and reading or dreaming amidst the ruins. The Arabs were most kind, and constantly offered presents more than enough to supply my simple ménage. Mean-

while, I was expecting my horses and servants from Mosul, in order to commence a new journey south to the great Zab, and then round to Arra, a town in Koordistan, where Mr. Layard would meet me. The weather was hot ; the mornings and evenings delightful.

CHAPTER III.

Alarm of Baggage and Servants lost—Their Re-appearance—Preparations for the Tour—Departure from Nimroud—Offerings by the Way—Reach the Zab—Besieged by sick Villagers for physical Remedies—Domestic Quarrel in the Village—How it was maintained, and its Result—Junction of the Zab with the Tigris—Visit from the Sheik Abd-er-Rahman—His Entertainment—Negoub—Description of it—Attempt to examine the Outer Face of a Rock Tunnel—Arab Attendant—His Character and Peculiarities—His Exhortation to Patience, and personal Exemplification of that Virtue—How far the Prophet is obeyed as to Cleanliness—Visit to the Convent St. Rhodder Elias—Its Church—Inhospitable Christian Arabs—Measurement of Time by the Arabs—Difference of Opinion between a Turk and a Persian concerning Time—Distance, as calculated by Time in the East.

THE sun had just driven me in from my wanderings; the coffee had been duly imbibed, and my first nargilleh was in full force, when as I began lecturing Mousoulee on the folly of drinking, nay, even on the heinousness of the crime when his so doing deprived me of liquor, the door was darkened, a bright boar-spear thrust in, and the Doctor of the expedition followed, dressed rather for comfort than for show. He announced the loss of my baggage and servants, and said, having left Mosul at sunset he had journeyed quietly on, now dozing, now walking, when rousing thoroughly

he found but one servant and horse with him. Bawling, shots, and search proved vain, and having passed the night in wandering about, he had come on at dawn to inform me of my loss and concert measures for its recovery. At first I was inclined to speak to the heads of the village, who would readily have assisted me with their people, more especially when the aid might yield plunder or excitement to themselves.

The loss was not to be wondered at : the Tails lately had plundering parties out to the north of the Zab, and though sworn friends to the Bey of Nimroud, might not be able to resist so tempting a chance. A little consideration, however, led me to wait, and the event justified me, as before the evening all arrived safely. It appeared that as each servant found he had lost the guide, the road, and the party, he very philosophically laid himself down to sleep, and did not continue the journey till daylight. My party thus re-assembled consisted of six servants and seven horses, five of which carried luggage, with a servant over the load ; the other two were superior animals for my own riding.

It was necessary on the trip I had in con-

temptation to carry provisions of all sorts, as after leaving Nimroud, milk was the only food we should find ; rice, and coffee, also, with white sugar as presents for the chiefs ; and stores of tobacco for the use of all. Besides my old Syrian servant I had a Tiyari, called Lazer, to load and help, a cook—an old Armenian,—two grooms, Mosulean Christians, and an Abyssinian servant. Among us we spoke a variety of languages, and the whole had arms, wanting but courage to wield them. A couple of Jebour Arabs joined me on their own account, and Awad* forsook his superintendence of the diggers, and, in spite of our warnings, said he should come. Being the overseer of the workmen, and feeling the injury it would do to the progress of the excavations, I remonstrated with him, but he mounted his mare and so cut short my caution. The rest of the day was spent in reading, and in a final walk over the more interesting portions of the Mound. We retired early to our carpets spread in the garden, to be ready to start shortly after midnight.

The Doctor awoke me at the appointed hour, and calling the servants the baggage was packed

* The Arab Awad must be familiar to all readers of Mr. Layard's book.

and sent off while we took a hasty meal, and mounting, joined it abreast of the Mound. Here, as at Mosul, it would be interfering with others and profiting by their kindness, were I to enter into speculations with regard to the spot I was now on being the locality mentioned by Xenophon. This I leave to others whose whole talents and research have been applied to the subject. For myself, I passed the Mound and its steeple pyramid, and wound amidst the smaller tels with feelings of awe. The sun poured down its rays with intense force; the plain lay golden with ready harvest before me, and the labourers and Fellaheen Arabs made the place resound with their cries. Yet the eye lingered on those wondrous mounds. Though resolved to return and yet watch by them and see what more they would produce, I felt a foreboding such would not be, and that, as all around, I also must bow to prophecy not to be resisted, and, according to the words of Nahum, flee from her. "And it shall come to pass all they that look upon thee shall flee from thee, and say, Nineveh is laid waste; who will bemoan her?" (Chap. iii. 7.)

The shepherds, as we journeyed on over the plain,

brought a lamb, and stood with it as an offering ; the reaper presented a bundle of newly cut corn ; a prettier way of begging, certainly, than the pestering perseverance of more polished climes—a way old as the Scripture times, and interesting, as speaking for the immutability of the customs of the East. An Arab was now despatched to Sheik Abd-er-Rahman, the chief of the Aboudar Salman Arabs, to inform him of our expedition and carry to him our good will. We reached the Zab early in the afternoon, here a large and rapid river, and encamped, for protection, near a village of Shemutti Arabs, pitching the tents just on the rise of the bank. The low jungle that belted the river promised abundance of boar, and the village would furnish beaters and milk. The head of the village paid us his respects, and Awad, who knew everybody, brought in all who were fit, according to his notions, to bear us company. The village was a mere collection of bough and reed huts resorted to during the extreme heats of the summer. The news that the great Hakeem Bashi was with me having spread, we were besieged by cases of sickness, real and imaginary : all, however, received some advice, and to those that were

well we gave pills that were innocent enough to keep them so. The different cases the Doctor was consulted on, would, if described, prove he had no easy task to satisfy all.

Near us lay a jungle said to be full of wild boar, with which we promised ourselves much amusement. The Arabs of the village stared at us all day, but towards evening gave it up, and thenceforth we dwelt in quiet as one of themselves. They were a poor set, half sedentary ; their flocks their only wealth. A high hill behind us shut out the gaif or plains of Mesopotamia, but before us was the broad stream of the Zab, its banks thick dry bush, and further south, on the opposite bank, a vast plain. In the evening we had two sharp runs at the pigs, but did not either of us get a spear. The heat during the day was intense, but the breeze, cooled over the river at evening, made all fresh again.

This, the first evening of our arrival, the Arab huts were alive with noise ; it arose out of a quarrel between a man and his wife ; she certainly had the best of it as far as rapidity of articulation went. At first it was a war of two, but very soon several women espoused her cause, and the

man ceased to be heard. Presently, recruits of women came to his assistance also, and the clamour was redoubled ; then he fell out with his friends, so there were three parties. At last he settled the matter with the *Alei talac be telati*, "I part with her for three times : " this repeated thrice, constitutes a divorce. He then retired to his hut, nor could all their yells bring him forth again. During the whole time the men had sat quiet spectators. The woman finding words were of no avail, and unable to withstand the force of custom more irrevocable than law, came and moaned under the awning of our tent, rejecting, however, with scorn all our consolation.

The next morning my companion had a touch of fever, to which he had been a martyr for many months ; as I fancied myself fever-proof, it seemed an unpardonable folly being ill, and after giving him such comforts as we had, Awad and myself started for a ride along the banks of the river. It was too late for the pigs, so I rode on to see the junction of the Zab with the Tigris. The former is here a considerable stream, and forms numerous low islands of the soil it detaches from the banks on its passage : these soon become covered with

bushes. The northern bank at the angle of junction with the Tigris bears marks of fortifications ; high artificial tels, and a deep trench to isolate the mounds in their rear, may still be traced above. Also, along the banks of the river are other mounds, this might have been the southern part of Nineveh ; and the walls north of Koyunjik the northern, if so it would give a river face to that town of twenty-seven or twenty-eight miles instead of the nineteen supposed ; though a city of three days' journey through would be even more than this ;* and considering the ancient Eastern cities to have been built like the modern ones, of one story with open courts of considerable extent, it does seem improbable.

On my return the Doctor was up and actively employed administering physic to a crowd of applicants. I had a visit from Ishlash, the son of Abd-er-Rahman, sheik of the Abou-Salman, whom Mr. Layard mentions : they were encamped a little up the Tigris. We received him and his horsemen with all respect : a lamb was procured and handed to Awad, who turned its poor head towards Mecca, drew his knife, winked slyly at us, stroked

* See the Prophecies of Jonah.

his beard, pulled out its tongue to its full extent, pronounced the Bismillah, oo Rachum oo Raheim, "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful,"* and let out its life's blood, which the dry, thirsty soil, licked impatiently up. Eau sucré, coffee, some milk and rice, were set before them, and the whole feasted their fill. The sheik whispered in my ear a request for rakkee: in this, however, we were unable to gratify him, for we had none. In the evening he left with many expressions of friendship.

On the following morning Awad returned to his diggings, and we proceeded up the bank of the Zab. The country is a slightly undulating plain, dry as a burning sun could make it; the only vegetation the caper plant. Passing the site of a large Arab encampment, we halted at Negoub, establishing ourselves in the outer part of the ancient tunnel. The Arabs call this Negoub, or "the Hole:" it is described by Mr. Layard. It seems formed for a channel, and is placed in a small bay in the Zab, where the water runs with peculiar force. Its original object would probably

* The Koran says, (chap. xxii.), that they may commemorate the name of God on slaying the brute cattle which he hath provided for them; see chapter xvi., also chap. vi.

have been either from this higher elevation of the river irrigating the upper portions of the plain, or else conducting a channel to the southern and eastern portions of the city. A work of such immense labour would hardly have been undertaken for an inadequate reason. During my visit the river entered it with considerable force; but sand and mud had raised its level so much, that it did not penetrate far. At the river side a hollow rock has been tunnelled, presenting an arched entrance to the river: this passage leads into the hollow of the rock; here pillars of the rock have been left. On the inner side, a square tunnel has been dug, which leaving the rock an open water-course of the same size cut in the low rocks, takes a more northerly course than the river, and preserves a higher level.

The first chambers being filled with water, the horses and ourselves occupied the next, which was deliciously cool compared with the temperature without. Here the Doctor, for whose sake we had sought the shelter, was laid up with another severe attack; so much so, that I feared for his life. The tedium of waiting was relieved by shooting the pigeons, which abounded, and by a

desperate attempt I made to see if there was any inscription on the outer face of the rock tunnel. At first I tried this by wading out and then swimming to the mouth ; this, owing to some eddy, neither myself nor my Abyssinian who accompanied me could do ; so we went outside up the stream and let ourselves be carried down. It was rather perilous, for the rocks rose perpendicularly about 150 feet, their base honeycombed with caves into which the stream set with a good deal of force. Accordingly, we floated down : the upper part was too much covered with creepers to allow anything to be seen. Unable to keep my position, I dived, and found myself, by mere good luck, in the cave. The poor Abyssinian did not appear for an hour, and then tired and cut by the rocks. He gave a sad account of what he had undergone.

We saw a plundering party of Arabs on the opposite bank ; but I suppose they judged our position too strong, for we heard no more of them : a wild boar also paid us a visit and escaped, to our disgrace, almost unhurt, carrying off my spear-head in his chest ; he rushed at me, broke it, and turned off into the jungle. In my explorations I discovered that where there was not rock, the tunnel

had been built of brick, now become as solid as the stone. We sent for our supplies, such as corn, sour milk and bread, to the nearest encampment.

One of the Arabs with me was a never failing source of amusement—nay, rather of instruction. He had travelled a great deal, and, while perfectly conversant with the manners of his own people, was not altogether ignorant of those of others. He had picked up most of the high sonorous phrases of the Koran ; these he darted, apropos or not, at Lazer, the Tiyari, whom he seemed to regard as the most worthy, or perhaps as the most easy of conversion ; he being, as the Arab told me in private, the one who was least guilty of the unpardonable sin mentioned by the Prophet—(idolatry is considered by the Mussulman doctors as the only sin which, if not repented of in this life, can never be forgiven in the next.) One of his arguments in defence of his faith he grounded on the fact that the Arabs are unchanged—he did not mention that this was the same long anterior to the Prophet, even since the days of Abraham ; and it may also fairly be questioned whether a change of manners, customs, &c., could be for the worse.

He would not at all believe that his ancestors had ever professed a species of Christianity. He

likewise confirmed my idea, gained elsewhere, that the early Moslems gave an equal share of spoil to horse and man, and if the horse was Arabian his master received two shares for him. Even now in their plundering parties, he told me, a horseman receives double the share of a man on foot. This man also in several conversations always mentioned Orfa as Ur—and Palmyra he only knew as Tadmor :—this is a curious fact.

The Tiyari, however, upset all his philosophy. He had been holding forth to the servants the sin of impatience and the necessity of a profound resignation to the Divine will ; a moment afterwards something vexed him, and he exclaimed, "May your mother be childless of you," (a very common oath.) "Hulloa, hulloa, my friend ; ya sheik, you are dictating to Allah ; wishing, wanting, asking," said Lazer. He expressed a great contempt for my washing, saying he was so strong he never required it, and in fact he rarely ever performed his religious ablutions, which seemed to him perfectly useless. His being strong was a fact I did not presume to dispute ; the sense of the word probably we interpreted differently. Mahomet places cleanliness as one of the fundamental parts of his religion. The ablutions were of two kinds, as may be seen

by reference to the Koran : the first or total bath is a commandment very few persons out of the great towns obey—and it was one of the cries of the Wahabees, “ How can we be ordered to wash in a land without water ? ” they deeming the ceremony performed with sand ridiculous. Probably they also did not like the peculiar mummy feeling produced by it : it seems, after the perspiration is dried by sand, as if the juices were dried up and the body dry and chippy. One law of Mahomet’s we may approve ; it has probably preserved the race of his followers through all their bestial vices ; it is that which forbids intermarriage eight generations inclusively.*

The poor Doctor continuing unwell, it became necessary to change our plans ; and I therefore determined to repair to the convent of Sheik Mattie, the usual sanitary station of Mosul, situated half in the Djebel Macloub ; we therefore left our retreat where, in its praise, I must record the thermometer as never being above 99°. Coursing over the plain, thickly sprinkled with mounds, natural or artificial, and all the vegetation parched by the sun, in four hours were reached the deserted convent of Hhother Elias. We encamped just without the

* See Koran, chap. iv.

walls, a little way from a village of the same name : at noon the thermometer in the tent was 115°, in the church 92°. The convent is large and well built, but the church is really ancient, and though plain, chastely handsome, lined with the coarse alabaster of which the bas-reliefs in the ruins are composed at the mounds. It struck me as larger and handsomer than the Church of the Virgin at Mosul. But now the quiet monk is fled, the congregation gone, dispersed ; seeking shelter elsewhere, from a persecution they found intolerable ; the immediate cause is said to have been the exactions of Achmet Pasha of Rowandiz. Fanaticism is always a sin, even against their own laws. The Koords avowed that what they did was for their faith—was an act enjoined on them by their creed, by their laws and professions. How could they, under this head, justify attacking convents ? for I see Abou Beker, the successor of the Prophet, in his orders to Gezeas, departing for the Syrian campaign, said :

“ You will find some religious persons that live retired in monasteries, that purpose to serve God that way. Let them alone.”

We occupied the empty church the rest of the day, and soon after midnight started afresh.

Three hours over the plain, whence all the harvest was gathered, brought us to the large, populous village of Bartella; on our road the servants tried to let their horses drink at the troughs at the village of Karra Rush, where the cattle of the village were drinking; the villagers, however, drove the men away, an insult which would have cost them dear, as they were by no means so well armed as those they drove off—but I interfered. The Arabs exclaimed, “Ya Beg, we never refuse water to an enemy: here the Christian drives his brother from the well, where there is water and to spare for all.” We now continued under the guidance of an Arab, one of the wildest savages I ever met, the other two returning to their village, on account, as the more intelligent said, of the unforgiving nature of the people about. “I paid them a visit, Ya Beg, three years ago; I have forgotten and forgiven all that long ago; but these people, I fear, have not.” He omitted to mention that the mare, a handsome grey one he then rode, was a part of the proceeds of that visit.

On my asking the man who remained with us, “How far are we from Sheik Mattie?” he said, “Ya Wallah, Ya Betch (Turkish Bey, by less polished ones pronounced Beg, by the Arabs-Betch),

I do not know—hours ; but it is as far from here to Sheik Mattie as from Nimroud to Mosul.” Here was the truth and a good definition. In the East it is impossible to form any idea of distance ; for, as each man judges by a standard hour of his own, what must be the result ? It is very well to say “an hour is what a good walker would do in an hour ;” this all must acknowledge ; but who will determine among a people, who never even saw a watch, what an hour is ? Nor in the village have they the calls from the mosques to define space or time, and they differ much even with regard to such palpable facts as sunset and sunrise.

I was in quarantine during the fast, the Ramazan, and two Persians and a Turk lodged at the door of my room on a terrace. The Turk made it sunset, ate and smoked ; the Persians cursed him as a greedy brute who would not wait for God, and for whom hereafter God would not wait. At dawn the Persian ate on, rigidly shutting his eyes to the light ; the Turk cursed his beard and his eyes, as those of one who preferred his belly to the commands of the Prophet ; for each made it sunset and sunrise, according to his own idea. But to return. From the earliest time this definition of an hour or a day has puzzled geographers and

cast a shade over history, confused accounts, and set at nought enquiry. Herodotus and Xenophon both differed in their definitions. Herodotus himself differs in various places. The Arab defines every distance as an hour (*saaha*): with the Greeks it was *εὐζωνος ἀνδρῶν*. Horace has it—

“Hoc iter ignavi divisimus altius ac nos
Præcinctis unum.”

I never but once heard a distance defined as “a pipe;” though travellers say it is a common standard for calculating distances in the East. It was from an old Ansayrii I heard it, and it was used as a negative; for he said, “Ya Beg, it is so far I cannot pipe the distance;” meaning he could not smoke the whole way. Maundrell, (p. 64,) mentions that the place tradition fixes as the day’s journey of Joseph and Mary, before they returned and sought the child Jesus, is Beer—about ten miles from Jerusalem. How strikingly this proves the unchangeableness of all things in the East. It is the invariable custom to go but two or three hours the first day, both on account of the difficulty of starting the first time early, as also, if anything is missing or wanting, to be at convenient distance to send back for it.

CHAPTER IV.

Reach Bartella—Kindness of the Priest there—Persecution of the Christians—Want of Privacy in the East—Incessant Visits from staring Strangers—How a Traveller should comport himself in the East—Fall from my horse—Take Refuge in a Convent—Its Renovation by the Bishop—Accommodation there—Kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Badger—What a Traveller in the East has to expect in the matter of eating and drinking—Food of the Natives, rich and poor—View from the Convent—Plain repeopled—Past Ages called up—Destruction of the Convents by Tamerlane—Strike amongst the Workmen—Peculiar Exhortations of the Bishop—Marriage Tests of the Chaldean Girls—Journey pursued—Two of the Party fall Sick—Cool Retreat—Complaining Visitors—The Jews and the young Jewsess.

WE reached Bartella ; a servant had been sent on to see for lodgings. About a mile from the village, I was met by a large body of people, who bore me along : at the entrance of the village, I was lifted off my horse, nor did my feet again touch the ground until I was deposited on the coolest corner of the priest's divan. No, good man, I will not call you priest—clergyman rather—that name endeared to English ears, as belonging to the good man at home, the friend of the village, our own mentor in youth, the friend and councillor of man-

hood. Nothing could equal the kindness displayed to us ; the women exhausted their culinary arts to produce a breakfast, and one lively maid brought a present of bread which it needed not her soft smile and innocent words of welcome to make palatable.

I was much touched by these poor people : persecution, hardship, injustice, are things so constant, they were part of their existence, and they complained not of them. But lately they had been attacked, with more than Moslem fury, by the Papists : every means had been exhausted to drag them into the papal fold. Like gold tried in the fire, they seemed the better for the trial ; and during the day and night I spent there, not one uttered a word I could wish unsaid. They imprecated no curses on their enemies, they regretted with kind words of compassion those of their brethren who had fallen away ; but they clung to England with a fond and deep-rooted hope that she, the generous, the honourable, the great, the pious, would help her brother in distress. They spoke of Mr. Badger with grateful remembrance.

In the evening, we repaired to the terrace and there the whole who were met, put up a prayer to God for comfort and for strength. I could not

of course understand the words of the prayer ; but the intonation, the slow clear tones and audible delivery, struck me much, accustomed as I had become to the hand-gallop style of Eastern sects in general.

On awaking the following morning, I found myself a leaping-bar for young kids, who, driven into another terrace, had broken over to where we lay, and used me as I described. The whole of the terraces on the roofs were one large bedroom ; and as they all joined, except a small parapet for a division, we had, as it were, all slept together. They got up and looked at us as we arose and washed.

At first, one of the greatest privations I experienced in Eastern travel, and one that half did away with the pleasure derived from it, was the want of privacy ; and one can fully understand (as probably centuries have produced but little change in their habits,) the expression in the Bible, of our Saviour retiring apart to pray ; for, in the East, privacy is a word unknown. Families live in one room ; men, women, sons, daughters, sons' wives, &c., and may be said never to be alone. This at first annoyed me, but habit is second nature. As

soon as the traveller arrives he has visits ; all the world crowd to see him ; the thousand nameless things one likes to do after a tedious hot journey must be done in public. Before you are up they are there ; meals, all, there they are, and there is nothing for it but to proceed just as if the privacy was complete.

The custom also of paying interminable visits is at first very distressing, but this also is a feeling that must be overcome. The people do not, I think, require that you should stick upright at the attention position ; they are quite content to be allowed to look at you, and, perhaps, enjoy the exhibition more if you pursue your regular occupations,—they then see the strange animals, as it were, in their natural state. Of course I do not allude to great men, the Pashas and Imams. But to the thousand and one persons, it is just as well to be civil, to elders, priests, &c. The best method is to set them to smoke, give them coffee and sugar and water ; and, perhaps, more of my success when I was among the Ansayrii, may be dated to this than to any other species of tact or talent I possessed. To Pashas, of course, as well as others, a proper respect must be shown. Now, as I travel, women,

children, and all crowd round me ; and, perhaps, no stranger has ever had such intercourse with the natives. On the noon of the day, on the evening of which I write this, my tent was honoured by several female visitors ; Christians, maids and mothers, who, their veil forgot, amused themselves, I trust, as much as I did. Let the traveller put his *hau-teur* in his pocket, be *lateef* (gracious), as they say, and he may enjoy as much as the country affords.

Bidding adieu to the kind people who steadily refused all bakshish, we left the baggage to follow, and rode on alone to Sheik Mattie. My companion had revived at the mere prospect of coolness, Zea was in excellent spirits, and the horses in first-rate condition. We put up gazelles, bustards, and hares by dozens ; these distracted our attention and beguiled the road. Out-stripping our guide, we made straight for Sheik Mattie, whose green gorge we could discover high up the face of the mountain. The plain was a succession of low hills all brown with the summer ; here and there a Koord village with its cultivated fields, cucumbers, and cool melons. The villages west of the river are nearly all Christian, but on to-day's ride we passed two Koordish ones. At one we halted and regaled

ourselves and horses on the fruit they pressed on us.

The old sheik came out, followed by two men with felts ; these were spread in the cool, and we made kief. He begged the loan of Zea, whom he praised beyond measure for his extreme beauty, to kill hares. To hear him talk, his complaints of game, of fields hares destroyed, &c., I could have believed myself once more in England, but that he closed each sentence with "It is God's will ; His will be done," and such like holy words. His long wide, graceful robes also brought one back to the East, to poetry and to romance. We started afresh ; Zea, tired by numerous bursts, started after a gazelle : in the pursuit my horse stumbled heavily into a large hole, falling upon me, leaving me little to relate save a ride of great pain to the convent, where I went to bed as soon as possible. Poor brute ! never man crossed a better : well-bred, of large size, and handsome form, he neither knew fatigue nor distress until this his last day of health. He had injured his shoulder ; and, though he worked gently afterwards, I only kept him till I found one who would take care of him as he deserved.

It was a delightful change to the animal portion of me to be high up in the air, in a clean room and quiet, cool shade, and rest ; but the pleasure was three-fold enhanced by finding one whose learning and social qualities would have made him a sought-for companion anywhere, likewise a sojourner here ; his amiable wife shed her kindness around and imparted to all her ready goodness. Every comfort was collected round them, and to these we were warmly welcomed.

Rich's Travels give, I believe, a description of the origin of Sheik Mattie, to whom dedicated, by whom built. It stands beautifully two-thirds of the way up the Djebel Mackloub, on its western face ; the conical road to it is up a narrow gorge, whose watered sides almost close on the path that winds up it. It was a ruin till a few years ago, when the present bishop devoted all his energies to rebuild it. He collected funds from his communicants, and directing the work himself, made it what it is. The whole is inclosed by a wall : within are courts and rooms built here and there. Just as he has money he puts on a room where there is space ; those we were happy enough to be put into stood on a huge boulder of rock,

on which, as they could not remove it, they scarfed flat and built. There were two little rooms and a porch : into one was bundled the baggage, the other I occupied : the servants slept anywhere ; the Doctor lived below.

We slept on the terraces, and the aisles of the church sheltered us from the noon-day heat. Here generally assembled all the inmates of the place, which consisted of many families of masons then at work, and families from Mosul and the villages, escaping from the heat of the plains. These lounged, worked, slept in the dark, solemn, old-fashioned church, nor seemed at all constrained by the solemnity of the place, as we were ; with us a church is essentially a sacred place ; and even when we enter it merely as spectators there seems an atmosphere of holiness around which forbids conversation, or other than noiseless steps and suppressed words. However, my airy eyrie was cool enough, and in after days of journey I often looked back to the hours passed there with mingled pleasure and regret. Mr. and Mrs. Badger admitted us to their table, so we fared more sumptuously than was our lot for many a day to come.

“ For happiness for man, the hungry sinner,
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.”

F 2

The gourmand, or even he who *must* eat his dinner, should abandon all idea of travelling in the East ; he will not only be without variety, but without even what constitutes the ordinary necessities of life. Inns are now found at Beyrout and Damascus ; but elsewhere in the country of the Crescent he must depend entirely on his own resources. Fowls tough and tasteless ; milk, and the various articles made from it, such as leban—(which is milk boiled, a small leaven of leban put in, when the whole becomes a species of curd)—sour, but most refreshing, thick as cream cheese, or thin as water, according to taste—*yowourt*, as it is called in Turkish ; *kaimack*, the skim of boiled milk : these are the principal articles manufactured from milk, as butter is not generally to be found ; eggs, of course : these will constitute the ordinary fare. The bread is in a thin, half-baked, round cake, that is at first peculiarly unpalatable. Vegetables are seldom found, except onions and cucumbers. The natives use enormous quantities of the former. We will not wish our traveller the ill-luck of eating them (*see* Herodotus). This is all he must expect. Figs, apricots, pears, plums, and grapes, will be found in their seasons ;

but these are luxuries, and he will often journey for days without them. At the towns, meat—mutton at least—may be procured ; but, except in the large Christian villages—and there only once or twice a week—he cannot otherwise get it without purchasing a whole sheep. Fruits, &c., are abundant, but only in certain localities ; and the people have no idea of sending or procuring them from elsewhere. The climate, also, while it produces everything, spoils everything almost directly. The supplies are superabundant for a short space : thus, for ten days the markets will overflow with apricots ; three days afterwards, they can neither be procured for love nor money. Game is plentiful, yet nobody kills for the market ; so the sportsman must depend on his own exertions. In such towns as Beyrout, nearly every description of vegetable may be procured, but this is of foreign introduction. In the other towns, rice must constitute the main vegetable.

Honey is to be had ; the bees either have long cylindrical jars of wood, or of cane, coated within and without with mud. The honey is good : but this is a rare luxury. As a general rule, the traveller, I think, may do everything in

moderation : as to diet, with no choice but one style of food, or starvation, it is ridiculous to talk of it. Kismet and Mashallah—what must be must be.

I travelled with native servants. Their general food was rice and grease, with leban, bread, and onions, or *burgoul*, or wheat boiled and dried in the sun, reboiled with oil or butter. Meat, from choice, they seldom touched. On one occasion, I told a new beginner to make me some soup ; when ready, he brought a dry mess of fowl and rice, and put it before me. I said, "But where is the soup?" "Here," he replied, pointing to the dry mess he carried ; "this water," pointing to the soup in a saucepan, "I keep for the servants." I begged to change. The food of the poor is generally leban bread, onions, and *burgoul* boiled in grease or oil. This, and large quantities of vegetables, constitute their diet. An old ox, or sheep, or goat, killed to prevent its dying, is their only meat : and this is a rarity. But they hardly eat meat once a quarter : even eggs are an uncommon luxury among the poorer people. So, probably, like the Atalantes of old, they hardly know what it is to dream. Even the more wealthy eat little meat, and that generally made

into dishes with vegetables, &c. Coffee, among the poorer classes, is an unheard-of luxury, and rarely even to be found in the out-of-the-way villages. The traveller must take what comes, be thankful for it, and forget to murmur at what he has not in the thankfulness for what he has.

Επι πέτρας, from the rock. Carpets were spread under the window, books were brought up from the depths of saddle-bags, and there I reclined, recalling, as it were, the history of the plain below me. Beneath me is the patched pile that has arisen by the bishop's exertions; and I see him now bustling among his work-people, exhorting, entreating, and now and then energetically abusing them. The women in the yard pound the corn in chorus; singing songs that are fresh and lively, yet old as those buried ruins afar. The eye shoots perpendicularly down the verdant ravine, up which, terraced with care, ascends the road. Its depth could not be guessed, save by the tiny thing which mounts and halts, and mounts again, and in an hour will arrive at the gate,—a tired but large lusty mule with ponderous load. On either side, the mountain falls away with jut and crag almost perpendicular to

the plain ; at the foot, hills rise above hills in irregular and petulant ranges, like a stormy sea when the wind is gone, and nothing save its memory remains, lashing the waves with restless motion. Westward lies the vast plain, its surface broken by the mounds of imperial cities long passed away.

One moment the eye rests on the Tigris as it glides its vast volume by ; then, out upon the plain, the desert broken by the range of Singar, again on to distance where earth and air mingle imperceptibly together. To the south, over a varied land, is Mosul, the white glare of its mosque glistening in the sun ; to the south and east, a sea of hills, wave after wave, low and irregular. The Zab, forcing its way, takes a tortuous course to its companion ; further on, they join their waters, and run together to the vast worlds of the south. Beyond are Arbela and the Obeid. Kara Uhout and its crags shut out the view, passing many a spot graven on the pages of the younger world.

What a blank in history is there around those vast cities, now brought to light ! A few vague traditions, a few names whose fabulous actions

throw discredit on their existence, are all that research has discovered. Even the nations following after these we know but dimly,—tradition, garlanded by poetry, our only guide.

“Belshazzar’s grave is made,
His kingdom passed away ;
He in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud his robe of state ;
His canopy the stone ;
The Mede is at his gate,
The Persian on his throne.”

Fancy conjures up to the south a small and compact body of Greeks ; around them, at a distance, like vultures round a struggling carcase, hover bands of cavalry. Now, as a gap opens, they rush on ; now, as the ranks close up, they melt away, shooting arrows as they fly, vengeful in their cowardice,—it is the retreat of Xenophon and his gallant band. They encamp at Nimroud ; as in his yesterday, so in our to-day, a mound smothering its own renown.

Northward again comes a mighty band ; with careful haste they cross the rivers, and with confident step traverse the plain south. On the southeast plain, a legion of nations, golden, glittering, yet timorous, await their approach. Alexander, the

hero, scatters dismay ; assured of conquest ere he met the foe, he esteems the pursuit the only difficulty. On the one side, Asia musters her nations,—Indians, Syrians, Albanians, and Bactrians,—the hardiest population of her empire. Elephants and war-chariots are of no avail : the result was fore-written, and Darius foremost flies along the plain.

Faint, afar, we can see in the north-west Lucullus ; and the arms of Rome float over the walls of Nisibis (B.C. 68). We may almost see the glorious array of Julian ; hear him subduing his mortal pain ; hear him pronounce with well-modulated tones one of the finest orations the world can record. We may see the timid Jovian skulking in his purple from the field he dared not defend in his armour. But again rise up the legions and the Labarum ; Heraclius throws aside his lethargy ; the earth drinks deep of gore, and Khosroo * is vanquished under our eyes.

The white and the black banners now gleam upon the field ; the crescent flaunts on either side. One God, one faith,—they fight for nought. Hell for the coward, paradise for the brave. Abou Moslem and

* He was subsequently murdered, A. D. 62.

Merwan. The earth on the spot which had last drunk the red life-blood of Greek and Persian, now slakes its fill. Merwan flies with wondrous steps, but the avenger follows fast. He first loses his army on the Tigris ; himself dies on the banks of the Nile : there perished the rule of the Ommiades.

The hordes of Timour now approach ; their war-song ought to be the chorus of the spirits of destiny in “Manfred :”—

“ Our hands contain the hearts of men,
Our footsteps are their graves ;
We only give to take away
The spirits of our slaves.”

What a different aspect must this plain have presented when those sun-burnt mysterious mounds were living, teeming, sinning cities ; irrigated, cultivated, protected, safe ; fruitful and productive. And these were barbarous times ; and now, in this our day, peace congresses, civilisation, one vast federal union, liberty, equality,—a few villages fortified as castles, a population flying without a hope of even a death-spot in peace,—fearful alike of robbers and rulers, robbed alike by protectors and enemies, planting the harvest they may not reap ; a government seizing what the roving Arabs choose to leave ; law known but as oppression ; authority

a license to plunder ; Government a resident extortioner.

Too long have we lingered on the scene. Again the plain is naked, bare, and lifeless ; the sun hovers on the horizon ; he gilds the Desert, licks the river ; the Desert breaks his glorious disk. Slowly, like the light troops covering a retreat, he collects his rays ; with fondness lights up each hill ; warms with his smile, lighting with unnumbered tints each peak and crag of bold desert-throned Singar. Reluctantly he hovers for a moment on the horizon's verge, large, fearful, red ; then

“ The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out ;
At one stride comes the dark.”

Near the convent is a dripping well ; a rough path leads us to it, and its entrance is shaded by a gigantic tree. The water is very cold and sweet : the moisture shed a coolness around, that made an exquisite retreat. Near it is a cave which in days of persecution sheltered securely many of the poor fugitive Christians. The destruction of most of the convents about these mountains and on this plain is imputed to Tamerlane ; but in our own time Sheik Mattie was

attacked by the Koords ; its fathers were slain, beaten, and dispersed ; and the dust of long ages of bishops scattered to the winds. They still show in the church the tombs of Mar Halveus and Abou Faraf, which they say escaped the observation of the destroyer. The inscription of one we were able to decypher ; but another resisted even the efforts of the scholar then resident at the convent. We in vain tried many learned men, but the inscription defies all investigation.

“ Chaldaea’s seers are good,
But here they have no skill ;
And the unknown letters stood,
Untold and mystic still.”

Awakened this morning by a strike among the workmen. They had consented to work for the bishop for twenty paras (a penny-farthing) a day ; this is half the usual wages, their wives assisting gratis. At last, they left in a body, saddled their animals, and prepared to depart. The poor bishop was frantic. “ Brothers, cousins, for the love of Heaven, work ! Why are ye so lazy, you sons of the devil ? Children, my sheep, work. Pesawinks, why do you not move ? Brethren, we ought to live in charity. Limbs of Satan, I will burn your

fathers !” He rushed off to us, and told us many most amusing anecdotes of the Rev. J. Wolff.

The people consider the convent as their joint property. On repairing to the church, and entering without noise, I found a bevy of young girls throwing knotted handkerchiefs, and trying to lodge them on the ledge over the door leading to the tombs. They are allowed three throws ; if in these the handkerchief does not lodge once, their chance of marriage for the year is gone. One or two carried their point ; the rest retired sorely disappointed. However, the Chaldean youths must be cold indeed, who see and do not love these maidens, with their lustrous eyes and noble forms.

In the afternoon I sent the baggage down, and it rested at the small village of Maardic, just at the foot of the mountain. In the evening, the Doctor and myself bade adieu to our kind friends, and descended to the plain.

Monday, 8th July.—Off before daylight. Skirted in a southerly direction round the western face of Djebel Mackloub, and passing over the hill-broken plain, turned its southern flank, arriving on the banks of the Bumadus, a fine stream flowing south to the Zab. We passed the ruins of a

handsome bridge, which crosses the stream ; the buttresses alone remain, but these are fine, strong, and as sharply cut as the first day they were laid. As soon as the heat came on, we pitched our tent at a wretched Koordish village, Kaimavah. The habitations were mud hovels, roofed with bushes. They called the river I call Bumadus, Gomer ; and the bridge Kupri Mal Nimroud. The southern extremity of Djebel Mackloub they call Cassar Mal Nimroud.

Tuesday.—We crossed the low spurs that run south of Djebel Mackloub, course northerly ; opened the plain of Navkur, passed several villages, and in five hours reached Peerbeem, a small village. We pitched the tent under some large mulberry-trees, the thermometer 119° in the tent. None of the people could be induced to come as guides ; many declared they had never been beyond the next village.

This plain might be rendered capable of producing to any amount ; villages are thickly strewn about upon it : they are generally built on a tel, and each now half buried in the huge masses of unthrashed corn gathered round it in heaps.

We started at four. In many of the villages half

the people were down, ill of the fever. We pitched our tent on a lofty artificial tel, of great height but small extent, one of two that stand like towers protecting the northern portions of the plain. Our cook taken ill. The other servants recommended me to leave him ; I said " Good gracious ! " (*co lateef*), " no ; he would die here." " God knows," they replied.

Wednesday, 10th July.—Abdallah, my right-hand man, struck down with the fever ; the Doctor also. Both lie on the ground, nor will any persuasion induce them to move out of this pest-house. At last, we forced the sick to mount, leaving the baggage to follow. We rode eastwards over the dry broken plain, Djebel Hair before us ; its abrupt sharp peaks and narrow ridges reminded me much of the range at Waohoo, in the Sandwich Islands. But where are the green verdure, the cool glades that render the climate and them so pleasant ? We passed ground irrigated for rice ; whole villages struck with fever ; children, men, and women in its various stages. We passed the low hills that skirt the base of the mountains ; two streams dry. The sick had to be driven on by force,—to me it was a day of intense fatigue.

Few people can bear heat with less inconvenience than myself, yet this day it was very oppressive. It seemed as if the Koran was true, and the last day should be ushered in by extraordinary heat,—as if, to use the Eastern expression, “the sun should no more be veiled, but drawn from his sheath, and allowed to pour down his rays direct on us wicked.”

We ascended the base of the mountain, and entered a gorge. Had Paradise opened before us, the change could not have been more delicious. We dived under the shade of olives, pomegranate, apricot, plum, cooled by running water beautified by creepers, and cheered by the full-throated note of the nightingale. The town of Akka was above us, burnt and parched. We turned into the shadiest garden, and there pitched the tent when it arrived, in the shadiest spot. The sick were put into a house, where I applied for their comfort all the means that I possessed.

We had lighted on a delightful garden ; one room of the small house which stood in it was given up to the sheik, and I soon became a great ally of the pretty widow (whose husband had lately gone on a journey and not returned), and

her married sister, with whom she lived. They were savage and morose when their Koord brother was near, but nothing could be kinder than they were when he left. We, however, were forced to move : worried by the repeated invitations of the Montselim, we took up our quarters in his garden, he and his suite occupying another end of it. Complaints poured in on us. First came a Nestorian of most unprepossessing countenance, bringing with him a half-witted lad, all whose relations and family had fallen in the massacre of the Christians at Rowandig. The cadî had taken this lad, and ordered him to prepare for Mahomet and circumcision in a week. The Montselim, however, who was kind and attentive to all our wants, utterly denied the charge, and promised to send the boy to the Christian mountains, which he did the following day.

Next came a large company of Jews. For a while they sat at a distance, but gradually approached and made known their complaint. They said, that a few years ago a Turkish man had seized a Jewish maid and carried her to the harem, where he kept her ; at the time, they were unable to procure justice or the restitution

of the girl : now, however, the man was dead, and the *cadi* had taken the woman and refused to give her up, though she still retained her native faith and wanted to return to her friends. The *cadi* always protects widows and the divorced ; in fact, he is the person to whose house the women fly for protection in all cases. I would not interfere, more particularly, as I had heard the case had been long in agitation, and was not quite so clear as the picturesque groups of suppliants made it appear. Report said the girl had willingly gone to the Turk, changed her faith, and now sought the *cadi* to protect her from the vengeance of her people. However kind the Montselim was, he little thought of our health ; nightly his gardener irrigated the garden, so that we slept in a pond.

CHAPTER V.

Continued Illness of some of the Party—How Sickness is borne by Natives of the East—Accompanied by Mr. Layard, start for the Koord Mountains—Town of Akka described—The Pasha deposed by the Sultan—I fall sick—Murder of Professor Schultz—Scenery on the Journey—Welcome of the Pasha to Mr. Layard—Arrival at Van—Bitlis Cloth—Bazaars of Van—Visit the Pasha—Reception by his Haanedara—Taken worse—Tacktervan in which I journeyed to the Convent—The Dresses of the People of Van—Policy of the Porte briefly considered—Frankish Dress adopted by Turks—"Lebiss Stamboul"—Apartments in the Convent, and partial Recovery—On the Pleasure and Advantage, or otherwise, of travelling alone.

FRIDAY, 12th.—I rose as well as usual: on one side of the tent lay the Doctor, dead beat; under one flap, which constitutes a separate room, Abdallah perfectly insensible: the cook lay behind on a heap of horse-cloths, equally stricken. I sat down to write in the air; finding the flies annoyed me, I read, fell asleep, and remember nothing save a great sensation of pain and weariness for two days. It seemed as if a noise awoke me; it was early morning, and Mr. Layard stood before me. Poor fellow! he had learned

how to treat the fever by bitter, almost fatal, personal experience ; and now he dosed us and starved us, till all but Abdallah were out of danger, at all events.

It is curious how soon people of warm climates,—or, in fact, I may say,—all uneducated people, succumb to sickness. Hardy fellows, apparently as strong as iron : when attacked, they lie down, wrap a coat or cloak around them, and resign themselves to suffer. It would seem that the mind is alone able to rise superior to disease : their minds, uncultivated, by disuse weak, or in perfect alliance with the body, cease to exist when its companion falls. In intellectual man the mind is the last to succumb : long after the poor weak body has yielded, the mind holds out like a well-garrisoned citadel : it refuses all surrender, and though the town is taken, fights bravely till the last. Mr. Layard kindly waited a few days to enable us to recruit, and then one morning we started, a goodly company, for the Koord mountains.

The town of Akka, the capital of the district, governed by a Montselim sent by the Pasha of Mosul, is situated on the western slope of Djebel

Hayrr. It consists of small detached flat-roofed houses built of mud and wood, and looks cleaner than Turkish towns generally do. The mosques are neat and well-built, with bright glistening crescents over all. On a bold point of the mountain stands the castle of the hereditary Pasha of Akka, a descendant of the Caliphs of Bagdad : Mohammed Said Pasha was the last. About thirteen years ago the Porte reduced him to subjection, by the capture of his castle, a badly built rubble building, yet impregnable except by blockade. He surrendered, and now, I believe, resides at Mosul as a private individual. We skirted above Antle, and tortuously ascended the face of the mountain.

I was sometimes suffering from fever ; ill, peevish, and weary,—but enjoyed myself well notwithstanding. We journeyed through strange regions, where Frank had never wandered. We saw the Koords as they are best seen, free in their own magnificent mountains ;—not “the ass,” as the Turk calls him, “of the plains.” Mahomet Pasha, son of the little standard-bearer, and Pasha of Mosul, was requested to provide for its defence by the consuls, and to attempt by

better rule the civilisation of the Arabs. He replied :—

“ Erkekler Densige
Allar genisig
Kurytar Donsig
Devekler Yoolarsig.”

“ What can I do with people whose men have no religion, whose women are without drawers, their horses without bits, and their camels without halters ?”

Thus we wandered over many miles, plains spreading between their fat mountains, splendid in their grandeur ; now amidst pleasant valleys, anon over giant passes—

—————“ Dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet ;
Where rocks were rudely heaped and rent,
As by a spirit turbulent ;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled.”

My health after this gradually got worse ; repeated attacks of fever, brought on probably by my own carelessness, weakened me so much that I could scarcely keep up with the party. Riding was an agony, and by the carelessness of my servant my horses were ruined. One evening, an Abyssinian, one of my attendants, went so far as to present a pistol at my head. My poor dear

dog, too, was lost, which perhaps afflicted me more than most ills which could happen to myself. At last, we passed over a ridge, and Lake Van lay before us. We had, perhaps, been the first Europeans who had performed the journey. The last and only other of which we have any record, was poor Professor Schultz, who was murdered by order of Khan Mahmoud for the baggage he unfortunately displayed. The Khan received him kindly, entertained him with hospitality, and despatched him on his road with a guard who had their instructions to murder him on the way. He was an accurate and capable traveller, a native of Hesse, and travelling for the French government.

The morning of the third of August saw us passing up a most lovely valley, the Vale of Sweet Waters. We had encamped in it the night before. Leaving its pretty verdure, we mounted a long range of sun-burnt hills covered with sun-dried grass and *immortelles*, whose immortality must have been sorely tried on that sun-exposed place. Achieving a pass, we gained our view of Van ; the scene was worthy of Stanfield in his best mood. Before us, on the north-east, brown, quaintly-shaped hills, variegated with many tints,

filled the view of the far horizon. From this a plain led to the lake ; around it were noble mountains, snow and cloud-clad, their beauty enhanced by the supervening water. Saphan Dagħ, with a wreath of mist and cap of spotless snow, seen across the sea, was imposing—I might say, perfect.

The plain on the eastern coast spread out broad and fair ; here verdant meadows, there masses of fruit-laden trees ; while between the mass wandered the mountain streams, hastening on to their homes in the fair bosom of the lake. Van itself swept round its castle, which stands on a curious rock that rises abruptly from the plain ; but the lake indeed was the queen of the view, blue as the far-depth of ocean, yet unlike the ocean—so soft, so sweet, so calm was its surface. On its near coast, bounded by silver sands, soft and brilliant, while its far west formed the foot of Nimrod Dagħ, on whose lofty crest are said to be a lake and a castle.

We were soon met by a large party of hytas and kavasses who bore the Pasha's welcome to Mr. Layard, and accompanied by an Englishman, a dear friend of mine, who had left Mosul during

my stay there. We passed a large Armenian convent perched on a hill on the right : green trees encompassed it ; waters ran from it, and the view it promised was fair in the extreme. It seemed the abode of peace and retirement, with pleasant glimpses of the world below.

At this period again I had the fever, spite of a liberal dose of quinine taken the day before ; the rain had poured all night, and the damp tent had probably contributed to my disease : so I resolved to escape from Van as soon as possible, and seek health and quiet in the convent.

On the opposite heights, nearer the lake, was another lower convent, but inferior both in extent and situation. Reaching the plain, we traversed well-cultivated fruit gardens, and rode along pretty lanes with willows shading and water flowing, while little country houses nestled under the shade. The trees were loaded with fruit, burdened beneath its tribute of the year, the effects of summer and sun. In these villas, Van goes out of town during the summer : we left these for wild shadeless fields. The castle, an ill-built straggling building, shows now a large extent ; but it is sad rubbish,—rubble and mud. There is a wall both

within and without the ditch ; the portion built on the rock, however, is naturally strong.

We entered through rows of fruit stalls within the gate, piled with apples, plums, apricots, and the beautifully-coloured Bitlis cloth, which here receives its beautiful dye, being made at Bitlis. The two favourite colours, purple and red, cannot, I think, be matched. It forms the head-dress of the Koords, and causes a considerable trade. The bazaars are fine, and some are undergoing repairs—a new sight in Turkey. The Pasha, however, is most highly spoken of. Altogether there was a great look of prosperity about the town. On our route we had heard the rule of Mohammed Pasha praised ; therefore, it must be excellent ; for present rulers are seldom appreciated.

Proceeding through a quarter of the town reduced to ruins by an earthquake, we turned in at a very dilapidated gateway, and entered a large court, across which ran on the further side, a covered gallery, also out of repair. The two other sides were mud walls, with a few wood-grated windows. Dismounting, we were shown up a wooden staircase almost useless, so old was it, and rickety, and entering a large room forming the left

side of the square, we were established in the Pasha's best room. Wooden cupboards were all round ; these held the nargillehs, &c., and a divan of cotton ran down two-thirds of the length of the room, a fire-place forming the further end. The place of honour had two old silk cushions, and the room was covered with coarse felts.

We were received by the Pasha's *hasnedara*, or head-man, the Pasha himself being at another serai* outside the town. He, however, paid us a visit shortly after our arrival. Tea here took the place of coffee : an excellent meal meanwhile was prepared by the Pasha's people, and the Turkish *cuisine*, exceeding by far the Arab, proved very acceptable after our scanty fare on the road. The dinner and dishes have been often described ; these however,—Arab and Turkish,—differing in the plates, differ also in the mode of serving up. In the Arab all is placed on the tray at once, while with the Turks, each dish is placed separately, and served one at a time, and the dinner generally consists of one dish of meat, then one of sweets ; another of meat, another of sweets, and so on ; pillau, rice boiled with grease, concluding the meal.

* Palace.

Finding my fever rapidly increasing, I ordered my bed to be got ready, and set out to see as much of the town as my time would allow. I tried to smoke a nargilleh, but the attempt proving abortive, I returned. A separate room had been prepared, to which I was shown with the rather unpleasant assurance that, though it was new, it had never been occupied, as it was considered unsafe. It consisted of four mud walls and a roof, with two open windows and a door—here for some days I remained nearly insensible. The Pasha's *hasnedara*, Halida, a Circassian, had been intrusted with the care of me, and he constantly flitted before my delirious vision in new and most gorgeous dresses, my small remains of sense being exerted to find praises for his attire, which was certainly, as far as I can recollect, very handsome. For many days I thus lay, as it were, awaiting death ; all my strength was gone, and I only apparently lived because he did not come to take me my food, brandy, opium, quinine. Mr. B. nursed me with a mother's attention, and to him, under God, I own that my bones are not resting by the borders of that lake.

As soon as it was deemed possible to move me,

the Pasha most kindly put his *tackterwan* at my disposal : it had been made for fairer burdens, but gently bore me without jolt or jostle. Into this, accordingly, I was lifted, and escorted by my kind friend, carried to the convent of Yebbi Klessi—the one I described on my arrival. The *tackterwan* was a cage some five or six feet long, by four feet wide, with a rounded roof : this, and the bottom, were of boards, with four stout posts at each corner, surmounted externally by brass knobs. The rest was of wire-work, lined with cotton ; folding-doors on either side. Two poles before were lashed to pack-horses, one before, and one behind : before, there was a species of dickey. Two men attended on either side, and one held each horse. The motion was delightful, when the horses stepped together ; but jolted sadly when they got out of step. Four irregular horsemen, *hytas*, escorted us ; my baggage and servants, horses, &c., bringing up the rear. Being too weak to move, my view was circumscribed to the dirty yellow cotton lining : the journey was borne well, and I was deposited safely on a carpet in the middle of the court, while a room was prepared.

The Pasha had paid me a visit previous to my

departure, of which I retain little recollection beyond the pain and annoyance occasioned by having to sit up during his stay. He and his suite were dressed in the Nizam dress. It was a sad change for these proud Osmanlees, with their wide flowing, picturesque, sculpturesque dress, to be brought to the tight European dress, to the buttoned frock, and close-fitting trouser. They seem—at least, according to our standard of grace, ill-made; a vast mass puffs out the waist and that portion of the back which ought to sink in. This is probably a little owing to their tailors, who, saving *tanzimat*,* ought therefore to be punished severely.

Then they wear mostly the native shirt, which has no collar; so there is the bare cloth against the real skin, which outrages our notions; and none are *bien chaussé*. The Nizam dress, as it is called, is a blue braided frock coat: there is another modification also, a huge, shapeless coat-cloak, no improvement on the former. Clothes-brushes are unknown, so they look untidy and slovenly to a degree. The soldiers wear jackets of blue woollen, and by way of setting off their

* The reform which forbids all corporal punishment.

figures, their native dress (20-yard trousers) underneath ; so they resemble stuffed trousers, not men clothed in legitimate breeches.

As we went out we passed the Pasha again walking home, surrounded by a crowd. It appeared, a man had presented a petition to him ; he pleaded the impropriety of the time—the man however, persisted. He read the petition ; allowed its justice, and gave orders about it at once. This is as it ought to be—as it was, in fact, when the throne of the Sultan was a sheep's skin, and his rule, equity. He is a worthy man who, under the present rule of Turkey, does this. It reminds one of the days when Saladin sat at the door of his tent, and the poor man presented a paper to be signed. The great fighter of the faith replied, he would sign it when his secretary came, as he had no inkstand, and could not then attend to business. "Sign it," says the suppliant ; "there is one behind you in the tent." "The man is right," replied the great Sultan ; reached round and signed the paper. I said "under the present rule of Turkey ;" for as yet their reforms fit them as well as the dress they have adopted from Europe. Whether the rulers will adapt themselves

to the reform is another question more difficult to decide. The reforms of late years effected by the Porte have been very great, and much improvement has taken place ; but whether Turkey as she is can, or even if let alone will, ever take her place amidst civilised nations, is a question difficult to answer. As yet, these reforms have mostly failed. The Turk can only govern as a conqueror—"Once a Turk, ever a Turk," is true to the fact. Many of the reforms projected are never carried into execution ; others are so defeated in their execution as to become the organs of positive ill. Then again, a question occurs,—the necessity of which must strike any traveller—how much freedom are the people capable of bearing ? The tanzimat has now been in force a sufficient number of years to test its working fairly : what do we find ? In many places it has literally never come into force at all ; in others it is not acted upon, and in many it has produced evils. The power of life and death has been taken from the Pasha ; murders have dreadfully increased ; the bastinado has been forbidden—it is used as much as ever.

The Turk has only one means of governing—violence : he governs well with that : he is merciless,

and, put Islam on one side, just. The people generally consider the concessions granted them as signs of weakness in their rulers, and, as such, incentives to resistance. In Turkey there is one law for the rich, and one for the poor; for the one there is immunity, for the other oppression. The fabric is rotten at the core, nor do I really see any human cure that can purge it. The poor are poorer, the rich, not richer; confidence does not increase, and all that is done seems rather a postponement of the evil, than forward steps to a wholesome change.

The conscription produces evils daily augmenting: the taxes, high in themselves, are collected so as to make them grievous in the extreme. Would that the Sultan could be told that pleasing saying of Tiberius, when the Prefect remitted him a larger collection than usual, "It is my design," said the noble father of his nation, "not to flay, but to shear my sheep." * And alas! the empire presents an inert mass devoid of vitality, retaining its proportions because none shake her framework.

It is curious how readily they adopt the Frankish

Xiphilin in *Apophthegm. Tiblas*.

costume, in spite of their very natural prejudice in favour of the native dress, and their contempt of all belonging to Franks. Not only those whose offices compel them, wear it, but all who can. To dress *Lebiss Stanbouli*, (for they trace it to Stamboul, and will not call it Frankish,) confers talents, superiority—everything, on a man; and my exclamation of “What an ass so and so is!” is constantly met by “*Lebiss Stanbouli*;—dressed *Stanbouli* fashion,—impossible!”

Meanwhile, my room is ready, and I am led up a small flight of mud stairs to it, a long mud place paved with fleas. Here I was put to bed, and being very weak and afraid lest I should die, remained quiet, and did as my kind nurse bade me. The change did me good, and Mr. B. being a liberal doctor, who fed me well, I soon came round, or rather the fever became intermittent, and on the clear hours I had a respite from pain and positive illness. Shortly after my arrival, Mr. Layard's doctor and artist arrived, both ill; so I had company. In a few days Mr. B. left us to visit the American missions of Urumia in Persia: of these, at our subsequent meeting, he gave me a charming description—but this is his. At his

departure he seemed to carry off both health and fair weather, for the rain poured down till the court became a pond, and we all succumbed to the fever,—servants and all. Again Mr. Layard came and paid me a visit previous to his return south, and at last the doctor and artist prepared for a start on their way to Stamboul. For myself this was impossible ; a start out of bed brought me to the floor. How could one begin a wild journey of three hundred miles, with servants sick into the bargain ?

It would be difficult to determine between travelling alone, or with company, and much might be said on either side of the question. The difficulty is to find two persons congenial in habits and taste ; for, without this, little pleasure can be expected. Alone, perhaps, the traveller omits much which he might, with an agreeable companion, survey with interest ; but, then, he is master—perfect master—“lord of himself”—perhaps, as the poet sings, of “a heritage of woe,” but often extremely agreeable.

“ Ah, wretched and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company ;
He'll feel the weight of many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear't away.”

But it is weary, for months and months to travel on without the smallest polished society. The natives, with a very few exceptions, are un-intellectual to a degree—"money, money" their only conversation ; and I am not sure but that he who travels with his dragoman, without any knowledge of Arabic, has the most enjoyment. For him there is the charm of mystery ; he only hears what is said, filtered through translation : he sees the venerable native, a very patriarch ; he sees the granddaughter, a perfect houri : unable to penetrate further, he fills up the picture from fancy, nor finds the one a voracious Jew, the other but a waxen doll.

It is, indeed, pleasant, now and then to meet a European, to interchange ideas, and to enjoy the intercourse we enjoy alone in the civilised West. To see and hear open, honest ideas, and enlightened views, is singularly refreshing ; after some period of Eastern travel, the mind requires this. As in the days of Sulieman El Ioudee, so now : "A friend sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." With all, there are moments when companionship with one's kind is agreeable, and then the lonely traveller will find the want of a com-

panion; and even objects of veneration, of grandeur, and admiration, lose half their pleasure when gazed at alone. We long to admire with another: the remarks, the reflections of a friend, indicate new points which have, perhaps, failed to strike us. And pleasure itself is but half pleasure after all, when smothered within ourselves.

For myself, my wandering steps had roamed, in former years, over many parts of this historic land; then life was fresh, and everything was viewed beneath the influence of youth and spirits; then, with oneself, one found sufficient companionship; but in these, my later travels, I freely own that, many and many times, I regretted the want of friend and comrade—never more than now, when, laid low by sickness, I was left to suffer alone.

CHAPTER VI.

Misery of being left alone in Sickness—The Hytas—His History—His Habits and peculiar Cookery—Illusions and Vagaries of Delirium—Reception by the Hadji of the truant Servants—Visit of the Armenian Bishop—Mussulman Fast—How the Kavass of Mr. Layard kept it—His exploit at Van—Interior of the Church—The Chapels—Trading in the East—Monks of the Convent—Armenians—Their good and bad Qualities—Opprobrious Terms used by Turks against Christians—Gathering Harvest—Character of the Christians of the East—Return to Van—Turkish Doctors—Their Carousals—Taken by the Pasha to his Country-house—His Opinion on the Affairs of Turkey—Antiquity of Armenia as a Kingdom—Its present Power—Servant beaten by Soldiers—How that Injury was redressed—Leave Van—The Hasnedara of the Pasha—How his Memory of me was to be kept lively—Pass several Villages—The Monastery of Yavik.

It was not without many melancholy forebodings I saw these last Europeans depart. There seemed a safe feeling as long as they were near,—some one upon whom I had a claim ; and, in spite of caution, I crept to the window to see them ride away. They mount ; they move ; bob low under the *porte cochère*, and I am alone with fever, weakness, and perhaps death. The chill, added to the anxiety, had done me harm ; and for the next

two days chaos had come again. I awoke again, sensible, thank God ; but conscious of fever, headache, weakness. My poor skull seemed to bound, to split ; and I gave up quinine to avoid madness. At first, my only wish was to relapse into insensibility ; but as the head became clearer, even though it ached to bursting, one could but be thankful for reason.

My first conscious moments were embittered by the only two servants with me, who came and demanded wages in advance, one plucking my sleeve to arouse me from my trance. This imposition I firmly resisted ; upon which they immediately threatened to quit my service, and I was left alone again in that dreary room. Not that I took the solitude quietly,—not a bit. I bawled and yelled, but as nobody answered, I gave it up. The next day, however, a half-crazy Hytas, a legacy of Mr. B.'s, came back from Van, where he had been sent, and putting his horse-cloth in a corner of the room, did nurse me, poor fellow, to the best of his abilities. He was a Mahometan of Egypt, and had passed his life in a species of military wandering. He had served as pipe-boy to a Mamlouk Bey, as a soldier to Ibrahim ; had then

served Berber Pasha, and now was a species of hanger-on of the Pasha's, who fed him, and as he said, gave him the run of his coffee-pot. Mr. B. had him some time as a kavass, and then handed him over to me.

He smoked bhang * perpetually, but it only increased his philanthropic feelings. His method of cooking was simple, consisting of putting all he found into a pot, and boiling it. Thus I regaled one day on maccaroni and tea ; another, on rice and chocolate. However, he was always willing to consume the mess himself, observing, that I might pronounce such dishes ridiculous, but it was prejudice, as they were excessively good. For days the old man watched or rather smoked by my side ; and his solemn " Min Allah, mackaraaouna, waar Allahhi, marhaouna," (from God he came, to God he must return,) still sounds in my ears.

Delirium continued for many days. I seemed in my reverie to be the last man ; methought all others but old Hadji Mansour had gone, and that he would go soon. Nor was the thought altogether without pleasure,—at least, so I find by reference

* *Hasseeth* : the opium of the Turks.

to my note-book, many pages of which were scrawled over during my delirium.

“ Why is my sleep disquieted ?
Who is he that calls the dead ?
Behold !
Bloodless are these limbs and cold.”

Perhaps there is no medicine more dangerous in inexperienced hands than quinine. If taken during fever, and failing of its effect, delirium nearly always ensues, and the pain and headache attendant on fever are most considerably increased. Long, sad, and weary were the hours, yea, days, I thus lay in that dreary room. The windows opened on a court flooded with water ; the drone of the Hadji's pipe, the only sound pertaining to me : two servants sick as myself to be cared for. Light was cold, for there were no sashes, and darkness suffocation ; my bed was swarming with fleas.

Sadly, sadly my past life rose up before me,—years wasted, friends despised, warnings disregarded, talent buried to be accounted for,—it was sad to die ; sadder, sadder thus. Past scenes rolled before me—Allah Kerim, God is merciful.

“ I strive to number o'er what days,
Remembrance can discover :
Which all that life or earth displays,
Would lure me to live over ;
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour,
Of pleasure unembittered.”

Thursday.—Fever has left me,—free from pain,—servants returned from Van. The Hadji was looking out of the window ; he retired to his corner, selected a stout leather strap, tried it, descended the stairs,—cries, shrieks, yells. The servants mount the ladder, kiss my hand, cover my feet with embraces. The Hadji follows more slowly, deposits the strap in its place, and resumes his pipe. Their conduct was irreproachable for the next few days,—at least as long as the strap-marks remained.

Beautifully as the convent was placed, not one window looked outwards. Carpets and pillows were now carried outside, and placed beneath a small clump of willows where the stream dashed through, and here I lay musing dreamily, looking on the lovely scene beneath ; and thus passed several more days. The Pasha's German doctor bled the servants, which cured them, and prescribed me a jar of wine, but put into it some stuff that considerably abated my desire to consume it.

Spite of their mummeries, spite the broad idolatries of their creed, it is very sweet here as I sit alone, to hear the chanting of the mass. Mellowed by distance and obstructions, its nasal twangings

no longer insult the ear ; it rises to my room meekly, quietly, peaceably, and calms the fretting spirit within. It is a great progress in Christian charity to love the sinner while we hate the sin ; and what the traveller must constantly have in mind while among the Eastern Christians, cut off with hardly Christian charity from intercourse with their freer brethren of the West. For centuries they have been isolated, breeding their own ignorance,—enslaved, debased, persecuted, aversed : still have they clung to the faith, as they fancy it, handed down to them by their fathers ; through all, they have rallied round the Cross, draped though it be, and tinselled with their follies. Still they raise their voices where their fathers prayed ; fire and storms, and—worse and harder still to bear—the slow insult of constant, daily slavery, have not turned them from this. We may despise the corrupted belief to which he bows, but we must admire the resolution of the man.

The Armenian bishop, though himself an invalid, came up and paid me a visit, to see to my health, and that I was comfortably established. He was a fine, venerable-looking old man, but I should fancy excessively fond of onions. The lay

brother, who superintends the affairs of the convent, was abused by him for his charges ; exculpating himself by, " I could not charge a bey, son of beys, less ; I honour him too much to do such a thing." The bell sounds to prayers, for here they have, by some strange indulgence, small bells. The Basilica takes it up with its tinkling sound ; a solemn chant swells up ; it dies ; one voice continues,—all is done. And now the Christian day is over,—hark ! a gun booms over the waters ; Van's lake bears the sound, and, striking the far mountains in peals on 'peals, it dies away. And now true Mussulmans may feed and drink ; amply is their penance repaid by the appetite and feast of the evening. By many this fast, or feast, is religiously kept, though others make little account of it : it is the Ramazan.

The manner of fixing it has been often told. Towards sunset every culinary operation may be seen in full activity ; pipes are loaded ; the coolest water-vase placed ready. The gun fires as the sun sets ; as the sound bellows forth, the feast begins, and the first pipe is inhaled with a gusto it requires previous abstinence to appreciate. The rich feast, eat, and drink till daylight, when guns

again proclaim the fast begun. An hour before, the drums and fifes noise out a species of dinner-bell ; it is to warn all that the hour is near, that they may rise to eat before the fast begins. The idle then sleep all day, so the fast to them is no particular hardship ; but on those who labour, when the month falls in the summer, it is a severe trial. The Koords keep it with great strictness, though we met several who openly laughed at it.

Mr. Layard's kavass, (the baraikdar, or standard-bearer, as he was called and known through his master's book,) used to remain within, with the Christian servants, during the day, and at sunset boldly go out to the Mussulmans, as if he had not smoked and eaten since sunrise. This man, whose fidelity to his master was well repaid by the trust that good master put in him, was a boy of Scio at the time of the massacre. He fell into the hands of an irregular soldier, who made him a Turk, and put him into the profession he himself followed. At Van he performed a service for the Pasha.

Having been sent on before to announce our arrival, he slept at the serai in the evening. He was awakened by an uproar. On rousing up, he found the Hytas actively employed, as they said,

in detecting some thieves who had broken in. Not liking the appearance of things, he took two of them prisoners, and the next morning, on inquiry, they were found to be the thieves themselves ; and the baraikdar had saved the Pasha's nargillehs, which they had destined to make their prey. Yebbi Clessi was the name of the Convent of the Seven Churches ; Clessi would probably be derived from the Greek *ecclesia*. Formerly, they say, there were seven churches here, but now all are ruined but one.

As I got better, I formed regularly one of the congregation, which generally consisted of the three monks (I cannot call them fathers, they were so far from venerable), two or three old women who came and went, and myself. Old Hadji also entered and prayed according to his own Mussulman fashion. He had a great notion of antiquity, and when once convinced of the church's claims on this point, he attended pretty often. The walls of the church were painted curiously ; on either side was a green parrot, elaborately adorned with tassels, &c. ; St. George figured in unknightly guise, killing the dragon with a gun ; St. Michael wore hessians, and a short Spanish cloak ; the

saint who bears the precious handkerchief, impressed with our Lord's face, wore a crown and ermine pelisse, finished off with tights ; and there were several other even greater absurdities :—there were abominations.

The chapel contains the tomb of Serrai Kerim, a king of Armenia : before this, a light is constantly kept burning. The other chapels or churches, now in various stages of decay, were larger and finer ; their interior was of handsome stone, so they were spared the ornaments inflicted on this. About are several stones, with cruciform inscriptions ; around are cottages inhabited by the peasants, who till the convent lands ; so it forms a village of itself. The corn, when thrashed, is spread on mats to dry, a process much approved of by the sparrows, who at once dart down and devour as much as they can. The crops are consumed on the spot, for there is no sale ; and if you wish to purchase, a price is asked it would not command elsewhere.

This is a peculiar feature in the East. Generally, where things are plentiful, and in little demand, they are cheaper, and the less visited places exhibit a simplicity in trade : here, on the contrary, go to an out-of-the-way village, and a

greater keenness will be shown than in the towns. They probably think your stay will be short, and meditate how to make that short stay available to the best account. Then they argue—"He must have this at any price ;" and they never do undersell each other. This virtue they possess certainly. I suppose there is a rule not to interfere with each other's prey. Thus, corn will sell dearer at the village that exports, than at the town that imports it. A servant comes to offer you his services : you say, "What do you want a month ?" "So much," (naming a great advance on his actual wages,) "Well," you reply, "you have only so much now ; I will add as much more to what you have : will not that do ?" No ; he will probably prefer working on like a horse for five or six shillings a month rather than come to you for ten shillings,—fifteen or twenty being what he demands.

In this they are totally without conviction. A traveller gives a dragoman who speaks five or six languages, seven hundred or eight hundred piastres a month ; a wretched fellow, from keeping goats on the mountain, will demand the same, affirming, "You give so and so such a sum ; I must have the same." In vain you say, "But he knows such and

such languages ; cooks ; does all." " Oh, that is nothing ; I must have the same." Hundreds go to the towns with these delusive ideas, only to find out too late their mistake. They take care, however, to cover their failure ; for they maintain stoutly, even to each other, that their wages are so and so, an error their masters generally allow to pass uncorrected. Few natives, particularly Mussulmans, ever pay their servants.

The convent had but three monks and one canon. They could read, but could not understand the ancient books ; so they knew the prayers they repeated daily, by rote. These men would come and sigh over their poverty, their oppressed condition, and accuse England and Europe of sin and supineness for not restoring their Church ; yet the next moment they would be hard at work, praising Beder Khan Bey for massacring those brutal blasphemers, the Tiyari, or cursing any other Christian community. The falsehood of these men was dreadful, as they asserted that so and so was the belief of such and such a Church.

I must plead to no great fondness for the Armenians. In physiognomy they resemble the Jews, without the fine classic cut of feature ; their coun-

tenance is heavy, stolid ; phrenologically, they are deficient, and would be judged unintellectual, and deficient in imagination and all spiritual organs. They are, however, industrious and persevering beyond all their fellow-subjects. Thousands go yearly from Van, to labour as porters, to Constantinople, returning and settling when they have realised a small capital.

I have deciphered another name. Hosh Hosh, the wife of a king, built one of the chapels here. Serrai Kerim appears to have been her husband ; he was defeated and expelled his kingdom by the Persians, who drove him to Sevas. Here he resided under the protection of the Greek Emperor of Stamboul : at his death he begged to be interred here, and his request was granted.

Two or three women lived in the convent, wives of the labourers ?—no ; grandmothers,—wrinkles the only thing they had in common. St. Francis might have lived among them without snow. Yet, poor creatures, how they toil ! Long before dawn they are up, grumbling, muttering, and working : two grind the corn ; the huge pots are put on, and dinner prepared for the labourers. They sit croningly, chewing heads of garlic.

I was sitting in the church porch, listening to the noise they made, when my only companion, the old Hadjee, came up in a state of great disgust. In prowling about the church he had come across a bunch of onions and bread put in a niche by some hungry votary ; this he pronounced a deep abomination, and one he could not forget. While he was speaking, one of the women rushed into the church and threw herself at the feet of a priest who happened to be in the church. He was a handsome, bearded man : he bent over her, assuaging, consoling, speaking in a low, earnest voice ; she sobbed violently, passionately, but accepted his consolation, and left him calm and tearless ; for one moment she cast herself at the feet of the gentleman on the wall in tights and then resumed her labours.

Karabash (bishop), is a Turkish term which the Christians have adopted and use ; it means literally "black-head:" the quiet way the Christians adopt and use the terms of Mussulman contempt shows the depth that the iron of persecution has entered. A Christian will say, speaking of a Christian or himself, *Giaour* : now, used in their way, it is a term of great reproach ; as a general

term it merely means "infidel," but applied to an individual it is opprobrious. The shame of this I in vain endeavoured to impress on my servants, who, though aware of the meaning, would always conciliate the Turk by using words sweet to his ear. At first I used, when the term was employed, to resent it by some abuse of the user, but latterly I found it more efficacious to speak, in reply, of the Turks as the followers of Mahomet the Arab man, which generally brought them to allow they had no right to abuse the faith of others who did not abuse theirs.

And now I loiter about and watch the gathering harvest. Huge wains of grain are brought up from the plains. A circle, or large heap of this is formed; a huge iron roller, armed with iron of the shape of old caulking-chisels, is dragged over it in a circle by oxen, who, contrary to the scriptural order, are muzzled, and cruelly beaten if they pause with down-bent neck to catch a scanty morsel. There is something pleasant in watching harvest: the flail as it beats the triumphant march of Ceres through the land, as it divides the wheat from the chaff and straw, reminds one of the processions of old. Boys sat on these, as in the

prototype, and the cheerful song or laughing shout, as they trod over the abundance with waving hand and healthful gesture, brought back the living reality. The labourer is always noble ; and there seemed something of dignity about even these servile fellahheen as they bore the golden harvest.

I am sorry—but it is true—that I do despise the Christian of the East. There is an honourable death for all : no man need live a slave—rather ten thousand times let him die free. I see the man as he is ; and forgetting, not allowing for the drip, drip of centuries of oppression, see him but as a degraded serf,—lying, cringing, cowardly, hypocritical. But, whatever he is, labour, in any form, must be applauded ; how much more so when it is the poetry of labour—the labour of the field ! There is a sacredness, too, in labour : it seems repaying the debt due by our first father : this wresting harvest from the earth seems like bearing with patience the infliction of an outraged God.

Then, again, there is always something hopeful in a man that works : he feels demons around him perhaps — discontent, despair, rebellion, misery, poverty ; but he bends him stoutly to his task and

they fly, having no companionship with toil and hope. Idleness alone is the true despair, and all the pack of ill and hell watch round him who surrenders to her embraces. These men of Mesopotamia labour unrewarded, for they must feel that the granaries are not stored for them ; yet labour, labour, labour, must be and will be their lot. Well might they exclaim with the poet—

“ A las cœur de mon visage,
Je passerai ma pauvre vie ;
Après long travail et usage
Voici la mort qui me convie.”

At last I took my leave ; the excitement of a fresh start supplied the place of strength, and I ambled rapidly to Van, where the Doctor, by the Pasha's order, received me—he daily sending a dinner sufficient for twenty such eaters as myself.

- Here of an evening all the medical staff met, consisting of several Turks educated at the College of Stamboul, who, whatever other knowledge they might have acquired, seemed to have found out that Mahomet was an impostor, and his prohibition of wine a most objectionable, unbearable doctrine. They dared not indulge openly, but repaired to the Frank doctor's house, whose cellar,

if not choice, was ample, and there nightly indulged in long and deep potations. I slept in a room that opened on the scene of revelry, and as my own jar of wine was so nasty that I could not sit and sip it, I retired early, and used to hear the progressive nature of the discourse. At first compliments were passed, long and poetical; next came discussions on science, medical anecdotes, details of diseases; then murmurs at government, promotion and pay. They were in succession sententious, captious, quarrelsome, natural, bestial, blasphemous—maudlin, confused, sleepy. And there they lay till they went to their duties, cursing Christians, and scorning all men, as good Mussulmans like them might.

The Pasha paid me a long visit, and carried me with him to his country-house, where we sat and smoked. He was a man of much intelligence, and his ideas enlightened beyond those of any Turk I had ever seen. After remaining with him an hour or so, he took me to his harem (his wives, &c., are at Stamboul), but he has several slave girls, who were most unceremoniously, during my stay, locked into an outer room, while we sat in a kiosk looking on a large walled garden. At noon

he left me to sleep, but not being inclined to do so, I walked about, and was surprised at the mean way all the places were furnished: there were none of those stored luxuries one is taught to believe the harem abounds in. The poor Pasha was deeply impressed with the approaching fall of the empire. "It was gained," he said, "by God's favour when we were true and good; we lose it, for He has left us; we are foul-handed; He cannot help such as His people have become. God is great! His will is our law."

On the following day I left his house and Van.

On the south-west of Van, to the right of the road, from the convent to the city, are the relics of a curious road. Lines of pyramidal-shaped stones mark its course: it is now disused. The inscriptions at the convent in the cuneiform character, as well as those at Van, I forbear to mention, as Mr. Layard will probably describe them. The Armenian nation claim a descent as ancient as any: their traditions say that Haig, the son of Togarmah, the grandson of Japhet, was the father of their race; hence they call their country Haik or Hayasdan, and their language Haig-Aran, or Arman. The seventh king of the

dynasty of Haig, extended his country, conquering the nations around him ; hence the well-known name Armenia,—Armenian. The vicissitudes to which the country has been subject are well known : now free and flourishing, now enslaved and debased. Antony conquers it, and gives it as a plaything to Alexander, his son by Cleopatra. We find it preserving its Christianity when the doctrines of the Prophet and the sword sweep mightier nations away, and a tradition exists, borne out by many particulars of physiognomy, dialect, &c., that the Koords of Antioch and the adjacent mountains, are converted Armenians, who were transplanted thither by their conquerors.

During the Crusades it existed as a Christian power, now losing provinces, now gaining. In A.D. 1249, it makes war with Antioch ; in A.D. 1346, it receives help from the knights of the Crusade. It fell eventually, its kings becoming vassals, till they were dismissed for their rebellions, and the country was finally annexed to the Moslem empire. For a while their Church joined itself to the Latin, but the union was insecure, and they are now under their own Patriarch. More recently there has been an alteration in their

ecclesiastical government, Russia having the nomination of one spiritual head. No other nation, however, can show an uninterrupted succession of Patriarchs for a thousand years—for such is the time the Patriarch has resided at Aghtaman, an island in lake Van. The nation seems to possess vitality beyond the common lot: transplanted to die or propagate, martyred by Christian and heathen, they are yet a nation, and exhibit under unequalled disadvantages, more progress than any sect of Eastern Christians.

They now almost hold Turkey in their hands; for they are the bankers, the moneyed interest of the land; they are the scribes, the confidential secretaries of government and governors; and as most of the great are deep in their books, the debtor can be controlled as they please. As Gibbon says, they have often preferred the crown of martyrdom to the white turban of the Prophet, and now, as of old, the main body of the people hug their error, and their nationality.

The foundation of the city of Van itself is wrapt in obscurity, and from the advantages of its position, and the capabilities of defence found on the castle rock, it may fairly be supposed

it would early have been fixed on. Though now prosperous, and if the Koordish districts south of it become settled, certain of being a great entrepôt, its trade now is far from equal to what it once was.

The waters of the lake have lately been analysed, so the curious substance found floating on its surface, and used as soap, will be accounted for : it is sold in the bazaars. At present there are but three small boats or launches on the lake, and even these can hardly find trade enough to remunerate them. Their principal occupation is carrying passengers to the towns on the coast.

August 19th, Monday. — Van to Terlashing, five hours. — Just as I was starting, a servant and horse were found missing, so I had to return to the Doctor's, where, after a short period, the servant appeared escorted by two soldiers. They made a thousand apologies, and regretted they had not known he was in my service before. The fellow, who was a great rogue, had taken the horse to the bazaar to be shod ; the animal not liking the operation, kicked a soldier who was looking on ; the soldier seeing the man was a Christian, beat him, and finally the poor fellow was walked

off to the guard-house, where the serjeant had him beaten again : between them he was all bloody. Telling the soldiers that they should suffer for their brutality, I sent for the captain ; but before the messenger started, the serjeant arrived likewise, to regret the occurrence : then the captain ; then the major ; the colonel ; and finally the aid-de-camp of the Fereek (military Pasha). All these said they came to apologise. I replied that I would freely forgive the insult as far as it concerned myself, but must exclaim against the injustice of soldiers being allowed to punish subjects of the Sultan as they pleased, and for no possible cause ; and that as the man was my servant, I was bound to protect him, and would do so most certainly. "What punishment do you wish inflicted?" "That," I said, "you know best ; he was beaten without a cause." So at last the soldiers were severely beaten, and the serjeant degraded on my account, and then beaten for theirs. I took care to let it be known that this was because they had beaten a Christian.

In an hour I was off ; a large party of Christians with me, in honour of the service I had done their cause. The Pasha's hasnedara joined me with the

missing horse, which had strayed away, and taking me aside during the quarrel, gave me mysteriously three heads of Indian corn and a cucumber ; he told me he would take nothing from me in return, so I was riding off. Hurt at my deafness, he said : " Love was all he wanted ; he would think of me by day and by night." Again I was going, when he said : " By day I can never forget you ; but by night—tell me, dear friend, how am I to keep you in mind ? " This was a puzzle ; suppers and indigestion in which I might, perhaps, figure as a nightmare, suggested themselves to me. " Pray help me," he said ; so, after directing my ignorance, my Macintosh bed was handed over to him ; and I left him on the road, forgetful of all, with his mouth to the pipe, inflating my much-regretted couch.

The road lay along a fine plain north of the town : now and then low hills closed round us, but again opening, we found the plain one mass of corn, growing, cut, or being reaped. An hour's ride brought us to the pretty village of Esgara-Koi, with trees, fruit, and a pretty coffee-house containing wine for infidels. The lake, in all its beauty, lay on the west ; in parts the further

horizon was not visible, and the mirage made the hills appear like islands floating on its surface. In good time I reached Terlashing, a Christian Armenian village of seventy to one hundred houses, and pitched the tent.

Terlashing to Merik, four hours and a half. The baggage left early, while I breakfasted and lay quiet ; then mounting I ride on quickly, make a long halt ; mounting again, find, on arriving, my tent pitched already. An hour's ride across the plain brought me to Gaeb, a large village of Mussulmans, all hard at work at the corn. They have stone inclosures, some ten feet high, within which they stack what they do not thrash at once. Since leaving Akka the camel has ceased, and here, even on the plains, all work is done by oxen and the huge unwieldy water-buffalo : the cry of the latter is as peevish and disagreeable as the camel's.

Of all ungraceful beasts the camel is the worst, with its long swinging gait, its beastly jaws wabbling about, the shambling pace with which its hind legs follow. Useful, it is, beyond all beasts, to this country ; but to see a man ride on it is a very ridiculous sight. As the camel walks differently from other animals, the poor mortal is

obliged by hard work of his body to keep up with the motion of his beast, and perform much the same sort of motion a steersman performs in a boat-race when he wishes to steer fast. The labour of riding is, to one unaccustomed to it, greater than that of walking. The dromedary's pace is softer, and not unpleasant. Some camels it is almost impossible to ride : they swing so much.

In an hour more I reached Shargeldee, a large Armenian village. The people praise the Pasha and his rule : the only thing they could find to grumble at was, that it could not last long. Three and a half hours after starting, during which the road was plain with undulating hills on either side, turned up a wooded gulley and halted, being lifted from my horse and laid on the ground. The Hadjee went in search of milk, which being refused, he inflicted, before I could prevent him, summary punishment. The village of Yarnik, an Armenian one, was here. My pipe had fallen amidst the herbs, which imparted a fragrance to it I never enjoyed before. I reached Merék, a large Christian village built on a hill overhanging the lake, where I encamped.

The monastery here, famed for its festival,

stands a little higher up, prettily situated among some crags. The building is plain, merely four walls with a low square steeple. There is an old burial-ground here, many of the inscriptions of a date anterior to the schism of the Church. I find the crosses on the oldest ones are merely two cross-bones ; then comes a cross with arrow-headed points, and later, a more arabesque one with ornamented devices. The church is dedicated to St. Miriam the Virgin : the keeper of the key lives at a considerable distance, so I was unable to see the interior : it, however, contains little that cannot be seen elsewhere. The festival is one numerously attended.

The graveyard had also several terebinth trees which were used by the Armenians much as the Turks use the cypress ; the one, however, wants by a great deal, the picturesque and perfectly appropriate beauty of the other. The cypress seems to me peculiarly a tree for the grave ; there is a solemnity in it—a quiet that marks it for this use. It seems to stand a watchful sentinel over the undefended dead : we look up to its lofty spire pointing whither the spirits have flown. Other trees have brighter foliage, others throw

abroad their branches with more wanton verdure : this alone, winter and summer, day and dark night, seems to have an existence apart, never to rejoice him, as others do, but to watch. So much has this tree become to me a sign-post of death, that as one rises before my sight I look below for a clump of brighter verdure, beneath which, shielded, sheltered, screened, may appear the tomb, the short home of the case of the mind. Fancy will then indulge : fiction prunes her wings, and away imagination rides. This was, perhaps, some daughter, fair as the poet's dream, who died in the prime of her virgin bloom ere yet she had learned ill, or man had made her the creature of his will ; perhaps a wife loved, how loved, taken away in sleep, ere yet the horns of the marriage moon had waned. After all, perhaps it was only some beast, who ate, and drank, and lived, till this lone vault received his well-worn clay.

CHAPTER VII.

Island of Chifis Kloster—Axbraf—Myriads of Gnats—Abundance of Aquatic Birds on the Lake—Large Cemetery—Dispute as to its Occupants between the Hadjee and the Armenian—Reflections in Illness—Fascinations of Travel—Spirit of Independence it engenders—Variety of Scene—Girl's Advice to me—The Veil, how regarded in ancient times—Disappointed in finding Ruins—Serpent Rocks—Visit from two Priests, who prove Job's comforters—Admiration by Villagers of the Russian Rule—Autana, the Holy Island—The Old Man and his Legends—Past Grandeur—Plain of Ardisch—Swarms of Locusts—Tent pitched in a Prairie—Visit from Isman Bey—His Visit returned—Furniture of his Tent—Shields and Spears of the Koords—Mollah of Komdingars—His Gratitude for a trifling Present—The Hadjee disputes with some Koords—Armenians *en Route* for the Frontier—Arrive at Patnos—Fight between the Hadjee and a Christian—Its Cause—How settled—Present Appearance of Patnos—Its Buildings—Houses at Karakone—Its present Aspect—Wonder of the ex-Bey that Englishmen should study—Turkish Confidence in Christians as Guards of the Harem—Its Cause—Karaka—Difference of Demeanour in Slaves and Free-men—Arrival at Melasquert.

MERIK to a Koordish kishlah, one hour beyond Armis, six hours. I skirted along the plain, which is here, perhaps, a mile broad, from the lake to some steep and rocky cliffs, rising fifty or sixty feet high ; the plain itself well cultivated. The hills above it produce a rough crop of hay and thistles : beneath, the lake, so still, so quiet. We paused opposite the island of Chifis Kloster, with

its few trees and its lone, lifeless, monastic look ; and the pretty town of Aschraf, whose domes and minarets seemed to rise out of the blue lake and float amidst its limpid waters. An hour after starting we descended through a forest of roses to the lake's side, the road lying along the beach.

No pleasure but has its alloy : the road was charming ; the heavy scent of the roses softened by other sweet perfumes grateful to the sense ; yet myriads of gnats literally made the air ring, and the whole caravan were busy fanning them away ; even the horses, generally so patient and enduring, were maddened by the bites ; so I felt no regret when we turned up over a dry barren plain, leaving a promontory to run out into the lake. The water here is said to be more salt than in any other portion of the lake : this is probably occasioned by the lake being for miles excessively shallow ; so much so, that here at the northern angle it may almost be waded. The lake here finishes in sedgey bogs, which abound with swans, coots, ducks, and geese. They were little disturbed by my approach, swimming slowly away ; but the hadjee, with an eye to dinner, fired ; then the whole air was alive with birds ; every sedge and

tuft around seemed to give up its store ; round they swept with startled cry, the air whistling with their rapid whirls, as they flew to safer places.

At the very north-east corner of the lake was a large cemetery, and behind it the ruins of a large village. Enchanted with the view, I made my noonday halt. The tombs were placed on a small eminence looking on the lake, the tenants, perhaps, in life loved so well. The hadjee fondly asserted they were the graves of true believers, while an Armenian who had joined us, loudly denied the fact : one might have said—

“ Christian or Moslem, which are they ?
Let their mothers see and say,
When in cradled rest they lay ;
And each nursing mother smiled,
On the sweet sleep of her child.
Little deemed she such a day,
How those limbs would mould away ;
Not the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more.”

But the subject ceased to interest, and my thoughts were withdrawn from the beauty of the scene to others more closely connected with myself. I felt my weakness ; felt grievously the fatigue of travelling ; felt how true the opinion of the Doctor, that I must return to colder regions to recruit, if I wished to live. Henceforth

my course was west : henceforth my shrivelled sickly shadow would mark my morning path before me—just as I had learned enough of the languages to enter into familiar intercourse, to enjoy travelling ; just as boundless regions opened before my wandering steps, my body proved unequal to the task, and all was dashed. Well might Cræsus say, “ Pronounce none happy on this side the grave.” And even the reflection of dear fat Sancho Panza, that there is a remedy for all, save death, afforded no consolation.—Allah Kerim !

“ Let us be patient ; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise ;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly through the mists and vapours
Amid these earthly damps ;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.”

What is it there is so fascinating in this life—discomforts, inconveniences of all kinds ? Dangers abound, but they are excitements. Yet, what is ? It would be hard indeed to find an answer. Is it that this wild nomad existence is after all our natural state, and that, spite of generations of civilisation, the tendency still remains ? Is it that we are then free, are loosed from all conventional

institutions ? For my own part, though thoroughly despising the whole race, hating their manners and love of money, yet for me there is a fascination I cannot resist ; and it is, I know, by no means unshared by others of my countrymen. In early boyhood a gypsy life seemed to me the perfection of human bliss, and I looked at their encampment as fairy land. But they were restricted to high roads, and harassed by parish officers, trespass laws, and magistrates. Now that my youth is past, and manhood creeping away, the illusion remains. Here I am, all prince, lawgiver, tyrant, or friend ; now menacing a sheik, now riding through a village like a prince ; now administering justice ; now tending the sick ; now counselling the weak or the strong—all these.

“ Yellah-hamel,” and the servants load, the tent falls, the packs mount, the horses—and we are off, here, there, anywhere. Now we press on, now we linger : I fancy, I whim : the tent is pitched, the pegs driven, the cushions spread ; my home, the same by the mountain brow, the same by the city wall, the same in the pathless desert, opens its hospitable porch to receive me. Have I journeyed ? I shall seem where I rested yester-eve ; the divan,

carpet, all is as it was. Here my glass ready to my hand. Yes, no : I look abroad, another view opens from my study windows. Last night my house was on the hill top, and now a verdant valley with its purling stream opens before me—different men, another sect, an adverse race, are around me.

Yes, this is travel : the sun has poured down his rays, his heat has flowed on me like molten lead ; yet now the cool breeze fans my brow, and I throw myself on the couch, eager, ready for repose. The evening draws on, the meal is prepared. Shades of the epicurean ! thy ghost would fly its sight ! meat, sour milk, flat dough half baked, mountain wine fermented thick. It is over ; the result is the same had we fed on thy one fish, one meat, one wine - we are satisfied. The pipe is, at all events, perfect ; the coffee pure—and now the evening comes on apace. The frogs seem to wake, the insects chirp, and the traveller reclines at the door of his home, lost in that state which is not vacancy, which is not thought ; the horses champ their corn with measured noise ; the servants sing, talk, move and settle to their watches ; the tent closes, and on his

couch the wanderer takes his repose ; sound, because earned by labour—light, from the necessity of wariness—refreshing, because needful, and the result of a life natural and agreeable.

Shortly afterwards we crossed a well-built stone bridge over a small stream ; the pitch extraordinarily high here. A large caravan of oxen were resting from the noonday heat, their loads scattered about. The saddle merely consists of loose felts slightly girthed. Again along the plain : we met about twenty Koord women, all on “ox-back.” “Where are you going, pretty girl ?” I said to one. “To where you ought to go, to see what you ought to do, instead of riding about like a mad man.” “Well, where is that ?” “To a marriage—go you and get married ; don’t come here, stay at home.” The Koord women do not veil, and this sketch will show that they are free enough with their tongues. Then, no men were near.

“Much I respect, and much I have adored,
In my young days, that chaste and goodly veil,
Which holds a treasure like a miser’s hoard,
And more attracts by all it doth conceal.
A golden scabbard on a Damasque sword,
A loving letter with a mystic seal ;
A cure for grief ;—for what can ever rankle,
Before a petticoat and peeping ankle !”

From the earliest ages, women seem to have veiled themselves in token of modesty, of reverence and subjection to their husbands. Thus, Rebekah veiled herself when she saw Isaac (Genesis xxiv. 65 ; 1 Cor. xi. 3, 6, 7, 10) : yet Tamar's case seems to prove that women who covered their faces were improper people. The Grecian women, from the earliest ages, were rigorously secluded, as we find by Herodotus. The Koran likewise (chap. 24), enjoins women to cover their bosoms and ornaments ; and again (chap. 33), to cast their outer garments over them when they walk abroad, that they may be known to be women of reputation, and may not be affronted by unseemly words or actions.

We passed three cairns raised over three noted plunderers who had been lately shot : the Armenian who was with me, and gave me the details, took up a stone, which he threw on the third of them. I said, "Come, be fair : give one to each." "Oh, no," he said, "two were Mussulmans ; this was a good Christian, though a more cruel robber than the others." No village presenting itself, I turned up to Arnis, a Koordish village. This we found deserted ; but a few of the villagers offered to show us where the summer encampment was,

assuring me that there I should find everything. This is an announcement that always frightens me, as it surely presages nothing.

After a short rest (for I had fallen off my horse from weakness) we proceeded ; had a tedious ride over a mountain, and at last reached the tents. Near and about were not less than six hundred persons collected in the valley and on the neighbouring hills : they leave their villages early in summer and pitch here for pasturage, saving that near their village for hay. The whole plain was covered with their horses, flocks, &c. They refused to supply our few beasts, saying, they had got what they wanted, and we might do the same. The hadjee was furious, and rushed off to the Montselim, who was encamped some way off. I do not know what magic he used ; but the Montselim came humbly and paid me a long visit, assuring me it was all a mistake, and—what was better—he got us something to eat for ourselves and horses : on the following morning also we got all we wished.

Arnis to Ardisch four hours easy. A Koord told me there was a stone covered with strange figures near, so the baggage was sent on to the

next konack, while I with a servant followed him : he led us over hill and valley till we came to a most beautiful gorge, where trees were clustered, sheltering a small stream, whose banks were covered with flowers. Here women were dressing hides : we confided the horses to their care, and commenced scrambling over the rocks. My guide rather damped my ardour, for he said Franks had come here before, and had carried it all away in their books, and had thought it of such value that they gave him one hundred piastres. Ill as I was, scrambling over rocks was hard work ; at last we came and saw—some wretched half-dozen crosses scrawled on a rock. On my expression of annoyance, he said he felt sure the Franks had carried it away ; “ However, ya bey, I meant for the best.” This is constantly the lot of the traveller ; but one goes for fear of really missing something worth seeing. The Koord pressed his horse on me as a compensation for my disappointment and seemed really annoyed at my determined refusal, saying, “ Ya beg, you are a curious people ; we offer you a noble horse, and you refuse it ; yet you come and hunt for old stones not worth a para. You are ill, take her ; she is kief to you when you ride her.”

Passing the baggage, rode over a wild slope to the lake—large blocks of rock covered with thistles, beautiful and gay, holyhock, larkspur, and Palma Christi : at last we reached the road on banks of the lake. Here was a most curious-shaped artificial tel, between which and the main flowed a river : we crossed over to it by a ford, preferring that to a very rotten bridge of faggots laid on cross-beams, and pursued our route to the westward. The river is down in the Prussian map ; but they, as well as myself, seem to have been unable to get a name for it.

A broad plain opened out, little cultivated, and totally uninhabited. We now reached some rocks of most fantastic forms on the right of the road, which here runs a mile or so from the bank. On these are two tablets of cuneiform inscription, quite perfect, and another nearly effaced. They are deeply and well-cut : as they had already been copied, I merely looked at them, and passed on. It was a good monument to leave behind ; and now, in the age of time, a few brave heads look at and decypher these, reviving the history of thousands of years.*

* The new generation will throw aside our few vague sketches of the

These are the Serpent Rocks, and well they deserve the name ; for a hundred heads, a hundred tails, may fancy form from the fantastic twirls of the stone. Twenty times did I turn from among them, attracted by what seemed the work of man, to turn back to find it but a trick of Dame Nature. As I neared Ardish, a large valley opened and ran up far into the interior, presenting a lovely plain smooth to the edge of the lake. Numerous villages standing in clumps of trees scattered about ; to the largest of these we rode, found there a fine guest-room, into which I was carried till the tent arrived. I fell twice during the day, cutting my face a good deal on the gravel.

Just outside stands a pretty lantern tomb of a Moslem Bey : he seems to have enjoyed considerable reputation as a plunderer ; but a bigger than he ate him up. I visited the church which boasts 1200 years of age : it is a neat building of black and white stone ; another, like the houses, a low

Assyrian empire, and laugh at our bungling attempt. Each year, though it takes us further from those that are past, only brings us nearer to them in knowledge. The life's labour of one is condensed into a quarto for the rest ; where we tread with danger, fatigue, and toil, our younger scions will skim along in a railway train, and wonder at all our talk of the distance and labour. Where the lion roars to-day, the boarding-school miss sings tomorrow.

building of round stone from the beach, has been added ; but it is too low to take away from the symmetry of the other. Within, the place is low and dark, with a few cotton cloths, and fusty books of no value. In one corner the priest kept his tools and stores.

In the upper church is the tomb of Sit Kevook, or Kevork : the priest said it was four hundred years old : but whether man, woman, or child, he did not know. The coffin would only contain a child or small woman ; and the name is that of a woman. It stands on the ground, a stone panoply over it : on it were some two ounces of sugar as an offering, a common muslin handkerchief, and two or three brass candles before it. On the doors of either church were two or three Armenian inscriptions.

My tent was pitched on an open spot in the middle of the village. In the evening two priests paid me a long visit ; I was sorry to hear the tone they talked in ; perhaps, also, a little ruffled at the calm way they talked of my death. When the servant said, " He never eats, and falls off his horse from weakness once or twice a day ;" they said, " Oh, he had better die here ; what is the use of

his going on ; he will kill his horses ; oh, he had better die here." In this opinion I did not at all acquiesce, and changed the subject.

One of the priests was on his way to the Russian frontier, whence he would take a protection and return to his flock. All the people here spoke in raptures of the Russians ; money given as wanted, lands, houses,—anything. From the village of Arnis the frontier is only distant seven hours, and the Koords there are exempt from taxes, to guard it and the road to Van. Ardisch is marked on the map as on the borders of the lake ; but it stands about four miles from it.

Another town (Karsina Vourn), stands on the brink. Thus, it took me four days to skirt round the lake, or rather one-third of it, a distance that might easily be run in a boat in seven or eight hours. I obtained a fine view of Autana, the Holy Island, where the Patriarch resides, though at far too great a distance to discern any particular features. In the morning, the priest of the village came to me : he amused me with many childish legends of his country, and dwelt long on her past glories, speaking of kings whose names I knew not.

Long did the old man dwell on this theme. To him, he said, the past supplanted the present ; and he forgot all the poverty and toil, persecution and dispersion of his race, in visions of the long-lost ever-dearest period when Armenia sent forth her hosts to conquest and glory. And where is all this now ? this blood, this life ? Even the renown—a vague tradition—passing away.

“ Weighed in the balance,
 Hero dust is but as vulgar clay ;
 Thy scales, mortality, are just
 To all that pass away :

* * * * *

Nor deemed contempt could thus make mirth
 Of these, the conquerors of the earth.”

Ardisch to Sulimback, four and a half hours. West, parallel with the lake, the plain of Ardisch is on a higher level than the river and plain to the westward. I passed the river of Ardisch, running through a grassy swamp ; ascended from this to a plain on the level of the river of Ardisch, and passed the Koordish village of Eurana. No one could here tell me the road to Patnos, so I started a-head, and, directed by the map, resolved henceforth to be my own guide. The river below us swarmed with geese : the plain we traversed swarmed with locusts, who had eaten off it every

blade of verdure. If these indeed, as the Chinese say, are the souls of poets who sing till they starve,

"Let truth attest; let satire's self allow;
No dearth of bards can be complained of now."

The sun was intensely hot, and gnats and flies devoured what little of me fever had left. Passed the tomb of Akoin; it is finely placed. The Armenian who had joined me, said he was a king of great renown in bygone days. Passed a small Koordish village, Kura Merick, two and a half hours from Ardisch, the inhabitants out in tents. Four hours' ride along the plain brought me to the head of it, a ridge which stretched across, on which stood the village of Sulimback. It is impossible to discover the extent of this, so much is buried under ground. The burial-ground was of great size, and in it stood a small handsome Armenian church, of grey stone. The village was deserted, the Koords being out in tents, and the church was piled full of fresh hay. It had a sloping roof, the whole built of stone: here I took my noon-day meal. Within, the church was covered with rudely-carved crosses, and one inscription in Armenian.

A Koord came and told me to come up to their

encampment, which stood about an hour off, N.W. He said the village was Koordish, but that the Bey had some Christian servants, who were then out cutting hay. The tombstones were all Armenian, some very ancient. It was sad to see these neglected, broken ; the church a granary ; the few who yet remain of all who once lived here, slaves. Sadly, sadly have these Christians suffered. If earthly atonement can wash from sin, they have atoned the first fall, the daily sins of man. Sad must it be for them thus to remain, and grieve over their fathers :

“ There is a tear for all who die ;
A mourner o’er the humblest grave.”

I turned northwards up the hills which now bar the valley : here, amidst a wild rolling prairie, I found my white tent looming out amidst the black *kishlaks* of the Koords. Oh ! with health, what a delightful life this is ! Each day a new panorama opens before the door ; each day new scenes open ; each time, as the tent flaps and falls unpitched for the march, the very ignorance of where it will again open lends ever new, ever grateful excitement. The independence also,—

wood and water the only necessities, the only ties that guide one in the choice of place.

No sooner was my tent pitched than Ismael Bey, the chief of the Koords, came, with his attendants, to pay me a visit. They brought the votive lamb, which was duly slaughtered before the door. The people belong to the tribe of Haiderat. There may be here one hundred and fifty tents ; these are all, as well as many more, under Haidar Aga, whose visit I evaded on the road, not having, from his reputed character, any wish to see him. The whole district goes by the name of Isdroik.

The Bey was most civil and hospitable,* and I was forced almost to use violence in pressing upon him remuneration. He sent me a fine horse, which he would not receive back, until I said it

* Hospitality was the first step of civilisation. Barbarous man considered all strangers as his enemies. The families bound themselves to receive certain others. This we find the custom in Homer's time :

Οὐ μοι θεμὺς ἐστ', κ.τ.λ.

So well rendered by Pope ;

“ The swain replied, it never was our guise
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise ;
For Jove unfolds our hospitable door :

’Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.”

Zeus Xenius was the patron of the right ; and in the East alone, now do we find in the Oda Nessafer of the village, the *Ξενων* of Plato. A sum is set apart by government for supplying these ; though usually the more wealthy traveller repays what he receives, adding a small gratuity.

should not go with me. He likewise promised me the church should be cleared, and the Christians allowed to re-occupy it. He said, "When your guard go back to Van, send a letter by them to the Pasha ; if I have not done what I promise, let it go ; if I have, let them tear it up." Nothing could be fairer : he said that it was their custom ; but the fact was, he was afraid of the troops pouncing on him, and demolishing his independence ; and this he was most willing to avert by any means in his power.

The Porte reduces these semi-independent chiefs one by one. The Bey had recrossed the frontier some five years ; having previously migrated into the Russian territory ; he said he liked the Russian rule well ; but the pasturages were not fine, or near so well watered as these. Shortly after, I returned his visit. His tent was large and well furnished, divided by mats into partitions, the mats gaily ornamented with red and blue strips of cloth, plaited in with the mat. Shields, of elegant workmanship, hung around. These the Koords always carry ; their spears are also shorter than those of the Arabs, and not ornamented with tuft or feathers. He also showed

me some arms he had taken in the plunder from the field of Nizeeb. Opposite, on the east, were two Armenian convents, prettily situated on the slope of the hills.

Sulimback to Patnos.—I crossed the low hills in front, and followed a mountain tract across undulating downs ; a sluggish stream, choked with weeds, ran along the bottom. I caught sight of Sapan Dagh. The Armenians, in their traditions of the Deluge, allow Noah a pilot: why, then, with this precaution, which our legends omit, do they make him run aground? They say the ark first grounded on Sapan Dagh, and then, floating off, reached Ararat. In two hours and a half, crossed a small stream flowing west, the Zaanli Chi, and in half an hour reached the small Koordish village of Kourdingars. Here all were most civil. I fell from my horse at the entrance of the village, and they carried me to the guest-house, a nice open divan, bringing me lambs, fowls, leban, milk ; in fact, all they possessed.

I was also amused ; for the Mollah, seeing I was too ill to sit up, went and brought his Koran, which he commenced reciting to me ; for he could not, he owned, read a word of it, not under-

standing Arabic. The portions usually read he knew by heart. His heart completely overflowed when I gave him a pencil and some paper ; and he kissed me, an operation that I could have dispensed with. The hadjee got into trouble ; he began to talk of his idol, Mahomet Pasha, and produced his talismanic firman. The Koords told him, "Pasha Yokta—we know no Pasha." The hadjee vowed and raved : the Koords quietly said, "Your Bey is our guest, not because of that bit of paper, but because we love the stranger : he comes to us." The hadjee's hand felt for the butt of his pistol ; but I pacified him, and he retired, vowing he would let them know who Mahomet Pasha was.

This independence among them is odd ; for they are still smarting under a punishment inflicted on them by Omar Pasha, "the little pet lion," as the soldiers call him, who not only reduced them, but took from them their arms and their tents, forbidding their summer migrations. It is said he did not leave a knife among them. On the road put up several birds, which, in their flight, colour, and size, resembled hen turkeys : on my asking if they shot them, they said, "Ask us for diamonds, Ya Bey ; but a musket you

could not find from here to Ardisch or Erzeroum." This, as well as most of the villages, was Armenian ; but the people have migrated to the Russian territory, and their villages been occupied the Koords previously migratory. They told me that the Koords had only occupied this one twenty-four years. This and north is the district, Waiderea Toubourack.

I passed a large party of Armenians *en route* for the frontier, all their property with them—children in one saddle-bag, balanced by lambs in the other. They were joyous with hope : no more oppression, no more persecution now. I passed several villages deserted for tents, and a magnificent plain turning round the hills, flat as a table, opened before me. In the midst of it stood Patnos, while several small tels marked ruins of other days. I rode on into the now wretched ruins of Patnos.

“ The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb ;
Until the memory of an age is fled,
And buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom.”

While I went to look at what there was to see, I sent the hadjee for wine : he accosted the

first Christian he met with: "Have you any wine?" "Eh, you Mussulman; you want wine? pork also, perhaps?" The hadjee's whip descended across the fellow's head, who, however far from daunted, up with a long staff he had, and a vigorous contest ensued. This I did my best to quell. But what surprised me most was, that the Koords around took no part in the fray. At last, by my horse's exertions—for I, having no strength, only drove the animal between them—they were parted. The Christian had possessed himself of one of the hadjee's pistols, which he quietly pointed at my head, and fired. I drove the spurs into my horse, which sprang on him, and knocked him down, giving him a severe blow or two with his feet. We then retired to my tent, leaving the man on the ground.

The Montselim was not forthcoming, so I thought there would be an end of the matter; but before a quarter of an hour, about ten men, dressed in the Russio-Armenian costume, came to me and demanded payment for the fray on the part of the great emperor. I said that I should be very happy, at all times, to render an account to the great emperor, whom I considered my own

sovereign of England ; that to me it mattered little whose subject a person was—his nation was no matter : if he insulted me or mine, I would avenge myself, though all the world was at his back. He then stated, I should not move my horses or my tent until I paid 2000 piastres (20*l.*) The Montselim came and said their claim was just. “ Well, then,” I replied, “ we shall see : I shall move when and where I choose. As for the quarrel, we are quits : the *soi-disant* Russian was rude and impertinent to my servant ; my servant beat him, and he beat my servant : so you are debtor there. He presents a pistol and fires it at me, who had done nothing, thereby putting my life in extreme danger. I ride over him, and break his ribs ; so, on the whole, we are pretty nearly quits. You have your insult ; we have his ribs.”

When I moved, the next day, they were assembled to prevent me, but did not venture many attempts. The hadjee passed the eve in very loud complaints of the Christians—generally *giaours*, except the Bey ; the Koords, as *jaash*—asses ; the Russians, king and all, as sons of wicked men and the devil. On Sunday all the world rests—all the Christian world ; and even

the few poor Christian families of Patnos put on their best dresses and most cheerful looks in honour of the day. The town, or rather skeleton, of Patnos stands on a large, well-cultivated plain ; it is some mile and a quarter round, surrounded by a deep ditch. There are still circular mounds on the ramparts, as if towers had once stood there ; but there are no remains of walls throughout. It seems to have had four gates, one facing each cardinal point ; for the walls were disposed in a square. Facing that way, at the eastern and western gates, are large blocks of stone standing on either side, covered with crosses and Armenian inscriptions. The other two are only marked by the otherwise deep ditch being filled up ; within and about are many other large stones with Armenian inscriptions. Outside are burial-grounds, occupying a great extent. Within the ditch are scattered some houses occupied by Koordish families ; and four Armenian houses still remain, though, they say, not of the old race of inhabitants, who migrated to Russia some ten years back, when the Koords took possession. They belong to the Said Abdallah, a tribe now nearly extinct.

The only ancient building is the church, now closed. It has a pretty exterior, the interior chaste and handsome. The altar has been thrown down, but no other injury done. In the western quarter was an oblong space, inclosing the body of some Christian; for the stones were covered with crosses.* Without, on a portion of a shaft of a column, I found a cuneiform inscription, which I duly copied and sent to Mr. Layard; the rest neither search nor promises of reward could bring to light, nor from whence the column had been brought—all pleading ignorance.† I said at last, “You do not wish me to see it.” “Ya Bey,” said one, producing his purse, “I will give any man eighty piastres who will show it me; for I am sure you would give me one hundred.” I hope the inscription that was found will prove of use.

The town is watered by a small but pretty stream, which runs round its eastern walls: this was spanned at the gate by a handsome bridge

* The Koords said it was the tomb of an Armenian saint, St. Tirk. marnock. The Koords said that numerous cures had been performed at the shrine.

† The Sheik said that the stone had been brought from a field near four years back; but on going there, I found nothing else. They spoke of a village, Kayelk, where there were many others; but I was too ill to go, which now I regret.

of two arches, but it is now fast falling into decay. In the afternoon I repaired, alone, to the church, and read the service. It seemed a pleasure to do so, a natural tribute to the God to whom it was dedicated. Afterwards the poor Christians came there and sat with me : two or three of the women went and knelt near where the altar had stood, and prayed. They spoke of their lot as better than that of their countrymen generally ; for they were tradesmen, and the Koords could not well do without them. The older men, however, spoke with tears : “ Ya Bey ! I remember this village inhabited : this plain had then five villages within a mile of this : they were ruined by the Koords, and fled ; yet persecution could not make them forget the homes where their fathers were buried—where they had played as boys and toiled as men. No, they loved them the better for their sufferings.”

In the evening I shifted over to the village about one hour's distance south, called Karakone. It stands on the hills forming the southern boundary of the plain. Though Patnos must have been a place of some importance, and a high road when trade was, I cannot find any mention

of it in authorities within my reach. The village of Karakone is, like all the Armenian villages, a collection of holes dug in a hill side ; walls built of loose stones at the front, and those portions of the sides where the hill slopes away ; a flat roof. They are much the same as those described by Xenophon ; but the entrance is by a door in front, and not from above. No doubt they were so built because less work was required than if a building was made throughout standing separate : and they were better adapted for escaping observation. Within, they present an entrance passage ; then a huge, low room, which contains cattle, stores, family, and everything.

Karakone is now but half its original size, and the uninhabited places, whose roofs have fallen in, are planted with hemp. The Christians there, who constituted the majority of the population, had, they said, not had a priest for twenty years, and none of the people were married, save by the parents' blessing ; nor the children baptised. When I arrived, a marriage was being celebrated : it was perfect in all, save that there was no priest. When I said it was a sin for Christians to live in such a way, like dogs—that they ought to apply

to the Patriarch ; they did not seem to take my advice : and one said, " Well, we have gone on now for twenty years very well : why should we change ? " I asked about burial : they said, " Well, priest or no priest, the people die ; and those who like pray for them."

Over the village are the ruins of a Koordish Bey's castle. He ruined the plain, and then was beaten and killed by another tribe of Koords, whom he had provoked. His son, a Beysader, knocks about the village—a species of *do no good*, ever ready to idle, or smoke from the bag of anybody who offers. He spent the evening with me. A Persian also came, and we indulged in draughts of strong nauseous wine, till he was happy, and sang. Seeing that I kept walking up and down the narrow limits of the tent, he said, " We have drunk together : tell me the truth. Why do you do that ? We say, that is the Englishman's way of praying : he paces up and down adoring God." He was not so penetrating as his countryman described in Malcolm's " Persia," who, observing our habit of not reclining during the day, observed, how much, at the year's end, we must be in advance of those

who waste time in kief and sleep ; and began to conceive how men of such mould had conquered India.

This is a perpetual enigma to the Orientals : they will remark, " You do not want money, yet you toil like horses ; you read, you study,—why ? " For myself, without career, without any definite object as my studies are, it is difficult to find an answer ; so I reply, " Eve plucked the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and I am her son. I read and learn because I love it, and could not live without it." " Odd ! odd ! " is their wise conclusion. They cannot imagine toil is necessary for health ; food as requisite for the mind as the body, and love of knowledge but a spirit that increases as our knowledge grows, by feeding it.

The Koordish ex-Bey was giving me an account of his father's grandeur : he told me what, though I had heard before, I had not believed,—that in default of eunuchs, Christians were made the guards of the harem. As he added, " Of course, no woman, bad as she might be, would permit a—— " " Holloa, my friend," I said, " mind your words ; somehow the word Giaour always gives me an odd feeling in my knuckles." " Oh," he

said, "I only mean—would not sin with those of another faith."

This is true, so far, at least, that the Christians often do constitute the guards. Whether the difference of faith creates also an aversion to the person, is a fact I should be very sorry to assert. The Turk is more free in speaking of their women with Christians, also, than with Turks. He is so entrenched in his pride, that an idea of the women of his race looking on a Christian with love, never enters his mind. Were all known, it would be found few men are more entitled to wear the horns they so proudly use as their emblem. It poured with rain all night.

Karakone to Malasguird, five hours, and eight of caravan. I traversed the plain, nearly east constantly; passed deserted villages—the doors closed, the whole population fled. In one hour and a half, I came to Sheriman Sheik, a fine village still inhabited: crossed the low range of hills, and traversed again the plain. But here a rocky iron waste touched on the stream that runs by Patnos, which flows down through a valley. Gradually entered on cultivation; and, the rain pouring down, put up at the village of Karakar, four hours from the

place I started from. I found an excellent guest-room.

This is a large Armenian village, with only four Koordish families residing. The chief of the place came and offered me every assistance : he was followed by a train of poor Christians, who stood round as slaves, obeying each call and gesture of their imperious ruler. Presently, two Armenians from Russia, entered, dressed in huge skin coats and high Persian caps : it seemed hardly possible to imagine that these big burly fellows, sitting down at their ease, caring no more for the Koord than for the wall, were of the same race as the poor debased, shrivelled slaves who stood round with folded arms. Yet this was but the result of a few years of comparative freedom. It did me good, as I lay with my eyes closed, to hear how they bounced over the Koord. He refused to find, or rather said there was not, a shelter for their horses—mine being already in the public stable. A small piece of paper,—a Russian passport of which he could not, I am sure, understand one word,—made the desired room. As soon as the rain lulled, I pushed on, and reached Melasguird.

The surrounding country is most barren. From

a distance, Melasguird has an imposing appearance, with its long line of battlements of black basalt, with a touch of time rending its towers and high places. Passed a pretty bridge, now useless, as the stream has made another channel further on. The tent proved no protection ; the wind blew in hurricanes ; so I took possession of the guest-room, of which servants, horses, &c., shared a part.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Town of Melasguird—Some Account of an eccentric Dervish—Kulitcher—People of the Village—Return of Illness—Suspensions of Robbery—The Thief detected and punished—Rencontre with the Groom—Unveiled Eastern Women—Carelessness of Eastern Parents as to the Cleanliness of their Children—Kindness of Women at a Village—A wretched Altar-piece—Welcome Verdure—Obstinacy of the Guide—His Dismissal and Repentance—Boorish Koords—Journey pursued under increasing Illness—Reach Hassan Kaleh—Armen to Khan—At length reach Erzeroum—Kind Reception by the Consul and his Wife—Care and Skill of Dr. Birge—My Recovery—Third conjectured Site of Eden—Which was probably the Site?—Domestic Economy of the Consul's House—Importance of Erzeroum—Early History of Erzeroum—Present Inhabitants—Bazaars and Khans—Houses—Climate of Erzeroum—Castle Clock—Dress of the People—The Pasha at Van, a Reminiscence—Superstitions of the Christians at Erzeroum—Produce of Goats' Hair—What Articles are made from it—Harvest—Backshish for first fruits—Preservation of Meat—Gardens around Erzeroum—Introduction of Potatoes, and by whom—Timour and Badazet.

ON the following morning I rode to see the town : it is entirely surrounded by a high double wall, strengthened with towers. Being built of black stone, it has a solid and more imposing appearance than a nearer view justifies ; for it is ill built, principally with rubble, and the mortar bad. No attempt is now made to keep the fortifications in

repair. The castle, situated in the S.E. portion, is in the same rough style. Armenian tomb-stones had not been spared in the construction, and many finely carved sarcophagi served as horse-troughs. The Montselim received me civilly, and sent on horsemen with me. The present town is built amidst the ruins of the old, of which it comprises about one-fifth only : the whole space is strewn with ruins, walls, and stones.

These ruins, though here and there presenting an appearance superior to the rest, merit no mention. The Armenian church is a large, low, ill-built place, gaudily ornamented with rags and tinsel. Forty minutes' ride brought us to the Sindschan Su, which dashes through a gully of rock, made flowery and pretty by its waters ; a bridge of one fine bold arch leads to the western side. Turning north we soon reached the Euphrates, or Morad Tchai, as it is here called ; it was here broad and deep, crossed by a bridge of fifteen arches of different shapes, the whole a solid work of white and black stone. Unfortunately, two arches are broken, so we had to seek a ford. One of the Koords rode his horse boldly in, and after a hard swim, landed again on the same side he started

from. A donkey belonging to a Dervish who had joined company at Patnos, swam across: the Dervish looked at him, and then saying quietly, "Well, he did not belong to me," followed us down the stream.

This man was a native of Candahar, and travelled with me a long while: he was always quiet and good-tempered, ready to tell a story or to sing; and whenever I opened my medicine chest never failed to attend, when he claimed a pill of opium. For years he had wandered about, and, as he said, lived with any man whose bread was clean and plenty. Following the course of the river for about an hour, I reached a spot where it seemed fordable, and with the help of the men of Ana Hwoaga, an Armenian village opposite, we crossed dry, baggage and all. My Koord guides looked at me with supreme contempt as I paid them, saying, "A Bey pay dogs like those; it is an honour to them; they ought to pay him." The Dervish made no attempt to recover his donkey, but quietly took the first he saw and continued his route. I have seen him change his donkeys twice in a day in the same way, when the one he had did not please him: he did not let the owner see him, for, as he said,

"They are such rogues, the Koords, they might think I was as bad as themselves."

Ascended rolling prairies that ran north of the river, and in an hour reached the village of Kulitcher. The men were noble, robust-looking fellows, but refused any answer to our questions. This was also formerly an Armenian village. When we asked where the people were gone, they replied, "They are gone ; that is enough for us." The hadjee was very liberal of his abuse of them, but they only laughed at him. Shortly after leaving the village, I became so unwell as to be unable to proceed. As there was nothing, I sent the party on except the tent and two servants, and lay down, hoping to get on later. The one servant sat with me ; the other was a Mussulman groom. The dervish said I was foolish to remain alone, but somehow it seemed it must be so.

I made them go on to Garserne, a large Armenian village about an hour's distance, and there I lay, thinking my hour had come. The servant with me was the same who had been beaten at Van, and a most sinister scoundrel he was. I must have slept or else been insensible, for it was late when I awoke, and the daylight had almost died away. My

head had fallen over the camp-bed, and seemed bursting ; all was quiet ; and thus, except putting my head in a better position, I lay. I now found a bag of money which was in the saddle-bag under my head, was gone ; somehow the feeling that there was danger, roused me, and I crept on my knees to where my pistols had been thrown ; one of these was also gone, and my bowie-knife, a companion that never leaves me, had been cut from the shawl round my waist. I returned to bed and there remained half awake, half overcome with a deep feeling of lassitude, which would have welcomed death, so it were sure and speedy.

Shortly afterwards I heard a man approach the tent and he asked for the Bey. The servant outside replied, "He is asleep ; I dare not wake him." He was going away, when I hailed him and he entered with the servant. I said, "Go and tell your chief to come here, and I will give him any thing he asks." I then pulled out the pistol I had, cocked it, and put it to the servant's head, who stood at the foot of the bed, saying "Stir, my friend, and I shoot you." The Koord arrived in about half-an-hour, during which we had strictly maintained our relative positions, I being down

with the pistol resting on my stomach, and the servant standing a little distance from the foot of the bed with a lantern in his hand. The Koords soon tore all his clothes off, found the bag of money and several other articles which they returned me ; and I quite forgot my fears as they laid the fellow down and nearly flayed him. When he had had enough, I asked what they required : “ Oh, any thing ; we will beat the other if you wish,” and they kissed my hand for twenty piastres each, which I gave them.

Early next morning the others returned, and leaving my beaten friend to his fate—probably not a pleasant one—we pursued our route, when on the road I remembered the pistol, and on looking about saw it in the groom’s belt. So calling the hadjee, we rode up to him, and I asked him for it, and why he had dared to take it. He quietly replied, he slept outside the tent while I slept in, and so he had more need of it ; but that he had intended to return it. “ Well,” I said, “ do so now.” He said “ No, you will then beat me and leave me to die among the Koords.” “ Probably,” I replied ; “ more especially if you do not return it.” He said he would not, and being a determined big fellow, I

must own I felt rather afraid of him. However, none of the others seemed anxious to cope with him, so I had no resource. I said, "The two pistols are one pair, and one pair they shall remain : give me the one you have, or I will shoot you." At the same time I pulled my one out ; he did the same ; I cocked mine, so did he ; I put it to his head, as he to mine, and fired. The ball, true to my wish, just cut the tassel from his cap : and he, not at all suspecting such rapid execution, dropped pistol, knife, shoes, cloak ; jumped off his horse, and ran. He returned the same evening, but I would not allow him to come near the tent.

A short ride over rough open downs brought us to Garserne, a large Armenian village, where I pitched. The women here made no attempt at veiling, and—what I never saw before in the East—were the foremost to crowd round the tent and admire its make, &c. Some, who were very pretty, as a right occupied the front rank : they were dressed in most becoming rags. One said, displaying a huge rent that revealed more than decency might have smiled at, "Well, if this dress does not please you, give me another." I did so, and was thanked. It never seems any part of Eastern parents' duty,

wish, or pride to see their children decent ; the children of the wealthy are just as dirty, ragged, and mud-revelling as those of the poorest. Here, however, this was carried beyond the age of childhood. The women were dressed as the Armenians are throughout the whole country, in the coarse cotton of Bitlis, dyed of the most brilliant red.

Fever returned with redoubled force. I was lifted on my horse, and in one hour-and-a-quarter, passed the now Koordish village of Christians. I never knew why we call these people Koords : Kourmanchee, or Kourdee, is the name they call themselves. The women were most civil ; they rushed to me as I fell from my horse ; carried me to the shade ; washed my face and feet ; brought me milk, and then refused all reward. I had, however, a few pretty worthless ornaments that they let me put on them. In an hour I passed a river rushing to the Euphrates, still in sight, winding like a silver snake along the plain below ; passed a village lately deserted. A few starving dogs howled dismally at us : they still clung to the Penates their masters had deserted. Passed the Honous Schai ; the baggage reached Kara Tschoban

in seven hours ; I rode it in five on a pacer. To the leeward on a hill some five miles off, is the large ruined castle of Darnack, formerly belonging to a Koord chief. The boys amused themselves throwing stones, which tore the tent in several places : the Kiah said he could not stop it, so the hadjee made him sit outside ; after he had been struck two or three times he put a stop to the fun—the village was Christian.

Sent the baggage off early and rode to see the burial-ground. It contains, besides the ordinary stones covered with fantastic crosses, terebinth branches, &c. ; huge stones carved, to resemble horses : the cause or meaning of this I could not discover, the only answer I got to my questions being, "Thus, thus." I visited the church : it was nothing but a house half under ground, larger rather than the rest, with cross-bars for the congregation to lean on. A picture representing a most repulsive woman hung over the altar. There are no laws, or such horrors would be punished : if the Moslem tale is true, the artist will be astonished when he has to supply a soul for this disgraceful abortion of his pencil or brush.

The children poured in to school ; they all had

Armenian books, published in England. Oh, proud England ! With regret I thought of my torn tent and gave the priest a long lecture, which he did not take with so good a grace as he did my backshish. The church had no antient books : the priest offered me one, but it had nothing but rough usage to boast of. Lifted on my horse again, and half-an-hour's ride brought me to Yoranderey : here at last were a few trees, pleasant to the sick eye, for, for days and days none had grown in our road. Beyond the village spread cultivation and smiling villages. Met a party of two men and three women : one was a very pretty girl ; all three were heavily laden, while the two men each rode his mare, smoking his pipe, which when he had done, he handed also to his helpmate.

An hour more, Karamerout, now inhabited by Koords. Passed a river issuing from the ground in a stream, some yards broad ; nor as far as a hasty examination could detect, had it any prior exit. My guide said it had not, and winter and summer was the same. I asked the guide many questions, and at last said, " The Koords hate the Christians." " Eh Wallah, Ya Bey, it is true." " Why," I said, " then they deserve great credit for

not having destroyed their tomb-stones." "Ya Bey, it is not that they want not the will ; but it gives no money and is hard work."

Passed two villages lately deserted, and another stream bursting from the rock. Four hours and forty minutes after starting passed Gouesh. We were now in a broken difficult country, and our guide positively refused to go further. What were we to do ? roads met and left every moment. The hadjee looked at me ; I nodded. "So, you ass of a Koord, you won't go on now." He exclaimed, "Ya, Osmanlee, I will not." He walked on quietly, and the hadjee's whip reposed again by his side ; but it had done its work, for the man grumbled no more. The servants had warned me against his knife, but when he left us, it was my hand only was in danger, from his devouring kisses. He was afraid to take the backshish, till we threatened a repetition of the whip if he did not, and then he burst out with, "Do you mean it ? I am an ass, I am an ass, as the hadjee said."

Kara Schoban to Goush, eight hours and a half. I had had two falls, but fell well, so was not hurt. I now could not sit up even, and hardly thought I should reach Erzeroum, which was now my hope,

as there was a doctor there, ease, and rest : it seemed to me if I could but live to reach there, I was safe.

Goush to Kirbe, six hours and twenty minutes. The road lay over open downs, tedious and uninteresting ; at last reached the *Pontem indignatus Araxes*, flowing through a mass of verdure, a broad stream in an ample valley, and pitched the tent on the banks opposite the village of Kirbe, whose inhabitants were encamped among the low grounds on the river's banks. The Koords sent to say they did not wish us to pitch among them, so the hadjee rode down, and I do not know what happened, but I heard no more quarrelling. On the morrow I could not move.

Eipler to Armen, seven hours.—Resolved to start, so rode on a large pack of luggage, for I could not keep my balance on the English saddle. The Kiah insisted on being paid before hand for guiding us, and then ran off and said he would not go ; however, at last a man was procured. He rode, as half the country people ride, on his mare's back, bare, except a morsel of rug and the halter hitched in the mouth. The mountains, at first barren, gradually assumed a character of great

beauty ; streams bounded down their sides ; roses, wild currants, pease, flowers, &c., abounded. I was half dead before we reached the brow, and saw Hassan Kalaat on the opposite side of the plain before me. Descended to the plain ; but was unable to go on, and staid at the village of Armen, containing a mixed population of Mussulmans and Armenians. I was received most kindly and carried to the guest-house.

Armen to Khan, six hours.—Rode along the plain, leaving Hassan Kalaat on my right, a pretty town built on a spur of hill that stretched into the plain. It was built by Oorsun Hassan, the great Prince of the dynasty of the White Brothers. The plain was richly cultivated ; road west. Passed several villages, each surrounded by their corn stacks, and then mounted the low range called the camel's back ; steep and tedious, as we had to follow a huge train of timber carts. These were merely two wheels : the foremost end of the beam rested on this, the other trailing on the ground behind. The poor oxen required dreadful treatment to make them drag up the steep road.

On reaching the ascent, though but one hour from Erzeroum, I could not proceed, and lay on

the ground : the baggage had not arrived, and the rain poured in torrents. Fits of fever without ceasing, and perpetual vomiting. It was late when I rode on to a khan, and they placed me on some straw, hadjee and the servant making a blazing fire, which soon caught the straw on which I lay—so they pulled me away. It was much the same now to me—I seemed to have left pain behind me, and to be dropping off to rest.

The next day reached Erzeroum : here the fever returned, but nothing could withstand the kind nursing of our consul and his most amiable wife. Every wish was anticipated ; every comfort given ; and this English home, together with the unremitting and skilful attention of the doctor, an intelligent Maltese, kept me alive and at last patched me up.

Dear friends!—receive the tribute of the peevish, querulous invalid you took in and nursed. And you, Doctor ; may every success attend you, and may you long enjoy that health which you restored to me—the greatest boon we can possess.

In this last journey I have crossed the third site attributed by geographers to the garden of Eden. There seems in all savants a wish to far-fetch knowledge—a desire, as it were, to mystify the

world, and then out of darkness to bring light. The scriptural description is now pretty generally acknowledged not to be referable to any known site, and therefore we must suppose, either that Moses, receiving this as a tradition, wrote down the account as the fancy of the narrator dictated ; or that the Deluge has altered the face of the world and the course of its rivers. The spot called Eden in the mountains of Lebanon affords an easier means of solution, and has by way of proof its great beauty and its name, which from the immutability of all Eastern things, is probably most ancient. This would also explain how all the fathers of our race came to be buried about and near—Adam, Noah, Seth, and hundreds of others ; nor would it contradict any of the biblical traditions. A wise Providence, however, conceals these sites from our knowledge. If millions can be found to bow down and worship any rag of asserted sanctity, what would they do—what would not all do—were any single spot really known ? If the ignorant adore a broken feather, even the wisest would hardly resist the perfect angel with celestial wings—*Quid aegrotus unquam somniavit quod philosophorum aliquis non dixerit ?*

It would be unpardonable to trouble the reader again with an account of my illness, delirium, and recovery. First, I was delirious and dreamed strange dreams ; then, weak, nervous and frightened, *Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem regnare*. But Doctor Borje, like a general attacking a fortress, poured balls into me ; established a strict blockade, so as to starve the strong garrison of devils out of me, and finally they departed, leaving the fortress in a sadly shattered, battered state. Then I was lifted to a chair ; then leaning on a servant, went out to sit in the sun ; then tottered about on a stick, and finally swaggered about unsupported, with a cigar in my mouth.

The consul's house and his nice family were enough to make one well : the order, the cleanliness, the regularity of the household ; his wife flitting here and there, smiling and doing every thing with a manner that made each job a matter of interest—all was to me, who for nearly a year had lived with slovenly, dirty natives, a matter of astonishment. In the midst of a desert they had created a Paradise, and such it seemed to me, with clean healthy children to supply the place of angels.

Fifteen years ago a hat dared not appear in

Erzeroum ; now you may wear two, and your head be as safe as if it was covered by a thousand soldiers. This is mainly owing to the English consul, nor is it the greatest good he has done the country or our own trading community.*

Erzeroum was founded by a Greek general, A. D. 415, and called Theodosopolis, after Theodosius II., his master. The Armenians called it Garisi, after the province of high Armenia, in which it was situated ; the name was subsequently changed to Ardzen, because, on the destruction of that city, the inhabitants flocked to this ; to distinguish it from its predecessor, it was called Ardzen or Arzen el Roum. It is now a Pashalic of the first class ; the town has diminished greatly : thousands of the inhabitants accompanied the Russians when they retired after their occupation of it. The houses resemble those of many of the

* *Erzeroum* must always be of importance from its position. It is situated in an extensive and fertile plain, between thirty and forty miles in its extreme length, and from ten to twenty in its greatest breadth. It is watered by the Kara Su, or western branch of the Euphrates. On every side are found rich grain countries, and pastures in which horses, mules, and cattle in abundance are reared. Ezeroum commands the road to Persia, protects the approach to Constantinople, and is now the first important place in Turkey, whether entered by Georgia or Persia. As a Pashalik, it yields only in size to Bagdad. In the upper lands wheat yields six to eight fold, while in the lower, near the river, twelve to fifteen ; and all the grain is particularly fine.

German villages, being frame-works of wood filled with mud. Here we enter the land of chimneys again, they have a northerly slope, so the prevailing wind would be south-easterly. The inhabitants are Armenian and Turk ; the former are, most of them, strict adherents to their church, but the American missionaries are slowly, but surely, at work.

Here, as in all Turkish towns, there are many waste spaces, otherwise Erzeroum is now again prospering ; it enjoys a considerable transport trade with Persia by the road of Trebizond. The bazaars are large and good, containing chiefly English and Russian articles, and there are many khans of great size. These are low buildings, entirely roofed in, not open like those in a milder climate, the roofs being supported on huge wooden pillars ; for wood is plentiful, being brought from the Persian frontier and the neighbouring mountains : the Fars and Joghantee Daghs furnish the chief part. Planks thus formed are of great width, but short ; the houses have principally sloping roofs.

Erzeroum, being elevated considerably above the sea, has a severe climate, the summer not

beginning till June, and ending in October. Thus, the crops are planted and reaped within five months. The winters are intensely cold ; in October wind and rain, and after that snow deep on the ground, and one can well pity poor Xenophon and his men their winter's march. At times, the town is completely blockaded for days by fogs and snow-storms, and guns are kept firing every ten minutes from the castle, to show its direction.

The castle presents nothing remarkable. It had a large clock, perhaps the only town clock possessed in Turkey, but the Russians carried it off. Formerly, whenever a Frank traveller arrived, the authorities used to send to him to know if he understood clocks, and would repair theirs ; for there was no record of its ever going previous to its last voyage to Tiflis. An ex-Pasha has just erected a new and handsome mosque ; the oldest and handsomest one in the town having been rifled by the Russ, who carried off the doorway, and other portions that were handsomely carved.

Alexander has other roads to Stamboul than the plain, straightforward one of Catherine ; and the inscription over the gate of Cherrun, "This is the road to Byzantium," may be put up elsewhere.

The dress of the men is not remarkable ; many are in the semi-European dress of Constantinople. The Armenian women wear a flat, round wad of linen on the head, of a red colour, over which falls the veil. This is peculiar to the Armenians, who say it is the same as was worn by the Virgin Mary. The rest of their dress—at least in the poorer, who preserve a national costume—is of the red, brilliant dyed cotton of Bitlis ; over this, when abroad in the street, the white izar or sheet. The Turkish women, on the contrary, wear a silk veil of blue, striped with white, which has a handsome appearance. This dress, I ought to have mentioned, is worn also at Van.

The Pasha at Van during my stay was represented as one of the old school ; he ate money to any extent, and his exactions had made all men his enemies. The Armenian bishop had bribed him to set his sublime face against the Protestant converts ; this, however, he found dangerous work. The bishop could bring no charge either against them, or against their teachers ; the latter rather endeavouring to teach them in their church, than to lead them from it : but the Armenians are represented as being bigoted to the last degree.

One of the Christian superstitions here is singular, and might lead one to curious antiquarian researches as to any connexion with Egypt. They hold the cat as sacred, declaring that in a conference our Saviour had with Mahomet, he defied him to perform a miracle, whereon Mahomet spat out a mouse ; our Saviour instantly spat out a cat, which devoured the mouse of Islam. Another notion was related to me—that the earth rests on a buffalo, whose motions cause the earthquakes to which Erzeroum is so subject.

The plains near Erzeroum produce the famous goat's hair called tiftic : this is peculiar to the breed, and is a short, fine wool, which grows beneath the hair. They are shorn, and the wool exported. From it a great variety of things are made ; among others, the cloak or abas, called *yagh moorlik*—cloak against rain. Of the hair of the goats, rope and sacks are made. The plain around Erzeroum is most fertile ; the corn is sown broadcast, and, spite of the shortness of the summer, the crops are good. South, they drill-sow, stating, as their reason, that their fathers did so before them. The corn is seldom reaped, but torn up by the roots.

The harvest, when I was there in September, was being gathered in, so all up the road demands had been made on me for bakshish for first-fruits. The labourer, as one passes, brings to the roadside a bunch of corn—the first fruit, it ought to be, of his harvest ; the shepherd brings a lamb or goat, and it would be considered the height of meanness to pass without making a present. Buffaloes and oxen are used for labour ; they are shod with two small long plates. The inhabitants having, as Xenophon relates, to lay in a store at the beginning of winter, to last during that gloomy period, preserve meat, to save the fodder of the animal. They preserve it in two ways, the one, covering pieces with salt and pepper, and then drying them in the sun ; the other, boiling the meat with fat, and putting it warm into jars, where it hardens. This is then well covered with grease, and secured with air-tight coverings.

Much wine is made south of this ; but I could not ascertain that they made beer or cervesoise, a drink from barley, such as Xenophon mentions finding in such quantities in all the cottages. Perhaps then they had no vine and no wine : though Xenophon mentions wine, he does not

mention their finding it. Yet one can hardly imagine the Greeks, during a rough march, could have carried such burdensome baggage with them. The gardens around the town abound with vegetables—cabbages, greens, cauliflowers, and excellent potatoes. These last were introduced by Mr. Brant, the consul, and already the inhabitants begin to appreciate them. The consul's own garden produces a variety of good things.

Here, as elsewhere, sheep's milk is the commonest ; it is excessively rich, but one's prejudice against it cannot be got over. Honey of excellent quality is also produced in the villages. The hives are wooden cylinders closed at one end, and the honey is taken without killing the bees, who, appearing less nostalgic than our own, submit to the process which robs them of their hard-earned stores.

The whole population here, as well as at Mosul and elsewhere, call consuls' *Balious*, and know them by no other name. The origin of this is said to be that the first of the rank was a Frenchman of the name of Balious, and from him the name became generic for all consuls.

It would be too tedious for the reader to detail

the numerous events which have happened to this city ; my object is merely to show him the roads, the distances, and the lighter portions of the history and legends. But there is one event, which it would be wrong to omit. Erzeroum was the active cause of war between Tamerlane and Badazet. Grown grey on battle-fields, and, we may believe, tired of blood, the old warrior on the Ganges heard the trumpets of defiance. Leaving the delights of Samarcand, he threw himself, after sixty-three years of toil and fatigue, into a new campaign. The frontier between his conquests and Badazet's had never been determined, and, as Gibbon says, the motives of quarrel between two jealous and haughty neighbours will seldom be wanting. Timour was impatient of an equal : Badazet was ignorant of a superior.

Letters of haughty defiance passed between them. Badazet closed his by saying : "The cities of Arzingan and Erzeroum are mine, and unless the tribute be duly paid, I will demand the arrears under the walls of Tauris and Sultania." Badazet took two years to collect his forces, during which Timour kept his soldiers in exercise by taking a kingdom or two, and slaughtering

some half million of human beings. Badazet, with true Ottoman insolence, moved to the attack, and awaited by the walls of Sevas his enemy and his fate. He accused Timour of slowness, of fear, and of ill faith, till he woke from his dream to find the mighty scourge in his rear, and half his dominions ravaged. Badazet hastened to Angora, whose plains were henceforth memorable for the fight, and his own disgrace. He survived but nine months, though treated with honour and tended by skilful physicians.

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Erzeroum—Description of Guest Houses—Ilijah—Mineral Springs there—Baths—Awkward Intrusion—The Ladies alarmed—Fury of the Old Lady—Persian Acquaintance—Change in the Aspect of the Country—Origin of the term Giaour—Philosophy of my Persian Friend—Eski Alma to Bairbout—Scenery on the way—Town of Bairbout—Its Bazaars—Bairbout to Balahor—Party of Ladies—Their Claim on my Hospitality—Their Reception of me in the Evening—New Cook—How he justifies his bad Cookery—Caravan of Donkeys—Evening Scene—Night Adventure—Renewal of the Contest on the following day—More of the Philosophy of my Friend the Persian—Beautiful Scene—The Surme Sar—River of Trebizond—Sultan Mahmoud and the Dari Begs.

AT last the kind attention of the English Balious and his people restored me, and I again set forth on my road, though now no more as a young cavalier, but on a well-stuffed pad, supported by cushions, and wrapt in warm attire. The consul and another English gentleman accompanied me some distance, and then, with kind wishes for the prosperity of my journey, galloped back to their homes.

The road lay over a noble plain, bounded on all sides by mountains, which, though by no means lofty, were covered with snow, which had fallen

within the last few days. Villages were scattered about, corn stacks almost burying them. There were no boundaries between the fields, so corn land ran into meadows or vegetables, giving the whole a monotonous appearance. Three hours brought me to Ilijah, where I took up my quarters in the guest house. These houses are found through the whole of Asia Minor, in almost every village, and generally consist of a large, low room, one corner of which is raised about a foot, and railed off, thus constituting a room, while the rest is occupied by cattle and horses. A fireplace is generally the only furniture, however ; as travellers in the East carry with them a whole house. They are very good places to lodge in, unless the lodger is sensitive about insects, with which his luggage will become filled.

Ilijah contains hot mineral baths. There is a wall of enclosure built round the principal of the sources ; but outside are several smaller ones that bubble up in a pool, and several minor springs burst through the ground near. The people appear to appreciate these, and when I visited them on the following morning, numbers of people were there ; some, who had bathed,

quietly resting, others bathing, others waiting. I walked to the enclosure, and, disregarding a sheet hung at the door, passed in. Shrieks! shrieks! and then ploof! ploof! like frogs—I had most insolently burst into a bevy of ladies.

The curses liberally heaped upon me by the dames might have expiated a more premeditated offence: one old lady followed me, furious. "What did you enter for, Giaour?"—"Not to see you, for which I would not run a risk, while there are old and plain women to be seen everywhere." The men seemed rather amused, which I was not—when she began throwing stones, at least. However, we walked off, when the husband came and claimed damages.

After waiting till evening, for it was Sunday, I started—Ilijah to Megmansoor. Two Mussulmans on the road to Stamboul, and a Persian joined company; the latter a most amusing companion. He soon found out all particulars, more especially whether I drank wine or not. Road still over the plain: most of the transport here is done by carts—platforms of wood, with a few upright poles round it, the wheels two thick solid pieces of wood, bound with iron. This is done at Erzeroum,

with Russian iron. The axle is fast to the wheels, so the two move round together, the cart resting on it, and the axle revolving in two strong blocks, one on either side. The platform is narrower before than behind ; a pole rests on the yoke, where a peg holds it : oxen draw it. Each cart has a bag of grease slung by the side, with which they frequently anoint the points where the cart rests on the axle.

The villages are now no longer caves, and though the inhabitants seem to have an inclination to bury their houses, they are of a much superior style to those further south. Megmansoor is a pretty village situated at the foot of the mountains which form the northern boundary of the plain. There is a neat, new mosque, the greater part of the population being Mussulmans. The railing of the room was broken, and the calves made incursions on me, but I slept well.

The following note in Gibbon gives the origin of that term so constantly in the mouth of the Turk—Giaour. "The opprobrious name which the Turk bestows on the infidels is expressed *Καβωρ* by Ducas, and *Giaour* by Leunclavius and the moderns. The former term is derived by

Ducange (*Gloss. Græc.*, tom. i., p. 350) from *Καβωπος*, in vulgar Greek, 'a tortoise,' as denoting a retrograde motion from the faith. But, alas ! *Gebour* is no more than *Gheber*, which was transferred from the Persian to the Turkish language ; from the worshippers of fire to those of the crucifix. (D'Herbelot, *Biblioth. Orient.*, p. 375.)"

Megmansoor to Eski Alma, nine and a half hours. Road mountainous, but good. Commenced ascending the mountains. At first there was much cultivation, flocks grazing, and here and there a village sheltered under the hills ; but these soon ceased, and all was wild and natural, the hills themselves pretty, with occasional wood. Passed through the village of Hooshab Boonan : cultivation wherever ground could be found. As I entered, a poor bullock was being shod ; the beast was extended on its back, with its horns strongly lashed to its tail, and its four legs lashed two and two to a pole fastened horizontally ; the shoes, small strips of iron, two to each foot, were then nailed on. The poor brute did not seem to like the process. A thrashing-floor was also being prepared ; mud was run over a square enclosure

with stones ; this is then patted and rammed even and hard.

Passed encampments of Illyaats, a wandering nomad people, nearly the same as those found near Aleppo. They pressed me, with kind hospitality, to remain with them. Passed Khan Kalassi : the bread here is no longer the flat Arab half-baked cake, but a good-sized barley loaf ; and, would they but attend a little more to the cleansing of the corn, it would, though barley, be very good. The road along a fine valley, now broad, now closing in on us ; the weather cold to keenness. The poor cotton-clad servants were shrivelled on their saddles, rejecting my advice, that they should get off and walk.

The Persian and myself talked and chatted away, being a strange medley of tongues, which rendered the conversation, to me, at least, obscure. He began a long history of the Mahometan religion ; gradually showing that Mahomet, whose infallibility he would be the last to dispute, had never meditated his religion extending to cold countries ; that liquor was properly forbidden in hot countries, but never meant to extend to these colder regions ; and so he would join me and

drink the half bottle. Passed some warm mineral springs bubbling from the rock, and at last arrived at the khan, a large low building, where horses, cooking, fire, goats—all were housed together. My Persian was at first shy ; but after a glass, finding the wine to his taste, he forgot his reserve ; dined and passed the evening much to his heart's content.

They here sow the corn and then plough it in : the thrashing is done with a sharp sledge, the bottom full of sharp projecting flints. The Persian finished the evening by cheerful songs, and at last declared, that a man who knew how, might be happy anywhere. "When I left Tabriz," he said, "I was half dead with grief. How was I to live, how to pass the day, where to spend the evening ? I hated Turks and Christians ; now here I am in a wretched hovel, with a horse poking his nose-bag over my head, sitting with a Christian, and as happy as a prince—all by the magic of half a bottle of wine." He did not, however, exceed proper bounds, and we continued excellent friends till our roads had separate ways.

Eski Alma to Bairbout, nine and a half hours. Opposite the khan was a tel, placed as if it

covered a fortress to guard the valley. Passed another khan and a caravan of full five hundred horses on the road to Persia, laden with English goods. The road still lay up the valley, and was excellent, save where some mountain stream crossed it and made a deep swamp. Sometimes it crept a little up the hill, where the stream, in its rapid course, dashed up to the foot of the mountains, and then, with graceful bend, swept back to its green bed—for, on either side of it was a bed of vegetation and trees. The bottom was cultivated. As our road led through the bushes, we put up numbers of the large partridge, a bird as big as a full-sized fowl. One of these I shot with my pistol, and put it by for stuffing ; but the cook purloined, and we ate it instead.

Travelled through much the same scenery all day : now the mountains were lofty and fine, now sandy and barren : then we dipped into the trees—huge roses, sloes, cranberry, and wild pears, wild currant, willow, and mountain bamboo, with others whose names I did not know. The hill sides were covered with dwarf oak ; here and there up small gorges were snug sheltered villages, whose chimneys sent up a grateful, friendly, welcoming smoke. Met

several large caravans resting, the packs piled in a square. They formed a shelter for the people, while the horses stood in front tethered to three ropes stretched along to iron pegs, forming three sides of a square.

A road ran along each side of the stream, which was crossed here and there by rude bridges : a stone pier at either end supported two beams, which reached across at a distance of some eight feet from each other ; over these were laid sticks, and over these mud or stones. The shepherds were washing their sheep and goats, after which process the brutes lay in the sun, and magpies come and perform the part of an animated comb. Some people joined me who clamorously demanded fluce ; on my asking what claim they had, they replied, " We like you ; we loved you Franks, and so became Roman Catholics." Pronouncing the claim inadmissible, I hurried on.

A few clumps of lofty trees appear at the turn of the valley, and by our side mineral waters burst from the rock. They were exactly like seltzer waters. A small plain opens, gay with tents, grazing horses, piles of unthrashed corn, and heaps of packs, with the bells of the cattle ringing, as they

brushed off the flies with their restless heads. The town of Bairbout is situated in a round valley of the mountains, up whose sides it has gradually crept : it is 5300 feet above the sea, and the climate, though healthy, is severe, with great cold in winter : altogether, it is the neatest town I have seen in Turkey. The river of the same name flows through its centre, making verdure and leaving fruitful gardens behind it on either bank. These occupy the bottom, while the houses occupy the sides. They are built of the pale whitish yellow stone from the rocks, with pretty verandahs in front, and balconies : each house has a huge chimney.

On the height to the eastward is the castle, a rude, badly built fortress of immense extent, surrounded with a double line of walls : the inner one is strengthened by towers of various size and shape : little now but the outer wall is left. The sovereigns of Armenia permitted the Genoese to establish forts through their territory to the Persian frontier, and they did the same, apparently, to Trebizond. These were placed from thirty to forty miles apart. Trebizond was considered the first, and Byagid the last. They

thus secured their Persian trade, which must have been enormous to have repaid such an outlay. The forts were built on commanding situations, and were extensive enough to receive the caravan within their walls. Bairbout probably owes its fortress to this ; the present building being the more ancient one repaired.

I rode to a large khan : the outside front formed shops facing the open square : within were magazines, stores, and stables, while on the first floor were rooms for travellers, and a café for such as chose to lounge there. During the last war, the Russians advanced to Bairbout : here a general was killed—how I do not know ; but they say in some tumult brought on by his licentious misconduct. For this the *civilised* Russians punished the town with barbarian fury.

The bazaars were good, as Bairbout is the capital of the neighbouring districts ; and it was interesting to see its visitors, who came from the unknown interior ; fierce, savage-looking fellows they were. The town also profits much by the transport trade from Trebizond to Persia. Like Hamath, in Syria, it is the residence of many wealthy Turks, who retire here to enjoy animal life uninterrupted by

the exaction and oppression to which they are subject in the more public places.

Bairbout to Balahor, six hours.—The road ascended a hill, and then descending, pertinaciously stuck to the valley, winding, turning wherever it led. The hills, whose slope was west, were barren, save a few, wretched, dwarf oaks. The eastern slopes, that caught the morning sun, were beautifully clothed with green : here and there neat bridges crossed the stream. There were some large herds of the goats from which the tiftic is produced. About three hours from Bairbout, while traversing a most weary, dreary track of mountains, met a large party of servants, slaves, and baggage horses. After them came a party of ladies, veiled in the light and beauty-heightening veil of Constantinople. After we had passed each other (to allow of which I rode out of the road upon the rocks), a messenger returned to beg I would pitch my tent and allow the harem to rest in it, as they were tired.

The prettiest spot in that ugliest waste was chosen ; the canvas raised ; carpets spread, cushions, &c. ; and we retired to a proper distance. Such things as I possessed were sent ; boubons, coffee,

sherbet ; and the cook set to work to cook a meal worthy of the occasion. It was a bore, rather, sitting on bare rocks, while fair ladies were sitting alone on one's soft carpet ; but I turned my back to the wall, and was soon deep in "Zimmerman on Solitude ;" all whose philosophy, however, could not prevent my often looking at the tent. In the evening, a slave came and invited me to see her mistress. I said, "But I had better not—." "For whose sake?" said the girl, who spoke Arabic. "For your own." "If so, pray keep your tender self out of all danger : if for the Khartoon's, she asks you." So I was led to the rock near which the back of the tent stood, and let in at a dreadful rent the fair occupants had made in the wall.

I was received very kindly by three ladies, one of whom was lying down, being unwell. They wore the light thin muslin veil of Constantinople which reveals all, heightened rather by the slight and graceful covering. The elder one thanked me warmly for my kindness in so patiently waiting, and told me their companion had suffered a good deal ; and had it not been for the tent, they should have had to wait by the roadside. Sweetmeats and coffee were handed round :

I prescribed for the fair invalid, whose illness afforded a pretext for unveiling : we remained talking and smoking for two or three hours, and I then retired much pleased with my visit. They were the wives of an Emin Effendi, who occupied some post at Van. The ladies talked with sighs of Constantinople, its beauties and its pleasures ; and with horror of their long journey, of Van and its desolation. This I could not enter into : they were well bred, and the Turkish language came sweetly from their soft musical voices.

The youngest of the three was giving a description of the steamer and the Giaours, who seemed, as she said, bent on sinning, for they were not content till they had seen every face that was veiled. I suppose my gesture exhibited some impatience at the term, for she immediately apologised, saying that the term she used was the one she had heard from childhood. "We used it before I married, though we had an angel with us whom we loved—and her we called 'Giaour' out of love ; so the word in my mind reminds me of days when I was a child, and of her I love best ; you must not be offended." I suppose she meant a Christian Greek, who are often servants in the harems ;—or even a

governess, for there are several employed at Constantinople.

On the following day I proceeded on my road and arrived early at Melanchor, having passed one large Armenian village on the road. The guest-room was excellent, with glass windows : we draw near to civilisation. I had taken a new cook, an Armenian, at Erzeroum, who agreed to accompany me to Trebizond. Visions, when I hired him, came before one of repasts amidst the rocks ; plate and plenty out of nothing. For several days I had kept my temper, though greens and onions predominated in every dish. This day I sent for and abused him in no measured terms. No sooner had I exhausted my eloquence, than he quietly retorted by, "Ya Bey ; I cooked for a bishop and pleased him so well that there is love between us. You are a Christian : surely, what a Christian bishop likes is good enough for you."

My Persian had fallen in with a friend, so left me, and I read Gibbon till late. Oh ! what an invaluable treasure is such a book on a journey—a *pièce de résistance* ; when finished, (no easy work,) there is but to begin again. Many is the shady side of a rock ; many the cave, the wood, the

desert, the palace, house, inn, khan, shed, he has converted for me into the pleasant study ; many the weary hour he has enlivened, the ill mood he has driven away. Just previous to reaching Malackoo, passed a small conical hill from which ran about fifty mineral springs. They here cease to muzzle the ox when he treads the corn.

Belahor to Visnereik, two hours. The morning piercingly cold, and even the huge sheep-skin coat was of no avail. A good walk, however, restored warmth ; and as the sun rose higher, the cold disappeared. Up a dreary valley : the hills on each side bare and dusty. This, however, ceased ; and we entered a fine mountain track, the road a laborious ascent. But that was the horses' affair ; cultivation, villages, and pine forests, filled in with hazel, hanging picturesquely. About seven or eight caravans on their road to Persia. Met a large caravan of donkeys, laden with iron : one poor wretch slipped, slipped, and then went somerseting over, falling with a crash into the bushes far beneath. The people looked at him for a moment and then went on. " Mashallah ! " and they thought no more about it. Arrived early at Vesnereik, a fine village with large

gardens occupying both sides of a valley ; the houses of stone. It was pretty, in the evening, to see the flocks trooping home—the goats leaping from rock to rock, appearing and disappearing on the pine-covered mountains ; now springing down the steep sides, and then skipping across the valley to their homes ; the sheep hurrying up the bottom from the green pastures with rapid steps, followed by the cows, who slowly and sedately lolled to their homes.

I went to bed early, but was hardly making my first turn, when angry voices in the next room awoke me. Finding they grew louder, and that my loud cries were disregarded, I dressed and went out : I then could hear my servants engaged in angry altercation. As they seemed out-numbered, and the poor cook's voice sounded much as if somebody was throttling him, I pushed in. A dim wick burning in oil was the only light in a large low place, the far greater part of which was full of cattle. In a raised corner railed off, were about twenty men. My servants were standing in the corner, and a great big fellow had the cook down, grasping his throat with one hand and hitting him over the forehead with the other. He, however,

released him, as I appeared and turned to the Kiah, or head man, who was sitting quietly by. I demanded the reason of such strange conduct. He shrugged his shoulders, and one or two of the by-standers muttered something about Giaours. The man who had beaten the cook again laid hold of him, on which I struck him with my fist : it was a beautiful blow, coolly and deliberately planted : it caught him just under the jaw, and sent him smashing through the railings among the cattle. There was a good deal of talking ; but the people gradually dispersed except one man, who was kicked out, and the door closed and locked.

Vesnereik to Starvez Baghay. In the morning my heart had quite forgiven or forgotten the row of the previous night. We paid our reckoning and started. Proceeding across the open space in front of the village, we entered a narrow lane with high banks and a wall on either side. The servants had not mounted, and I was quietly smoking my cigar. As I rode, some ten yards behind, the Kiah passed me running, and going to the headmost horse stopped him. This was a summary proceeding, so I told him to let go, sending Abdallah, my best servant, to make him.

On the servant's approach he ran, and several others who had joined him now rushed on the poor cook, wrenched from him a long pipe-stick of mine ; and throwing him down, began to beat him most severely. The muleteer, a Turk, made me a low salaam, seized a saddle-bag, and running up the bank jumped over the wall : the others also disappeared.

Had I then all this time held back from the fray ? Unfortunately, or rather, perhaps, fortunately, I had no weapon. My pistols were in a saddle-bag on another horse ; my sword with Abdallah, and I had only a small vine-stick in my hand. As they rushed at the cook I tried to make my horse go up to him : the brute was not a fiery one ; but my purpose was forestalled ; for we were seized ; and about three men at each leg commenced pulling at me. Had they been unanimous I should have soon fallen ; but they pulled from either side, grasping my leather trousers. One blow convinced me my stick was a rotten one ; so I struck vigorously at their faces with my fists, inflicting several very pretty wounds. At last, one of my arms was captured. The Kiah attacked me in the rear with his long knife ; this I parried, he

merely cutting at my head: I got, however, a chop on the finger that sent the blood about freely.

Abdallah, poor fellow, came to my assistance, and the horse falling, I was free for a moment, which I employed in pointing first point at a savage fellow's eye, who fell back bathed in his blood, and yelling with pain. I got my pistols also, and the contest would have assumed a more interesting and intimate character, for about sixty people had assembled with cummers,* reaping-hooks, and stones. The cook took his beating like a martyr, on his knees, with his hands clasped. Abdallah stood by me like a man, though he would not draw the sword, observing if he did, they would kill us. To which I replied, "It did seem probable; but we would have some of them first;" and thus we stood, I covering the Kiah with my formidable Mantons, while he remained, one hand elevated, grasping a huge stone, the other clasping a cargo for further use to his breast.

We remained in this posture some time. Abdallah meanwhile drove off the horses, and there remained the cook and myself amidst the yelling brutes; the cattle having made good their

* The name given to the long knives worn by the natives.

retreat, a great manœuvre, I considered how I could effect the same. My horse would not back gracefully, so there I remained. At last a man in the rear threw a stone which hit me on my hat : then they yelled and came on. I grasped my weapon, resolved to make good every shot, when the two Turks I have before mentioned came back. They tore their hair, raved, swore ; invoked, prayed ; pushed. A parley was sounded, hearing obtained.

It was then agreed, on their parts, that I should pay a certain sum of money and be allowed to proceed. This I refused, saying, it was not for the money, but no dogs should force me to do what I did not like : then again there was row, vows, curses, roarings : at last one of the Turks pulled out a handful of money and said, "Take that." This upset me, so I pulled out mine, and holding out my hand said, "Come and take ; the rest of you, bear witness ; for if I live, I will be revenged on you when I arrive at Trebizond." None now would take it ; the Kaiah observing I should perhaps shoot him, or break his face, as I had done the others who had come near me. "Very likely, Ya Kaiah, for you have smashed

my finger, and I have not hurt you so." At last I was led off between my two friends, and the cook, rising from his knees, followed submissively.

From here, though twelve or fourteen hours' distance from the sea, we obtained our first view of it. From our great height the clouds appeared below it. To me, for many long years a wanderer on its surface, and years when the senses are keenest and impressions deepest, the sea ever appears a home. It may be a distant ocean ; it may be a foreign shore ; but near it, by it, I feel safe and as if by the side of my own. With such feelings, well do I imagine the joy, the feeling of deliverance, of transport, with which the harassed body of Greeks welcomed its appearance—"The sea ! the sea !" Xenophon says, they arrived at the holy mountain called Treches. As soon as the men who were in the vanguard ascended the mountain and saw the sea, they gave a great shout, which, when Xenophon and those in the rear heard, they thought a new enemy had attacked them in the front. The noise still increasing as they came nearer, and the men, as fast as they came up running to those who still continued shouting, their voices swelled with their numbers,

so that Xenophon, thinking something more than ordinary had happened, mounted on horseback and, taking with him Lysius and his horse, rode up to their assistance ; and presently they heard the soldiers calling out, "The sea! the sea!" When they had all come up to the top of the mountains, they embraced one another, and also their generals and captains with tears in their eyes. It then goes on to say that from thence to the sea was five days' march (seventeen parasangs). They reached the sea at Trebizond — and feeling at home, celebrated—

Αλμα ποδωκετην δισκον αχοντα παλιν.

In seven hours we reached the small village of Stargey Boghay, a collection of lodging khans. "Aibea na Darud,—there is no harm done," cried the Persian, as he cut splints for my finger, which was broken, and sat down to dinner. "Ah," he said, "you English are an odd people : now I am a great fire-eater, but I never make a row when the odds are against me. Stretch your legs no further than the size of your carpet."

Stargey Boghay to Dfeviglek, seven and a half hours.—Leaving early, we met a flock of sheep with ordinary tails, dogs in wool. Do the Christians

eat these ? and they formed the subject of conversation for some time.

After two hours of dreary mountains, we entered upon the loveliest scenery it was ever my lot to ride through—the country of the Gebrige. Their mountains are lofty, and even the pass, far from the summit of the surrounding mountains, is 8000 feet above the sea. The mountain tops, wild and grand, were clothed in angry wintry clouds which, lifting ever and anon, revealed for a moment the great heights they had so jealously covered. Rock, glen and valley varied the scene ; while the road was shaded, and the hill sides clothed by beech in all its natural beauty of tinted variety ; by mountain pine, by tropic sycamore, and flower-laden laburnum. While all above was lofty, grand, and magnificent, the soft valleys below lay basking in sunshine, the golden corn moving in the breeze.

Cottages were sprinkled over the whole ; pretty rustic habitations of planks, with sloping roofs. Here one perched on the edge of a precipice ; there a few sheltered in a glen ; there, on a sunny knoll, here in a shaded nook. Many were built also of stones loosely piled into walls ; a pent roof of clinkers covered them in. The keeping the roof

on seemed an affair of difficulty, for the walls, loose, offered no hold for the rafters ; so the edges were piled with heavy stones. Many of the houses were large, and had windows and verandahs : some were placed most picturesquely, and, swathed in creepers, reminded one of Swiss scenery, as it is represented, not as it is. But I might fill pages with description ; and had not the bad roads proved the reality, and horses slipping, floundering and falling over the muddy road, convinced me it was no dream, I should have believed the whole a cheat of fancy, to conciliate me for the many injuries she had done me.

The roads being much used, and only earth, were now girth deep in mud, and in places almost impassable. The road was along the side of the mountains, so the whole drama of life was acted beneath our feet in the valleys. Corn rose in frequent patches, or ripe Indian corn in the sheltered places. Here girls were attending the cattle, crossing the rich and luxuriant pasturage.

The dress of the women was much like that of the Armenian women ; nor did they seem anxious to veil ; and I saw some girls, worthy nymphs of such scenery. The men were fine robust fellows,

with a very Grecian cast of countenance and manly independence in their bearing, light haired, and black eyed. They seemed industrious, for those who were lounging about had yarn, and worked vigorously, knitting stockings; an odd occupation for a great creature armed to the teeth.

The girls, as I have said, are strikingly pretty, but soon fade; toil, hard field toil, early marriage, and bad food, soon take the beauty from their cheeks, and the upright perfection from their forms.

We now came on the Jurme Su, the river of Trebizond, whose course we were to follow till it fell into the sea and we into the Quarantine. This country was formerly held by a number of Deri Beys, many of ancient families, who ruled like independent princes, ministering sadly; sometimes acknowledging the Porte, and seeking favour with the Sultan; at others openly defying his authority. Sultan Mahmoud, however, gradually cut down, one by one, these tall flowers, and now nothing remains of them but the ruins of their strongholds, forming picturesque sites on mountain tops or other advantageous points. The people have been great gainers, and now are quiet and

peaceable—at least, as much so as their neighbours. Khans in plenty lined the road : all spoke a great traffic—shops here and there, where Indian corn, bread, unripe peas, and grease, seemed the principal commodities. After six hours, which passed like moments, arrived at Djerijlik, and put up at the guest house. Over it is the large house of one of the former Deri Beys, and inhabited by his relations. The descendants of these men are often found now, generally idle and vicious, subsisting on charity ; and the peoples' respect for his gentility, a claim allowed in most countries except England perhaps : we are too civilised, too far removed from nature to admit an almost natural claim.

CHAPTER X.

Visit from a Great Man—Pride of the Persian hurt—Evidences of Civilisation as we proceed—Probable Passage of the Ancient Greeks—Classical References—Arrival at Trebizond—Consigned to Quarantine—Evasion of the Persian—Quarantine—Italian Innkeeper—Animated Scenes in the yard of the Quarantine—Caravans—What they contain—Native Merchants—New Road—Labourers employed upon it—Of whom composed—Their Wages—Their Recreation during Work—Description of Trebizond—Country around it—American Missionaries in Trebizond—Difficulty of distinguishing the Sects—Easiest distinguished by their Invocations—Arabic Language—By whom best spoken—Its numberless Words—The Pasha offers to punish those who had misused me—Visit to the Pasha—Court of the Serai, and what it contained—Mountain Dogs—The Pasha—His early Life and Reminiscences—Description of the Mosque—Trebizond Honey—Account of it by Xenophon—Family Names adopted in the East—Baths—Antiquity of Trebizond—The Port—Early History of Trebizond—Sultan Mohamet and Comnenus—George of Trebizond—Heroism of David Comnenus—Luzistan—Account of the Luz.

DJERIJLIK to Trebizond, six hours. The whole distance from Erzeroum is fifty-eight hours. In the evening, the great man who lived in the big house came down and paid me a visit. He was rather outraged; for the whole party, servants, Persian attaché to the embassy, and self, were out in the street of the small village, trying to catch some very wild fowls to convert into dinner, and

he stopped short in horror as the Persian knocked one over adroitly with his cap. We entered the room, and, sitting down, made the usual bows and salaams. The great man was badly dressed, and smoked a wretched pipe, yet as proud as if he had invented the electric light, which is enough to be proud of. After a little conversation, he turned to the Persian, and asked me who he was. The blood of the Mede was up, and he said, "I am one whom his sovereign, the king of kings, has honoured ; and though perhaps catching fowls is not a noble occupation, I must dine ; and therefore I did it." In the evening I returned the visit, which the Persian would not.

Djerijlik is a small village, containing a few khans, farriers, and shops. At the back was a pretty church, now a mosque. The day was gloomy and threatening ; but this, if possible, enhanced the beauty of the scene ; for as the eye rested with anxiety on a rain-charged cloud, it drew up and revealed a valley lovelier for the mysterious veil that concealed it. The peaks also showed at intervals, calm, as it were,

above the storm, whose fury broke beneath them.

Civilisation draweth nigh : meat hangs in the shops : calicoes, cottons, cumber counters ; yowourt is being weighed with English steelyards, and horror overpowered me as man, nay men, passed me smoking cigarettos. The rain poured in torrents, and forced us to shelter in a balcony, full facing the storm. It was worth a wetting to see such wonderful works of God and Nature's hands. As soon as it cleared up, we continued our route ; the road frightful, and the horses fell repeatedly,—a process that did no good to the baggage or themselves. The mountains lowered as they neared the sea ; so, though Trebizond did not show, I pressed on—or rather slid on—and at last, from the hill-top above it, we obtained a view of the town beneath our feet.

Probably, the Greeks arrived to the east of the road I took ; as having to cross rivers, the geography cannot otherwise be reconciled. Mr. Brant, while at Erzeroum, pointed out to me the description of one of the hills assaulted by the Greeks

(Book iv. sec. 7), and showed me how perfectly it agreed with the modern Fars. This great diversion to the eastward may account for their not having touched on Lake Van. The mountain ranges running east and west, a force would naturally prefer turning their flanks to climbing over them. Then, he would go east or west ; having already found the west shut by the river, he had but the east open.

The latter part of the road I have just travelled over with the reader, is classic ground, where every spot is hallowed by tradition or history ; where each place almost is as well known by the writings of the ancients as unknown by the accounts of the moderns. The Colchians are the immortal heroes of the Argonautic expedition, and their origin alone is wrapped in obscurity. Dionysius and Periegetes, also Herodotus, make them of Egyptian descent :

Παρ δὲ μυχὸν Πόντου μεταχθονα Τυνδαρίδαων
 Κολχοὶ ναιετάουσιν μετ' ἡλῶδες Αἰγυπτίῳ
 Καυχασοῦ ἐγγυς εὐρυς.

Herodotus says they settled here at the time of

Sesostris, either by his order, or that they were unwilling to follow him further. He grounds this assertion on different facts. The one great one of circumcision is now merged in the rites of Islam ; and they have received too much addition of Greek blood to admit of tracing a genuine likeness to the Egyptians.

Trebizond.—The road descended the high mountain that overlooks the town ; and if it was up this that the Greeks raced when celebrating their games, no wonder they could ascend only at a walk. Now, in addition to the badness of the road, we had to encounter huge masses of stone, blasted from the rock to form the new road now in progress. We slipped quietly down, the baggage far behind, for I was rather in hopes of getting in unobserved, and evading the law which sentences me to nine days of purification, for no earthly purpose except that I had come from a town that was healthier than Trebizond. However, I was caught. A dirty-looking fellow murmured “quarantine ;” we were led, like contraband articles, through by-streets and along sewers, as if they wished

to give one the plague as an excuse for such nonsense, and finally, deposited in the Quarantine, where the two Osmanlees and the baggage soon joined us.

The Persian evaded it ; and, as the Turks complained of this to me, and talked of speaking about it, I could not help recalling to mind the maxim of Rochefoucault—" Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas."—This is a fault of all mankind. As Swift says—

" To all my foes, dear fortune, send
Thy gifts ; but never to my friend.
I tamely can endure the first ;
But this with envy makes me burst."

The doctor, an Italian, came and offered me every kindness, in spite of which I existed the rest of the day very hungry, and finally went to bed dinnerless. The Quarantine is situated on a point slightly projecting into the sea, and is the best situation in Trebizond. It was built by a former Pasha, as his residence ; but calumny carried the tale to Stamboul that he was fortifying the place preparatory to rendering himself independent ; so

he was commanded to render his account in person at the Sublime Porte. It consists of a huge tower with other buildings, and a most rickety verandah, on the landward side, to walk on. Without, is a large court, where the trade caravans, &c., rest. My room was comfortable, dirty, and reeking with smells, with windows all round, and a noble view of sea, town, and the distant lovely mountains of Circassia, concerning which one could weave stories about Schamel Bey, warriors, bright armour, brighter eyes, soft women, and stern, free men.

The quarantine at Trebizond is a quarantine to guard against Persian maladies ; so you ride all through Turkey to perform a quarantine at the end of it. The board at Constantinople perhaps can explain it, which I own I cannot. Our consul visited me, as also the consul at Batum, who has permission to reside here during the summer months,—a residence at Batum being impossible.

Meals now became necessary. I threatened the consul ; it produced no result ; but Lord Palmerston's name, repeated loudly and often, caused the man to retire. He returned with a higher func-

tionary, who at last got an Italian innkeeper. The fellow entered the room, and, bowing politely, said "Good night." Now it was noon, and I still in bed, so I thought it a bad joke,—a jest at my indolence,—and I was preparing a sharp speech, when I found it was only his perverted knowledge of English ; for he next uttered "Good-bye ; I come." He was, as I subsequently found out, one of that numerous class of men who know all languages, and can be understood in none. During the time our contract lasted, we spoke a mixture of English, French, Spanish, Italian, Arabic, Maltese, and Turkish.

The yard below was always full of life, caravans coming, caravans going. The Persian grooms took excellent care of their horses, and each day removed the pack-saddle always kept on, and currycombed their beasts. Their horses were larger than the Turkish, but hardly so well made, nor apparently so strong. The value of them may be here, where there is a great demand, from ten to fifteen pounds. It astonished me how few of them were sore-backed ; hardly one even was rubbed. In Arabia

and Turkey, among one hundred you will hardly find one that is not, and seriously so. The weight, the heat, and the cumbrousness of the pack-saddle taken into consideration, it can hardly be otherwise.

The caravans continue arriving ; there are full two thousand horses in the court, and more outside. They arrive with tombac, silk, galls, yellow berries, safflower, from Persia ; teflik, from Erzeroum ; alum and copper from the mines in the interior. On the following day they load with goods deposited here by the steamers,—English manufactured goods, Belgian and Swiss chintzes, nankeens, &c. ; beer and champagne for Georgia ; iron for the finer works ; English tin ; German steel, glass, and hardware.

Native merchants conduct the greater part of the trade, gradually taking it out of the hands of the Englishman and foreigner. They have agents in Liverpool and Manchester, and on the Continent, and, in fact, can do it cheaper. The English merchants, say they, *i.e.* the native, will not mind doing a dirty thing, evading the customs, &c.; but the fact is, they can live upon less. The foreigner must live

comfortably, and has expensive clerks ; the native has his own connexions, who serve him for almost anything, and he himself is content to live on little, and therefore gains, not spends.

Thanks to my kind friends, the quarantine passed rapidly, and I took up my residence at the consul's house,—a fine new building lately finished for the Austrian consul, who died. The same evening walked to see the new road now making. The Minister of Public Works came himself to superintend it, and is now gone inland to survey and lay down the line of it; and he (Ismael Pasha) seems interested in making a creditable job of it. A sum of money has been devoted to it,—the Turks being at last aware that if a better road is not soon made, they will lose the whole of the Persian transport trade, and its large revenue,—the Russians having begun a road, which would soon have drained this of its commerce.

Four thousand men are said to be employed ; probably two, however, would be more correct. Many of these are refugees and foreigners, Germans, who are employed as blasters, and in the

higher branches of the work : they receive seven piastres (1*s.* 4*d.*) per diem. The whole is under the direction of German engineers. Several hundreds of labourers, Arnoots and Roumelians, have arrived by steamer from Constantinople : these receive four piastres, or about 9½*d.* per diem. The rest, labourers from the surrounding districts,—fine athletic-looking fellows, receive one piastre, or 2½*d.* per diem, and a good allowance of bread. They do not, however, work, as sailors would say, “with a will.”

The road, so far as it has gone,—a mile, perhaps,—is well made. A deep bottom of blocks of stone, form a lasting and good foundation ; smaller pieces of stone over this, and earth to fill in the spaces ; walls on either side to support it, where it rises above the level, and a paved footpath on either side,—a very needless expenditure. The cost (taking in the sum that will be eaten) will be little short of three hundred thousand pounds. The same would have almost made a railway. The blasting and difficulty are all at the beginning ; and if it is only completed to Bairbout, an immense advantage will have been gained, as the rest of

the road is plain, and, consequently, comparatively good and easy.

The workmen lighten their labour by music. A man accompanied them as they carried and deposited the stones, playing on a species of rude violoncello, and bag-pipes with one bag, while a third played a flageolet. The men often joined in with their voices, in wild harmonious music. They were encamped under the green government tents, and doctors were there to attend the sick and hurt. Many were wounded by their own ignorance or awkwardness ; for mines were sprung here and there without any warnings or precautions.

Trebizond, even to me who had just passed through the most lovely scenery, seemed a lovely town ; and it is scattered about, the greater part of the houses being situated in gardens, particularly in the western or Turkish quarter. The view from the consul's terrace was exceedingly pretty. To the south, the lofty mountain shut out the interior, and in its wild well-wooded gorges were pretty houses covered with verdure ; streamlets on its craggy sides glistened in the sun ere they fell

into the depths below. On the east, the lofty mountains of Lazistan, broken, jagged, snow-capped, and beautiful, closed round, covering from our view Circassia and Batum, and the free regions of Caucasus.

On the west, were swelling downs, and, nearer the town, in a bed of trees, the ruins of the old town ; the castle, with its beetling battlements of rock, domes, and minarets, varied and broke the monotony. Then the green was really green, and the houses really white ; and with their red-tiled roofs and pretty overhanging verandahs, had a very picturesque appearance ; while new buildings and a bustle bespoke trade,—money-making trade,—and consequent prosperity.

The circuit of the old walls now includes only one quarter, dedicated, *par excellence*, to the Turks, and the large enclosure of the serai and citadel. This overhangs the deep valley of a mountain-stream, which rushes to the sea in a bed of most luxuriant vegetation. The rest of the town is scattered, each sect inhabiting its separate quarters.

In this condition great numbers lay upon the ground, as if there had been a defeat, and the sorrow was general. The next day none of them died, but recovered their senses about the same hour they were seized ; and the third and fourth day they got up, as if they had taken physic."

Very little information concerning the country people could be given me by the inhabitants of the town, who cared more for their commerce than any other matter. There is said to be a Greek race among them who, though bearing the name of Mussulmans in their secluded mountain, practise the rites of the Greek religion.

It is only among the great in the Ottoman dominions that we find family names, though now many, particularly among the Christians, invent them and use them. A person now occurs to me who, wishing to have one, put his father's name after his own, and so made a surname ; but there is a khan at Trebizond which bears the owner's name—that is, Took it and ran away with it ; alluding to some act in his life showing probably more cunning or fraud than honesty. The man

is dead, but the deed is perpetuated in his son's khan.

The baths are good, and fitted up with a luxury I had never before seen. Georgian boys are the attendants, and their appearance speaks of the crimes which further from the capital shun the broad light of publicity.

Trebizond boasts of great and undisputed antiquity : colonised by the Sinopeans, according to Xenophon, on whose arrival it was a flourishing city, the Arcadian Trapezuntii claimed it also as their infant. Xenophon is obscure about the following passage : he says in the first part, they encamped in the Colchian villages and plundered their country ; he then, after relating the hospitality of the people of Trebizond towards the Greeks, says, "*they (i.e. the Trebizondes)* also concluded a treaty with them in favour of the neighbouring Colchians, and from these also the Greeks received more oxen as a mark of their hospitality.

The ancient port was on the east of the town ; one side of it was probably the present quarantine

point, for its eastern side has remnants of blocks as if a wharf had run to leeward from it. It was probably the port built by Arrian, in the reign of Adrian, which he speaks of in his *Periplus of the Euxine*. Few vestiges remain of it, and ships of the size and draught now used would have profited little by it.

The traveller would do well to explore the mountains for the altars or statues he speaks of as erected, or to be erected, on the spot where the Greeks raised their cairn of joy on first seeing the sea. The Goths sacked the town when they devastated the shore of the Euxine, but this little affects an Eastern city, and we find it in 1204, by the indulgence of Angeli, raised to a dukedom under Alexius Comnenus, of whom Gibbon remarks, that the epithet of Great was conferred on him probably more for his stature than for his exploits.

Except in Pachymon and Nicephorus Gregorius, the Byzantine writers disdain to speak of the empire of Trebizond, or Principality of the Layi, and among the Latins it is the romance of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, rather than reality which records it. Yet Ducange has cited several

passages in Vincent of Beauvais and the prothonotary Ogerius (Apud Wading, A.D. 1279. No. 4.)

The successor of Alexius served as vassal to the Sultan, with a force of two hundred lances. In 1282, the Duke or Ruler of Trebizond, again resumed his title of emperor, taking advantage of the distress of Palæologus, and resisted the fusion of sects : he sheltered such Greeks as fled to him, and upheld the orthodoxy of the Greek church. In 1392 or 1393, we find the title allowed, and the royal family of Constantinople allying itself with that of the Comneni. In 1460, Mahomet, mad with victory, unsated by the possession of Constantinople, impatient while a remnant of the purple of Rome remained in the East, turned on Trebizond. His whole negotiation was comprised in a short and peremptory question : “ Will you secure your life and treasures by resigning your kingdom, or had rather forfeit your kingdom, your treasures, and your life ? ” The feeble Comnenus was subdued by his fears ; the kingdom was surrendered ; and Comnenus with his family was transported to a

castle in Romania, where they were shortly put to death on a suspicion of treason.

Since then, Trebizond has remained Turk, and is now—as I have said—the seat of a Pasha. Among its eminent citizens we may not forget George of Trebizond, one of the great restorers of Grecian literature in the fifteenth century. In a late “History of the Knights of Malta,” the authors say: “David Comnenus, the regnant monarch, after sustaining a siege of thirty days, consented to a capitulation; and was afterwards, with his sons, carried to Constantinople in chains. The conqueror gave him the choice of apostasy or death; and the heroic Greek, with seven of his offspring, nobly chose the martyr’s crown.” This throws a lustre over him whose light we would fain believe. But who dares to contravene Gibbon, backed by Porson? Not I.

“*Impar congressus Achilli.*”

Lazistan extends from west of Trebizond to the east of it, some sixty leagues, including many districts; the people are fierce and rude, cherishing their feuds from father to son; and, like most of

the population of the empire, never move from their houses unarmed. They carry a short rifle, *cummah* or short two-edged sword, and a knotted cord, formerly meant to bind their captives, but now a mere ornament. Xenophon describes the *cummah*, or short sword, but makes no mention of the cord. The Laz have no towns, their houses being scattered about, with now and then a row of shops collected, where they buy what they need. The country abounds in splendid timber, of which they make charcoal : they are said not to produce corn sufficient for their consumption : their bread is principally made from Indian corn. They make a fine linen from hemp, much prized for shirting on account of its extreme fineness.

CHAPTER XI.

Departure from Trebizond—Steamer for Samsun—Passengers of various Nations on board—Circassian Boy and Girl—Their Appearance—Their Destination—Samsun—The Vice-Consul—Walk in the Suburbs of the Town—Enlargement of the Town—Excursion to Eski Samsun—Ruins—Remains of the Harbour—Churches—Trade of Samsun—Its Imports and Exports—Silk Sherbet—Bazaars—The Castle—Lasso used in this Country—Lasso described by Herodotus—Lasso employed by the ancient Egyptians and Persians, as now employed in South America—Foundation of Samsun—Eastern Repugnance to put Animals to Death when it would be merciful to do so—Copper Mines—Start for Stamboul—The Steamer—Its Appointments—English Engineer—Various Passengers—Circassian Girls, and their Attendants—Their Dress and Appearance—The Renegade and his Friend—Various Passengers, and their Expectations—What caused my Servant Abdallah to fight the Cook—Battle royal—Interference of the Captain—Fine Scenery not to be enjoyed under certain circumstances—Constantinople in sight—Its Appearance—The Black Sea—Increase of Trade at Trebizond.

I SHOOK hands with my friends and embarked in the Austrian steamer for Samsun. She was a fine boat, and,—spite of a fresh breeze which set Osmanli, Christian, Levantine, Circassian, Georgian, and Arabic stomachs in motion,—carried us there in fourteen hours. On board I found an Armenian scribe of the Pasha's at Diarbekr, on his road to Constantinople : under his charge were two new

purchases of the Pasha of Trebizond—a Circassian boy and girl of about seven and nine years old—5000 piastres had been paid for the former, 9000 for the girl. The boy was going as a present to Ismael Pasha's son, about to be sent to Vienna ; the girl was for his own harem.

The boy was an intelligent little fellow, and already spoke Turkish well, having remained some time at Trebizond. He was here, there, and every where ; much to the distress of a kavass, of immovable disposition, who had him in charge. The girl was pretty and piquante, (*nez retroussée*,) and very careless about her veil, which she seemed to regard as a useless screen. Both were very fair. The boy told me his mother had come with him to Trebizond, and sold him ; an act for which he seemed rather grateful, as emancipating him from servile labour, and opening a road into the world. He said his mother had left him shortly after his arrival, and returned home, taking an order to bring two more of his brothers for the Pasha to buy.

We were anchored before dawn : Samsun is a

pretty little town, built at the foot of wooded hills; north-east, however, is a long range of marshy jungle that runs out into a point. From this, it is probable, the fevers and ague come, which render it such a disagreeable residence. I took a room, but receiving an invitation from the English vice-consul, whom I had known before—a fellow labourer with Mr. Layard at Nineveh,—I shut up my baggage in it, and repaired to his house.

Walked out in the afternoon over fields which extend to the east. They were covered with fragments of pottery, but exhibited no traces of ruins. Crossed the Merd Ismak, a pretty stream with fine forest trees about it; and traversed where formerly must have stood the town of Lycastus, the Merd Ismak being, from its position, the *Lycastus flumen*. The whole was well cultivated, with open patches for grazing, covered with thorn bushes. The tobacco, of which large quantities are exported to Constantinople, was being dried; for this purpose it is strung on yarn and hung in the sun, round the houses. It is of a yellowish colour.

The town has now swelled far beyond the limits

of the old walls, and surrounded by gardens, runs out on all sides. Many have lately built on the near hills, hoping thereby to escape the malaria. These houses are fine and large : about half an hour up the hills is the Greek town—for formerly no Christian was permitted to reside within the walls. The houses are built of wood and clay, stone being difficult to procure, whereas clay is found in abundance. The roofs are sloping and tiled.

Made an early excursion to Eski Samsun, lying a short distance to the westward, and the Acropolis of the ancient Amisus, now a corn and tobacco ground. It stands on a promontory N.N.W. of the present town. Two lines of ruined walls run round the northern face ; but of more modern creation, as great quantities of Roman pottery are built in it. The $\eta \Pi\eta\gamma\eta$, as the Greeks still call a small fountain, is pretty, rising on the side of the hill. Below are the remains of the harbour, built of huge, almost Cyclopean blocks, which with little harm have withstood tide and time. There are two modern forts, which would

not protect the place much. Within the walls are two or three stone buildings, a khan, and one which has a very Byzantine look ; but I did not enter it. The churches are of no antiquity ; and the mosque, out of repair, looks older than its date shows it : the others are modern.

Samsun has now a considerable trade, importing principally English goods, cotton twist, and luxuries. These are carried as far as Amasia and Kaiserea, in the interior, though Smyrna principally supplies both those places. The amount, however, is on the increase: it exports copper, *tekirish*, (a yellow berry used in dyeing,) *pasturmater*, (dried beef,) and tobacco, which requires to be mixed with milder kinds for use ; a few furs ; *mahlef*, (a small berry sprinkled on bread to flavour it,) *leutres* (largely) ; yellow berries, gum doaganth, silk and violet sherbet from Diarbekr, of which this is partially the northern port. The silk sherbet is made from the cocoons, and tasting much as raw silk smells, would be, one would fancy, anything but a popular beverage ; however, it must be put down as an acquired taste: a small quantity also of goat and sheep's

wool, and German tinder. Corn also is largely exported.

The bazaars are small but well supplied, and the port has some trade with the opposite northern coast, from whence comes (besides more useful articles) a coarse sort of Japan ware. The castle is hardly worth a visit ; the lower portions of the walls are well built, the upper but Saracenic repairs : their removal would probably add much to the healthiness of that portion of the town they surround. The moat is converted into gardens ; on the beach are numerous sarcophagi, but of a bad period, the ornaments coarse and ill-carved. There were also several columns scattered about.

The shooting is excellent—wild boar, quail, pheasant. These last are hardly as large, but quite as highly flavoured, or more so, than their emigrated friends in England. The plumage, also, is hardly so brilliant. In fact it is allowed that the bird has improved in England. The two lesser bustards also are found during the winter, when they descend from the higher, colder regions, where they remain during the summer.

We walked up the pretty valley of the Lycaster, whose scenery reminded me much of English park scenery ; some of the sycamores on the banks were noble trees. Saw herds of camels, which are much used ; they are the Koordish camel, and both larger and stouter than the Arabian animal. They stand with ease the cold of the mountains, and are said to have been imported here from Mosul ; if so, they have improved by the emigration as much as the pheasant.

In the evening the English steamer arrived with European corn buyers ; so the consul had to be employed on samples, and left me to regret his well-informed and most amusing company.

I heard much in the interior, of people who used the lasso. They inhabit the country about Bafra, and use it to catch cattle and game : though much inferior to the Gaucho, they still exhibit some skill. The rope is of leather plaited, and one end is secured to the horse ; the man carries a long light pole ; over the end of this he lays the noose ; approaching whatever he may wish to take, he puts it over it and pulls the rope rapidly to him,

thus eventually securing his prey ; for if strong, he gallops off with it, dragging it after him. Here we find then the same habit as described by Herodotus.*

Samsun was founded by the Milesians ; it afterwards received an Athenian colony, and subsequently fell under the dominion of the King of Pontus. It frequently felt the effects of war, being taken and retaken several times. Augustus made it a free city. The distance to the Lyraëa,

* Herod. *Polyhymnia*, says, lxxxv., speaking of the troops of Xerxes on his Greek invasion : " There appeared of the Sagartii a body of 8000 horse. These people lead a pastoral life, were originally of Persian descent, and use the Persian language. Their dress is something between the Persian and the Parthian. They have no offensive weapons, either of iron or brass, except their daggers. Their dependence in action is upon cords made of twisted leather, which they use in this manner : when they engage an enemy, they throw out these cords, having a noose at the extremity ; if they entangle in them either horse or man, they without difficulty put them to death." These forces were embodied with the Persians. The Roman Gladiators, who were called *Retiarii*, used a net for the same purpose.

Two pictures at Beni Hassan show us the lasso was used by the ancient Egyptians. They depict one man who has just taken a stag ; another who has just captured an ox. They are on foot : so it would hardly have been so formidable a weapon as in the hands of a horseman, and the end is merely held with the hand. See *Lane's Ancient Egyptians*, vol. iii. p. 12.

Malcolm, in his *Sketches of Persia*, p. 119, in a note to Roostem, the favourite of Persian story, where he is related to have noosed his enemies, says, " The *kemenel*, or noose, of the ancient Persians, appears to be the lasso of the South Americans, and was employed to snare prisoners as well as cattle. It is also used in India by some tribes of robbers, who entrap the unwary with as much skill as is shown by a native of the Pampas."

however, would show that Eski Samsun cannot by Amisus (*see* Cramer) Ef Menip up Kaph, sub *v.* Καδισια. Amonym. Peripl. p. 10, gives 20 stadia from Amisus to Lycastus fl. ; whereas the distance from it to Eski Samsun is about four miles.

While here, I saw one of those cruel kindnesses so often seen in the East. No man will kill to put an end to misery. A poor baggage-horse broke his leg just below the house ; the man removed his load to another, and left the poor brute to starve. There it stood for three days : nobody fed it : its leg was soon swollen to an enormous size ; there it leaned against the palings : yet no persuasion could induce anybody to kill it. This is a constant eye-sore in the East ; they will tie mules or horses up to a wall with a short halter, so as to prevent their eating, and in this way leave them to die ; nor will any arguments induce them to put a period to their sufferings.

Near Samsun are the famous copper mines of Bakia Kurch, so productive in former times, when the revenue from these mines alone was estimated at 200,000 ducats.

I had just resolved to start on an excursion into the interior, when the smoke of the steamer appeared, and then, with all my haste, we were only just in time to be bundled over the gangway on to another mass, bundled there before me as she went on. The steamer fate had consigned me to, was a Turkish sloop-of-war steamer, who, in these piping times of peace, lands her guns and does a little trade. As there was no order on board, the deck passengers lay about in all directions: walking was, therefore, impossible; moving difficult. The decks, uncleared for many voyages, presented a mass of dirt I never saw equalled in a vessel.

My baggage was mercilessly flung into the mass, who, disturbed by its weight, drew aside, and then again closed over it; so that we saw it no more during the voyage. The cabins below consisted of a fore and after saloon. The latter was shut, and the former, whose windows were closed with passengers, heaped high on the skylight, was full of the slaves and boys of the passengers, laughing, sleeping, and caressing each

other. Without, in the passage, were bales of tobacco and baskets of fruit, with a choice collection of raw hides : on either side were side-cabins. To one of these I directed my servant : we opened the door, and received a volley of good Turkish curses — it was a harem, and about eight people were pigged in eight feet by six.

At last, however, I found one empty—at least, from human occupants—and took possession of it ; for no servant or steward appeared. My friends had warned me against these vessels, but I wished to see one : the passage money is the same as in the English boats, which provide an excellent table. We had, however, brought fowls, &c., with us.

Soon after starting, my servant came and said, “They will not allow me to go to the kitchen to cook.” On my asking the captain, he granted permission, when the cook of the vessel came aft, and said he should be happy to do it for me ; and Abdallah, who has a soft spot in his head, and a large one in his heart, saying “Yes,” they

went forward to settle the matter, bearing the provisions with them.

The chief engineer, an Englishman, made my acquaintance—one of those iron men who drink, and work, and prove the superiority of their nation by the fist. The other engineers were Turkish. The engine good, but dirty and neglected. The vessel seemed to know her way, for the helmsman hardly moved the spoke, resting his chest on the wheel, listening to the discourse. She diverted herself, however, with semi-circular bends, this way and that.

There was abaft a small raised prop, occupied by about twenty-seven Circassian girls for the Constantinople market, who lay in a row athwart ships : at their feet were some half-a-dozen men escorting them. The dress of these fellows is excessively picturesque : a frock coat, tight at the waist, but loose above, so as to hang in plaits ; the skirts coming to the knees : it is not confined at the waist with buttons, but a broad leather sash is bound round it. On the breasts are cartridge cases, plaits being made in the coat to hold them ;

long, loose European trousers coming tight over the instep, with a fine, thin, leather boot, fitting tight to the foot ; high conical cap of skin, with the wool on, the lower part turned up all round to the width of six or eight inches. The men were fine handsome fellows.

The Russians give passports to all the slaves—for what reason it would be hard to discover ; the English steamers, however, will not carry these marketable commodities. The girls were of all ages, from five to twenty-five, and destined for different purposes, according to circumstances or the state of trade. They had all been dressed out of one piece of chintz. Three, of about fourteen or fifteen years of age, were eminently handsome ; and these were to be taught at Constantinople, as the man said, for a year or so, previous to their being sold. The teaching consists of speaking, repartee, dancing, and music sometimes.

Next to this party was a renegade Christian with a tawdry native wife ; he claimed a previous acquaintance with me, but I said he was changed

since then, and I the same, which, I was sorry to say—such were my prejudices—must prevent any further intercourse. He laughed a loud laugh, but I could see how deeply he felt the remark. Beside him, with servants, &c., sat a Turkish recruiter ; what rank he held I do not know, but he kept on gelling to me, gell, gell, *Anglicè*, “come, come.” I advanced, and we bowed, and went through the regular ceremonies. He then said, “That man,” pointing to the renegade, “is my friend ; why do you not salute him ?” I said that, though willing enough to believe in the sincerity of his conversion, still I must decline having anything to say to him. He grew rather authoritative, and took my hand to make us shake together ; on this I shook him off, and walked away.

The other passengers were a wonderful collection : blind beggars, who had heard of the great charity of the capital, of fortunes given at once to a poor wretch like themselves ; clodhoppers from the plough tail, who had heard that servants got three hundred and five hundred piastres a month ;

naked savages, because they had heard this or that ; Armenian porters, with their iron bodies, willing to work ; effeminate young men, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, in search of fortune. Here were Moslem, Christian, lord, slave—clever, and desperately ignorant—all bent on the same road, for the same purpose, except the honest porters, who brought a good capital with them, marketable anywhere—the will and the ability to work.

We passed the coast pretty closely : broken land, covered with a thick wood, save a cottage here and there, with its small clearing and cultivation. We stopped a moment at Inesim Oglu, a small village where several vessels were building literally on slips in the forest. On awaking the following morning, Abdallah came into the cabin with a woful face. “Ya beg, the fowls are all dead ; the cook found them so this morning, and threw them overboard ; now upon my honour, and the mutton too. Really fowls all dead now.” I had been a midshipman, and was up to a trick. I had cut out suppers ; had feasted when others

could find nothing—and now to be done by a miserable ignorant Turkish brute !

Well, there is a *mauvais honte* of making a noise publicly about edibles or money, so I only abused Abdallah, and resigned myself to starvation. Happily, I had a nargilleh, and I smoked that and drank coffee for the rest of the voyage. I do not know what Abdallah said to the cook, but it blazed out in the afternoon, when they fought ; Abdallah (and I watched the affair) would have beaten the fellow, for he cared no more for a Turk than a Turk for holy water, but others got hold of him. My other servant then joined in like a man.

I told the captain, “ Why do you not put an end to that ? ” He said, “ Giaours.” I said, “ You dog, is that your answer ? ” and taking him by the arm, we went to the fray, now become a tumbling mass of half-a-dozen. As my words had no effect, I laid on with a mighty stick I had, and as the captain interposed, hit him hard, and begged his pardon loudly. All the wrath now turned upon me ; but Abdallah and Mahmoud had found their

weapons. The captain made a great noise. I said, "Now, the question is, what will you do with me? Dare you, as captain, beat me, throw me overboard—what?" As this seemed a knotty question, and to require consideration, we retired, and were served with obsequious civility for the rest of the voyage.

Next morning we were off the mouth of the Bosphorus; the captain kept in his cabin in the paddle-box, which had a window; the steersman, after a little wandering about, found the entrance, and we steamed up; passed the Cyanean Rocks; heard the cry of the condemned souls that wander there for ever mourning. It did not, however, strike me as a scene of peculiar beauty. Having heard it praised as fairy ground, of course, had anybody else been by, one would have joined chorus in "lovely," "enchancing," "perfect," &c.; but, being amidst a crowd of Turks, Arabs, &c., who gazed with open-mouthed wonder, exclaiming, as they would catch breath, "Ya, yah," perhaps I felt too fine to praise, as if such scenes were below me, and looked perfectly indifferent.

Then, having fasted some thirty-six hours, like Dominie Sampson, from all save sin, I felt world-despising, and was wondering what Misseri would have for breakfast, and if I should be too late or not. The most sentimental must own, the most persevering, enterprising sight-seer must admit, how much external circumstances operate on our feelings. The same place we see all beauty, when happy ourselves, will wear a different aspect when visited in trouble or distress. A cold morning, damp weather, and a warm bed, are sad antagonistic principles to rising and seeing ruins or scenery ; a tight shoe, a lost button, even the smallest thing, can destroy the best sight, the most lovely scene. A thousand things will make the doubled rose-leaves that will destroy our bed of pleasure : and I freely own to having caught myself gazing on Baalbec, while my only thought was when the coffee would be ready.

Houses, of huge size, lined each side of the water as we neared the city ; huge, unintellectual-looking places, with great, overgrown chimneys.

At first I conceived, as they came in sight, that the builder or owner, finding an ancient pillar, standing where he wished to build his house, had, with veneration, respected it, and built round it ; but then came others, more and more, till I saw it was the style of chimney architecture prevalent. The houses were principally new, built of wood and tawdrily painted or washed. Here and there the banks were, to a moderate height, covered with gardens ; then villages with houses gaudily new or darkly rotten.

The vessel panted up with the same disgusted air as a showman goes through his wonders. The people on deck pause—a rush to the starboard side ; the vessel's keels deep with the sudden weight ; back they crowd, a living mass, as Stamboul, in all its sunshine glory, rose before us. It is a glorious sight, a wondrous view, not of man's making, because houses, domes, cypress, water, wharves, walls, gables, minarets—all are heaped anyhow, and compose its peculiarity, its grace, and its beauty. Dome and minaret flashed in the autumnal sun ; the waters gleamed a sea

of light ; all was motion, yet noiseless ; all silent, yet full of sound : and, in the midst of all, the quiet cypress shot up its stately height, apart, alone, as if it too appealed to heaven for the dead, that silent lay beneath its shade.

“ The European with the Asian shore,
Sprinkled with palaces the ocean-stream ;
Here and there studded with a seventy-four ;
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam ;
The cypress groves, Olympus high and hoar,
The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,
Far less describe.’

All rushed to the gangway, and a scene of noise and confusion ensued, which, for some moments, I watched patiently, entirely absorbed by the beauty of the scene. I had seen it in winter, snow-covered ; the waters cold, icy, and dreadful ; and now, as if by a magic wand, it was changed to the Stamboul of Anastasius. “ Est in Europâ, habet in conspectu Asiam, Egyptum, Africamque a dextra ; quæ tametsi antiquæ non sunt maris tamen navigandique commoditate veluti cinguntur. A sinistra vero Pontus est Euxinus.”

The Black Sea, but a few years back, was

almost shut to our trade. Mr. Brant conceived the plan of drawing trade to Trebizond, and, laying his ideas before Lord Palmerston, procured the appointment of consul there. One schooner then ran monthly ; now seven steamers a month find occupation enough, viz., one English twice every month, one Austrian, and two Turkish twice ; the one belongs to a company, of which the Valide Sultana is one of the great proprietors. The others are war-steamers, with their swords turned to ploughshares. They are huge vessels, and carry large cargoes. Another small steamer runs from Trebizond to Batum. This is also Turkish ; and during the summer the Austrians also run there. The English steamer belongs to the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

If civilisation increases, and the reforms of Turkey continue, no doubt a vast trade will yet be opened, developing the resources of the magnificent country on the southern shore. The steamers of the Porte now commence to burn their own coal, and will probably do so in time at a proper expense. At present the mines are

mismanaged, and they are too jealous to let them out to foreigners, who have offered for them a considerable yearly revenue, and coals for their steamers free of expense.

CHAPTER XII.

Apostrophe to Constantinople—Proposal of the Slave Dealer—No Room at Misseri's Hotel—Hôtel de Pera—Valuable Hint to Travellers respecting Servants—Dinners at Misseri's Hotel—Various Guests—Walks about the City—Make an Acquaintance—Origin of Constantinople—What Gibbon says of that City—Sight-seeing—How managed—Mosque of St. Sophia—Its Magnificence—What it may one day become—Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent—Visit the Seraglio—Tomb of Barbarossa—Dancing Dervishes—Howling Dervishes, and other Sects—Accidental blowing up of a Turkish Line of Battle Ship—Visit to the Emir Beshir—My Reception—Long Conversation with that Personage.

ALL hail! City of the seven names, seven hills, seven towers; taken from the Seventh Palæologe by the seventh Sultan of the Ottoman line. All hail! Byzantium, Antonina, Roma Nova, Constantinople, Jarruk (in Arabic, "Earth Divider"), Istamboul (the Fulness of Faith), Ammeddunige (the Mother of the World).

Crushed furiously by the crowd, I got at last down the gangway, and stepping actively over caïques, floundered into one of those outside. Before I had recovered my balance, a push in the

back showed me I had a companion, and seating myself, I found the Circassian slave-dealer by my side. "Hosh gelding," he exclaimed, and we commenced a conversation in Turkish and Circassian—from him mixed Turkish, and Arabic from me.

He said : "Sahib, why do you not buy one of these girls ?" "I am not permitted." "Bosh, you struck the Turk among Turks when you were alone ; what do you care for law ? Come, now, I like you for that ; you shall have the Gul for two thousand piastres. She plays, sings, talks, and would make a fine slave for your lordship. I love her myself ; her eyes are almonds ; I give her to you, and you will love her, do not fear ; she would make a cow love her in a month." I, however, resisted his offers, and when we landed she of the almond eyes was still unsold.

I had weary work of it, for all the morning was consumed in walking from hotel to hotel. Misseri was full. "Make me up a place." "Alas, Sir ! for four others I have done so, till there is no place left." So at last, I was fain to put up at, and worse—to put up with, the Hôtel de Pera. The

room was the only tolerable part of it, and commanded a gay prospect of a side of a house built to join on to the side of another house yet unbuilt. My servants, as native servants do, both by custom and choice, slept about the landing outside the door, and fed themselves from the bazaar.

This is a good hint to travellers : at the hotels in the Levant, they charge from five to seven shillings a day for a servant. I never bargain with mine, as the moment I suspect his honesty, he is discharged : but after they have two or three days' experience in a place, ask them what they require as board wages. The answer averages from 1*d.* to 4*d.* a day, according as the place is cheap or dear, and they sleep at one's door or anywhere.

My housefellows consisted of German bagmen, so my meals were eaten at Misseri's excellent table. Oh, what a matchless feast it was, after the table of the road ! It seemed impossible that such luxury could be real and last. His company was better ; a *soi-disant* philosopher, who had been two years writing a book, whose system he

was only just beginning to discover ; collegians, on their first flight, wary for fear of being taken in—cautious not to show the green ; the goose (wuzz) on his travels delivering his opinions of Turkey, Turks, and Stamboul, collected in two days' experience through a dragoman ; the ex-merchant still anxious ; the old, emancipated, wondering, credulous, but shocked, new beholders quite out of their element.

It was a great pleasure to retire from this bad European Pera ; cross the bridge, or enter a caïque, and roam over the streets of Constantinople, or Stamboul proper, the Turkish quarter ; to plunge into its streets, and wander about perfectly ignorant of the way. Many were the curious adventures I met with, that served more to improve my Turkish than to give me a high idea of the morality of these veiled ones.

One day I had lost my way, and wandered so far as to become fatigued : I sat down in a café, having first roamed over the ancient quaint remains of the Palace of Belisarius. A Turk saluting me, asked, " Why I picked out an old ruin

to look at, when so many perfect were around ?” I said, “For the recollection and for curiosity.” Another now joined in, and said, “Do you not know that was the palace of the blind general of the Sultan of Rouma—Justinian ?” The remark struck me as curious, because we believe that his eyes being put out, and he being reduced to beg his bread, with a “give a penny to the blind general, Belisarius,” was a modern fiction—a romance to throw more poetry into the story. I asked my informant, therefore, if he knew the name of the man, which he immediately told me, adding, in answer to my assertion that it was a Frank tale; “on the contrary: living near, he had it from his father.” He asked me to his house, an invitation I gladly accepted, and we appointed a day and place of meeting.

I found him kind and amusing, and what pleased me more, well versed in traditional lore. We were one day discussing the history of the original foundation of the city, and I drew forth my Gibbon, a huge thick volume which never left me when I went sight-seeing, and must have given

many the idea that I was a pedlar with a small but precious box beneath my arm. Byzas founded it, the supposed son of Neptune, 656 years before our Saviour. No, the mosque he meant. He then went on to tell me, that when the church was built, an angel brought some dust from Mecca and sprinkled it there, thus taking possession of it for the Prophet and the faithful. This tradition was repeated to me afterwards at Ruad, and thus, having heard it twice, we may conclude it a general one.

The origin of it may probably be found in Plutarch in *Romulo*, where, describing the ceremonies of the foundation of the city by Constantine, he says, "A large hole was dug and filled up by handfuls of earth, which each of the settlers brought from the place of his birth." The story of this would become a legend, and the Mussulmans would, of course, think it proper to throw in a handful for Mahomet.

Constantinople has been far too well described for any such a cursory passer as myself to dare to speak : Gibbon must have indeed paused to frame

his magic sentences : “ The prospect of beauty, of safety, and of wealth, united in a single spot, was sufficient to justify the choice of Constantinople.” He then goes on to decry the weakness which needed the fabrication of a miracle necessary to confirm his choice. “ The vision conjured up was of an old but venerable matron, sinking under the weight of years and infirmities, suddenly transformed to a blooming virgin, whom his own hands adorned with all the symbols of imperial greatness—this was the genius of the city of Byzantium. When marking the bounds of the city, he proceeded farther than cities were ; on being remonstrated with, he replied, ‘ I shall still advance, till he, the invisible guide, who marches before me, thinks proper to stop.’ ” And without repeating further as we look at her fortunes and her misfortunes, as we look at her master now, and at herself to-day, well may we again quote what he says after the Mahometan conquest of her : “ Constantinople has been left naked and desolate, without a prince or a people. But she could not be despoiled of her incomparable situation, which

marks her for the metropolis of a great empire ; and the genius of the place will ever triumph over the accidents of time and fortune."

To me the bore of doing the sights was very great. I should have preferred going over them at the rate of one a day ; but no, a firman is taken out for 8% or 9% whenever there are several parties to go, and then off all go, after swallowing a hasty breakfast, and are dragged over the whole, going from cathedral to seraglio, from palace to prison, till one returns home and to bed foot-sore and weary, with a mass of sights of all sorts running through one's head : it is too much for one day. The Mosque of St. Sophia is superb ; the outside is too crowded with buildings to be at all well seen ; but the interior, done up by Italian artists within the last few years, is a masterpiece of art—a wonder. The size, the grandeur, yet lightness and grace of the whole, are perfect.

Nor can the treasures of art it contains be looked at without veneration — the eight columns reft from Baalbec, the columns of the Temple of Diana of Ephesus. Perhaps St. Paul has touched these.

Troas, Athens, Cyclades and Cyzines—all were compelled to supply their best to support the temple of Divine wisdom. Christian and Moslem have united to make it beautiful, and I cannot but think it looks cleaner and purer than when loaded with the trappings of the Greek Church.

Poor Turks ! it will be a sad day for you when the mighty conclave of priestly state shall come and purify these holy walls with water and incense. Perhaps a mark higher up the wall will be shown to the younger sons of earth, where Christians heaped up the slain when they reft thy fairest conquest from thee : the mark I allude to is that of a hand, or several, if I remember right ; it is some twelve or fourteen feet up the wall. It is said, that in the massacre within the church, on the taking of Constantinople, the dead were piled up to this point, where a bloody hand-mark on the wall still attests the fact.

The Moslems had had good lessons in the art of religious slaughter, taught them by Christian warriors : the red gore had streamed at Jerusalem, till, it is said, the Christian heroes waded girth

deep in Moslem blood. The mantle of oblivion had better be dropped over such scenes : the amount is nearly equal on all sides. Let us only hope that, if again we war, while we show we are men as brave as our fathers, we may also show we are more civilised and less bigoted.

What wonders of wealth were hoarded here ; and now a few mats, a carpet or two, with a large board inscribed with a pious verse, are all the wealth remaining. At all events, the Moslems have done it no harm, and from the present state of its repair, we may trust it will last till a purer voice may be heard within its walls, and the real Catholic Church sing from thence their hymn of praise. I cannot but think the verse of the Koran so beautifully written within the cupola is very appropriate : " God is the light of heaven and the earth." The Temple is a worthy offering ; the greatest work of man is well dedicated to God, the wise, the merciful.

From here we went to the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, nor can I at all think that Suleiman had a right to say, " I have surpassed thee,

O Justinian!" The whole struck me as heavy and clumsy; fine, imposing from its size, but with no great beauty of detail or grand effect, as a whole. We were next paraded to the Mosque of Sultan Mahomet, where are his tomb and that of his family, and that stone so curious, on which is engraved the prophecy of Mahomet—but it had a far different signification to the Prophet's fancy than his followers will find, when the fulfilment actually takes place.

From thence we were smuggled through the seraglio—smuggled through, I say; because if one of the party halted a little, some of the functionaries drove him on. My speaking a little Turkish, and remonstrating against it, procured an immunity for myself, and I finally lost my party, and wandered about at will—actually; until at sunset, I found all deserted, and every prospect of passing the night alone. Abdallah, however, found a gardener who let us out over the wall, he being evidently wonder-stricken at finding us there. But we had seen more than was meant—not that we had seen any females, but places, &c., not usually shown.

The other days were laboriously passed seeing where Palæologus fell, where the Sultan stood : with Murray under my arm, I fagged here and fagged there, till all had passed before me, and I was rejoiced to find I had done Constantinople. It was more pleasant to return and saunter over some spot of historic interest, or rather over spots whose history interested me. The tower of Galata was one of these, and I almost became a resident there : the old guardiano brought me his *nargilleh*, and we used to sit in solemn silence on the roof, gazing at the town below, or watching the flights of the pigeons. These are never injured, but suffered to live and multiply—in fact are fed and protected.—

“ Day by day, o’er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair ;
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air,
On the trees, whose hoary branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement,—on the tombstones,
On the poet’s sculptured face.”

Barbarossa’s tomb I cannot better describe than in the words of Murray. He says : “ Being little known it will be difficult to find, nor was it

without some search that I hit upon it. Nothing can be more picturesquely beautiful than this simple monument, covered with moss and ivy, on the shore of the rendezvous of the fleets with which Chaireddin covered the sea. Destitute of the inscriptions which are so frequently lavished on Turkish tombstones, it commemorates the name of the mighty hero in the midst of the roaring waves of tempestuous times, and the howling of revolutionary winds." Barbarossa was the terror of the Christian fleets ; and Chaireddin's memory will live until the latest hour of the Ottoman sway. His tomb addresses the ships of the Archipelago, clearing the waves of the Bosphorus, in the words of Archytas to the mariner :

*" Quaquam festivas non est mora longa licebat
Injecto ter pulvere curras."*

I also cultivated the acquaintance of the Dervishes—not of the dancers of Pera ; my head never could stand looking at them ; and my two or three appearances at their performances were attended with discomfort. On one occasion I lost my shoes, and had to walk home barefooted, and

on the other two, lost all my appetite for dinner by the sickness produced. It certainly seems an extraordinary way of gaining heaven, whirling into it at a waltz : the solemnity of their deportment adds to the grotesqueness of the scene : the Mevleir* are, however, among the most tolerant of the Moslems.

The Howling Dervishes are well worth seeing ; but they are common in every town : the Borda, or hymn in praise of the Prophet, is seldom heard but at Constantinople.

There are several other sects among them. The Nasksh-Bendi : they are strict and scrupulous observers of their religion, and are very fanatic and superstitious.

The Munjevi : in the true signification of the term they ought to be solitary : they are not a very numerous sect in Constantinople : they have an Ickeh near Cyoub.

The Beetachi : the most numerous ; a libertine and vagabond set. They wander about laying claim to miraculous powers, and set up as

* Name of the sect.

curers of diseases—as able to arrest even death. They are not strict observers of the Koran, of which they have generally but a very imperfect knowledge. They drink wine, and in fact do what suits them.

One morning the corner of the inn received a shock that made the landlord quake ; a rush of the inmates followed ; but, used to earthquakes, I pursued my occupation, nor was it till some hours afterwards I heard that it was occasioned by the *Neica Chewkit*, a fine line-of-battle-ship, having blown up : the number in her will never be ascertained. I walked down and found sentries posted all round the arsenals to keep the crowd off. Women by hundreds were there, crying, wailing, and howling. Poor creatures ! they hustled several of the Pashas who appeared. Boats from the rest of the fleet were hard at work, towing away portions of the wreck with which the Golden Horn was scattered. She had gone down, while the masts, bowsprit and cordage, formed a mass where she had been : the water sparkled in the sunbeam ; the mimic wave washed tunefully on the shore ; the carriage drove

on ; the boat load of picnickers bent to the oar ; all life went on just as if eight hundred poor unprepared mortals had not been hurled up here and there on the beach—all lifeless.

“ As shaken on their restless pillow,
 Their heads heave with the heaving billow :
 That head whose motion is not life,
 Yet feebly seems to menace strife.”

The bodies were being collected and ranged on the arsenal wharf for their friends to claim. Some said the whole was a conspiracy to blow up the Sultan ; others, with more probability, that the crew had smoked a pipe in the magazine, and for a wonder it had caught fire—I say for a wonder, for the Turks are fools : while they are afraid to do necessary things with powder, &c., they will, through carelessness, smoke over it.

I paid a visit one day to the Emeer Beshir, a *detenu* at Constantinople ; he was living in a small house about an hour out of the city. A Frenchman who frequently visited him was my introducer. The priest who usually lives with him was absent, which rendered my visit more agreeable. He resided in a small house apart, and had

gone to town on business. The house of the Emeer was low and out of repair ; the room he received us in literally darkened with the smoke from his never-ceasing chibouk. At first he received me, knowing me for an Englishman, with a distance almost amounting to incivility, and even omitted the usual courtesies of eastern hospitality. This drove me to thinking of retiring, but as I looked at the venerable old man, his snow-white beard, the lines hard and deep, of misfortune rather than of time—though he numbered upwards of ninety years—I felt how wrong to resent, how ungrateful not to submit. At last I began to interest him, and he condescended to listen, and ere long we were fast engaged in his own loved mountains, Betaddeen, the Kesrowan, and the neighbouring districts. He unclasped his pipe and offered it me. Abdallah also came in, and, kneeling down, kissed the edge of his robe. He relaxed, and we talked merrily, or rather much ; for at times there was a swimming of his keen, quick eye it required many winks to clear.

I knew most of his friends ; his henchman,

Abdel Bey, Carletti, and several others who had been in attendance on him. When the Frenchman, who could not speak (the priest in his visits acting interpreter), rose to go, he insisted on my dining, and we retired to another room, where a poor plain meal was served on pewter, his excessively pretty daughter the only attendant. In the evening we continued our conversation, chiefly on his part, being an exposition of his policy through life ; how it was necessity, not will, which had made him act. He adduced one proof which, if true, was good : " They say I taxed and over-reigned ; if I did, it was to spend on themselves ; for look ! I, who was a king, a great prince, have ten pewter plates and one pipe, worth two piastres. I owe here several small debts, and, on my beard, have not five hundred piastres to pay them." We talked till midnight, and I then returned to find the gates locked, and myself compelled to saunter about till daylight.

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Constantinople—Embark on a Steamer—Destination unknown—My Dog and the Agent—Reason why I was treated with Civility during the Passage—Passengers—Young Turkish Lady and her Grandmother—Death of a Child on board—Heartlessness of its Father—Arrival at Smyrna—Make the Acquaintance of a Jew—His Family—Their hopes of the Restoration of their Race—Character and Qualities of Jews in general—Speech of the old Jew concerning Proselytism—Passage granted me by a British Man of War—Inscription on the Tomb of Pisistratus—Smyrna, the Birthplace of Homer—Ruined Castle of the Knights—Scio—Its present Appearance—Reflections suggested by it—Samos—Ruins of the Temple of Juno—Antony and Cleopatra—Cos—Esculapius born here—And Apelles—The Painter and the Cobbler—Arrive at Rhodes—Present Government of the Islands—Favour shown by the Porte to Christians—What they may one day become—Opinion of Mr. Titmarsh, as to the Quality of Samian Wine.

PERA, and its semi-civilisation, soon tired. It had more than the ordinary *ennui* of a European city, without any of its gaieties or amusements ; all the tedium of the East, without its pleasures. Misseri's was most comfortable ; but society there was none, and so, one morning, hearing an Austrian steamer was to start, I resolved to join her fortunes, nor cared to inquire whither she was bound. Carpets,

cushions, nargillehs, pots, saucepans, &c., were bundled into my much-travelled *hourges* (saddlebags); my bill paid; Abdallah loaded himself with his arms; a whistle to Beder Khan Beg, and, preceded by porters, we descended the hill of Pera to a caique. The bazaar-dogs clustered round, but none ventured to approach my huge canine, who waddled slowly before us.

We were thrown in a lump on the gangway as the vessel was under weigh. A pert little fellow simpered up, and said in Italian, "Sir, that dog must not—in fact, *shall* not go." "Oh, then, Mr. Agent, there he is; turn him out." This was not easily effected: the agent ordered the captain, the captain the mate, the mate the sailors; but my Koord sat wagging his tail; so the agent went over the side, and the dog quietly took up his position by me, where none seemed to have any wish to disturb him.

The next thing was to inquire whither the vessel was bound. "To Smyrna." "A hum del illah, I thought to Trieste," I said. The captain civilly offered me a boat, to land. "Oh, no," I

replied, "I thank you ; Smyrna will do as well ;" and he was kind and soft to me for the rest of the passage, thinking I was mad. So there, dear friends, I had trusted to fortune, to chance, —to what you please to call it ; and the same had decided I was not to return to Europe. My fortunes are cast for the East, — the land of old, of history, and Our Lord,—the morning land,—but, alas ! the land of fevers and the plague.

It was evening as we glided out of the Golden Horn ; the dying sun shed his last lustre on the scene, and rendered it one of extreme beauty. Mosque, minaret, and cypress,—house, tree, and sea,—beauties crowded our view. How far different from the scene I left at my previous visit ! Then, pinched, frozen, and unfeeling, one longed to be off ; now, Constantinople never seemed so lovely. How could one be bored ? how could one leave ? seemed questions unanswerable. But fainter grows the scene ; St. Sophia and its domes are lost in the deepening night ; the land opens, and we steam on to the open sea.

We will now take a glimpse of the isles of Greece—

— “ Where every season smiles
Benignant on those blessed isles,
Which seen——
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loveliness delight ;
Then mildly dimpling ocean's cheek,
Reflects the tint of many a peak,
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the Eastern wave.”

Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence, or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood ? With me, however, wandering began at so early an age, it has become a part of life ; and travelling seems as natural as remaining at home does to others.

The steamer was crowded with passengers. Among others were many natives, Moslems, and Christians. After a few hours, the former, as they usually do, half threw off their veils, and, in my capacity of interpreter to an English lady on board, we talked a good deal to them. One was the same pretty girl I had noticed at Smyrna : she recognised me. On asking her how she came to remember me, she said, “ Because my father gave

me a severe beating when I got home for not veiling ; so I have to hate you, not only for being a Christian, but because of the beating ; however, get me a lemon, and I will forget it, and you may talk to my grandmother, who never lets a Christian see her face."

I gave her the lemon, but did not enjoy that intercourse with the grandmother which was promised, because she snubbed my addresses. With the daughter, however, we talked a good deal. She had been to Constantinople to get married, but some cause had broken it off. The fair lady for whom I acted as interpreter, damped my ardour for conversation. She said, "Let me repeat some verses to you from the rejected poem of an American. With all your attentions,

" Yet this tender maiden,
 Careth no more for thee,
 Than midst the stars the pale moon cares
 For the poor love-sick sea."

It was some consolation after this that the wind rose, and the sea rolled, and all were a mass of sick and sorrowing, while I walked the deck, and enjoyed the free fresh breeze and tumultuous

weather. The first night of our departure, a poor little child died on board, of small-pox. On the following morning, the captain, who was very much vexed,—for it appears it had been ill many days, and ought not to have been admitted on board,—stopped, and landed it at Gallipoli. When the poor little thing was handed into the boat, the captain said, “Somebody must go with it.” The father declined, saying, he should lose his passage-money and also his time ; that the child was dead, and a girl. At last, however, he was compelled ; and, as the boat pulled away, he stood up, begging for his money, utterly regardless of the poor morsel of his clay that lay inanimate at his feet.

The inn at Smyrna was as good as ever, and I had seen all the sights,—two great comforts, as it left me nothing to do but lounge about, read, and idle. On the passage down, I had formed an acquaintance with a wealthy Jew, who kindly introduced me to his family and people, among whom I spent many pleasant days. They spoke Spanish, but had lost all the pretty lisps with which the Castilian surrounds his words. Nothing

among them struck me more than their wealth. The dirty fellow who sat in his stall tinkering pots, retired to a home where a wife, heavy with gold ornaments, waited on him.

Their fanaticism was extreme ; but, struck by a stranger speaking Spanish,—a language so seldom heard there, or, perhaps, few travellers go among them,—they were free and courteous in their intercourse with me ; and, among some of the men, there was considerable knowledge of passing events. It was pleasant to hear them praise England for her liberality and her freedom ; and they hailed it as the first dawn of their restoration, as an opening which had been made, and would enlarge gradually, till they, the chosen people, again took their station as the first, the greatest of the earth.

“Surely,” they exclaimed, “we have been severely tried ; surely we have wiped away our sins ; through exile, persecutions, and death we have kept ourselves apart undefiled. And oh ! stranger, we regard your nation as raised by Heaven to protect us.”

I thanked them freely. As one looked at their marked countenances, one could not but see the purity of blood, remember their wonderful history, and with pity think on their unparalleled sufferings. Other people, other sects, other creeds, have had their persecutors, but have had their repose. All and each have fallen on and torn the sons of the Promise : they have known no friends, no protectors ; the wandering foot and weary-hearted in all ages, among all people, have been the prey, the lawful prize. All sects joined,—enemies who hated each other, yet professed this in common, to despoil the Children of Jacob.

Their qualities have been at once their protection and their foe. Their singular perseverance in amassing, their singular patience in making money, have by turns occasioned them to be befriended and oppressed. They were necessary to the nations : in days when all were warriors or slaves, the Jews were a state necessity. They managed the affairs and provided the money. But this, again, was too strong a temptation for despot princes to resist ; and the poor vessel was broken

to make it disgorge its contents. Spite of the apparent uselessness of gain where gain invited pillage, with more than Sisyphean patience, they bowed to the storm, and, when it had passed, again renewed their thankless toil. Well has the prophecy been fulfilled : " In quietness shall be thy strength." (Isaiah, xxx. 15.)

They seem to regard the Turks with more favour than the Christians : the Raina* they talked of with pity. There is too great a difference of religion for them to feel the hate they do for us ; every article of our belief condemns them, and disputes with them the inheritance they believe exclusively their own.

The Jewesses of Smyrna did not strike me as handsome. Spite of the pretty eulogy of Chateaubriand, a blight seemed to sit upon them, and they had more the features of a Chinese than pleased me. The boys were lovely ; and their open countenances and noble eyes would have suited their sisters far better than themselves. Of the missionaries they spoke kindly, as men who meant

* A Hebrew word, which signifies bad or mischievous. It is the early term they used for Mahomet and his followers.

well, but whose pleading was vain. "Shall the Jew, who, for two thousand years, has stood fire, sword, and death, sooner than forsake his faith, turn now,—now that the light dawns on him, and all goes fair? No, stranger; our faith we will keep as God has enjoined us; and had he not, the very persecutions and blood on it would make us cling to it with affection. Those who do turn, turn not from our *faith*: they had none, and joined the highest bidder."

Oh stiff-necked race, no time can bend thee!
Thou art as ready to persecute the prophets and those who call thee, as when the temple stood in its glory on Sion, and the Son of the Most High wept over thy coming miseries.—Yet their constancy is great; their stubborn adherence to what they deem truth, surpasses human strength. Well might the poet make them exclaim—

"Were my bosom as false as thou deemst it to be,
I need not have wandered from fair Galilee;
I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
As the God that permits thee to prosper doth know."

The "Antelope," man-of-war steamer, was on her way south, and the officers kindly gave me a

passage. So once more we packed up, and trudged to the wharf, Abdallah wondering where we were going ; I much vexed because Herodotus had put the bow into the wrong hand of Sesostris in his description of the monument.—Smyrna looked lovely. She was just cleared of her figs, and smiled : the relief seemed to please her.

“ The shallop of a trusty Moor
Conveyed me from this idle shore ;
I longed to see the isles that gem
Old Ocean's purple diadem.”

“ Twice I have been proclaimed Sovereign, twice have the people of Athens expelled, and twice have they recalled me : I am that Pisistratus, wise in council, who collected the scattered books of Homer, which were before sung in detached pieces : that great poet was our fellow citizen ; for we Athenians founded Smyrna.” (*Analecta Vet. Poet. Græc.*, vol. iii.) Such was the inscription on the tomb of Athens' king, him whom they twice banished and twice recalled. And the “Boast not of glory and of conquest, but of the collecting the scattered poems of Homer,” speaks volumes for his wisdom. Smyrna produced Homer

—the Homer we are whipped over as boys ; but some few love him as men.

The old ruined castle of the knights is battered sadly. Timour Lenk, that Man Destroyer, came here himself (the other towns his Emirs and sons took) ; this he honoured with his presence in 1403. He took it in seventeen days, and put every soul he found to the sword. The greater number, however, escaped in vessels ; the galleys of the knights who had most gallantly assisted at the defence fired one volley of defiance and swept off into the sea.

It was very pleasant to exchange the dirty make-shift sort of life of the natives for the regularity and cleanliness of a man-of-war ; to see English faces, to hear English voices, to live among familiar things, and be at rest. All was regularity, cleanliness, and order ; and it was a holiday for tongue, body, and spirits. We sped out of the bay as quickly and orderly as English men-of-war do ; no voice was heard but the calls of the leadsman, no command but the one, and that promptly obeyed.

The morning afterwards we anchored in Tsches-

chmeh bay, a fine large bay on the main, inside of Scio. It contains a busy little modern town, and a population of some three thousand Greeks. There was a large port in good repair. The next day we steamed in Scio, having got under weigh at dawn.

Scio will for ever immortalize the fiendish barbarity of Islam. High barren hills run along its length, whose faces bear deep and fertile valleys: the whole sea-board is scattered with houses reposing in gardens, and the scene from the vessel was one of great beauty. But, alas! on landing, three fourths of the houses are empty; nothing left but their outer walls. I wandered among these, now over the paved floor of a church, ruined, burnt, open to the air; now over a fine house with broad terrace—but all is silent. The Turk has passed over it, and here has left his mark.

It was sad to tread over villas and prosperous homesteads; sad to see wanton wild flowers growing over altars and thresholds; sad to see marble columns turned and overthrown. And this is the Paradise of the Levant! Here is one of the results

of those struggles for freedom ; for a name—a thing they can never have—which reflects disgrace on the tyrant, not on the slave : here is the result of war and of glory !

Since the massacre Scio had begun to rise, but last winter it was again visited by a most severe infliction, owing to the cold : their mastic and orange trees, which constitute their wealth, were all killed. Our consul estimated the loss at 50,000*l*. It is curious that at Scio, where it might naturally be believed the greatest hatred would exist between the Christians and Turks, marriages between them often occur, each party preserving their faith and the children following their parents' faith, according to their sex. Nowhere else have I heard of this. They enjoy a greater share of toleration than any other portion of the Sultan's Christian subjects. This they procured by a voluntary tender of their allegiance to the Sultan after the fall of Constantinople.

Vathi bay, Samos.—This is now the capital town of the island ; Cora on the southern coast, which occupies the site of the famed city of Samos, being

little more than a village. Vathi is a fine town built along the beach and running up the side of the hills : the population, except the *employés*, are entirely Greek. A large Turkish force and several vessels are kept here, as the Samiots are restless under the Moslem yoke, and had lately been in rebellion. They had deposed their governor, and the Porte has been forced to submit, though they made a show of resistance. Samos is the birth-place of Juno ; but more proud she ought to be of Pythagoras ; though Ovid sings—

“ Heu ! sidus est in viscera condi
Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus,
Alteriusque animantem animantis vivere letho.”

The ruins of the temple of Juno still remain on Point Colonna, and at the town are other ruins : they have been fully described. Here Antony assembled his forces to dispute for the sovereignty of the world ; and had he struck an immediate blow, he had probably vanquished his opponent. But what matters it now ? The empire Cleopatra menaced, has crumbled to dust, while the memory of her beauty and her vices is as fresh as ever,

nor can one cease to admire the calm resolution with which she died.

Cos.—Where is the famous plane tree where Æsculapius was born ? It is a lovely island : for many years it was a dependance of the knights of Rhodes, and silk owes its discovery to Cos, the women of that island being the first who ever turned the cocoon to use. Apelles, the painter, likewise was of Cos, and invented that excellent saying all would do well to remember : “ Ne sutor ultra crepidam.” It was his custom when he had finished a painting to expose it for general criticism, and listen to the remarks. One day a cobbler remarked something wrong in the sandal of one of the portraits. Apelles finding the remark just, altered the part ; on the next day the cobbler passing and seeing that the former objection of his had been considered, ventured to censure the leg ; on which Apelles stepped out and bade the man keep to his trade and his sandals—hence the saying.

Next day we reached Rhodes.—The histories of these islands are so complete, and they are so

accurately described, it would be but repetition to have dwelt longer on them ; and their ruins have also been measured and descanted on. The government of these islands is good and liberal ; for the Porte greatly fears losing them. This fear goes so far that the Christian population are preferred before the Moslem, and offenders of the former faith are nearly sure of immunity.

The weather was lovely, though October was far advanced,—

“ Eternal summer gilds them yet,
Though all, except their sun, is set.”

At some future day these islands may be united with Greece : had they been so before, what a nest of pirates they would have been. And we must thank the wisdom of the diplomatists who left them beneath the Turkish rule ! The population is quick, clever, and turbulent : how would dead Greece have restrained it ? At some future day when fit they will probably be united ; for as sure as we now exist

“ On Suli's rock,—on Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line,
Such as the Doric mothers bore.”

Titmarsh has pronounced the Samian wine as inferior to small-beer ; I can only say that, having none of the latter, the traveller may put up with the former, and often get worse things wherewith to season his water. The wine is now a great article of export, but as it is never kept, hardly receives a fair test.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rhodes—How it verifies the idea previously formed of it—The Walls—Harbour—Where the Colossus probably stood—The Knights' Street—Description of some of the Houses there—Mosque, near the Church of St. John—Hospital—The Quarter of the Jews—Visit to a Wealthy Jew—Hebrew Marriage—Jewish Ladies of my Host—Their Skill in plaiting Silk—My large Dog—The Personage to whom he was the means of introducing me—Beder Khan Bey—Conversation with him—Origin of the name Rhodes—Early History of Rhodes—Knights Hospitallers besiege and take the Island—Origin of the Order of St. John—Some Account of that Saint—The Hospitallers become wealthy—They become a Religious Order—Of whom composed—Celebrity of the Knights of Rhodes—Turks besiege the Island—Heroic Bravery of the besieged—Siege renewed—Immense Army of the Sultan—Rhodes at length taken—Praise of the Order and of the Knights by an eye-witness—Departure from Rhodes—Arrive at Cyprus—Short stay there—Embark for Beyrout.

BEAUTIFUL Rhodes ! from my earliest boyhood it had been my desire to visit you. When in youth I had read of the defence made by the knights, it seemed that, could I see Rhodes, I should be happy ; and now, almost with awe, I landed, and resolutely determined to see her well.

It is one of the very few places, to my idea, that looks as it ought, as one fancies, as from its history one has a right to expect it would, and I really

believe, were one acquainted with history dropped in its harbour, he would exclaim, "This, oh, this is Rhodes : of course *there* stood the Colossus—this is Rhodes."

Christians are not permitted to reside within the walls, so my quarters were a species of casino—at least it was called so—though I appeared the only member, for nobody else came there, and I had two comfortable rooms all to myself for the sum of one shilling a day. My dog had undisputed sway over the neighbourhood : my servants cooked, &c., and I lived in quiet, and undisturbed.

The town probably exists much as it did when the knights quitted it, though their principal hospices, being useless, are fallen to decay. The walls are tolerably perfect, and the curtains and bastions have guns, though most of them are dismounted. The principal harbour is on the N.E., and is entirely open to the sea ; on the N.E. a swell often rolls in ; the walls, with the towers, surround it on two-thirds of its circumference. Within is a wharf, with an entrance, within which is a harbour for small boats : it would probably

admit one of thirty or forty tons. Across this I should imagine strode the Colossus, as, if we admit even the weight of the metal as correct, it would hardly have made a larger ; and a vessel of those days might have passed between the legs of a figure thirty feet high, particularly if rigged with the stump mast and lateen sail of the ancients.

The interior of the town is perfect, abounding in dark passages, the streets clean, the houses of stone, and a sombre quiet breathing over the whole, well suited to its history. Entering by the gate from the water port, we pass two heavy towers, now an armoury. In the wall are brackets for the image of a saint ; the street is lively ; bazaar well supplied with vegetables, &c., which are produced in abundance on the island.

Proceeding a short distance to the left, we find a broader street, built on the ascent of a hill ; the whole is paved, descending in broad steps. The houses on either side are large and handsome, though many are cut off above the first floor, that being a way of repairing a house much in vogue with the Turks. The former handsome windows

have been built up, all but a small space, which admits what light and air the present race think necessary. In other places the street wall of the house has been left, but trees showing through the window tell that the inside is ruined. This is the Knights' Street, and it thoroughly preserves its character.

Over the doors or on the walls are tablets engraved with the arms ; they appear, however, to be those of knights rather than of languages or nations. The arms of England are on what is now a small Moslem chapel. On many of the houses are seven or eight tablets, as if of the knights who inhabited it. The owner of one of the houses offered the stones at one hundred piastres a-piece ; and on my commencing a bargain with him, offering to buy them and let them remain there, I was warned that he would probably take the money, and sell them again to the first offerer. Sincerely I hope no savage will remove them.

It would be impossible to do justice to the quaint quiet beauty of this street : no echo sounded on its pavement ; a silence reigned around ; and as

one gazed, imagination could believe that the arched doorways would shortly open, and let out a mail-clad warrior—a Brian de Bois Guilbert, ready to lay down his body, life and limb—all but his sins—for the cause of the Cross. At the head of the street are the remains of what was once a fine archway, with groined arches. It must have been a handsome entrance : now, a mass of ruins, dirt, and rubbish, are all.

Above, on the left, is the mosque, once the church of St. John ; but it is now all whitewashed within : the doors alone are worth looking at. Higher up on the right is the palace of the grand master, a heap of ruins, little else but the massive gateway being left. The palace was on the walls, and perhaps has never been repaired since the siege. On the one side are the remains of a noble room, supported by pillars, whose large windows and huge fireplace show comfort was not excluded from the palaces of the soldier monks. There is another large building, whose solidity has retained it in perfect repair : it is called the hospital, and consists of a square, two stories high, with pillars. The

rooms around are large and handsome, and below are vaults for stores. I should imagine it to be a barrack, as there are large rooms with fireplaces and chimney-pieces, and the whole has more the air of a barrack than a hospital, being full below of stone, shot, and other military stores. On one side is a huge room, now ruinous and open to the sky : rows of pillars run round two sides ; at either end are fireplaces, while small dormitories branch off on the sides. The citadel is a mass of rubbish ; vaulted covered passages run all about, and as I walked through them, the feeling that the knights were present was strong, so quiet and old-fashioned is the old town.

The Jews live within the walls, a privilege they purchased by their treachery. Their quarter is one of the best, and in it are many fine houses, though now frequently subdivided, and a story generally cut from them. A friend who happened to be on the island took me to one of the principal Jews, a man of great wealth. He was keeping open house, on account of a wedding that had taken place of a poor orphan girl whom he had

brought up. The poor girl, decked in massive ornaments, sat under a silken panoply which was suspended over her head : she looked more like a golden idol than a woman just entering on the most important step of her life.

The host's own daughter was a lovely girl, and though but eight was on the eve of being married. The house had been, he said, in his family before the expulsion of the knights, the whole remaining exactly as it was. The ceiling, neat and handsome, was of a black wood, highly polished ; the floor of small round stones, displayed in flowers and ornaments. Nothing could equal the cleanliness of the whole house ; for the good man let us hunt all over it, much to the discomfort of the numerous members of his family ; not that the women hid themselves or veiled, but they had to get up to receive the guest. This man possessed a library of several hundred books, and in my intercourse with him I found him kind and liberal-minded.

The wedding visits paid him gave me an opportunity of seeing most of the Jews, who flocked to

pay their respects, and the women also came. Perhaps their parents' treachery has taken from the daughters' cheeks the beauty, for they were decidedly plain. During the rest of my stay my walks generally finished in this quarter, and wherever I called they gave a kindly welcome. Generally, however, after the first acquaintance was established, the women (for I do not know what became of the men—probably they were the dirty fellows about the shops and bazaars) called me in, and there we chatted, while they plaited silk.

This they performed on a block, each yarn being rolled on a pin of ivory : the block padded and covered with cloth, was fixed on a stand or window, and the yarns thrown about with the hand as required. The whole operation seems exactly the same as I have seen in the frescoes at Beni Hassan in Egypt : it was a pretty occupation. The cleanliness of their houses nothing could exceed. The Jewesses all here wear yellow shoes—signs of the times.

Among other curiosities was Beder Khan Bey. The servants who were with me when I got my

large dog, were Mosuleans, and on seeing the size of the brute, they gave him the name of Beder Khan Bey, as combining and expressive of everything that was detestable. One day, while loitering in the Knights' Street, the canine entered a house, and there remained. The people made a great noise, but none dared expel him ; so Abdallah went to the door, and kept shouting the name. " We may call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come ? " I went to the door, to remove the brute, vexed that I should be the cause of fear or distress to others.

Just as I entered the small court, a by-door opened, and a Koord appeared, who beckoned me to follow him. I love adventures too much to consider, so I followed my conductor, who led me into a room where about twenty Koords were seated. One, however, reclined at the upper end, well dressed, and of superior rank and bearing. " You want Beder Khan Bey, Christian," said my conductor ; " here he is." This was not a favourable introduction ; but I made my salutation, and sat down.

The conversation began in the greatest strain of distance, and I saw he could hardly constrain his spirit, to be civil. We progressed better after some time, and he condescended to listen to my account of my journey ; but after I had done, he stroked his beard, and said ; “I have done and will do my duty, as my God and my prophet command me. Had all the followers of the Messiah stood before me, I ought and should slay them. God has punished my sins : it is his will to send me here. I am happy.” Then, turning to his companions, he said—

“ Now my co-mates, and partners in exile.
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ! Are not these (woods) isles
More free from peril than the envious court !
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference.”

—At least, this is what he meant, and would have said, perhaps, had he studied Shakspeare in the original.

I replied, that no reason, no religion, could teach us to kill our fellow-creatures ; and that, as for his killing all the followers of the Saviour, he would find many who would eat him up, Koords

and all ; that, as he observed, he was probably here for his sins, and though, as one in misfortune, it was wrong to insult him, still I joined with him in his philosophy, and hoped he would remain here, out of harm's way, to practise it. Meanwhile, the Tiyari, thanks to Providence, who had so severely tried them, were flourishing.

This acted like oil in a storm, and we conversed very freely. He said, "It is true ; I did destroy them, but the nations had been always at war : now they ate us, now we ate them. We suffered enough from them ; the Tiyari and the Koords were cat and dog ; they beat us because we were disunited ; we beat them when they were so. Why should the Sultan interfere between us ? Neither of us belong to him." He gave me a detail of many actions ; and, I must own, put a good light on them for himself. When I left, he even said I might call again.

Thus for days I wandered about, now sitting on the ramparts, reading the history of the knights of Rhodes, and their fall. The whole story seemed acting before me. As I stood on the tower of

St. John, I could feel my heart beat as the Turks threw their rafts across, and commenced the storm ; but mostly did my heart glow when, sitting in the bastion of England, I there read how England's small body of knights had deported themselves ; how bravely they fought, how nobly they fell ; now they hurry, headed by their indomitable Grand Master, along the covered passages to the rescue ; the bravest fall ; the fresh band dash forward, and,

— "Like the mower's grass, at the close of the day,
When his work is done, on the levell'd plain,
Such was the fall of the foremost slain."

It was a proud day for the Western chivalry : well and worthily did her sons comport themselves. Rhodes fell ; but in her fall there was more glory than will ever rest on the fall of Malta. Overborne, overprest, it was God's will. The knights fell in their steel harness, full knightly ; there was no blot on their bright escutcheons. But when we think of La Valetta, we must remember Homspech.

There seems little doubt that the island received

its name from *ῥόδος*, a rose : coins are found in the island bearing a rose impressed on the face. According to Diodones Telchines, a colony of Crete first settled here : they abandoned the island and were succeeded by the Heliades, the grandsons of Phœbus. They seem to have assisted Agamemnon at the Trojan War. The Rhodians succeeded the Cretans in the dominion of the sea ; so Simias says of them, *υιοι θαλασσης*. Florus calls them Nauticus Populus ; by Muersius the island was called Marienata, because it emerged from the decrease of the sea. They early applied themselves to maritime affairs, and to ship-building : so jealous were they, that it was criminal to look at, or to enter their docks. Their government was wise and good, and their laws regarding the protection of the poor display a high civilisation (*see* Polybius).

By their maritime superiority they gained many dependencies ; among other islands, the Pharos, the people there complaining of the Rhodian exactions. Cleopatra threw a causeway across, connecting it with the main : as this work was

said to have been completed in seven days, and thence called septastadium, when the Rhodians arrived to collect the tribute, the queen rode out over the causeway, telling them they did not know their business ; that islands paid tribute, not the continent, and that Pharos was now a part of the latter.

We find the Rhodians playing an important part in the history of the ancient world. They applied themselves to trade, and became great. Artemisia, the Queen of Caria, took their city by stratagem : Demosthenes regained it by his eloquence. They probably assisted Alexander the Great ; for we find the Great Admiral, Memnon, a Rhodian, at the death of the conqueror, asserted their freedom, and maintained it with great courage against Demetrius, the son of Antigonus, who repeatedly attacked their city.

After this they raised the Colossus (B.C. 222) : an earthquake destroyed it, and nearly the whole city likewise ; but an emulation in generosity restored the city ; for all the neighbouring powers sent them such assistance, that they gained rather

than lost. They, however, considered that Apollo had thrown down the Colossus, and therefore this was never replaced. It remained eight hundred and seventy-five years on the ground, when at the capture of the island by the Saracens, the Sultan sold the metal to a Jew of Orfa.

We find them as allies of Rome assisting her in the Mithridates war : they joined Pompey ; and, at his death, Cæsar ; whereby they offended Cassius, who first gave them a defeat : in a second action they suffered a like reverse, and he took, and sacked the city. This lowered their pride which (in B.C. 168) had induced them to defy Rome, if she did not listen to her advice.

We must not also forget the fame of the Rhodian slingers : Xenophon mentions them with honour in his famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Vespasian finally reduced the island to a Roman province. At the division of the empire it pertained to that of the East. The hospitallers, driven from Acre and the Holy Land, sought refuge in Cyprus, where they re-organised the shattered forces of the order. Finding that Cyprus

afforded but an insecure retreat, and that the king was far from sincere in his friendship, they turned their eyes to another settlement. Rhodes, by its position, attracted their attention : with aid from Europe they were able to raise a sufficient armament, with which they put into Macri on the coast of Lycia, to await the return of their spies, sent to survey the most vulnerable point of the island.

Rhodes was at this time nominally Greek, but seems to have been inhabited by a mixed population of Greeks and Turks, and governed by native princes. Though taken unawares, the inhabitants fought with desperate courage ; and a war of years ensued before the knights could win the island ; and then, conquered but not overcome, the inhabitants threw themselves into their galleys, and carried to the main the news of their own defeat. On the 15th of August, 1310, the flag of the order floated permanently on the walls. The justice of this expedition may be doubted, but that was little thought of in those days, and henceforth the knights were called Knights of Rhodes.

The order of St. John owed its foundation to

some merchants of Amalfi, who, trading with the East, had themselves personally experienced the inhumanity of the Turks and Greeks towards the Latin Christians. By means of presents they obtained permission to build a Latin church within the Holy City, the Kalif Monstaserbillah granting it some few privileges or toleration. A church was accordingly built near the Holy Sepulchre and dedicated to the Virgin, under the title of Mary ad Latinos ; and at the same time two hospitals or houses of reception were raised for pilgrims of both sexes, and placed under the protection of St. John the Almoner.

This St. John was a Cypriot who had been Patriarch of Alexandria in the seventh century, when Jerusalem first fell into the hands of the Saracens. He sent money and provisions to the afflicted Christians, and supplied such as fled into Egypt. Several pious pilgrims joined the order, abandoned all idea of returning to their country, and devoted their lives to the tending of such sick and weary as sought their aid : the expenses were defrayed by alms collected in Italy by the pious

founders ; and all, of whatever nation, without respect of condition, were clothed, succoured, and filled.

After the capture of Jerusalem by the first crusaders under Godfrey, one of his first cares was to inspect the hospitals, and, hearing on all sides praises of the care with which they tended the sick, he conferred on them the lordship of Montboise in Brabant. His example was followed by several others, and the Hospitallers found themselves lords of rich manors, both in Europe and Asia. Hitherto they had been but a secular establishment ; but Gerard, the rector, to whom the administration of their affairs was confided, actuated by a desire of attaining greater perfection, suggested that the brothers and sisters should become religious fraternities, and formally dedicate themselves at the altar as servants of Christ and of the poor. He accordingly formally abjured the world, and in the enthusiasm numbers joined the order and took the vows. The brotherhood assumed a regular habit, a simple black robe having a white linen cross, with eight points

fastened on the left breast. The institution was recognised and confirmed by the Pope, and secured in the possession of its endowments; their property exempted from tithes, and they were permitted to choose their own superiors independent of all ecclesiastical or secular interposition.*

It was now, probably, that the knights renounced the patronage of the Almoner, and placed themselves under the more august tutelage of St. John the Baptist. The Turks are said to have attacked

* "The order was divided into the languages of Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, England, Germany, and Castile; to each of which a particular dignity was annexed. The grand commander, who was president of the public treasury, and director of the magazines, arsenal, and artillery, was taken from the language of Provence; the marshal, who took precedence at sea, from that of Auvergne; the grand hospitaller, from that of France; the admiral, from that of Italy; the Turcopolier, or general of the horse and marine guards, from that of England; the grand bailiff, from that of Germany; and the chancellor, from that of Castile. On the suppression of the order in England, the dignity of Turcopolier, (a Levantine word signifying 'a light horseman or dragoon,') was conferred on the grand master seneschal. It was expressly required, that the chancellor, who had to subscribe all official papers, should be able to read and write. These dignities took rank as they are here mentioned, and enjoyed extensive patronage in the departments under their superintendence."—*Vertot's Disc. on Gov. of Malta*.

The English do not seem to have occupied a prominent position, and the number of those who joined the order were few. On the whole, England seems to have less given way to the enthusiasm of the Crusades than any other European nation.

the knights immediately on their gaining possession of Rhodes ; but though we will not doubt their will, their want of a fleet would probably have prevented them. Boisgelin, however, mentions an attack by land and sea, under Othman, in the year 1315, which was repelled by the valour of the champions of the Cross.

The historian says, "The conquest of Rhodes, and the rapid advancement it made as an independent state, filled Christendom with admiration and joy. The Hospitallers were lauded to the skies as a band of heroes whom no seductions could emasculate, and no reverses dismay. This saved their rich manors, long regarded with curious eyes by the sovereigns and popes. The Templars, however, who after the loss of the Holy Land, had retired to their European possessions, were sacrificed. The knights fortified their new possessions, and, making it a free port, its trade and prosperity rapidly advanced. Henceforth the knights were not idle : their galleys ploughed the sea in every direction, now overpowered, now vic-

torious ; and we may safely say they maintained their high name for courage. Wherever assistance was required the eight-point-cross flag floated ; wherever the cross was displayed against the crescent, like blood-hounds they joined in the pursuit ; now joined with the Christians of Armenia, clearing their towns of the Moslem ; now battling on the plains of Hungary for the existence of Christendom ; now sweeping the coast ; now retreating before their numerous foes."

At last their ceaseless hostility roused all Islam, and the 16th September, 1440, saw a force of dreadful significance off the port of Rhodes. The Marshal of St. John pulled out fearlessly with the galleys, and three doubtful fights so shattered the foe that they retired to Egypt. In April, 1480, the sentinel on the watch-tower signalled the Crescent in sight ; but it was not till May that it anchored on the coast, and the knights prepared to resist like heroes. Never perhaps had the brave cavaliers been so sorely pressed ; never bore they themselves more nobly. The foe came with

equal gallantry ; if the defence was brave, the attack was persevered in with heroic firmness :—

“ As the spring tides with heavy splash,
From the cliff's invading dash,
Huge fragments sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go,
Like the avalanche of snow
On the Alpine vales below.
Thus at length outbreathed and worn,
The Christian knights were downward borne,
By the long and oft renewed
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
Heap'd by the host of the infidel.”

At last the breaches were open and plain as the broad streets of a town ; but the Pasha feared the dying foe, and sent a messenger, who complimented the knights on their defence, and counselled them to avoid the calamities inseparable from a successful assault. The Grand Master replied, they thanked the mighty Pasha, but he was deceived as to their situation ; that every knight was prepared to die at his post ; and that the foe would find the breasts of Christians a rampart stronger than walls or bastions. The Pasha, humbled in his own eyes, swore not to leave a living creature. The signal given, the strife began. The Grand Master deemed the moment of martyrdom had arrived,

called his knights around him, unfurled the great standard of St. John, and advanced to clear the breach :—

“ Then, again, in conflict mixing,
Clashing swords and spears transfixing,
Interchanged the blow and thrust,
Bending warriors in the dust;
Street by street, and foot by foot,
————— they dispute.”

The fight was desperate ; but Rhodes owed her deliverance to the wounds of the Grand Master : his flowing blood roused the knights to madness. Like envired tigers they sprang on the foe ; the breach is cleared, and the lessening sail proclaims the flight of the vanquished and discomfited foe. But again the third, the fatal time, the signal flies from the watch-tower ; the Crescent waves in the offing. Four hundred sail swept by the port with the pomp and circumstance of a triumphant pageant ; one hundred and forty thousand, the best and bravest of Moslem chivalry, land upon the shore. Every preparation that science, experience, or forethought could suggest had been made, and the knights manned their walls, glorying in the coming danger.

The resistance soon shook the invaders ; they remembered their defeats before these walls, and loud murmurs of discontent arose : these were silenced by the Sultan, who arrived with reinforcements, a vast host in themselves, and decimated the mutineers. He assembled his forces, and ascending a temporary throne, animated their courage : “I myself am resolved here to conquer or to end my days : if I depart from this resolution, let my head, my fleet, my army, my empire, be for ever accursed.”

The siege continued ; the skill of the attacker was met at every shift by the wariness of the attacked ; the bulwarks of England and Italy were ruined, and the former at last ruined and blown up. Before the dust cleared the Moslem banner floated on the ruin : the Grand Master, a moment before prostrate at the altar, sprang to the rescue, and the banner fell beneath his blow—the breach was cleared. Fifty knights perished on the spot, and the banner proved a fatal charge, for all its bearers fell.

Again and again were the troops led on ; day

after day, war exhausted its efforts. The town crumbled slowly down, but the survivors maintained their ruins. They had their weapons, and they were on their graves. But cabal arose within ; the population begged, and at last the Grand Master consented to a capitulation. L'Isle Adam, in departing, thanked God, that since Rhodes had fallen, it had fallen before the arms of so merciful and noble a prince. "It is not without regret," said the Sultan, "I drive this unfortunate old man full of sorrow from his home."

Thus ended the rule of the Knights of Rhodes, and in mournful silence they quitted the walls they had defended so well. The knights seem to have recovered more than their pristine glory, for Malta exceeds Rhodes in all things—fortresses, houses, buildings, churches—in all save the renown of its fall.

Whether these orders conferred good or evil would be now a resultless question to argue : they were the expression of the age ; and of all the military orders this was, no doubt, the best and purest. If, in times of peace, they were licentious

and turbulent, the first distant notes of war aroused them to their duties, and in the field they ever bore themselves well. I cannot better close this somewhat lengthy account than by extracting the words of a prince, who, himself an eye-witness, thus speaks in their praise :—"Lodging," says he, "in their house, I have seen them feed daily an innumerable multitude of poor ; while the sick were laid in good beds, and treated with great care, the dying were assisted with an exemplary piety, and the dead decently buried. In a word, this noble militia are employed sometimes, like Mary, in contemplation, and sometimes, like Martha, in action ; and thus consecrate their days to deeds of mercy and to the maintenance of a constant warfare against the infidel Amalekites and the enemies of the Cross."

Rhodes has produced great men, painters, poets, stoics, and Posidonius. The island exhibits many ruins, and the country is beautiful. Angalus, the ancient capital, still exhibits many ruins, but these are fast perishing. While there, I saw a Greek mason, who literally employed himself in his

leisure hours in defacing inscriptions : he showed me one he had done, and I paid thirty piastres, for which sum the two Mussulmans that were with me nearly killed him. I carefully explained to him why he was beaten, and, that unless he altered his conduct, the next Frank would probably shoot him and then burn his house.

After a short but delightful sojourn at Rhodes, I turned about, where next to bend my wandering steps. One morning a couple of Englishmen rushed in, on their way to Syria, and I planned pleasant journeys for them from my experience : the door closed, and I was alone. Why not go too ?

Πασα δε τοι λιπαρη τε και ευβοτος επλετο χωρη
Μηλα τε φερβεμεναι και δενδρεσι καρπον αζειν·

and I jumped up. Servants were summoned,—paper, pencils, ink, saucepans, books, bullets,—all were jumbled into saddle-bags. Lebnan mesmar Beni Othman : “ Out of Syria will come a nail to the sons of Othman.” When will it be ? *Je suis entraîné par la fatalité*, I thought, as I remembered the last fever, and felt for the quinine ; and

so, instead of being at breakfast, I found myself on board the Austrian steamer and paddling out of the harbour.

Round went the windmills on the point, round went the paddles in the water, and we were off for Cyprus. The steamer was crowded with passengers, pilgrims, and pleaurists from all nations, who, with their new equipages, leather bright and new, put to shame my travel-stained baggage. However, nothing particular occurred, except a great quarrel with the captain, because I explained an expression made use of to him by a Moslem girl to the lady passengers, at which they laughed, and he looked blue. We also threw over a fish out of humanity, that he had preserved out of curiosity, which raised his wrath to a great extent. We anchored at evening the next day in Larnica : a more dreary place cannot be conceived. The French have just raised a magnificent structure : it would do for a fortress, but it is for the Sisters of Mercy. My stay was short, but sufficient to view the things most worthy of attention. Eothen has repolished the classic memory of this lovely island — the

abode of Venus,* the property of Cleopatra.†
Another steamer carried me and my fortunes on to
Beyrout.

* This is hardly correct; though, from the luxury of the inhabitants it was said to be the spot she loved; (see her worship, and the infamous rites practised.) The island was formerly famous for metals. Ovid says:

“Gravidamque Amathunta metallis.”

Copper claimed its name from the island. The Arabs call the island *Cobros*, not *Cyprus*.

† Antony gave the island to Cleopatra, to soothe her jealousy at his marriage with Octavia.

CHAPTER XV.

The Foot of the Lebanon—Beyrout—The Inn there changed for the better—Time-tied Travellers off to explore Syria—My own Disinclination to move—My Departure at last—An Invitation from a Friend—Journey to his House—My Reception there—Visitors of my Friends—Some Account of an old emigrant Farmer—Diurnal Life in the House of my Friend—Idleness, the Offspring of Ease—Whether Wine brings out the real Feelings of Men—The Language of Flowers—Turkish Marriages—Character of the Turks and Eastern Christians—Radical Corruption of the Turkish Government—Oppression of the Turkish great, acquiesced in by the Poor—Hospitality of the Arabs—Instances of it—Brummanah—Sanatory Qualities of the Climate of the Lebanon—Beauty of the Eastern Sunrise and Sunset.

OH ! with what delight did I watch the first break of day ; nor could I regret that the sun was tardy, when he delayed behind those blue and beauteous hills, faint but glorious in the distance. Slowly we ploughed the tranquil ocean, and kept the bright disk on the mountain-top as we advanced to meet him. Now the anchor falls from the bows, and once more emancipated, the foot presses the strand on the borders of the Land of Promise, at the foot of the Lebanon.

Columbus, when, full of ambition, he leapt on the shores of the New World, did not feel more pleasure than I did, as I sprang amidst a mass of Gimrukgees, Hamahls, dogs, &c., at the Custom-house at Beyrout. Being resolved to give up those foolish things called plans, my path was open to go anywhere. However, an inn was a necessity, so that, taking possession of a room in that of Bianco, at Rais Beyrout, was the present business. The house had grown, from the pretty cottage of "Crescent and Cross" notoriety, into a large straggling building ; from its terraces the traveller commands one of the loveliest views in the Lebanon.

The mountains have depth, height, and magnificence, and, each hour, are clothed with varied and beautiful tints ; with the deep blue sea before him, groves of mulberries around, while far and near the eye ranges over villas and gardens—the one, white and pretty in their cleanliness ; the other, tinted with every shade of verdure. And now began the renewal of old acquaintances : the girls, one had fondled as children, had become, in many

instances, the mothers of a new generation almost as big as themselves, when first known. Some were dead ; some gone ; time had benefited some ; but alas ! viciously spited others.

The travellers who had arrived in the same steamer, having arranged, discussed, wavered, feared, and at last, made more solemn preparations than we should need to go to Pedro Paulouski, had started for their fortnight's labour of doing Syria. My servants cursed the inaction and unusual delay of their master. Abdallah was always breaking in upon my quiet reveries by packing saddle-bags or disarranging my papers ; Suleiman had sung all his songs, and told of his adventures till he was sick of his own inventions. The hadjee alone was contented ; all places were much the same to him, so that he had his hashish.

However, ease, romance and reverie were cut short by finding the pet corner of the divan, the cherished spot, whence the eye could best range over the mountains, was directly under a most wicked leak ; so the word was given—once more in the saddle ; none asked or knew where ;

none cared, so they but went on ; and half undecided myself, we turned along the pine grove, threw a laugh at the custom-house officer who endeavoured to detain us, (barbarous civilisation !) and striking boldly into the mountains, sought refuge from all conventionality.

The day was lovely, and there came an elasticity over my spirit as we ascended the path, that brought back youth to my heart again. The courteous salutation is given, and as freely returned.* Oh, this is glorious !—

“ All hail, ye usages of pristine mould !
And you that guard them, mountains old.”

But, kind reader, you must excuse my leading you over the paths I trod : suffice it that some

* The traveller in the East is continually struck with the use of the phrases which, to English ears, appear quaint and old-fashioned, in common parlance. He may hourly hear those gentle words “ Depart in peace,”—*Ruhma sallaamee*. Never is a man bid go on his way, but these short words are added : they breathe, when sanctified by Him, as they are, a beautiful feeling. In this and these consist the poetry of the East,—not in reality, but in association. A man enters a room where he is ignorant of the rank of the guest : he seats himself on the lower seats ; then comes the master of the house, and bids him come up higher. Here the every-day life is scriptural : we may pass through the land, and at once the whole Biblical history, save its purity, is acting before us. Abraham sits at his tent’s door ; Rebekahs still go to the well ; the “ heathens rage, and imagine vain things ;” the words, the utensils,—all are unchanged. What a lesson does it give ! The two

times we lingered long, at others made rapid marches ; yet ever seemed to revolve round one point, and there many happy hours were spent.

A kind invitation was brought to me one evening, and by me joyfully accepted, to rejoin a dear friend and his family whom I had before visited at Sidon, and who were now on their own estate just to the south of the Kesrowan. We descended the mountains, and skirted along the plain, south of Beyrout, turned up by the village of the Wadie, the residence of most of the Emirs of the Beit Shehab, or House of Shehab, and in three hours reached the top of the range nearest the sea. A pass opened to the interior : the view westward was lovely ; the eye ranged almost to Tripoli on the north, and Acre on the south ; while the varied plain, dotted with villages, verdure, forest, and beauties lay beneath. The mountains to the east, the lofty Sanin lording over all, rose in lavish beauty ; nor could it be

are now grinding at the mill ; the rocks totter over us. Who can tell when the moment may come, and the one be taken ; and we, with fearful dread, call on the other to fall and cover us ?

without regret, that the horses were turned to the wild barren ravine which opens beyond.

Skirting along the mountain side we rode up a valley, wild as wild could be, rocks piled on rocks in giant profusion : a stream now swollen with the rains roared beneath, while terraces and trees showed careful cultivation wherever it was practicable. After some time, and just as a keen breeze began to rise, occasioning thoughts as to the comfort of arriving, the house appeared on the opposite side of the valley in a village of some forty houses, scattered around. The road descended sharply ; crossed a pretty new bridge, with an appropriate motto on the rock, engraved in marble ; we ascended through the village, and on to the *maidan* of the house. This term literally means an open space : most gentlemen's houses have one on which they play the jereed, ride, and do other feats of cunning horsemanship.

My welcome from his lovely wife was warm ; my host, however, was in bed awaiting his fever ; for his hour was near. I was, however, taken to his room, and there we sat. He condoled with me on

my worn fever-stricken look, and I had to tell my history since our parting ; how

“ Life had pass'd
With me but roughly since I saw him last.”

Installed in a comfortable room, kind friends around, here I received their orders to stay for weeks, and pleasantly passed the hours. Occasionally a Druse sheik called and passed the day ; sometimes a native traveller ; a Sunday brought up a missionary, or one of their clevees, from Beyrout, who read and expounded the Scriptures in Arabic to the villagers, many of whom already began to awake from the sleep of implicit faith in their former priests. One young man in particular, not only conformed himself, but held most strong truthful arguments with the Greek priest who came to officiate at the village. Then there was an old and venerable man, an English farmer, one of that hardy race who seem born to strive with, and overcome a sterile soil. In the winter of his days he left his home and kindred, wife and friends, and, impelled by that spirit which deems

heaven won by making earth a hell, he wandered to the Holy Land, and at last took up his residence here.

Ground was given him ; he built a house, and with his own hands he toiled in his garden, supplying his few and simple wants. With me it has ever been matter of much thought, to sound the depths of such feelings. It is wrong to judge from individual cases ; but I have often fancied there was more of selfish indulgence than actual piety. Persecution may have driven men forth from their kind to caves and deserts ; but then they return—the solitary probably only follows his inclinations ; it is his idiosyncrasy to love solitude ; he is at once relieved of the thousand cares which distract, which he finds vexatious, and which, as he asserts, lead him from his God.

Would not a little consideration show him, that to bear them requires more real self-denial, than to lead a life apart from all vexations—all such, at least, as mankind find it most hard to endure. The solitary seems to me, in comparison with the holy man living in the world, what the suicide is to the

many, who bear life's ills with a cheerful mien and a good heart.

"When fortune frowns; when all success is gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave man still lives on."

We see a man, disappointed, broken, beat,—deserted, perhaps, by one on whom he has piled the whole of his affections; at once,—return home; a mere sweep of the hand, a motion, a press soft as love's touch, upon the trigger, and he is beyond the reach of earthly cares, of griefs and woes. Surely, this is a coward's act. We cannot command success; "but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it:" bear cheerfully our ills, take equally our fortune, not puffed up, not struck down. Whatever betides

"Let us be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving,—still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

The old man had vainly exhausted his eloquence, both personal and epistolary, to persuade his wife to join him; she clung to her home, to her friends, to her land; nor would his promise that she should be great and rich tempt

her to the land of the cypress and myrtle. He did not see the beam floating in his aged eyes, when he accused her of want of affection and obedience. He meantime had not learnt a word of Arabic,* but had taught an Arab who resided with him, English enough to be a medium of communication between them.

There were a fountain, waterfalls, rocks, wilds, ever new subjects of contemplation ; then there were women, soft and gentle as man could wish—and the days flew on. They sang Arabic songs in the evening, and the lady of the house told stories such as one meets with in the Arabian Nights—the Elef Laylee ou Laylee. Then there were books. But one stronger feeling gradually set in, and extended itself till it absorbed all others—idleness, inveterate idleness. Rochefoucault has it (and let my confession testify its strength) : “It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the

* He could not say,

“ I’ve taught me other tongues, and in strange eyes,
Have made me not a stranger.”

Perhaps, however, he could ; for he was much beloved for his kindness and neighbourly generosity.

rest ; idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all. She indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues."

I was too lazy to get up—too lazy to go to bed ; days, dreadful days were wasted—days which hereafter may rise up in bitter judgment against me. Let me hope an abstinence from all active ill may prove some palliation. From time thus spent, little good could result, though the remembrance of it is still vivid ; the curious matter collected and preserved as notes is a wonder for bulk, but alas ! a puzzle from the brevity and haste with which the scrawls are dashed off—bits of letters, fly-pages of books, bits of newspapers, Arabic exercises ; and out of this hopeless mass the reader is to be soothed down to good temper, for the long pages of dull travel I have led him. I take up the first—what can anybody make of it ?

Mem. on a bit of newspaper. "From a distance I survey her with love. There is a man who says we love each other very much, and who has often amused me, saying, 'Esshee ou Oustukee

—Make your friend drink, and listen to his discourse.' Now this is not a saying I agree with ; for I rather dislike to see my golden wine consumed by people who cannot appreciate its princely qualities. However, I have thus been at different times let into most of his secrets, among others, of that of his loves ; how once he courted a Greek maid for twelve long months, and yet they never spoke once to each other. At last she was to be married ; she bowed to the will of her parents, and since then, my friend observes, he only loves her from a distance."

They speak much in Europe of the language of flowers, as used in the East : this is greatly exaggerated. Few of the Christians know anything about it ; among the Turks it is said to be commoner ; but, from my own experience among them, and from frequent questionings, I should say that a few words sufficiently explicative, generally accompany the billet doux. There is, however, very little romance in the East, and the people of our own land would be astonished at the cold-heartedness of these reputed passionists. As

to that highly-refined feeling, which with us environs woman with a halo, it is completely unknown ; there is little love among them.

The man and the woman are generally made to marry by their parents, and little confidence ever springs up between them ; he keeps everything, she merely performing the domestic drudgery. Children in the East are universally spoilt ; correction is a thing never thought of ; they cry, and they have what they cry for—yet, as they grow up, they have none of the ill manners that should naturally result from such an education : the boys and girls are quiet and well-behaved, and generally dutiful to their parents. Their obedience to their father has often been a theme of praise in Europe, and it well deserves to be so, as the conduct of the father is seldom of a nature that would keep alive the respect of the son.

With regard to the character of the people, I may, perhaps, seem harsh ; but thoroughly do I believe my account true. Without education, brought up by a mother whose whole notion of honour consists in fanaticism, with a father's

example before him,—what may be the result ? The Christians, from many causes, are worse than the Turks. Abject slaves or haughty tyrants, they have no idea of probity or honour. Cringingly servile or arrogantly domineering, according to circumstances, with all the bad qualities of the West open and not unveiled,—for he is too ignorant to put on the pleasing mask which covers from superficial observation our baser parts,—he lies, as a matter of course ; is greedy to a degree, and narrow-minded from ignorance.

I long to see Protestant converts—those who have had their understandings opened for a few years—to see whether these qualities are innate, or merely the result of position and circumstances. While at Smyrna, a Greek Rayah murdered his wife, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. He fled for refuge to the house of the Austrian Consul. In the afternoon (the deed had been committed in the morning), dinner was carried to him, and as he was excited and feverish, he was pressed to eat : this he refused to do, alleging that hungry though he was, he could not dare to disobey the

laws of his church.* The Consul gave him up immediately, disgusted with such an interpretation of the Scriptures, which allowed, in his perverted ideas, the murder of his wife, but would not sanction a breach of the fast.

The Turks have more principle, and among them may be found many men of honour and probity—that is, honour, &c., according to their notions—but even they have no idea of justice. Great reforms have taken place ; the government, perhaps, is honest in its intention to ameliorate the condition of the people ; but the ill lies deeper than any government can touch. Things that are considered dishonest with us, are matters of course here. It is the right of the great to take from the small, and this, sanctioned by time, is not denied by the weak or the poor. The land is overrun with the great, and half the houses of these are supported by the poor : from long habit, the poor labourer gives a tithe of all he has to the great man to whom he belongs ; the great man also has

* It happened to be a Greek fast at the time.

a body of servants who do his business, and also are supported by these poor. Thus, there are governments within governments ; every man is protected by somebody ; hence justice is thwarted at every turn.

I have often heard Turks high in office regret the impossibility of ever hearing the truth, as utterly defeating all their plans of improvement. In the houses of these so-called great, though many of them will have twenty or thirty servants, and many horses, their expenses would not amount to two shillings a day. Straw and corn are supplied them by the villagers ; corn provided in the same way ; he makes his bread, which is baked in the house ; rice, boiled, is eaten with grease ; butter, milk, eggs, fowls—every sort of produce is furnished, till there is nothing left to buy but the clothes, of which a suit lasts a year. On one occasion, I went four days' journey with a Turkish Aga. He had eight mounted servants with him, and never spent one farthing ; at the same time he was quite as cheerfully served as I was, who paid for every piece of straw my horses ate.

Among the good qualities of the Arab,* which name I apply to all the inhabitants of Arabistan, hospitality is universal; all may come, eat and drink, and be welcome. This is everywhere the case; of such as they have, all, even the lowest, are not invited, but have a right to partake. A poor man starts on a long journey; he takes a little bread in his breast; in the evening he arrives at a village. He is fed with what they have; he lodges as they lodge—in any house he chooses to enter. On the morrow he goes his way, with a fresh store of bread for the day's use. This is a fine quality, and one to which we must allow its due merit.

The Scriptures relate of men of the town inviting to their houses the stranger they found lying in the gate or in the street. Such, with us, would be a strange case; not so in the East,

* *Arab*: this term is used for all the inhabitants of Arabistan, who call themselves *Ibn Arab*, or "Son of an Arab." They, however, distinguish themselves again, saying, "I am a Christian of such and such a place," or "an Aleppine." If asked, who are the Arabs? they would say, "they are those of the Desert, *Min el Bareea* or *Fellahheen*, cultivators;" but speaking of himself, each would say, "I am an *Ibn Arab*," or "an Arab."

where it would be but natural. During my stay at Latakia, where I resided four or five months, it was my endeavour in all things to live as a native, which I did by letting everything take its course. A stranger would come and pass a night : his donkey or horse was tethered in the yard ; he sat, related stories, told the news of the place, and slept on the mats in the public reception room. In the morning, before daylight, he was on his way. The Ansayri villagers would do the same, but these all considered themselves especially belonging to me. To return,—among the first visits to the house was a noted Druse sheik, who had greatly distinguished himself in war : he sat down, after having saluted me, and remained silent for several moments. At last, he asked me if I had ever visited the country before ; and, little by little, it came out that he was the commander of the party who had captured and maltreated me, several years before. “ You were nearly shot, ya Beg, but your hour had not come. Kismet. It was not then.”

Brummanah is but a short ride from the

Howarra. It must rank among the most lovely villages of the Lebanon, and during the summer months is an admirable residence. The village is Druse ; their industry has made it a paradise, but few Christians live in the village ; it has also a fine serai belonging to the Emir. The sun rises, first throwing an advanced guard of rays through pass and ravine, gently gilding the mountain tops, till, in all its glory, it pours a torrent of light over the whole. The winter here is keen, but the summer charming ; and I cannot help thinking it would do admirably for consumptive patients, ill, languid, and weak, and who already feel a prescience of their doom.

The words, "South of Italy," or "Madeira," from the physician, must sound as confirmative of their worst forebodings : not so were the patient recommended a tour in the Lebanon and Palestine ; it would bring hope to the heart, and comfort to the spirit. The great evil—in fact, the principal drawback—fever and ague, seem to me always to attack the strong, and leave untouched the weak. This I have found invariably the case, both among

natives and foreigners. Look at the healthy, strong man ; ten to one he has had, or will have, the fever ; while the puny, ailing one, escapes. The refractions of the setting sun here, are greater than even elsewhere in Syria, and the size it appears, by refraction, before it disappears from our sight, might produce a feeling of terror even in an educated mind, from its enormous size, and the red ominous colour it assumes.

The beauty of these eastern sunsets it is impossible to describe. To us, with our northern climate, the sunset is a scene we see with reluctance : it is the close of a day, another line struck off against us, and is followed by cold, damp, dewy evenings. But here the sun's rays have poured heat and exhaustion upon the earth ; all nature droops beneath his burning rule ; and as we watch his decline, it is as if watching the dawn of cool and the beginning of comfort. Dazzling, burning, fiery, brilliant, the lord of day droops slowly to his couch.—Now survey the scene.

Hast thou seen the face of woman ; of woman true, noble, unblemished, lit up by the sight of

him her whole heart loves—the proud, the radiant beauty with which it clothes her?—so looks the earth as heaven's sun sheds its last smiling, parting rays warm upon it, ere reluctantly he quits the scene. For a while the light lingers in the valley, then strikes on the plain; now mounts the hill, clothing each spot with its own mantle of glory: anon it climbs the mountain, a farewell of glen and torrents smiles into the one and makes the other sparkle with joy. Now it crowns the mountain; fondly, fondly kisses its front and brow; then, conscious of his glory, the sun of days plunges to other lands, leaving a sky of gorgeous splendour behind him. For awhile the clouds, mighty in his light, are beauteous in their tints; but the sun gone, they fade, and night comes slowly on. Now look above; the moon rides high, and it is eve. Then nature lives; each flower, each blade relifts its head, before bowed by the majesty of the lord of day; and we, too, may now breathe, and feel our languid bodies revive under the cool evening air.

CHAPTER XVI.

Travellers to the East—What they are to expect when they get there; or how their Expectations will be disappointed—Life with the Turks—Life with the Arabs—The Missionary—His Success—Arguments of a young Convert—Missionaries unsuccessful with the Druses—My Hostess—Her Stories—The Parvenu and the Door of his new House—The Frank and the Devil—Return of Fever—And to Beyrout—Scenes there—The Lady and the Mercer—Relations, by the Old Man, of Lady Hester Stanhope—Progress of Civilisation in Beyrout—Illustrated by several particulars—Frank Doctors and Azrael, the Angel of Death—Final Destination of Lawyers, as prescribed by the Turks—Fountains of the East—Regard in which Water is held there—Turkish Burials and Tombs—Visits of Relatives to the Graves—Ceremonies of Marriage in the East—Some strange Customs on such occasions—The Ansayrii—Refuge of their Mountains—Marriages of Christians amongst each other—The Practice of Mussulmans in that particular—Character of Eastern Wives—Beyrout, as a Picture of the Turkish Government.

To us, who are used to business, no life can, after awhile, be more tedious than the Eastern, from its utter want of occupation, and its monotony. In fact, poetry may say what it will—we dare not dispute what she says, any more than we may presume to say a pretty woman talks nonsense—but the travellers who write the pretty poetic prose are those who fly through the country

culling its sweets ; to them the Eastern woman does indeed appear a *houri*, and all around her breathes romance : but take the life as it is. Let us suppose the traveller on the road : he rises early, and spurs on his horse, leaving his baggage far behind ; the sun's rays scorch him, and at last, hot and tired, he arrives at his destination. He enters the door of the house, is welcomed by the host, and seated on the divan ; a pipe or *nargilleh* is presented him, and a delicious glass of sherbet. He inhales the fragrant weed, and sweetmeats are passed round.

Meanwhile, friends of the host flock in to see the new comer and to hear the news ; then coffee arrives :

“ And Mocha's berry from Arabia pure,
In small fine China cups came in at last ;
Gold filagree made to secure
The hand from burning, underneath them placed.
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron, too, were boiled
Up with the coffee, which, I think, they spoiled.”

He sips it, returns the cup to the servant, blessing God, and, with courteous salutation, wishing health from on high for his host. Meanwhile he talks ; and, after a little, what can he

find to say? In a climate where the weather is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not, the topic is not useful; nor would the hint of the wife, who, seeing her husband in want of a subject, and willing to help him, suggested potatoes, be of any avail, because they know neither the root nor its diseases.

Your friend is probably a merchant, and you are as ignorant of the current prices as he of phrenology: or he is of no profession; you are the same. What can you talk about? So you let the conversation pass by you, and rest with the others, or perhaps have to satisfy them of your birth, education—(no; that they do not wish to know)—and parentage; the age of your father, your brothers, your sisters; your business—and your fortune. But they never give you credit on this point, believing firmly you have inexhaustible wealth, and may draw on the queen and country to any amount. I always say, “God sends me a little, and for my sins that little seldom.”

But this ended, what is to be done? You listen respectfully; then look round the room, where you may see—

“ Soft Arabic sentences in lilac letters,
From poets, or the moralists, their betters.
These Oriental writings on the wall,
Quite common in these countries, are a kind
Of monitor adapted to recall.”

But the weary day seems never to close: you are hot and would fain change your clothes, get a book—anything; but, alas! though this is your own room, yet visitor succeeds visitor. The evening meal arrives: you eat, then smoke. At last the night comes—oh, how welcome! A servant spreads a mattress on the floor; a thin mattress covers you, and you are at peace. The morning—not the London morning of noon, but the Eastern morning of cockcrow—the day begins. Adieu to your privacy, your room again becomes the public one. The ablutions (if you conform to Eastern customs, as the Guide-book recommends) will not take long. Wet your finger, pass it over each eye, wash your hands, and it is done. Then the Orientals do not undress to sleep; men all sleep as they appear during the day; and the fair girl

whose pretty toilet you so admired, has slept in it for a week past.

With the Arabs of the Desert a day is even more monotonous ; and sleep is one's only resource. The people are utterly without conversation—I mean the men ; for the women are often most agreeable, and full of wit and *naïveté*. Of their own town even, few know anything ; and their anecdotes savour too much of the fairy-tale to come well from the mouths of stern, bearded men. Then, again, their prejudices and fanaticism warp all they see, and reduce everything to their own standard. These remarks, however, do not apply to my actual case, where I had cultivated society, rooms, and an ample store of books ; and as the greater part of the day was devoted to reading or writing, and the evening to the dear kind people with whom I lived, the life was that country life which, as Cicero says, comes nearest to that of the wise man ; and was, in fact, a practical philosophy. Husbandry and industry were carried on around me, and my own occupations were not, I trust, without their

results. "Hate not laborious work, nor the husbandry which the Most High has created."

The walks about, mere goat paths, were excessively pretty, leading up amidst glens and through gorges, wild and savage as ever came from nature's workshop. After the rains, the water poured down over the rocks, and here and there made fiery torrents; but there was one small glen, the very retreat of mountain sylph—no solemn falls, where waters upon waters pour in beautiful magnificence; no mad giant, where love sits and watches madness; but playful and sportive, like early youth. Here the villagers repaired to get their vases filled; hither the matrons came, morn and eve, and chatted; here the maidens, with their unburdened bosoms, sported awhile, ere they lifted the ponderous jar to their shoulders and trudged cheerfully home.

I have before mentioned that a missionary came every Sunday to the village, and that one family were already sincere converts: I ought to have omitted the mother, who still clung to her

father faith, and saw with deep grief the apostasy of her children. The father himself seemed to take it very easily ; but he had resigned. This is a peculiar feature of the East : when the father grows old, he resigns all to his son, and henceforth does nothing—in fact, is virtually dead. This is particularly the case in the northern mountains. The son conducts all the business ; succeeds (if there is any) to the office of the father, who eats, drinks, and quietly prepares for his rest.

Elias the son, then, gave his mother great uneasiness by his firm avowal of the doctrines of Protestantism, and many and frequent were the tilts he had with the Greek priest who came to the village. The arguments on his side were singularly good and clear, taught by his own mind ; for he was almost self-taught. He objected to praying to the saints. The priest said, “ When you wish to see the emir, you do not rush in and speak to him : you send a servant to him to ask what you want.” “ Yes,” said Elias, “ but then, if I do not, the emir does not know I

wish to see him. Now, God knows. I do not rush into the emir, for he may be engaged with somebody, or doing something else ; but God is always willing to hear me, so I have no need to ask if he will or not. Then I find with the emir, also, he oftener grants me what I want when I ask it myself, than when I send another, who, probably, wishes something for himself also." These simple arguments (of which I heard many) showed how deep the truth had penetrated his mind. Many others, also, were attentive listeners.

With the Druses, the missionaries have made, I believe, no progress : many professed themselves converts, but directly the minister refused them some request, turned round and said, "We will listen to you as long as you pay us." Perhaps their minds cannot understand the beautiful logic of scriptural proof : they have never thought on any subject, and cannot be sufficiently excited to think deeply on this. I allude to the uninitiated, who know nothing of any religion, and of their own little more than the name.

My hostess was famous as a relater of stories.

These were either drawn from fancy, or described what had really been. One was said to have happened in a neighbouring village, where, as a proof of their credulity, the people were said to have planted charcoal, in order to save themselves from the trouble of burning or buying it. There was a couple, who, advancing in their circumstances, resolved to build a new house for themselves, and to forsake the family mansion, too small to hold them and their newly enlarged notions ; so they forthwith gave orders to a mason, who set to work and completed the walls and roof. The door must be made at Beyrout ; so the man approaching the doorway found it just his height when he stood upright with his chin out, and he placed his hands skirting out from his sides as the measure of the width. Fixed in this position, he started : first he met his priest, whose hand he could not kiss, for fear of altering his position. The priest, much incensed, said, "How is this, Michiel ? where is your God ?" — "Here is the measure," replied the man. — "Your faith is small." — "Here is the measure."

—“Purgatory is deep.”—“Here is the measure.”
—“And Hell is wide.”—“Here is the measure,” still replied the man, totally engrossed by his one idea ; and, preserving his measure, pursuing his road, he tripped and fell. Unwilling to have his journey for nothing, he lay on the ground, carefully preserving his position. A man, passing by, looked at him, saying, “He is dead ; how long has he been dead ?”—“Here is the measure.”—“He has bled a good deal.”—“Here is the measure.”—“How mad he is !”—“Here is the measure.” However, at last he reached Beyrout, and a carpenter relieved him of his measure and his restraint. The door was made ; but had, they say, to perform three voyages before it fitted. With such stories, with native songs, with maxims, sayings, histories of Antar, &c., we wiled away the long, cold winter’s evenings.

The stories of the Franks, among the poorer people, are innumerable : they say that the devil has fled Frangistan, being no match for the people ; for, on one occasion, the devil met a

Frank on the road. The devil was tired, for he had done a good deal of work ; so he said to the Frank, " Come, now, as we both are tired, let us carry each other, and he who is carried shall sing a verse : when the verse is finished, he shall get down, and the other shall ride." The Frank consented, and the devil jumped on his back, and sang, like an honest man, his verse. No sooner had he finished, than he jumped down, and offered his back. Up jumped the Frank, and commenced a long, dismal song ; the poor devil listened for the verse to end ; but no—on, on the fellow continued, one monotonous drone ; and the poor devil thought his only way was to go on slowly—slowly, and hope. So he went on slower and slower ; but, alas ! he felt most dreadfully pricked behind, and then found the heels of the Frank armed with large spurs. The poor fellow passed a weary night : the Frank never paused with his song—what was worse, never paused with his heels—and thus they travelled till they reached the boundary of Frangistan. The devil trudged on here, the Frank jumped down, and

the devil hurried on, leaving him sitting on a stone, still singing. Satan found the country would not do for him, so resolved never to return, but devote his whole energies to the Belled el Arabistan.

The climate in the mountains was very severe, and the fever found me out : one's friends, when it came on, reminding one of some pleasant indiscretion they have noticed, which, they were sure, would bring it on. Then I fled to Beyrout, for few things cut the fever better than change of air. Beyrout had newspapers and Franks : but they were pleasant, after the extreme retirement of the mountains. Much of my time was passed wandering about the bazaars, or establishing myself in a quiet corner of a *café* that looked on its most crowded thoroughfare, and there, unobserved, watching the people as they are, when not restrained by the presence of a stranger. Many were the curious traits of manners I thus caught.

One morning, a very closely-veiled woman came to buy at a shop close by : the shopkeeper, by his looks, was a Christian, and a churl of the

first water. Many a customer went away, unable to make him abate the few pieces necessary to complete the bargain. The woman approached ; tho loveliest silk of Damascus was produced ; she had a good taste, and chose a very pretty pattern : now commenced the bargaining. "Howadga, it is not worth it ? My brother's wife bought such and such a one for so much." —"This is thin ; the silk is of the second carp." —"By my soul and my faith, it is the best," replied the seller. "I was offered so much for it, but would not sell it : now I want money. By my faith, by Mahr Yousouph, the best of fathers, I make nothing of it," and so the struggle continued. She placed the money on the shop-board—no ; he clutched the silk, and looked at her black gauze veil with blank, unrelenting eyes. Unlucky gauze ! it gets a little out of order ; she leans over to adjust it, and a lovely face appears. He loosens his grasp, while gazing in entrancing admiration, she whispers a word or two ; the silk is under her azar, and she walks off, he following, devouring her with his eyes. As I followed, she

joined some two or three others, and I heard a laugh which would have wrung the old miser's heart.

Several old men, at one of my favourite resorts, used to be full of anecdotes of Lady Hester Stanhope: these they were never tired of repeating. One had borne her defiance to Ibrahim Pasha. He said that after Ibrahim had taken Acre, the harem of the Pasha commanding for the Sultan, took refuge with her; and also many—some hundreds he said—of the Arnoots, who had been in garrison there, and did not enjoy much popularity in the surrounding country, also fled to her. All these were entertained, and the Arnoots entered, as it were, into her service, or received rations and served her. Ibrahim, well knowing what a nucleus of rebellion such a place would form, sent a polite message begging her to render them up, or he must take them by force. My informant said he bore the answer, which merely said, "Come and do it." On his delivering this message to Ibrahim, he asked many questions about her, and having heard she was deeply read,

and knew the stars, whose writings were plain and legible to her eye as the light of day, he put his hands to his head and said, "God prosper her !"

The old man asked me if her relations were not possessed of enormous wealth. I said I did not know, but I believed not. "Not !" he said : "the Bint el Vizier, the vizier's daughter, four times every year, sent them a ship-load of silver." On my doubting this, he said, "Why, I have helped her load case on case of rich metal for them ;" and the veteran really seemed to believe what he said.

Though hardly apparent, there has been, and is, a great gradual change at Beyrout. The women, it is true, are as rigidly secluded as ever. The natives are chary of admitting the intercourse of the Frank, as the motley strangers there have given them just cause of dislike : for already Beyrout is overrun by the scum, the bad bubbles of Levantine and European society. But the school-master has penetrated the harem ; chairs, tables, knives, forks, and other furniture are found in every better sort of house ; they sleep on beds,

and they adorn their fair tresses with pomatum, having (first of their race) arranged the flowing locks with a comb. These are no great things, but they are steps—they are the breaking down the first barriers—gaining the outer works of fanaticism and prejudice.

To the anxious missionaries vast praise is due. Silently they work ; but the result is already swelling up. Their schools sometimes turn out cheats and scamps ; but they send forth many—many, thank God—excellent and pious men, who, by their education and intelligence, become great and respected in their walk of life. At first their girl school did little ; now the modest, industrious, educated women they produce are sought in marriage, as possessed of a dower beyond wealth or beauty. These will, in their children and their children's children, return the good they have received. Ignorance cannot stand where it is combatted on equal grounds by education, and these good men may yet see the harvest they have sown for their Lord springing up into a green and flourishing crop.

The American missions work well ; they work cheaper than our own ; their wives are an aid, and in their sphere do as much as the missionary himself. The qualities of a settler, seemingly innate in an American, are valuable in a missionary. Their establishments are such as are fit and proper, and all the English with whom I have conversed on the subject allow them tolerance and liberality. Clergymen of the Church of England are freely invited to preach and read prayers in their congregations ; the clergymen of England whom I have met travelling have been received as their guests, and welcomed as their brothers. These are good qualities : to rise above the petty differences, to overcome the baser prejudices of sect and formula, is a great art ; and to love the man while we hate the deed, is what, I fear, few of us can say we are able, or rather, honestly try to do. The Christians, perhaps, have held most aloof, and their opposition has been more obstinate than that of the Mussulman, many of whom, I believe, now send their sons to the school, as the missionaries educate any who choose to come, without any reference to sect or creed.

As yet the missionaries have not attempted any conversion, except of the Christians ; they are afraid of compromising their footing in the country if they do so with the Turks. Among the Christian sects, also, perhaps the Maronite are the most inaccessible. United and entirely under the government of their priesthood, one is the whole. Let us trust, however, that the good work is begun. May God bless it !

Some adventurous speculators have begun a theatre at Beyrout. While I was there it daily grew, and used to afford infinite amusement to a large crowd of small boys, who peeped in. I fear the present building will neither equal the old water-washed building below it in solidity, nor in the interest of the performances. The company was weak, the music worse, and the Prima Donna, destined for the virgin boards, neither young nor handsome.

Meanwhile the hadje had returned from Mecca. At Beyrout they make no procession on entering the town, but drop in one after the other from Damascus. A Turkish man-of-war steamer was in waiting to convey those of Constantinople

home by sea. It was pretty to see how the hadjes were welcomed, as they arrived, by their friends, and many would be kissed by the males all up the crowded bazaar ; then they would be conducted to their homes, where one would imagine a little privacy would be kindly allowed. No ; friends, relations, acquaintances flocked in, and for three or four days they were never alone. Many women arrived, tempted by the steamer, to conform to the commands of the Prophet.

Again, when health was restored, I returned to the mountains, and the only drawback was, that the climate was not as warm as my welcome. They said I had caged Azrael and could not die ; but this I by no means felt satisfied of myself. The people say that the Frank doctors were formerly in great habits of friendship with Azrael, the angel of death ; so much so, that they persuaded him to get into a bottle and there kept him, only letting him out when they wished. There exists, also, some doubt whether doctors will be admitted into paradise ; of the admission of lawyers there is none ; they are excluded for

certain, and will have the task assigned them of tormentors to those consigned to another place. They say a lawyer once got in, and finding a defective clause in St. Peter's claim to the keys, made St. Luke dispute it : the lawyer lost his case, and was expelled by the unanimous voice of all.

Fever, fever again : fair women were my companions ; all the eye could wish or heart desire was around me, yet sickness prevented enjoyment. From what apparent cause does it come ? The weather lovely, the air, free mountain air, all speak of health ; but a voice has sounded of old, and I too must bear witness to its truth : " And the stranger that shall come from a far land shall say, when they see the plagues of that land, and the sickness which the Lord hath laid upon it, ' Wherefore hath the Lord done this unto the land ? what meaneth the heat of this great anger ? ' "

The fountains of the East would furnish forth a history of themselves. Water to an Eastern who drinks nothing else, is a great consideration ; the various tastes we expend on tea, on coffee, on

wine, on beer, are all in the East concentrated on water : he drinks it for his morning meal, for his supper, and with many it forms the only beverage of his life. We must not fancy the Eastern the luxurious creature Eastern poetry has represented him ; we must have him the poor man bearing a load of bad government. Many—in fact most—of the country people never taste, during their lives, any other beverage than water ; not even a cup of coffee. To them, then, water is indeed an essential ; and springs and fountains possess a reputation as well known as vintages with us. The springs and water of a village are the first parts that are described ; and with greedy delight they tell you, “Drink that water, Ya Bey, and you may eat six times a day ;” this apparently being the greatest desideratum.

We hear of one of the early kalifs sending all over his dominions to seek out the best and lightest water—which was discovered to be that of the Euphrates—in all his vast dominions. In a water-drinking nation this must be the case ; and so we find in every village the water-spring built

up, with stone troughs placed for the cattle ; and along the road, pious and charitable people perpetuate their memories by bringing water, and building a place where the weary and thirsty may drink and bless the donor.

The Moslems make prayer-floors with keblahs on them, often over theirs. The inscriptions on many of these are very pretty and appropriate, and may—after he has quenched his thirst—if he read, send the wanderer on his way with pious thoughts and philosophic spirit. There is one opposite Ruad, some little distance south of Tortousa, built by a pious Moslem, who gave his money to the poor, and his time to good works. It says, "The best knowledge is that which does good." The passage is from a book well-known among the learned, the name of which just now I forget. Beneath is—"The worst of learned men is he who does no good to man ! Pilgrim remember me (so and so), who built this for all, till God please to ruin it."

In my visit to the Ausayri mountains, I found two inscriptions of Saladin's time, and have seen

others still more ancient. The whole is generally simple, a conduit for the water behind, and troughs of wood or stone basins to receive it as it falls ; perhaps a cup of iron or of wood, for the passer-by to drink out of. The overflow is generally allowed to flow its own course, and the road near is often a swamp.

At the end of the maidan at Howarra, was the tomb of the daughter who had died during my absence. It is a pretty idea that places the tombs of those we love near our homes ; it is unkind to put that body we once so loved, whose every motion we watched and tended, far from us in the cold wintry earth, among strangers ; and I could not but admire the taste that then placed the missing one of the flock beneath the eye. It may bring a mournful feeling, but the consolation "he is not dead but sleepeth," is assurance, when it comes from a Saviour's lips. There is a sort of feeling for those who die young, that must strike even a stranger ; and one feels an interest in them that those who have run their course do not demand. Cut off in their youth, in their beauty ;

cut off in the spring time, cut off while yet the innocence of Paradise hung about them. We can feel and know the hearts of the rest ; their wickedness, their ways, their cares,—these we have experienced ourselves ; but the light-hearted innocence of youth, the joyous consciousness of virtue, is one that we old in this world cannot know again, though yet we may admire.

*“ Elle était de ce monde où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et Rose, elle a veçu ce qui vivent les Roses,
Le space d' un matin.”**

The going to the graves is a pretty custom, and one which has antiquity to hallow it. We Protestants place our friends in the cold earth and seldom care to revisit the spot where they rest ; the Catholic plants and waters, and makes their last home a garden. In passing Moslem graveyards, we may see the women loitering there. Yet by the laws of the Prophet no mourning is allowed, and he himself was arraigned by his followers for weeping over the tomb where his mother's body reposed. The habit of women mourning over graves is also contrary to another doctrine ; for

* “ Whom the gods love, die young.”

when dead, the true believer ceases to be the husband of his wife ; and believing, as all do here, that the spirit remains in the body awaiting the final resurrection, the women remain strictly veiled when sitting by their husband's tomb ; or if they wish to unveil, they spread a cloth over the tomb, so that the occupant may not see them. This they do when they go and eat at the tombs, a common practice : the poor husband is covered, while his quondam wife sits down and eats, leaving a place for him as if he were alive and by her side.

Fever drove me down, and I again took up my quarters at Beyrout. The Howarra, (*i.e.* white mud) is a range of mountains situated in the Druse district of Shouf, just south of the Kesrowan.

The ceremonies of marriage have often been described ; but there is one portion that I could never find a reason for, nor from the people themselves receive any explanation of the cause among the Greeks and Maronites. When the ceremony is nearly finished, the *shebeeneta* (a female supporter of the bride), goes behind the pair, and taking first the one and then the

other, jumps them up into the air. It is probably a custom still preserved, whose meaning they have lost. Another, also, which writers omit, is this : —as the bride is approaching the threshold of the bridegroom's house, previous to entering it, she puts a small piece of dough up over the doorway, sticking it to the wall. This would seem to mean that hospitality is to reign within ; but they say it is symbolical that she will stick to her husband, as the dough does to the wall. Again, in the Christian villages in central Lebanon, as the bride enters the house she throws a pomegranate at the bridegroom, who stands above on the roof. The pomegranate is the emblem of fertility ; and here again is, probably, the remnant of a heathen rite. In the northern villages, the bridegroom throws it at the bride ; but this is taken from the Ansayrii, among whom they live, and whose ceremony of marriage I shall speak of afterwards.

All the customs are valuable marks, and will, I trust, when collected from the sketches of travellers, eventually enable the propounder, inquirer, and scholar, to trace the origins of the mountain

racés, who may yet be found to be the nations that one after another have peopled and been dominant in the country. These are the remnants of each who, successively defeated and driven from their homes, have retired to the mountains. If we only allow that the mountains have in all times given refuge and protection, this would be in the natural course of events ; and tribe after tribe, people after people, would thus retreat from oppression. The idolater would there hide his faith, shunning the light of reason and education ; the Christian would obey the law of nature and of God ; and when persecuted in one land, fly to another.

We can hardly believe these mountains to have been inhabited at an early date ; they exhibit no ruins, or few—I mean in the inner slopes. Man's woes and oppressions first led man, few and oppressed, to fly to strongholds where, in exchange for fertility and space, he could resist and be free. No doubt, also, each coming conquering race has in some degree amalgamated with the others : we see this daily. Thus every year some hundred or

more Christians become Moslems for spite or interest, fallen women seek refuge in the harem and secure a welcome by their beauty and belief in the great impostor ; and, as we know at the first conquest, whole townships turned, we may, perhaps, find as much Greek blood among the faithful, as among the Greek Christians themselves.

The generations of families among the Christians might easily be traced, as nearly all marry among their kinsfolk, many not marrying at all, unless there is a wife for him among his relations. This custom does not obtain among the Mussulmans, and they are consequently the finer race of the two. The Christians assign no particular reason for their marriages, nor do they do it from any family pride : it is custom, they say. Love has very little to do with their marriage, and I do not think the husband and wife ever care very much for each other. There is little companionship ; their pleasures are separate, and the wife is little confided in. She is a species of upper servant, and is to bear children.

In the marriage ceremonies the poor bride and

bridegroom assume the most stupid appearance. She sits with her eyes closed, and her chin poked out, her hands rigid by her side ; and neither speaks nor moves. He looks sheepish and ashamed : the remarks made by the visitors are coarse and indelicate, touching on subjects we should not hear spoken of among our lower society.

But in all things, though without strong passions, the Oriental is a great sensualist. It is true, his fare is meagre and plain ; but he eats it like a pig, and gorges himself with it like a vulture, lying down afterwards to sleep. He openly talks on subjects we should avoid, and though, perhaps, purer than ourselves in deed, he gloats over in public what we screen with darkness and secrecy. There seems none of that high esteem between man and wife without which marriage is a heavy chain.

It is but fair to add, that the wives are patient and hard-working, and are obedient to an extraordinary degree. To say they are faithful would be saying what I do not believe.

Bejrout will, on the whole, give the traveller

the most favourable idea of the Turkish government he can receive anywhere, and its rise has been as rapid, and its prosperity is as great, as any town in the Levant. The Turk even shakes off laziness, and feels the steamers will not wait ; the Christians have fair play, and show themselves active and industrious—for natives at least. There are too many consuls and Franks for much oppression to exist, and perhaps the Customs, farmed as they are, and octroi duties, are the only hardships. It may be also that the ancient spirit of the famous College of Jurisprudence founded by Severus, still floats over and pervades the serai of the Pasha. This college was founded by Severus in the third, and flourished to the sixth century, producing several distinguished men.

END OF VOL. II.

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P. 11.
J. W.

the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 1999). The prevalence of mental health problems has increased in the general population, and the incidence of mental health problems has increased in the prison population (Mental Health Foundation 1999).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the mental health needs of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners.

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... in the garden

THE ANSAYRII,

(OR ASSASSINS,)

WITH

TRAVELS IN THE FURTHER EAST,

IN 1850-51.

INCLUDING

A VISIT TO NINEVEH.

BY

LIEUT. THE HON. F. WALPOLE, R.N.

Author of "Four Years in the Pacific."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE ANSAYRII.

(THE ASSASSINS.)

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

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CHAPTER I.

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It was not without many pangs that I resolved to exchange all the comforts of the Locanda at Beyrout for a rough, and—although I laughed at those who told me so—a rather unsafe road, in the middle of winter, with a keen air, and a very clouded sky overhead. Already the storm had broken higher up among the mountains, and the noble front of Djebel Sanin was hid, but I travelled for pleasure, which makes a

vast difference; so, consuming my breakfast with stolid indifference to the suggestions of Demetrie, I ordered my horses and prepared for the road.

“ Oudenak Nargilleh, oudenak Divan,
Gibly seiph e gible el Hassan,
Ana bidye oum eru al herb
Illan miltak * Fergenée el durb.”†

“ Farewell Nargilleh ! farewell Divan !
Give me my sword,—give me my horse ;
I must up and away to the fight.
Curse your sect, Christian, show me the road.”

A *shurt*, or bazaar, or bargain, had been made the previous day for an animal to carry my only really heavy saddle-bag : what else was mine at Beyrout was borne without much bother under two servants, and a boy bestrode the donkey, which was the only new acquisition I had made. Ibrahim was certainly very indignant at being thus mounted, for the donkey had a will of his own which he seldom failed to gratify, and the whole mount hurt his dignity : but, when the road was very bad, he rode my horse, which, being one from the plains, was most unsafe on the passes ; and then I jogged along on the donkey, who, mindful of himself, was most sure-footed. The man

* They insert *narsara* also.

† The Arabic is very bad ; it is one of the Druse mountaineer's songs.

with whom my groom had made the bargain was in due attendance, and brought a colt, of some two years old, to carry the load. On the servants, whom I sat watching from the window as I smoked my nargilleh, entering a strong remonstrance, he assured them that he knew his animal well, and answered on his head (*à la rassee*) for his perfect capability of executing the task assigned him. Calling various persons, not present, to witness to the feats he had performed, the load was therefore put on, and being assured that all was ready, I bade adieu to Demetrie, and departed.

I half believe this man would, had I spoken the word, have thrown up the inn and followed my fortunes: he had served me on many of my former expeditions. As a last gift, he thrust a parcel into my huge pockets, at which I exclaimed, but afterwards rejoiced over at the Nahr El Kelb,—four cold roast woodcocks.

Avoiding the crowded and slippery streets, I skirted the town, passed the mosque of St. George, formerly the church of the same name, and, crossing the Nahr El Beyrout,* descended

* Like all other localities in the East, it is difficult to discover its true

to the beach which stretches six or seven miles away in a bold sweep, until it runs to the point forming the south side of the Nahr El Kelb. The mountains above rise in graceful beauty, thickly sprinkled with Druse and Maronite villages, while here and there, a convent rises, like a pinnacle, in strong position ; this is the mountain district of the south, which is bounded by the Nahr El Kelb on the north, and inhabited by a mixed population of Druses and Christians. Some gypsies live encamped on the low lands, and I passed the herds of the Arabs, who come here during the winter months for pasture, returning to the plains of Damascus during the summer. Those I saw were of the Jahesh tribe, a wide spread one ; now Fellah, and often sedentary ; having thereby lost caste as true Bedawee, they live by the sale of their produce—milk, butter, cheese, and wool,—during their months of sojourn here, in rude stone houses.

Ascending the Apia Antoniniana, I passed the carved tablets which have been so often a

name. It is, however, generally called the *Nahr-el-Beyroun*. Sometimes I have heard it called the *Nahr-el-Salib*. By some it is supposed to be the *Magoras* of Pliny ; but I assign that name to the river two hours farther north.

subject of enquiry ; from my own knowledge I have no hesitation in pronouncing the first to be Assyrian, and have little doubt that it was originally covered with hieroglyphics ; these are now quite effaced, though probably copies of them might be found in the works of some of the older travellers—the whole stone has suffered severely from the weather. The next is flat at the top, with numerous ogees, running round, and seems to have been inscribed with several rows of figures. On the upper, which is alone at all distinct, there seem to be two figures facing each other, with their arms extended. The figure on the right hand of the observer seems to be kneeling before an altar, the lower portions are totally obliterated ; the third is like the first, but smaller : in all, within the tablet are holes above and below, as if for doors ; on the second, likewise, are holes in the rock as if for the poles of a scaffold or shed ; one figure is even now covered with cuneiform characters nearly perfect. If I recollect right, Maundrell speaks of large tables of rock before them, of these I saw no traces. The third and fourth are lower down the pass ;

they are very much like the others save in the figure, which has long lappels hanging down, but his head-dress, as far as remains, seems similar. The Roman inscription is farther up, and perfectly legible; it has already been often read.

The bridge above is handsomely built, it is the work of the Ameer Beshar, the ancient one having entirely gone to decay. The aqueduct is very picturesque, covered with tendrils and creepers, and dropping a glittering shower. I should be much inclined to doubt its antiquity. Probably it is modern, built for the purpose it fulfils, that of turning the water on to the higher land on the northern bank. The road now leaves the beach; I preferred, however, the hard sand, and followed it, till a turn in the road brought me in sight of the pretty little seaport of the Kesrowan Kafir Djouni. The road here traverses another narrow pass, where the mountain, descending to the water, has been cut to admit it. There are many marks of quarries here, and the chapel of St. George, excavated in the solid rock. Niches are cut in the cliff above the pass, but for what purpose I

could not ascertain—probably to light its narrow width for the convenience of the night traveller.

Passing the village my way turned up the mountains. It was impossible not to feel pleased at the apparent prosperity of this exclusively Christian district: groves of young mulberry trees, reared for transplantation in all the fields; the exterior of the houses and the whole mountain side was covered with them; the richly fruited orange and lemon-trees, the neat inclosures, exhibited a scene which made one feel proud that at last the Christian dared improve. Convents and monasteries also were everywhere, and as I wound my way up the tedious road, for the first time for many many months the cheerful holy sound of church bells struck on my ear.

He who has long wandered where his faith is a by-word and a reproach, where its outward symbols are forbidden, where the Christian exists only on sufferance, can feel what I then felt. Deeply attached to my own, as the true, the only faith, I can yet acknowledge that others are good; and here the sound struck on my ear as the voice of my own dear loved mother would

have done. I sat and listened, while the servants and baggage, unmoved, continued their ascent. Scenes long past seemed re-enacting before me—summer days and Sabbath bells again, the calm of a country Sunday.

“ Is there a time when moments flow
More peacefully than all beside?
It is of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve at summer tide.”

Even the knowledge that I was a sojourner in a holy land, a pilgrim on a pilgrimage, a seeker after knowledge, a traveller, wandering—all could not stifle the sigh breathed for the land I had left, the home I might revisit no more.

The antiquity of the bell for holy uses is undoubted. We read in the instructions given to Moses on the Mount respecting the garments of the priesthood (Exodus xxviii.), it is specified that there should be set a golden bell and a pomegranate alternately on the hem of the garment round about; the use and intent of these bells being to give intimation when the priest goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out. (Verses 34, 35.) Bells also were used in the earliest ages for secular purposes. In the heroic age the Grecian

officers visited the sentries with a bell as a signal of watchfulness. A bellman(*iodonophorus*) walked some distance before funeral processions. We read that bells were used on the camels that took Joseph away when sold into bondage by his brothers.

Their first application to church purposes as we at present use them is ascribed by Polydore Virgil, and others, to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, about the year A.D. 400. If for no other cause, we must thank them as the means whereby we gained the tower, steeple, or belfry to church architecture, which, while it confers a finish, is so especial a mark of the building being set apart for the worship of the Most High. Sir Henry Spelman quotes in his Glossary, two old monkish lines, which admirably describe their uses—

“ Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum;
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.”

The deprivation of them was and is considered still a great disgrace, a public calamity.

Henry V. took, as a mark of his triumph, the bells of Calais, and bestowed them on his native place, Monmouth. Probably they were

numerous and rich formerly in the well-endowed churches of the East ; but the Moslem hordes forbade their use, and melted down the sanctified metal for baser purposes. As yet I have been unable to discover the date of their use in the Kesrowan, though it is not very ancient, probably ; however, it now exclusively possesses this privilege ; elsewhere this holy sound is hushed. No holy summons

“ Bids the sons of mirth be glad ;
And tells of sorrow to the sad,—
Reflection to the wise.”

The province of Kesrowan is the principal stronghold of the Maronites. Except a few Christians of other sects, there are no other inhabitants ;* and though they are extensively scattered through the other places, here they are unmolested. Formerly the tyranny and general misrule operated here, of course, but then the people were not subject to the petty exactions and constant personal degradation imposed on those who were scattered among

* The Greek and Armenian Christians of the Kesrowan are treated by the Maronites much as the Christians elsewhere are treated by the Mussulmans. There are a few also of other sects, but too few to mention. The French assert the Maronites are under their protection, from what cause it would be difficult to discover ; their influence is very great, and they are generally great haters of the English.

the Moslems and other sects. At Djouni is the bazaar whence the whole district is supplied; and when I passed through it, it was so thronged as to induce me to ask if it was any particular day; but they told me there was the same concourse daily. There is also a soap manufactory, which does a large business.

Up by many a weary turn till we gained the very crest of the range nearer the sea, and on one side our view extended from Tripoli to Beyrout, while on the other a deep valley, wide and woody, opened far down to the south. The smoke of a hundred cottages rose up and joined the thickening mists. To my repeated inquiries of where the village was to which I was going, the answer was "Folk—folk," (higher up—higher up.) The road was execrable; the sun set, the wind rose in keen and powerful gusts; but we reached the village and the house of the gentleman I bore a letter to at last. Spite of a swelled face, he hastened out to welcome me, and without reading the letter ushered me in with Eastern welcome.

The village of Houst* is very prettily situated

* It might be pronounced Gousta also.

at the head of a valley, which runs up from the sea, of which it commands a noble view. The strata of the rock are perpendicular, which detracts from its beauty; but the heights are bold, and where not cultivated are covered with mountain pine. The village is large, and has six churches—for, as my host told me, whenever the people can make up money they straightway build a church—and it is a particularly agreeable village for a sojourn, as there are thirty or more sheiks, or rather families, of gentle blood resident in it.

The change was agreeable from the cold bleak mountain breeze, to a large lofty well-warmed room, and a hearty welcome: the servants bustled about, and placed the divans; and the company, (for many neighbours were there chatting away the evening,) sat upon them. In the East, as elsewhere, people live their best before strangers, and try to show their best to the world, not using all and enjoying it, not really showing themselves as they are.

It is well when it is only the furniture which is thus kept for show; some keep, also, all their manners, accomplishments, and better selves

for public days. The letter of introduction being at length read, "On my head be it to do you all honour," said my host. After the refreshing glass of sherbet, we began a lively conversation ; he asking and I detailing such news as seemed to interest. Nargilleh, coffee, and at last the glass of rakkee which precedes all meals, were introduced ; then the little low table for supper appeared ; my fasting stomach welcomed its presence : a clean cloth was spread, and bread plentifully laid round. The food was capital, fish from Djouni, and the pure dry mountain wine ; my host and the rest sat round with delicacy eating a little to cover the *gène* I might have felt at eating alone ; hands washed, coffee again, and we carried on our conversation deep into the night.

My host, Sheik Youseph Bittar, was a most liberal-minded, intelligent man, and we discussed many questions I should not have ventured on before many of his countrymen. The conversation was principally on the Sultan's expected conscription among the Christians, and many were the conjectures as to the truth of the report or not ; one even asserting the order

now disused among the Christians. They generally say it was laid aside because so cumbrous and inconvenient ; but this is not true. In the last war in the mountains some ten years ago, the Druses swore they would not leave a horn among the Christians ; the bishop and the patriarch commanded the Christians to lay them aside, thus hoping to remove the evil ; the husbands made their wives conform to the order, and took them away, selling them for silver. This horn is inconvenient, no doubt, for it will hardly be believed, it is never removed. Warburton aptly describes it as an ornament peculiar to those people and the unicorn ; I think there is no doubt it is the remains of the ancient worship of Astarte, &c. Yet at a distance it has a most graceful appearance, when clothed with the white muslin veil, over which it falls with charming drapery. The Sit Milheim (whose house it was I now visited) wore one of silver-gilt richly jewelled ; her two elder daughters were also richly clad, and their clothes of native silk were handsomely embroidered with gold ; one, however, the third, who like a timid fawn crouched by her side,

was dressed in a plain chintz, buttoned closely to the neck. Above the small but beautifully graceful bust, sprang the slight, rounded neck that belongs to gentle blood, scarcely seeming strong enough, though admirably proportioned, to support the lovely countenance above. Never could painter in his inspired moments have conceived a face of more bewitching loveliness : it was the embodiment of our ideal of Eastern beauty. These daughters, and two sons, composed the family of my hostess.

The Sit Melheim Shebah is the widow of the Ameer Abdallah, whose eyes were put out by the order of the Ameer Beshir, for a rebellion he raised against him during the time that Ibrahim Pasha held Syria ; the Ameer Beshir likewise confiscated the whole or great part of his property. On the defeat of the Christians, the Sit Milheim, then a widow, fled to the Kesrowan, from the more southern mountains, where she formerly resided, and has lived here in comparative poverty ever since: her claims, if properly pressed, might lead to restitution of the property to her sons. The time expired in a breath in such a presence, and the

vision was soon flown. I paid many other visits, and in all the houses was received with warm and grateful hospitality. A ruined convent was placed at my disposal during the summer months, if I would reside there, and a promise made that sufficient rooms should be repaired for my reception. Coffee, sherbets, nargillehs, numberless repasts, and we again sat late, while the wind howled and the storm raged without. In fact, the next day the noon had long passed before I could get away, and then the memory of that vision haunted my mountain-road.

The family of Shebah are descended from the sheiks of the Nejid tribe of the Mar Zoom, who boast that they, from time immemorial, have intermarried with the tribe of Koreish, from whence the Prophet sprang. At a remote period, not improbably on the first Arab invasion, they settled at the village of Shebah, in the Haoran ; called thence to rule the mountains, they adhered to the Mussulman faith till the late Ameer Beshir became a Christian for political purposes.

Many of the family are said to have been Christians for many years previous, and it is

even stated the conversion was a matter of conscience; but this I should doubt. Several of the older men did not change, and of two branches, those of Hasbaia and Kashia, none of the members did. In several, the parents adhered to their old faith, but allowed their children to be bred up as Maronites. There was not much conscience in this. The conversion has been, so at least it is said, fatal to their purity of blood; and the type of face peculiar to the Maronites, and borne by their priests, has superseded the finely-cut features and well-knit limbs of the Arab. The family of Shebah is allowed by all to be the most ancient noblesse of the mountains: all others kiss the hand of the youngest Ameer of their race: even the haughty Druse sheiks pay them this homage. At present that the Ameer Beshir is no longer in power, they have little or no real influence. As the property is divided among all the sons, many Ameers are poor to beggary: each is Ameer—each too proud to work in any way. There is one who has only 8*l.* a year; some of the branches are rich, but the generality are far otherwise.

Though thus now a used up race, as Napoleon said of the Bourbons, and retaining few of those qualities which when possessed cast such a bright lustre over antiquity of birth, they are still as proud as when they roved the Desert. No defeats, disgrace, or alarm can rouse them from their dream of pride, and they firmly believe no present degeneracy can rob them of their fame.

The Beit Shebah, the house of Shebah, has this left, this last rag of their once gorgeous robes. They will marry with no other (they have allowed a marriage or two with the Beit Bellemma); and gloss over with this spirit their rent fame and fortune. During my stay at Gousta (it is pronounced Hhousta),* I saw the school and convent of Ain Wakah; it is an imposing looking building of vast extent; its school, and the education afforded, deserve more particular attention.

And now the road! To be exchanged for pleasant company, it was well fitted to show the contrast—a steep descent. We wound and

* *Gusta*, or *Hhousta*, contains 1000 houses, 6 convents, 9 churches, and one Armenian church, now closed, as there are no Armenians resident in the village.

turned like a hard pursued hare. Above half-way down we came on the pretty village of Sahel,* embosomed in lemon trees. We had passed numerous convents on our way, and fell as it were on the soft gardens that surrounded the village below. The country was rocky and barren till we reached the high road, about a quarter of a mile above the beach. A little further on passed two rude pillars standing, and two lying down, called the Spinning Pegs of the Wolves. I said to my informant, "Why of the wolves? Surely you mean of the giants." "No," he said; "if there were giants, Ya sede, then and other strange things, why should not giant wolves have employed themselves usefully? God forbid I should alter the story, or tell you what is not strictly true." In half-an hour more, passed a bridge of one noble arch, built of huge well-fitted stones. The bridge is called the bridge of Maha Mil Tain, over the stream of that name, now dry. By it were two large dekkans or shops; but spite of the threatening rain I pressed on—passed the

* The plain.

Borge el Assayebe, the first of the towers I had yet passed. It is a square two-storied building, and well placed for the use tradition assigns it—a telegraph along the coast. The people of the country say the Empress Helena on her journey south from Constantinople to discover the true cross, built these towers at equal distances along the coast, so as to telegraph the news of her discovery. The road round the Wattah Sillan is over the solid rock, and the now pouring rain made it dangerous and slippery beyond measure.

I was glad at last to put up at a mean hovel in the fishing village of Ta Borge. As I entered the wretched place two men were crouching over the lamp, pounding up a mess of garlic, lemons and walnuts. However, we were soon merry over a bottle of mountain wine. My two friends were the custom-house officer and the salt contractor, and we passed a chatty evening. They principally dwelt in marvellous stories of hidden gold and of the enormous ruins found at Ta Borge: they seemed to extend from the tower to the house I was in. Then came a tale of the Ameer

Beshir, who sent a magician to take the gold from the tower I shall pass to-morrow; and he came, and by his art the tower revealed its long stored wealth: but here his art failed; he might not take it, and there it remains to this day. I was a-foot before the sun, which made a murky ill-tempered appearance: in an hour reached the Nahr Ibrahim, a large fine stream, which I crossed by a fine bridge of six arches, rolling with muddy water to the sea. My romance could not see it red, which it ought to have been, according to the fable. However, the pale flowers of Adonis blossomed there in masses, and the rushes still moaned a funeral note for him whom we are told all nature mourned. The boars in the valley above seem, if the stories told me of them are true, still to be ready like their ancestors to slay another Adonis, if he ventures to attack them, which the natives of the present day dare not do.

Passed a large sort of reservoir, which the natives call Ayn el Birke, though it did not seem a well. The low rocks which line the beach, or rather form it, are here cut into

salt-pans. Proceeded along a broad plain stretching between the mountains, which here recede further back ; the whole plain well cultivated ; the Kesrowan ends at the Nahr Ibrahim, and the Djebel Gebail begins. Another half-hour, and we crossed over a river which has formed for itself a bed beneath the rock. A little further, in some corn-fields near the beach, stands the Borge el Haish: it is square, and of two stories. The upper one, which I could not reach, contains a chamber within the chamber formed by the walls. The lower room is vaulted, and the whole seems of the Byzantine style. Over the low door way is a small carved piece of marble ; but it merely contains a carved scroll. Passed several other streams, the Nahr el Fidar, or Birte, for both names were given ; though the latter word is applied to any stream which flows from rain and not from springs, running only after storms. And then at last into Gebail ; put the horses up at a large khan outside the town ; dismissed my Gousta guide, a fine lad of eighteen ; and set off to see Gebail. I had brought a letter for one of the principal men, who received me

most kindly, escorting me over the town, and showing me all it possessed worthy of note. He would not, however, permit me to move till I had done ample justice to an excellent Arab breakfast, graced by the presence of his very pretty sister.

CHAPTER II.

Gebail—Extensive Ruins—Antiquity of Gebail—Batroun—Situation of the Town—A dirty Englishman—Journey to Latakia—Residence of a Robber Chief—Ascent of Djebel Shakkey—The “Face of God”—Road to Tripoli—Gardens of La Moon—Tripoli—Aqueduct of Brins—Turkish Burial-ground—A Female Lounging-place—Beauty of the Women—The Kadisha—Convent of Dervishes—The American Consul—Eastern Guards—Pond of Sacred Fish—Arab Encampments—Lady Hester Stanhope—Anecdote of Sir John Moore—Village of El Hah—Tartousa—The Thief detected—Court of Justice—Practise as Physician—Kalat el Merkur—Baniyas—Different kinds of Bread—Djebele—Arrive at Latakia.

THE Moslem town is situated on a spur of the Lebanon that runs here down to the sea, walled on three sides, the sea-face alone being opened ; the walls are patched with modern ill-built repairs, defended, at certain distances, by plain square towers. On one of these, the newest one there, is a rose carved on stone, but it seems rather added, than made for the building. The half of the modern town is built outside the walls, while two-thirds of the space within is occupied by gardens ; its whole present

inhabitants amounting to about 300 Mahometans, Maronites and Greeks, employed in the coasting trade. Except a great number of huge shafts of pillars lying about, I saw no ruins. The castle, which being held by some Arnoots for Ibrahim Pasha, the English battered about, is a huge rambling pile ; the three lower courses, of huge stones with a beading round them ; the upper parts repaired at various later periods. Three under-ground passages run from it to a considerable distance, one to a postern on the rock by the sea, another to a spring. The vaults underground are large, and it has a deep well. From a stone now built into the wall, I copied the inscription. On several of the large stones in the lower courses is the six-pointed cross, well carved.

As I sauntered about the town, I said aloud, in Arabic, "Curse these people : why do they use these columns in such a way ?" (They are built into the wall.) "Well," said a Turk, "I curse them, too, for making them so large ; had they been smaller, we might have put them to a hundred uses." The Mina is a small cove, made and protected by a reef, on which are the

the remains of a castle. I counted two hundred and seven shafts of columns lying about. The water within, is so very shallow that, ere many years, the small vessels engaged in the tobacco trade, will find it difficult to come in and go out. There is a large and solid Maronite church which has a dome, a perfect Moslem kubbé, attached to it; a badly carved architrave, now on the ground, was the only ornament. I should not assign to any part of it a great antiquity. Had it, as I have somewhere read, been built in the fourth or fifth century, it would have been taken possession of and converted into a mosque. Gebail is an ancient and has been an important town. It is mentioned, (Joshua, xiii. 5) as the sea boundary on the north of the land the Lord would give unto Israel. It furnished workmen to Hiram in his preparation of the materials for King Solomon's Temple; it furnished caulkers to the Syrians. If it is the Byblus of the ancients, and the text quoted above would lead one to believe so, it was the birth-place of Adonis—that loved one of the queen of love. Here his father had a stately palace, and the city afterwards became famous for the worship

of Adonis and the temples it raised to his honour.

It surrendered to Alexander at once, on his southern march, though its king was actually serving in the fleet of the enemy. It was taken by the Crusaders, of course, and shared the same fate as the other cities of the coast. Benjamin of Tudela mentions it as touching on the country of the Assassins, the modern Ismaylees. I was on the road again shortly after noon. The mountains beyond Gebail change essentially in their character : they are lower, more rounded, barren, and rocky ; barely admitting of pasturage for the few flocks of Arabs who graze their cattle about them. Those whom I met were also of the Jahesh. Passed a ruin apparently modern, and, in four hours and a half, arrived at Batroun—the antient Botrus.

As I rode through the town, a man offered me the hospitality of his house, and I was soon settled in a comfortable room. While the few necessaries for dinner were preparing, I walked with him about the town ; it presents an appearance of much prosperity—if I may judge from the fact that many houses are building.

The town stands on the plain on the north shore of a small bay ; there is a cove also to the north, sheltered by it and a reef ; there are two large massively built ruins, one a khan, and the other now used as separate dwelling houses, and a ruin of a church : this latter is little more than a mass of stones ; the only name I could get for it was Saide, which means literally "sacred." While I was standing there, several passers by reverently kissed a corner stone still standing. Another called it Sahita Saiha, but none seemed to know exactly why. There is a curious wall, made by the rock within having been quarried away ; and, at last, a long wall is left between the sea and the town on the east. The rock in other places has been, here and there, fantastically left. There is a curious species of reservoir outside the town to the west ; but the cold warned my fever-shaken body to fly to the house, so I was unable to examine it. Numerous visitors dropped in, and I was called on to value several articles they had, such as watches and knives.

Except a few, in fact three houses, the population of Batroun is Greek in religion, and all

seem comparatively well off. It is in the district of Beled Batroun, which extends from the northern boundary of Beled Gebail, at the Nahr el Medfour, to the Nahr el Jowase; it is governed by a sheik under Ameer Hyda Jamad, who is the hakeem (governor) of the Kesrowan, Gebail, and Batroun districts. On the Point, north and west of Batroun, stands another of these lonely beacons, the Borje Salaata. In the morning, while the horses were preparing, I was shown a stone, which was in a garden, and copied its inscription. I was told of several other inscriptions, but the accounts of them ended, when one asked where, with "Baeed, Baeed, Baeed, Kateer;"—"a long way, a long way, a long way, very far off indeed." My landlord told me he had had one English lodger before—"He was, Ya sede, the dirtiest man I ever saw." Now, when one considers that these natives never wash but once in three or four months, when they go to the bath, imagine what this Englishman must have been to have gained such a reputation.

Batroun to Latakia.—After leaving Batroun the road lies along the plain inland, so as to avoid

the Rias el Shakkey, which lies at right angles to the ocean, or W.N.W. and S.S.E. The plain is well cultivated ; having irrigation, it yields abundantly without much labour. On the left of the road lies a branch of the Nahr el Jowsee; the whole property, between this and the foot of the Djebel, about a mile broad and five or six long, belongs to the convent of Hammath, formerly Baikad Eunan. It consists of mulberry groves and fig forests ; the figs, however, are not of a fine quality ; and, as here and throughout the mountains they dry them badly, the price they fetch is small. Along the side of the road run the ruins of an aqueduct, said to have conducted water from a spring in the mountains to Batroun.

The valley we now enter is flanked on one side by the ridge of Djebel Shakkey, where it abuts on the mountains, and where the mountains themselves recede. The valley of the river is very picturesque ; rude rocks and stately heights, clothed with myrtle, till their rude wind-swept tops give growth but to the pine. A turn in the road presents, as a centre piece, a low verdure-clad isolated rock ; on the summit of

which, almost unruined, stands the Castle Mezaheila. Passed over a high-pitched, half-ruinous bridge, and, sending on the baggage, proceeded in company with an intelligent native to mount and explore it. On our road we had past a poor ragged fellow, whose hand my muleteer, a man of Batroun, kissed ; the man thus saluted standing and receiving the salutation as his wonted due. He gave me a gracious salute. I asked who he was ; he told me, a Moslem Ameer of one of the best families ; and so thus, though poor to beggary, he still receives every respect that is shown to the wealthiest.

The castle stands on the solid rock, the massive stone-work of its walls following the irregularities of its foundation ; it is built of a yellow stone, and probably owes much of its high state of preservation to the shelter afforded it on all sides by the mountains. It is admirably placed for a robber chief's residence, commanding the only two passes to the southern coast and the valley behind, while the mountains in the rear would, if beaten, secure a retreat to more distant fortresses. The rock is about ninety feet high and about five hundred

feet in circumference ; a flight of steps runs up on the northern side ; it contains a small court and numerous small rooms, but no style, sign, or mark by which its origin can be traced. Some traveller had written his name upon it, which was all I saw.

After examining it and poking into every room, we descended and had coffee and pipes under some fine ilex. They sheltered all M. De Lamartine's company, tents, horses, &c. ; they are fine trees, but would not be so kind to any body else I think. Remounting our steeds, which had broken loose and indulged in a furious combat, we commenced the ascent of Djebel Shakkey. It is long and wearisome, but my companion was very amusing. He had known Daoud Beg, and related many stories about him ; then he knew or invented robber-tales and murders, which lasted till we were at the bottom on the other side. The mountain is principally of chalk, so wet with the recent rains it was very slippery work, and the poor horses, even though lightly loaded for speed, fell frequently. From the north, the Rais or Rass, is a fine imposing point, and well deserves

the title Strabo gives it of το τοῦ Θεοῦ προσωπον, or the "Face of God." * He speaks of it as the end of Mount Libanus, and is correct, inasmuch as the mountains to the north are not properly Djebel Libnan; though the name is used by Franks to express the mountains even as far as north of Tripoli: but north of Gebail they are seldom so designated. This is a curious fact, that town being the northern boundary also of the kingdom promised to the Children of Israel (Zach. x. 10); the latter text hardly bears me out in this, but it shows that they are to possess these mountains: and the text I have quoted before, with regard to Gebail, bears me out in mentioning this as their limit.

The mountains immediately behind the Rass are inhabited by Mussulmans, and the two large villages of El Hash and El Herry may be seen from the road crowning the height above: the former has many sheiks resident there—behind, rise the nobler distant mountains, now deeply swathed in snow. Under the shelter of the Rass on its northern side is a small cove, the

* Strabo, lib. xvi.; Pomp. Mela, lib i. cap. 12.

Bain Mina Hammeth, much used for shelter by the coasting vessels who take refuge there. It is famous for its fish, which is much sold about the country during the long fasts of the Christians. On the north of the promontory, well placed, and commanding a noble view, is the large Catholic convent of El Shakkey, embedded in the mountain forest; it is a fine object; at present it is occupied by but seven persons in all, though it has large revenues drawn from the sale of the charcoal and wood of the forest around, which is their property.

The road now lay over a broad plain at some distance from the sea; passed several marks of quarrying in the rocks, and even some remains of works. Having crossed a point inland, opened Tripoli, which, with its white houses, lay sheltered under the mountains. I visited some curious caves, but believe what is artificial in them is made by the Arabs, who enclose their flocks in them during the night. Passed on the right of the road some masses of stone; there are two of them, each consists of three separate stones, one placed on the top and two upright,

below. The two upright have a niche cut out, so the three form a niche. There were also the remains of a platform and several other ruins; it is called Kalaat Sacroon. I afterwards found there was another road above, better than the one I followed, but I had taken one servant, and pressed on before the guide. The one I followed was a slab of rock, and slippery and dangerous to a degree; riding a hot horse who disdained the regular holes, I had three very severe falls, horse and all, the brute getting worse every time, from rage and fright.

In an hour before reaching Tripoli, I passed through the pleasant gardens laden with oranges and lemon, called Le Moon; it has a large Greek convent; and then over the Kadisha, at a ford near were the remains of a bridge, now totally ruined. On my left was the Kontared el Brins, over which tradition says Ameer Youseph rode; it is a narrow plain aqueduct, with nothing of architectural beauty. Passed a magnificent grove of old olives, galloped over the sands, and was soon at the house of our consul, Mr. Catziplis, who received me with hospitality.

Tripoli, (Trablous of the Arabs,) the Three Cities of the Greeks, is situated under a low spur of the mountains, while a plain stretches before it, narrowing gradually till it ends almost in a point, on which is built the *Mina* ; this term essentially Levantine, has gradually superseded any more ancient name that the village may have possessed.*

The foundation of the original town of Tripoli I cannot find, but it appears certain it received its name from the colonies, one of Sidon, one of Tyre, and one of Aradus, which, settled nearly on the same spot, as their towns swelled, joined, and formed one which thus from its triple founders, received its triple name. From the position of the towers, the former town probably extended from the base of the mountains to the shore, and as the lion passant was only said to have been on one, and was not seen, perhaps we may yield them also a higher antiquity than the time of the Crusades. These and the castle form the great sights ; the latter was blown up and mostly destroyed on the retreat of the Egyptian troops, but has since been well restored.

* All seaports are now called *Minas*.

The aqueduct of the Brins or Prince, was probably an erection of the crusading kings; Siculus mentions Tripoli as the most famous city of the Phœnicians, where their senate met and conducted all the weighty affairs of the nation. In more modern times it has passed through all the vicissitudes usual to eastern cities; it has peculiarly suffered by modern insurrections, not only of governors, but by the feuds of the different privileged classes of Mahometans. It is now comprised in the Pashalic of Beyrout, and governed by a governor, kaimakan (properly colonel), who receives his firman from Constantinople direct, but is under the Pasha.

After a short rest and several visits, for I had by my kind friends at Beyrout been furnished with several letters, I sallied out to see the bazaars; they are large and handsome, and the workmen are famous for their silk-work, in fact, above all the other natives of Syria. I was much struck also by the well-worked doorway of a bath, newly finished; there is a chain worked in stone, excessively well executed; over a now dry fountain, I observed a chalice carved, but partially effaced. In the Turkish burial-

ground I saw also the tomb of the man executed about a year since for saying the sister of Mahomet was what she ought not to be. He had, it appears, a quarrel with another man, and in his passion thus blasphemed the sister of the holy Prophet; he was taken before the *cadi*, a fanatical man, who, on two Mussulmans bearing witness to the fact, sentenced him to death, the case was referred to Stamboul, and the order came to carry it into execution. Amidst the hootings and curses of his fellows, he was dragged forth, and there, near where he now lies peaceably, his head was cut off. He had fled for refuge to the commandant of the troop, who would not yield him up until peremptorily ordered to do so by the *Porte*; his widow, faithful through his disgrace, unmindful of his most abhorrent crime, had on the day I was there, put fresh myrtles on his tomb. The inscription was pretty, it said—"Think not he sinned more than others: the bad words he spoke and died for, were from the lips of the devil; his heart was pure and good." He has a handsome tomb.

The burial-grounds are very large, this may

bespeak rather the extent of the former population, than the unhealthiness of the place. No where have I seen such tending of the dead; the whole was a mass of myrtle; over many tombs mat houses were built, over some, tents were pitched, and over several, houses or else walls with a door, were erected, while within were trees and flowers. From this, are we to judge that woman's love is fonder, truer, more durable, less fickle at Tripoli, than elsewhere? that here they love—as fable oft relates, to the last? or is it that here, as elsewhere, they love gossip as much, and secret gossip perhaps more? The tombs are one of the favourite lounges of Turkish women; here they come and sit unveiled, and talk and make kief. It serves as a pretext.

I entered the large mosque: probably as I wore a tarboush, and spoke Turkish to my guide, a negro kavais of the Pasha, they took me for a soldier; however, none seemed surprised. It was formerly a Christian church, and the roof is supported on columns; Corinthian capitals have been placed on the top of plain shafts, a band of iron holding them together;

the outside is plain, and probably has received many modern additions. Visited the principal khan, a large airy plain building, used as a soap manufactory, and on my return paid a visit to the gentlemanly and intelligent American consul : found there a rare collection of beauty ; his sister and wife are eminently handsome, and there were other visitors. Their dresses were splendid ; to me the Arabic ladies' dress presents all that is most eloquent ; there is a romance in its rich folds, and enchantment in the gay colours, always so well chosen, so admirably contrasted, and such a mystery in the veil that if they would not grow old, or would do so gracefully, they would be perfection. Passed a delightful evening with our consul and his family, of whom I cannot speak too highly, and then—oh ! comfort of comforts !—retired to a bedroom, a European bedroom, and he who has travelled as a native in the East, can alone understand its luxury.

Tripoli is said to be very unhealthy, or rather particularly infected with that curse of the East, the fever and ague. This must be the case, as the whole town is environed with

orange groves and lemon plantations, which require frequent irrigation. There are also low plains, which are swamps during many months of the year, though modern drainage has much improved this; it was severely visited last year by the cholera, and lost, I think my informant said, three thousand souls. It mentions in Kelly, that the Kadisha is the soul of the town, and the inhabitants delight to call it Koochork-Shams, or Shams-el-Jareer.* The Kadisha flows through the town, and sometimes, very much to the disgust of the inhabitants, overflows the town. It looks as dirty a stream as one would wish to see, and "the little Damascus," a name bestowed on every other town in the East, they repudiate entirely; saying they are *Assen min Shams*, better than Damascus. In the early morning, the consul's son, Alexander (Isclander), and myself, examined the walls of the rooms on which each traveller has engraved his name. The present consul, or consular agent rather, and his father, originally natives of Corfu, have held the post for eighty odd years. It was curious that with the father I conversed in

* "Little Damascus." The first is Turkish, the other Arabic.

French, with the son in English, neither being able to understand what I said to the other. The dates of passing travellers thus engraved on the wall extended as far back as 1703, for the house had previously been occupied by the English consul, an Englishman, buried in a convent, some hours off, where he died. Among the names I saw none known to fame.

We left the house early, and crossing the Kadisha, proceeded through the Turkish quarter, always, *par excellence*, built nearest the castle, up the valley of the Kadisha, which is here very picturesque. A quarter of an hour's walk, amidst mulberry groves, with a charming view opening before the noble mountain forming the back ground, we reached the convent of the Dervishes. It is exquisitely situated, and water, pure, fresh, cool and limpid, jumps and frolics all about it: did I not know and feel in every limb the cold chill of the fever, I should say it was a paradise. The convent is now going to decay, but is nicely laid out in kiosks and leewans. We were disappointed of a dance we expected to see, for the dervish had suddenly left; one only now remains, but he

lives not in moody solitude, for his wife and family are there; and his little daughter, all lovely and coquettish, must attract many lovers. She ran off from us, but sprang back to take the bon-bons I carry to conciliate all with; on our return the day was passed in visits, coffee, nargillehs, sweetmeats, rakkee.

Dined and passed the evening with the American consul, and at noon on the following day, set off on my road. Seeing a horse and wishing to buy one, I asked the man what his price was, he said "two thousand piastres." I said, "Some horses are cheap here; he has no blood, is a *gadeesh* (a common one), and is not worth more than eight hundred." "Wallah! (O God!) Ya sede, you want to buy a horse like an Ibn Arab," meaning as cheap as a native. He, however, soon ceded him for that sum, as it was really, I knew, about fifty or one hundred piastres* more than his Bazaar price.

Two soldiers accompanied me, as the kaimakan considered the road unsafe. This is one of the *bêtes noires* of travelling, at least

* Eight, or eighteen, shillings.

for a person who, like myself, hates show, noise, and bustle. Our servants always lie enough to maintain one's dignity; and civility is always shown by the natives. They freely enter into conversation, and if solitude is desired, are dismissed by those who understand them with a word. But take a guard, and the whole is changed; the people then fear you, and you remain in perhaps dignified, but generally tiresome, solitude. Never do the people, when once the manners are understood, infringe: there is a seat, a place allotted them, and beyond that they never come. Since I have become conversant with their language, customs, and habits, I take a rank corresponding to my own in my own land; assert no more, will take no less; and as far as one's habits admit, conform in all things to the ways and usages of the natives.

But to return to the soldiers: the road is declared unsafe, *i. e.* for yourself; armed, probably, to the teeth with faultless weapons, that never miss, and well mounted, and your servants also armed with weapons of your own, almost equally good—they send as a guard

an ancient irregular, mounted on a miserable screw, with one old pistol certain not to go off, and a pipe. On the present occasion, I had two guards, neither certainly badly mounted; one a huge negro, with a useless pistol, but a deadly looking club; and another had two pistols, and a pipe, much more useful. We left about noon, and sending the servants on, I halted at the Bedooweh, a mosque, near which is one of the ponds of sacred fish. Ainsworth says, there were near 2000 fish in less than 100 feet of circumference; these are few compared to Orfa. Here began my troubles, which lasted to Latakia. "Ya Hadjee," I said to the man who came to show me the place, "show me the tablet of your mosque." "Why ask him," said the negro; "Wallah! the Genoese built it;" and so on. I was not permitted to have any conversation; he silenced them all with abuse, and told me, "The Genoese; they were a great people, my lord."

In two hours passed the Mussulman village of Manea; on the plain, about a mile from the sea, in about another, some ruins on a hill, and shortly afterwards reached the Nahr Birdee,

which I crossed by a fine bridge, and halted at a large khan on the opposite side. The road lay along a fine plain, and the mountains above and the plain to the sea are the districts of Djebel Akka; the inhabitants, Ismaylees, Metualis, Mussulmans, and a few scattered villages of Christians. An hour further is the kubbé of a Mussulman sheik, or *wallie*. My two soldiers disputed over its name, one calling it Sheik Ayash, and the other Mulahea.

Half-an-hour : the Nahr Akkar, crossed by a ford above the Tel Akkar, said to be the site of Arca, the birthplace of Alexander Severus. Half-an-hour further, passed inland of me the Kalaat el Ard.* It is large, massive, and but little ruined; probably one of the castles of the Counts of Tripoli, more especially as it commands an open country in the rear. It is now inhabited by sedentary Arabs, who feed their flocks on the plain, which is little cultivated. The country around is called the district of the castle. Passed several encampments of Arabs. The sheik's house, or tent, was thatched with

* This probably would be the *Kalaat Acca*, so strong and so well defended previous to the final fall of Tripoli.

straw. They belong to a tribe called the Semmer. Passed the Nahr el Ard,* or, according to others, Nahr el Keber.† We in vain endeavoured to find a ford. It was some consolation as I arrived, wet to the top of my tarboush with the swim across, to find a Hamath caravan quietly waiting on the other side. They said they had been there two days. "Your business must be pressing," said a merchant, saluting me as I emerged from the water. "Pleasure—pleasure," I replied. "Wallah Billah—Mashallah?" "Is it true—indeed?" One servant, who had newly joined me, and hardly knew my ways, refused to cross. We took his horse, and left him. He joined me that night, and promised by his head never to venture to think again.

Met an old Turk, who, after he had talked some time, turned the conversation to Lady Hester Stanhope, whom he said he had known at Damascus. After relating several stories of her, and seeing the deep interest I took in all that concerned her singular fortunes, he said, "Tell me, is it true she came here because her heart was broken in love?" or, as he

* River of the Earth.

† Big River.

expressed it, "because her ring was broken?" This alludes to the betrothal, when a ring is given; thus, when they say "so and so is engaged," they say "so and so is ringed," or also, sometimes, "so and so is written." This is when a paper of betrothal is signed. He said he had heard she was to marry some great vizier, but he was killed in fight. Whether or not, the story of her engagement to Sir John Moore is true, I do not know; but I had no idea before such a tale had ever reached so far, and yet assure the reader the tale is no invention of my own. Another tale of an Englishman and his wife, was related to me while at Batroun: they were said to be living a life of great seclusion in the mountains. Their name I did not know; but I think the man said they were living at a convent.

After passing the river we had a heavy and deep swamp to wade through, in which Ibrahim and his donkey were nearly lost; passed also some encampments of the Semmer Arabs. The plain stretched back, and the mountains bore on their summits two or more castles of which I promised myself the exploring on my return.

Reached the village of El Hah, near which I asked for a cup of water. "We have none." "Ah," I replied, "I need not ask if this is a Christian or a Mussulman village." "Why?" they asked. "Because, had it been a Christian village I should not have asked in vain." A woman upon this brought me bread and water saying, "Let not your mouth curse us, my lord, for inhospitality to the stranger." My guards quite disparaged the castles, assuring me there were hundreds of them. Pulled up at an Ansayrii village;* the women were unveiled, the men fair-complexioned, but with eyes, brows, hair, &c., as black as coals. The head-man pressed me much to stop with him at the village. My guards seemed rather afraid; in fact, had some hours before made an endeavour to stop at a set of tents; but I wished to push on to Tartousa. We now

* There is a constant feud between the Arabs and the Ansayrii; I mean, these Fellah Arabs of the sea coast: for they told me they never crossed the mountains, but winter and summer abode in that plain. On the east face of the mountains, they do not meddle much with each other, for the Arabs do not pasture their flocks near the mountains, those pasture-grounds being the beat of the Turkoman flocks on their route to the southern market. The fights between these former have now dwindled down to mutual robberies; but the races most cordially hate one another. The Arab I asked, gave me an account of them, which delicacy forbids my inserting.

forced our way through a low wood, putting up woodcocks at every step. I counted, during the hour we were going through it, two hundred and seven. Passed a ruined *borge*, and then, taking the lower road, arrived at 10 o'clock at night at Tartousa. It had poured with rain for the last three hours. We had to make the circuit of the town to arrive at the gate, and then all our bawling produced no effect. At last we pushed the boy Ibrahim inside, who is one of those clever boys nature has made, to balance their happier fortunes, supernaturally ugly; he opened the gate, and then ran on shouting "fire," so we entered a *café*, leaving a dreadful tumult and confusion outside.

It was useless at that hour waiting for a house, so a part of the *café* was cleared for me, and I sat in silent grandeur eating my supper, enveloped in smoke and dust. We had an awful fight of steeds: then all relapsed into silence. There were besides myself, about fifty muleteers, Arabs, and Ansayri in the *khan*. I did not undress, for my bed was soaked with wet from crossing the river, but lay on my carpet, leaning against a large saddle-bag.

After all had been quiet for a couple of hours or so, I felt a hand introduced deep into the saddle-bag at my back. I waited till the fellow was hard at work, when, seizing his beard with one hand, I administered my kourbash most stingingly with the other. He was a heavy powerful fellow, but the part I had seized on was most painfully sensitive. He, however, at last broke away, and by that time all were roused and swearing; my antagonist loudly calling on the Mahometans to avenge the insults to their faith. Knowing the people, however, I called for a nargilleh, which Ibrahim brought: he seems to take a fiendish delight in strong excitements. They now cursed and swore frightfully: their faith—their name, mothers', fathers', sisters' honours—all were involved in disgrace if the insult were not avenged. At last they approached me where I sat, the three servants standing before me, and were going to begin; but this I spared them, by saying that if the thief was not at once given in charge, and the Montselim sent for, I should do wonders; that such a deadly insult had never, &c., &c. The

soldiers had slunk off, but ultimately, in consequence of my servants' bluster, who represented me as a sort of judge of kings—who did not rule, because it was low, or for some private reason of my own—(their bright arms and my numerous weapons no doubt also had their effects)—my slumber remained undisturbed till daylight; when a man in high authority returned with the servant I had sent with my bourydees and firmans, and, apologising for the lodgings I occupied, and for the Montselim's not having known of my arrival, and receiving me with due honours, asked me if I wished to see the man tried. Answering in the affirmative, a short court was held, and about one hundred sound cuts administered, when I begged him off. The foremost in abuse were then seized and thrown down, when I begged for them also. They all mumbled kisses (probably curses) over my hand, hoped "I should live long, and grow fat."*

A numerous company joined to take the

* *Inshallah tekem Nasak*, "Please God, you may grow fat;" a common salutation in the mountains. You answer, "Thank God, I am not ill" or *thin*; the word may mean either.

road, for they all were in a dreadful fright of the Ansayrii. It was six o'clock before I was ready to start. The son of the head-man of Ruad called on me and said he was very ill. As he rather insisted than asked for a cure, I replied I was no doctor, nor, as his spirit seemed so strong and domineering, did I at all feel any interest in him or his health. He now altered his tone, and begged me to do something. "For eighteen months I am ill, and am wearied to death;" but I had no physic, and told him that anything I could do in such a hasty manner was of no avail; but I advised him to seek some Frank doctor. He continued his importunities, but I could do nothing. He said, "If I follow you to Latakia, will you?" "In this weather," I replied, "the experiment is hardly worth trying," and so I left him.

In passing out of the town, visited the long, and now ruined room, called the Divan; it is fine; and I saw on my way out several of the broad Norman arches, and also some pointed ones; these are, most, attached to the Divan. The entrance gateway at the N.W. of the town, the only one to the town, is fine and massive,

and has a rose on the point of the arch, probably of the time of the Crusaders.

The ditch cut in the rock is a mighty work, but I left further examination till my return in more propitious weather. All the flocks of the adjoining districts are driven within the walls at night. The Christian church, without the town, to the S.E., I had only seen in the evening, looming through the night. In an hour reached the Nahr el Hussein; in two more the Nahr Merkeeah. Here all the rest of the caravan turned up to take refuge from the storm at a Christian village, but I pursued my way, passed beneath the Kalaat el Merkab, a fine stately-looking stronghold, situated in a most commanding position, and seeming but little ruined. It is inhabited by Mussulman peasants. The cliffs and rocks along a portion of the coast seemed essentially volcanic, which I have not noticed elsewhere.

On a hill near the sea is another ruined tower, which I was told by a man at Gebele (the northern one) was the Borge el Sabbee.* It is, however, I believe, called the Borge el Boss,

* Tower of the Boy.

and on the beach are several ruined buildings, of large size and superior workmanship. They must either be of the port erected for the convenience of the castle, or perhaps, and more likely, the Paltus of Strabo. Several pillars, as if to assert its claim to antiquity, lie scattered about. There are also some remains of a port. Passing along, we opened behind the nearer range of mountains the village of Merkab, its tall minaret peering up. It is also Mussulman. The natives say, alluding to the Borge el Sabbee, that one small boy built the whole of it: thence the name—the Tower of the Child; and that the pillars strewn about below it are the Almood Bint el Melek—the Pillars of the King's Daughter—she, when the castle was besieged having cast them down on the invaders. The ruins also were repaired, and used by Ibrahim Pasha as a post establishment.

Banias is nothing now, nor could I see in my hasty survey any traces of antiquity in the few half-ruined buildings standing. They are now a huge badly built khan and a salt-house. Passed still over the plain, the mountains north of Tripoli being from five to ten miles back

from the coast. All day we were in sight of the range that forms the northern boundary of the plain, the upper branches they may be called of Amanus, the Djebel Kraudee. The rain had continued, without intermission, all day, and it was with no small relief we entered the half deserted town of Djebelé. The khan was full of soldiers, so I again lodged in the corner of the *café*, where, over a comfortable *munghall* (brazier) all the moisture evaporated. The people were most civil; they busied themselves for one's comfort most readily. My servant sent for bread, and on the man's bringing it, he said, "My lord, this is bread to eat alone: this is the bread for a spoon: this with cheese, this with leban, this with kabob, this with onions." There seemed to me but little difference, but they assured me each had a separate taste and different make. To me it was all an abomination; when well baked, however, or rebaked, which one's servants can easily do, it serves well enough. In the eve they asked my permission to sing; this was granted, but the singer, on being pressed, said he would not, as his songs were against the Christians. This I had several

times to assure him I did not mind, before he would begin. The air was very pretty, and without the usual monotony and nasal twang. The chorus was a bore: the frequent, Ali, Ali, reminded me of the English sailor's story of a Frenchman's opinion of their songs—"Englishman sing very fine song if there was not so much of the folderoll." He sang of the beauty of the Christian virgins, how large and lustrous their eyes, how soft and glossy their tresses, how warm their breasts and strong their arms in the embrace. Are these for Caffres—are these for cowards? No; for the sons of Islam—for the followers of the Prophet of God." It was all in the same strain.

On the following morning we were off with the sun. Passed the fine remains of the great Roman theatre. Between the arches are now a colony of Arabs, whose flocks are driven into the town at night. Djebelé can never be a popular place with me, as it was the seat of the Bishop Severian, the grand enemy of him, the Saint of the Golden Mouth. It contains a fine mosque, built over the tomb of Sultan Ibrahim. On the former day I had passed a large Ansayri

burial-ground. The bodies lay N.E. and S.W., also numerous *kubbés* (saints' tombs). Passing through the town the road lay along a fine heathy plain. The Rass Latakia had been in sight the previous day, and now we made directly for it. Behind us the Kalaat el Merkab was still in sight. Leaving the coast, we turned more eastward; passed several rivers without bridges; reached the Nahr el Kebeer, which we had to swim, the stupid soldier having missed the ford; and traversing the pass, entered at once Latakia.

On arriving at the vice-consul's, Mr. Mousa Elias, of whose kindness during my stay I cannot speak too thankfully, I found that my servant, sent on before me to prepare a house, had locked up my traps, and quietly departed for his own village; so I took up my abode for a few days with a friend, the one Catholic friar at the convent not being at all inclined to receive a heretic.

CHAPTER III.

Latakia—Agreeable Residence—Hospitable Reception—Secret of the Ansayrii—Mode of eliciting it—Extraordinary Sepulchre—Consternation of my Cook—Practise as a Doctor—My Success—Lasting Influence of Moral Evil—The Works of Voltaire—An Arab Ball—An Arab Supper—State of Society—An Irksome Visitor—Moslem Piety—Want of Christian Unity—A Question of Divorce—Its unhappy Results—Turkish Insolence—An unpleasant Adventure—Its Results—Bible of Bishop Theodosius—Extract from Arab Bible—List of Ancient Churches—More Practice—Kindness of a Woman—An Arab Doctor—Prognostications concerning the Ottoman—Worship of the Druses—Turkish Liberty—Political Opinions—How to deal with Turks.

It was no easy thing to find a house even for one so little careful of comfort as myself, and as my kind friends each insisted on some one house they had, suiting me best, I left the matter entirely to them, and one day found myself proprietor of a large fine ruined house, formerly the governor's, therefore a strictly Mussulman habitation. A couple of carpenters soon put one or two rooms in a habitable condition. My horses lodged where fairy Osmanlees had lodged before, and my servants

took possession of the public saloon. The outer court has a large double door which opens on a small court, in which are three small rooms. A staircase from this leads to a small upper room, through which you pass to a terrace, from whence again steps descend to the main court, descending to the outer door. Again we pass the court and reach a second large door, on one side of which is one of the round-about cupboards one sees in convents. Through this, formerly all the supplies for the house were received, and food distributed to the poor.* Opening the door, a dark passage leads to a large court, the centre of which is planted with lemon and orange trees; on three sides are offices, baths, and stables. The bath, fitted with marble, is small, but very handsome; the main side has six large rooms vaulted overhead, with windows of all sizes and shapes. There is a fine room beyond, and one on the terrace above, showing traces of great former beauty; it overlooks a fine view, and was formerly the governor's most favourite resort. The walls are very

* In Mussulman houses, all supplies are bought by the men, and handed into the women's apartments.

lofty, and, save from the windows of this one room, no view can be obtained of the exterior world. Several gift animals roam about the court and the empty rooms. Abdallah's care has given the place a pleasant air, at least for one who likes ruins and musing over the past. The vines climb loosely about the terraces untrained, unchecked. No retreat more suited to my taste could have been found. My visitors are numerous, including all ranks, from the revered seyd who has cast the seven stones in the valleys of Menah and Akbah; the wild Arab, the sullen Ansayrii; to the priests and dignitaries of a Christian faith. I am regarded here much as Sinbad the Sailor was at Bagdad, after his many voyages, and amuse them sometimes with stories almost as probable; though fortunately the true is generally astonishing enough to render the hyperbolical unnecessary.

The Turks wonder where my harem is, as with them no man of my apparent importance is without one; but they think me a sage from my constant reading and writing. The kind reception I have received from all merits my highest thanks, and the French society was, on

my arrival, thrown open to me. Though acquainted with many Ansayri high in their degree, I must confess as yet to not having discovered one trace of their belief—all my enquiries being met by, “I am of your faith.” I hope I have in one thing a lever which may work. My house being in the Greek quarter, is far removed from most of my friends’ houses. They say, however, “If we love Egypt, we must not think it far”—quoting an Arabic proverb. Nor must I forget my noble dog, who, after most woefully thrashing the bully dogs of the town, has resumed his quiet self-possessed demeanour, and obtained proportionate respect.

An Ansayri assured me to-day they never taught their religion to their women. “Would you have us teach them,” he said, “whom we use, our holy faith?” The Ansayrii are now, also, from all I could gather, divided into several sects; for interpreting to him several tenets of Zoroaster, he appeared to be struck with my knowledge; they always parry me by “Your faith, my Lord Frankmason?” (Freemason).

Finding these remarks written, of how, at first, I despaired of ever penetrating their secret,

I must own the progress I have made now appears incredible even to myself, and their simplicity also in not detecting my gradual increase of knowledge; but from my first arrival here, my whole powers were turned to this, and, leaving all plan until circumstances opened, I gradually advanced; and now with all truth I may say, that what I do not know, I have but to ask them to teach me. I early found that one deception, hardly justifiable, was necessary; namely, not understanding any question asked me which I could not answer. The Ibn Arab, or sons of the country, say "the Franks are fools," but they are no match for the *nonchalance* and *sang froid* of the European; and gradually I whetted the curiosity of the Ansayrii by a pretended reserve. "Ya Sheik, you are happy; you have your knowledge, I have mine: I would say, let each keep what he has got, and let us talk of the weather, the crops, of trade." This persevered in, they could not stand, so they at last gave in and would tell me. Then, again, several sitting close round me, they would talk over a question to be asked me; as if I, all quiet, listless and inattentive, as I seemed,

was not all ears, all tension, to fathom their meaning. For this I wandered as a beggar, endured hardships more than I should like to tell; cold, hunger, and fatigue more than I trust others will know; have been beaten, hurt with stones, yet the result more than repays me. That, alone, without means, without powers to buy or bribe, I have penetrated a secret, the enigma of ages—have dared alone to venture where none have been—where the Government, with five hundred soldiers, could not follow; and, better than all, have gained esteem among the race condemned as savages, and feared as robbers and ASSASSINS.

My morning kief was destroyed by news of the opening of a sepulchre of extraordinary beauty, and covered with inscriptions. Book in hand, I sallied out, followed by a crowd of others to hear the wondrous stories read. On reaching the spot, some half hour's walk north of my house, I found they had been digging for stones, and uncovered a long drain, some two feet deep and five broad; it was now laid open for about twelve feet, and presented stones about two feet broad, five or six long, and one

thick ; the faces of which were covered with ill-written Latin inscriptions—one of as late a date as A.D. 1013—two I copied ; both were roughly, rudely written.

These two stones had been used as the top of the drain or aqueduct ; the writing of the rest was placed longitudinally, reft by some barbarian from their original holy use : they had thus, perhaps, been preserved, where their fellows in their proper places had perished.

On my return, the door of my house was locked, and I climbed the wall, appearing before my lady-cook, as if an apparition ; she ran to the door, found it locked, and the key on her person. “ Ya wallah, ya seyde, by God my lord ! how did you get in ? ” she exclaimed, rushing into my room. “ Through the door.” “ It is locked, ya seyde.” “ Pooh ! do you think I read books and cannot get into my own house ? ” She has held a long confab since with several old dames of the neighbourhood ; but whether I am God or devil, to be canonised or exorcised, does not seem yet determined on.

This morning an old seyde called on me ;

there was something on his mind ; after a long conversation he came to the point. "How did you get through the door yesterday ?—is it a secret ?—will you teach it me ?" Now, kind reader, the fact was I had knocked till I was tired, when, finding nobody would answer, I entered the next house, on to the terrace, and dropped into an outer court in the house I live in. So I answered the seyde—"Your excellency is a wise man ; you have seen Mecca ; you have seen much ;—but the Maugrabees ! Have you been among them ? (he trembled.) The thousand nights are wonderful." He was breathless ; he promised me an old book he has, which I offered once to buy. "Done," I said : we joined hands—"I got over the wall ! Hand over your book." He sent the book, but believes still that there is more in it than I would mention.*

Noon. Returned from the serai, where I have been administering physic to a sick kaiah—the reader may remember my account of the importunities of a sick man at Tartousa : he has followed me up here, a distance of sixty miles :

* I need not say the book was returned immediately.

I advised him then to seek a doctor. About noon, one of the irregular soldiers came and begged I would come and see the man; in vain I pleaded my ignorance, and finally offered to take a Frank doctor, who resides here with me; no, he begged me, me only, to come. I found the poor fellow suffering from the hot fit of the intermittent fever: in vain I told him my ignorance—that I was not a doctor. “But I feel you can cure me; dukkalak, (I beseech you) do not turn from me and let me die!” Poor fellow! well can I feel for him; and, as somewhat experienced in the malady, may Inshallah cure him!

Visitors this evening, and most amusing tales. Again to-day (the next but one), my sick patient sent a kavajs. I prescribed for him again. “Wallah billah, ya begsadeh (oh! Lord God, you son of a Bey), the man is well:” “And will be ill again this eve,” I replied. “If you cure him, our children are yours; he has *heilans** and riches; he will give you all you ask. My friend,” I replied, “I do but my duty as man towards his fellow. I can take no reward; if he recovers it is God’s work.” “Mashallah,” he

• Blood horses.

replied. I have seen him this evening again, and his protestations of gratitude were enormous ; he was again suffering from the cold fit, which I cut short by bathing his feet in very hot water, and making him drink a warm ptisan of violets. He retired to bed quite relieved : the fit was much less severe to-day ; please the wise Dispenser of all things, he will yet be cured. There are now two other patients on my list, all for the same fever, and one pretty girl who comes to have her eyes touched. I have before stated my reason for thus attempting what I feel so little capable of performing ; but imagination is half the battle. These stories are related to endeavour to give the reader a knowledge, by anecdote, of the people.

I remember reading in England before quitting it, a most powerfully written book, called "Use and Abuse." It gives a highly wrought account of the death of an atheist, and the author in vivid portraiture summonses up the spirits, to remote generations, of those whom the atheist had perverted by his speech, deeds, means of various sorts. Alas, how true ! What a moral may be learnt from this, of how

deeply we may act on others by even thoughtless opinions, or words. While visiting to-day, an old man entered, and after the usual salutations, the conversation turned upon the subject we had been discussing, religion. We had the Bible before us, several opinions and doctrines being the subject of controversy. My next neighbour told me the last comer was a Deist, so I turned the conversation, when I found that his notions had been formed on the Dictionary of Voltaire. A consul here formerly, who represented all the powers, and was of a literary turn, kept three scribes, who were employed in translating from French, English, and Italian, into Arabic. Among the rest, this work of Voltaire was translated, and many used to go to his house to read it and other works. Volney was another. He told me,—"Do not think I only hold these doctrines; I could name two who, from the same source, have imbibed the same." Alas, consul! what injury thou hast done! for surely any faith is better than this,—one vague God, no Providence, no Heaven!

With reference to China, I was gravely told,

there was an idol there which was made by Adam ; every year they put a fresh link in its ear-rings, and there are now twenty-nine millions. Who counts them ?

Assisted, as the French say, at an Arab ball. On entering a small room, with the low divans of carpet, I found the three sides lined with company ; room was made for me next the French consul, the principal man at Latakia. Soon afterwards the music began. The musicians were two blind Turks, one of whom had been the principal musician to Abdallah Pasha, one of the more than half independent Pashas who formerly ruled this country. This man played on a species of harp ; it rested on his legs as he squatted like a tailor, and was a four-sided instrument, the lower side being much shorter than the upper ; it has seventy-two strings, and is an instrument of much celebrity. The strings are attached to pegs tuned with a key. The fore-finger of either hand of the player was defended by a piece of tin in a groove, in the inner part of which was a species of nail of whalebone ; this he used to grasp the strings. The second sang and played on a small drum,

or tomtom; both sang. Every now and then, one of the ladies rose and danced, keeping good time; waving the hands up over the head and in front; gliding slowly but gracefully round. Much persuasion was used by the lady of the house to make the ladies dance, and on some occasions actual force was resorted to, and they were pulled out from their seats, and not permitted to reseat themselves, until they had danced some five or ten minutes.

After this, with various interludes, had lasted from six till midnight, the nargillehs, which had been kept constantly replenished, were removed, and two long tables, of about one foot in height from the ground, spread; these were covered with cakes, sweets, oranges, burnt peas, &c. Rakkee, a strong liquor made of figs, which to me always tastes, from the aniseed with which it is flavoured, like paregoric, was then handed round, and we all hitched up, as a sailor would say, to the table, each depositing his or her useless legs in the smallest space. While the meal was progressing, the ladies at the lower end, who were of a lower class, sang, inviting each principal guest to eat

and drink, praying that it might do them good ; each verse thus sung was finished with the whirroo whirroo, made by vibrating the tongue rapidly while the mouth is covered by the hand, and has, when thus done in chorus, a pretty effect ; it is only done by the women. After this, the song, dance, and nargillehs, coffee, &c., was renewed, till the company gradually dropped off.

I left among the very first ; in fact, as soon as ever I could get away with decency, yet was not off before two, and others told me it continued till six or nine this morning ; but to me, who hardly, even in youth, enjoyed the gay enchantment of a European ball, it appeared as insipid as any thing could well be. The natives have little power of conversation ; there is none of that polished intercourse one has in civilised countries ; the reciprocity of information is not understood ; the topics of the day foolish ; childish questions are their only subjects. The women were well, even handsomely dressed. Like their sisters elsewhere, like woman everywhere, they think of little else but adorning themselves ; and I must own their

taste is good, save that they load their heads with a multitude of ornaments stuck about; however, even that has a lively effect. There was among them no beauty—in fact, it is a rare thing among Eastern women, except when very young. All were as kind and gentle as anybody could wish, and I thank them for their kindness.

•Just as I turned round this morning, for a fresh sleep, after the unusual late hours of the previous day, a visitor entered my room, and there staid resolutely for some hours, keeping me a prisoner in my bed. He related, however, one anecdote, which fully removed all the bore I might otherwise have felt. We were speaking of the insurrection at Aleppo, when he said, “Ah, we found here that an attack was meditated on the Christians; we half began to pack up and prepare for the worst, when an English steamer of war arrived, and announced, ‘I come to protect the British subject and the Christians.’ Every creed and race here,” he added, “lifted up humble and heartfelt prayers for the great nation you belong to.”

My patient is cured, his gratitude enormous—he offered me a really handsome horse; it

was sent back with a hope that, if he found any one sick or in distress, he would extend to him, though a stranger, the same help as, in God's name, a stranger had given to him. Proceeded to the great mosque to copy the inscriptions ; a Christian scribe was with me. The Turks came round and assisted me in decyphering them, and jokingly said, "Sedé ; get a clever fellow to write them, not an ignorant fellow like this." Was told, however, which damped my ardour, that Franks had come before and, reflecting the writing on looking-glass, copied them. Copied an inscription I found on a wall, the stone had evidently been removed from some other spot.

All this eve have I heard the cry of La, ill, ill, Allah. Oh, there is yet much prayer, much faith, among the Moslems, and must one not accord to each one, who truly and faithfully follows his faith, all praise. These men follow what they are taught, what they have learned from their infancy. We laugh, as many do, and say—"Who, with reason, can believe in a faith that produces, that asserts, so many absurdities?" But, by our standard of thought alone, they are so Are Mahomet's miracles, his flight by night,

his Paradise, more extraordinary (to one who believes neither) than the five loaves for the five thousand? Are there no seeming incongruities in our belief, that the finite reason given us cannot understand or account for? Yes, I must still hold that the Moslem is often a good and faithful servant of the Lord. In public prayer, in the midst of the crowd, he abstracts himself, he kneels, he prays to his God with heartfelt devotion. Has not the Lord said, "I will therefore that man pray every where, lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting." —(1. Timothy, ii. 2.)

We blame their fanaticism. Is there none among ourselves? High Churchman and Evangelical; Roman and Protestant; Greek and Armenian; Nestorian and Maronite;—have they toleration? Each, but lend them the match, would fire a pile to consume the rest. To hear the Moslem's cry to God: his burning prayers—to listen to those continued calls "to God! to God!" yes, there is much of good, much, much, to be admired in their faith, and in their zeal. We vend our bibles as we vend waste paper. Is the Koran treated thus? No instance can be

shown us, where a good Moslem, whatever his distress, will sell his heaven-sent book. They generally give it as a present or exchange it.

Visited, this morning, the kubbé or tomb of Abou Derdah ; it is a small square building with a dome, a wall enclosing the whole. I copied the inscription, more as a sample than for its value, it having no great antiquity. Visited also some curious sarcophagi, a mile north-east of the town, which I copied. Saw also a curious façade, probably of a tomb ; it has the remains of pilasters, but the whole much destroyed. The length may be some thirty feet, but it is too effaced even to discover its intention with certainty.

The Greeks here were, some time ago, dreadfully scandalised. The Greek consul, who was already married at home, finding his help-mate far off, and a pretty girl near who would have him, tried to obtain the consent of the bishop to his union. This he, however, conscientiously refused. Soon after, his duties compelled him to leave this town for the seat of his see. The consul, however, found, at last, a priest of more plastic mould, who, while under the influence

of rakkee, married them, and pronounced a blessing on their union. No sooner did the bishop hear of it, than he excommunicated the priest, very properly, and likewise the consul. The priest asserted the bishop's brother had likewise authorised the marriage, and had received 50% to do so—the fact being, the bishop's brother had done so, having an eye on the consulate. The priest, however, soon found his position untenable; no rent, no fees, his friends avoided him; so he became suddenly imbued with the truths of Mahomedanism, said his "La illah illah Allah, Mahomet resoul Allah" to the cadì, and became enrolled among the true believers. They rejoiced to gain such a proselyte, a head of his Church, as they declared him—carried him in procession round the town with their holy flags. On passing the Latin Convent, it happened on a Sunday, some boys, at the tail of the procession, threw some stones at the Christians just coming out of church. This, some sailors who were there, repaid with interest; whereon the Moslems returned, and the sailors retired within the convent, and closed the door. The people retired over the

terrace, and sought refuge in the French consul's house. For three days the town was in commotion, when the ring-leaders were punished.

My story ends as all stories do — the bishop's brother became consul, which post he holds. The new-made true believer marries a very pretty girl, and gets his livelihood by mending pots and pans. He came to me, but I dismissed him at once;—the poor consul ended by losing his dearly acquired wife, and his post, and is now a tailor at Beyrout. I have been told the priest had long had a longing for something, and that was to get rid of his wife, — a regular Xantippe. On being pressed to become a Christian, as he might do so without fear, the consuls protecting him, he said, “And return to my wife?” Oh woman, survey your deeds!

An excitement happened to myself also. Walking in the bazaar I met an officer, a Turk. Seeing him not at all inclined to make way I made myself as small as possible to suffer him to pass. This he did, breasting me so violently that I had to grasp him to prevent myself from falling into the middle of the street. For once, rare occurrence, I kept my

temper, and said, "Effendem ; your Highness, your name." This he would not give, so I told my servant before him, in Turkish, "to follow this man wherever he goes, till you find out his name." He now asked me to come to his quarters. "God forbid," I said ; and walked to the French consul's. On returning, having paid my visit, I went to another gentleman's house, where I found my friend and another officer with several other persons. They rose as I entered, when the second soldier put the hand of the first forward, at the same time seizing mine. I said, in Turkish, "Is my hand rotten that you would put it on the dung-hill?" and he slunk back ; and now began the war. They said he had but just arrived from Tripoli, and did not know anything. "Happy fellow," I replied, "for I will give him a good lesson ; but I did not come here to discuss with you. I came to see my friends. Your business I shall settle very summarily afterwards." The Christians looked delighted. The soldier now snatched my narbeesh from me. On my retaining it, he said, "My lord, I would smoke the remains of your pipe. Let us be friends."

I said, "Your compliments are curses. You will have it now. Abdallah, give me my courbash," and the fellow produced a huge heavy rhinoceros whip, mounted with silver. "Now," said I, jumping from the divan, "I would have for my own part waited till I had written to your colonel, who would have settled this, you know, soon enough; but you, a low fellow, have forced yourself into a gentleman's house whom I have the honour to visit, and made his room the theatre of our discussions. Now, two minutes, and you give me the satisfaction I desire, or I horse-whip you, and send to your colonel to tell him why." The formidable weapon, my apparent resolution, the being told by those around I was a wonderfully high personage, all combined to make him promise he would. He offered any apology. I said, "I want but one. You come to the spot where you pushed me, and there stand while I pass, so that those who saw you do the one may see you now do the other." A soldier, his orderly, said "My lord, for shame he dare not. What will the fellah say if an officer of the Padishah does so?" "God forbid,"

I replied, "that an Englishman should submit to what he did to me: but come, you will not," and we walked out of the house: four consuls, five or six gentlemen, the soldiers and people followed. He stood where I pointed, and as I passed I said (I in vain seek a translation), *Ta faddal*; "before me, pray:" (it is also a welcome, when you see a guest at your door: literally, perhaps: "Step forward, your Excellency.") The consuls took care the people should know why it was done, and it probably had a good effect. I was warned not to walk about for some days, a caution I disregarded without any evil befalling me. For this, and several other quarrels with Mussulmans, in which I exacted due vengeance, the Ansayrii turned their attention to me. I was not of the religion of the Christians, they knew; for the Christians said I was not: I was not a Mussulman—I was not a Druse; what must I be? and so they concluded I was one of themselves: honest denial was taken as reserve; and the more I held back, the more anxiously they pressed me with confidence.

The famous MSS. copy of the Bible here

(I went to see it yesterday) is in good preservation, and well written. It was written by the Greek Bishop Theodosius, (492 G. Date). In 1727, (G. Date) the Bishop Nicephorus finding the title page almost illegible, transcribed it; at the same time affixing his seal to bear witness to the date he had seen on the damaged page. It belonged to the church of Farous, a church dedicated to St. George, when the Turks sacked that church. Its ruins are now hardly traceable outside the town. A priest brought the Bible to this church, also dedicated to St. George, where it now is. There is another Bible also, 495, which has also had its title page renewed by a disciple of the bishop's at the same time. This is also a well written Arab Bible, date after Adam, 6566. Now, the Greek Church considers this the year 7359; * so it gives this one an antiquity of 793, (G. D.) Subtract 311, and it leaves it 482 years old. A book was pointed out to me, a page bound up with a commentary of the Bible. The following is the translation; I cannot say I

* Among the Jews, 5611; but the Greek date must be taken for this.

attach much faith to it, either to its antiquity, its truth, or chronology:—

“In the time of Mansour el Armil and Mansour, the father of John Cass, the Damascene, the Mussulmans under Melek el Dyher* 300 of Hegira, took the cities of Homs and Hamath. They took the city of Tripoli, 620 Hegira; also Gebele, which fell after a defence of three days. Then Achmed, the son of Melek Naisare, commanding the Islams, attacked and took Latakia, the castle of which, where the Christians fled to, holding out forty-seven years. On its surrendering, the said Achmed ordered it to be razed (literally, ploughed by oxen), and sent the stones to Aleppo, Hegira 667 (1296, A.D.). And I am Roma, the son of Romanos. I was then a Shimasse (disciple, follower) in the church of St. Andrew, twenty years of age. And the Mussulmans took the church of St. John (the Great), and the church of Band Limoon, and all the best churches; and of 650 churches, there were only ten left to the Christians. Here are their names, and the number of priests

* Son of Sallahadin.

in each :—El Farouse, 6 priests ; El Lemmon, 4 ; Mar Androus, 2 ; Mar Milous, 8 ; Mar Georgious, 5 ; Deir Saide, 4 ; Mar Yacoub, 1 ; Mar Saba, 2 ; Mar Tuma, 3 ; the church of Malarka-al-Isme, Saida.”

Of these, five now remain—Mar Milous, Mar Georgious, Mar Androus, Mar Saba, Deir Saide ; two are ruined, and three others have been appropriated by the Moslems. The town has also besides—1 Armenian church, 1 Latin, 1 Maronite, and about 28 Mosques and Moslem chapels. Several ruins remain, but generally appropriated by the Moslems.

My practice spreads: two days ago I was called in to attend the commandant of the troops. On my saying to the messenger, “I am no doctor,” he replied : “Ya wallah, ya beg, sader.” “We know it : but there is none here like you. Pray come.” Accordingly I visited a huge bloated fellow, and common sense teaching me the cause, gave him that night and the following morning a rattling dose. It would have worked a horse, as I gave him all I had left of a bottle of Epsom salts. This morning he offered me the post of surgeon to the troops

and a huge silver watch, both of which I declined. He subsequently paid me a visit, and eat sweets and bonbons enough to bid fair for another attack. But this morning came a messenger of a different stamp, a sleek, fat Christian. He made such a long preamble that I grew impatient. At last out came the secret—a lady sick, the wife of an Aga. I was begged to prescribe. It was truth when I said I could not—it is impossible. I must own to feeling something like an impostor as I went to the house. More demur. I remained firm. “No see, no prescribe:” for he wished me at once to give a dose, saying she was ill, and that I knew how to cure her without seeing her. They delayed so long, I walked off, but was again begged to return. Passed the outer ward, passed the mystic doorway, beyond which none may tread; a court, hung with damp clothes, slops, suds, all about. Entered—saw—a grandmother, a woman quite beyond womanhood, gone to fiendishness. “Inshallah! she must be cured quickly.” Already more than enough of medicine: but one more case.

I saw a man to-day whose kindness to me

has been very great. Meeting an Arab doctor on his way to the house, I on arriving only said my medicine chest was at his service, looked at his tongue, felt his pulse, or rather grasped his wrist, and felt my own—for really the dear man's illness exceeded my pharmacy—then sat down; nor could I altogether pity him, for round his couch flitted the prettiest woman in Latakia. What curious creatures women are. Here was she, with youth and beauty of rare excellence, flitting like a fairy round the couch of an ugly (he *was* ugly, though I respect and love him much,) oldish man, his head bandaged up in cotton handkerchiefs; yet she tended, soothed, smoothed, handed, carried off—did every office of affection for him as gently as if he were a dozing Adonis. How different our bachelors' couch of illness—how my own many hours of misery while travelling came across me; while wandering, sometimes on the bare ground, wet and damp, rolling in agony, no hand even to smooth the pillow wet with the sweat of heavy agony; unattended save by servants, who left one oftentimes no pillow to smooth—having to think, to act, to manage, all for oneself. It

is a sad thing to be ill thus alone. In health all is easy; but even for man, stern, hard, conquering as he is, it is heavy work to have to act while the poor foolish old frame waxes sick and faint. But this is nothing. Kismet—Eugh Allah kismet. Presently the Doctor, an Arab, of great repute, arrived. He felt the pulse. “Have you a pain here—there?” “No, no; none; but I have here.” “Ah, I thought so.” “Will you bleed me?” “Yes; and then to-morrow drink a little *benufsage* (violet roots, used like tea), and, Inshallah, you will be well afterwards.” I left the house, resolved, for the good of the people, to practise medicine wherever I was requested.

Received a visit from Ismael Osman, an Ansayri, the chief of the district of Kerdaha. He governs for the sultan, being under the kaimakan, or governor, here. They are said both to eat a good deal of money, and misrule considerably. They made me the kindest offers of hospitality if I would visit them—in fact, pressed me much to do so. They asked and examined with great attention my Arabic Bible, but we did not speak on any other than general

subjects, the expected conscription of the sultan also, of which they entertain great dread. One of them, the head-man, offered me half his property if I would but live there, and afford him protection. "We are eaten up, my lord. God send the day we fall under the rule of England. The Ottoman empire will soon be partitioned, and heaven grant we may fall under her rule." They likewise offered me escorts and guards whenever I chose to go among their mountains.

Every day now my house is thronged with Ansayri, who come to beg my protection. One deposited his all, six hundred piastres, with me to-day, to escape an expected eat of money by the kaimakan.

The other day, at dinner, the following story was related:—A Christian peasant, being anxious to witness the worship of the Druses, laid himself in a window-hole, whence he could not be seen. Presently the Druses assembled, and sitting down, recited several prayers; then they produced a figure. One said, "You are God, who made the world; who made so and so, who did so and so. You let the Druses be beaten, and gave them up to the Turks. Now,

save yourself." And the figure was handed over to others, who soundly flogged it. Another was produced. "You are the Saviour, the Son of God. You have brought more trouble, wars, fights on the earth than aught else. Save yourself." And this idol was handed over, and treated like the first. Another was produced. "You are Mahomet, and what have you done? We owe you wars, fightings—our tyrants, our persecutors. Hand him over." And he was whipped. Another now was produced. "You are Providence. Now, see what you can do. Save yourself." The Christian could stand it no longer. He dashed a loose stone down among them, and they all fled. He made a retreat as soon as he could, but treading on a loose rock, it capsized over him, and he remained imprisoned. The next day his brother, working in the field, heard his cries, and forthwith released him, saying, "Thank Providence for your release." "Ah," said the other, "Providence must thank me also; had I not thrown the stone he would have caught it nicely."

I visited to-day Effendi, or the Slave of the giver of Good, as his name means. He

was out when I called, but, on being told of my arrival, hastened back to welcome me. He is one of the only really read men among the Mussulmans here, and we had a good deal of interesting conversation. He gave me—rare liberality for a Turk! a copy of an inscription over one of the mosques; he likewise promised me a copy of that, or rather those (for there are nine), over the great mosque here, formerly, of course, a Christian church. He told me that his family came from Seville, and related several tales of the country traditions handed from one to the other. On my mentioning that I had heard the Moors still dwelt on, and thought the day was coming for their re-conquest of Spain, he added such was the case; but that there was a prophecy that, when Spain was taken, Constantinople would be taken too: so who could dare wish it? Of the taking of Constantinople he spoke less cheerfully, saying, “God knows when! God alone knows when! spite of all, none but Him can say.” He is one of the few who have a good library, and, what is more, who makes use of it. His reading is extensive, and his great

source of regret was, the want of modern literature in his language. Speaking of the conquests of the Moslems, he said "Soor (Tyre) was the only town that made any lengthened resistance to the Moslem arms." It may not be generally known, but all conversant with the Turks will confirm what I say, no Turk will ever rise when a Christian visits him. Afraid now of committing such an insult, they compound the matter by rising before you enter, or doing so to smooth the divan. For this reason, I would always warn Franks to send a person before to announce their visits, as he ought not to fail to resent any such insult if attempted towards him.

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CHAPTER IV.

Besnada—Tomb of Ibn Hani—Astronomical Disquisition—Snake-Charmers and Salamanders—Anecdote of a Snake-Charmer—The Ophigene of Cyprus—Travellers in the East—Wig of Count de la Borde—Kindness of the Ansayrii—Visit from an Ansayri Woman—An Eastern Pic-Nic—A Moral upon Pleasure—The Djebel Mountains—Eastern Music—Eastern Dances Described—Lectured by the Sheik—Hostility of the Priest—Preparations for Departure—Seclusion of the Ansayrii—Religious Bequests—Sheer-el-Akash—Nahr-el-Kebeer—Village of Sholfatia—Tenure of Land in the District—Eastern Love of Parables—Religious Discussions—Strange Mode of Exorcism.

VISITED the village of Besnada. It is about two and a half miles from the town, and finely situated on a hill in the plain, and commands a noble view of plain, of sea, and of the varied broken mountains of the Ansayrii. On the platform stands the ruins of a house, still called the Serai, built some eighty years ago by an Englishman,—our consul. Nothing now remains of it but one ruined room and a fountain. There is a large Ansayri village on the hill, and a fine fountain below : this well merits a visit, as its building, a circular shaft, is fine. The

broken ground before the village is extensively quarried, but by a former people, as now they break masses off and square them afterwards, whereas these are squared in the quarry. Rode from thence to view the rising gardens of some natives, consuls of the European powers, promising a better day for the land when men dare cultivate and improve. On my way, passed through the Ansayri village of Demserko, where my querist* was sent from; all the people turned out to greet me, and several at once offered to accompany me on my ride. I galloped on, however; several followed me. A half hour's canter brought me to a little cove, on the shore of which stands the tomb of Ibn Hani, a Mussulman sheik; his body rests in a small room off the mosque, and before it is a large court-yard, with vines and a fountain. The keeper of the mosque escorted me over the place, even inviting me to enter its sacred precincts.

I asked him if it was in veneration among the Ansayri, he replied, "Great numbers come

* A man had been sent to me from this village, to discover if I was really an Ansayri.

here, but it is not to pray: they, my lord, are a wicked race." I copied the inscription on his coffin, which, covered with a case, and swathed in green baize, rests above the ground.

In the evening I passed to our consul's, where a numerous party were assembled. My assertion, on being questioned, that the earth moved and was round, was met with horror. The sacred historians were violently quoted against me: and vain was my assertion that such expressions were of the man, not of the inspired writer; that, besides, they concerned no doctrine, and shook no divine revelations. "No, it was impossible." "You are a Frank Mason;" and their kind hearts shrank from me: so I relapsed into quiet, muttering the words of Galileo, "Yet it moves, it moves." We may thus fix the period these people are in arrear of Europe in all true knowledge; two hundred and thirty-six years exactly, for these were rather in advance of their countrymen.

I remember once, while travelling, one of my servants asked me what became of the sun? whether a new one came every day, or how God brought it back? He was rather a quick fellow,

and had formed not a bad theory to which, he told me, he had gained a great many proselytes. It was, that each day a new sun passed the earth, and then quietly took up its position as a star, where it remained. The rest, for I questioned each, had no idea. One said, according to the Mussulman theory, it passed under the earth; one, it returned at night behind the clouds in the darkness. After the sensation caused by my doctrine was over, the conversation turned on snake-charmers and salamanders, or people who were unhurt by fire. As each story was positively attested I had no resource but nods and smiles. What can one say? Politeness forbids contradiction, and persuasion is a long, weary task. Of the fire-proof people I hope to be able to relate from personal observation, as one has been sent for from his village to convince my unbelief.

One of the party related the following story of what he declared he had seen one night. He was staying with a Turkoman sheik, about two day's journey from hence:—"Among other guests who arrived during the evening was a poor traveller, on his return from some town,

where he had been on some business of his own, to his native village. He spoke little, and attracted no attention during the evening. When all had retired, however, he still remained. The servants asked him, 'Where do you sleep?' 'Oh, anywhere,' he replied: 'Ah, this will do;' quietly seating himself on the fire, which was kindled in a hole on the ground in the centre of the tent. After he had remained in this posture for a short space he shifted his position, and quietly putting a huge burning log under his head, went to sleep." Other stories of them were also related, and one convenience was mentioned; they carry fire in their trousers or caps from one place to the other. Such stories as these were told, and all the company most implicitly believed them. I reserve my opinion till the man comes.

Of the snake-charmers we have stories even more wonderful. They are said to be of a particular race, though others even whose ancestors or parents never injured a snake, sometimes inherit the gift. They enter any place, and adjuring the snake by the name of the Most High, he comes and surrenders himself

at once. Our consul told me, that during his father's time, a valuable mare in a stable in the house was bitten and died: they did not know the cause of her death. Another was put into the stable, and, like the first, found dead. They now sent for a sheik of noted snake-charming powers; he entered the stable, but no snake appeared; he at last got impatient, and exclaimed, "Come, none of your nonsense, I know you are here, come out;" or words to that effect. Reluctantly the snake appeared, and, enraged at his delay, the sheik seized him by the neck rather roughly, on which the reptile bit him. "Oh, this is it, is it?" and he merely licked the wounds he permitted the snake to inflict: this is one of the least wonderful. They are said to claim a descent from a race who are settled near Gebaile, but even their traditions do not go beyond this, though some Franks trace them to the ancient Ophigene of Cyprus. Legends likewise assign to the snake a king, government, and laws, particularly that of vengeance, hereditary and unforgiving, to all who shed the blood of man or snake. For the antiquity of this we may quote Acts,

(28th chapter,) "They said among themselves, this man is a murderer."

The tombs without the town are of extraordinary depth, one, cut in the solid rock, I saw, seventeen feet deep, and also the remains of one with carving of the latter Roman era. There is another at our consul's garden of the same sort. The manner of the poor French gentleman, Captain Boutain's death, while exploring the Nahr-el-Sin, was related to me to-day. He journeyed, it appears, with one servant, each carrying a portion of the luggage. Having crossed the river, he alighted to rest; in putting his baggage to the ground a bag of coins (he always collected them and carried them with him,) rattled loudly. The fancy of the natives magnified the treasure, and they could not resist; they fell on him and killed him; they cut him to pieces afterwards. I was also told that the adventurous Lascaris was poisoned. He also resided here some time previous to the Arab tour he made, and gained great popularity among the Ansayrii; probably he did not do much among them. His subsequent career is well known: my informant

hinted he was poisoned; I suppose he meant by the English. A story was related also of Count La Borde. While among the Arabs, he saw a very fine mare which he wished to purchase; while the bargain was going on (another was bargaining, he not speaking Arabic)—hearing a talk, the Arabs thronged round and jostled him rather rudely. He drew his sword: as quick as his ready steel flashed, came forward the rummah and cobba of the Arab; he was borne back by numbers; burning with rage he plucked his head-dress, (oh, shade of the unduteous son, his wig and all came too,) and he cast it amidst the crowd. They fell back in terror from this man of wondrous make. “*Ya wallah*, the Caffre has pulled his head off—God help us, God pardon us.” This gave time to appease all anger; the Count replaced his wig, which had proved to him a better defence than the triple shield of Ajax or the petrifying head of Medusa: Backshish, backshish, and all was forgotten.

Laquais-de-place are the *bêtes noires* of all travellers. Here kind friends acted this invidious part; no sooner did I think within myself it would be well to make some small return for

the kindnesses done me by the Ansayrii, than up started thirty people of the town, each of whom had a village more apropos, more beautiful, better situated than any other. Some almost proceeded to violence, ordering my servants to do this and that ; others eat dirt, and swore they should love me and mine for ever. Some entreated ; both my servants and myself, however, received all with thanks, but none with any direct answer. It is necessary to mention the good offices of the Ansayrii towards me, nor did others fail to reap an abundant harvest, I am sorry to say ; for less scrupulous than I, they availed themselves of it to the fullest extent : greatly to my annoyance, presents flowed in daily ; butter, grease, eggs, vegetables, lambs, goats, gazelles, partridges, frankolin, sour milk, coals, tobacco, felts, cotton ; in fact, all that they possessed ; invariably a present of thrice the value was offered in return, but not accepted. However, I provided every day burgoul (millet) cooked with grease, coffee, nargillehs, and arrack, for all who came, and seldom fewer than one hundred or upwards fed in my corridor ; money they would not receive :

in fact it sometimes went so far that the present was dashed on the ground, because my servants steadily maintained I would receive none unless they received one in return.

One morning the hadjee came to me in a state of great excitement, and said "Wallah billah, ya beg; here is the devil's third wife below; may I beat her?" "God forbid," I replied: "What is it?" He said "There is Abdallah, with his tongue like honey, can make nothing of her. She vows by your beard she cannot receive any thing, and says you are Ali; God preserve you from her words. There she stands naked (unveiled), till my old eyes are ashamed." I said "Pray send her up:" he uttered some invocation to protect me, and she ascended to my little snugery, he discreetly waiting below. She was a young girl of about fifteen, wife of my great friend, a Sheik Hassan. Shouting Allah, the usual salutation of an Ansayri woman, she knelt down in the corner, and said "There are the Christians and the Turks eat us up, and love our gifts; you, one of my man's own holy chiefs, will not take my offering." I said, "I shall be proud to do so if you will take mine."

“ Ah ! ” she said, “ great as you are, you cannot feel for your slaves ; my lord will beat me if I go back with money ; how shall I creep to him ? take it, take it, for his head.” Perhaps it was not his head that changed my opinion, but I took it. The sheiks even ate with me, a thing they would have lost their lives sooner than have done with a Turk, even though it were the dreaded Pasha himself.

Sending a servant and tents, (the French and English consuls sending their carpets,) to the Besnada, a village I have mentioned formerly, we left the town one lovely morning, a gallant cavalcade of some fifty horsemen. The two high functionaries of England and France rode on either side of me, next came sedate Christians, then a confused mass of quiet horses, ambling asses, and petted mules, led by servants, and carrying the veiled beauties of Christian faith. Each rode astride, a noisy pickle generally on the croup, and an infant of tender years before ; their white shrouds could hardly cover the joy at their emancipation and expected kief : behind followed a small regiment of sutlers, for no Eastern lady can move without a cargo of

walnuts, pistachios, bonbons, figs, mastic, &c., while round us galloped, shouted, fired, charged, darted, all the chiefs; also youths, servants, and janissaries, attached to the consulates. Now they darted over the rocky plain, pursuing or pursued, now dashed in our faces, firing, yelling, wheeling their horses, curvetting, throwing and returning the jereed, or seizing the long quivering spear from some less active antagonist.

It always seems to me, our inferiors quaff the choice drop of our pleasures: witness a dull evening, with stupid company, while you hear faintly the roars of the servants. Distance lends, perhaps, enchantment to the view. But so it seemed on this occasion: methought I would rather have joined that gay group, than have marched at a funeral pace, on a very restive horse, even though he was led by two high sheiks. About half a mile from the village we were met by the male population and the music; the two masses mingled tumultuously; yelling, firing, rushing, kicking, neighing, braying, till like two mighty streams, struggling, curling, and conjoining at last, we flowed peaceably on to the village, the music

just before me thundering forth its very loudest notes. No sooner did we begin to ascend the ridge, than the women, who were all clustered on the ridge, joined in with their cry of welcome, the Hahee, singular, or Haheel, plural.* It consists of a short verse, such as "You are welcome, the day is blessed."

"May you be happy, Ya Hyder Bey,†
Lrihoo, Lrihoo, Lrihoo, Lrihoo, Lalloo."

We found the tents pitched on the flat, grassy top of the mound, commanding a beautiful view. The minarets and olive grounds of Latakia seemed as if retreating behind the castle hill; before us a varied plain, sprinkled with rich gardens and summer villas, till it met the sea blue, calm, and beautiful; on the north, undulating fields of green, vigorous corn, faded into mountains of every varied hue, nobly flanked by the Djebel Okal, or, bald mountain. On the eastward, is another undulating plain, but again those mountains rise in broken ridges, pile on pile, containing those wild tribes, now

* South, it is called *Zalgootaa*, singular; *Islareet*, plural.

† Such was the name I was known by.

as of old, unvisited. As I gazed on them, my resolve was strengthened to penetrate their farthest recesses, and wipe off the slur which stains the wanderer's name, that we can not, dare not, enter them; the front of my tent, pitched the most conveniently for enjoying the sights, was taken down, the women removed their curious shrouds, and shone forth in all the bravery of gold, silk and embroidery. The Sheik Abdallah now asked if we wished the people to dance, or preferred waiting till the eating was over. First the dance: the music struck up afresh. It consisted of two enormous *tubbils*, or drums, slung by a strap round the neck. The left hand grasped one end, at the same time striking the instrument with a stick with the right. The fellows banged boldly occasionally as they became excited, swinging the drum round in a semicircle, the drummer forming the centre. A most venerable looking man played the *jummer* or fife, rather perhaps a clarionet, with seven uncovered holes, the bell-shaped end inlaid with silver; chains, also, with coins, jingled about it. Another played a similar instrument, but less gaily ornamented. For each instrument

there were two players, who relieved one another as they became fatigued. The drums maintained a perpetual but not ill-timed din, while the poor clarionets, half drowned, seemed frantically to endeavour to keep up with their sonorous notes. The villagers sat in a ring leaving our side open—generally the men apart from the women. Men now entered the ring, a handkerchief in each hand, and commenced dancing. The hands are waved in time, one extended and one resting on the hip. The step looked very much as if the fellow put his foot down, found the place hot, and took it up again rather swiftly. The same trial was repeated with the other foot, and so on. It was varied by certain motions of the loins, that are seemingly esteemed as graceful over the savage globe.

We vainly represented that the townspeople danced well, but we were bored with their display, nothing but the hadjee's whip could effect a cessation. Two women now entered: their dance is not ungraceful; a pretty variety of that of the men. This is called *rhucks*; but soon many joined hand-in-hand, and danced the *aarge* or *delakme*; the latter

name has no meaning, but the former is the motion thus made. Each at the same time puts the right foot in front; then to the left, to the rear; all then make a rapid step to the right, swinging their clasped arms. As they jump, the knees are bent at each step, and the lower part of the body inclines forward—hence the name.

At last the food was ready, and the music led the way to the sheik's house, where it had been prepared: it was then borne forth by men in huge cauldrons, and distributed in shovel-fulls to the villagers. Some took it in their earthenware platters, others in their coat skirts, kneading it into huge hard balls. It consisted of rice and grease. Lettuces and oranges also had been consumed in abundance. After this, dancing was resumed with great spirit till we felt tired, when we left, preceded by the music, the yells, and hurroos of the people.

Afterwards I received a severe lecture from the high sheik for being pleased with such amusement. I excused myself on the score of youth; the last time I fear such excuse may be successfully pleaded.

During my residence here, I have conciliated

all but the Catholic priest; he put me under ban from the first, and the first glimpse of my coat makes him and his caracallis* vanish. He refused me a lodging in his convent, though the only occupant, with some twenty spare rooms, and warned his communicants not to let me a house. This order they partially obeyed, for their avarice, thus authorised, asked a price which amounted to a prohibition. On my first arrival here I was set down as a Protestant priest, come to convert the natives. In this opinion all my responses to their questions confirmed them; my firm belief that our doctrines were those of the primitive Church; my reference to Holy Writ; my constant refusal to admit their legends as right; my whole system, life, quiet, and love of study. After a time, however, they got tired of this, and they now set me down as one sent to raise the Ansayri to revolt and establish an English rule. This gains ground every day; and as I never deny anything they say, why it is an established fact; so much so, that this

* The monks' dress was merely an adoption of the hooded cloak, *Caracallis*, which has now, in the course of time, become their peculiar dress.

evening a man waited on me for information relative to a rise the mountaineers have made, actually asking me how far I intended it to extend, and himself offering to assist me by misleading the soldiers who are to be sent to the spot.

To-morrow, dear reader, I had intended to to have taken my leave of you, among the orange blossoms of my court, but if you will, we will yet journey on, and tread where none of European race have ever yet roamed. I take your consent; the servants furbish up their arms; the hadjee is off to the bazaar, to a secret store, whence he draws *hashesh*; he would die, he says, without it, and feels sure those bookless dogs, the Ansayri, never heard of the holy weed. Abdallah will not be left behind. Ibrahim the imp makes dreadful faces at the old woman of the house, and says, "I love you, but must go." So, Inshallah! to-morrow shall see us on the road. Among the first preparations is a paper, to be left with our good, kind consul, to the following effect:—

"I hereby certify that our Consular Agent advises me not to go to the mountains, as he

considers travelling there in the present juncture decidedly unsafe."

The *tass about** had set in, and it was folly starting, so the journey was postponed till its three days of reign were over.

" If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget ;
If thou wouldst read a lesson that would keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep ;
Go to the hills and woods. No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

Nobody having ever ventured among these mountains, there was no necessity for that most intolerable bore, getting up the route. Kelly observes, "Most travellers are shy of approaching this district." Burckhardt spent one evening among them, but gives little information save that, on his mentioning having heard of a temple and people of their religion in the East Indies, they appeared much struck, as if there was something in it. In the first place, they have no temple or building dedicated to prayer ; and, except vague stories, do not know whether they have any co-religionists or not.

The United States consular agent had agreed to accompany me, avowedly for my pleasure,

* Sultry weather : that close cloudy dark state of the atmosphere.

but really on a voyage of trade under my protection, and hoping to recover a mare stolen from him some time before. Friends flocked in to bid farewell, and about noon we managed to get off, leaving a servant behind us to bring on the Governor's bouree, which he refused to give without a letter from me, relieving him from all responsibility about me. We set out, and took a north-easterly course, passing round the Castle hill, much of the property near which is still held by the original conquerors; that is to say, those who conquered the place from the descendants of the Crusaders. They are now in actual poverty, perpetually draining money; their land is worn out. You seldom find a Turk who will expend a para now, though certain of shortly reaping a piastre.

Our road now lay along the plain; leaving Besnada, the scene of our revel, on our left: passed the Sacred Figs: they require the law of mortmain, sure, for among the Ansayrii, pious men leave land either for the benefit of their own posthumous fame, or to some deceased sheik. These fig trees, forming originally a large and fine plantation, were bequeathed by

a deceased Ansayri sheik to the stranger. All may take, as nobody concerns himself about every body's business. They are annually un-irrigated, dying off every year, leaving a lost tract of valuable land, now nearly bare.

Here was a fine sarcophagus on the side of the road, among a ledge of rocks through which the road winds; but the place has a bloodier renown. Here the government generally murder any Ansayrii sheik they wish to be rid of. They can seldom be persuaded to enter the town, even with a safe pass, never without. The Mussulmans, perhaps, may consider the pass void beyond this; or, more probably, they do not even care to make an excuse. The spot is called "Hagar-el-Atrash," the Deaf Stone.

It may not be out of the way here to enter into the subject of the estimation in which this persecuted race is held, both by Turks and Christians. The Turks regard those who believe the Bible and Holy Writ, as Giaour—Caffer (Caffar), perhaps Infidel. This is the name used, the one word being Turkish, the other Arab; but all other sects they call Immamee,

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or without religion. The Christians, &c., probably, are as little loved as the others, but they are now strong; as for "these Immamee, these Ansayrii, it is better to kill one than to pray a whole day."

In fact, this doctrine is preached even now: for them there is no mercy, no protector. We halted at the Nahr-el-Kebeer,* and spread carpets, picketed horses, waiting for the kavass who was to bring the bouree from the governor. The river is broad and deep; in fact, but one ford exists for ten miles from its mouth, and a yearly average would give, perhaps, fifteen people drowned in its water in endeavouring to pass while it is swollen during the winter. Some years ago, the Porte, at the petition of the people, sent 50,000 piastres, (450*l.*) to repair two of the arches which had fallen. The bridge itself was, probably, a relic of better days. The money arrived;—20,000

* Just above us, the Egyptians defeated the Ansayrii during one of the frequent risings they made against Ibrahim Pasha. They came to the attack with about ten bullets each; so when these were expended each endeavoured to make the best of his way back to the mountains. An Assayrii joined us, helping the servants. I asked him if he was there. "*Ya wallah*, I was; and was fool enough to be caught, and had to serve as a soldier with the Egyptians five years; when, thank God, you came, and I ran away."

piastres were eaten by the council, 30,000 repaired the two arches, but none thought of repairing or inspecting the remainder; so the first freshy washed it down, and the two new ones alone are left. Such is an epitome of all Turkey.

The coffee drank, the horses bridled, we rode on to Sholfatia, a very pretty village, situated on the banks of the small river Nahr-el-Ish, the river of hay or dried grass—a confluent of the Nahr-el-Bebeer. Here my first ordeal was to be passed; the whole male population poured out, my hand was kissed, my horse much bored, half inclined to kick,—was borne along till we reached the open space in front of the village. The women, doomed to toil, all soulless as they are, hang timidly back. Felts* were spread on a rising ground, and there we sat. The spot was very pretty, the flat-roofed hovels, each with an affair like the tilt of a waggon, made of twigs on the roof: in these the natives sleep during the summer.

On either side of the broad but shallow stream,

* I have often mentioned these; they are made of beaten wool, and used by the poor as carpets; by all, for various uses.

lay the young corn ; flocks, bleating and lowing, passed in. The keen air, however, drove us in, and we remained, during the day and night, at the house of a husbandman of my companion's who has a share in the village, and kindly affords them such protection as he can.

The village of Sholfatia belongs to the Sultan. These villages are sold yearly, the purchaser guaranteeing the taxes merely. The buyer of the previous year has the preference, and, on relinquishing a village he has hired, (the same also applies to all other property,) the proprietor is compelled to repay him the money expended on improvements. The hirer or purchaser of the Sultan villages, only pays the amount of the taxes. This is perfectly fair ; but, when a Turk or a Christian takes a village, he frequently never even goes near it, more frequently never assists the peasant with any thing. He only receiving presents of all his rural fruits, and yearly extorting some thirty to forty per cent. on their produce, leaves him besides to pay the tax.

The ingenuity of extortion amuses me ; the taxes are collected at four quarterly collec-

tions. At three the peasant is behind hand, his crops being unreaped ; he is therefore forced to borrow from his proprietor, who advances the money at forty per cent. ; and he also, for the money lent to-day, if paid next month, extorts the full year's interest. There are few peasants who are free from debt ; some proprietors, more generous, or probably more long-sighted, supply seed and one ox of the two used at the plough, sharing equally the profit with the husbandman, who has to pay his own taxes. But the labourer is expected, as a right, to supply the landlord with all such things as fowls, cheese, eggs, milk, leban, &c. The people of this village have lately sent a petition, offering good security, and entreating the Pasha not to sell their village, but to permit them to pay the tax themselves.

After our meal, in which both Sheik Hassan and Sheik Abdallah, the latter a high man—both are in fact so—refused to join, we conversed on different subjects. “ Ya Beg, I hear you have travelled far and much : answer me this question ; one of our *kadmeen* (high men) asked it, and none for many days could answer it. Two camels were born on the same day

and died on the same day, yet one had lived one hundred years longer than the other." "The sheik has wisdom," I replied: "the one camel had travelled; you say truth; your beard is young, yet you know all things."

They said, in allusion to my visit to Kalaat-el-Sion, "Why go there, one stone is like another, however man may shape it." Though the advice had no effect on me, my companion showed so many causes why, that I most unwillingly gave up my own route, and we agreed to go at once to the southward. Before long they entered, of their own accord, on religious matters. The women and children, the uninitiated and, most reluctantly, my friend the consul, were dismissed; the doors were closed, a guard placed outside, and* * * *

Some hour or two after we had retired to sleep, we were awoke by a dreadful noise, yells, cries, and at intervals the heavy blows of a cudgel. The consul, tender-hearted, awoke the kavass, whom he sent out to inquire the cause. The kavass found Sheik Hassan belabouring a

* It would be useless giving the reader portions; if he will grant me indulgence, let me hope he shall have the whole of this curious and as yet secret creed.

poor woman, shouting and yelling as he did so ; nor would he desist until he had left her half dead on the ground. I maintained the semblance of sleep, wishing to see the result without disturbance, and thinking, that probably the punishment was merited. The affair over, Sheik Hassan came to the consul and said : " Ya consul, I have had sad work ; it was a strong devil ; did you see, I drove him up to her nose, but there he remained, long and pertinaciously." The consul remonstrated against the cruelty. The sheik declared, " the blows were not on her face but on the spirit ; those cries were the yells of the fiend, unwilling to quit the residence he had chosen." The woman, we afterwards found, had come some considerable distance to be cured, Sheik Hassan's power being universally acknowledged.

He told me, afterwards, that the demon which he had expelled from the woman, when adjured by a holy name, exclaimed : " Let me alone, I am no Christian, I do not care for that name." He next adjured him by the name of Abraham el Kaled (Abraham the Beloved), and then the evil spirit came out of her.

CHAPTER V.

District of Mehalbee—Caldahha—Inducement to settle in the East—Extensive Burial Grounds—Description of their Houses—Patience of the People—Present of a Volume of Petrarch—Theological Discussions—Ein-el-Sakarr—Revolted Village—Sheik Habeeb—His Residence described—Its Furniture—Polite conduct of the young Sheiks—The Sheiks of Religion—Superstitious Charms—Castle of Beni Israel—The Prison of Blood—Reasons for Non-improvement—Interesting Conversation—A School established—A few Reflections.

On the following morning we started early, the sheik accompanying me, which no persuasion or force could have induced him to do, except the conviction that I was of the same religion as himself. With many good wishes, we went on our way, crossing the small river in front of the village. We proceeded, south and by east, over a broken undulating plain, but shortly turning more east, proceeded among the lower spurs of the Ansayrii range. In the lower part of the district of Mehalbee, the country was but partially cultivated, and we passed several villages ruined and deserted; the inhabitants fled from the extortion of officials to their

inaccessible mountains; thus Saluerin, a beautiful district that, eight years ago, was ill-cultivated by one hundred and twenty Feddan, (four oxen make a Feddan,) now has but fourteen. Abdul Azzak Effendi's brother ate it; the village spoiled; some fifty houses out of sixty uninhabited; trees cut; all ruined; it was *dumas*—let to him: he has now resigned it, finding it impossible to drain more money from it.

The people came out and pressed us to remain that day with them; "It is our right to-day to have you." Passing the Nahr Shebar, or Stama, for I have heard both names, we entered the district of Caldahha, under the Sheik Ismael el Osman. He is the official of government, but otherwise not high as an Ansayrii. Passed among and over low rounded hills, overgrown with myrtle and rhododendron; these are forbidden by the sheiks to be cut, as they justly think them an admirable cover in the event of an attack from the forces of the government; ruined villages on every hill.

Sheik Hassan proved an admirable com-

panion; he had a story for every spot, and halted at every kubbé. These are tombs of the sheiks; a square room with the door towards the west, a window towards the east: a dome forms the roof, surmounted by a short pole of masonry; an inscription over the door; the whole neatly whitewashed. At each kubbé accordingly he halted, and, as he said, prayed to the holy man to intercede with Ali for me. Passing a ruined mass of huts near a village, he said, "Here, Ya Beg: five years ago that village was flourishing and happy; children played on the sides of the hill, and wise men loitered by the door-ways. Now all is desert, and all because there was a slight difference in their belief and their neighbours'. How, then, shall we wonder that there are small differences between you and me, separated, uncommunicant for centuries? They fled to their own sect in the mountains."

"Ya wallah, you must marry. Say whom you would have, and she is yours. If you wish it we will bring every virgin in the mountains for you to choose from: love us, Ya Beg; take one of our daughters, show us you trust us: live with us, we will serve you." The habit of making

every sheik who is hospitable a saint, and raising a kubbé to him, covers the country with these erections; and valley, plain, or hill-top are all occupied. Passed a large burial-ground: the bodies must be intended to be placed east and west. I think the tombs generally, are merely a species of flag, laid flat over the body; a vacancy is left in the middle of the tomb, which has generally an upright stone in it: others have a raised tomb with an inscription: this, however, is rare. On several I have noticed a six-pointed star: this was that of a good man, in whose body the spirit had undergone its last purification, and from him taken up its residence in a star.

The district of Caldahha is called also Kelbia; this is the origin, probably, of Volney's error, that one of their sects was called Kelbia, that being the name of this whole portion of the mountains. Before arriving at the village of Caldahha, we passed a small monument, kept in good repair; on the south side there was a niche for a lamp, cut into the tomb: our sheik told us it was that of a Christian priest. Nightly, he says, a light is seen in

the hole, trimmed and tended by no mortal hand. It burns, has burned, and will ever burn.

We at last arrived at Caldahha, a straggling village, the residence of Sheik Ismael Osman ; he was absent, but were most kindly welcomed by his henchman. I had known him at Latakia, where he had been on business, and he at once despatched a courier for the sheik. His house was in nothing different from the cottages of the peasantry, save that it was larger, built of stone, the interior roughly plastered with a yellow clay. The roof was formed of boughs laid on the beams, over which a cargo of earth is well rammed down : the interior is one large room—posts supporting the roof—one end is set apart, and the floor spread with rude mats and felts : in the centre of this part is a round shallow hole, with a small raised ridge round it ; in this, charcoal and wood are burned. The sheik had a huge bed, a platform of boards with four posts, and a stuff spread over it for a musquito net. Into this it was necessary to climb, and in the further innermost corner of it was his chest of valuables. His

wife, a very pretty young woman, busied herself about, dinner and the sheik himself were announced together.

The conversation turned, of course, on the government, our friend inveighed strongly against the system of constantly changing the sheiks: "What can I do; some one else will buy me out." He forgot the fact of his having expelled the former occupant by the same means: all the people here believe the *twin-zemat hareea* a sign of the weakness of the government, and are resolved to resist the conscription. To their prayer to me for advice, I answered that it seemed folly, madness, thus disunited, and unprovided with military stores and money, to attempt it. "No," they said, "we will do our best, and God help us. They have no troops, they eat us up, it is better to die." The sheik bore witness to the fact that many of his people eat nothing but herbs boiled with milk; Can they live on less?

They have for years, it appears, been running in debt; their money for the *miri* or tax on the produce of land, has gone in presents to the members of the council, or government, and the

government had received nothing. They now come on the poor wretches for seven years arrears; another very true remark he made was—"When Ibrahim Pasha was here he was compelled to disarm the natives before he could collect the taxes; and do you think that now they will let a weak government seize their young men while they are armed?" This is much what Ibrahim Pasha said to Omar Pasha, the Turkish general: "You, with the assistance of the English, have expelled me; you have again put arms into the hands of the mountaineers; it cost me nine years and ninety thousand men to disarm them. You will yet invite me back to govern them." It was late ere we retired; our huge host mounted his mighty bed; we threw ourselves on the felts, and, save a dreadful cock, who crowed at my ear all night, I slept well.

Tuesday: up early. As I was sitting outside our host's kiosk, waiting for my companion and the baggage; a sheik brought me a volume of Petrarch, in Italian, the property, he said, of a traveller, who had died among them. There was no name in it, but it was probably the

property of poor Captain Boutain, as he was murdered in this district; and it was here the Turks, at the instigation of Lady Hester Stanhope, wreaked such a terrible vengeance. They cut down every tree; burned the houses and crops. The people of course, flew to the mountains, but even now the district has not recovered the punishment they received: they, however, put this all down to the Turks, not remembering the original cause.

Sheik Hassan and myself had long theological discussions, which resulted fully in his acknowledging me an Ansayrii. We descended over broken, sandy ground, partially covered by myrtle and rhododendron. I asked Sheik Ishmael Osman, who accompanied me a short way, why they did not thin the bushes, and so let them grow into trees? "These bushes," he said, "are the hairs of our head, the strong teeth of our jaws. We allow no one to touch them; then if the enemy (Turk) comes here, we can resist him." I afterwards found it is a law among all the people, not to clear the bush away any where, it offering the best obstacle to the approach of a regular force. The country .

was very rich, but generally only cultivated in the neighbourhood of the villages. This district of Bene Ali, which we now traversed, is the best cultivated of any of the lower ones.

Ascending a ridge on our right, we opened a lovely view of the sea, and found ourselves east of Gebail, which lay out over the plain abreast of us. At noon we halted, having come seven hours. One of the guides Sheik Osman had left with us, recounted the capture of Acre, he having been then in the service of Ibrahim Pasha; he said: "When the party to which I belonged ran, we met a regiment of Turks just without the town; they shouted, 'Whose soldiers are you?' 'Ibrahim Pasha's.' 'He is *bottal*, finished, (it may, perhaps, be better rendered by our term, "done up,") join Abdel Medjed and come and plunder.' So we shouted Abdel Medjed and returned, and all plundered together."

Shortly afterwards we reached a village, finely situated on a height, Ein el Sekarr, and were received at the house of Sheik Succor, a notorious *bon vivant*. He was a young man, of twenty-five or thirty years of age, and his father

had possessed great influence, being finally murdered at Latakia by order of Ibrahim Pasha, who dreaded his power in the mountains. This influence the present sheik had lost by his dissolute habits and extravagance. He received us very kindly, pressing us to stop with him ; but we were too anxious to press on to Metua. We likewise were told of the necessity of making a long *détour*, as the direct road passed through Zama, the village in revolt. Sheik Succor told me they had fired at one of his men on the preceding day. The sheik has made an upper room, from whence the view was charming, extending from Tripoli to Djebel Okal, but hardly appreciable on account of the cold now felt on its elevated site.

Among those who sat in the room were three people, whose fathers had been barbarously murdered by the Turks, Sheik Succor himself and two brothers. Their father was sheik, governing a large district. He repaired to Latakia upon some business, and lodged in the house of a Jew. While sitting in his room, the door opened, a volley was poured in, and the door closed, leaving the poor man dying in his

blood. All this they spoke of very coolly ; yet what a fearful vengeance the Turks are storing up, to be wreaked on them on the first occasion ! We had some difficulty to escape the proffered hospitality, but at last found ourselves again on the road. The mountains now became serious work, the ascents steep and tiring, the sides covered with bushes, the myrtle predominating. Peaked rocks, about six and ten feet high, rose thick between the spaces, affording splendid ground for guerilla defence. The roads, however, were well made and kept, affording a great contrast to those of the Lebanon.

The sheiks' tombs were very numerous. Ascending the steep hill over which the village is scattered, we arrived at Metua, the residence of Sheik Habeeb. His family claims a great antiquity, with what justice I cannot say ; but for many generations they have been the head, or rather one of the religious heads, of the Ansayrii nation ; for the chief residing at Szaffyta, now banished to Erzeroum, was perhaps his equal. He has about 1000*l.* a year revenue. Much of this, however, is property left to his dead ancestors by pious persons, and

the proceeds of which he is bound to spend in entertainments. No idea at all approaching to fact can be formed of what he has. It consists of presents in kind, of proceeds of religious collections, &c. He himself possesses a few corn-mills and gardens. All who come are fed, and remain as long as they please. This he does with the view of being venerated after his death, a honour principally gained by this hospitality.

The house was a long structure, badly built of mud and stones, without windows, save two or three small square holes. There was a building attached for a kitchen, and some bush-covered sheds. Within, it contained one large room, the ceiling low, of huge uncut trees, over which were laid bushes, and over this a foot's depth of earth, well rammed, the whole covered with a coating of mortar, to exclude the wet. Huge posts, with a cross-beam on the top, ran down the centre to support the beams, as each beam extended but half the width of the room. The sides were rudely plastered with clay; the ceiling black with smoke. At the upper end a large corner was rimmed off by a hard mud ledge. The floor, as usual, was of smoothed well

rammed mud. This, unless exposed to much wet, becomes as hard as stone. In the centre of this was a circular hole for the fire, and round were spread felts and some very dirty cushions. On the sides were several raised wattled places to sleep in, and each contained the most cherished valuables of the occupants. Huge baskets, plastered without with mud, held the store of corn; they are filled from the top, and the corn is drawn off from a hole in the lower part, which is closed with a bung.

To a beam hung a basket full of wooden spoons; and this may be said to be all the furniture of the room. The sheik himself was absent on my arrival, but a messenger was instantly dispatched to apprise him of my visit. His brothers, meanwhile, welcomed me most kindly, and assured me of the chief's speedy return. Our carpet was spread on the platform, and we were left to repose after our ride.* The women were busied pounding corn, or rather bruising it; others kneading dough; the youngest and prettiest wife† of our host ordering, bustling, and now and then giving vigorous aid

* This was a refinement I never met before.

† He has four wives, the full number allowed by their law.

to the work. Some patted the dough in the way I have before described ; others carried it off to be baked in large open baskets. They at least were active. Every now and then the wife bared her breast and gave milk to a young urchin of two or three years, who walked up to her, spoke, and appeared to have far outgrown such food.

The two brothers of the sheik now re-entered, and we were eagerly gazed at by a large concourse of people. Yet though the two young sheiks (they were perhaps twenty and twenty-one years of age,) owned they had never seen a European before, they exhibited no impertinent curiosity, and seemed to take my strange habits, manners, and appearance as quite a matter of course. Towards eve huge cauldrons of wheat, boiled in grease, were carried in, and boys and men eagerly flocked round it, armed with spoons. They dug them in, fed, and dug again, until they were satisfied. About four hundred must have been thus fed. Flat basket trays were then brought, and from their contents the chiefs of religion ate together. They contained no other luxury beyond the wheat than leban.

We had had our meal, cooked by our own servants, and devoured it by ourselves. I have before mentioned the almost Brahminical ideas of the religious sheiks with regard to eating. Poor Sheik Hassan thus had eaten nothing but some bread he carried with him, for two days; as he will not eat with any but a sheik of religion, and there was none such on the road. The consul's kavass was consoled by great luxury with our servants; the vice-consul asked him to eat with us, but this my servant spared me, saying in his ear, "I advise you not to eat with our master: he never has anything, and holds grease and onions in especial horror. We feed for him, for it is a disgrace for a great Bey not to consume abundance."

We conversed till a late hour, and then the party separated, save a few desperate proser. who bored on, long after I was sound asleep on the felts, the fleas hopping about me merrily. I omitted to mention that poor Abdallah, my faithful follower through many months of wandering, got a bad attack of the fever. The others told me of it, as, contrary to the rule of no man being a hero to his valet-de-chambre,

they think me, as a doctor at least, infallible. On the Sheik Hassan condoling with me on his illness, I said, "Ya sheik, why not cure him ? the power, they say, is with you." One of Sheik Habeeb's brothers then called for a piece of twine, which he doubled and laid up, making in it four knots, evidently repeating some form as he did so. This was tied round my servant's right wrist.* The fellow's village is a Christian village among the Ansayri mountains, and the people have therefore imbibed not a few of their prejudices: he therefore had as much or more faith in this than he had in me.

At a very early hour on the morrow I started off with a brother of Sheik Habeeb's and some fifteen armed men, on foot, to see a castle, situated among the mountains in the neighbourhood. I rode over the hill, and then with difficulty got the horse down the opposite side. Here equestrianism ceased, and I left him, pur-

* Another remedy in the event of illness is putting some of the dust from the tomb of a sheik in a cup of water, and drinking it. Burckhardt mentions the body of a man, who died, was washed, and the water carefully collected and sent over the country. This water is used as an infallible medicine, but only at the last, being far too sacred for common ailments. It is also put in stone bottles and hung over the doorway within, as a bath, wherein the coming spirit may pass, previous to entering the new-born infant, or the parting likewise.

suing the rest of the way on foot. The flatter portions of land were all cultivated, but the steep hill sides covered with bushes and trees alone. The whole scene was wild in the extreme: below, the hills tumbling, rising, in every form, till clouds shut in the view; above, grand, magnificent mountains, in all the splendour of cloud and storm. We surmounted the hill before us, and I was shown the castle, apparently a very insignificant ruin, on a hill close by, separated from us by a deep and narrow gorge. Down this they plunged, then up again the castle hill.

Striving to do my best, I gained great applause for my pedestrian performances; greatly, however, at the expense of my ease. The Castle of Beni Israel, or the Children of Israel, is situated on a high conical hill, in the middle of a deep gorge. The stream of the valley, divided by the hill, flows round the sides of it, uniting again below. On the top of the hill, are the remains of a strong wall, built of rubble, and a work of later date than the Castle. Behind the parapet is a wall with loop-holes and projections, so as to bring a cross fire on

various weak points; but no tower. Within this again are large ruins of a village, built of the round cement stones of the stream. On a smaller rising ground is the Castle, whose walls are well built of fine well-cut stone, quarried from the rock. Two or three highly pointed arches are still standing; but I could find no inscription or certain indication to point out the period of its erection; for the arch, undeniably, was pointed very early in the Saracenic era. Some of the interior windows were large and square.

They led me to the entrance of a subterraneous passage, which they told me was the Prison of Blood (meaning the prison for great offences rather). Except the wonders of this spot, its depth, and the vast treasures contained in it, they had no traditions of the place. However, as we were there, they surrounded me and begged me to be seated, requesting to know what I wanted with Sheik Habeeb. Stoutly maintaining the truth, that it was but to make his friendship, they were much vexed at my, as they fancied, not wishing to confide to them also the secret. After awhile, they

resumed their civility, and we proceeded back to the sheik's house. One of the brothers of the sheik, who, as I before said, had accompanied me, spoke both warmly and well of their condition. "Think not that the Christians," he said, "are more loved by the Turks than we are. They are more numerous, and the Frank protects them; but for us, who have none to protect us—none to speak—we are a ready prey for the Turk; and, being weak, a fair spoil for the Christian. While the one takes by force, the other sucks the remainder by fraud. Why should we toil when those we hate reap? Why should we improve, to better our enemy? Ya Wallah! we hate them, their faith, their race, their name; and they know it. Did a Turk ever do good to one of us? if he did, it was as a man gives corn to his beast, to keep him alive to work."

On our return we found the sheik had arrived: he met me about one hundred yards from his house, and, after embracing, we walked back hand-in-hand. Seated in his house, he entreated my influence in his present difficulty, but seemed satisfied when I fairly explained

the reasons which prevented me. A large concourse sat round. The conversation then turned on Frangistan and its nations. I stated, that for my own part, I thought England the greatest and most powerful of nations ; though free to own, that whether right or not, French, Germans, or Russians would perhaps each say the same of their own. “ And your country, Ya Beg, is it like this ? ” “ We have winter six months of the year, and rain nearly daily ; our fellahs have to gather in and plant by stealth to secure their harvests, and even then, with all their skill, all are sometimes lost by the weather. Ours is a small island ; the sun shines on us at intervals ; the ground not fertile, demanding constant assistance to produce. Still, by justice, honesty, and integrity, under Allah, we have conquered perhaps a fourth of the world, and our queen rules in peace over three hundred millions of souls. All this, Ya Sheik, is by knowledge, by schools, by study. Wise men write books, which are directly multiplied a thousand fold, so that one man becomes as a thousand wise men teaching the youth.”

I then endeavoured to point out the temporal benefits that would result from schools; that if no other advantage was gained, it would *emollit mores, nec sinit esse feroces*. He said "If you were to send a teacher, they would not let their children attend." "Send your children, and the others would soon do likewise," I replied.

He promised at last protection and a house; but that the school must be under the supervision of one of themselves; that no means might be used to convert the boy whom youth and ungrown intellects would render liable to such perversion. Looking upon education as the ground-work of conversion, and believing that except in a few special cases none are converted by other means, this is all one would wish. Create the desire to learn, raise the wish to enquire, and with God's blessing the rest will follow as a matter of course. It may be difficult to get up a purely secular school, as beyond the province of the missionaries; and moreover the subscribers to the Societies, eager always for astounding facts, for miraculous conversions, as the immediate result of their gold, might be unready to prosecute a

work from which no result could be anticipated for years. To the first class, who will admit of no compromise, however expedient and justifiable, but who must at once flaunt forth the Labarum, let me say, "Our Saviour tells us to be wise as serpents;" to the other "Give alms; give money,—not for a return for news or excitement : give true alms."

CHAPTER VI.

Appeal to Christian Sympathies—Zama—A Village of Robbers—Kying Aga—Nature of his Influence—The imprisoned Sheik—Kalaat Mahalbee—The Castle described—Value of a Wife—Recognised as an Ansayrii—Their personal Kindness—Miracles and Charms—The Judge of the Ansayrii—Sheik Shemseen Sultan—The Beit Shielf—Ansayrii hiding-places—Kalaat el Sion—Siege by Ibrahim Pasha—Military Defences—Ruins—Hospitality of the Ansayrii—More Ruins—District of Ballidar—Nahr el Kabia—Ibn el Larri—Bedama—Cleanliness of Turkish Villages—Chambers cut in the Rock—Djesser Shogger.

FROM my peculiar position with regard to this people, hitherto sealed to the world,* I may perhaps over-rate their claim to consideration; but surely, some sixty to one hundred thousand souls are of importance. Now an opening has been made: I have shown that the traveller may safely wander among them: have heard and over-ruled their objections to a school, and in fact have based the spot for the fulcrum of that vast lever which I intreat and beg those who read this to aid me in using. After a long

* When I started for the mountains, there was not a person in Latakia who did not thoroughly believe I went to certain death. Not one of the residents had ever ventured there; it was even to the townspeople a *terra incognita*.

discussion, all the young, common people, women, &c., were ejected, and I again underwent a long and close examination. Our horses were ready, and the sheik embracing me, we started on our road.

They had no legend of the Castle, but judged that being called Kalaat el Beni Israel, it had been built by the Jews, the name meaning literally, Castle of the Children of Israel. Some people had been sent before us to announce my wish to pass through the village of Zama. Here dwelt the robbers I have before spoken of as having declared they would fire on whoever attempted to approach their village. We descended over much the same rough-broken ground as on our ascent. It was pleasant to enter a warmer climate, as we had found Metua excessively cold. We passed through the village without opposition, the people only endeavouring to detain me to rest and eat. As we were riding, however, down the hill, on the opposite side, some half mile below the village, we met four men returning home. On seeing our party, they unslung their muskets and prepared for war. Two of my

men threw themselves on my bridle and nearly cast my horse back on his haunches, saying, "You must remain here. You are our life—our soul." I, however, spurred clear, and, riding on with the party, we approached each other, my men saying, "Do you know whose son he is? Would you fire on the Bey?" Assuring them that we would not hurt them, they permitted us to approach, still remaining in their attitude of defence. I said, "Come, my friends, this is rather a bounce; we are fourteen, and you but four, one of whom is a boy." "Ya Wallah, we thought you were the Bashi Basook, and there was but to die: but we are happy now, for we have seen you. Come back and eat our food; we will do what you bid." I said, however, their money was unclean, and I could not. They owned after a short conversation that they had been terribly frightened.

It was the people of Zama who about two months back robbed the wife of the farmer of the customs at Beyrout. He is an Armenian, and his wife was coming from Constantinople by land to join him. She had with her all her

jewels, dresses, ornaments, and about 1500*l.* sterling in money. At Latakia, she was pressed to take a large escort, as the report had gone out that a caravan of gold was going to pass, so she was sure of being robbed. Anxious to save the four or five hundred piastres it would have cost, she left with only seven people, muleteers, servants, &c. A set of Turks from Gebail and the people of Zama waylaid her on the road, and stole everything, wounded one of her people who made some resistance, but let her and the mules proceed. The Turkish Pasha had not force enough to punish the robbers. Some few were caught at Gebail and sent to Beyrout. The Pasha of Beyrout then sent a man of much influence here, Kyng Aga, and commissioned him to amass the amount and remit it to him.*

On receipt of the order, Kyng Aga proceeds to Sheik Habeeb, and partly by threats, partly by promises, extorts from him a paper for the amount, knowing that through his influence he

* I ought to have mentioned before, that Latakia is governed by a *Kaimakan* or colonel, who receives his appointment from the Porte, but is under the Pasha of Beyrout. This worthy, however, does nothing; the unpaid members of the council doing everything. Among these the greatest are Kyng Aga and another.

could again collect the sum from his people. His influence, however, is purely moral ; and the village of Zama, refusing to pay even a part, he has no physical force to back him, and the local government is afraid to send the small force, some five hundred men, they have here, to enforce its laws. Many of the articles stolen have been recovered, having been sold by the robbers in the mountains. I myself saw a jewel worth perhaps fifty pounds, which the possessor had bought for sixteen dollars. Sheik Habeeb, therefore, has to make a contribution on the whole mountaineers, entreating each to give as he can afford. The injustice of this act need not be commented upon. Here is a difficult and dangerous task imposed upon a man whom the Government does not recognise, while it owns itself too weak to punish the offenders, or even to compel them to restore the property they have stolen ; and all the peaceable, quiet inhabitants of the mountains have to contribute to pay back the sum. It is a very premium on robbery and rebellion.

We passed the Nahr Snowbar, or pine-seed river, and rested under some olive-trees by the

small village of Kafir Debin for breakfast. The people, at our approach, fled in every direction, as had done every person we had met on the road, thinking we were irregular troops, but they gradually returned, the men coming and kissing my hands and the hem of my coat. Fresh complaints poured in; the sheik of the village had been in prison two months. It appears that the village is the property of the Sultan's mosque at Gebail. The sheik of the mosque alleged that, for seven years, they have paid a sum short of what was due, and the sheik of the village is seized and put in prison till the whole is paid. Firstly, the claim is said to be unjust, and then this sheik has been sheik but for one year, so is hardly responsible for the debts of a former period.

After they had held a short conference with Sheik Hassan, they came and entreated me to liberate him, bringing me an excessively pretty girl of about fourteen years of age as a present. She came up as I sat, and, taking my hand, placed it on her head, bowing down to the ground. A boy was also given me as a servant. I declared it much better that they should

marry each other, and it cost me a heavy present and no small restraint of self to refuse the gifts. I was on my return enabled to procure the release of the sheik, and the presents were again brought to my house and pressed on my acceptance.

We reached Caldahha in the evening, and received a kind reception again from Ismael Osman, who was very low from the effects of a visit from Kyng Aga, whom he abused pretty stoutly. On the following morning, my companion said he had suffered so much from fatigue, and feared so much for my safety, he must return; so he set off, I proceeding north-easterly to visit the Kalaat (Castle) of Mahalee, (the more ancient name is said to have been Blackniis, *i.e.*, Bethlehem). The road was much as usual; the mountains very rugged and beautiful. Ascending the first ridge, I passed through a thick forest of bushes, and, passing up a narrow gorge, sighted the Castle; winding round the foot of the height on which it stands, I left my horses at the village, and, accompanied by an aged sheik and several villagers, walked up to it. The Castle stands on an isolated

height in a valley; the hill on which it is built being of equal height to those around, can be ascended on all sides. The outer walls covering the whole face of the hill still exist, though much ruined. They were well built of large stones and defended by towers; these had large windows as if more for comfort than actual defence.

The sheik told me these he remembered four stories high, but that they were destroyed by an earthquake some twenty years ago. We entered by a lofty arched gateway, with large vaulted rooms on either side; within again is another wall surrounding the inner castle, the wall falling inwards, built on, as it were, the steep sides of the hill; there is a space of fifty or sixty yards in width between the inner and outer walls, and abundance of buildings, stores, &c. Mounting within the inner, I found that again defended, divided into two portions, the one called the Hareem; in the other were several fine rooms, one still called the Divan el Melek. A ditch separated the Hareem from the rest, and numerous loop-holes frowned on the bridge; this was nearly all ruined. The sheik said this

portion was built by the Jews; that the Christians then held it, building the rest; that El Melek el Daheir then wrested it from them, A.D. 1181, (I never heard a date before from a native which bore such a semblance of truth,) and he held it through one of his generals till the second in command murdered him, and maintained his independence for many years.

One night the Sultan's officers mounted by this window, murdered him as he slept, and gained the castle for his master. I found no one inscription; many were buried they told me, but none knew where. On one slab I found where there appeared to have been an inscription; in one corner there was the resemblance of a *fleur-de-lis*.

On returning to the village, the people had prepared a feast ample for twenty, and pressed me to eat. On my complimenting my host on the extreme beauty of his daughters, he said —“ In your country would they fetch two thousand piastres?” “ But have the mountain youth no taste; will they not give two thousand for such angels?” “ Yes, Ya Beg, they would, but then they cannot; they have it

not, They pay ten now and twenty then : perhaps the whole is not paid before ten years ; then he gives a sheep to-day and a felt to-morrow, but I want two thousand down. Come marry, Ya Beg ; why waste your youth in wandering over old mountains, looking at ruined stones. Marry and live long ? Kishmet, kishmet ! ”

Contribution was called for, the green flag passed through, an old man claimed charity from me as a true Ansayri, and, shouting long life, as I gave it him, passed on.

At a fountain, a few hundred yards from the village, I found and copied the following. It was in an old and very difficult character, and I could do nothing but transcribe it as accurately as I could, or as the high wind and cold would allow me. Subsequently, I got it translated by my clever and kind friend, the *cadi* here. It consisted of three lines on one stone and three lines on another. The following is a literal translation ;—

On the first,

“ The upright Emeer endowed with virtue,
Our Lord who fights for the faith, the Great
Mansoor ordered this fountain to be built.”

On the second,

“ In the name of God,—by the order of the victorious
The father of favours,* Sallahad, the just Sultan,
May God give him victory. He restored this fountain,
Built by Mansoor—

The building, let it be made strong so as to last.”

On my return to the cottage poor Abdallah was in a strong fit of the fever, and another of the servants felt its approach : so reluctantly I determined to return and leave the other higher ranges unexplored. Forcing the sick to mount, we rode down the valley, the scenery most beautiful as we got on to the lower hills. They were lovely with the young spring ; broad, open valleys full of young corn. Several sheiks joined me, the poor left their work to kiss my hands, my march was like a triumph. At one place, a small village, the people unloaded my baggage and carried it off, declaring I should not go through their village without eating ; at another they took the bridle from my horse, asserting the same, the children followed me clinging to my stirrups. At Sholfatia the horses were carried off, and we were compelled to remain ; here again the two high chiefs of

* *i. e.* The fountain of honour.

religion, Sheiks Hassan and Sulieman, and myself had a long and interesting discussion. On the following day I reached Latakia, and had for the next three days slight attacks of fever.

A miracle was performed, of which I, of course, was duly informed. A calf dedicated to St. George strayed into the garden of the dragoman of the French vice-consul; his son was there superintending the building of a room. Seeing the calf eat some plants, he took up a stone, and throwing it, struck the poor animal on the forehead; it dropped down dead; hardly had it expired, when the whole place they were building fell down.

The lovely spring weather was far too precious to be wasted, so taking a cold bath to check the fever, I started again and rode to Sholfatia to pick up Sheik Hassan. He was writing a charm when I found him, but finishing his task expressed his willingness to accompany me: escaping from the kindly proffered civility of the villagers, we mounted and rode on. I had a long and interesting argument with the sheik, on women being without souls; a doctrine he most resolutely

maintained. He has a daughter, one of the loveliest creatures imagination could picture, and I was endeavouring to work on his love for her to alter his opinion on the matter, for it seemed impossible

“ That any young Indee's glance could read,
And keep that portion of his creed,
Which says, that woman's soul is dust.”

I fear, however, he was perfectly unconvinced. Speaking of the devil he cast out the other day, he said it was not a Christian devil, “ for when I adjured it by the name of Jesus, it said, ‘ Ah, I do not believe in him:’ it was a Jewish spirit, and has been about here a long while.”

My very versatile companion, the consul, discovered a new road and place to rest in, so we turned east up the valley, of which Sholfatia forms the mouth. The hills were round, and mostly planted with corn. About three hours up I received a kind invitation from the judge of the Ansayri. This office seems to be an hereditary one, nor is he in any way recognised by the Porte. Among his own people he is the universal arbitrator, settling all disputed claims, proving wills, &c.; for this he receives ten per

cent. I asked my companion, "If any body disputed or would not abide by his decision, what would he do?" "Oh, none dare do that, his family are too numerous and powerful." It perhaps in no small degree hastened the dispatch of business, that the plaintiff lodges, eats, and remains with him till he has given a decision.

We passed on, pleading a prior engagement. Entered the great Mockata, or district, as it is called, the district of Beit Shielf. The scenery became wild and bold, hill rose to mountain, soft springing green corn to sterner crag, smooth plain to precipitous heights. After a delightful ride we reached Melbet, a large straggling village, the residence of Sheik Shemseen Sultan, the most powerful temporal chief of the Ansayri. He received us most kindly, and lodged us in his guest-house, where his brothers, nephews, and himself, kindly busied themselves for our comfort.

A plentiful dinner was provided, and wine of capital quality. The nephews of the chief served us, he receiving our news. For me, as one of themselves, they expressed great fears,

both that the Turks would publicly kill me, or more probably poison me in secret. "We had an Ansayri Pasha once, they thought him a Turk, but directly they knew really what he was, they killed him." The sheik's brother was a noble fellow, a perfect specimen of the savage in his grandest form. He was loud in his assertion that, as far as his people went, they would not give the nizam.* "I shall retire to a glen, and there rob my enemy and live. My people, like myself, care little for home or roof; the mountain side with my son is better than the serai and him away." The elder brother of Shemseen Sultan was shot by another tribe; this produced a war, in which they wasted the enemy dreadfully.

The Beit Shielf is among the bravest of the Ansayri tribes; they resisted all attacks before the time of Ibrahim Pasha, and even by him were but partially reduced. The village of Melbet is large and straggling, well cultivated, and such ground as is in use seems very productive. On the east rise the fine Djebel, *tuttoune*, or Tobacco, mountains, where the finest

* Conscription.

growth is obtained, and many portions of the village are now ready for the crop. Sheik Shemseen is not a high man in religion, and therefore the wine, at our drinking of which Sheik Hassan looked unutterable things. This family is, however, one of the oldest among the Ansayri.

We started early on the following morning, our host's brother and about twenty men forming our escort; the road was rough, but the scenery beautiful. Our friends took me alone far out of the road to their hiding-place : " In the event of a quarrel with the government here you will find your servants; if ten thousand enemies are after you we will protect you or die with you." The spot could not have been better selected for their purpose. In the rocks about were many half-natural, half-artificial caves, and water and wood were in great abundance; pasture also for the cattle; and this forms all they require for food. Each man makes his own gunpowder, and stores of lead are not wanting. We passed the tombs of the ancestors of the sheik, and about two hours' ride brought us in sight of the Kalaat el Sion,

or Sioun, as it is pronounced. The first impression is one of disappointment, after the exaggerated accounts given of it, and one felt vexed at again having believed the Arabs, who will give the most exaggerated account of any thing or place if they think it will please you, or be gain to them.

We now turned down, and again lost sight of it, riding along the side of a rock which rose perpendicularly above; a couple of hundred yards brought us to the ditch, and there we had an opportunity of judging of the enormity of the work. The Castle is built on a point of land; a deep valley on either side separates it from the neighbouring heights, which both command it; it is isolated from the shoulder of the rock by a huge, deep, broad ditch, cut out of the solid rock. At the bottom of this we now stood; the height from the bottom to the foot of the walls must be two hundred to three hundred feet, the width eighty to a hundred, and the length cut through five hundred yards. On either side there are numerous troughs for horses, and marks, as if for poles: this was probably the place for the horses, or else a place

of refuge for the country Christians in time of danger; there is also a small postern about fifteen feet from the ground, but the passage has been blocked up. Half way through stands a tall, square pillar of the solid rock; on this rested the drawbridge; it has a cross cut on its northern face. After breakfast we left the horses, and walked up to explore the interior: much of the ruin was effected by Ibrahim Pasha, who attacked it. The people of the village, Mussulmans, refused to submit to his authority, and, trusting to the strength of the castle, entered it on the approach of his forces. Planting his battery on the northern height, he soon shook their walls and their confidence, and on the second day they capitulated. We were shown, of course; the prison of blood, the well, and the divan of the king; but the natives possessed no traditions of it, except they called the south-eastern tower Borge el Djemale, and said, in times of war the prisoners were thrown from there. The castle is well built, its foundations resting on the solid rock. It presents an irregular oblong form, round which runs a strong wall, further strengthened by square

towers of two or three stories in height ; each story has large windows, originally barred with iron, and the chambers all vaulted. The western part seems the citadel, higher than the rest within the exterior walls, which are vaulted over, thus rendering all the loop-holes under cover, and forming enormous spaces for stores or men. The floor of these was strewn with burgoll and other grain, the remains of the stores of the Sionites and the soldiers.

There is a second line of defence. Between the two are great ruins of vaults, and a cloister, still tolerably perfect. The towers here are enormous ; we ascended the principal one, containing a large vaulted room on each floor ; and a huge square shaft descends from top to bottom. Round the battlements were huge square rocks, loose, each with a small niche in the under part, in which to insert a lever, to hurl the huge masses on the assailants' heads below. Down the shaft ran a small staircase, or rather notches, for descending, which, according to the natives, communicated with the postern at the foot of the ditch. This seems not improbable. The tower was the last refuge ;

here the last desperate defence was to be made, and after all, a retreat was deemed no unwise provision.

In this portion I could find no church, or building that seemed at all to have been one; huge stone shot lay about. In the centre is a ruined mosque, but it does not bear a date of more than three hundred years; the minaret is square and low, so it may probably have been a church. We could not enter it for ruins. There is also a fine bath, built with great taste; of the work of the knights or the Christian chiefs: it shows that though dedicated to war, to toil, and fatigue, they forgot not to avail themselves of the softer pleasures of the nations they warred against. Lower again, as we advance towards the eastern extremity, we find an interior wall and towers, also vast vaults. Here is a small ruined church; beyond, to the outer wall, there seem to have been houses, probably the dwellings of those attached to the Castle, and who tilled the adjoining lands. I could find no inscription; on several stones an N or an M or S were cut, but apparently with no design; the reservoir of water

is a vast vault, half underground, the sides and bottom well cemented ; the natives say there is always water there. They amused themselves with firing their muskets in it, and the echo within and then without, as it rolled in numberless repetitions among the mountains, was very fine. There is also a deep well. We were heartily tired with scrambling over stones, into brakes, and creeping along vaults ; so we sat down.

Again I must refute the calumny, that the Ansayrii are inhospitable. Among those around us were two Egyptians who had fled from the army, and taken refuge among the mountains. No slight had ever been put on them for their religion, and, as one said with great glee, they never had been asked to work. Wives had been offered them ; one had married, the other had refused eleven women who had been offered him. He said they were plain : “ And how can you,” said the sheik,—“ an ugly fellow, is he not, Ya beg?—hope to have a pretty pearl?” He denied his own want of beauty, but owned, he had found no pretty maid who would have him. Suddenly, a shout was heard on the

hill, it was a peculiar cry, and then a woman kept up a frightful noise on the hill opposite. I was in a crowd, and then in a moment alone. My companions sprang down where one would have feared to see a favourite goat graze. My companion also retired, and I mounted the rock above the Castle, beyond the ditch, and explored the ruins of the large village that formerly stood there; all, however, is ruined; save a church, portions of which still remain shaded by some fine sycamores. Each house of the village, enormous labour! had a reservoir of water cut in the solid rock attached to it.

After my return our friends came back breathless, and desperately excited. It appeared that, some time before, the northern district of Ballulehee had carried off three sheep of the sheiks, while grazing on the mountains; a party of them had just been seen driving some bulls; these they had pursued, the people fled leaving their charge, which had been captured and sent to the village.

We bid our friends farewell, and passing through the ditch, took a northerly direction. The country about Sion, north, is inhabited by

Mussulmans; these are much less taxed than the Ansayrii. On the taking of the country by Ibrahim Pasha, he equalised all the taxes; on its return to the authority of the Sultan, however, the Mussulmans managed to obtain a considerable mitigation of theirs; they are therefore much richer than the Ansayrii, and are exempt also from the petty exactions to which the others are subject. There are also two villages of Christians, who complain sadly of their neighbours. I regret much that I lost my notes of their names, numbers, &c. They were of the Greek religion.

The district of Ballidar, which we now entered, is exceedingly rich, and the lands of the Mussulmans cultivated with a care I have not seen in these mountains.' In the extensive vineyards the vine stands to the height of six or eight feet, unsupported: then two branches taken are led to fig trees which stand at a convenient distance; all but these two branches are cut off. The people we saw were all well, many most handsomely dressed; their villages large, and better built than they generally are.

We now leave the Djebel Ansayrii, and enter the Djebel Kraudee. Though south of the Nahr El Kebeer, the mass of the people are Ansayrii. Passed some large villages, and then through fir forests carpeted with wild flowers, till we descended on the noble valley of the Nahr El Kebeer. At Khan Hurshee the road follows the river, winding up a valley whose scenery in parts equals that of the Orontes. At one place a chief, richly dressed, with about twenty armed attendants, was inspecting the building of a khan. He was a tall, mild-looking man, and saluted me with all civility, inviting me to remain with him ; this I declined, but could not resist his pressing request to rest a few moments.

After we were seated and had again saluted, I commenced smoking my nargilleh, when he said, "Your Excellency wishes to kill me." At first I thought the man mad ; but no, he seemed quiet, and half abashed. "You said," he went on, "you would like to kill me." "Upon my honour," I replied, "I will not deny it, for I may have said so ; but why, when, and where, I cannot imagine." He said, "I am

Ibn el Larri." "You are, are you?" But he met my glance as if proud of the name. I said, "Then Ibn el Larri, peace be with you, for I cannot smoke with you." He thanked me for my opinion of him ; said if I would listen he would explain all ; and put quite a different construction on the matter in question between us. The story and my remark was this :

A quarrel having arisen between this man and a neighbouring Aga, El Larri invites him to his house, and there, as he sits at table, shoots him. The Aga was one of the few honest Turks in the country, and ruled his districts with justice. El Larri had refused to pay his tax, and from goodness of heart, he went to persuade, when he had strength to enforce. The Aga's children were then boys ; they escaped, and eluded the pursuit the murderer made after them. Lately the eldest son went to avenge his father's death, and in fair fight killed El Larri's brother. He pursued, found the young man, who challenged him to settle the quarrel, but he ordered his people to bind him, and then with his own hand cut his

throat. Nor were these murders his first; he is said to have shot eighteen men in cold blood. Such crimes called for vengeance; he fled to Latakia, and took refuge under a European flag, finding a protector in the consul. A large present muzzled justice, and the consul drowned any qualms he might have had in a money bag. The man returned to his property, his house alone having been burned by the Aga's followers. A relation of the murdered boy asked me what he should do; it was then I said, "Shoot him, like a dog, wherever you find him." His followers are all Ansayri, or he might not have let me pass so freely as he did. Passed the remarkable gap, the Sheik el Ajoussee, which has often been described.

We lost our way, nor was it till late in the evening we reached the Koordish village of Bedama. Late as it was, the people were all up, having despatched a man to the Moutselim's for news of the conscription; and we had not arrived half an hour before musquets were fired, children shouting, women whirro-whirroing, and the whole village seemed crazy. We sank to sleep long before their happiness

was over. All our sage counsels of "wait and see," were held as Christian hatred of them, and nothing was heard but cries of "Long live the Sultan." As neither myself, nor the consul, nor any of our servants spoke Turkish well, we did not enter into any discussion on the subject, but could only pity them. They feasted the newsbearer, and even the women forgot their reserve and pressed eagerly round him.

This village, like most of the Turkish ones, has a look of superior wealth. The room we occupied was neat and clean, clean mattresses were given us to lie on, and provisions seemed in abundance. The people were well dressed; their taxes amount to about ten per cent. on their produce, and little or nothing is exacted from them besides. We started early, but the sheik had returned from Djisser with orders to send the men to draw lots for the conscription. So there was not a gay voice to be heard, and one man was punished for saying he hoped the Sultan would die. They cursed us, as the cause of all. I remarked to them, that they seemed to want discipline, so that the nizam would

probably do them good, and they would learn not to insult harmless people.

We now left the Nahr el Kebeer, which takes a more northerly direction, and rode over a broken country, the undulations very steep, and rough, and tedious. We had lost also the high road, and, without a guide as we were, found it impossible to regain it. In a small valley we passed a huge boulder of rock isolated in the ground. This had been hollowed into three chambers: steps had been cut to ascend to the top; gutters are cut over it to convey the water into the basins hollowed in the well; and here and there are seats. Two doors lead to the chambers within, in which are troughs sufficiently long to contain a body, and smaller niches, as if for a vase or light. On the right or south end was a coffin, within the chamber, which together contained eleven sarcophagi; as we proceeded saw numerous other caves and tombs; some worked, seemingly, with considerable care. At last, from the top of a mountain, we saw the rebel Aazy flowing in lazy volume through its broad valley, which at

this season of the year presented the appearance of a vast marsh, through whose centre a clearer way left passage for the swollen river. We shortly arrived at the small town of Djisser Shogger.

CHAPTER VII.

Djisser Shogger—State of the Village—My Character—Its Solution—Castle of Shogger—The Euphrates Expedition—Population of Shogger—Castle in Ruins—Arabic Inscriptions—Ladies criticise my Dress—Bigotry of the Turks—History of Mahomet Aga—Strange modes of Litigation—Civility of the Pasha—The Nizam—Drawing the Nizam—Bridge over the Orontes—Village of Arneba—Djerradi—Absence of Wood in Houses—A Surprise in a Vault—Caffir-el-Barah—Sad Feelings produced by Ruins—A Set of Braggarts—Opinions of the English.

THE village of the bridge of Shogger, for such is the proper translation,—Shogger being a Mussulman town or large village, some nine miles off, to which the bridge is the high road,—receives this name in contra-distinction to the bridge about six miles lower down the river. It is situated on the slope of the hill above the Orontes, on its left or eastern bank. The houses are of mud, some few only being built of stone. The roofs of most are flat, though among them may be seen the sloping roof tiled over, found universally in the valley of the Orontes. It contains seven families of Greek Christians, seven hundred and fifty Mussulman males. It

has a fine mosque, and an old Greek church with two priests; also a large khan, rapidly falling to ruin. The Moutselim who paid me a visit said he had just repaired it. This he had done in a truly Turkish manner, though by no means an uncommon one. It consisted originally of two stories; the lower one, vaulted, had suffered little decay; but the upper, through neglect and the rain entering the walls, had become very ruinous, so the Moutselim razed the whole of this floor, and built his own serai of the stones, thus leaving a tolerably perfect khan of one story high.

The bazaars are such as might be expected; chiefly cottons, tombac, and trade for the neighbouring mountains. Had the road Ibrahim Pasha began from Latakia here, been completed by his successors, no doubt Djisser would have become a place of considerable trade; as were the harbour of Latakia well repaired it might supersede Scanderoon as the port of Aleppo; Scanderoon being difficult of ingress or egress for vessels during northerly breezes, and not a safe anchorage at all times of the weather.

The consul left me to transact business, so riding through the town I took up my quarters in a small house on the banks of the river. The whole place was in commotion awaiting the arrival momentarily expected of the Pasha and doctor to draw the conscription. We paid a visit to the Christian collector of the customs, who directly asked my companion, "Have you seen the Frank Ansayri? they say he is more fearless than the lion, beats all Turks who dare look at him, rides night and day, is on the top of Nebbe Meta this evening and at the sea in the morning. Have you seen him?" We drew out of him the rest of my fame as follows:—"He writes down all things, numbers the very trees, consults the sun every half hour, brings stars, moon, and saints to obey him, lets the fellah out of prison, knows who robs them and returns the money, makes trees bear fruit for them; in fact, they say here he is Ali, the Allah, the eye of the sun."

This is really what he said, and as he said it; for I happened to be making a note of a place when he began recounting this history, and wrote it down as he spoke. Though seemingly

ridiculous, yet it is all really true, as they believed ; for being a people totally unvisited, the compass and sextants were to them unknown. I did beat one Turk, and had of late, when able, stepped in between the oppressor and the oppressed; perhaps in many instances where I had no business.* After appealing in vain to the authorities against the insult of children singing “ Frangee cookoo, Illan aboukoo, Frank cookoo ” (curse your father), as I passed along, I beat every child who dared to say so; which, after about fifty had been pretty severely punished, and some ten or twenty remonstrating Turks smartly thrashed, produced the desired result. My rides were naturally to a lazy people extraordinary, and going from Nebbe Meta to the sea, had been necessary to complete some observations I was

* The Ansayri bring fire-wood, milk, butter, cheese, &c. to the town to sell. Turks frequently force this from them at a nominal price. I had often prevented these forced sales. Soldiers would levy a tax on what they met. This I often stopped; for I had several people in the house who stopped a few days, worked as servants, then went,—others coming. They neither expected nor received any reward, save food and lodging. These, most well armed, formed a body too powerful to resist; and at any time they would act just as I commanded,—beat or throw down anybody. However, if I used a lawless power, I sincerely hope I used it only for good.

making, which delay would have spoiled. Even my servants never would believe that the observations, &c., were other than for magical purposes. I remember one evening hearing one who had called me several times to tea, say—“Well, there is something wrong ; I left him talking to the moon, which he had put into his black stone ; but now he has a star larger than it ought to be there.” And if they were asked what the prismatic compass was, while I was using it, they said, “He is asking the sun something.” I had also grafted many trees for the different sheiks.

After a short rest I started for the castle of Shogger, leaving my friend, who complained of fatigue, and of sundry wounds which his soft padded saddle seemed to forbid ; a very intelligent Christian accompanied me. As we were leaving the town a woman shouted after us : “Give me some of the gold you will find.” I said to the servants, “Tell her I will give her all.” “May you all die on the road,” she replied. The women of Djisser were totally unveiled. Mounting the hill-side above the town, in a northerly direction, we came to a

plain, whose sandy and apparently unproductive soil was well planted with olives ; two hours ride along this height, brought us to the ridge which overlooked the large and flourishing village of Shogger, situated on a lower level. To this we descended ; the water-courses ran about and made the situation beautiful, overlooking the fertile valley beneath, through which dashed several mountain streams. The inhabitants flocked round my servants as we approached, breathless for news of the nizam ; several uttering pretty audible threats on us if we came to enforce it.

Riding to the sheik's house, I was received with great kindness ; and, while sitting, received a visit from the governor of the Djebel Kraudee, Mahomet Aga, who was full of the praises of Colonel Chesney, and the Euphrates expedition ; showing his arms, &c., as pledges of the friendship they had entertained for him. He had been attached to them in some capacity ; I think he said Kavass Bashi ; and was now on his way to Djisser on business with the Pasha, relative to the nizam. After waiting a proper time, I proposed to view the

castle ; all followed : sheik, Moutselim, and people.

The village of Shogger contains nine hundred souls ; it is built on a plain, half-way down the mountain, at the head of the small valley I have already described. A fountain rises just above it, whose waters, traversing the gardens, run down a deep ravine, which separates the village from the neck of rock on which the castle stands.

The houses are mostly built of mud, but are neatly white-washed : some few are of stone ; all have windows, and seem in good repair. The village contains a large and handsome mosque, formerly a church. The population now is entirely Mussulman.

Descending the hillock on which stood the sheik's house, we walked down through the gardens. The people ran up some steps cut in the face of the rock, the only way formerly to the castle, the rock being carefully scarfed smooth elsewhere ; and then we, *i.e.*, Mahomet Aga, the sheik, and a few attendants, scrambled, crawled, and here and there were dragged, up to the top, the road being formed of stones,

fallen from above, bound together by trees, creepers, and bushes. The two castles occupied a long neck of rock, communication being cut off from above with the main rock, as at Sioun, by a deep, broad ditch, cut in the solid rock ; the two sides then fell perpendicularly into ravines on either hand ; below, a bridge, not a foot wide, leads to the lower castle, whose rock terminates in a precipitous point, commanding three meeting ravines ; the upper, they say, is Kalaat el Sultan, the lower, Kalaat el Hareen ; the well I found, by careful observations, verified by measurement, led to the level of the stream below, forming a passage of one hundred and eighty feet through the solid rock.

The castle presented little but ruins, nor was the building by any means to be compared with those I have already described ; I should ascribe it to one of the petty chiefs who established independent principalities. No Frank inscriptions could be found ; they assured me that formerly two boars' heads, carved in stone, stood over the door. Arabic inscriptions there were plenty ; of these, I copied the principal, and give the one most worthy of record. It was written in

an extremely old character, and caused even my learned friend at Latakia, no small trouble to translate. I give a literal translation :—

“In the name of God, the merciful, the beneficent, our chief, the Sultan, the ever victorious, the defender of the faith, the most just, the father of might, Sallahadin Joseph, has ordered this strong fort to be built.

“May his life be long to protect and give victory to the faith. 507, Hegira.” (1112 A.D.)

I endeavoured to copy the rest, but the crowd and noise totally prevented me. “Do not get into a rage, Ya Beg,” said Mahomet Aga; “I swear by my head they have never seen a Frank before.” We preferred to return the way we came, though the boys dashed down the steps with perfect ease. “Our maidens,” said the sheik, “descend there with a donkey-load on their heads.” On my return to the sheik’s house, he came to me and said his wife had forgotten her senses, and insisted she must see me. I prayed him not to speak of it, that, though decidedly improper, yet for the love I bore him, she might. Accordingly three ladies entered and sat opposite me, closely veiled.

The sheik left the room ; then they began to talk and criticise my handkerchief. " It is silk," says one ; " no, souf," (a mixture of silk and cotton) says another ; and then the first pulled it to prove her words. I stood the scrutiny with great composure, even though it extended rather further than was proper ; but veils were forgot, and, seeming to forget my knowledge of their language, they spoke with unbounded freedom. One who seemed the chief, maintained that, being a Frank and white, I was not to be considered a man. When reminded that it was time to go, one said, "*Ya wallah* : I shall never see the beast again ; let me know all about him." My northern skin, where it was white, called forth all their abuse ; one of them showing her own soft bosom as the standard of perfection. The return of the sheik made them resume their veils and withdraw.

Mahomet Aga lodged in a different house ; he came to carry me to dinner, but this the sheik positively forbid. In the middle of the meal, at which all the heads of the village joined, a messenger entered from the Pasha.

After the usual greetings, he was asked to eat, on which he called for a separate tray (these are round flat baskets on which the dishes are served), saying he never eat with a Christian. I said, "You are wise." "Thank God," he said, "I never did." "Your excellency is wise; you know your place; and your good sense, of course, forbids your eating with your betters. Your excellency," I continued, "is not from this village?" "No," he replied; "how do you know that?" "Because I have found all here civil and hospitable, but your tongue shows its dirt before your seat knows you." He then demanded the guest-room of the sheik, who said he saw it was occupied. "I am on duty; I have been insulted; I will have it." When the servants entered to turn him out, he slunk off, begging me not to complain of him to the Pasha. I heard afterwards Mahomet Aga had him beaten for his insolence.

In the evening all the neighbours flocked in, and it passed most agreeably. Mahomet Aga related to me his history. He was a Moor of Tunis. There his father fell into disgrace, and went to Algiers, where they arrived just as the

French attacked the place. "As," he observed, "my father and myself saw at once there was no hope for us in a war against men who were paid to fight, who cared not whether the war lasted ten years or twenty, we started again, and joined the service of Ibrahim Pasha." He spoke with enthusiasm of the expedition to the Euphrates, and begged me to tell him if all the employés of government were as honest as they. He begged me to drink some brandy, saying his other English friends always did, and he felt sure I did not, from delicacy. On my offering him some, he refused it, but an old man begged some "for his eyes," and drank it eagerly, saying, he had long felt if he could get stuff like that he should be cured. The fears of the nizam were great, and justly so, among the married men. One young man said, "I have three wives and nine children; how can I go? Must I shut my house? Oh God, what am I to do?"

Started with the light to return to Djisser, which I reached about eight. The consul would not be induced to move; he had fallen on fat prey, and was eating money fast. Oh,

Levantines! Oh, Ibn Arab! During my previous visit, the Greek priest had applied to me for protection under the following circumstances:— A Turk laying claim to a field, from time immemorial the property of the Church, Turk witnesses were brought, the case tried, and the Turk occupied the land. I said if he would point out how I could serve him, I would try my poor best, and so I left him. On my return, the consul said, “Ah, all is settled:” he has proceeded thus:—the Turk was summoned as one to draw lots to go to the nizam,—the consul says, “Sign this paper and I will save you:” so the fellow signs a paper, saying the land never was his,—the consul is Greek, the inspecting doctor for the recruits is Greek: they talk together a long while; each is full of virtue, has a horror of bribes. The priest visits them, returns hot, rather low, complains of poverty. The Turk at night leads a horse into the consul’s stables, he goes out carrying a bridle; the next day the Turk is pronounced as having a taint of scrofula, and rejected,—the land is secured to the Church, the——and the——to the Greeks, and I recognise the horse among

the consul's stud. The consul had also used my name.

On the previous eve had arrived the Pasha, the military Pasha, appointed to collect the conscription; with him are two hundred soldiers, who are not quartered in the khan, but billeted on the town; twenty are accordingly sent to the Christian house, where the consul was staying; in fact, about one hundred of the two hundred are quartered among the seven Christian families. The consul directly writes to say that a great Englishman, son of a greater Englishman, had gone to visit the castle, leaving him who accompanied this great man as secretary, to await his return, and that now the Mussulman had sent twenty soldiers to the house, already overcrowded. The aide-de-camp of the Pasha called immediately, begged a thousand pardons, drove off the troopers with abuse, saying, "You know his Highness's orders; never to touch a Christian:" and the other families were likewise relieved from their thankless burden.

On my arrival, the Pasha was in the mosque drawing the nizam.—This word has so often

been used by me, it will perhaps be better to explain the whole system.

The word *nizam* means regular soldier, and is applied to the army—as “He is in the *nizam*,” or “The *nizam* did so and so.” This force is levied by conscription ; formerly there was no regularity in the system, but lately, a census of males (merely an approximate one) was taken throughout the dominions of the Sultan ; that is to say, among those who would permit it. In the western provinces, the people of the Amanus Bylan, and north and east, would not allow it. The Christian sects are exempt from all military services, paying a tax for exemption, called *haredge* ; but all other sects have to serve. The names of all males were entered but a separate list was made of those from twenty to twenty-five years of age. This all complain to be most unfair. Nobody knows any body’s proper age ; so the persons appointed seem to have written down the least age the fellow would bear—thus forty became twenty-five—thirty—twenty-three—seventeen, on the contrary, became twenty. This list is taken to a military Pasha, who proceeds to draw the

levy—about ten per cent. every six months may be the number. Thus, such a village is to send six—sixty being written. These repair to the place where the Pasha is, and draw. This time, also, a reserve force, whose destination seems doubtful, was drawn. The chosen remain: the lucky ones return home. They draw lots from a bag, but much unfairness is said to be used; and who that has been in Turkey can presume to deny it? Any body drawn may buy a substitute, but here a substitute is very expensive.

In some places one may be procured for 5*l.*; and the Yezidis, who, from religious prejudices will not serve, always buy them. The period of service is five years, and the following five years he must serve if the reserve is called for. Altogether the soldiers are well treated, fairly paid, and fed; yet the horror of the service is excessive. Mothers produce abortion; the young maim themselves: it is the *bête-noire* of the population. It is remarkable that no class among the various sects it is drawn from, is exempt; a great sheik's son is drawn just as a common man. This, of course, does not apply

to the Turks, though very few of them even are exempt. One wise rule they have made—any body who is not present to draw is considered a deserter, and becomes a soldier from the moment of drawing. In the morning they had cried from the mosques for all to come to draw, and the road I had passed was thronged with villagers, women, and children. They generally cursed me dreadfully, saying, “the Franks were the cause of it.” The curse causeless will not come.

Off again about noon. Crossed the bridge over the Orontes. There is an Arabic inscription on it. The arches are far too small and low for the body of water, and the bridge curves from the stream; which they have chosen to span in one of the widest parts. There must be a considerable difference in the height of the water above and below. Excellent fish abounds, the river had overflowed over the broad swampy plain south and a little east, and enters among some detached hills, skirting the regular range. Passed south of the tel and village of Aneeb (Grapes), ascended the mountain, and halted at the large fine village of Arneba.

Some Christians of the village had met me, and insisted on escorting me back. They seemed well used by their Mussulman neighbours, and spoke kindly of the sheik. There are but seven families, and they now and then have a priest from Edlip. I have never in the country met with Christian natives in whose favour I was so much impressed as these. When we met them on the road, a servant was riding some distance before me, who shouted to them to give him what bread he had. They handed him several flat cakes, and he rode on. I had already threatened the fellow several times, for he is always exacting from others. To give him his due, however, he is very impartial; for he takes without any reference to creed. I struck him one day for taking a pipe from an Ansayri, saying, "You shall not take from the Fellah." The next day he took something from a Turk, saying, "I had not told him not to take from them." He says, "The Beg will starve some day; he will take nothing." In fact, I have given up scolding the fellow, and he will not leave me.

As the people passed me, I told Abdallah to

pay them for the bread: they said, "Ya Beg, do not disgrace us: why do you hate us? will you not eat our bread? We are Christians also: we are your brothers." After thanking the sheik, and giving him my jowse nargilleh (hubble-bubble) for his kindness to the Christians, and assuring him he would prosper for it, I crossed the country east to Djerade, a town of the lower empire, now in ruins, 2' from Arneba.

The ruins, though those of a considerable town, had little of interest, but over the whole the country around arid, stony, barren, iron, sterile; and then, the silence of the wilderness! A sudden destruction seemed to have fallen on the solitary town; the houses not perishing by slow decay, no mouldering ruin telling of vicissitudes, desertion, or extinction; but stones, fresh as yesterday—no lichen-covered walls—no ivy winding up the broken gable—but as if a race were building and a blast had swept them off even in the midst of their work. The houses were probably destroyed by an earthquake, as stones and walls were turned and wrenched most singularly.

A thing that much struck me was the total absence of wood in the interior of the houses : such, at least, as were standing were notched as if for the reception of beams : many were vaulted ; these required no beams ; but many were not, or showed the ruin of the vault. The country about was sharp rock, with small sweet grass or clover between ; the pieces of rock, standing two, four, or eight feet high. The ruins being built of the same it was difficult to see where they began and where they ended. The rock had been cut away or used to suit the building as much as it could : here half the wall, there all the floor as solid rock. In many, three walls, or even the four exterior walls, were standing ; the roofs, judging by the gables, were all sloping.

I found the church, but it presented no architectural beauties or peculiarities : the walls were of stones, some two to three feet square on the face, and eighteen or twenty inches thick, utterly uncemented : they were, however, well cut and fitted close to each other. Over one door was a cross : one house was less ruined than the rest ; its base was all on the

solid rock ; the rooms were perfect ; and at the backs, an open yard, with a pretty colonnade, a horse-trough, and place for tying the halter still remained.

On entering one of the vaults, of which there were many, I was surprised to see a turban over the edge of a sarcophagus, then a musket barrel. I was too far in the place to run away, so I shouted, "Come out ; come here." A man showed himself. After a little conversation, it appeared he was a poor fellow hiding from the conscription : his present woe was want of food ; his wife had promised to supply him, but appeared already to have forgotten her hidden love. We supplied the want, and promised not to denounce him.

Rode from this on to Baleson, half an hour north by west, passing other ruins on either hand. The whole district bore the same barren, stricken appearance. Baleson is an inhabited village, and the houses mingle with those of the old town. There is a mosque with a low square steeple, now used as a minaret, and near it a house with the staff and scroll still over the door. There are also many other ruins. An hour's

ride south-easterly brought me to the heights below which lies Caffir-el-Barah (the village of the just, or the wilderness of the just):* it lies in a valley and extends full two miles in length; from outskirt to outskirt probably even three. The appearance of this valley of the city of the past renewed with tenfold vigour the feelings I had experienced on viewing Djerade: it seemed, indeed, as if fulfilled prophecy was acting before me; as if a curse had been passed upon the land, and that curse fulfilled—"Thy cities shall be laid without habitation, and I will make thy cities desolate, for every city shall be forsaken, not a man shall dwell therein."

Slowly I rode through the breadth of this city of the void, and felt a great relief when I emerged on the further side and began mounting the valley to the modern Mussulman village of the same name. There seemed something awful in this wandering about the city of the departed—not the dead: death is decay, ruin: here was none: it was desolation—utter

* *Caffir* must not be confounded with *Caffre*: the first means "wilderness, desert place;" the second, "infidel."

desolation. A wretched dome of rubble and mortar covers the body of a Mussulman saint. Wonder that he rests in such a place: better far roll into one of the large fine empty sarcophagi below. I explored the castle as it stands in utter solitude amidst an olive plantation. It is as a whole that this place must be viewed; separately there is little worthy of notice.

Entering the village, which occupies the hill on the northern side of the valley, there is a large collection of mud houses. I went to the sheik's house, who, receiving me kindly, said, "Ah, Ya Beg, so you have returned to see the land of your fathers." "Egad, no, sheik; had it been so, you would not have been here kneeling on the felt." "Why?" "Because they were tough men of war and renown, who knew better how to take, than how to yield a land. No; you took it from those Greeks." "It was God gave it us." The castle has evident traces of being Saracenic: the fallen blocks prevent all access to the interior, which consists of a two-storied building. It is further surrounded by a wall with masqued loop-holes; but the wall is neither lofty nor very

thick, and there is no trace of an exterior ditch.

I had fallen amongst a set of dreadful braggarts. The conscription having been drawn, those that remained were relieved from all their present fears. They had heard a report of the Russian threats with regard to the Magyars, and said that were the Sultan attacked, they would all march to the defence of Islam. I asked them why : during the former war, they had not done so ; but on my saying at last, that I would mention at Aleppo (whither I was going,) their martial ardour and praiseworthy desire of serving the great Padishah, they became mindful of love for their own homes, and prayed me to forget their vapourings.

They were fully persuaded we were tributaries of the Sultan, and asked me how we chose the virgin whom the sovereign of England yearly presented to the embraces of the Commander of the Faithful. To this, however, we have a ready answer to hurl at them, that even their shallow intellect cannot fail to understand. " Ibrahim Pasha ; he defeats your nizam ; he destroys the armies of your invincible Padishah. Do you

remember Nezeeb? Do you remember Homs? Five thousand English effect what Sultan, sheik, Islam, and nizam cannot do; and drive out Ibrahim from the country." Then you are caught again, for they say, "It was God's work: we could not stand against them, so he ordered you—his tributaries—to do it for us."

CHAPTER VIII.

A Christian's feelings in the East—Melancholy ruins at Aleppo—Description of the Houses—Stone Sarcophagi—Serai el Melek—Caffirel-Barah—Subterranean adventure—Natives of Djebel Kaiha—Kaiha—Edlip—Departure from Edlip—Eternal features of the East—Lady Hester Stanhope—Bad Government of the Turks—Free Language of the People—Broken spirit of the Christians—Articles in English news papers—Vile treatment of Women—Losses of the Christians—Proposals for repayment—Causes of the rising—Turks educated in Europe—Insult to a Christian Woman—The Mussulmans' loss—The Zapties.

THE rising sun had not poured a ray on the town below when we began to explore its desolation. The object would have been better achieved from the hill. The effect would not have then been destroyed, and there one might have gazed and departed with a lesson of our nothingness; not perhaps without profit. It seemed a sneaking thing to wander over a city of the Cross—to tread on ruins stamped with the ensign of our faith—in friendly converse with the destroyer, in amity with the base foes of our Redeemer—to take advantage of the absence of the rightful proprietor and pry into his homely parlour. The Christians whom I

had met on the road the day before still accompanied me. One said, and perhaps rightly, (who knows?) "This was my father's home." He longed to say, in the words of the prophet, "Restore, I pray you, to them, even this day, their lands, their vineyards, their olive yards, and their houses; also the hundredth part of the money, and of the oil, of the corn, and of the wine that ye exact of them." Let us trust, however, that the wild olive of infidelity will be grafted into the true vine. That He will reward the patient sufferings, the long bitter degradations of his followers in this land, who can dare to doubt?

The ruins had been cleared and formed the walls of gardens of olives and vines, so the simile struck me with peculiar force. The olive often grew in the chamber, pressing its fruitful branches through door and lattice: the vine crept stealthily over hearth-stone and threshold, as if anxious to bind together these once cherished places of the ancient lord. In some places whole rows of house fronts were standing; nor was it till you looked within that all was seen to be ruin and desolation.

The doors were generally guarded by a niche at either side, and many portions of the ruins struck me as bearing a striking resemblance to the plain unornamented parts of Palmyra. The houses, built as those I have before described, of one stone thick uncemented, were generally two stories high, the lower story rooms, low broad arches. On these had been planked floors, at least, so I should judge by the niches for the supporting rafters.

The generality were not large; two rooms below and two above, the front unornamented, save the niches and an ogee over the door. The windows above square and well-sized; sometimes over the door were stars, circles, or Catherine-wheels. And here, as I wander, the partridge now calls from the high corner of honour; the quail nestles in the ladies' chamber: such is the end of the wear, the strife, the ambition of our lives! To the south-east are two remarkable pyramids, about thirty feet high each; they are built entirely of the pale stone of the place: the roof, pyramidal in form, is likewise built of blocks of stone, as elsewhere not a particle of wood, iron, or lead

is found. This much heightens the effect of the ruins; of wood we can know the probable date of its use by its state of preservation; but here stands a city perfect as the day it was begun: as far, I mean, as the individual stones are concerned: and even where blast or earthquake has cast them down, there they lie sharp as if the echo of the chisel stroke yet sounded on the hill, or the decayed, long powerless dust was still the vigorous arm and skilful hand.

Even these pyramids have felt a shock and been much shaken; and a very slight one now would bring them down. Within they may be ten or twelve feet square, and contain each five large stone sarcophagi, uncovered and opened: the lids of all, if they had any, are gone; though, unless broken, they must have been far too large to have passed out of the door.

Near these pyramids stood a long building, with Corinthian pilasters, the ornaments boldly but not deeply cut; the interior was completely filled with blocks of stone; of its use I am able to form no opinion. There were several less

public buildings, one with a screen wall before it, and two or three churches of the usual Syrian form. One row of houses is perfect; it consists of a line of five, contained in a court walled in, with a door of entrance at each end; an open colonnade, supported on demi-pillars, runs along the front. Over each was the monogram A Ω and a cross, with the episcopal staff: they were larger than the houses generally. Apart on the east is a large house, still nearly perfect. I took a sketch of it, as one of the largest and most perfect; it is called by the natives the Judge's House.

On the west, in the midst of a fine garden, perfectly clear of ruins, so, probably, formerly as now, a garden, walled in by high pallisadoes of slabs of rock, is what is now called the King's Palace, Serai-el-Melek. Of the palace itself nothing remains but a confused mass of columns, shafts, capitals, and stones. In the rocks on each side of the valley are numerous tombs, some with courts, others with open colonnades, but in the empty tombs one finds no record of their history. There were several inscriptions in barbarous Greek; of these I

copied one; it was on the largest of what I should judge the public buildings.

With subdued feelings and humbled pride, late in the afternoon I quitted this solitary place of thousands. What avail all our stores, our toils, our labours for this world's goods, this world's applause—for "this day thy soul shall be required of thee!" breathes in every murmur of the groves around. Are such as these were, the creatures whose praise we toil for?—where are their soft words now? A mighty spirit breathes over the land; "Go forth!" it said; and they melted away, nor left a wreck, a trace, a footprint behind."

My companion was full of some curious speculations whereby he could gain ground,* so he left me to my meditations. The sheik had no tradition, "Min zemen, kadeem," lengthening the last syllable out, to reach the long ago he meant to indicate. He knew it was Kaffir el Barah, and that was all. I had said the Franks did not build it; "I was wise, and knew best;" so bidding farewell, we started for Reiha.

* The Christian's idea that it was formerly his village, had touched his weak part; and he was half inclined to claim property here, as his family's by old right, backing the request with his consular power.

Already I have paused too long amidst these ruins ; suffice it then, to add, my companion flew back to trade, and left me to wander on, which I did for many days, visiting nearly all the ruins in Djebel Erbayen, or the "Mountain of Forty;" tradition says forty spirits are locked in a cave there, and none may descend. Of course I made a desperate effort on my return, to explore the haunts of the Jinns ; but guides, servants—all fled ; and it was said I had met the foul fiend himself, who had driven me back. We had entered it, *i. e.*, myself, two servants, and four natives, with torches of pine, and two wax candles in lanterns. Preceding my ready-to-run-away followers, I advanced. We soon lost sight of day, and with it their hope, too, dropped off. The bats began to fly about ; our glare disturbed them ; the guides, two Christians, said, "though there was nothing in it, yet it was wrong." I said, "Go." My servant begged to be allowed to wait for me there ; he had hurt his foot ; so I went on with Mahmoud, the groom, who feared nothing, and, shouted "To hell with you ! face the Bey, devil, if you dare !" He waved his club in one hand, his torch in the other, and we now

advanced, though slowly ; having to climb over rocks, often coming back to the same place. I stuck up one of the lanterns to serve, as the sailors would say, as a point of departure ; the bats dashed it out in a moment. Many of these flew against our faces and breasts with great violence. My hands being employed guarding the lantern I carried, against which they flew oftenest, there was nothing for it but patience. We had gone on round and round, now confident, now bothered, as we arrived by a new route at an old spot, for about an hour, when something struck me on the chest ; I staggered back, Mahmoud's protecting club, aimed with violence at the darkness, smashed the lantern and finished its career on my breast. We had dreadful work to cross back to the entrance, where we arrived to be objects of distrust to all. My face was a good deal cut with glass and the club. Mahmoud said we had not had fair play, when they questioned him. I said what was the truth, for I took care to ascertain the fact, that a stone loosened by the bats fell and sent me back, when the club completed my downfall. This he denied, saying, "he saw a mighty stone club smash the lantern, and

two eyes grinned over me as I lay on the ground."

I subsequently explored it, but must own I failed in finding any direct end; but this was chiefly owing to my being bothered by getting into separate passages, and finding myself in a *cul-de-sac*. The natives say it extends seventeen hours into the earth. The cave is a natural formation, and a natural consequence of the peculiar nature of the rock; the entrance has been cut and smoothed.

There is another cave at the top of the Djebel, which I felt no anxiety to explore, being rather tired of a journey promising such small results and so much fatigue; I had likewise been bitten by a snake, and in my fears had cauterised the wound so severely, that a return to a town or place for rest was necessary.

The natives of the Djebel Reiha of which the Erbayeen forms a part, are chiefly Mussulmans, and their features mark them as of Arab, not of Turkoman blood. The dress also of the women is different from that on the western side of the Syrian mountains, being chiefly of blue cotton, with red gowns and dark coloured veils; the shift also is gene-

rally lined with red, and in many, embroidered. The whole, as usual with Mussulman population, exhibit more wealth, or rather affluence, than any other sect or race.

From Barah the country continues the same ; sterile, iron, doomed to waste; here and there a valley afforded room for the plough, and a peasant from some distant village might be lazily seen turning up the soil ; near these fertile spots would generally be a ruin of an ancient house, a church, and sometimes a pyramidal tomb, similar to those at Barah. On my road from Barah to Reiha I saw six ruined towns and only six living persons. How sad the waste that has fallen on this once fruitful land. The present town of Reiha is well situated on the western slope of the mountains, olive grounds and gardens stretching out below it.

Reiha was burnt in 1812, by the Pasha of Aleppo, or rather the son of a chief who had made himself Pasha, (successful rebellion is always honoured by the Porte,) yet it seems a flourishing place. The road from thence descends to the plain of Edlip, which is on a higher level than that to the east. On the

latter I could count at one time eleven large villages, yet four-fifths of what had existed even fifty years ago are now ruined and deserted.*

We now advanced through olive grounds to Edlip, a large and flourishing town prettily situated on the slope of a hill ; like Sermein it receives its supplies of water from reservoirs, there being but one spring and the waters of that very brackish. The population is mostly Mahometan, but some few families of Greek Christians reside here. A good deal of soap is manufactured ; the native cottons are likewise brought here to be bleached ; and the people make shoes which are sent to Aleppo for sale. Took up my quarters at a khan, being freer there than with the Aga, who kindly pressed me to remain with him. He staid the evening with me, which we passed very agreeably. He had been much employed in various parts of his master's empire, and had a map—the first and

* On hastily running over these notes, previous to their being sent to England, I find omitted a remark I made at Kaffir-el-Bareh. Before a house there, is a stone on which are cut the eight holes for the present Arabic game of Dama. Such would hardly have been cut here by the present inhabitants : it invests the game with an antiquity its intrinsic worth hardly deserves.

last Turk I ever saw with one; it was published at Cairo. Edlip is quite a modern town, the old town a ruin, about three miles off.

Being so near, it seemed a pity not to re-visit Aleppo, so the sun found us on our road. We left Edlip with the newly-drawn conscripts, who were still in their peasant's dresses: the music of the town drum, beaten vigorously, clarionets trying to squeak them down, preceded the melancholy procession: children women, fathers, elders, all surrounded them, wailing and weeping. They dared not curse the Sultan, so they turned all their wrath on me—whose only object was to pass through as quietly as possible; and their curses produced retorts from the servants, who trod down one energetic curser in the very height of his volubility, and exposed the memory of the false prophet* to terms the most opprobrious.

The road lay over a plain wasting its fatness; here and there were rocky patches, but all else

* *Illan Mahometak* is a term none dare use. On one occasion a Tiyari Christian I had as servant, was seized for using the expression. I got the Aga to own that the man, he said so to, was a bad man, therefore no true follower of the mighty Prophet. Having owned this, I said, you cannot punish this poor fellow; he only cursed *his* Mahomet, who, of course, is some other man of that name.

was one splendid field for cultivation. The wheat already, however, wastes for want of rain ; and if they have none soon, there will, all say, be a famine in the land. A great deal of ground was untilled, really for want of inhabitants. We passed several villages, each built on tels—to me the formation of these seems natural, and hardly justifies the idea that each is the site of an ancient city; each is probably the site of an ancient village. As Warburton most justly remarks, immutability is the characteristic of the East : as his father built, so the son ; as the father ploughed, reaped, ate, slept, thought, died ;—the son ploughs, reaps, eats, sleeps, thinks, and dies ; where the father lived the son will live, unless forced by some strong outward pressure to migrate. Thus we see a village with a few families of some sect foreign to the mass ; they are the phantoms of the old race clinging to the ruins of the past. Reading Xenophon, we are struck with the wonderfully accurate account of the present in his history of the past. The villages, houses, yards, dirt, pots and pans, are pictures of to-day ; to each village of the empire we may assign the like antiquity.

Each family throws its dirt before the door ; as years grow on the mass enlarges, the mound becomes solid as its age increases ; the house, at best a crazy ruin, rots to uselessness, the old is deserted and a new built on the mound ; henceforth the dirt is cast down, the ruin, half mud half stones, swells the mass—each village does the same ; thus the village gradually mounts on its ever-growing hill. Many years ago, I visited the house of Lady Hester Stanhope, it was perfect then : when last I made my pilgrimage there, it was a grass-grown mound, where here and there only a portion of a wall stood up as record to bear witness to the past days gone by. Even the roofs alone are sufficient to bury the small remnants of walls which stand up against the shock of their fall.

At noon we halted at a Mussulman village, where the sheik received me with great kindness ; he denied that any of his people had participated in the revolt of Aleppo, observing “ When we were poor, we robbed, now we are easy in our circumstances, we dare not : ” thus inadvertently learning the first grand lesson in natural economy. The rest of my road I had traversed

before, and was very glad to find myself on a divan in Aleppo, safe for a time from sun, dust, and heat.

All the thoughts of the residents at Aleppo were, when another rising would take place; the Turks had been beaten, but not subdued; their leaders, or rather many who had made themselves most prominent in the pillage, had been banished. The conscription had been drawn, and they felt that they had made a sad bungle of the affair: all this irritated and galled them, and it was generally known that they waited but a favourable opportunity to throw themselves with increased hate on the Christians. There can be no worse government than that of the Turks; for the delicate task of appeasing an excited people, they can kill, massacre, destroy, pillage, rob, lie, and abuse to perfection; but as to feeling the temper of the beaten, distracting their thoughts, reviving their spirits, conciliating or helping, such a thing is utterly incompatible with their natures. The Pasha sits in his serai; he can never hear the truth; and as among them from first to last money is the sole object, to obtain that to day,

they would leave burning a light that would blow them up to-morrow.

Walking freely about during my stay; understanding the two languages in use, it amazes me to hear the conversation in families; the talk of the bazaars, of the caffinets. Everywhere, with soldiers and police sitting by, remarks were made which even in free-spoken grumbling old England would have lodged a man in prison upon a diet of bread and water.

A Christian and Mahometan prophecy had named the day next following the one after my arrival, as that on which a rising was to take place; as the eve approached the fears of the poor Christians were terrible; it seemed incredible that men could be such cowards: resistance was a word undreamt of in their utmost fancies. One or two young men were said to have died of fright. Yet they had foreseen this for weeks, had money to purchase arms, which were plentiful in the shops, had houses, natural fortresses. When spoken to, they regarded me with wonder. "It is no use: for us there is no hope." "What," I replied, "are you men?—will you see your wives, your daughters, violated,

your sons murdered, and not strike one blow?" They gazed and passed on. May we not look at this as a great principal cause whereby five thousand Mussulmans were enabled to conquer this populous country, then overflowing with wealth? Their church also inculcated a passiveness, a submission, that has done more injury to them than all the swords and oppressions of the Turk. They must not boldly resist, bravely struggle and die: but they may lie, fawn, creep, sneak, prevaricate, and abuse.

The question has often been put to me "How? you a Christian, and fight? you a follower of Him who says, 'When smitten on one side turn the other,' and return blows for blows?" Nor could I find any direct solution of the question, though aware that our Church excited the people, and nobly used its vast powers when England was threatened with invasion. The Turks on the other hand waited: they wished somebody to begin, though eager and ready, and the prompt musket probably in reach of the listless hand, seemingly too lazy to grasp the pipe: any noise, and they would have flown on

their prey. So passed the night without any disturbance: a few of us had resolved to join in, and strike in these degenerate days a brave Crusading blow; but the opportunity, happily for all, came not.

Many contradictory articles appeared in the papers. I was shown, however, some in the *Times* written by an English merchant, Mr. C——, which describes the whole with truth and candour; he is a good Christian and a gentleman; one well worthy to rank among the merchant princes of Great Britain. Hundreds, I say the truth; hundreds found refuge in his house, one of the enormous khans of Aleppo; were fed and lodged till all danger was passed. During the pillage he entered the Christian quarter, and succeeded in bringing off several persons, himself disarming a leader of the mob who interrupted his benevolent purpose. Since then he has exerted himself in every way for their good: supplying some with this, others with that—things necessary for them; providing the poor Jacobite bishop with a horse, to enable him to retire from the country. Another writer, on the contrary, depreciated the damage done,

the violations, &c., saying but one woman had appeared before the Pasha to complain of violence. One can only ascribe the latter to the Turk himself; as generally the woman even though violated does not appear before the public functionary to apprise the world of it; still less would she appear publicly before a Turkish Pasha, who holds all women as brutes, and the Christian woman as his own when he chooses, or dares, (there's the secret) to take her. Girls at Aleppo *were* carried off: and forced to journey to the Desert: there thrown from one to the other, from chief to muleteer; till, cast off, they wandered back idiots to their homes; happier even thus, than had reason been left them to contemplate there the wreck of all that makes life precious.

Are there no other crimes among the list, degrading, deadly? These were practised in the streets, under the broad light of day. The churches, and these I visited, were gutted and burnt; the very floor torn up by the infuriated pillagers; the houses also were not only cleared out, but destroyed, and smoking ruins now alone remain.

The following is as near the truth as possibly may be attained :—

Losses of the Christians in Aleppo, with amount of damage sustained :—		Piastres.	£
Greek Schismatic . .	Church destroyed, valued at	750,000	7,000
	2 shops pillaged } claim . .	624,541	6,800
	34 families . . }		
Greek Catholic . . .	Church destroyed, valued at	759,412	7,150
	25 shops . . . } claim . .	5,316,357	53,000
	209 families . . }		
Armenian Catholic . .	Church destroyed, valued at	220,700	5,300
	134 families, claim	1,836,966	
Armenian Schismatic .	Bishop lost	1,025	9 <i>l.</i> 7 <i>s.</i>
	61 families, claim	272,966 <i>½</i>	2,500
Syrian Catholics . . .	Church destroyed, valued at	746,617	7,000
	1 shop } claim . .	1,227,305 <i>½</i>	10,000
	110 families . . }		
Syrian Jacobites . . .	Bishop lost	19,022	150
	4 families, claim	58,283 <i>½</i>	520
Maronites	Church destroyed, valued at	51,200	450
	8 shops } claim . .	1,397,030	11,000
	120 families . . }		
16 Latin families		128,774	1,080
The reparation of the churches is calculated at . .		3,000,000	18,500
Total		15,430,095 <i>½</i>	

Women and girls violated, 60; killed in the massacre, 15; died of wounds received, 42; houses plundered, 688; houses burnt, 12; churches burnt, 3.

At the period of my visit, in April, about 10,000*l.* of Christian property had been restored, *i. e.*, handed to the bishops, the Pasha pronouncing this all. A full indemnity having been promised by the Sultan, the Christians were not satisfied with this, and petitioned the Pasha for permission to go to Constantinople to appeal to the Sultan, but passports were peremptorily

denied them. They have written to the Porte, but no answer has been given. A day was fixed for the repayment of the indemnity, and for the rendering of all property to the Christians that had been plundered from them. This expired the day before my arrival, and then a little less than 4000*l.* more was forthcoming. The Pasha talks of a forced contribution on the Mussulmans, with a view of intimidating them.

The Christians he likewise has endeavoured to prevail on to accept a less sum than that demanded. No doubt many have overrated their losses. One, I was told, who crouches under our flag, lays claim to 1000*l.* when one hundred pence would pay his damage; but, generally, the estimate has been made conscientiously, and subsequently undergone the inspection and revision of the bishop. A jewel was taken to the Pasha, and he had it valued, then referred to the list, where he found it put down at a price infinitely below its real value; the man saying he feared the Pasha might say a Christian could not have a jewel of such value, and be offended with him.



While we remember the perfect bijou of a divan, and the gay balls of Mohammed Pasha in London, we must not forget he was Pasha at Jerusalem, and there left a character which no champagne or polkas can efface.

The causes of the rising originally may be traced to the history of Aleppo, and a good deal to the present conduct of the Christians themselves. Slaves become naturally tyrants, and in Aleppo they did their best to revive the ancient enmity. Singularly enough, the Jews remained untouched; some whisper that they helped or rather urged the Turks on; and a consul of some European power, a Jew, predicted the affair with a precision that looks very like collusion. At first, promises were made of perfect indemnity for all losses, and that all Turks, from twenty to forty, should be taken for the nizam. The first term has not been, nor unless Christians in Europe stir, will it be, fulfilled; the second has not nor ever will: the same proportion only was drawn as from any other place; and it seems certain that the instant the force at Aleppo is diminished, the Turks will rise again.

Are such things to be permitted in the nineteenth century, protected as it were by Europe,—by England first of all? “Moslem once, Moslem ever,” as the Greek maxim says. No reform can touch a Turk—witness those educated in France and in England; they return to their country instructed, certainly to a certain extent, too much so probably to believe in the rhapsodies of the Prophet; but how far have they gone beyond? They have added atheism to their fathers’ prejudices; they drink fearlessly, and, in six months, fairly out-Turk the Turk.—A conqueror—the Moslem was great; no mercy, no remorse, clogged, for a second, their chariots of triumph; but for the slow march of mind, the slow tedious path of improvement, he is unfit. For years this reform has been going on, and its result is Aleppo. Nor would it have been confined to Aleppo. Every Moslem heart in Arabistan beat high to be allowed to seize their prey, their own lawful prey; which the Franks had so long withheld from them.

“It is lawful, it is right, to attack the honour, (woman too is comprised,) faith, and wealth of the Christian:” this cry echoes in every Moslem

breast: let him dare, and he will shout it as loudly as ever.

Let me mention a circumstance that occurred at Latakia during my stay. A beggar used to parade the streets; he slept here and there, as he could, and had arrived at an almost entire state of nudity, wearing only a short jacket: he was a young lusty man, but I supposed liked the life; nor was he madder than any body else. He entered the bath one day while the women were there; a Christian's wife, *enceinte* at the time, fainted, and fear (for he entered in his nudity) brought on a miscarriage. The Turkish women, the wives of the Cadi, the Mufti, and two other great men, took him and washed him. The Christian whose wife had received the shock, complained to the Medjilis; their answer was, "Are not our wives better than yours? who is she that she speaks? our wives were there; they do not complain:" and so the affair ended. On a subsequent visit to the kaimakan, he asked me, "Any news, Ya Beysader?" "Plenty," I replied; "it is worth while living here if they will only do the same every day." "What! what!" "Oh the story of

Sheik Mustapha; it beats tainzamat; I have got all the particulars." They begged and prayed me not to mention it; first they denied it, but I said, "Sheik Mustapha told it me himself, and he says the Cadi's * wife is the prettiest woman among them." It cost me full twelve visits and eighty coffees and nargillehs; for all intrigued for me to forego my tale; but I maintained it would be a crime to hide such a rich trait of manners. However, it produced one good: Sheik Mustapha was banished, and the bath is to be respected in future.

With regard to the punishment the Mussulmans received at Aleppo, it was also severe—probably about one-fifth that they inflicted on the Christians. The bombardment did hardly any harm, nor can I conceive how so many shots can have been fired with so little effect. The day or night before the soldiers sacked the two rebel quarters, most of the valuables, the women, &c., were sent to the Mussulman quarters in

* The Cadi, who was by at the time, was a great fanatic; he looked pale as I recounted the particulars of his wife's washing the beast, and at last fairly gasped with agony. An intrigue between a man like this and one of their wives; they would regard as blessed,—a child by him a holy gift. I remarked this man was mad enough always to attach himself to the youngest and handsomest.

the other extremity of the town ; so the soldiers found less than they hoped, and the worst effects of a sack was spared the people. It is hard to get Turkish troops to act against the Turkish population—very naturally so, and it speaks in their favour. The irregulars, the Zapties, maintained their own renown, and a Hungarian officer present said he never saw men pitch themselves better home in the charge than they did. None of the Hungarians were allowed to interfere. Probably, had General Bem's offer been taken, the whole might have been spared.

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CHAPTER IX.

Destruction of Syrian Manuscripts—Grand review of troops—The Yezidis—Confusion of races and faith—Visit from a despised Wife—Solicits a spell to kill—Range of Amanus—Convent of St. Simon Stylites—St. Simon Stylites—Tennyson's Poem—Inspection of the building—Madness of St. Simon—A beautiful apparition—Domestic felicity—Arabic Robinson Crusoe—Bid farewell to my friends—Numerous Sarcophagi—Namous-el-Melek—Kaa—Beau-ideal of an Oriental—Mussulmans oppressed—Primal beauty of nature—Dress of the different races—Ruins at Youngis Shi—Ranges of the Beltan—Distant View of Antioch—Fulfilment of prophecy.

THE churches have as yet been untouched. It was sad to wander amidst these ruins, and the Syrian library, so rich, so valuable, is still a mass of burnt paper and shrivelled parchment. In it were many valuable Syrian manuscripts. All requests that they would collect and preserve the fragments were unavailing ; many were still perfect, having escaped the flames ; others were singed ; some only torn and scattered—many, hard matters of shrivelled skins. No endeavour has been made to collect them : despair had paralysed every energy. At the period of my visit the Roman Catholic school had just met

for the first time since the massacre. It was sad to see the children sitting on portions of mat, burnt and torn, in a room gutted to the stone of the walls. Through the naked fire-blackened iron bars of the windows appeared the roofless, spoiled church; while above, the eye fell on the stripped walls of the Patriarch's house; then on to the pure blue sky, all too spotless to have witnessed such scenes.

Thursday, 27th March.—Off. The morning was ushered in by a grand review of the troops, who, not having received any pay for fourteen months, fired away 80*l.* or 100*l.* worth of powder. It caused a great sensation, being deemed by many a fresh rising. There were about 4000 soldiers in Aleppo, but so detached and scattered were their quarters and subdivided their members, that they might easily have been surprised. It was pleasant to breathe the fresh air of the country, free from the pestilent air of fanaticism, despair, and wailings; and emboldened by the change, I took my way straight across field and waste, for the Djebel Simon, whose summit was visible in the distance. N.W. it was—N.W. I went. My course soon

left the plain, and led over rocky hills. In four and a half hours, or about 18' from Aleppo, reached the ruined town of Meshabar, which has a convent and church still standing.

The convent is large and handsome, three stories high, and wants but the roof to render it perfect. Observed two other ruins on the hills to the north. The country now became again of the same rocky, desolate description as that of Richa. The patches of cultivation few and far between. Here and there we met wild Yezidis, shepherds tending flocks, tamer than themselves, enveloped in their huge shapeless felts. These felts, made of sheep's wool, beaten and rolled, are so stiff as to stand upright when placed on the ground. The upper part is lined with felt, and slit down the middle. The wearer sticks himself into the slits, and so appears as if dressed in boards, so stiff is the stuff, and so little does it accommodate itself to the wearer; on sitting down he slips through it, and it remains standing behind him, a species of portable house.

The Yezidis are found here in considerable numbers: in fact, for the traveller who studies

the races of men, in no space of the same extent probably can be found so many, and so totally different, races despite of ages of intercourse, propinquity of habitations, &c., as from Scanderoon to the Euphrates. He will find in the mountains of the Amanus, (of seven or eight of which we know not even the names,) wild tribes, unknown to the Frank, and unknown to us; he will find the ancient worship of Astarte at Killis, the ancient Ciliga, and south to the banks of the Kara river. He will find settled Koords, whose language has still a strong mixture of Armenian. The tradition is, that they are Armenians, who early became converts to Mahometanism, and their type of face seems to indicate the same. Nomad Koords, Turkomans, Euruques, Gypsies, Yezidis, Moslems, Arabs, and every denomination of Christians, even now thank the watchfulness of Providence—as a small leaven of those who, taught by Anglican missionaries, worship the God of revelation, the one true God, in purity and truth.

An hour further brought our party to Ceyzee, a large Mussulman village, situated in a sheltered spot, deeply embedded in olive groves.

The sheik met me, and conducted me to his guest-room, an ancient apartment, which he had repaired. The stone still remained over the door, with two palm branches and the episcopal cross on it; beneath he had carved "La illa," &c., "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God," as he said, to secure himself against danger from a stone, perhaps placed there by idolaters—he was too civil to say Christians. The elders flocked in to hear the news, and after dinner I was invited to attend at a marriage: it was an old man to a young girl. His sons sat round. They, methought, would have been better companions for the hidden pearl.

As I returned home I left the crowd who accompanied me, to visit an old ruin in the neighbourhood by the soft moonlight. As I sat looking down on the sleeping village, wrapped in silence save the occasional howl of an impatient dog, or the low of a cow or sheep, a veiled figure approached me, and crouched down in the shade of the stone I sat on. "Oh Frank," said she, "give me life; this month past I have known that you would come. I knew you as you rode up the village. Give me a paper to kill

her; she was the first wife of the man whose tomtoms of joy yet sounded in my ear, whose sweetmeats I had shared." "But, my good lady," said I, "I am a Christian, and have no faith in charms or spells. God trusts not us mortals with such powers." "You a Christian!" said she, "you, who swagger, order Turks to do this and that, whose stirrup the sheik held?" "Yes, a Christian; and as such above all Turks; though lower, worse than all Christians." She pressed me most strongly, owning she would kill her husband sooner than see him rest on that hated bosom. She knelt, she caressed me, impeding my progress; at last, provoked beyond measure at my denial, she tried abuse, and opened upon me a volley whose variety showed a vast extent of inventive speech. As I neared my house she dashed at me, and by the extent of the pain she caused in the back part of my head must have procured the hair she had so much pressed for. In pity I could only hope that it did not cause her husband so much pain as it caused me; nor could I wonder that he had sought refuge in a softer bosom and a milder tongue.

Friday. Off early, leaving the baggage to follow. Ascended the hill on the slope of which Ceyzee stands. On reaching the top, another range stretched before me, separated by a narrow valley. In the valley lay a small spot of ploughed land ; but for the rest it seemed as if at last I had reached the end of the earth ; so barren, sterile, rocky, solid, was that iron range. Amidst the rocks a few sheep wandered, not staying, but passing on, as if hopeless of pasture in such a waste. Far up, but coyly showing, rose the lofty range of the Amanus. From north to south on the ridge near, ran ruins, broken and desolate, shapeless masses, hardly distinguishable from the rocks among which they stood.

We descended, crossed the patch, and ascended the opposite side ; the road, now all untrodden, was once pressed by pilgrim feet. Thousands had trodden this road barefooted, lowly-hearted : niches stood in the rock where lichen grew, of old the shrine of saint or tended light ; weeds and grass hid up each rent, as if soft Nature strove to bind the wounds of Father Time. From the top the view was very fine.

To the N.W. lay the same barren inhospitable waste, as was all around, thickly dotted with ruins. To the north a noble plain ran to the foot of the Taums. To the south, lay the plain of Alak. Here first Zenobia's splendour waned before the Roman power; here her proud heart first learnt the great, grand lesson of a sovereign's life, that all is not for them. But the present absorbed the past, and I visited the northern part of the vast monastery near, the Deir St. Simon. There is little doubt that this is the convent of St. Simon Stylites, the one south in the Benecclessié being pretty generally acknowledged as that of St. Simon, Junior; who, if I remember right maintained his position for sixty-eight years; thus surpassing the original Simon, who—

“ Only for thrice ten years,
Thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs, however,
In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and colds,
On a tall pillar, maintained his post.”

Tradition, however, says he was born in 392, at Sison in Syria. He first mounted a pillar six cubits high, and subsequently one of forty, and that on the two he passed forty-seven

years. Can such a tale be true? He lived till the tolerable age of sixty-nine: so pillar-life is, perhaps, not so unhealthy after all. It is related by a pilgrim, who visited his shrine, that he counted him make one thousand two hundred and forty genuflections, and then ceased counting them. If temporal penance avails, well might he exclaim—

“ O Jesus, if thou wilt not save my soul,
Who may be saved? who is it may be saved?
Who may be made a saint, if I fail here?”

Oh, happy man, to believe that a sin, a great sin,—thus uselessly spending your life—can expiate your other sins! Happy creed! How many thousands would you find ready to impillar themselves, could they believe in the expiation it would produce!—

“ Pain, heaped ten thousandfold, to this were still
Less burden by ten thousandfold to bear,
Than are those lead-like tons of sin that crush
Our spirits flat.”*

But for us a better light is shown; and, in leading a life of usefulness, we better earn a

* The Poem of St. Simon Stylites, by Tennyson, exhibits many beautiful portions; and it was with great pleasure I read it on the spot that had echoed to the frenzied call of this chief of madmen, when battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayers, he cried, “Have mercy Lord, and take away my sin.”

crown, than even by forty-eight years of intolerable suffering, self-inflicted. It thus delighted me as I read to identify the scene; to trace his course. But as I lived

“ In the white convent down the valley there,”

there it stands, scarce older-looking now than when St. Simon lived there :

“ For many weeks, about my loins I wore
The rope that baled the bucket from the well.

There was the actual well, its sides cut with cords of the buckets. Search for the rope ; it may still be there. Oh, of course not ; probably he forgot to return it.

“ I lived up there, on yonder mountain side.”

And thus the poem led me on, each scene relived in the fancy ; the pious bishop taking the suicide off the pillar, carefully depositing the body in the tomb. Then he who, living, so hated his own body, the temple God had given to his spirit, that he made it a scarecrow for gaping wonderers, when dead, had a funeral of more than princely pomp,* a tomb of more

* His body was attended to Antioch, where it was interred by 6000 soldiers and an innumerable crowd.

than saintly splendour. Perhaps the adulation he gained, the homage paid him, was his reward. For the weak crowd, let us hope that, even in their superstition,

“ The great Lord of Good
Led them to the light.”

My first inspection led me to the northern portion of the building, the south front of which is handsome, well ornamented, and still, except the roof, in nearly perfect repair. This is the church. It is built within, in the form of a Greek cross, adorned with pillars and other ornamental work. Beneath an octagon dome is the base of the pillar, a huge square block of about nine feet on either side, by five high : a rude step runs round it. In the centre of the upper surface is a round hole for the holding of the first round of the shaft. There were many blocks of stone around, but no ruins of the shaft; perhaps it had all been carried off by the pilgrims, who once thronged to the spot; for the convent enjoyed great celebrity in the fifth and sixth centuries, as well on account of the fame of the building as the vastness of the pile that rose to do him honour. With

regard to the base of the pillar, it did not strike me to be cut from the solid rock, but to be merely a pedestal placed on the rock without any foundation. If the convent was built during his occupation of the pillar, it must have added vastly to his comfort.

The church is built north and south, the façade facing the south. The east side of the cross contained the choir and three altars, each in a semicircular niche. A small altar, also, stood in the semicircle of each side of the octagon dome, which is high and handsome. To the east and west of the enormous church (it must be full two hundred feet long) are small chapels, cloisters, and buildings too numerous to particularise. In a court outside the church wall is a large block of rock squared, and steps cut in the sides. Can it have been for a young aspirant, or was it the one to which the poor maniac was chained before he ascended the pillar? The whole hill-top, full a quarter of a mile in length, was inclosed by a wall, and the space is covered with ruins. On the south, some distance from the church-front, is a lofty octagon building of

two stories, with a large vaulted chamber on the ground-floor. The vault is supported on handsome pillars, well carved, built in the wall. This building is occupied by a Koord family. The males were absent, but I was welcomed by the wife and one of the loveliest girls I ever saw. She might have personified the lovely flower

“ Born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

The large gazing eye, heavy in its dark beauty till roused to cast glances that scorch the heart of him who has not survived the power of such influences. She would have charmed St. Simon's pillar ; and really, I fear, had she lived in those days, have divided the devotion of his pilgrims.

At once the servants were ordered to halt. My humble furniture appeared splendour in their eyes ; and so, now gazing on the convent, dreaming of the past ; now wrapt in admiration of the fair girl who sported round, the day flew over. My ill-healed wound had taken this occasion to break out,—riding was impossible. So without many pangs, the horses

were sent off to the sheik to secure them from being stolen, and I took up half the building occupied by the family. Sweetmeats and kind words completed the favour their own hospitality had led them to show; and I was tended rather as a brother than an unknown stranger from a far land of a hostile faith.

Hindee was also relieved from the task of water-carrying, which, though she did it in the most graceful dainty way, she murmured at doing. This gained me her good graces.* Old Mahmoud, my groom, turned pastoral; appropriated a pipe he found, and, save his oriental costume, reminded me excessively of Don Quixote's sheep-keeping plan put into effect. Another servant collected the wood, and my baggage-horse staggered beneath a load such as had often caused the sigh of Hindee. The females thus relieved from the field labour generally imposed on them, had no cares but those of the household. At first my meals were eaten alone, and they were shy of ap-

* There is no well on the hill. The water has to be brought from below,—a tedious walk.

proaching ; but after a day or so, finding me a poor, quiet cripple, who groaned or read when they were away, and did my best to please when they were by, they nursed me, sang to me, made my nargilleh, coffee and sherbet, and at last we all eat out of the same basket, and lived liked one family.

An old Turk had joined me at a village a little beyond Aleppo, and begged me to take him to Antioch. He was a Durweesh, but had broken down on the road to his native place. His quiet demeanour and kind gentleness had completely won me ; so he became established as a companion. The Arabic copy of Robinson Crusoe was in my *hourge*, (saddle-bags) and this was a never-failing source of delight. The old man read and re-read it to them ; their remarks, their wonder, their admiration, were charming. But there was one inconceivable thing, the sea. The mother and Hindee's idea of water was circumscribed to a well and a river ; nor could they imagine why, if he was tired of his island, he did not take off his trousers, (shoes and stockings they never wore,) and walk to the first village. However, they were deeply interested

in the story, and dear Hindee and myself arranged a plan for riding off and searching out just such another island. Then I taught them to sew, and actually assisted them in patching their slender wardrobes. Abdallah dashed all manner of things into saucepans, and fabricated strange sweets; so we were as happy as the day. It is useless thus conjuring up the past, when its pleasures and joys can never be renewed! The father returns, and a great fierce-looking brother, but they were softened. Hindee clung to the father's neck till he melted from a muleteer into a man, and welcomed the Giaour as a friend, even offering to give me his daughter for my wife, for one thousand piastres; less than 10/.

The servants had been told to meet me at a ruin some distance from the convent, so I quitted my friends without saying farewell, leaving a present with each, and putting an ornament on Hindee's head, who was fast asleep. No one saw me, so I robbed those lips of one of the rosy kisses which nestled there; and full of resolution walked down the hill. Below the convent stands a town, or rather the size of the buildings

would indicate it as such, though their number was small. One was a large convent—the convent I have described before as where St. Simon lived before he ascended the pillar; the other being a later construction, either during his life on the pillar, or perhaps after his release from his self-delusion. This convent is also extensive. Two of the other buildings seem churches; the rest may have been places of accommodation for the thousands who once flocked to this now untrodden and forsaken sanctuary. They are built in the same style as the ruins of Kafir el Barah, one stone thick, without cement.

The convent, except the roof, is perfect; a causeway joins it to a vaulted room called El Amaree. The back and portions of the sides of this, as also the floor, are the solid rock, and the whole is surrounded by sarcophagi. Many of these have been walled up, but sacrilegious hands have forced them open. In the rocks around are numerous other tombs. The whole of this town is called, as well as the convent, Deir Simon, the upper part being distinguished from the rest as the Kalaat, or castle. I forgot

to say that some of the buildings had open colonnades of pillars, and some were otherwise ornamented.

Going S.W., in half an hour I reached another ruined town, called Katoura. It contained nothing to render it unlike the others. Thence we passed up a rough roadless wady, called Namous el Melek. It was full of tombs excavated in the rocks: on either side, above, many figures were carved, and there were some Greek inscriptions. I much regret having hurried through it, but it poured with rain, and fever had attacked two of the servants, so we hurried on to a shelter. I fancied also I saw under a Greek inscription one in Arabic; above was a figure of a man rising on a couch, with drapery over him.

On the hills around were several other tombs. My course was now north-westerly, skirting round the north-east base of Djebel Simon; the country the same dreary waste. In an hour and a half passed to the north and west of a ruined town, Gagate. From the remains of pillars and cloisters, it seemed better built than the others; the country totally uninhabited,

save by a few shepherds, who fled at my approach. The country as we rode north changed to rolling hills, covered with grass. Passed the village of Sallue, whose inhabitants, a few wretched Mussulman Fellahs, were Troglodytes. There were a few Koordish tents pitched within the roofless ruins of former houses, so that a wall formed the sides of the edifice and their tent tops the roof. They were smoking at every pore, a large fire within, endeavouring, seemingly, to dry the cloth, wet with the torrents that fell. Here there was a fine church and burial-ground.

The fever victims seemed to suffer so much, that I pulled up in a cave; which we shared with a family of Turks, a parchment-faced mother and four sons, with their wives and children; also another guest. Our party so overcrowded the place that when the horses were admitted, I was the only person who had room; the spot my carpet occupied being shared by nothing but insects, who have no sycophantish respect for persons. The place was called Kaa, and consisted of a space where the rock was hollowed out and a wall built up in front. The

wall and rock being ill joined, the rain poured on us fast ; I had, however, no choice, for the Koord tents around offered even less accommodation. The poor people gave us a hearty welcome, and offered all they had. The Musulmans here consisted of fifteen souls ; they cultivated the district about, ploughing the land ; why they remained in such a place I could not imagine. Sygee * was their village. Why had they left it ? for no place here has more hands than are needed, and here what little they had was plundered from them by the Koords, with whom they were at feud, and who shortly before, if they told the truth, had cleared their wretched cave of all it contained.

While talking, in stalked a most lordly-looking fellow, well dressed, splendidly armed. He was the beau ideal of an Oriental warrior : middle aged, without a touch of time. Pointing at me as he entered with his stick, he said, " Does he understand Turkish ? " I said, " He does." He then said, " It is my right that you should lodge with me. Why did you not ? "

• Some four hours distant.

“Your tents are damp; my servants have the fever: I thought it better not.” We soon got over his first incivility, and he sat while we smoked, drank coffee, and he begged the news. From what he told me, I gained that he was chief of a party of the wild Cocher Koords, Mr. Layard and myself heard so much of in Koordistan; that, ascending to the highlands in the summer, and descending to the plains in the winter, they had taken four years to journey from the Euphrates to reach their present encampment; that they were forced to this step by a feud they had with a more numerous body of their tribe. He praised the present pastures, abused the people around as thieves, but seemed to turn them pretty well to his own use. Even while sitting he ordered the fellows out on some business of his, though they loudly pleaded pressing occupations of their own.

After he was gone, all commenced abusing him and his people. I must own it was a new thing to see Mussulmans oppressed, and I lectured them largely. “Now, you feel what you make the Christians of this land feel hourly, daily, life-long—what you make your own blood,

feel, for you ; and they had probably the same fathers, though yours denied their God, and changed their religion, fearful of persecution, or worse." They seemed, however, so fully impressed with the idea that for them to persecute was right, and to be persecuted wrong, that the lesson was lost. A fellow, who I afterwards found was a fugitive from Aleppo, said we also, the English, were under the Sultan, and yearly presented a virgin to him.

The eve, long as it was, drew to a close : it was a sad contrast to St. Simon and beauty. A wet cave, women of wrinkled parchment, servants ill, smoke, wet, misery. Oh, travel, thou art, after all, a dubious pleasure—at least, under such circumstances as these ! The Aleppine confessed himself, when the rest were asleep. He said, " What will you do for me ?" I said, " If I do anything, I will give you up to justice." He did not ask again.

Saturday. Cold, stiff, cramped and wet, we started as early as there was light ; but no ill-humour could be long proof against the lovely spring morning. The earth, grateful for the shower shed by the clouds on her

bosom, sent up her freshest incense. She had clothed herself in gaudy garment, and our road was one carpet of flowers, fresh, and springy, grass, young, crisp, and dewy—the horses left their heads almost behind them in their eagerness to eat it, and so good and sweet it seemed, one half longed to be a Nebuchadnezzar for once.

The dress of the fellahs here is the same as that generally worn: the short Homs jacket, long cotton shirt, and no trousers; these seem considered a superfluity, and are seldom worn except when they ride: then they are indispensable. The dress of the Koords was better, and, as often noticed before, their dyes are of a peculiarly beautiful colour; the men, most of those whom I saw, had silk dresses. The boots made here are excellently made, I should have said worn, for they told me they were made in Antioch, a light boot that almost fits like a moccassin; a long flap comes up and protects the shin, another behind, the sides open; these are tied round with thongs.

We rode down a long valley, the hills on either side being round grassy swells: before us,

to be reached by a gradual descent, lay a broad valley, in which glistened the lake, Al Gherta; while lofty mountains, whose snowy peaks were undistinguishable from the fleecy clouds, closed in the scene. I found and crossed the high road, three hours from Hammam; passing several ruins and some Turkoman encampments. We reached the plain at the serai of Achmet Bey, a Turkoman chief; who has a large serai; this we left on our right, and skirted along the base of the hills forming the southern boundary of the plain. Here first saw the sloping roof, also numerous tels. In an hour arrived at Youngis Shi—a fine house with windows, glass, &c., now a barrack; it was built by a Pasha, and on his death reverted to the Validé Sultana, whose protégé he was; it is used as a cavalry barrack. Some hundreds of geese were there; which being royal property, are sacred, therefore never touched.

Near Youngis Shi are some ruins, those of an aqueduct, of a castle, and some extensive vaults. The small river Anguli passes through it; there are several peasant's houses, besides the barracks, a mill, &c. We still kept along

the bases of the hills ; at one moment I counted seventeen tels at once, and they gave me more the idea that they were artificial than any I had seen before. A swamp prevented our going straight for the iron-bridge, so we had to skirt round two sides of a triangle. Storks by millions ; there were flocks of them from horizon to horizon ; eagles, like privateers, soared outside the band, but numbers would assemble, and the royal bird dared not risk an attack. Some flocks had settled on the plain ; they seem naturally tame, and sauntered out of the way most leisurely. The country continued the same till the Djisser Haddeed, or iron-bridge ; a long low bridge with low pointed arches over the Orontes, here a muddy sluggish stream ; on it is a gate, whose doors are coated with iron. It is said to be called the iron-bridge, because they are coated with iron.

Pulled up at a khan near a Koordish village, within a few hundred yards of the bridge. In vain inquired why it was called the iron bridge ? "Haik ;" (thus, so,) was all I found out. After a short halt started again, and deserting the road took to the ploughed fields, as easier for the

horses; the late rain had made it one mass of mud. Made many vain inquiries for the Lake Fortress, or Legend, mentioned in the "Correspondence d'Orient;" none such existed. Still continued skirting along the southern hills. The northern Amanus or Beilan range was very fine, and between us rolled the river—so fat and overgrown it had swamped half the plain; great numbers of cattle were feeding about here and there; tents and villages. From a great distance we saw the walls of Antioch running round the tops of the end of the ridge, at whose base it appeared over the nearer intervening mountains; then evening came on, cool and delightful; we enter pleasant gardens which load with perfume the heavy evening air; the rocks were cut with caves here and there; the road also showed remains of pavement; the Bab Paulos is in sight, and from thence the walls of Antioch, ruined, shattered, run up the hill; their ruins and remains of towers are all that mark their once lofty site.

There is nothing peculiar in the gate; plain, small, and ill-built, and I should doubt its antiquity. Within is an old wall containing a

vault and a paved road, running along, an undoubted but most tiresome relic of the past, over which the horses fall, slip, and stumble uncomfortably. An abrupt hill rose on the left, barren and rocky; on the right lay gardens, sweet, flowering. Nothing proclaimed an approach to a large city; all was silence; and thus we crept into the once proud Queen of the East. Well, truly is the prophecy fulfilled—"She shall no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms." We were in the waste; and then a number of twinkling glow-worms seemed to form an avenue on either side; and I looked:—they were men smoking in silence. Then we were in a street all dark as death; then a tall thing broke the line: it was a minaret, and so I knew I was in the city where our Faith received its name.

CHAPTER X.

A Strange Adventure—Excellent entertainment—Disquisition upon Babies—Early fading of Eastern beauty—An innocent Illusion—Household lecture—Palace of Ibrahim Pasha—Consul's visitors' book—Antioch—The fall of Heraclius—Departure from Antioch—A beautiful prospect described—Ain el Kadmous—A plenitude of waters—Valley of the Beit-el-Maa—Groves of Daphne—Account of them in Gibbon—My fame precedes me—Mythology of Daphne—Village of Sinnini—Djebel Okral—Residence of Dr. Yates—Swadea—Syrian character of the Franks—Improvements of Mr. Barker.

It was so dark that we could distinguish nothing. A good-natured fellow offered to guide us. We arrived at a house, knocked, and the servants rushed in at the door. Servants from within bore off the luggage. I stood alone where my traps had been; then rushed a man at me, warm and affectionate, shorter than I. He tore me down and devoured my bearded face with kisses. "*Mon frère! mon frère!*" he cried:—here was a situation. Hand in hand we walked up stairs to see my sister. We entered a room; my friend rushed at me again, for I had not

spoken: "And so you are he? but they told me you were shorter, thinner, slighter. *Mon Dieu*, how like our father!" I had never heard that my dear father had visited the East; so, having recovered my breath, winked my eyes into seeing, I proceeded to explain who I was. It then appeared that my new friend was that evening expecting a brother from Aleppo, lately come from France, whom he had not seen for twenty years. His servant, stationed at the door-entrance to the town, mistook me for him. My new friend would not hear of my leaving, so we arranged that I was to dine, and then depart.

Now this was the fulfilment of a hope—for a well-laid table, silver spoons, tumblers, plates, gave promise of a meal not to be neglected by one who has eaten dough cakes, and onions, tough stringy fowls, and sour milk, without variation for the last month; and the pleasure of a good meal, wine and cleanliness, was a luxury not to be slighted. The gentleman was a French merchant; and I retired to bed at the English consular agent's, Michael Deeb or Michael Wolf, Esquire, with a

thankful remembrance of his kindness and good feeding.

Sunday. On my arrival at the consul's, I found the servants again down with the fever. A bed had been made up for me on the divan. A naoura (water-wheel) groaned almost at my pillow, but, spite of all, I rushed off to the land of dreams, and slept till the morning was far advanced. On awaking, a girl-matron was sitting in the room nursing a truly ugly brat. Few things are uglier than babies. In England they are sufferable, because mostly clean and pulled into a semblance of neatness by the nurse, or mother, who kisses the slobbering lump of fat as if she loved it. But a baby in the East is a baby with every disadvantage. The huge eyes, so fine, so loving, and so lovely when grown, are in infancy rolled emptily about as if stretching their cords, and getting into order for their future work. The dress, exactly what it wears all its life, save smaller; ill put on; dragged here loose; there the arm lost in a mass of sleeve dashing about a cuff all dirt and horror. The face clammy, unwashed, mouth unwiped, eyes uncleaned, cap put on

painfully and pushed here and there; now recklessly cocked on one side; now deep set over the face; now thrown back slatternly. Then, as all children in the East have just what they cry for, its young life is alternated between yells and gifts. An Eastern baby is the worst of babies.

Nurses must be hypocrites when they express such ardent love for the shapeless piece of humanity. A baby is lowering to look at, for it reminds us of our weakness, our frailty, our feeble tenure of existence; without sense, without even the instinct of the young of brutes, it is a humbling lesson to see what we once were; what, if not cut down in our strength, we may become again.

All this passed through my mind as I lay watching this girl nursing her child; she was herself very pretty, but had only the beauty of youth; already pain and the wear of the world had begun to pull the young fresh childish features out of place; the helpmate entered and I found she was the consul's wife. So I shammed sleep to gain a lesson of private life behind the scenes in the East. The wife—forgive

me—had before been attentively looking at me. I had felt my moustache wanted putting to rights to show me to advantage, but dared not do it for fear of destroying the delusion, and it was pleasant to lie there gazed at by large, lustrous, ever-widening eyes, like those of a gazing deer. In the East, female society is so little enjoyed, and when it is, is so fenced by custom, that an opportunity of this sort was not to be destroyed.

When the husband entered, she turned away—she was a woman, so this was natural, and began patting the child. Then commenced a long discourse on culinary matters, and an artful plan whereby I was to be pleased; rakkee was pronounced necessary for breakfast, as all English loved it.

“He speaks Arabic,” the husband said; “how is that? His servants say he speaks everything, rides like a devil, has no religion, and talks to an invisible spirit* when there is nobody else to speak to.” The wife at this, grew anxious, curious to know more of such a singular being,

* Meaning I held conversations, and sported poetry,—a habit that hangs on me. While I rode, I had often been asked, when caught at it, “Ask your spirit so and so for me; ask him this. Will he answer me, if I ask him?”

and said, "How late he sleeps." "Well, they say he never sleeps, and no one ever enters his room and finds him asleep. At night he talks to the stars, yet is up before the sun, and yelling like a fiend to be off." He then gave her, wicked man, a long and severe lecture on not speaking to me, not listening to, not looking at me. Oh, naughty jealous Wolf. She left in a huff; he hemmed; I jumped up and greeted him just as if I did not hate him. He would fain have showed me over the sights; but, in Antioch, he would ill deserve the name or honour of Christian who made not the Sabbath a day of rest: here, in the very air where the Apostle had bid his brethren, with purpose of heart, to "cleave unto the Lord."

On the following day, as early as light, I set off to view all that was to be seen—but now the Queen of the East sits in darkness, and little save her ancient renown is left. On Sunday, most of the influential Christians had paid me visits; they complained, even more than they do elsewhere, of their troubles, their persecutions, and miseries. I read to them, or rather they read at my suggestion, the words

of Timothy, "Persecutions and afflictions that came unto me at Antioch, but out of them all the Lord delivered me." The rest of the holy day was passed in reading and resting for a fresh start. Mrs. Consul occasionally came in, and we had snatches of conversation. On my complaining of the naoura, she said, "If it were to stop, we could not sleep; we should awake and be lost."

The consul from Swadea called on me; he was on his way to Aleppo, relative to an aggression of the authorities there. Starting early, we rode to the western side of the town; here are small remnants of the wall. I searched in vain for it, and the church of St. Paul. Without the ditch, which is still clearly distinguishable, is a palace, built by Ibrahim Pasha, a huge place full of windows, with fine large rooms. Here were his head-quarters, and here his son generally resided. Just above these, are barracks, capable of holding 10,000 men. All this is fast falling to ruins, though a nominal expense would keep it in repair. Before the door an open drain lays bare a fine perfect piece of tessellated pavement. From thence I strolled

through the town ; the bazaars are small, and there is little doing, its famous silk being chiefly exported and worked elsewhere.

And this once vast mart is not even now a high road to trade : it is much out of the way ; neither of the roads to Aleppo, from Latakia or Scanderoon, passing near it. Much fanaticism still lingers, and it is burthened with twenty-four Ulemas, or great Turks, each of whom intrigues, governs, and does pretty much as he likes ; each must also eat a portion of money. The few Franks complained much of the insults they endured, and received my lessons of personal chastisement on the moment for any affront, with a promise to follow my example.

It was no small pleasure, on looking over the consul's visitors' book, to see the names of many known to me personally, others only by their fame ; and it seemed a pleasure to be where they had been, and thus to see evidence of their presence.—In bold and legible characters, El Principe Puckler Muskau, Lord Eastnor, Kerr, Layard, Badger, and others, whose names are known in every house in England.

Antioch, the modern Antarkee, cannot occupy a tenth of the space enclosed by the walls, though, from the precipitous nature of the ground, we may doubt whether the whole was ever covered with buildings ; and the rocks on the hill side seem left as nature designed them, not smoothed or cut for buildings to stand on. The houses are mean, and badly, slightly, built. This, they say, arises from their fear of earthquakes, and the walls, if heavy, crushing them. The history of Antioch is too well known to need repetition here.

It was within this town that Heraclius assembled his nobles and clergy, and bewailed the fate of Syria, deserted by its God for the sins of rulers and people. Ascending a hill in the neighbourhood, he cast one last fond look on his beloved Antioch, and on the fruitful valley stretching away with its flourishing town and glittering turrets: then, with expressions of regret and conviction that he should no more behold this loved scene, he made his way to the shore, and sailed to Constantinople. Moslem traditions ascribe his retiring to a desire not to wage war with the Islam, to whose faith

he had been miraculously converted. The conversion is attributed to a cup which Omar sent him, which cured a headache when all other remedies had failed. On this cup was inscribed a verse of the Koran. History records, perhaps with greater truth, a conversation between him and a Moslem captive as to the dignity and person of his sovereign. "What sort of a palace has your Caliph?" said the purple-clad monarch of the Eastern world. Of mud. "Who are his attendants?"—"Beggars and poor people."—"What tapestry does he sit on?"—"Justice and uprightness."—"And what is his throne?"—"Abstinence and wisdom." "His treasure?"—"Trust in God."—"And who are his guards?"—"The bravest of the Unitarians."

Would it not have been well had Heraclius heard, while he wept upon the hill the loss of his fair patrimony, the words afterwards addressed to an Islam king, as he, too, wept over dominions he could no longer retain: "Oh, prince, why dost thou weep like a woman for what thou couldst not defend like a man?" In six years all Syria fell: just seven hundred after

Pompey had despoiled the last of the Macedonian kings, and the whole region submitted to the Arabian Caliphs. To those who read it as an abstract history, it must appear incredible that 30,000 Arabs, armed only with their boundless enthusiasm, should have reft such provinces from the grasp of Rome—should have scattered armies of hundreds of thousands, and without engines have taken cities that could send forth their 80,000 warriors: but he who has seen the land, may trace in its unvarying treachery and its blind obedience to fancied fatality, a cause which operated more potently than arms or enemies: the implicitly believed doctrine of the crime of resistance, the servile obedience to lordly command—all made roads over which the Moslems dashed, and at a future day the same paths will remain, and present a way to any who wishes to advance along them.

Violent doses of quinine had driven the fever from us all, so at daylight we were on our way, leaving Antioch by the Bab Latakia. We passed some distance over a paved road like the other, by the Bab Paulos, a painful piece of antiquity, but were well repaid by the beauty of the

farther route—for the road, a pleasant lane, led us through shady and pleasant paths, amidst honey-suckle, myrtle, rhododendron and hawthorn, each laden with scent and covered with blossoms: when these failed and the view opened, we obtained glimpses of one of the fairest valleys on the earth. On the north lay the lofty range of Bylan, its base basking in the sun, its varied and broken summits cooling in the sky. The Orontes, decently confined within its banks, wound and turned, as if loth to leave its own land,—as if willing to abide here,—as if seeking by shifts and twists to defer its mingling with the ocean.

On the south, above us, rock, crag, and precipice rose in every fantastic form. Behind, the mountain-encircled walls of Antioch were yet visible; around us the low hills that formed the undulating plain of the valley were rich with groves and plantations, all budding forth to welcome with gladness the coming spring, all flowery with bloom, and with beauty. Cottages nestling in groves, grassy banks shaded by trees, pretty nooks, sequestered vales, deep dells, miniature valleys, pleasant spots, with cool

shades, rustling waters, broad strong trees, and simple wild flowers,—all came crowding to the wondrous scene: perhaps the whole lost some of its beauty by the perfection of the detail; the detail much by the magnificence of the whole.

We rode thus through the Ain el Kadmous—a pretty village scattered amidst gardens with a spring, shaded by a magnificent sycamore, and then up to a small plain, to the Ansayrii village of Karia: beyond this, a short distance, is the Fuar; it commands a noble view situated on a plain half way up the hill. The valley and river flow a mile or two off beneath; above it rise loftier heights. This by the late Mr. Barker was considered the emplacement of the palaces of Daphne. My search for ruins was unsuccessful; the spring rises through a frame of stone some two feet square, and is chiefly expended in irrigating the plantations below. I saw another of these conduits, but it is dry. The water that flows here is brought by this conduit from the Djebel Tohadeen, or that portion of it called the Beit el Moiaa (Maa). Ten minutes' ride brought me to the Beit el

Moiaa (Maa), situated up a valley ; where lofty verdure-clad precipices closed in the space, where rocks, and trees, and shade, and all Nature's beauties were strewn with lavish profusion.

From the valley head flow a thousand streams, here in dashing, foaming, resistless, body ; there in silvery threads : here in depth confined by narrow banks ; there on broad shallows covering the hill side. The scene was one of exceeding beauty ; water in the channels, water on the paths, fresh gushing cooling water everywhere : here a cascade, caught by the sun-beams, glittered with a thousand lustres ; there, like silver set in green enamel, it foamed a stream : here flowers, creepers, and plants, toyed with the waters gushing and jumping from their beds with playful motions. Nature rejoiced in the streams, and repaid their kindness by clothing their banks with lustiest verdure. All was perfect ; soft mossy banks, myrtles' shade, trees, rocks and precipices, creepers softening, caverns darkening, crags frowning. Much of the direction of the streams is artificial, but it is a Turkish artifice ; leaving Nature to do pretty nearly what she likes ; and capricious as her

sex, she throws the water sportingly about in a thousand channels.

Above is a stream running parallel to the mountain: this carries off a great deal, but enough overflows to form the other streams. This is supplied from the fountains which gush out of the rock. On one side is the conduit that leads to the Fuar, an artificial work. It passes through the centre of a hill which forms the side of the valley of the Beit el Maa, and intervenes between it and the Fuar. The two principal sources gush from a projecting rock, one in its eastern, the other in its western face. The streams are, either of them, the thickness of a man's body, and gush up with great force. The rocks near also drip with water: the peasants told me that the stream continues the same winter and summer. The rock is much cracked above; and may be in height three hundred feet. After a long search for ruins, a search unrewarded with any success, I chose the prettiest nook, spread my carpet, and indulged in a nargilleh, coffee, wild celery, meat, fruits, &c. Thus, appetite appeased, the scene revelled over, I opened Gibbon, and, on the

spot, read his glorious lines on Daphne and its groves.

The groves were probably planted shortly after the founding of the city of Antioch by Seleucus. Antiochus the Fourth, that wicked prince to whom the prophecy of Daniel is said to refer, a vile person, solemnised games here with all splendour. Finding that Paulus Æmilius, after having defeated Perseus and conquered Macedonia, had solemnised games in the city of Amphipolis, situated on the river Strymon, he resolved to do the same at Daphne. The games were celebrated with incredible pomp, cost immense sums, and lasted several days. He appears to have committed so many follies that he became the laughing-stock of the assembled crowds; and many were so disgusted that they withdrew and refused to attend at other feasts to which he invited them. One result, however, sprung from this scene of debauchery and madness. Judas had time to rally his forces in Judea, and the Jews to breathe from their bitter persecutions. The lavish expense had exhausted the tyrant's treasure, and, the games concluded, he

awoke to find, in the words of the prophet, "risings against him in the East and in the North." Then turn to the glowing page of the immortal Gibbon. He goes on to say, "The temple and the village were deeply bosomed in a thick grove of laurels and cypresses, which reached as far as a circumference of ten miles, and formed in the most sultry summers a cool and impenetrable shade; a thousand streams of the purest waters issuing from every hill preserved the verdure of the earth and the temperature of the air. The senses were gratified by harmonious sounds, and aromatic odours, and the peaceful grove was consecrated to health, and joy—to luxury and love.

"Vain was the great Emperor's attempt to restore its heathen fame. The word had echoed through the land—had penetrated its secret recesses—its high places—and its groves. No power of man—no force of persecution—could restore the broken Apollo or chaste Daphne to those haunts. A goose was the only oblation he could find. The blood of his Christian people, the incense he offered on the shrine of his God."

I tried my fortune at the Castalian stream ; but the guardian spirit loved me not and sent back the leaf blank as my fortunes. The Jerusalem Itinerary seems to indicate this spot ; nor would it be found not to fulfil the description of Strabo, and ten miles of circumference would take in the Fuer, the Beit el Maa, and the Duer, to which we will proceed as soon as Gibbon is packed in the saddle-bag.

The people had flocked round me, and a handsome youth had entertained me with his pipe. The fame of the great Ansayrii Prince has extended here. Of course I pretended to know nothing of him ; and so refreshed by the waters, delighted by the scene, I mounted. As we turned down a steep path, the descending waters accompanied us, recklessly dashing on rocks and stones—passionately scattering its spray—tearing harmless bushes from their roots—rushing headlong to the valley. The road was steep, and we were forced to tread it with cautious steps ; but then overhead closed a forest of laurels and laurestinus, bay, fig, sycamore and vine, plane trees, and lustrous-flowered creepers, scented myrtle, and budding

pomegranate shading these groves of love—these lover-haunted shades. Traditionary groves, you are lovely, and it was a fond and pretty fiction that transferred you from the banks of the Peneus, cold and bare, to the verdant glades of the Orontes! Haply, however, the loveless maid, amidst these softer scenes, might not have spurned the affection so warmly pleaded; and Daphne laurels might have bound the brow of the God of Light.

It is needless to repeat the words of praise my note-book held on this day's route. In an hour I reached the Duer, another spring, and then descending, left "as a past" those scenes I had so enjoyed "in the present." Women were washing in all the streams; but true daughters of Daphne, they dashed off on my approach, leaving only suds behind them. The old generally stood their ground, refusing, however, to answer all our questions, though styled ladies and nobles.

Late in the afternoon I reached the Orontes, which horses and all crossed in a ferry-boat. I doubted the powers of the boat, though the boatman declared he had never been capsized in

his life. We arrived in safety, and put up at a cottage for the night, one of a few houses which, with the ferry, were called Towouklee. There were there the remains of a ruined bridge. The hot weather had brought to life a new birth of animals that rendered my sleep but a farce, so we started a little after midnight, and after an hour's march halted and slept much more soundly on some dry sand. The sun awoke me with its earliest rays, when we rose and proceeded on our way. After passing through some mulberry groves, the road ran over a barren brown heath. The contrast from yesterday was surprising, and but that a glance behind assured one of its reality, the groves of yesterday seemed fictions of the brain. The ground now was broken by hills, amidst which the Orontes wound, as if, finding itself too long for the valley, it had to turn to get its length into the space.

From the village of Sinnini, where there is another ferry, I took a guide and visited the Beniclessié and the Pillar of St. Simon Junior. Abler pens have described the scene. The Convent of St. Simon is similar to the one at

Djebel El Simon ; but for me, there was no Hindee here. After three days agreeably spent amongst a series of ruins and in exploring the district, I descended through the village of Megairoon to the valley of the Orontes. The opposite bank still mocked me with its beauty, while the northern side was the same brown barren waste. On reaching a ridge, a change like magic came over the scene. Another Daphne, an earthly Paradise, lay before me. The valley to the sea was in our view, carefully planted, tended, and cared for—its surface broken by graceful hills and pretty dells—the closing mountains now grand and magnificent : on the south, Djebel Okral towered up half its height amidst the heavens—a worthy finish to the noble range. Beyond lay the sea, deep blue, to the cliffs, marking the basis of the mountain, with a clear well-defined line. On its quiet waters sailed two English vessels as they worked into the roads like swans, sweeping gracefully on their own element. Calm as was that sea, however, a poor dismal brig showed it could behave occasionally as badly as the ugliest looking water in the world.

The gardens and cultivation here excelled all I have ever seen in the Sultan's dominions. Each plantation was surrounded by a ditch and fence, well kept; within, also, more care seemed bestowed; the whole was one vast mass of verdure. There is a Turkish Aga, the first of his nation ever so comfortably lodged, whose house is charmingly placed, and seemed, from a mere passing inspection, a large commodious bungalow. But the reformed man, in a position where there is a view lovely enough to make a Prometheus thankful, has surrounded his house with a lofty wall. One only window commands a view, and here the brute himself probably sits, prohibiting, as a sin, his poor wife to approach it. A mile further down is the dwelling of Doctor Yates. He was absent, but his *homme d'affaires* allowed me to view the house. When finished it will be splendid; the rooms are lofty, large, and airy, and commanding a truly enchanting view. The back pleased me most; on stepping out of the door and turning to look, you saw just such a cottage ornée, save its size, as one loves, in midsummer, in the Isle of Wight; trellises

filled with roses, which, repaying the tending they received by bunches of flowers, covered the wall.

A half hour more brought me to Swadea, where I received every hospitality from the kind Barkers. It was delightful to find oneself amidst English ; more pleasant still amidst English ladies ; and, to complete the charm, fresh, rosy, dear, English children, running about and talking English as a household tongue. For the pleasant hours I passed there, receive my most cordial thanks, kind hosts !

To those who run through the Syrian provinces with a dragoman, whose only medium of communication is an interpreter, all appears glitter, romance and beauty : even the consul sees it with its dress clothes on. But the wanderer, like myself, who is familiar with all,—far different is his impression—mean, sneaking, lying, cringing, impertinent, dishonourable,—few, alas, that he sees would he wish to see again. Then again, the tourist does not understand the customs. An insult is put upon him ; he does not see it. He asks the dragoman, “ What do they say ? ” “ Oh,

nothing, Sir, they hope you have enjoyed your journey." Their utter want of truthfulness—the absence of any feeling of honour—it is sad to live among a people so debased. This refers to the Christians universally, to the Turks generally; though among them there are many honourable exceptions. And let me also, with all truthfulness except, generally, the Ansayrii, of whose good faith I can speak most highly.

It is a common boast in Syria among the higher classes, merchants, &c., "The Franks are fools; we can do with them as we like." But how? The word of the one is binding as a bond. The Arab has no such prejudices to overcome. It would be tedious to relate the many instances of this that have come under my notice; but they at last have taught me to reverse the rule of considering all men honest till you find them rogues, and I have seldom, alas! to change my opinion. The women, of course, one has no such contact with; and, save from their utter ignorance and fanatic bigotry, they are kind. After months of such society it was a delight to find oneself in a pretty

English house, imbedded in a treasure of a garden, with honest, frank, simple-hearted people.

The late Mr. Barker, at great pains and cost, collected every species of fruit tree, and, in his garden, the mango, the loquat, and the strawberry flourish side by side; oranges, too, of every description. In the mountains to the north, at the Armenian village of Belias, he built a summer-house; and, at that elevation, the potato and strawberry, with other northern fruits, thrive well. To him is also owing the excellence of the silk at present produced in the district. New seed of a finer, better sort was introduced, a finer mulberry produced, and the Turks have freely shared without expense all he imported. The increase of revenue to the Government has been enormous.

CHAPTER XI.

Cheating in the Conscription—Cross the Orontes—Arrival at Djebel Okral—Halt for the night at Casseb—Christian Converts—Zeal of the Missionaries—Extensive Pine Forests—Reported killed—A Tribute to a Friend—Endeavour to establish a School—My Possessions in the East—Legend of the Unicorn.

THE task of drawing the lots for the conscription had been entrusted to the superintendence of the council at Antioch. On the appointed day, all who had been inscribed as of the age required, repaired there. The mosque admits them, and the mosque is closed. Now the men collected to be drawn from Swadea were all either employed in the gardens of Mr. Barker, or in those of the Turks, who superintend the drawing, and the scene within is described as follows.

Mahmoud Ibn Hassan.—The said Mahmoud advances; he is employed in the garden of an Aga, or an Effendi, who cries out, "You, what are

you here for?—your father is dying, go home.” Up comes the next. His master swears by the Prophet, by his honour, this man is always ill, and it would be a robbery of the Sultan to send him, and so on, till Mr. Barker’s men only remained. Six of them were elected to the honour of serving the Padishah. One more instance, and after another hour at Swadea; to the road again.

With all the fertility of the soil—with all the spaces just proper for it—no vegetables are produced, and those who desire such luxuries must send to Antioch for them, a distance of five hours. Why is this? If vegetables are produced, the labourer finds by a careful calculation the increased tax, (public of government, private of his landlord,) would cost him more than if they are not.

I visited Kepsé and the ancient port; they are already known to the reader. So returning to Swadea along the mountains, let us start for Latakia. Passing the flat cultivated land, we crossed the Orontes by a ferry, and skirted round the foot of the mountains as they ran towards the sea. The river still continues its windings, often

turning back almost on itself, running through a dark red soil. There is a *mina* or port about two miles above the entrance, with a few huts. Nothing, however, but the smaller class of native vessels can cross the bar. The mountains here take a bend to the south, leaving a plain between their basis and the sea some two miles broad. This is but partially cultivated.

Passed a spring in the rock, from whence ran the remains of an aqueduct. Arrived at the base of the Djebel Okral, where it runs east and west into the sea, and forms the Rass el Hhanseer, or Point Pig's Head, the road leaves the valley and ascends at once into the mountains through a wild and beautiful gorge. Here are several tombs cut in the rock. The path was overgrown with bushes, and the horses brushed aromatic air from the myrtle as they forced their way through. This seems all over the Ansayrii mountains the principal plant, and more plentiful than broom in England.

The scenery grew wilder and wilder as we advanced into the heart of the mountains, deep glens, forests of pines utterly neglected. We passed one large Turkish village; and at

six hours from Swadea, reached Casseb, our halt for the night. Casseb is a large village of Armenian Christians, prettily situated in as wild and secluded a spot as men would well have chosen to dwell in ; they are governed by their own sheik, but complained a little of aggressions from their Mussulman neighbours : the village must contain 150 houses.

My host, who was not the sheik, but a person who had suffered much for his faith, and was now under the protection of our consul at Swadea, kept a house for strangers. To this I was kindly welcomed, and though something like Sancho Panza's host, offering everything, and having nothing, still he was a good, kind man, and I freely forgive him the dry bread which was all we found. In the evening several people came to see me. It appeared that some time since, one of the American missionaries, passing through, had remained a day or so beneath this roof. Well had he improved the time, and, on leaving, had distributed several bibles among those whom he thought it might profit. The good seed had thriven, and now there were eight families who had renounced their old

faith, and sincerely embraced the Bible as their guide; sincerely, I say, for no temporal interest could have influenced them, and they had at once been persecuted by their unconverted neighbours; they also said several others were becoming shaken in their faith, and searched the Scriptures eagerly for truth.

They spoke long and earnestly on the subject: "We are like young sheep taken from their mothers, and just as we have learned to love the shepherd, he leaves us." They were willing to do right, and wished to be taught. The Bible they owned to be all-sufficient, but already felt the necessity of government, saying, "We have been used to be led all our lives; not like Franks, each to think and act for himself."

One thing about them pleased me excessively; the kind way they spoke of those of their faith who had persecuted them. They begged me to write to some of the missionaries and state their case, and ask them to send a priest, or a teacher, or at least to write to them; "For you know," said my host, "how writing makes love—how sweet it is to hear from those we like."

The form of epistles such as those of the

Apostles had ever struck me as too exclusive, but now their excellence first broke upon me. Their friend, their teacher, their pastor, surrounded by other friends, heavy cares, perhaps, or onerous duties, still thinks of them. This, as the good man says, "makes love." "And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full. That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the father and with his son. This, then, is the message we have heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." Then, as now, those words are perfect. Who can deny they are fitted for every clime, for every age? Of course I promised faithfully to fulfil their request—a promise I performed on my arrival at Latakia. Would that any labour of my life had left such a print behind as this good man's had done!

The whole of the previous day the road had been on an ascent. On the following it continued so for two hours and three-quarters. The scenery wild and grand, the whole mountain a pine forest. Ibrahim Pasha cut five

hundred thousand trees in this mountain: as many more might be felled with advantage, as they jostle each other, and thus drawn up and cramped grow thin and weedy. None were very fine, but vast numbers were tall well grown trees. On arriving at the summit of the pass, which is on the shoulder, where Djebel Okral proper joins on to the Djebel Kosier, the view is fine and extensive, embracing the lower heights of the range and many a wooded gorge and valley to the sea. I had proposed visiting the summit on which is said to be a ruin. A violent kick on the knee-pan from a vicious horse which the servant held carelessly, prevented my venturing: it is about two hours, or perhaps three, from Casseb. The top of Okral was hid in clouds.

We now commenced our descent. A fountain stands by the road side, an ancient work of one of the early Saracens. The forest had here been dreadfully abused. Every tree near the road was cut, as if for the very purpose of killing it, though hundreds of others were strewn about. Fires had been kindled at the foot of every one, and many had thus been burned: others had

been cut down and lay rotting. Here and there tents were scattered about, having a cultivated spot near them.

Many Turkomans encamp on these heights in summer, but I saw none. The property belongs exclusively to the Sultan. The sound of the pipe was heard at intervals, played by a lonely shepherd-boy, sitting in the shade. There were few birds : we saw several vultures, who seemed to have little to do, for they followed us. At last entered the undulating plain, and saw far off the height on which the Castle of Latakia is built. Arrived safely at sunset, having done the fourteen hours of road in ten.

News had arrived, or been invented, of my having been killed. Messengers, letters, flocked in : these had to be read and answered ; and scarce was this duty over, when a dear friend arrived from Aleppo. Our travels had been twisted over each other most curiously, and without any arrangement of our own, first at Constantinople, then at Mosul ; at Van, at Aleppo, and now here. Possessed of a competency fully adequate to all his well-regulated wants, with wish and will to settle, he con-

sidered the Lord had granted him his fine frame and powerful understanding to serve him actively on earth ; disdaining the ease his means could command, he roamed to do good to plead his master's cause. Dear —— ! I may not name you, for your sensitiveness will disdain such laudation, but thus without naming I must admire you, and thus vent my love ! Nor were his hours of rest those of idleness ; in those he communicated the glad tidings of great joy, which his own heart so felt ; which his whole life was an endeavour to illustrate.

One day a sheik in much repute among his people, the Ansayrii, called upon me. My friend, while I was occupied in another room, entered into conversation with him on the Bible and other religious subjects. Shortly afterwards, he went with me to have a few moments' conversation ; a consular agent, not the English one, came also. I said, " Sheik Hassan, what do you think of what the priest says ? " he was going to answer, when the priest said, " Oh, that is all nonsense : it is worn out." I repeated my question, when the consul said, again, " Oh, the sheik knows that is all folly." I said,

“Pray allow the sheik to answer for himself.” Sheik Hassan then said, in his own sincere truthful manner, “Ya beg, there is much reason in what he says; I must think of it.”

I made many endeavours to get a school instituted. There are few among them, except the lowest, who cannot read and write. Perhaps many may cavil at the mode of persuasion I adopted. It was addressed to their self-interest, pointing out how we, a small island, by skill, industry, honesty, and truth, under God had become what we are; how knowledge was communicated; how, by means of printing, men, as it were, never died, but were ever alive with us, teaching us the result of their experience, the effect of their researches: how, thus by study, young men were endowed with the knowledge a man's hair had become grey in collecting; how this was the road to wisdom and to wealth; how, under this, their sons would become great, and turn the resources of their beautiful country to the best account.

My friend had several conversations with this hitherto unknown race. As my house was

their resort whenever they came to the town, I may say, in fact, that nothing was done without my advice. Sheiks came from the furthest parts to see me; presents, villages, even, were given me; and the mountains are full of boys, girls, mares, and houses known as mine.

The weather was getting sensibly hotter. My friend was anxious to repair to Jerusalem, and I had a great desire to see the southern portion of the mountains. To travel with such a companion was a pleasure indeed; the poor horses were had up from grass, when they had just time to stretch their limbs. A few traps were pushed into the saddle-bags, the books selected, and all was again ready for the road—a leave was taken of friends, and we were off.

The following story was told me, and as I heard it from one who neither knew I was an Englishman, nor bore any particular love to our country, it may be relied on as genuine. One evening sitting among the rocks with a party of natives, the conversation turned on flags. A man sitting there, said to a stranger, “Why do the English put the *myheed el min*,

the unicorn, on their flag?" and then related the following story of it, as one well known through the length and breadth of the land:—
“The unicorn is found in a vast country south of Abyssinia; there the animals, undisturbed by man, live after their own laws. The water does not flow in rivers, but lives in the bosom of the soil; when the others wish to drink, the unicorn inserts his horn into the earth, with this he scoops a pool, satisfies his own thirst, and leaves what he does not require to the rest. So these English have the privilege of first discovering all things, and then the rest of the world may come afterwards.”

The story was flattering, and the rest all assured the stranger (a native of Mosul) of its truth.

CHAPTER XII.

Gebaile—Mosque of Sultan Ibrahim—Kalaat el Merkab—Civility of the Moutselim—Foray of the Ansayrii—Merkab—Tradition of its Erection—Village of Deir Sufran—Character of the Villagers—Theological Discussion with a Priest—Seclusion of Women in Syria—Village of Saradeen—Kalaat el Kadmous—Dress of the Peasantry—An Evening with the Ameers—History of their Migrations—The Kadmousie—Work on the East by Mr. Badger—Descendants of Ishmael—Ormuzd and Ahriman—Uncertain Origin of the Druses.

WE started about eight, and pursued our way along the high-road to Gebaile, which we reached early in the afternoon. My companion indulged himself and his horse in wanderings, while I gave a more careful look for sites I might have missed, and retook the bearings taken in my former ride along the same road.

At Gebaile we found three Christian families, who lived peaceably enough among the Mussulman population. The harbour is small, and barely contains water enough for the small vessels,—boats rather,—that carry on its trade. The rocks grow, and the dirt of the town tends to fill it up. On

the southern point we noticed several large pillars of grey granite, and the rock has been scarfed and cut, as if used in some building,—a wall, or rather its ruins, may be traced grown into the rock. The theatre is a fine ruin ; but others more capable have fully described it. From thence we walked to the mosque of Sultan Ibrahim, large and well built. It appears he arrived here by sea, why, they do not know, from Bockhara ; resided some years ; and then died in the odour of sanctity.

The mosque has considerable property. The village, whose sheik I rescued, belongs to it. The property is partly religious bequests, partly his own thus invested. The floors were covered with handsome carpets, and all was well kept. The property is under charge of a sheik and consul, who reside in the town, and make a good thing of it.

We had pitched a tent on the roof of the khan ; being both glad of intercourse with a countryman, it was early morn before we fell asleep. Raymond of Toulouse sold Gebaile on his march south, so it was spared the horrors generally perpetrated by the holy warriors. The early dawn saw us on the road ; and we ate our breakfast by

the ruins of Banias, where we traced out the ruins of a house, and I saw a well-built portion of a wall. Leaving the beach, we crossed the river of Banias, and began the ascent to Kalaat el Merkab ; passed through the Mussulman town of that name, and up the steep hill on which the castle stands ; round the southern face of which the road skirts. In many parts the wall had been patched, but generally was perfect, made of black and white stone, in alternate layers, well built, and mortared. In some places, masses had fallen unbroken, and lay in the road whole as they fell. This is said, and probably with truth, to have been the work of an earthquake. In places the rock has fallen, and the wall or tower remains hanging in the air. It is seldom indeed we see the works of man, with all the care, ingenuity, and art bestowed upon them, survive the strong and artless works of nature.

A flight of steps led us up to the gateway, arched and ribbed. There we left our horses, and set out with the Moutselim's scribe, who had come to meet us, to view the place. The castle is very extensive, and was surrounded originally by a high strong wall ; further defended by towers placed at small distances from each other. The southern

end seems to have been the principal one, and was therefore defended by a stronger wall, and contained huge towers of defence, vaults for stores, the grand reservoir of water, the church, &c. The inner wall had a passage in it, parts of which are still tolerably perfect. The church is lofty, large, well-proportioned, and plain ; the pillars of the Corinthian order, slight, but bold and handsome. There were in it no ornaments, even on the stone. The keblah, or praying point, was built in the southern wall, so the Mussulmans prayed across the church.

The Moutselim sent to ask if he should pay his respects to us, or wait till we descended ; and, spite of our wish that he should not inconvenience himself, he came and kindly showed us all over the place, leading us to what seemed to have been the lid of a sarcophagus built into the wall. He begged us to give him an explanation of its contents. There is also a tradition that huge stores of treasure are hid over the door, where they are kept by magic spell. He said an Englishman had told him his walls were impregnable to artillery. His father had also purchased an 18-pounder from an English merchant vessel,—a fine old Govern-

ment piece. This enjoyed enormous reputation at the castle, and on one saying it would be better to mount it, such assistance was declared unnecessary for a piece of its powers.

Our inspection over, we repaired to his room, where we were treated with the customary pipes and coffee. While there, news was brought in of a meditated attack of the Ansayrii, who had, about twenty days previously, carried off some twenty head of cattle belonging to a Mussulman village within the Moutselim's mockatta.* This roused all his energies; so, condoling with him, we took our leave.

The rest of the interior of the walls,—the upper portion of the castle,—is now filled with houses: there may be seventy, perhaps, within the enclosure. The ditch, which only runs round those parts least defended by nature, is lined with stone. It is now planted with mulberries. The whole population seemed wealthy,—at least, well dressed. Their women wear the large white shroud, which envelopes them to their feet, like the town people, therefore must perform little field labour.

The Moutselim told me his ancestors had resided at the castle five hundred years, and the governor-

* District.

ship had descended with them. He governs the mockatta, or district, which is of considerable size, stretching south to the river south of Deir Sufran, the Nahr Merhehee ; north to the Nahr Sin or El Melak ; and inland to some near heights. The district is peopled by Mussulmans, Christians (chiefly Maronites), and a few Ansayrii villages scattered about.

Merkab is the Mergath of Adrichomius, and is said to have been built by the Greek Emperors, and that the Bishops of Balanea translated their see here when their own became insecure from the attacks of the Saracens. Others say it was built by the Knights Hospitallers, and with such speed as to be regarded by the Saracens as the work of demons. From its position, it may have been Margat : a dot in Arabic would transfer Markab or Mergat to Merkab, the dot being the only difference between B and T—no difficult mistake. Mills thus relates its fate :—

“ In the reign of Keladun, the third Sultan in succession from him who had wrested so many cities from the Christians, the war was renewed (A.D. 1287). The restless Franks in the fortress of Margat plundered some inoffensive Mussulman

traders. An emir of Egypt made an attempt to punish this insult, but was repulsed. His master, however, swore by God and the Prophet he would avenge the wrong. The storm descended, Margat was taken ; but so brave had been the resistance of the knights, that it procured them a safe and honourable retreat to Tartousa ; and the Sultan, dreading the possibility of future opposition, razed the fortress."

Among the people there is a tradition that the Franks built it ; but this term they apply to all who warred with the Turks, so it would apply equally to the Greek Emperors. I have before related the story of the Bint el Melek, who defended it so gallantly. There is a perfectly level piece of ground some way north of Banias. This they call Maidan el Hodera, or the open place of the mare, from the following circumstance :— Beni Hetal was a knight renowned as Antar (his fathers were renowned, but he more renowned than all). Those who hated him, dug a pit-fall, and covered it with earth, for him to pass over, fall, and perish in, for they hated him, and feared his arm, resistless in battle. As his mare approached, she sprang over the place, his army

was saved, and he swept on, conquering all, till he reached the boundaries of the earth.

We left Merkab, and descended by a road to the south. Below the castle is a large building, of seemingly great antiquity : for what purpose it was destined, I do not know. Beneath, on the beach, is the mina (port) of Merkab. The country beyond Merkab, south, over which we now rode, was prettily varied by hills. Under the shelter of the greater heights, stood several Christian villages. The soil was most peculiar, or rather the rock, which is here but lightly covered with soil,—a species of red cinder,—in small particles, but slightly caked together. This lower range, lying between Merkab and the sea-beach, and stretching south seven or eight miles, was well cultivated, and produced corn, mulberry, figs, &c. in abundance. The Christians spoke well of the aga, who, they said, was a fair, kind man. I found him civil and intelligent.

We now mounted a dreadful hill, whose sides were clothed with gardens and plantations, and reached the large Maronite village of Deir Sufran (yellow village), situated on the top of a fine table mountain. On our way we had passed a tel

crowned by a species of fort, and a building of apparently the same style as the castle. The village of Sufran is still very large, and formerly contained a thousand houses : it is now, however, under the tainzimats, (reforms) reviving. Its inhabitants are a fine independent race, and have gallantly held their own among their neighbours, both Turk and Ansayrii. The ground on the side of the hill itself, and of the plain to the sea, belongs to the villagers, among most of whom it is subdivided, and its cultivation does them credit. Relieve them from the servile obeisance to their priests, which extends to all things temporal and spiritual, and they would start forward rapidly on the race of improvement. This, however, would be a task of great difficulty. France nominally protects all those she is pleased to style Latins, and as steadily inculcates the dominion of, and obedience to, a priesthood subservient to her purposes.

The sheik of this village, a Christian raised to that position by the French consul, because he married the daughter of his dragoman, was condemned to the galleys for his robberies and crimes. The consul stepped in, and arrested the execution of the sentence. We sauntered over the village,

where our reception was most kind, and then retired for the evening. My companion fell on the priest, who, self-conceited, from having been long the undisputed, unquestioned lawgiver, entered into the contest—*impar congressus Achilli*. He met my dear friend's attack, and maintained the Bible was not a fit book to be in the hands of his flock ; and that praying in a language none of the people and few of the priests understood, was an advantage they ought to appreciate : that the priests could thus pray for them, preferable, he affirmed, to their praying for themselves. These general points well and forcibly put, are better than any extraneous discussions. The priest was one of those who

“ Though vanquished, he could argue still,”

and I sank to sleep with his dictatorial voice laying down infallibilities, ringing in my ear.

The women of this village fled our approach with more than Mahometan strictness. The news even that we were coming put all the female portion of the population to flight. This is curious, as the Ansayrii women make no attempt at covering their faces, and stand freely about, entering even into conversation when spoken to.

Neither are the Mahometans of these parts, except in the towns, by any means so strict as in the south ; many of them, the Koords, Turkomans, &c., not even veiling.

It is worthy of remark with regard to Syria, and my experience has confirmed its truth, that while in the north more liberty is enjoyed, in the south a man may not see his sister. In a journey from Beyrout, south, the traveller will find, at each advance on the road, women more strictly secluded, while from Beyrout, north, he will find them less so at every stage. At Beyrout itself, notwithstanding its intercourse with Franks, and the gradual change of habits and manners they have introduced, the women still are closely secluded—I speak of all faiths and sects—while, at Tripoli, he will find them doing the honours of their houses, and gracing the reception-room. At Latakia he will find them as full of conversation, and infinitely more agreeable than the men : so on to the Orontes : north of that, the Christians will hardly permit the approach of a stranger, and all the population will shun his intercourse.

The view from the house-tops was fine, commanding a noble expanse of valley and mountain,

plain and sea-coast ; from it we got excellent bearings, and thus were able to fix points right across the range. Leaving the village on the following morning, we took an easterly route into the mountains. They were poorer and more barren than in the northern districts. There were only a few cultivated patches, here and there bushes, and a small-leaved holly covered the mountain sides, which were wild, precipitous and difficult to travel over. We took our meal under some trees at the small village of Saradeen. The people about here, chiefly Ansayrii, were a smaller and darker race than those of the north, spare-limbed, wretchedly dressed ; and all wore an air of more poverty and wretchedness than in those districts exclusively inherited by their sect.

After a short kief we mounted, and wound along a wild mountain side through a forest of myrtle and holly : crossing the valley, the ascent of the farther side of which was a painful task for the horses, in four and a half hours from the time we started, we reached the pretty little village of Tanete, situate in a niche in the mountain, surrounded by corn patches and plantations. Our guide, an Ansayrii, here insisted on eating. I

entered one of the houses, where the three wives of the sheik were actively engaged in their domestic employments, and held an amusing conversation on their family matters. I left them engaged in a friendly argument as to which was the loved one of her lord, a subject in the elucidation of which they entered on rather delicate details.

Late in the evening we approached the Kalaat el Kadmous, of which we had several times during the day caught glimpses, and sent a servant on to beg hospitality of the Ameers—ourselves proceeding more leisurely. The castle stands on an isolated rock, amid great and imposing mountains. It consists of a work on the top of the mountain, whose sides, partly by nature, partly by art, have been made perpendicular ; on the top is a badly built wall, running round the crest of the hill ; within, a few miserable houses. The village is built on the south-east and southern side, close under the rock on which stands the castle. We were most kindly welcomed by the Ameer, who received us in the guest-room, the floor of which, a great luxury here, was covered with cushions and carpets. The village is also

surrounded by a low wall, has two gates : on the stones of one are several inscriptions ; but as the Ameer from above, and a good number of people about were looking at us, I felt a delicacy in copying them. There are, also, a bath and a mosque ; however, I do not believe they ever use the latter, having it merely as a pretext and a cloak.

Of the women we saw nothing but a few old ones ; the men were large and fleshy, but neither well-knit nor good-looking, though among them were many different types of face ; some fair, some very dark. They are dressed in fanciful colours, and many wore dresses of silk. I saw no marked distinction of dress ; the silk gown of red picked out with black ; black, blue, and white trousers, and the Homs jacket, or else the open-sleeved embroidered one, common in the towns ; no colour seemed peculiar to them.

Our servants cooked our dinner. While it was preparing we went up to the castle, which has been rebuilt, or rather the wall has been slightly repatched, and a new gate made. At the door was an old man, with a loaded pistol ; he watched there day by day ready to fire the alarm on the smallest

trace of danger, for the Ismaylee, though nominally at peace, are in perpetual dread of an attack from the Ansayrii. The gate led up some steps which brought us to the platform ; here there was nothing except the houses of the Ameer, Moutselim of the castle—the one his own dwelling, the other his harem ; they ascribe all this to Ibrahim Pasha, he sent a Mussulman Moutselim here, who, during his stay, allowed all these buildings to go to ruin. They spoke of his rule as one that had pressed on them with peculiar force.

In the evening the Ameers, who were frank, sat and entered freely into conversation with us. I had hoped we should be the first who had been here ; Burckhardt, I fancy, either visited it, or mentions it ; but the Ameer told us that an American traveller had paid him a visit some two years before. They all maintained they were strict and conscientious followers of the Prophet, though, as we shall see, I got him afterwards to contradict himself in this. Their mosque had no domes, the roof was flat, but the door seemed closed, and the whole had an air as if little frequented.

The Ameer told us that their people, numbering 20,000 fighting men,—or I think he said 27,000

people in all—came from Damascus 846 years ago; say 1010 A.D.; that they fought with and drove the Ansayrii from the castles of the mountains,—from Kalaat el Kadmous, Kalaat el Kohf, El Alehka, El Mazzyad, El Hoshn, El Merkab, El Mehalbee, El Sion, El Ailaka, and numerous others he mentioned, whose names I forgot; that several of these, such as Merkab, Sion, Mehalbee, and Hoshn, had been again retaken by Melek el Daher. If this was the son of Saladin, 1193 A.D., they did not enjoy many of their conquests long.

Volney ascribes the Ansayrii religion to the year 891 A.D., so the chronology may be correct. They now possess Kalaat el Mazzyad, El Kadmous, El Kohf, El Aleyka, and El Merkab, and, according to their own account, number 4000 fighting men. They have villages also in the district of Mazzyad, of Kadmous, of Mowary, and I heard of a few also in Djebel Akka, north of Tripoli.

At Kadmous there are two Moutselims, the Ameer Assad Heisin Habeel, the Moutselim of the castle, and the Ameer Selim Assed of the town; these are cousins; they were our kind hosts. Their cousin, the Ameer Melheim, commands at Mazzyad; he is nephew to Zogherly, who was there at the

period of Burckhardt's visit. This is the great family amongst them, and they claim an uninterrupted descent from the time they led their people from Damascus.

At this period they were called *Salleha Hiub*, or "The Righteousness of Job." Asserting they are descendants of Ishmael, son of Abraham, the beloved, they style themselves *Beni Ismael*: hence *Ismaylee*. Their other appellations, *Kadmousie*, or *Hhodansee*, are given them from *Kadmous*. The name *Mokledjye* means robber: hence a family, village, or set of men, who are noted robbers, receive the name; but it is given to no sect: the Turks would use the term probably for all the mountaineers who resist their exactions; the name is found among the *Ansayrii*.

Volney mentions the *Kadmousie* as a sect of the *Ansayrii*; but the two people have no personal resemblance, and hold each other in abhorrence. In fact, either sect have told me the other was their natural enemy, and that it was right and their duty to slay them.

At *Kadmous*, the *Ansayrii*, who have some villages in the district, whenever they visit the *Ameer*, are disarmed at the outer gate. The *Ansayrii* have told

me, that, in former times, the Kadmousie slew a great religious chief of theirs, and this made a feud which no blood, no money can efface.

The Ameer told me, on a visit he paid me afterwards, at Latakia, that they had persons of their sect not only at Killis, but in the country around Mosul; that they there were known as Koords and Turkoman people; that, like themselves here, fearing the persecution of the Turks, they nominally are Mussulmans, and when in towns conform to the outward forms of their sect. His remarks on their faith, showed that, if a Mussulman, he at least did not fear to curse the Prophet.

Last year, while at Sheik Mattie, Mr. Badger was there, and was at that period finishing his work, whose research and interest induce me to hope it will meet with every success. He read me extracts from it, particularly with regard to some idolatrous tribes he had discovered around Mosul (I quote from memory).

He related many of their doctrines, ceremonies, &c., which I noted down; my ignorance as to whether the book has become public property, forbids my quoting; however I may say, that all

I gathered from the Ameer Assad who remained with me ten days at another period, leads me to pronounce them the same people. His secretary, not so reserved as his master, let out more than he wished. When the publication of Mr. Badger's book leaves me at liberty honourably to say more, I trust to prove my theory to the satisfaction of the public.

There *are* differences ; for when a sect has no doctrine susceptible of demonstration, great differences must arise ; when we consider also the distance, the utter want of communication, the illiterateness of their chief men, this cannot be wondered at.

They say they are descended from Ishmael, the son of Abraham the Beloved ; that they left Damascus, A.D. 1010 : the cause was, that they were persecuted ; this they own now. Though all Eastern dates are worse than useless as evidence, still, in this instance, the Ameer so often and so strongly maintained its truth ; said he had it written in their books ; that I am induced to believe it : the secretary also assured me of it, and showed me the passage in a book he possessed.

Had he not been my guest, I fear I should have tried to read this book, for he left it in my charge, but expressing a wish, however, that I should not read it unless I promised never to divulge its contents. This I would not do, so the book was locked up. Had I directly refused the promise, he would naturally not have spoken to me further on the subject, but I pleaded having already sufficient business on hand, and that we would talk of his holy book at a future time. He added, "Had you read it, you would have seen we have gathered the flower of your faith, and have the sanction of the Koran for our creed."

In the year A.D. 999, the Hakem reigned in Egypt, the "Hakem-b-amr-ellah, governing by the order of God," as he styled himself; soon came from Persia, Mohammed-ben-Ishmael, (Mohammed, son of Ishmael,) who was styled the Hakem-Hakem-b-amr-eh, governing by his *own* order. This, the Druses say, was the second meeting of Ormuzd and Ahriman, the two principles of good and evil, or darkness.

Here it would be irrelevant to the subject to enter further on the Druses. Mahommed,

son of Ishmael, the incarnation of Ormuzd, the principle of good, having preached his doctrines, was killed ; may not this be the Ismael from whom they take their origin ? The doctrines lead one to say no ; the dates yes.

CHAPTER XIII.

The three Letters commencing the Chapters of the Koran—Mountain of Djebel Seth—Tomb of Joshua—Mockatta of Mowary—Village of Borkah—Borge Safyta—Raid of the Ansayrii on the Christians—Capture of Sheik Abdul Hamyd—Confined at Erzeroum—An extensive Prospect—Necessity of having Religious Principles fortified—District of Kalaat el Houn—Ruins of Hassan Sulieman—Carried off by the Sheik—Spring of Ain-el-Shem—Ambition seizes me—Wady Shaloof—Village of Brummanea.

WE passed the evening very pleasantly, and slept well on the Ameer's soft mattresses, a man watching by us all night. We left early, accompanied by guides sent with us from the Ameer, who were also intrusted with a letter from him to the sheik of a village under his orders, who was directed to give a receipt for us, and to demand one from the next. Descending into the valley south of the castle, we had first to pass through the town, which contains a bazaar. Here I saw a man reciting the Koran, Mussulman fashion, and one of the heads continued an argument he had before begun, on the meaning of the three letters commencing the chapters of the Koran. Neither on this, nor any other occasion

of my intercourse, did they seem anxious to avoid the subject of religion.

Our guides were an old man and a half caste, whose father seemed attached to the household of the Ameer, and whom he called Mohammed-el-Abit, Mohammed the Slave. He was married they told me to a Kadmousian woman, thus showing they admit strangers to their faith ; or they may only give them wives. Passing round the northern shoulder of Djebel Seth, we left our horses and servants and began the ascent on foot. Djebel Seth is of great height, and may be seen from Merkab, or Deir Sufran (the yellow village) ; it is also called Nebi Seth, and Djebel Shara, or the hairy mountain ; the ascent was steep and laborious : here on its side are clay-holes, from whence earthenware is formed ; also, there were banks of ashes, as if spit out or sent up from the earth—, the cave, if cave it is, is very curious.

Steep as the ascent was, a man was ploughing a plot, his bullocks and himself working parallel to the mountain side. Two-thirds of the way up is the tomb of Tubal ; it is contained in a rudely-built dome, whitewashed. There was no inscription on the door ; the tomb, a long, mud-covered shell, was

full twenty feet long! There were giants in the earth in those days, seemed a text they had learnt : to place him here is *Tubal* (confusion) indeed. We ascended to the top, and there found the tomb of Seth, also about twenty feet long, covered with calico and baize ; it was a frame-work of wood ; some rough baskets on and near it contained incense.

Near under the same building was the tomb of Ousha, probably Joshua, or Hosea. This was rather shorter, but covered with calico. In an adjoining room was a prayer-room — mats and keblah. There are scarcely any legends current. A man takes care of it ; on the top is a reservoir of water, which seemed the best thing we found. Continuing our route the scenery was of the same wild kind ; here and there near the few villages were fine plantations and cultivation ; but all else barren. Passed the Tel Hassien, on the top of which are the ruins of a castle, once Kadmousian, but which has gradually fallen to decay : it must be a sad thing thus to see their race and sect fading from the earth ; were they enlightened, it might teach them a useful lesson. The Ameer told me at one of the castles there remained but one family ; they

impute all, however, to Ibrahim Pasha : poor fellow, he has much to answer for!

Along the coast all damage done, castles ruined, or what not, the natives say was the work of the English during the war ; inland, everything is Ibrahim Pasha. We passed several villages of Kadmousians, some large, with fine plantations. Passed the mosque, or rather tomb of Sheik Bedder ; it is said that anybody bound, passing here, will be released. All of the people with us objected to prove the truth of this : it is prettily situated at the head of a pretty valley shaded by fine trees. We now entered the Mockatta of Mowary, having travelled thus far on that of Kadmous ; and at last, after sixteen hours of most fagging work for the horses, reached the Ansayrii village of Borkah, where we were lodged in the house of a great sheik sometime dead.

We were well received ; the room was larger and loftier than any I had seen among the Ansayrii. The sheik's brothers, and father, a very old man, did the honours ; but all the property belongs to the stranger, the traveller, and the poor ; such being the request of the former proprietor. Noticed tombstones to-day of a different

description ; on one side a sword and knife carved, on the other a pipe ; probably it may have been only the fancy of the mason, or a description of his habits of life ; if so, it might be put on all the tombstones : at the foot were two six-pointed stars.*

Left early ; being anxious to reach our destination. The village of Borkah is large, and situated in a beautiful and productive valley ; we rode along its groves, patches of arable, figs, mulberries, and, far more useful, a river broad and deep, which can be led over every spot of ground. We were now but four hours from Safyta, whose square tower had long been visible, and the whole country was beautiful ; the hills, richly clothed with soil were less lofty ; the valleys broad and rich ; the country well, even carefully cultivated ; several streams intersecting each other, and villages showing a denser or rather less scanty population. We are now in the Mockatta of Brumana, or Safyta ; it is under a Moutselim sent from Beyrout : he resides

* Over the door of every Ansayrii house are two small loop-holes, one to admit the coming spirit, if a birth occurs, the other to allow the egress of the parting spirit ; there are two windows, that these spirits may never clash. A guest-room has eight, as many guests often sleep in it. The holy water, bottled, is suspended in two bottles close to these windows.

at Toglea or the village of Brumana, or Doagees, which is a sort of capital in the mountains garrisoned by some two hundred and fifty irregular soldiers. Leaving this with its ruined tower of Toglee far on our left, we passed the Borge el Jemash, a small ruined tower with low pointed arch door, and vaulted chamber ; and crossing a broad deep valley we ascended the mountain on which Safyta stands.

Riding through the groves of mulberries we passed the tower, and found the baggage, which had been sent by the plain by the sea coast, established in the dwelling of the scribe of the district, who has a stone house with three or four rooms, exquisitely situated on the summit of a hill close below the Borge Safyta or tower of Safyta. All the Christians waited on us, nor did I ever see any so well or richly dressed ; silk gowns, gold embroidery, scarlet cloth. The house would be one of the most charming residences possible, as far as a fine view went, for the summer ; and it affords conveniences seldom found in the mountains,—windows, and stone walls.

Some time back an Ansayri sheik at Safyta—one of the two highest in the mountains—(my

friend Sheik Habbeeb being the other), resided near here ; Sheik Abdul Hamyd, or Sheik, the Slave of Hamyd. He seems to have been imbued with what I never elsewhere found among them—an active fanaticism ; and he stirred up the Ansayrii to attack the Christians. Probably the pride and arrogance of the other party induced him ; however, a quarrel between some individuals set fire to the matter. The Christians armed, the cry went forth on the mountain top ; “ Sons of the Said, to arms ! Alienne to war ! ” And five thousand Ansayrii marched on Safyta ; the Christians did not attempt resistance, and their houses they say were completely plundered. This, from what I saw and have heard, was not the case ; probably they left but little to be taken, as they had been some time prepared for flight ; though, on the other hand, the enemy no doubt took all they found. Some persons caught were beaten ; none that I heard of were killed, or seriously hurt. The government promised to make good the damage ; a promise they have not, probably never had, the smallest intention of fulfilling. Sheik Abdul Hamyd, who resided a short distance down the valley, was written to, and all was over. An aga or effendi

from Tartousa was dispatched to him with a train of irregular troops ; the precious letter and the assurances of the Effendi, lulled any suspicions he might have, and he received them hospitably. After talking some hours, it was proposed he should ride, with the Effendi, up to the Borge and settle some matters. The unsuspecting fanatic mounted his horse ; the irregulars, under their Derri Bashi, clustered round him and galloped off. Vain was the cry to arms from the house-top and mountain peak : fifteen thousand men mustered, but he was already on the plain, and shortly after lodged within the walls of Tartousa ; subsequently exiled to Stamboul ; having been sent by sea to Beyrout, for fear of a rescue if transported by land. The Ansayrii offered sixty thousand piastres for his release ; and the only thing which deterred the consuls here, or the great men, from undertaking the job, was that the money was to be paid when he entered the house at Safyta ; they, however, offering to give good security that they would fulfil their bargain. Two of the consuls begged me to influence the Ansayrii, to pay a part beforehand ; not that they fancied they could procure his release, but to make sure of the money.

For some time the Ansayrii were in total ignorance of his whereabouts, so they sent a trusty person of their own sect to Beyrout, who there learned that he had been sent to Stamboul, whither he followed him : here he lost all clue. Starting thence on any vague report, he would find after a tedious journey some other exile. He thus traversed half the northern provinces. At last he found him, and brought back the news that he was well and at liberty. He appears to be at Erzeroum, by their account, where he is under the protection of a rich Turk, who treats him with great kindness, and has given him his daughter in marriage.

Safyta is divided into three villages ; the one nearest the Borge or castle (properly tower) which crowns the hill, is Turkish. Close below reside the Christians ; and some distance below again in the valley, is the largest town almost of the Ansayrii. They have also a portion of the town to the north under the Borge ; but seem not to have profited by the plunder, as they look wretchedly poor ; whereas the Christians were well dressed, and the women ornamented with gold. The Borge is a large square tower ; a Pasha mined one of its corners and endeavoured to blow it up : either this or an

earthquake has much shaken it, and it now totters to its fall. Over the door, situated on the west, is a Greek cross ; and entering by a low narrow door, to which we must climb, for it is six feet from the ground, we enter a large, fine church. Rude and little ornamented, its just proportions alone make it handsome : this is still used by the Christians. A staircase in the thickness of the wall leads us up to a perfect room ; a row of buttresses supports, in the centre, the inner springs of the arches ; these are plainly, but handsomely ornamented. Ascending another staircase, a dark slippery task, we reach the top, and find an extensive, wild, and varied prospect on the coast. We can see Tripoli, the Rass el Shakkey ; north to the high lands over Latakia ; south in one long glorious snow-covered, cloud-piercing range, lies the Djebel Akka, the northern portions of the Lebanon ; east, to the western morning highlands of the Ansayrii, with the famed castle of El Hosn ; north the Djebel Seth, Nemir, and other peaks fill up a range as varied and wild in its scenery, as the fierce races that inhabit it. Beneath, a broad plain or rather extensive valleys ; and a narrow peak running east, joins the mound. We stand on

its broken heights, villages in valleys, high groves and tombs glistening in their whiteness; rills, rivers, and gorges fill up the scene.

About twenty people accompanied me to the top; not one could tell me the name of any of the peaks, so the taking bearings was a difficult task. The tower is the only portion of the building now standing; formerly the mound seems to have been surrounded by a *revêtement* wall similar to those at Aleppo and Homs; and within this again may be traced a second. A part of the western wall and gate still remains, similar to those at Mehalbe; and on the east there are some vaults and open arches: the whole seemed a Saracenic work, but, from the cross, that could hardly be, and the stone seems to have been there from the original building of the place.

It was with a thousand regrets I bade adieu to my companion. After a long residence, or rather long wild wandering amidst Turks, infidels, and idolators, it is pleasant to find one with whom one can speak freely, whose springs of action and nature are the same. The fine good principles of my friend also were valuable supports: living among heathens, insensibly one learns to forget

one's own faith while one despises theirs ; and it was with a feeling of great regret that I turned from Christianity, to talk, to think, to dream of idolatry. Half the night was spent in parting words, and in the morning we descended, mounted our horses : one good-bye, and we took our several and separate courses, he to hurry to his bishop and give an account of his good deeds,—I to plunge into the midst of the mountains, to talk of gods in the sun, and gods in the air.

My course was north-easterly ; to the south lay the Mockatta, or district of Kalaat el Hosn, or Hhussan, inhabited by a mixed population of Christians and Ansayrii. The country was wild in the extreme, but the villages more thickly scattered than in any other part of the country. In four hours and a half we reached the village of Ain el Morara, where I rested under some trees that surrounded the tomb of a sheik. A mile from this, north-east, reached the ruins of Hassan Sulieman, or Hassein Suliem, (the beauty of Soliman), and here we sought out quarters.

Hassan Sulieman is situated at the head of a wild gorge, and consists of a large mass of ruins, among which are several Ansayri cottages. The

first building I visited is about three hundred feet in length, by one hundred and fifty in width ; a long parallelogram whose four faces are north, south, east, and west, nearly. It consists of a high wall built of stones, some of which are eighteen feet in length, some smaller, and about six or seven in width, of a proportionate height ; these were laid together without any cement. This wall is generally perfect, save on the eastern face, where it has been thrown down ; this and other damage I should impute to an earthquake.

In the centre of each side is a gate or door ; that on the north being the principal, the one on the south the least ; the other two are different. On the door on the west the threshold is some eight feet above the ground. There are no ornaments ; but at either end of the architrave is an angel with folded wings in bold relief ; between are roses and heads alternately. On the lower portion overhead is an eagle holding the caduceus ; the ribbons from his beak are held by a man on either side. These are well carved. On either side of the doorway were niches about fifteen feet from the ground. The doorway has notches above and below, as if for a door.

On either end of the east face is a lion in relief. On the wall facing towards the door close at the head is a cypress tree. On the north is the principal doorway ; over this are the remains of a sloping roof, which presented its gable to the points. On either side of the door are two smaller doors and niches down to the ground. On a tablet is a long inscription, which the servants were immediately set to clean. Over the door, also, were the eagle and figures, as on the western one. The east door is plain, a niche on either side, some fifteen feet up. On either end of the architrave is an angel ; and a small figure, apparently a bust, over the centre. On the soffit is the same ornament ; between the angels are roses or flowers, perhaps acorns. The south door is small and plain ; the top has fallen in on a broken portion of the side-post. The architrave over the door is one solid stone. From thence we will pass within the wall. Entering by the south gate we come upon the back of a small temple of four large columns on each front, six on each side ; they are, perhaps, twenty feet in the shafts, ten from the ground, standing on a platform of stone. No capital is standing between the pillars ; the space was filled

up ; they are built of blocks, not of one solid piece. From the north front, steps descended some distance, and a road led to the door ; within the door are two semi-Corinthian pilasters, likewise on the inner side of the eastern door,—and other ornaments effaced. Leaving this, about fifty yards north-east are two buildings side by side ; the western portions are perfectly ruined ; the eastern front partially remains. Over the door of No. 7 is an eagle very badly carved, an eagle facing outwards, its head turned to the right ; two pillars stand one at either side of the entrance. An Ansayrii told me this was a church. I thanked him.

Early the next morning I repaired to copy the inscription ; hardly was I seated before it when a sheik, cousin of Sheik Habbeeb, came to see me, and I was carried off *nolens volens*. In vain I endeavour to frame excuses. No ; all stories were alike ; and I was forced to mount and accompany my new brother, his wild followers dashing about, firing and yelling like fiends.

The chief Sheik Achmed's house was about two miles from Hassan Sulieman. Over the brow of the hill another valley opened, beginning in three small gorges, in each of which was a source of water a

little higher up. The principal, called Ain-el-Shem's, was of great size, and half a mile from the spring fell over the rocks a good sized stream. On an isolated peak rising in the centre stood the ruins of Kalaat el Khaou, and just below the large rambling village of Macklayer. The valley was called the valley of the village of Macklayer ; such a name would only extend, of course, to the next village, when it would receive another name. This is an immense difficulty in the East—nobody knows the name of anything out of his own village. Each race, again, has different names.

On our entering the house of the sheik, differing only in that it was larger, from the houses of the peasants, I was received with tumultuous joy. Some threw themselves on the ground, kissing my feet ; sheiks kissed me all over—a ceremony, more pleasing, perhaps, had it been delegated to some of the fair girls who stood wondering by. I stated my wish to pass north, through the mockattas between us and Metua ; this they said was impossible. On my saying that perhaps they would not hurt me, I never having injured any ; he said, “ Do not trust them ; ” and on my pressing the journey as one I was very anxious to perform,

he said, "If you go, I shall accompany you with all my men."

A grand feast was prepared, and all who came were feasted in honour of my arrival; and the evening was passed in Ansayri theological discourse.

At daylight I mounted, resolved to go on my journey, and determined to try the northern route to complete my round of the mountains. The sheik accompanied me to his outer door, an honour he would not have conferred on a Pasha. In compliment to him I had not mounted. On emerging from the court I found three hundred armed men ready to accompany me, and a little way on was a still larger body. They yelled at my approach, shouting, "Ah Ya Bey, Eh Wallah,—blessed shall be the day; you are our banner, our holy, our father." I told the sheik I would rather go alone, he said, "If you go north, these go with you; I will not, really, dare not, see you go with less." The demon ambition arose within me; often, often had they prayed me to come and rule among them; one word, now, and they would have driven the Turks from Brummanee and left the mountains free. But a vision passed before me; and then: "To Brummanee, ya

Bey, to Brummanee—Ali sent you ; on, on !” I most unwillingly gave up my journey and promised to return to Tartousa.

The excited people grumbled at the lost fight, complaining chiefly that I would not trust them. The road lay along the height to the south of the valley ; below all was one mass of plantations ; the houses larger and better than those generally found. All spoke of more exemption from oppression than others ; this, in fact, is a district that seldom allows any interference, nor are the taxes as regularly paid as is consistent with the good order of a government. In an hour turned out of the valley into one lying parallel to the south, called Wady Shaloof ; the people wild and savage, far beyond any I had seen. The girls here stuck flowers in my poor horse’s head till he became a species of garden ; they were thrust into my stirrups. This was one of the places I had visited on a former occasion, when I went to see a very old and holy man who dwelt a little further south.

It began to rain, so I put up at a village of three cottages. An old man received me most kindly ; and horses, servants, and all, were accommodated beneath his roof. In the morning

the rain still continued, and the road could hardly be seen ten yards off, for the heavy mountain mist. As all was ready to start, I said to the sheik's pretty daughter, a girl of twelve or fourteen, "Mount, Ya Bint, I want you to come with me." At a sign from her father, she was up, and I had to defer her journey with me to a future period, when I would send for her. Her father was vexed at my rejection ; *spretæ injuria formæ* was visible in her sullen reception of my pretty apologies, and determined refusal of a present I tried to make her. However, on my whispering, "My wife, I order you to take it ;" she pressed my hand to her heart, put it in her bosom, and crossed her pretty hands over it.

In two hours, spite of rain, we reached Brummanee, or Blackness, a large Mussulman village, the residence of the Moutselim of Safyta ; about three hundred irregular soldiers are quartered here. The town is prettily situated and well built, has a large mosque and a wretched wall. The Moutselim was absent, but his scribe, a Christian, did the honours most civilly ; and, after a capital dinner, I pushed on for Tartousa, still eight hours distant.

CHAPTER XIV.

Summary Punishment—Tartousa—A Story of Eastern Justice—A Definition of Nothing—The Day called Urbat Eiub—Feast at the Saint's Tomb—Volney's description of the Ansayrii—Feud between the districts of the Drousee and El Amamra—Miserable condition of a poor Woman—In the midst of the Battle—Endeavour to act the Mediator—Become hostage between the Parties—Djebel Ermayon, or the Mountain of Forty—My mode of Life.

WHILE sitting in the Moutselim's room, a poor Ansayri was brought up for beating another, whose cattle had been grazing on his corn. The case was tried in a most summary way, and the fellow sentenced to two hundred cuts with the stick. By the tainzimat, such a punishment is forbidden. On my servants praying for his pardon, the *locum tenens* of the Moutselim at once forgave him.

As we left, I saw about a dozen poor fellows sitting outside the prison in chains. A round piece of solid iron, closed with a hinge and lock over the neck, or rather a chain, was passed through a ring to hold it together. The chain,

with another, was then secured to either hand, and down to the feet. They prayed me to have them released.

A ride of eight hours passing through the villages of Bedree and Aimtee brought me to the outskirts of Tartousa, where I visited the ancient church to the eastward of the town ; except the western face and a small portion of the roof, it is still perfect, though now used as a cattle-shed. Its length must be 130 or 140 feet ; its breadth about 90 feet, and its height some 60 feet, without the roof. It is of the Corinthian order, and the arches are supported by square buttresses covered on the four sides with semi-circular pilasters. The pulpit on the north side is fixed to one of the pillars ; its proportions are very fine, and the simplicity of its ornaments sets them off. It is sad to see a place so easily capable of repair so desecrated.

Entered Tartousa, and took up my quarters in another corner of the café I had slept in before. The night was very lovely, the sky cloudless, the calm moon gliding noiselessly among the countless clusters of stars, the inhabitants of the place vivacious ; so I sat outside, half-dozing, half-

waking, looking at the old church within the walls. This is a curious specimen of the crusader—the church fortification ; for a church, many emblems within proclaim it to be ; but, on the outward face, it is fortified, and seems to have mounted guns. The southern façade is very beautiful, nor could my lengthened gaze prevent my feeling it was very fine. A Turk who joined me, told me the following story.

Apropos to a remark I made, he asked me what present I had made to a person he mentioned. “Oh,” I said, “nothing—a mere nothing.” He said, “What is nothing? shall I tell you?—

“Once at Stamboul, before the Franks, the Sultan sat in the gate and judged his people, and a man came to him and made the following complaint: ‘I am a porter, and to-day this man, pointing to the defendant, called and said, “I want a porter.” All the porters cried, ‘I will do your work for so much,’ and so on. I said, ‘Take me, my lord, I will do it for nothing,’ and he took me. He traversed the bazaars ; here he bought bread, there oil, then meat, and every sort of thing. All these I carried. At last, arrived at his house, he

took the load from me and entered his house. I knocked and called, crying, 'Pay me my hire, pay me my hire,' until all the neighbours looked out in surprise ; at last, forced by my cries, the man opened his door, and said, 'You said you would serve me for nothing : go your way.' I said, 'Give me my nothing ;' and so we quarrelled, till I brought him to your holy feet, to cry, 'Justice : give me my due.'

"The Sultan knew not what to do ; the cadi swore, by his beard, the prophet even had never judged such a case. The Sheik Islam was fallible, and exclaimed, 'Eugh Allah ;' so the case was deferred, lest hasty judgment should warp the understanding,

"In the evening the Sultan clothed himself as a Dervish, and walked alone : a heavenly scent came from him ; the children leapt in their mother's wombs as he passed, for he was holy among the holiest : and he came to a ruined house, where were boys at play, and one sat on a stone and cried, 'I am Alem Penah ; I am Zill-Allah ; and I am Hankoar—bring in the prisoners ;' and two boys appeared. 'I am a porter,' one said : 'this man hired me, because I said, "I will do your

will for nothing." I toiled all day, and he refuses to pay me my due." The first boy said, turning to the other, 'Is this true?' 'It is,' he said, 'he would serve me for nothing, so when he had done, I dismissed him.'

"Then the boy Sultan turned to the mock porter, and said, 'So you want your hire, that is, you want your nothing : I will pay you.' And to the merchant he said, 'Go ; but in that thou hast taken usury from this man, and thereby defrauded him, disobeying the prophet of God, who says, "Give unto him who is of kin to thee his reasonable due," you shall pay to the keeper of the mosque the full hire of the porter for one day.' And then he said to the other, 'Advance, and take thy nothing.' And he caused a basin of water to be brought, and said, 'Put in thy hand, and bring out all thou canst grasp,' and he did so, and his hand returned empty as before : and the boy said, 'What hast thou got in thy hand?' and he replied, 'Nothing.' 'Take thy nothing, then ; thy just hire : depart in peace.'

"The Sultan rose and retired to his serai. The next day he followed the law laid down by the boy, and, after he was dead, that boy

taught wisdom to his son, for he eventually became Vizier."

Left at dawn. The mountains inland, on their western slopes, are chiefly inhabited by Christians, — in the southern villages, Greeks; in the northern, Maronites. These cultivate, and often own, the land of the plain; from the mountains to the sea, the whole plain to Banias is covered with tels, a few vestiges of ruins, &c. It was a grand feast-day: here all the Christians coming to the shrine of a noted saint, the day is called Urvat Eiub, the fourth day of Job.*

The tomb was on the beach, four bare walls of stones enclosing a low, rudely built tomb. I was early, but about seven or eight hundred persons had already assembled — Christians, Ansayrii, Mussulmans, &c. The poor saint seemed to share little of their attention, except that the women

* This is the Wednesday in the Holy Week, the week before Easter. They compress in the legend Job's sufferings into three days. On the fourth, he repented, rose, and washed himself. In commemoration, all come to the sea-side; and, as I say, hundreds bathe, then feast, &c. The tomb at this place is a more modern one. Cyprios, who lived a life of denial and charity, dying, was revered by the people around.

See the Mussulman legend: it makes Job stamp with his foot at the order of the Almighty, and a fountain sprung up, in which he is commanded to wash. His first act of obedience is beating his wife, who remained too long on an errand. This part of the ceremony ought to be preserved.

put the linen they had damped in bathing (which is a part of the ceremony) on his tomb and enclosure to dry. Pedlars and sweetmeat vendors were there in plenty ; music, and old men dancing ; the women, chiefly Christians, sat apart, and enjoyed their feast in their own way. My servant Abdallah was here a great man, as the mass were people of his own village : he kissed all ; they examined his fine dress and formidable arms ; heard his wondrous tales of strange lands of Stamboul and Kourdistan. There was not a particle of shade : I recommended them most strongly to plant a few olives.

It was harsh to take my fellows from their pleasure ; I therefore waited for hours, and then we rode on to Gebarle meeting bathing women all along the coast ; arrived long after dark ; left at two hours after midnight, nor felt happy till, washed and dressed, I emerged from the bath, and found myself making kief on my own divan.

The day after my return, Sheik Abdallah of Kermein entreated me to accompany him to the mountains, to put an end to the war now raging between the two districts of the Drousee and El Amamra ; already three battles had been fought,

and the rage and the thirst for blood increased. Fearful that the government might take umbrage at the interference of a traveller, I left by night.

Volney mentions that the Ansayrii are divided into several classes, among which we may distinguish the Shamsia, or adorers of the sun ; the Kelbia, or worshippers of the moon ; the Kadmousee, who, as I am assured, worship certain characteristics of woman.

The Ansayrii, or, as they are generally called, the Fellaheen, *i. e.* the tillers of the ground, are divided into two parties, the Shemsia and the Classee. The one have Sheik Habeeb, Sheik Abbas, and Sheik Ibrahim Saide for their spiritual heads ; with them the priesthood is hereditary, and has been so for generations. The Shemsia have Sheik Abdallah of Demsuko, Sheik Sulieman, and another, I believe, north by Antioch, as their heads.* This feud is one of perhaps two hundred years' standing, and as the doctrines maintained on either side are not demonstrable by direct proof or acknowledged writ, they can never be arranged. These two parties hold no communication, and are often at war.

* They have each another religious head, now both in exile : Abdul Hamyd, and Mahomet el Bedour.

With regard to the error Volney fell into, and his deduction therefrom, that there was a sect called Kelbia, who worshipped the dog, which their name would imply, it is easily accounted for. The Shemsia inhabit the plain near the sea, north of Latakia, extending into the valley of Antioch away to Adana and Tarsus. The district of Kelbia (for it is the name of a district) extends from the Nahr el Kebeer along the plain almost south to Gebaile. This district is Claussé or Khamareè. The Kadmousee are Ismaylee, who are a different race.

The present feud was actively inflamed by a man of the Drousee carrying off a ploughing ox from the other party ; this produced a reprisal ; this a fight, and so on. Both sides see the great folly of the war, yet both refuse to come to any terms. Things were at this juncture when Sheik Abdallah of Kermein came and entreated my interference. I went with him alone, thinking it best not to have servants, and we reached the house of Shemseen Sultan at a little before daylight. Here we heard that on the previous evening, Shemseen had been sent for, and was now on the field of battle, some five hours further in the mountains.

Borrowing fresh horses, we pushed on as rapidly as possible, frequently dismounting, owing to the badness of the roads. In about four hours we heard firing, and turned to the spot whence it came. A noble valley lay before us, and up this we rode along the bed of a mountain stream, the scenery the wildest imaginable. The firing was now close to us, but we saw nobody : proceeding further, we came upon a poor woman. She had fallen down between two rocks, and there lay moaning ; painfully with each moan her heart's blood welled out from a dreadful wound just below the right breast. With the cloth from my loins, I bound it up, pressing a pad of stone tight over the wound, and placing her in the shade within reach of water, in as comfortable a position as the time would allow. By this time, the firing was pretty close ; luckily, the gully was deep, so we were completely protected. The sheik rather reproved me for taking so much care of a woman. I said, however, life was a thing we were not to throw away, and that we were bound to assist all. I now represented the folly of thus casting ourselves amidst fighting men in the dark. He said, " Do you fear ? " This one could not stand, so I

spurred on before, and at the first practicable place, dashed up the side of the hill, which was thickly covered with myrtle ; being, however, on horse-back, I offered a fair mark, and several balls passed near me, one cutting my leffie.

The sheik followed me, but dismounted. I said, "Are you afraid ? Ya sheik, come, mount and be happy !" A crest soon intervened between us and the other party, and about a hundred men rallied round us, from the covert where before they had been concealed. These we found were a party of Drousee who had been despatched from the main force to burn a village just before us ; by some means their march had been discovered, and they had lost four men and the poor woman, who had come with her husband to carry bread or Leban. Finding they were worsted, they had fled across the valley up which we had ridden, and there had made a stand, under cover of the bushes. They had left all their dead and wounded but one, and this was a noble-looking young fellow, to whom they led me. He had been hit in the mouth, though without breaking the jaw ; the bullet being fired had taken his head just behind the ear, and furrowed along the flesh to his chin,

making a long and now dangerous flesh-wound. This was sewn up (I mention this, for the natives have no faith in doctors or physic; charms and potions, according to their notions, being more efficacious; but such was their faith in me, that they at once complied with my orders,) and well swathed in wet bandages—he was led off.

Sheik Abdallah and myself again descended the valley, and mounted the opposite side, where we found full three hundred men. It had been no difficult matter to persuade the beaten party to retire from a fight they were anxious to quit; but with the victors it was different. They had their foes now under their hand, and they were resolved to punish them, or, as they exclaimed, to finish the fight; several times they were so fierce, I feared we should have been shot on the spot. Then there were a few who hung to my side; others said—"Peace! why we can make our own!" Then I pleaded that they were but a small party; they must not think that the main part were beaten because they had fallen with triple the force upon a beaten foe. Vainly I told them to make a bridge of silver for a flying foe; never to close the doors of reconciliation, &c.,—they were deaf.

"Would you kill your brothers? Does wolf eat wolf? Sons of the Hydereen, followers of Ali faithful, hear reason—listen to one who loves you; who comes here alone, unarmed, merely to do you good." At last I took aside a young sheik who led them: "Here is a knife," I said, handing him one; "is it to be sheathed, or would you plunge it into the bosom of your brother?" He took the knife or dagger, and returned to his party, who agreed to retire if the others would do the same.

In the evening I reached the head-quarters, and found about nine hundred men, on a ridge, in face, as they said, of about five thousand, though probably of about the same number. Sheik Shemseen was there; his jolly, social, easy nature quite put out by his difficulties; and, as he told me, fighting one's self was much easier than preventing others from fighting. The Sheiks of the Drousee were invited to meet, and make a conference, but they refused. At last, however, they agreed, if hostages were given, and I went over and remained with them. They treated me most hospitably, and put no restraint whatever upon me, even accompanying me over to the other party. On the following

day the sheiks returned, but no terms would they agree to.*

At this juncture, twelve hundred troops arrived at Latakia to enforce the conscription. Together with Shemseen, we worked upon this, stating to each party how the fact of the other joining the military, would crush them ; how soon they were to be called upon for the conscription ; how soon they, thus disunited, would fall a spoil to the oppressor—and at last a truce was agreed on, during which further terms were to be settled, and all hostilities cease.

On returning, I visited the Djebel Erbayen, or Mountain of Forty, a peak among the mountains south-east of Kalaat el Mehalbee. On it are the tombs of two sheiks, and from the top a most comprehensive view is obtained of the surrounding country. Five days from my departure found me

• In my interview with the Sheiks of the Drousee, the women were the most violent advocates for war ; many were perfectly furious. "Are our breasts without milk? Can we have no more children? Are we sheep, that we are to be driven without biting? Your beard is white,—you Sheik keep at home, the youths and the men will go to the fight: and you,—you Beg,—your hand was made for the sword, your body for the war,—not to talk like a greybeard." Even the children yelled at me: "You wish us to be eaten, with your peace: if you love us, lead us to the fray." Girls said, "Do you love the young girl? Go and fight bravely, and deserve her: she will not come to the coward. The faint-hearted is a poor lover." The young men seemed less wild than these Amazons.

again at Latakia. My life continued much as ever.

Rising at five, the whole morning until nine is dedicated to writing and learning Arabic, the hot hours of noon to visits from sheiks, &c., who consider my ruin as their head-quarters, many of them frequently sleeping for nights together on the mats. In the eve a lounge to the sea-shore, which, as I tell the Arabs, God has given to the English ; and at night again the pen and book are resumed. This is perhaps but a lonely life, for society there is none. But if the result thus hastily placed before the reader enlivens a weary hour, or in company with the traveller shed even the glimmer of light on his road, my travel is repaid.

CHAPTER XV.

Pliny's account of the Ansayrii—Emigrate under Sheik Hassan—Account of them by Gibbon—Description of the Ansayrii—Their Dress—Sheiks of Government and Religion—Their strict Religious Prejudices—Their Rites and Superstitions—Mode of Initiation—Manner of their Marriages—Their character for Honesty—Policy of Ibrahim Pasha—Restrictions with regard to Food—Outline of their Creed—Their modes of Prayer—Treatment of a Frenchman—Antiquity of planting Groves—The Rout of Heraclius—Conspiracy amongst the Greeks—Movement towards Greek unity—The Armenians compared with the Greeks.

THE Ansayrii are a race so little known, that any information with regard to them will not fail to be interesting to the reader. As yet my notes are in fact in too confused a state to be fit to lay before the public ; but the following brief sketch may not be uninteresting.

The term Ansayrii seems at least as ancient as Pliny, who says, (Hist. Plin. v. 23) “Cœle habet Assamiam Marsya amne divisam à Naycrinorum tetrarchia.” This would give them an antiquity far beyond any that can be claimed for them ; but

Pliny was probably correct ; so we may suppose the country, or rather mountains, were named then as now, the Ansayrii, and inhabited by another race. Meanwhile, there is a tradition among them, that during the time of the Caliphs of Damascus, they and their people lived in the mountains of Sinjar ; that the Caliph waged a war against the inhabitants of these mountains and exterminated them ; that among the great people then at his court, was their high chief, Sheik Hassan, who being in high favour, entreated the Caliph that he might lead his nation from where they lived to occupy the waste. To this, they pretend, the Sultan, miraculously converted to their faith, joyfully assented : and Sheik Hassan departing to Sinjar, led here his nation, who henceforth have inhabited these mountains.

Now though the Caliph of the Ommiades ceased to reign, A.D. 750 ; still, since then, there have been many sovereigns at Damascus ; to one of these we must ascribe the gift. William of Tyre mentions a race as met by the Crusaders on their march from Antioch, whom he calls Assassins ; they were under a chief, Sheik el Djebel—literally the Old Man of the Mountain—nor does the devotion they

showed at all differ from what they would as readily show to-day.

Gibbon says:—"But the extirpation of the Assassins or Ishmalians of Persia may be considered as a service to mankind. Among the hills to the south of the Caspian, these odious sectarians had reigned with impunity for above one hundred and sixty years ; and their Prince, or Iman, established his lieutenant to lead or govern the colony of Mount Libanus, so famous and formidable in the history of the Crusades. With the fanaticism of the Koran, these people had blended the Indian's transmigration and the visions of their own Prophet, and it was their first duty to devote their souls and bodies in blind obedience to the voice of God, &c." Now these so nearly resemble the doctrines of the Ansayrii ; their religion is such a mixture of the Magian and the Mussulman ; the names also, so nearly resemble each other, that perhaps (as yet I only venture to say perhaps), they may claim their right, their name,—a by-word and reproach among us all.*

* The Ismaelians of Syria (40,000 Assassins), had acquired or founded the castles in the hills above Tartousa in the year 1280. They were extirpated by the Mamelukes.

But little change ever takes place among the manners and customs of the East. In the much disputed letter to the Duke of Austria, exculpating Richard from the murder of Conrad, the date is according to the Greek form ; the Ansayrii alone, of all sects not Christians, use this date, and are ignorant of the Turkish date ; nor would the address be wrong, being such as a chief would address to an inferior : however, to lay before the reader more proof, I must require time ; let us pass on to their personal appearance.

They are a fine, large race, with more bone and muscle than is generally found among Orientals ; browner than the Osmanlee, but lighter, fairer than the Arab ; brown hair is not by any means uncommon. The women, when young, are handsome, often fair with light hair and jet black eyes ; or the rarer beauty of fair eyes and coal-black hair or eye-brows ; but exposure to the sun, and the labours they perform, soon wear them out. The traveller will see these poor girls staggering along under a load of wood a horse would hardly carry, and the child being suckled until two, or even four years of age, naturally tends to weaken the mother, who has thus, perhaps, on

very insufficient diet, to support three from her breast.

In dress the Ansayrii are Turks. According to the expression of the country they dress thus, as they regard white as their sacred colour, and deem it essential to be clothed in it. White turban, or cloth wrapped voluminously round the tarboosh that all wear; a white cotton shirt, with the long pendant sleeves; a belt of a species of red and black worsted girth stuff; a cloak (abai) or Homs jacket over all; and perhaps small, short, loose, cotton trousers under the shirt; over, being considered improper: the front of the shirt is unbuttoned, as to close it would be considered an act of disobedience to the Creator, who must at all times be allowed to look, unimpeded by shirt or anything, into our hearts.

With the women, the dress consists of the white cotton shirt, hardly differing from the men, a zenaar or belt, a jacket, similar to that of the men; trousers resembling European trousers, save that they are slightly fuller and tied at the ankle; a tarboosh and handkerchief on the head, or more generally a common handkerchief. They never conceal their faces though they keep retired, except

when the stranger is a guest in their houses, and then they will enter freely into conversation.

The nation, for such it is, being capable of mustering forty thousand warriors able to bear arms, is divided into two classes, sheiks and people ; the sheiks again into two, the Sheiks or Chiefs of Religion, Sheik el Maalem, and the temporal sheiks, or the Sheiks of Government ; these being generally called Sheik el Zollum, or Sheiks of Oppression. These latter, though some of them are of good families, are not so generally ; having gained favour with government, they have received the appointment : others there are, however, whose families have held it for many generations, such as Shemseen Sultan, Sheik Sucor, &c. The sheiks of religion are held as almost infallible, and the rest pay them the greatest respect. With regard to the succession, there seems no fixed rule ; the elder brother, has, however, rule over the rest, but then I have seen the son the head of the family while the father was living.

The sheik of religion enjoys great privileges ; as a boy he is taught to read and write ; he is marked from his fellows from very earliest childhood, by a white handkerchief round his head.

Early as his sense will admit, he is initiated into the principles of his faith ; in this he is schooled and perfected. Early he is taught that death, martyrdom, is a glorious reward, and that sooner than divulge one word, he is to suffer the case in which his soul is enshrined to be mangled or tortured in any way. Frequent instances have been known where they have defied the Turks, who have threatened them with death if they would not divulge, saying, "Try me, cut my heart out, and see if anything is within there." During his manhood he is strictly to conform to his faith ; this forbids not only his eating certain things at any time, but eating at all with any but chiefs of religion ; or eating anything purchased with unclean money : and the higher ones carry this to such an extent, that they will only eat of their own produce ; they will not even touch water except such as they deem pure and clean. Then he must exercise the most unbounded hospitality, and after death, the people will build him a tomb (a square place with a dome on the top), and he will be rewarded as a saint.

The lower classes are initiated into the principles of their religion, but not its more mystical or

higher parts : they are taught to obey their chiefs without question, without hesitation, and to give to him abundantly at feasts and religious ceremonies : and above all, to die a thousand deaths sooner than reveal the same faith he inherits from his race.

In their houses, which, as I have before said, are poor, dirty, and wretched, they place two small windows over the door. This is in order that if a birth and death occur at the same moment, the coming and the parting spirit may not meet. In rooms dedicated to hospitality, several square holes are left, so that each spirit may come or depart without meeting another.

Like the Mahometans, they practise the rite of circumcision, performing it at various ages, according to the precocity of the child. The ceremony is celebrated, as among the Turks, with feasting and music.* This, they say, is not a necessary rite, but a custom derived from ancient times, and they should be Christians if they did not do it.

* Abdallah, my servant, comes from a Christian village amidst the Ansayrii mountains. As a boy, he says, he used to tend his father's sheep. One day he was watching them as they fed near a stream ; he heard the noise of music, firing, and shouting, at a village near. Presently a couple of boys came down, and laying themselves on the banks among the rushes, they commenced covering themselves with the wet sand to stop the blood, at the same time making most doleful cries.

This is the same among the Mahometans, who are not enjoined by their prophet to do so, but received the rite from of old.*

I do not yet know if any ceremony exists at the naming of the child. But when a candidate is pronounced ready for initiation, his tarboosh is removed, and a white cloth wrapped round his head. He is then conducted into the presence of the sheiks of religion. The chief proceeds to deliver a lecture, cautioning him against ever divulging their great and solemn secret. "If you are under the sword, the rope, or the torture, die, and smile, you are blessed." He then kisses the earth three times before the chief, who continues telling him the articles of their faith. On rising, he teaches him a sign, and delivers three words to him. This completes the first lesson.

At death, the body is washed with warm soap-and-water, wrapped in white cloths, and laid in the tomb. Each person takes a handful of earth, which is placed on the body ; then upright stones, one at the feet, one at the head, one in the middle,

* See Herodotus, book ii. chap. 104. Gibbon makes the most of the expression. But this is irrelevant here; as most probably the Ansayrii received it from their mere Mahometan ancestors, we need not go back further for them. Ishmael would have introduced it among the Arabs, and enforced the rite as part of their faith, the Arabs enforcing it on their tributaries.

are placed. The one in the middle is necessary—They have the blood-feud,—the *Huck el Dum*. In war, blood is not reckoned ; but if one man kills another of a different tribe, all the tribe of the slayer pay an equal sum to the tribe of the slain,—generally six thousand five hundred piastres (60*l.*)

In marriage, a certain price is agreed on.* One portion goes to the father ; another to the brothers or males of the family to supply dress and things necessary for the maiden. This will vary much, according to the wealth of the bridegroom and the beauty or rank of the bride. It is generally from two hundred to seven hundred or a thousand piastres (1*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* to 9*l.* 10*s.*) Sometimes a mare, a cow, or a donkey, merely, is given ; if very beautiful, 100*l.* or 200*l.* is not an extraordinary price for her. The bridegroom has then to solicit the consent of the lessee, or owner of the bride's village, who will generally extort five hundred piastres, or more, before he will give a permission of marriage.

The price being settled, and security given for its payment, the friends of the bridegroom mount on the top of the house, armed with sticks. The girl's friends pass her in hastily to his house to avoid

* They will not give their daughters to men of any other race or religion.

their blows. The bridegroom enters, and beats her with a stick or back of a sword, so that she cries. These cries must be heard without. All then retire, and the marriage is consummated.

They are allowed four wives. The marriage ceremony is simple, and divorce not permitted. If one of these four wives die, they are permitted to take another. Generally, they have little affection for their wives,—treating them rather as useful cattle than as rational creatures. They never teach women the smallest portion of their faith. They are jealously excluded from all religious ceremonies, and, in fact, are utterly denied creed, prayers, or soul. The women themselves believe in this ; and do not, as one would fancy, murmur at such an exclusive belief, nor could any arguments of mine shake the belief they entertained.

The Ansayrii are honest in their dealings, and none can accuse them of repudiation or denying a sum they owe. They work hard in their calling, for Orientals ; to them is generally committed the agriculture ; and the wonder in my mind is, that they continue such an apparently fruitless toil, for from youth to age they labour, live on the coarsest fare, their houses are mere hovels, and yet they

are very poor. Whether they conceal money, I do not know ; but if they do not, what must be the extortions of the Government *employés*. Their own lavish hospitality is the great source of their poverty.

During the time of Ibrahim Pasha, the Ansayrii were partially disarmed ; and though there were districts he never entered, still his name was a terror, and the taxes were pretty regularly paid. Before his time, the country was farmed by three or two chiefs, who paid fixed sums, and ruled the mountains themselves. At that time, no force had ever penetrated them, nor did they give any troops, but were independent, paying tribute through their chiefs. While the war which drove Ibrahim Pasha from the land, lasted, they availed themselves of the opportunity to arm, and thus were again in a position to become formidable to Government. But Ibrahim had struck a blow at the independence of these tribes of Arabistan, they can never recover. He had taught them that honour and faith were marketable qualities ; and his gold made Arab destroy Arab, Druse Druse, and Ansayri Ansayri. This the Turks avail themselves of, for they are not slow at learning what redounds to their immediate advantage. The mountaineers are armed ; it remains to see what they will do.

The Ansayrii have signs and questions. By the one they salute each other, by the other they commence an examination as to whether a man whom they do not know personally, is one of them, or not. But these signs are little used, and are known only to a few ; as the dress, &c., clearly indicates them to each other, and almost each one knows all the chiefs, at least by sight.

Not only are the chiefs particular with regard to their food, but certain restrictions are observed among all. They will not eat or touch pig ; they will not eat the meat of an ox or sheep that is blind or lame ; some will not touch the meat of a female animal : fowls they eat : they will not eat animals shot, unless killed afterwards. Of gazelles, their only large game, they will not eat the female ; hares are forbidden ; wine and spirits are permitted, but to drink either before Christians or Turks is a sin ; while the chiefs only drink wine among themselves, and spirits before their co-religionists.

About smoking, the sects differ. The Shemsie declare smoking an idle habit, and wrong ; therefore they do not smoke. The Classie smoke as they please ; even their highest sheiks. They

worship Ali. In one of their prayers they say, "I declare I worship Ali. Ibn Abou Talib (the Ali of Mahomet), he is above all,—a God Almighty."

They regard Mahomet el Hamyd as the prophet of God, and use the Mussulman confession—"La illa illa Allah, Mahomet el Hamyd, Resoul e nebbi Allah," thus; but they omit all this when before Mahometans, saying merely, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." Otherwise, they say, "There is no God but Ali, and Mahomet el Hamyd, the Beloved, the prophet of God."

I do not intend here to enter into their belief more fully; but it is a most confused medley,—a unity, a trinity, a deity. "These are five; these five are three; these three are two; these two, these three, these five—all are one."

They believe in the transmigration of souls. Those who in this life do well, are hospitable, and follow their faith, become stars; the souls of others return to the earth, and become Ansayrii again, until, purified, they fly to rest. The souls of bad men become Jews, Christians, and Turks; while the souls of those who believe not, become pigs

and other beasts. One evening, sitting with a dear old man,—a high sheik,—his boys were round him, I said, "Speak : where are the sons of your youth ? these are the children of your old age." "My son," he said, looking up, "is there ; nightly he smiles on me, and invites me to come."

They pray five times a day, saying several prayers each time, turning this way or that, having no keblah. If a Christian or Turk sees them at their devotions, the prayers are of no avail. At their feasts, they pray in a room closed and guarded from the sight or ingress of the uninitiated.

This will give a general outline of the faith and customs of the Ansayrii. My intercourse with them was on the most friendly footing, and daily a little was added to my stock of information. Let me, however, warn the traveller against entering into argument with them, or avowing, through the dragoman, a knowledge of their creed. They are as ready and prompt to avenge as they are generous and hospitable to protect. To destroy one who deceives them on this point, is an imperative duty ; and I firmly believe they would do it though you took shelter on the divan of the Sultan. For myself, the risk is passed ; I have

gone through the ordeal, and owe my life several times to perfect accident.

A Frenchman, resident here many years, told the Ansayrii that his father had quitted this country very imperfectly instructed in their faith, and therefore unable to give him (his son) any instruction ; but he knew a little he had picked up here and there, and said, " This is all I know : " perhaps he learnt more of them. On one occasion Sheik Ibrahim * called on him at night to instruct him. Just as he was going to begin, the light was extinguished. The sheik left him, and ever after refused all communication with him ; but the other tribes, hearing the sheik had revealed some of their tenets to another, made war upon him.

I have at this moment a letter from a sheik of religion before me, one of many received from him and others ; the direction is as follows :—

" That this may come to the hands of the Honourable Prince, my Seignior ; the Bey, the son of Beys, the Most Honoured—That his life may be long, God render it so."

Within he speaks of our holy belief, the secret of the two we hold in common.

* The cleverest man among them.

I forgot to mention that they call themselves *Ibn Sad Muneneen*. *Muneneen* means "believer;" they also call themselves *Hydereen*.

The custom of planting groves over and near the saints' tombs is derived from the greatest antiquity: idolatry seems always to vaunt itself on high places, and leisurely to nestle in groves. When the Jews entered the land, the inhabitants worshipped in them. The Jews themselves, when they perverted their faith, and followed idols, built high places and planted groves. The Druids, Daphne, all conspire to connect these with an impure faith. The Ansayrii seem, however, only to pray before these tombs prayers to others without any reference to the immediate sheik; for they avow "Mahomet el Hamyd, whom Ali bless and consecrate, is our only protector." We shall, I think, find that this religion commenced as a mere sect of Mussulmans, and that subsequent bitter persecution has led their sheiks, or religious heads, to deny all parts of the oppressor's creed, and substitute fresh follies in their stead—that, in fact, mysticism was heaped on mysticism, till they themselves are puzzled as to their belief.

I was talking to-day to an intelligent Greek,

relative to the capture of the country in the first instance by the Turks. He said there was a book he had read, though neither its title nor whereabouts did he name, which said :—Heraclius at first immersed in pleasure at Antioch, refused to listen to all outbreaks, saying, they were but the perennial attacks of the Arabs, which his generals in the south would soon quell. At last he was roused by some of his wiser counsellors, and sent orders for a large body of troops, then at Homs, to march south. The general promptly enough obeyed the order, but being misled by a false report, he turned into the mountains, where a body of Mussulmans fell upon him at a disadvantage, and completely broke the spirits of his forces, who received such a defeat, that they deemed themselves ever afterwards incapable of facing such a foe. He mentioned likewise, that vast wealth accumulated among a few, rendered those few impatient of authority, and the many discontented with the few ; therefore, all wished for a change—the one offering them a chance of independent government, the other, as a change, which, as it would not lower, might better their condition. We may, however, trace the Greek in the love of

change—the extremes of every kind. The luxury produced by climate and indolence, could little withstand the fiery Moslem, to whom life was riches, death Paradise—

“ So fully flashed the phantom on their eyes,
That when the very lance was at their heart,
They shouted Allah, and saw Paradise
With all its veil of mystery drawn apart ;
And bright eternity, without disguise,
On their souls, like a ceaseless sunrise, dart ;
With prophets, Houris, angels, saints, descried,
In one voluptuous blaze, and then they died.”

The same man was describing to me a conference he had attended the year before at Jerusalem, consisting of the most influential Greeks in Syria ; several also from Asia Minor ; in which a correspondence—in fact, a conspiracy—was formed for uniting all those of the Greek faith, with the object of abiding their time to throw off the Musulman yoke. They were enjoined to keep this in view, and make it an engrossing subject among all classes ; so as to be gradually, a thing of course, which they were to be ready to support when the exigency occurred. Several bishops were the active promoters, and they stated that they were backed by the countenance of Russia, who warmly sympathised, and looked with pain on the oppression of

her co-religionists, whose independence she would promote with all her power. He asked me what course England would take in the event of the Greeks seizing Stamboul by a *coup de main*? This, I replied, would depend much on circumstances, the politics of the times, &c. ; but he might depend on one fact that would not alter, and was sure as day, that they were poor weak politicians, and Russia was using them as the monkey used the cat, and required them to do her dirty work for her, while their only change would be that of masters, and probably not one much for the better.

Since this I have been astonished at the movement towards that Greek unity I see everywhere. It is spoken of by all, and a wealthy merchant read me passages of letters from the north, that showed me it was widely spread. Some of the extracts read must have endangered my informant's cotton bales, they were so inflammatory ; and certainly his treasure chest, had the Pasha got wind of them. They are, however, not the race ; the Armenians have twice the strength ; and their very different natures would lead me to predict much more stability, consistency, and chance of

success from them. A resolute, plodding, money-making and money in hand race, they far outstrip the more showy Greek, who would fight for the plunder, or the cause, but certainly fall to the highest bidder; the others, more cautious and firm, would count well the cost, and boldly carry out the speculation.

CHAPTER XVI.

Pashalic of Saida—Rule of Ibrahim Pasha—Ruins and Antiquities—Mockattas of the Ansayrii—Their Tribes and Governors—Celebrated for the growth of Tobacco—Nahr-el-Kebeer—The French propose to assist the Ansayrii—Village of Hinadee—Quarrel with a Turk—Gross system of Injustice—A glorious Revel—Contrast between Man and Nature—Dedication of Children to their Saints—Suffering from Fever—A dashing Exploit—Recover my Steed—Tomb of Abdallah el Morovree—The Gardens of Gebaile—Piety of Sultan Ibrahim—Apparition of Ibrahim—Magical Erection of a Mosque—Borge-el-Sabbee—Strangely-tempered Mortar—Marriage of my Servant—Tartousa—Again practise Medicine—The island of Ruad—Mode of Water Supply—Ruins of ancient Fortifications—The Reiha Saltza—Antiquities in the Island—Visited by the Faries, or Knights of Malta—The Montenaseras—Education for Sailors—Songs of the Children—Their dread of Foreigners.

BEFORE quitting this place, where I cannot but look back on the result of my inquiries with pleasure, it will be as well to describe the government, as it is a type of what is found generally over the Turkish dominions. It forms part of the Pashalic of Saida (for so the Pashalic is called, though the Pasha resides at Beyrout); a kaimakan (governor) resides at Latakia, who, though he receives his firman from Constantinople, is under the orders of the Pasha, to whom he refers in all cases. To judge of his authority by

his functions, the present one has no authority at all. In the town itself, the government is carried on by a Medjelis, or council ; at the head of this is the kamaikan, then the most influential Mussulman, the *cadi*, and the *mufti* ; and, by the late reforms, one is chosen from each acknowledged sect of Christians, to represent their wants and protect their interests. These decide all cases, try causes, &c. The police of the town consists of a *tefangee bashee*, or *twangee bashi*, and a body of men. The kamaikan has under his orders some hundred *bashi bazuck*, or irregular horse : the regular soldiers, of whom there were about three hundred, quartered in the town, were under their own officers—between whom and the kaimakan, as between the civil and military at home, there was considerable jealousy.

The town itself has much declined in trade, having lost what it had during the vigorous rule of Ibrahim Pasha, but it is again reviving, and cotton, oil, tobacco, &c., being exported, its little port is generally full of European vessels. The port is formed by a small indentation of the coast, and a projecting rock, protecting it, leaves a narrow, but deep entrance ; on the end of the

roof is a castle apparently Venetian, and the whole reef to the main is covered with fragments, columns, and blocks of stone; on the main opposite the reef are further remains. The harbour is now nearly filled with mud, and the land also has encroached considerably, as the galleys once floated where now the olive blooms.

The mina consists of magazines, built principally, I believe, within the last twenty years, and a large khan; but a few columns and a few handsome marble pillars attest its antiquity; a distance of some three hundred yards, partly burial ground, partly olive ground, separating it from the town: the mina is surrounded on its land face by a wall, which, however, does not extend to the sea. The town has many remains of walls, &c., though no other ruins, save the triumphal arch and a portion of the temple exist. Columns are found in all directions, here built into the walls, and there standing alone, a mournful piece of antiquity. In every part of the neighbourhood, digging brings to light stones and other marks of the size of the former city. Corinthian capitals, and a few Doric, sometimes of marble, are found.

At the back of the town, covering the place from the East, is the long hill, now olive ground, on which the castle stood. So completely was it destroyed, that no stones even mark its site. The Farouse* was said to be in the centre of the town; if so, the tale of the vast number of its churches might be true, especially if the Greeks were as generous in their zeal as the Maronites of to-day.

The kaimakan of Latakia has likewise the government of a greater portion of the Ansayrii Mountains. These are divided into mockattas, each of which has a governor, who is properly responsible for his people, and the taxes. As, however, among these mountains, the taxes are seldom paid, and there is no law, save that of the strongest, this is also pretty nominal. The plains between the sea and the mountains near Latakia are under the immediate rule of the kaimakan, and they show the effects of his paternal authority. The rest is divided into fourteen mockattas.

El Kalaat Howabee (*Owabee*): Moutselim,

* This is a Tel about 500 yards N.N.W. of the town. Tradition marks it as the site of an ancient church of St. George.

Achmet Aga Abdel Kader. This mockatta is inhabited by Mussulmans, Christians, Ansayrii. The Moutselim is a Turk, whose family have been long residents at the castle.

Kalaat el Kadmous : governors ; Emir Assad and Mahomed. Inhabitants—Hodamsee, Ismaylii, and Ansayrii.

Kalaat el Merkab : Moutselim ; Achmet Aga el Mahomed, son of Adeta, a Turk, whose family have been long resident at the castle. The people of the district—Mussulmans, Christians, Ansayrii.

Simt el Koble, Mockadam and governor ; Ali Jajar and Abdallah Mutrid, of the house of Ya Shoul. Ansayrii.*

Beni Ali, Mockadam and governor ; Succor. He and his people, Ansayrii (a wild set).

Kelbia, or Cahdahha : governor ; Ismael Osman and Achmet Jebour. Ansayrii.

Kalaat el Mehalbee : Ibn Hair Beg ; Mussulman and Ansayrii : governor, a Mussulman.

Beit Shieff, Shemseen Sultan, and Ibn Ismaen Nasoor Ali. Ansayrii.

Kalaat el Sion (*Sioun*), Jindar Achmet, Said

* This is a wild, lawless *Mockatta* ; the higher portions never pay taxes, nor submit to the Porte.

Mussulman. Nearly all Mussulmans ; a few Ansayrii.

Djebel Kraud : Mahomed Aga Ibn Yousooph. Mussulmans.

El Baier, Kara Mahomed. Mussulmans.

El Ujack, Haliz Aga. Mussulmans.

El Balloolee : Achmet Sullab. Ansayrii and Mussulmans.

El Drousee : Mahomed el Bedour. Ansayrii, (a wild set).

These are the districts and the names of the Sheik el Zollum, or Chiefs of Oppression, as the people significantly call them.

These districts are famous for their tobacco : from here the well-known Latakia is brought. There are different kinds : the first is best, the others good :—Abou Reiha, grown by the Drousee and Beit Shielf, blackened by smoke ; Ijedar, a yellow leafed tobacco, grown in the Djebel Kraudee (Koord) and Amamra districts ; Sheik el Bint, red and yellow leafed tobacco ; Bierlee, long-leafed ; grown at El Bier,—this is smoked among the people who like it the best.

No portion of the Sultan's dominions was apparently more misgoverned. Tyranny and oppression—the law of the strong ; and nowhere

is there more fanaticism. The milder rule spreading elsewhere is here unknown : murders are of daily occurrence ; robbery perpetual under such circumstances, it may well be believed.*

Finding Latakia far too warm, and that the Ansayrii, scared by the troops, dared no longer visit me, I resolved to take a last slow wander among the mountains before proceeding south. Many visits also remained to be paid, and for the sake of a little trouble, it was a pity to lose the good-will of many ; as each sheik not visited was annoyed at the honour of my presence being conferred on others, and withheld from himself : their jealousy on this point is extreme. So, late one afternoon, I started, leaving the heavy baggage to be despatched by sea to any future place I might fix upon ; not that much was left me, for on announcing my departure, the U.S. Consul, who styled himself

* The Druse is praised for his hospitality, while the Ansayri is pronounced a tiger none can tame. Between the Turk and them there is deadly war ; and in the feud, he includes all who live with the Turk. The Arab, who murdered Captain Boutain, fled to the Ansayrii at Caldahha. They gave him protection. Dahher Pasha marched against them, and demanded him. They refused to give him up. The Pasha cut down all their trees, and laid waste the whole Mockatta : still they refused. He scattered them : still they refused. The Arab, meanwhile, robbed the sheik, under whose protection he was. The sheik said, "Take what you have stolen ; take this horse,—go : the road to Homs is open." He accordingly went.

my great friend, made a clean sweep of everything portable, and even walked off with the tame rabbits which occupied the garden. As yet, I will not pronounce sentence on the whole race, but have many examples to prove the bad in the character of the Arab ; this man, however, was a Levantine.

We left, positively not knowing whither we were bound. My horse took the way to the Nahr-el-Kebeer, or Great River, which we crossed above the bridge whose history I have given ; here night overtook us. In an hour we reached the small village of Hinadee, where the sheik and his people poured out to receive me. They set to work with kind alacrity ; horses were unladen, a spot cleared of weeds and stones, the tent pitched, and carpets spread in no time. As usual with the Sheik el Zollum (Sheik of Oppression, as the government sheiks are styled), the conversation was principally on the exactions of government, and this village, belonging to the Drousee, was also subject to the violence of the Classie. That very day, a mare had been carried off in broad daylight, and her owner beaten for remonstrating. The next morning visits poured in from the Sheik el Aalim, sheik of religion, and his brothers, but the servants

being near, no subject of interest was broached ; the sheik told me privately that the French were preparing for their assistance, and that they were then awaiting the order to declare for that nation. I said he had better not trust to such a rotten stick, and embroil himself or his people with the government, as, just now, the French had quite enough to do at home. He said, "It may not be to-day, nor to-morrow, but it will be. I tell you this, Ya beg, for you love us—is it true ?" He would not tell me the name of the agent ; but after a few questions, it was not hard to discover who this bungler was, nor to find out how much he had promulgated this doctrine among the people.* My little intercourse with this sect had prevented my ever hearing of this before.

The village of Hinadee is like the rest—wretched, dirty, and dirt-environed. Near it is a Tel, with marks of ruins, and below are the ruins of a fine bath. In the valley is said to be a large natural cave, but this I did not see, as no one could discover the entrance, for which we hunted

* He said, that the French troops were the first to occupy Jerusalem, and the other spots held holy by the Christians, and then spread over the rest of the country.

full an hour. The Tel, on which are the remains of buildings, as well as the village, is called Hinadee ; this, they say, is from Hindee, a daughter of Hind, who was queen of the place. She had three brothers, Hakmoon, Jemack, and Sion, who founded the castle of the name, where he resided. This village is one of the forty which belong to the government, and is dumas or let to an Aga at Latakia ; he has three men here to look after his interests. It happened that a good opportunity occurred of witnessing the mode of government : the chief of the three—a Turk, of course—was sitting by me, under some fig-trees, when a horseman arrived from his master, bearing an order for fifteen pounds of grease. “Hi Yellah !” he shouted to the sheik, who was there. The poor fellow rose, and repairing to the village, returned in about half an hour, saying it was ready. A man must carry it : the horseman could, but would not, so the Turk called a poor fellow who was ploughing near ; he remonstrated, urging the great loss a day would be to him. The Turk looked at me, but seeing I took no apparent notice, rose, and going to the man, struck him several severe blows ; the fellow, however, had

some stiff blood in him—he shouted to me for protection. I made him a sign, when he turned, and soon mastered his opponent, whom he handled pretty severely before I told him to desist. The others would have helped him, and the horseman rode at him. I said, “If you do, we will lick you all.” “You have no right to interfere; it is no business of yours.” “Well,” I replied, “and what right have you?” “Oh, we are the masters.” “The stronger, you mean.” “Yes.” “And by exactly that same right, if you move, I will beat you all; for here I am with five servants and people with me, so we have now the right.” The horseman rode off with the grease, while I wrote a complaint to the Governor of Latakia, of the Turk. He was very humble, but I feared for the poor fellow after I was gone.

In the afternoon, some young men from the mountains robbed a poor fellow working in the fields, and carried off a donkey-load of cucumbers. They beat the man, and stripped him of every shred he had on. This is one of the results of the government. These poor fellows belong to the government; if they complain, the counsel makes money of them; if the property is recovered,

which is a rare circumstance, the counsel takes it : if they resist, and kill or wound the aggressor, there is a blood-feud with a more powerful party : thus there is a premium to rob ; the great crime, and that which brings the heaviest punishment, is being honest. In the evening I left, and just before sunset, reached the village of El Alteree, where the tent was pitched at a saint's tomb, Sheik el Rarreeb, about a hundred yards beyond, near a large grove of figs and vines. The view of the mountains from thence was very fine ; a deep valley lay to the east, beyond which rose the varied range in glorious beauty.

Sheik Achmet, the sheik in charge of the tomb, whose family has held the trust for two hundred years, received me most kindly. I had known him before. The tomb has considerable property attached to it ; this the sheik farms, showing hospitality to all who come, who either make a present or not, as their means or taste dictates. An hour after my arrival, Abou Daoud, the brother of Shemseen Sultan, the most powerful temporal chief of the Ansayrii, came to me, with donkeys laden with edibles of all sorts : he has a property near, at which he happened to be. Lambs were

slaughtered, my stores poured out, the music sent for, and the villagers feasted and danced till past midnight. No Christians except myself being present, rakkee was freely drunk ; wine flowed like water ; the sheiks of religion remained apart with me, rather condemning the proceedings. At last, a furious rush was made to the place where I sat ; my knees, my feet were kissed, and finally my shoes torn off, and carried off in triumph by the maniacs. The scene was one of wild and savage interest : a large fire of brushwood had been kindled in an open space without the village, which was constantly replenished with fresh fuel ; round this, in a large circle, wild and half mad with liquor, danced the men, yelling forth a wild and not unmusical sort of slogan, now and then firing their pistols or guns, or brandishing their long, savage khandjars ; within, with quiet step and steady simultaneous motion, danced the women. The music swelled or lulled, the fire rose and fell, lighting up the moving figures, the gleaming arms ; over all, the quiet moon and deep-set stars, the matchless serenity of the air, contrasted strangely with the noise and din below. It was astonishing that nobody was shot, more especially that I

escaped ; fellows rushed up, presented a long gun or pistol bang at one's head, within a yard's distance, and two or three times I fancied myself shot ; at others, the heavy blow of the khandjar swept by my very ear.

Stealing off in a moment when attention was directed elsewhere, I regained my tent, and my last consciousness was of unabated noise, firing and drumming. Long before my sleep was over, the visitors of last night, as well as many others, were sitting outside the tent, waiting to welcome me. A sash or two, and some tarboushes contented their utmost desires, for to be clothed by a great man is the greatest honour possible to be conferred. Invitations poured in : here was a village which belonged to me, awaiting my arrival with impatience. "Ya Beg, we are your slaves, your servants ; live among us, make our crops grow. Ali, Ali, stay with us." During the whole day, successions of visitors arrived, as I sat under the fig-tree, and few came empty-handed. My glory was, however, cut short by the fever, which laid me low ; the two following days were harassed by illness, and varied by more visits, and on the morning of the third I left for Gebaile. A poor

girl had been given me ; being rather at a loss how to dispose of such a present, I gave her to the Mazar. This is a common custom among fathers ; they dedicate, before or after birth, their children to particular saints ; these, when of an age are made to labour for the saint, either on the property pertaining to his tomb or in some other way, for the benefit of the deceased. Girls thus vowed have a hard life of it, and it is a controverted question whether they may marry or not ; but if they do, they must remain on the spot and labour. Vanity led me to fancy that the very pretty, modest-looking maid, was not altogether pleased with my disposal of her, and not even my gold watch-chain could appease her wrath at what she considered the *spretæ injuria formæ*.

As the town was plainly visible, I forsook the road, and took a straight cut across country ; passed two tels, around the bases of which were large remnants of buildings, remains of walls cemented together, stones quarried, &c. Arrived at Gebaile, I passed the morning taking quinine and making resolves, the bitterness of the one strengthening the other, to quit the country and seek a feverless climate. Those who have travelled in

the East can alone appreciate the feeling of the unfortunate traveller, sitting with the bitter cup before him and watch in hand waiting for the hour;—it comes, the hand passes on, by Jove, it is over;—but now a sudden blueness comes over the nails, a chill creeps over him, he fancies that the day is cool. No, the sun shines like a furnace; the cold creeps on; shiver, shiver, till the whole body works, and he smothers himself beneath a pile of clothes, wondering why fevers come, or why he is such a fool as to go and meet them.

Various incidents detained me at Gebaile; the Ansayrii stole a horse, a loss I was by no means prepared to endure, and as the Moutselim had no force to retake him, I was forced to go myself. He was detained at Zama, where the people received me kindly, and at once offered to return him: as he was in the village this seemed a work of no difficulty; but they wished to do me honour, they said, and would send him after me. I accordingly left the village in company with some ten or twelve of the villagers; getting outside they prepared to bid me good-bye. “But the horse?”—“Ya Bey, on our heads be it, we will send him.” I returned and waited two days, but

no horse came ; on the third I rode back and met the people, who said the horse had been stolen from them, but they were willing to assist in recovering him. Upon this I quietly mounted, the people standing by me ; many had their arms, so a dash was necessary. " You have promised to assist me, now let me go, this is the assistance I want ;" and I seized the man nearest me by his beard, spurred my horse and galloped off. The poor fellow must have suffered exquisite pain ; but I held him like a vice, he vainly endeavouring to keep up. Why the people did not fire I cannot imagine, perhaps for fear of killing him. When at a respectable distance I halted and held a parley with them, saying, the moment the horse was delivered I would give him up ; if this were not done, he should be shot. They protested very vehemently that the horse was not there ; they would try and collect money to pay me for it, &c. ; but I turned and continued my route. Finally the horse was brought, and one man gave me his halter ; letting go my prisoner I cantered home. On the first seizure of the man I had told the one servant that was with me to gallop a little way on and wait, he however never drew rein till

he reached Gebaile, where, when I arrived, he was relating my death and his own feats with an admiring audience around. My presence, poor fellow, was rather unwelcome, for the people were full of his courage. "Mashallah-Sharter-Ajaibee," was sounded by the gaping listeners; his pistols produced made them wonder. I, however, lost my dinner, as Abdallah, believing the report, had abstractedly consumed it, and I pounced upon him murmuring my praises as he picked a bone.

The cave is shown at Gebaile where the Sultan Ibrahim passed his life in prayer. It is a rudely excavated tomb, nor could I find any sign of a keblah or prayer-point. It is in the cliff to the north of the mina, on the sea-shore. While sitting there he dropped his needle into the water; as it was the only one he possessed, and his clothes greatly needed mending, it was necessary to recover it. So the saint called a fish to bring it, which ever afterwards retained, on either side, the marks of his holy fingers. We here find a robbery of our Christian legend of the Apostle and the fish. In the mina, a few yards from the beach, is the tomb of Abdallah el Morovree, or Abdallah the Conqueror, Captain Pasha to Melek el Daher.

The town walls, which seem entirely modern, do not extend to the beach, but surround the town, the seaward wall being some eighty yards from the shore. The population is 2400 or 2600 souls, of which only two families are Christians, and they not of the place, but sojourners here for purposes of trade. The town has five gates, the north, or principal, is called the Bab el Sultan Ibrahim ; the south, Beb el Kublee, or Southern-gate ; two more open on the sea-side ; one a mere low hole. These are all closed at night, though the wall would not impede anybody who wished to get over, being in places not more than five feet high.

In the mina, some thirty yards from the sea, the traveller will find a fig-tree ; beneath it is the Martickly, a narrow, ruinous flight of steps, conducting to a dark passage, small, and now half full of rubbish and loose stone. Here, they say, that in former days of persecution, the Christians came to pray ; but if the town was then as it is now, I should doubt the story, because a more public spot could not have been chosen. The place still enjoys considerable sanctity, and Christian and Moslem often repair here in cases of sickness. The gardens around Gebaile are rich,

and produce a good supply of fruits and vegetables. These are now often the prey of the Ansayrii, who plunder up to the walls of the town. During my stay of ten days they twice carried off several donkey loads of vegetables and fruit, nor did the inhabitants, and there are no soldiers there, venture to hinder them. The town has a Moutselim and council under the kaimakan of Latakia. Walking home, I met one of the sheiks or guardians of the mosque : finding my compass, whose south point they would insist ought to point to Mecca, did not agree with theirs, the whole town was thrown into commotion, and two parties formed, the one in favour of their own, the other of my points.

The mosque has one Moutselim or steward ; he had the management of the Wakf, or holy property ; one Moollah, or Doctor of Doctrine and Law ; and three sheiks. These last sleep in the mosque. They say the Sultan's mother followed him with an army, and reaching Latakia, pitched her camp without the town, sending in criers to hear if her son was there. He, knowing of her coming, hid himself ; however, his mother persuaded him to grant her an interview. So the Sultan, dressed in his dervish's clothes, went out to meet the people

who had come in search of him. His mother commenced by saying, "Where are the wives that rested on your breasts? where the mother who loves you?" "Here," replied the pious saint, clasping the Koran to his heart, "here are wives, brothers, subjects, slaves, servants, friends," and, pointing upwards, "there my kingdom!" So saying he took his way back to his solitary cave. He reigned, they say, over, seven countries; Korassan, Bockhara, Caubul, Candahar, Irak, and Herat. The Sultan subsequently went to Mecca, and while there, saw a young man; his heart yearned within him, and at last he fell on his neck and blessed him. The young man, within whose breast there was the same feeling, warmly returned his embrace. After a time they discovered by mutual questions, that this was the long searched-for father, and that his darling son. Struck by his father's example, he threw aside his gold embroidered dresses, and after many years spent in prayer at Mecca, died there in the odour of sanctity. The Sultan returned to Gebaile, and dying, the pious faithful built the mosque over him.

One of the sheiks told me, that his father, for seventy-five years never slept out of the mosque,

and during that period the Sultan frequently honoured him with interviews. Their conversation on these occasions was principally on money matters. The Sultan, who was a short, stout man, with a grey beard, dressed in an old aba, complained of the way they stinted him ; of windows broken and not repaired ; then of the pay of the sheiks, which he ordered to be doubled ; and, finally, when one of the minarets of the mosque fell, he said if another were not built he should not appear again. The minaret has not been rebuilt, and they say he has never appeared since. The mosque has a fine bath attached to it, where any one may bathe ; a present is expected from those who can afford it. The mosque has seven muezzins. Each calls the prayers for a week, and in the interval follows any business he has ; for this they receive seventy-five piastres every three months. Soup and bread are distributed gratis every day to the poor from the mosque ; the soup is good. Many dervishes reside at the mosque, as they find the quarters comfortable. I examined the candlestick and other ornaments in the mosques, but could not find any proof that they were Cypress, or even that they were Christian. The sheiks said

that there had been formerly some taken from Christians, but they were gone. One incense pot was shown me of very fine Persian inlaid work.

To the south of the town, amidst the gardens, is an old mosque: they say, long years ago, a pious dervish arrived at the town one winter's eve; having no place of rest he went to the house of an Aga, where he craved hospitality; this the Aga refused, and though the evening was far advanced, he drove him from his door. The poor man retired to the fields, and sat down on the spot where the mosque now stands; here he repeated the creed, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." The Prophet heard the cry of the faithful and appeared before him, begging to know what he wanted. The dervish replied, "For myself, nothing; for my master, a house." Spite of the place he then sank into a sound sleep, and on awaking in the morning, found himself in a fine mosque, wherein, henceforth, he took up his residence.

Leaving Gebaile, I reached Borgé el Sabbée in the evening, where the tent was pitched. The Borgé stands on a height some three hundred yards from the sea, built of black stone. It is little injured, save a breach on the sea-face, apparently the

work of cannon. From it run the remains of a wall which can be traced to the sea. Here, tradition says, was a gate, always kept shut and guarded. Immediately south of it is the Minat el Boss, now a shallow port. South of this, again, is a huge vaulted room, or store, the only portion remaining of a building; and this, again, closed in the south portion of the harbour, having a wall, gate, &c.

A subterraneous passage is said to communicate with the south-east bastion of Merkab. Merkab is two miles inland,—a rough country, planted and wild, intervening. There are several remains of buildings about, which probably, once joined the mina to the castle. In a field may be seen a huge reservoir of water. Merkab is said by the natives to have been wrested from the hands of the Franks by Said, a general of Kelaoun's, Sultan of Damascus. There is likewise a story that the mortar was mixed with oil instead of water, and that the huge tank to be seen near the walls, was full of it. They allude to an inscription, which says, "We, 150,000 men, well paid, well treated, worked at this. Every stone was cut and brought, every stone was set with oil,—oil, one para the bottle."

Up a small gully are numerous tombs cut in the rock, besides hermits' cells, with which it is honey-combed. There is one tomb larger than the rest ; this the Christians have dedicated to the Virgin, and yearly a large feast is held there. One of the cells is venerated as the residence of St. Michael during many years, and the whole of the small gorge is said in former times to have been the abode of hermits. The Turks say that in former times men made these places to reside in during the *Reiha Salza*, which they describe as a wind or hurricane, which nothing could withstand.*

Passed the day at one of the pretty villages scattered over the uneven ground between Merkab and the sea. In the evening reached *Deir Sufran* (the yellow village), which I have been at before. The whole population were in their gardens. While remaining here, my servant got himself engaged to a pretty, modest-looking maid of the

* I have made many inquiries as to this, and can find out only what appears far-fetched. If the reader will look in the Koran, chap. xi., *Sourat el Hudd*, he will see as follows :—" But a terrible noise from heaven assailed those who had acted unjustly ; and in the morning they were found in their houses lying dead and prostrate, as though they had never dwelt therein." The same words are also repeated further on. From this, they say, comes the legend, that, with the idea of escaping this noise or mighty wind or weather, they excavated the rocks as habitations.

village. He bothered me for my advice, which I gave him decidedly anti-matrimonial, referring him to the Ansayrii creed, which concurs with my own on this point : but he, or rather his mother, was resolved ; so one evening I headed a large procession, firing, yelling, and proceeded to the bride's father's house. Here the father met us, and welcomed us with all form. He sat on my left, while the bridegroom's party sat on my right. The latter then begged me to ask for the daughter for their son. The man replied, " They are your slaves ; do with them what you like." The bridegroom's party then gave several handkerchiefs and some money to the bride, as a pledge. Then followed eatables, arrack, wine, firing again, and all was over. Soon after, I rode on to Tartosa, on the south-eastward. Within the walls are the remains of an enormous building, and the sea-walls contain vaults of great size. On the outward gate is an inscription. On the exterior walls of the church, within the town, I could only find a rude chalice carved.

The present town comprises the antient citadel or castle. A deep ditch, revêted with stone, defends the inland side, beyond which stretches the town, of which the two gates and remnants of the

wall alone remain. The wall on the sea face is tolerably perfect, casemated, with vaulted chambers within.

My tent was pitched near the church. It is about one hundred yards east of the town, and very beautiful ; a small expense would put it into repair. I copied the inscriptions over the place where the pulpit formerly stood. There seems a doubt among the sheiks whom I questioned, whether it was ever used as a mosque or not. Except the inscriptions I give, there were no others. "La illah illah Allah," (there is no God but God,) was rudely scratched on a stone. No traveller has conjectured to whom the church was dedicated ; but the Lady of Tartosa was a famed pilgrimage during the Crusades. Riding half-an-hour southward, I embarked for the island of Ruad.

The boats running between Ruad and Tartosa do not land at Tartosa, where there is nothing but an open beach, but either at a place called the Mina, some half-hour to the northward, or at the mouth of a river,—the Rumkah—a small stream, probably the Ximyra of Strabo. I found, however, no remains about it. A boat was waiting, which, as the wind was contrary, pulled over to

the island,—a low mass of buildings. The Mout-selim, who had been written to, had provided me an excellent house on the western side. A fresh breeze blew through it, and my windows overlooked the sea. Here I was soon most comfortably installed, and spent nearly a month. I became acquainted with several most intelligent Mussulmans. As I practised medicine, and, luckily, with considerable success, my popularity was very great, though, generally, the people are accused of fanaticism. An Italian was the only Frank there. He had been seven months on the island, during the whole of which time he had remained shut up in his room, and by this conduct had excited the curiosity of all its inhabitants.

The island is oblong, with a small rise in the centre, on which is built the castle. The whole of it is rock ; soil, however, has been brought from the main, to make gardens in the courts of the houses, and a few grapes and flowers are produced in them. The whole island, except close to the sea, is covered with houses. The inhabitants, who number about three thousand, of whom perhaps one hundred may be Christians, are seamen employed in the coasting trade ; for Ruad possesses

three hundred boats of various sizes, from a mere boat up to vessels of forty or fifty tons. These are built on the island, of wood principally brought from Djebel Okral, Mount Cassius, or above Tarsus from Giaour Dagħ,—the Amanus. The Christians are generally masons, and come from the main,—none being natives of the island.

Many of the houses are comfortable, but none large or fine, and none of any antiquity. Beneath them are generally excavations, apparently ancient store-places. They are of the shape of a beehive, with an opening at the top. The inhabitants are fine lusty fellows, and rather independent, possessing several immunities. They only pay the miri, and the conscription has never been taken from them. The water is supplied from reservoirs, though the more wealthy procure it daily from the main in jars. That in the reservoirs being rain-water, is soft, and not agreeable to drink. The people have no tradition of the islands being supplied formerly from a marine spring, but they know of springs of fresh water, and I visited them, in the sea, half way between the main and Tartosa. In a line from one to the other, I found two springs excessively cold, the water at the surface brackish.

The natives said there were four, but I could only find two. They dived for me at the spot, bringing up white round pebbles. Diving myself, the water seemed to spring from a sandy spot. The springs were not in a line, thus disproving that they are holes in a former aqueduct between the island and the main, as a Frenchman, who had preceded me, had told the natives.

The island depends entirely on the main for its supplies, which are brought daily ; consequently, in bad weather they are much straitened. During the late war with Ibrahim Pasha, the island declared for the Sultan, on which Ibrahim ordered that any of the people who were caught on the main should lose their heads. The arrival of British men-of-war saved them from starvation, certainly from ruin, for provisions had risen to a great price. The island appears to have been formerly surrounded by a wall, portions of which still remain on the north-eastern and south-eastern parts of the island, composed of blocks of stones, many fifteen feet in length. In some places the walls were double. From the remains, they seem to have been of a great height, as in places their ruins are thirty feet high ; and yet the upper

courses are wanting ; in thickness, they are about nine feet. The wall in parts approaches close to the sea,—the solid rock where it serves being cut for it ; in others, an artificial foundation has been made. Within the walls are remains of troughs, as if to carry off any water that might drain through. The island is thus surrounded with its wall, except on the eastern side ; and being in the form of a crescent, the eastern side forms a cove protected by the projecting north and south walls. In this cove, the water is deep in parts, admitting vessels of forty or eighty tons ; in the centre, the remains of a long jetty run straight out, formed of huge blocks of stone laid one on another. This cove is open, but the proximity of the main forms sufficient protection. A cove runs up within the wall on the north, where the boats were hauled up on the ledge of flat rock between the wall and the houses. On the north-eastward, are ways, as if for hauling up boats. Between the wall, all round except the east side, and the higher level on which the houses are built, is a flat floor of rock, often artificial ; in some places the rock being cut down to a level, in others filled up with a pavement of small stones and cement. This has in many

places outlasted the solid rock, though exposed to the same influences. Thus, an open space of some fifty to a hundred feet deep, exists between the sea and the foot of the rock. In these rocks, houses, rooms, and stores are cut, forming a regular series of caves of great extent. These, the tradition of the natives say, were for habitations during the Reihā Saltza, which I have mentioned before. They say it was a hurricane which, blowing from the S.S.E., lasted three or nine days, tearing up trees, and sweeping away houses in its irresistible course. The level rock is marked with cuts and holes, as if for buildings, and square pavements with ledges, evidently the remains of houses. On the south-east, a great number of these still exist. On the east, between the two walls, are several granite columns, thrown down, and the platform of a temple may still be traced.

Among the rocks near is a figure with closed wings ; it is of marble finely cut ; and the head, I was told, had but recently been carried off. On a species of raised platform, on the south-east, are the holes where some more columns stood, which now lie about. I found on the island several small marble shafts, mythra, and remains of some ill-

worked sarcophagi. . The island has seven forts of various sizes ; two only are ancient, they having been repaired ; and the rest built by Mahmoud's orders during the Greek war, as a force from that power visited the island and made a compulsory contribution. On the south is a large burial-ground, the soil of which is loose stones and sand : this is covered with shrubs planted by the pious mourners. The people have no tradition of the Serpent's Rock, or of Andromeda.

They say, in former ages, (*Djahiliyyah*, or "the time of ignorance before Mahomet,") a king's daughter was afflicted with an incurable and contagious malady, so the king sent her here, where she was cured, and out of gratitude established a colony, and beautified the island with many buildings, palaces, &c. We must leave to antiquarians to trace in this the legend ; and, perhaps, a connection may be discovered which will supersede the story of the wicked captain who attempted to carry off this Bint el Melek-Andromeda.

The best informed of the natives say, that formerly Fariss (knights,) probably the Knights of Malta, used to land on the island, and from thence pillage the surrounding country : that about

400* years ago, Ibrahim Pasha Kobourbe Zardu (Soudere Arzane,)+ going from Stamboul to Egypt, heard this, and procured an order from the Sultan to build a fort and place a garrison there. He built the fort, and garrisoned it with 130 men under a chosen leader. The descendants of these form the present inhabitants ; for before, the terror of the galleys had driven all the former inhabitants away, and not a soul nor a house was left. It was at Ruad probably, the last remnant of the Crusaders met, when, flying from their Moslem foes, they sought a home in distant Christian lands.

Having (Mashallah) cured a Mussulman's wife of a long-continued intermittent fever, her husband and myself became great friends, and from him I received much interesting information : he was an *ian*, or head-man. He told me how Ibrahim Pasha had carried off all the brass guns of the fort, &c. Among other things, he told me that there is an account among them of the peopling of Malta. I cannot forgive myself for not asking the name of the book ; he said, that at the capture of

* Constantinople was only taken 1453, A.D. ; not 400 years ago.

† The chest (waistcoat) literally ; as the Sultan is the head, the next man is the chest ; or, the waistcoat that protects his breast.

Tripoli, A.D. 1289, there were a great number of *Moutenaseras* there—Mussulmans converted to Christianity : it means relapsed, re-converted, so it implies they had been Christians who had embraced the true faith, and then relapsed ; these, fearing the Moslem, knowing for them there was no mercy, fled to Malta. The legend, at least, is curious. Speaking of Grenada, he said, that Syria, and in fact Arabia, owed all the arts they knew to these people, who, driven from Spain, dispersed over their country, carrying with them their arts among a people who before were barbarously ignorant. Thus the Lord, while chastening Islam, confers on her incalculable blessings.—Islam is his own.

There is a species of agent at Ruad, who represents all the powers ; he has a fine collection of coins and antiques, most of them picked up on the island. They might tend to throw much light on the history of the island. He was ill during my stay, so I was unable to see them ; but from his bed he wrote me the following letter :—

“ *Mr. Agi, prai qui giye mi an laksill Inglice de Arabbik mister do me chis favor. ABCELBAKY.*”*

* His servant subsequently explained, he wanted me to lend him an Arabic and English Dictionary.

The boys of Ruad pass their existence almost in the water, and use a surf-board very similar to that of the Sandwich Islands, except that here they sit and lean on it, while the Kanaka stands. My windows, overlooking the western sea, were enlivened with their cries.

"Bahharr el kebir Allah y jibble,
Bakharr el yereer na meeredom."

"A heavy sea God give us,
A calm sea we do not want,"

seemed the burden of their song.

In the afternoon came troops of maids and matrons, but then, of course, my shutters were shut, and peeping even forbidden. A true believer would scorn to commit such a breach of decorum. *Ouse Billah min Shitan rejime.**

The children also had a song, which as characteristic of the Moslem I cannot help giving; it expresses exactly the creed of the Turk, who, whatever they may say, are Turk always, and as such hate all others. The more they see of European superiority, the more they hate the Frank, and probably the moments of their greatest

* A Christian would probably have said, *Asfar el Jinni sazar.*

protestations of friendship are those when their heart most hates and despises. I give this, because I never heard it before, and, perhaps, it may be as new to others as it was to me—

“ Allah insurr el Sultan ou Ooscar el Islam,
Siepho Hodamo beor duckanor
Ou Allah ye harra el Kaffir (Kaffar) (Kaffour).”•

I was struck also with the fear the children entertained of foreigners. A Frank vessel put into the cove. “ *Emmee, emmee*—mother, mother,—hide me, hide, the Franks (the *Kaffour*) have come to carry me off.” Might we not fairly trace in this the remembrance of that day, handed down through sire and son, when the war-galleys of the soldier-monks ran suddenly in and bore off the finest of the youth to work the oar, or adorn the harem.†

* “ God prosper the Sultan and the soldiers of Islam.
May the bright sword flash before them,—killing their foes.
Oh, God, confound the Infidel !”

† My researches into the annals of the warrior monks, and visits to their castles, hospices, &c. has much lessened my belief in the weight they attached to their vows; and I say now, with Villani, speaking of their fall: “ Questo pericolo non fu senza grande e giusto guidicio di Dio che quella città era piena di piu peccatori huomini e femmine d’ ogni dissoluto peccato che terra che fasse tra’ Cristiani.” He says this with regard to the whole population at the end of the Crusades.

CHAPTER XVII.

My Singular Fortune in my Travels—Arab-Irish Phraseology—I Practise Surgery—My great Success—Melancholy Reflections—The Parable of the Olive Plantation—Snake-Charmers—Description of the Sponge Boats—Profits of Sponge—Diving—Antiquities of Tartoussa—Temple of the Sun—Sepulchral Excavations—Tel Akka—Sudden Death of Animals in the East—Eastern Guide-Books—Kontaret el Brins—Roguery of the Padre—Rough treatment of the Missionaries—Their Ideas of Protestantism—A Mussulman and Christian Jury—The Convent of Lazaris—The Frank Padres of Kanobin—Grandeur of Eastern Scenery—The Cedars of Lebanon—The Ranges of Lebanon—Vitality of the Cedar Tree—Figurative use of the Cedar in Prophecy—Supply the Moslem Fleet—Opinions of Decandolle—The Cedars Mutilated by Travellers—Peculiar Region of their Growth.

A SINGULAR fortune attends my Eastern travels. Fate is tired of persecuting one who submits with philosophic resignation to what she sends—who endeavours, on all occasions, to exclaim, in the words of Marcus Antoninus, “Whatever is agreeable to thee, shall be agreeable to me. O graceful universe! Nothing shall be to me too early or too late which is seasonable to thee. Whatever thy season bears shall be joyful fruit to me. O Nature! from thee are all things; in thee they subsist, to thee they return.” In her kindest mood she deigns to regard me: would that she

would reserve her benefits and her smiles for more fitting opportunity !

Some ten days ago, a sponge-boat put into the coast, and one of her crew, a Christian, took a stone from a field near where she lay, and was carrying it into the boat, when another Christian, of Tartosa, who was by, and from whose property the stone had been taken, told the man he would not let him have it. The dispute grew warm, and at last they came to blows : the boatman ran to his boat, and, bringing from thence a huge stick, struck the other man on the head. The fellow fell into the shallow water, and there remained, apparently dead. The boatman plunged into the sea, and swam to a boat then passing by, but was given up and lodged in prison. The wounded man was picked up and carried to his house. Five days afterwards I arrived at Tartosa, and was told the story, and that the man still breathed but was dead. The Arabs use this word much as the Irish do : dead does not mean "lifeless," "gone," but merely expresses an extreme ; and they add, "dead, dead," when they wish to say he is really defunct ; also, when a blow is given, they always say, "so and so is broken." "He broke my arm,"

means, "He hit me over the arm." On one of the bystanders saying, "perhaps the Beg would see him," an Aga, who was sitting with me, said, "Why trouble the Beg? it is of no use."

In sauntering about the town, however, I happened to pass the door, and several Christians entreated me to come and see the wounded man. Accordingly I was shown to a dark, close room, where at least twenty persons were crowded round a mass of clothes and mattresses. Beneath this heap lay the poor man: they, too, readily made way for me, and I threw back the clothes, from whence came a heat and smell insufferable. Now, whatever skill a daring experimental practice of medicine had given me, a knowledge of surgery was not included in it; and a great horror of blood—a shrinking from seeing pain—had always kept me from looking at any operations, however trivial; so I was, perhaps, less able than most men to do any good for the poor creature before me. There he lay, breathing heavily, with his eyes wide open; but he had neither spoken, nor shown signs of consciousness, since the accident. As I threw off the coverings, the people exclaimed, "If he feels the air he will

die—light will kill him—he has eaten nothing; we made this for him,” showing me a basin of stuff which even I would have starved rather than have touched. “You say he will die?” I asked. They all exclaimed, “Yes.” “Well, if he does, he will die of you, not of the blow.” At last I had him carried to an upper room, laid on a dry, clean mattress, all his clothes taken off, and his body well sponged; opened doors and windows, and then sat down beside him. His head, where the wound was, they represented as quite smashed, and they all insisted that exposure to the air would kill him. I dared not undo it, as, if he should die, I should be accused of his murder, and probably have to pay some dreadful sum for my first practice in surgery. Then I argued, if this were true, why did he not die when the wound was first inflicted, and his head left bare: so the first handkerchief came off: and then, though very much afraid, I undid the others, till the head was bare; there was a mass of blood, but the man appeared so well, although in a state of insensibility, that I could not fancy there was any mortal injury. The remedies I applied were these: a cold cloth was kept to his head, changed,

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and wetted every ten minutes : some soup from my table was sent, and I made him eat it by pouring it down his throat ; and, after the soup, some wine and water. The next morning I left for Ruad.

To-day, Sunday, I was sitting alone, full of my own thoughts—and sad, sad they were—when I heard a noise at the door. At first, ill-humour prompted me to close it against the visitor, but the servant opened it, and there entered the venerable Greek priest, followed by men, women, children filling up the gap below, till the little hole was full, save the respectful space left round me. The priest stroked his beard, and thus he spoke :

“Ya Bey, God has indeed given all knowledge to the Franks. You came, you saw our dead brother, and behold he speaks and walks. We are your slaves ; our sons, our daughters, are your servants—your slaves. We pray you accept our offering : would it were thousands ! Would our lives please you, they are yours.” Hereupon, kids, cucumbers, vegetables, unripe fruit, wine, and other things, were poured out before me. In vain I pleaded that it was God’s work, and I, a poor ignorant vagrant : they left me fully persuaded

that my touch was health, and my power almost infinite.

“ There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashioned by long forgotten hands ;
One or two columns, and many a stone,
Marble or granite, with moss overgrown.
Out upon time,—it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before.
Out upon time,—who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, o'er that which must be :
What we have seen, our sons shall see.
Remnants of things that have passed away ;
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay.”

I was sitting on the ruined wall vainly striving to trace the ground-plan of the temple* beneath me ; a foot of water covered the despoiled spot, but so clear, that its presence was doubtful until a circle made by a fly disturbed its surface. The black humour was on me. I thought, “ Fool, this night thy soul will be required of thee ! ” Why had the former race expended such immense labour ?—a few years and they were gone.† Here stood their temple ; we wonder whom they worshipped, how they prayed ; these steps, whither do they lead ?‡

* What was this temple ? “ Where are the gods of Hamath and Arphad ? ”—Isaiah, xxxvi. 19.

† How little we know of the strong men who built these giant walls. “ Where is the king of Hamath and the king of Arphad. ”—Isaiah, xxxvii. 13. Echo answers—where ?

‡ So all this vast toil, all this great labour, all this great building for everlasting,—of what avail ? Arphad is confounded ; its lofty house, and stately halls, and the high places : and a few boatmen but pass an existence over their ruins.

This niche, a week's labour, what for?—Their name, their race, their fame, their sins were forgotten. Why, when such is the life of man—such is fate, and such we know must be ours—do we not fold our arms and wait, wishing only that our lot may be quickly decided, our annihilation sudden? My Turkish sheik stood by me, and I told him my thoughts. He said :

“Ya Beg, the great Abdel-Keder, Beg el Hadjed, was riding out and he saw an old man planting olive-trees. Hailing him with courteous salutation, he said, ‘My father, how old are you?’ ‘Ninety, Ya Beg.’ ‘And planting olives? do you expect to sit under their shade, or to sell the crops? How much shall you net next year?’ ‘Ya Beg, I am old; when I was young, my father died: he left me no money, but he left me a plantation of olives which he had planted the year before he died. On these I have subsisted all my life, and now I am doing for the next generation as was done for me.’ The Beg gave the old man his purse. ‘Ya Beg,’ replied the old man, ‘my olives have produced their first crop, I have netted a purse of gold.’ The Beg gave him his seal, worth three times the purse. ‘My life will be short,’

replied the old man, 'but God brings summer quickly round, my second harvest is gathered, the crop three times as good as the first.' 'Yes, Ya Beg,' my friend added, 'we ought all to plant olives, or do good works.' "

The people of Ruad are firm believers in snake-charmers. They say the family of Sheik Said Ibn el Raphee, or Phace, have the power as an hereditary gift, but that it may be obtained by drinking a charm given you by one who has the gift; the charm is simply oil and water, made potent by a prayer breathed over it by the holy man. Women place snakes round their waists in order to have children: they only, however, do so when prescriptions, pilgrimages, &c., have failed. I was shown a small boy some seven years old, who had the gift. He was one of the family, and his father, Sheik Ali, was a noted snake-charmer. Numerous stories were told me of the boy; but we could not find a snake for him to practise on. As I never, therefore, saw what he could do, I forbear to pronounce an opinion upon it; but everybody spoke of his wonderful powers. They also had a phenomenon in a girl who had the power, such being quite

out of the regular course, and never having occurred before.

There are no dogs at Ruad ; cats constitute their only domestic animals. They keep a few fowls and pigeons, and also sheep. A Ruad sheep would live anywhere ; they scrape up vegetable peelings, and eat the species of seed-grass found on the beach : their owners are forced, however, to feed them with corn, &c. These sheep are generally kept for Ramazan, when they are sacrificed.

Having enjoyed my sojourn very much, I left ; again visited the springs of fresh-water ; dived, and brought up a sponge from the spring ; and then I was landed at the Mina, an artificial port now in ruins, a mile, or rather less, north of Tartosa. About fifty sponge boats were lying in the harbour of Ruad when I left ; these are small boats rigged like a one-masted vessel, having a square topsail and top-gallant sail on their one mast, with broom mainsail, foresail, jib and flying jib ; a pretty good press of sail for such small cockle-shells.

The crew consists of eight or ten Greeks, for the divers are universally of that nation. They come south, and dive for sponges along the coast during the summer months. Ruad used to be famous for

its sponge banks, but they have been overdrawn. All the crew share according to their rank or capabilities, so all are alike interested in the success of the cruize. The men dive from the water ; on reaching the bottom, the diver commences plucking the sponges which adhere to the rocks and stones. Having secured as many as he can in his breast, he checks a rope fastened to him, and is pulled up. They dive deep, but have not the power of remaining under water so long as the Ceylon pearl divers, or the Polynesian Islanders. During the two days I passed with a boat, no man remained under water more than twenty-seven seconds. Their gains are most uncertain, sometimes a hundred piastres a man ; sometime not one. They share according to the result of each man's fishing, so a lazy fellow who will not dive, gets but little ; they are fine muscular men, but suffer a good deal from ill health. In answer to my queries of how many years they lasted, they said most of them gave it up after a year ; meaning the weak were soon weeded off, only the strong being able to continue in the trade.

The Mina or port was formed by a reef running out into the sea, and then taking a parallel turn

to the beach, forming a secure cove ; a reef on the north formed the remaining side, leaving an opening sufficient for boats and coasters. On the reef are the remains of a large, vaulted building, and great numbers of granite shafts of columns, &c. On the shore are a modern khan and some hovels, also a manufactory of water-jars.

Mounting, I skirted Tartosa, visiting the numerous tombs cut in the rocks ; on the south, excavations have been begun in a large ancient cemetery. Bronzes and numerous glass vessels are found ; the statuettes are generally of Venus ; but none that I saw were finely made. Bosses of shields, buttons, lamps, tea-cups of fine glass, &c., were found in all ; in many of the tombs a few stones rudely cut, had been built over the body ; in others there were coarse pottery sarcophagi rudely carved. Two hours brought me to a place called Marbit. This is what the learned Pococke describes as one of the most extraordinary pieces of antiquity. An open space of fifty yards square is cleared among the rocks ; the rocks around, of perhaps ten feet high, are cut for walls. On the north, it is open ; in the centre stands a throne composed of four large stones, two at the sides,

one at the back, and one on the top as a canopy ; the whole, some sixteen feet high, and twelve broad, within the stones, leave a groove between them ; but there are no notches or grooves to show that anything has been removed. An ornamental cornice surrounds the canopy ; no legend with regard to the place, exists among the people—its name is Marbit.

This would seem to be the site of Marathus, the rocks around which rise in blocks above the ground, with stump wood, and between them bear extensive marks of quarrying, and in many places seem to have been cut to form portions of buildings. Here is the wood Pococke mentions, which now forms one of the favourite spots for the Ansayrii, who lie in wait for travellers, and under its shelter can retire unnoticed to their villages in the mountains. The temple, being open, would probably be one dedicated to the sun,* which was always open ; the rocks exhibit semi-circles with seats open to the east : half an hour south is Margaville, as the Ansayrii call it. These are evidently sepulchral towers, and many of them

* *Sol* and *Adonis* were the same among the Syrians. May we not trace from this the extended *Mithras*, so prevalent apparently in Syria. *Homs*, *Nahr Ibrahim*, *Gabele*, &c., *Afka Leeman*, were all, perhaps, the same.

are scattered over the space ; some are plain, others ornamented with four-footed beasts at the corners ; the ground about, broken rock, is literally mined with tombs, some larger, some smaller, containing cells for corpses ; south of these is an oblong building with sarcophagi ; all have, however, been opened, and their contents rifled.

I visited several of the sepulchral excavations, and found nothing but thousands of bats, which clung to me, much to my annoyance, and not a little to my fear. Even the towers, which are built of large stones, have been broken into ; but they seem solid, and were probably cenotaphs rather than actual depositories of the bodies themselves. My servants offered great remonstrances to my encamping at this wild place, particularly as I was unknown. A sheik of the Ansayrii, however, joined me, and several others soon gathered about us. The centre of Ruad bore, N. 21, 30 W. They said they had heard of the English Salleem * who was of their faith ; and after a discussion on religion, we became great friends, and they remained with me all night as a guard.

On the following morning, early, I pursued my

* Learned one.

road. The mountains here fall back, leaving a broad plain, which, except a few small hills, stretches to the east, joining the plain of Homs and Damascus. On this plain are large encampments of Arabs of the Jahesh tribe : they told me they had migrated, some seven years back, from the more eastern plain, and now remained here winter and summer. As it was Ramazan, we had to trust to our own resources for food. In the evening, passed on to a large Christian village on the River Akkar, Ruhanee. Leaving the baggage, visited Kalaat el Ard, or as it is generally called, Akka ; it is a mere fortified khan ; near it is the Tel Akka, which seems artificial. Ruins are scattered about, squared blocks of stone, &c., and a few columns. This may be the ancient Akkar, the birthplace of Alexander Severus. I can hardly believe, however, the castle of Akkar to be the place that took from Raymond of Tholouse the terror of his name to Moslem ears ; so that perhaps stood on the Tel, and the present is but a more modern building. The Crusaders attacked it a second time, with better success, just after they had been bought off from the siege of Gebaile. Up this plain lies Kalaat el Hosn, and the

hospitable convent of Mar Georgias : these are on the southern slopes of the northern range, or the Djebel Ansayrii. Of the northern parts of the southern range, nothing whatever is known, and the Frank, except on the high road from Safyta or Mar Georgias to Baalbec, is unknown.

In the plain are some villages of Turkomans, who speak the Turkish language ; these make excellent carpets ; and on Djebel Akka there are a mixed population of Ismaly, Ansayrii, and Mussulmans. The tourist would do well to give up following the regular route, and visit these unknown parts : at that moment I could not. On arriving at my tent, I witnessed one of those sudden deaths so common among horses during the summer months in this country ; the poor beast—my best—sprung into the air, fell on its face and knees, and, after a few feeble struggles, died. On the following day I continued on the road to Tripoli, but fearful of fever and heat, left it on my right, and turned up the valley of the Kadisha. From this height, the great size of ancient Tripoli, when it occupied the whole space between the towers, may be traced. The valley was very beautiful and luxurious, the road passing

between gardens of all sorts of fruits, rich and ripe. In an hour we crossed a ridge, leaving the valley of the Kadisha on our south, and the road then lay over a hot ridge whence the harvest had been plucked. It was now bare, except a few olives. Here I would fain have pitched my tent, beneath the shade of two enormous sycamores, but unfortunately there was no water, so we pushed on to the village of Zratta, where the people of Edhen pass the winter. It stands on high ground, two rivers flowing round the base of its hills.

Mr. W. K. Kelly's book on the East is admirable, and the most useful book the traveller can put into his saddle-bag ; but he ought not, in a work really meant for use, to quote M. de Lamartine. We want a mere account of the road, not of stupendous precipices, (meaning high hills,) and of roads over precipitous passes, where it is a plain : the hyperbole of the poet is ill exchanged for the truth of a guide-book.

Leaving Tripoli below, we skirted the town, riding along the top of the hill, whose sea-face the houses cover ; descending a steep hill, we rode up the valley of the Kadisha, whose banks are lined

with fruit trees ; sometimes the road led under the shade, but more generally above the verdure along the valley side. Passed the Kontaret el Brins, an aqueduct, spanning the valley. After an hour's ride up the valley, crossed a low ridge, the road plain, dry, and sun-burnt, with scattered olive trees; the distant mountains of Djebel Denieh and Akka looked cool with their verdure and their snow.—

“ The horrid crags by toppling convents crowned,
The pine trees hoar that clothe the shaggy sheep,
The mountain moss by scorching skies embrowned,
The sunken glen, whose sunless scrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unrippled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mixed in one mighty maze, with varied beauty glow.”

Met a poor Frank, whose condition induced me to pitch my tent at Zorta, a large Maronite village. The servants had passed me as I loitered speaking to the Italian, and on my road I found my luggage all in a house, and a man ready to welcome me in, saying, “*Bono Seneor no bono, Englese bono me bono.*” Alas! it now flashed on me that I was in the route of the tourist: for awhile I resigned myself to my fate.

No peace—the house an oven, my servants off

their discipline, and I patiently watching and waiting. A crowd sit round, one presents six plums — *Backshish, seneor, backshish*. Abdallah pays, it is returned with indignation. *Englese jid aisereen fodder la urshein*—"An Englishman give a penny! No, fourpence." Next a book is brought me to put my name in: it was new—"Aaron Smith, a patient pilgrim, with a hopeful heart." I was intended to stand next—so my host wished. What should I put? "F. W., an impatient vagrant, with no hope." I therewith broke away, sneaked out of the house, and at last my dear canvas home rose in a quiet olive garden without the village. My host received his money, and being satisfied, left me to live in what way I pleased, though he grumbled most audibly at my taste. The priest made his appearance, which changed the conversation.

Almost one of the first questions he asked was, "Of what religion are you?" The Italian, however, answered for me. The Italian, the priest, and myself dined under the fig tree. During the meal the Padre got the pistols from one of my servants, which, as they were mine, was an act of faithlessness on the part of my domestic which I did not approve of. The way the priest obtained them,

the playful way he asked to look at one and pocketed it, amused me very much. On hearing it was mine, he looked surprised, but kept it.

Sunday.—Early the bell sounded to prayers. The priest on the previous day had asked the Italian to attend, a call he thought proper to despise. The whole village crowded round me, so I found study impossible, and no hint would get them away, even when I wished to wash. At first they seemed inclined to resist the closing of the tent door ; but a little argument convinced them this was unfair. In fact, they seemed to think that any stranger's admission into the country depended on their will, and were proud of the victory they obtained in having expelled the American missionaries.

Among the people was an intelligent wealthy man from Tripoli ; he said that when the missionaries were driven out and retired to Tripoli, he applied to the Holy Patriarch to know if it was lawful to sell to them, for the Patriarch had interdicted all intercourse with them ; he represented the loss it would be, as they were among their best customers ; so the Patriarch gave him a dispensation to sell, but not to speak, hail, or enter their

house, except on business. The same man was describing the Protestant faith ; he said he had had the account of it from a Protestant, who resided some time at Edhen.—“ I neither pray, nor fast, nor lie, nor wrong, nor steal, nor commit adultery.” The priest was furious when I said that such a religion struck me as better than one of which fasting and prayer were the only virtues. As he sat with me, several people waited on him to beg permission, some to travel, some to go and work in the fields, and to these he gave permission ; all who passed saluted him with a “ Peace be with you, father ; prosperity on you, father.”

Zorta is the winter village of the inhabitants of Edhen ; the land about it is well cultivated, the hill-sides producing corn ; the spots capable of irrigation produce mulberries for the silk-worms, and fruits for the Tripoli market. The sheik had repaired to Edhen ; but was employed in a divan held on a Mussulman Effendi at Tripoli. The Effendi is the owner of a small village in the valley, inhabited partly by Christians, partly by Mussulmans. The former had lately repaired their church and put up a bell. This raised the ire of the Turks, who, headed by the Effendi, broke the bell and the

priest's head. A complaint was directly made to the Pasha of Beyrout, who referred the case to the local government. A species of jury was appointed, one-half Mussulmans from Tripoli, one-half Christians. The Effendi, however, refused to come and be tried. At this juncture I arrived, and the Christians referred to me. I said, "Make him come." They said "He is a great man, we cannot." "Well, then, go on with the trial." They did so ; but as the Christians were all firm one way, and the Mussulmans the other, nothing could be done ; then the Christians were rather afraid, so peace was made.

Left Zorta in the evening ; the road accommodating itself to the side of the mountains is pretty good. Passed the Kalaat Berber, a country palace, erected by Berber Pasha, prettily situated ; the land well cultivated, villages in all directions. At eve pitched our tents near the huts of some people who are here to collect the last of the silk crop. In the morning, with the earliest dawn, we were off. The scenery grand and fine ; the road far from being as bad as those of the more southern mountains ; the lower slopes and gorges were well cultivated, but the mountain-tops were

stony, and sun-burnt, here and there clothed with patches of cypress, which, however, seem not to attain a good size. That these, as well as the cedars are indigenous, we have the record of the Book of Ecclesiasticus (xxiv. 13,)—"And as a cypress upon the mountain of Hermon."

After a pleasant ride, through scenery every moment increasing in beauty, we reached Edhen ; a plain springs half way down from the mountain side, and clipping a range, we turned northerly ; here the plain narrows, and we come upon Edhen, built on the south-western slope of the mountain. The village is embedded in walnut-trees of enormous size ; this, and its being built on a steep slope, prevent its extent from being seen ; but it is said to contain 4000 souls. The Lazaris Convent, where the kind fathers will prove to one who like myself has seen no society for months, truly delightful company, affords, perhaps, the best view. Vast mountains, grand, but sun-dried, surround the place. Above Edhen rises a lofty peak, crowned with a chapel ; from it a view may be obtained of the whole country : numerous villages, where cheerful bells strike tender chords of home, and hallowed fanes of quiet peace, and summer Sundays ; laboured terraces,

watered and fruitful ; while beneath, in one mass of pines, fruit-trees, and verdure, lies the deep valley of the Kadisha. Kanobin is hid in its gorge : the scene is one of great beauty.

Two days passed here pleasantly ; the evenings, though it was the middle of July, were cool, and beneath the wide-spread shade of the walnut, the noonday sun was unfelt. The fathers told me, that spite of the fond boast of the people, the climate was not good, particularly for those who had weak chests, and fevers of malignant kinds abounded. These Frank Padres hold themselves much aloof from the natives, for whom they do not seem to have the strongest affection. One, a kind intelligent Frenchman, said, “ You will hardly believe me when I say, that I sincerely wish any European power would take this country, even the Russians, so you see I think the evil great ; but wrapt in their fanaticism and ignorance, isolated, exclusive, the people will learn nothing.” The sheik’s house is a large barn-like building, with a little European furniture, which looks strangely exotic : he himself is too well known to need my praising, or mentioning him.

After dangleling sufficiently, and having been

looked at by all the village, who, even when the tent was shut, peered into it at corners and loop-holes, I left about four hours after sunset. The road from Edhen is good for a mountain road, passing along the ledge of plain on the mountain side where it pauses ere forming the deep gorges which yawn beneath. I passed on my right the famous spring, the virtues of whose water the inhabitants so loudly praise. Near it, sheltered by walnut trees, is a small Latin convent ; I forget its name. The scenery grows grander, the mountains rise steep and bare, save that here and there a gorge still shelters a streak of snow from the melting heat. The mountains here form a semi-circle, surrounding north and east "the glory of Lebanon." The whole route is beautifully cultivated : the water, which gushes from their sides, is carried about in a thousand fertilising streams : now its level is kept by an aqueduct, to carry it to some distant highland ; now divided into channels, it pours over an extensive plateau ; the upper lands produce corn and barley : this is yet uncut, there being nearly two months' difference in the seasons here and in the plains. It was dark ; we rode on by moonlight,

all was silence, yet it seemed not the silence of desolation ; but rather the solemn stillness of a vast cathedral. Far beneath us twinkled the lights of Bshirrai, as we rounded the head of the depth in which it lay, its roaring stream scarce sounding above a murmur, and then we entered Lebanon, this fane of nature, this memorial of old.

The evening was cold, and the damp air heavy with the perfume of the scattered seeds and branches. As the bivouac fire blazed up, crackled, glowed, and warmed through, the whole air was perfumed with aromatic scent. I regretted thus, as it were, being the instrument of the fulfilment of a dire curse : “ And they shall cut down thy choice cedars, and cast them into the fire : open thy doors, O Lebanon, that the fire may devour thy cedars.”

It was difficult to sleep in such a spot. The moon shade of the trees fell on the ground ; the large trunks resembled pillars, and formed vistas, whose depths were hid in darkness and mystery ; the wind moaned mournfully through the vast natural arcades, while all around a solemn stillness reigned. It seemed as if thus, in the silence of

midnight, these, the pride of the mountain, mourned over the fall and decay of their fellows. The clump of trees is situated on the western side of a vast amphitheatre, formed by a bend in the mountains to the south. The range above the northernmost part of Djebel Libnan runs east and southern as far as this, whence it takes a sudden and sharp bend to the south. The northern ranges are not known as Djebel Libnan, and even this perhaps is properly Djebel Denieh ; so we see how correct is the geographer who stated the Raas el Shakkey to be the northern limit of the Djebel Libnan. The cedars themselves stand on several small knolls, whose faces they cover, the knolls being situated on rising ground.

Southerly, the land falls away in many a hill and valley. South-south-east, towers up the highest peak in northern Lebanon. The mountains themselves have a barren, storm-swept appearance, and seem as if man had never trod their steepes ; precipitous, but not rocky, they afford a scanty pasture to a few herds of goats ; the trees form a clump, which a person may easily walk round in half-an-hour, and are of various growth, age, and size. Amidst these are scattered the venerable

fathers, the recorded of prophecy, the mentioned of Scripture, the type of the love, the memorials of the fallen verdure of these once forest-clad mountains. The older trees are now mere wrecks, except one or two ; and their summer verdure but ill conceals the effects of wintry blasts and sullen storms. They, however, still possess vitality ; and the young branches swathe with their greenness the sturdy arms broken in the elemental war. The younger, among which are many of noble size, are healthy and flourishing, though generally growing too near each other to have room to throw abroad their branches. The second, nay even the third generation here standing, are fine trees ; “the boughs thereof were like goodly cedars.” (Psalm lxxx. 10.) The whole are prettily strewn about, and the ground beneath being open and unencumbered with brushwood, they form a grove pleasing and beautiful, independent of all other associations.

“The trees of the Lord are full of sap,—the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted.” Well then may these trees impress our minds ; well may they exercise an influence which the other beauties of nature, all miraculous as they are, fail

to do. The trees the Lord has planted ! for centuries, men, the pious and the bad, have worn their way through toil and danger to visit this sacred grove. Here, spite of oppression, fears, and fines, the fathers of the Christians have come, and, raising an humble altar to their God, have offered up their heartfelt prayer. Storm and tempest have sped forth ; the winter's blast, the summer's drought, have sent forth their terrors, yet here they stand, a monument of prophecy,—a living witness to the truth of truths. Yet not unscathed ; for “the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars” (Psalm v. 15), and their gnarled, bent, leafless limbs stand forth, and show how true is every tittle of the word. Here in their storm-cut forms, in the decaying trunk, and blasted branches of the noblest and best, we see how “He will strike all the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lofty” (Isaiah ii. 13) ; while the lowly flourish in perfect beauty. Long are the years, weary the summers, fierce the winters they have borne. Yet such as do stand, may yet live on ; as do we, so may they look for the day when the whole earth shall rest and be quiet, and his people burst into singing :—
“ Then will the fir-trees rejoice, and the cedars of

Lebanon, saying : since thou art (sin) laid down, no feller is come up against us."

The trees belong to the Sultan, but, situated in a Christian district, they are naturally preserved ; and the principal foes they have to fear, are probably the pilgrims who come to admire, and, alas ! too often to wound and break. It would be perhaps not wrong to say that they have not been cut for many years. The first Moslem fleet was probably hewn from Djebel Okral, and forests nearer the coast ; and as the Christians, except Metualis, have probably been the only inhabitants near for centuries, what guards them now would have guarded them then.

A small stone church has been erected on the highest knoll, and a little stone rest-house, where the traveller will find companions he need not go to the cedars to find. The traveller must carry everything with him, as there is no habitation near, and water even has to be brought from half-an-hour's distance. Around the hills are some caves, that will repay the geologist who visits them. The thermometer during my stay did not rise above 75° even in the sun. The older trees still numbered eleven, or even twelve, if the one

near the south side of the church be counted as two ; but this renders the reckoning of them difficult, as springing from the same root ; but beneath the ground (all above being separate) it is difficult to pronounce whether they are two or one. The older ones divide into two or more stems, branching out with strange contortions. They may call to mind the Laocoon struggling with the serpents. Russegger is inclined to admit the age of the patriarchs of the grove as two thousand years. A little more would make them contemporaries of the Prophet Ezekiel,—two thousand four hundred years.

Decandolle, who has turned his inquisitive mind to this subject with his usual ardour, seems to believe that trees do not die of old age, in the real sense of the word, but would live for ever if provided with an unlimited supply of nourishment, and not shaken or destroyed by storms or some other of the many accidents they are subject to. This is perhaps proved by these trees. The storms break and shatter them, but we still see vitality in all portions left standing, even of the most aged ; and they rather seem as broken and thus destroyed, than as dying by any natural law.

Such life as is left, even in the most injured or decayed, is vigorous, the bark full of gum and fresh, the few branches perfect, shooting forth with youthful verdure.

Ambitious travellers have sadly defaced these pleasing monuments with unsightly cuts. The bark torn from the venerable trees, opens space for names, which neither add nobility to the tree, nor enhance our esteem for the character of the writer. I was glad to see that the Arab and foreigner have sinned more than the Englishman. Over many, the bark has grown, and a few cuts in the closing wound, alone mark the spot. The marks in others still remain, though the hand that cut has sunk mouldering to the dust. I saw one of the seventeenth century. Laborde, Blombard, figure in stout characters. A. Lamartine had a huge space, but some later visitor has effaced the name, and that of his daughter alone remains. Burckhardt's (honour to it even among the cedars), may be seen near the little hovel. I searched for the names of some others, though I felt they would not inscribe theirs on these tablets of prophecy ; nor was it perhaps inconsistent, as it may seem, that without a regret I found my presentiment true.

And wherefore the cause that here, on a stony, comparatively barren spot, these trees only flourish, when over the mountains there are rich and fertile tracts, less exposed and more adapted to their growth? It is His will : He has said "the rest of the trees of his forest shall be few ;" nor can we doubt, from their number, the exact fulfilment of the prophecy, that "a child may write them." (Chron. x. 19.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Valley of Bhirra—Terraces on the Mountains—Beauty of the Scenery—Importunate Beggars—Intermarriages prevent Patriotism—Dress of the Peasantry—Mode of Irrigation in Syria—Gorge of the Kadiha—Mirage in the Plain of Bekaa—Lake Liemon—Remains of the Temple at Liemon—A Natural Bath—Low condition of the Village—Effect of Moonlight—Village of Nitri—Village of Afka—Source of the Nahr Ibrahim—Religious Reflections—Village of Ferheika—Ruins of Fuckera—Position of Fuckera—Nahr-el-Kelb—Beyrout—Objects and Results of Travel—Conclusion of my Pilgrimage.

LEAVING the cedars in a southerly direction, we passed out amidst the numerous hillocks that surround them, and entered on a small plain, green with pasturage and unripe corn; though that in the plains below has been cut a month, this is yet quite unripe.

Looking back now on the cedars, they are hid by hillocks, of which many stand on all sides of them, and their tops barely appear. A short ride now brought me to the head of the valley of Bshirra. The scene is one of peculiar beauty: as we stand on a prominent rock, the valley falls beneath us perpendicularly to a great depth, discovering deep fissures, whence rise the numerous springs that form the sources; the sides are bold rock, broken

and craggy. A little lower down, the valley beneath widens, and there its bottom is green, tilled and cultivated ; lower still, it sinks again to a lower level. Now gradually, but in one precipice, the mountains on either side nearly close, and a mere gulf is left, through which, midst massive verdure, the silver stream works its way—clear, bright, and rapidly swelling to a river.

Just above the gulf, or where the valley assumes its narrow and precipitous character, on the right bank, is Bshirra, a mass of green from the top to the bottom ; terrace on terrace, planted with poplars, mulberry-trees, and amidst these are the houses ; amid the gardens meander threads of water, led with care to irrigate, and then falling in foaming cascades to the stream beneath. The sides of this upper portion of the valley are terraced and cultivated with extreme care—honour to the labourer ! Below where it narrows, precipitous rocks—admitting of no verdure, save a few hard-lived creepers—defy the skill of the husbandman. The upper portion is, as I have said, the valley of Bshirra, the lower that of Kanobin.*

* Burckhardt describes the inroads of the Metuali on the Maronites, which rendered the Patriarch's stay at Kanobin unsafe. They formerly had many villages among the Maronites. At last, in what year I cannot

We descended by a gully running parallel to the valley, but divided from it by a narrow ridge of mountains. This hid all from us till we emerged over the village, and descended by a horse-killing, stony road, precipitous in the extreme. The scene was beautiful: the village scattered amidst its gardens, waters, houses, churches; the village gathers on a promontory that stands over the valley. It contains two hundred houses, seven churches—I could only see four, but they assured me there were seven—and fourteen sheiks or gentlemen. As we passed down, cascades and falls were added to the scene.

On a snug pretty gorge, higher up the valley than the village on the same side, high up, sheltered amidst walnuts and other trees, is a Convent of Carmelites, now containing three fathers; they have a lovely retreat, these Carmelites, and if a

find, the Maronites rose against their oppressors; and though far less warlike, they, instigated and fired on by their priests, drove them fairly out of the district, and since then, have held undisputed possession of all this large district. Behirra itself, I believe, was once a Metuali village. Certainly they were far more numerous. But the Metuali have a high character for warriors and courage. This shows what the Catholic population might become, if united; and, I think, there is little doubt, if excited by their priests, they could gain the whole mountains. They are, however, now worse armed than any of the other sects, as they either gave their arms up, or were compelled to do so on the late disarming of the mountaineers.

contemplation of nature under its loveliest form can attune the mind to prayer and gratitude to God, theirs is the spot for anchorite to dwell in. Two wooden crosses conspicuously placed occupy the heights over the convent. The rocks assume most curious fantastic forms, and one near their home forms a perfect pyramid.

Crossing the valley, we mounted among the well tilled terraces on the opposite side, and camped amidst the groves of the pretty village of Bourdarsher, just opposite to Bshirra. The people crowded round me, assuring me Franks in abundance stayed here, at the same time they clamorously demanded backshish ; though they had not learnt that fearful word, but cried in their dialect, which few English would understand, " Attene tick ; * Hassanee, Hassanee : " the former being a species of slang term for twenty paras, the latter the downright, " Give me something." This village is under the Sheik Abou Dagher of Bshirra, within whose district it is comprised.

Just at the entrance of the Wady Kanobin, on the right, under the rocks, on a level almost with the river, is the Maronite convent of

* *Tick*.—Does our word *tick* come from this? The Ansayrii say *Boutick* or *Abou tick*.

St. Elisha. The fathers remain there both winter and summer. Potatoes are extensively cultivated about Edhen ; I cannot learn the period when they were introduced : the people begin to appreciate them, though, as yet, they are principally cultivated for sale at the sea-ports. The women here wear a peculiar head-dress, a small silver cup on the back top part of their heads. Its beauty is elsewhere covered by the veil ; here, in this exclusively Christian district, they do not veil at all. The people are fine and well-looking, but no enquiries, as well of my own as of the fathers, as to their origin were successful. The type of face is decidedly not Oriental. Again, there is the absence of all data, as well as family name—if records exist, I never could hear of them. The priests rather encourage their intermarriages, it binds the people more closely to their families ; and hence we never find a Christian with any patriotism—he loves his village, and of it his family only ; and these laws of intermarriage few ever break through. In stating this I allude to the Maronites more than the other sects.

The traveller will be struck, also, with the very superior style of the houses here to those further

north. The lower courses of all, and the whole of many, are built of squared stones, well cut : they have a large room in front, and an open verandah, whose roof rests on pillars of stone. Within, the room is lined with mud, neatly plastered ; huge blocks of wood support the beams of the roof, over which are stakes and earth ; light is admitted through square windows, of which each house has generally two. Large tubes of cane, cleanly plastered without, hold the stores of grain, &c. The vines near here are suffered to grow over the ground : this, however, seems preferable to training them over the fruit-trees, as is done in many places, much to the detriment of the trees they thus encumber.*

The men here wear the tarboush much after the fashion of the Italian fishermen's caps, hanging gracefully on one side : so far well, but beneath it they place the felt skull-cap, which has an unsightly appearance. The cap on the head of the women also undergoes a change, being large at

* The cultivation of the vine is so well described in "The Modern Traveller," vol. i., p. 171, that I cannot do better than refer the reader to it. The growth of the vine and making wine form one of the great sources of wealth of this district. It will not bear carriage, as it ferments and bursts whatever it is put in. Indian corn is much cultivated for home consumption.

either end, and small in the middle ; it is higher, also, perhaps six inches in the whole, whereas the other was not three. We turned up a side valley about east, and passing through a small village the grounds around which were as well cultivated as those of their neighbours, water abounding in every direction, we continued our tedious ascent.

Throughout Syria, an inconvenient practice exists of letting the streams when not used for irrigation run over the roads ; thus the traveller has to stem the water, and to withstand the slipperiness occasioned by it. The people assign want of space as the cause ; but have a better reason, though they do not know it. The stream, by this method, runs over rocks and stones, of which the inhabitants have abundance, and can afford a loss, whereas if it ran elsewhere, it would carry with it more soil than the fertility it would produce would repay. Pursuing our route, we reached the level of the cedars, now some distance northward of us, and, half hid as they were by hills, they looked but an insignificant clump. Ascending a barren mountain side, where a few goats sought scanty pasture, we entered a small stony plain, on which were large masses of snow,

fast melting beneath a sun of 80° Fahrenheit. The ascent of the main ridge, now above us, was a tedious job, and the baggage horses had often to pause. As I reached the top, a large drove of camels came along the ridge, which was broad and level; they were going for corn. Their Arab conductors spoke the dialect of the plains of Homs, but their features had nothing Bedoween in them. It took two and a half hours, from the place where I slept, to reach the summit. The wind was cold and cutting, yet the sun was drawn from its sheath, as the Arabs say.

The view from this elevation is very extensive to the west. We stand on an amphitheatre of mountains, and now find that the Djebel Libnan converges, till it almost meets the Raas el Shakkey, proving that to be the northern range of the Lebanon. Southwards, the mountain ridge we are on ascends to a peak, as also north, far higher than the pass we ascended. Before us lie the Cedars, Bshirra, and the deep gorge of the Kadisha, while the country, broken into a thousand mountains, hills, valleys, gulfs, and precipices, slopes towards the sea. Tripoli lies hid beneath the mountains; but we see the waters washing round

the base of the Prosopon, while the further ocean is veiled behind a thousand fleecy clouds.

Turning east, the Bekaa, Cælo-Syria, and Beled Baalbec lie beneath us, with a thousand places sounded by the trumpet of fame, engraved on the records of the past, while the range of the Anti-Lebanon bounds the view. The sun in the east had a singular effect ; the whole perspective was lost, and the plain of the Bekaa seemed steep mountain-side ; the mirage also was powerful, and I gained a head-ache in return for my gaze. Patches of snow lay around, on which handsome goats were voraciously quenching their thirst. The descent on the eastern face was steep, the mountain sides clothed with a few dwarf trees, among which I noticed several junipers. Around the foot smaller ranges, bare and stony, stretched out to the plain ; half way down I caught sight of my bourne, the little sequestered Lake Liemon, lying among low, dull, uninteresting, barren hills.

Passed the rich little strip of plain where is Ainete, consisting of a few scattered huts ; here the harvest was being gathered : potatoes, for which I particularly longed ; alas ! unfit for eating. A long strip, as if a river-bed, partly cultivated,

partly stones and bushes, led to the little village of Liemon, situated on the northern corner of the lake, inhabited by a mixed population of Metualis and Maronites. The poor bushes on our road were all broken and torn, owing, I was told, to the storms of the past winter. Put up at a Christian's house to escape the sun.

After a sumptuous meal off the fathers of fowls, and a green gourd from my landlady's garden, I sallied forth. The lake lies N.N.E. and S.S.W., and is about 1900 yards long by 600 broad, though a month and a half, or two months back, it was much larger. This, of course, I only heard; though the water marks were still evident on the rocks, and much of the northern plain was still a swamp. After thirty days, or towards the middle of August, the whole is said to be dry; and a fine crop of grass occupies its place. My servants and myself sounded it as well as we could without a boat; but the want of this I supplied with a mackintosh tub, which, except two capsizes, and the slow rotatory mode in which it progressed, did excellently. I found in two places 20 feet, and in one 22 feet; but the average was 5, 6, $6\frac{1}{2}$; at one spot the sounder I used was dragged down as if

a vortex was absorbing the water; the draught, however, capsized my bark, and with my efforts to save tub, lead, line, and the servant who was with me, the spot was lost, nor could I again find it.*

The remains of the temple, now sadly destroyed, consist of four sides of wall, of which only three courses remain; the lower of the smaller stones stand on their edges, the next two of blocks of 5 feet long by some 3 feet high and 2 feet 8 inches thick; it faces, by compass, N., 15 E., and the shorter side at right angles. The inner wall was washed by the lake, and the whole was surrounded by a greasy swamp. Within this now the remains of the steps may still be traced; facing south is the higher platform,—a square where the outer edge of the stones slopes away, and one stone alone remains of the upper course, and that broken and chipped. I noticed but one shaft of a column full 5 feet in diameter, the piece was 9 feet high, one capital plain and rudely cut, and one architrave with a plain square, and two circles, one within

* Little water now seems to flow from Ainete to Liemon, as I could find no traces of a water-course, though at a former period the valley itself was one; it is lower and narrow. A good flow of water, while I was at Ainete, flowed along the valley; but it was expended in irrigation.

the other, placed alternately ; the whole has been well morticed, and I noticed the wedge-shaped mortice at present in use. The stones used were quarried around ; but I found two or three finer pieces of a coarse marble : one small piece I carried off, but it was stolen by one of the villagers, who accompanied me.

About fifty yards west of the foot of the works is the principal fountain which supplies the lake ; it flows in a pretty cascade to the lake, a portion being diverted to turn a bridge, the rest still forms a considerable stream. The water proceeds from the rock ; a deep pool causes the spring : pure, clear, with a bright pebbly bottom, it might have well served as a bath for the Queen of Beauty, when, sated with pleasure, she reposed her limbs in the arms of the river nymphs. The rock was overhung with roses, which diffused a fragrant yet secure shade ; the chaste goddess herself might have indulged in the pool without fear of licentious intruders. Above these, rude niches are cut, and the pool itself bears marks of the mason. There are several rude caves in the rocks around, and one niche, cut on the rock—as if for a statue—faces the east, overlooking the temple. There were three mills still

under water from the floods during my visit, the roofs just showing ; yet they say the working them for thirty or five and twenty days pays for them.* The pasturage is fed off by the cattle of the inhabitants of the village, who have numerous horses, donkeys, and cows.

The village has no sheik ; it is under the rule of the Ameer Khanfar, and is now under the temporary government of an Osmanli sent by the Pasha of Damascus ; the Ameer, for a late insurrection, having been exiled to Constantinople. The tax is about 18*l.* per annum. The poll-tax is paid to the Christian Ameer of the mountains. The whole village contains twelve houses, but in each house are several hovels, and often more than one family. The water is cold : the shores produce a water-weed with a small white flower. Within the village I saw a shaft, similar to one in the temple, and a stone water-trough ; but I could not find out whether that had been brought there or not, though they say the stones used in building the houses are from thence, and, therefore, probably these are also. The Christians and Metualis seem to dwell together like neighbours. The popula-

* These mills can only work during the period the water is running off.

tion being absent collecting their crops, I had no opportunity of judging of their numbers, nor in fact did I see one *Metualis* during my stay. The winters are said to be severe, snow lying deep on the ground.

The lake is dry till May, when it fills rapidly ; the springs begin to flow in April. I counted three ; one here by the village, the mountain stream I have described, and a mountain stream in the south ; but the one I have described is the principal : the fountain they say is perfectly dry after the middle of August.

My tent was pitched within the enclosure, which is somewhat higher than the surrounding space. A block from the ruins formed the table ; it was the only semblance of one I had used for months. The moon rose in unclouded splendour, lighting up the waters of the mystic lake, which sparkled with joy beneath the beam. A broad way of light lay across the surface, resting at the very feet of the steps of the altar.

On the following morning, rode along the lake, which had fallen considerably during the night. A foot more of the mills, at least, were above water. Passed up a well-wooded valley, with

prettily-varied scenery, abounding with partridges and pigeons. In a couple of hours, the surrounding scenery had changed to rocky hills, barren, sterile, and untrodden. Came upon an encampment of villagers, who presented us with a goat, for which they refused all remuneration. This was owing, perhaps, to our speaking to them entirely in Turkish, for at first they by no means received us kindly. After a weary ride through these sterile hills, where, though the wind blew with violence, the thermometer showed 97° Fahr., their character changed ; the height increased ; the sides became clothed, and we passed along a gorge of great beauty. Magnificent precipices, fantastic crags, valleys occasionally opening their heights, hid amidst masses of clouds. In five-and-a-half hours I reached the Christian village of Nitri. It stands in a magnificent valley, from whence several others opened ; on the east, the mountains towering up with great grandeur.

Nitri is about half-a-mile from the river Ibrahim. On the opposite bank is Afka, a large Metuali village. The houses were flat-roofed, and built of mud and bushes. I rode down to the river-bank, and passed the noon-day heat under some magnificent

walnut-trees. East, lay a lofty height, which, with its range, swept round, enclosing us. Here and there, up its almost precipitous sides, hung some dwarf-trees, and a few steps helped the Metuali to its top, which is one of their fortresses of retirement when pressed by the foe. On the south, some hundreds of feet above us, was the village, sunk into quiet under the noon-day heat. Behind us, opened far down a deep valley ; while, further, mountain and gorge swept away in wild and varied beauty. In front, again, at the base, a huge cave opened in the height, from whence flowed a mighty stream, gigantic even at its birth,—a lusty infant even from its mother's womb. Within twenty yards of the fountain, a broad, high-pitched bridge passed over it, beneath which the young waters flowed ; then, dashing down in sheet on sheet, midst spray and foam, they ran with rapid torrent past my shady retreat, and, far off, diminished to a streak of silver, disappeared in the gorge its bed was composed of,—boulders fallen from the rocks above,—while green fresh verdure edged its rough couch.

On the south bank, above the bridge the people say the village formerly stood, but that it and its site were destroyed by a land-slip ; the appearance

of the ground speaks to the truth of this, and it would seem to have been at no very remote period.* On the right of the road, south of the bridge, or that side furthest from the mountain, stand the remains of a large building. This was, probably, a temple; but the ruins, having fallen in, cover all traces of form or outline. This is the source of the Nahr Ibrahim: the only two books I have give different accounts of it; but if *Afka* is *Aphaia*, this would be the Temple of Venus.† With regret, I must leave this to those who can consult ancient authorities.

A Metuali boy showed me a stone, on which was an inscription. The stone, I should think, had fallen from the mountain side, as the back and sides were uncut. I regret much that, from its sloping position and the glare of the sun, I was unable to copy it as I should have wished. Along the bed on the right bank of the river, are marks of buildings and some few

* The cliff here retires, making a sweep; so, though the bridge is not far from the source, yet beyond there was, previous to the landslip, ample room for a village of the size of the present, or even larger.

† The name of *Afka* is found in the ancient geography of Syria. At *Aphaia*, according to Zosimus, was a temple of Venus, where the handsomest girls of Syria sacrificed to the goddess. It was situated near a small lake, between Heliopolis and the sea-coast.—*Burckhardt*.

remains. If this is the temple mentioned by Eusebius, we may thank the early Christians, and not time, for its destruction. It must ever grieve a true-hearted son of the Church to condemn the conduct of his mother: and we must look back with regret to these fanatic acts. Alas! that Christians will not obey their Master's command, and be harmless as doves! This however, is a delicate subject. If we presume to condemn, the bigot says we are supine and weak in our belief. Let him wag: I would rather not see our faith spread, than see it disgraced by one act of violence, of bigotry, or of oppression. Truth will prevail: I ask no other weapon. Never was parable truer, or of more frequent application, than the, mote and the beam.

Fortune led me to find a dear friend, whom I fancied far away, sketching by the stream. After an early dinner, we started together, and turning W. by S. over a barren, uninhabited waste, came, in two hours and a half, to the Nebbi Hadded (spring of iron), a cold spring, of great celebrity. A rude place has been built over it. We found here one lone Arab tent, looking cold, solitary,

and out of place, amidst the wild mountains. A long gorge now ran on our right, nearly east, profoundly deep, the heights on either side magnificently grand; those on the northern side the Djebel Nehall, and the gorge, the Wady Almass, or Valley of Diamonds; the sides and tops clothed with forest, seemingly virgin—they were so wild, so dense, so vast; among them, here and there, rose rocks, resembling barons' castles, or the strongholds of bandit chiefs. In the lower parts were a few villages, Metuali or Christian. The two first of these had each its large clumsy church: these were Artava and Zeron. The wilder northern parts of the mountains, I was told, were entirely Metuali.

Skirting over the ridge, we reached a further valley, divided into two at its upper part. A deep, zigzag descent brought us, after sunset, to the large wealthy Maronite village of Ferheika, situated on a fine slope amid vast plantations of mulberries. The next day we ascended to the top of the forks seen yesterday, to see the springs of honey, Ain Assal, and Ain Leban, (spring of Leban,) which flow from them;* thence round the valley

* It is always impossible in the East to find truth save by actual

to the natural bridge on the north slope of Djebel Kesrouan, a ridge just northwest of Sanin, or Sermain, from thence over the ridge south, till an hour's ride from the natural bridge, brought us to Kakkra, Mezza, or, as I should from the pronunciation write it, Fuckera. This is the ruin Burckhardt heard of, but did not visit ; it is placed on a plateau, forming a small plain. To the east rises the Djebel Kesrouan ; while on the other side the land slopes away. The ruins command a fine view of mountains, wild and beautiful on all sides : in the far distance lies Beyrout, a mass of green, the silver sands fringing the blue depths of the Mediterranean. The ruins are extensive, and the ground and terraces around of well-squared blocks, attest its former size. A large temple first invites inspection : the walls are built of uncemented stones, one layer thick, and now greatly shaken, and ruined, seemingly, by an earthquake. The first building presents a large parallelogram of wall partly fallen. The east face

observation. One of our men, a horseman of the Ameer Hyder's, the ex-Kaimakan of the mountain, said, they were the sources of the Nahr el Kelb. Subsequent observation led me to find this was incorrect ; they were the sources of some river farther north, perhaps the Nahr Miltein ; or else confluent of Ibrahim. A correct survey of Syria would be a great gain. A really true and correct survey,--not an amateur's dead reckoning.

perfectly plain, save a few pilasters, runs north to south. This leads to an inner court : a face then presents itself, raised from the ground five steps, or perhaps seven, across which run columns whose huge pedestals alone remain—the columns and their Doric capitals lying broken about. Within, again, leaving a space between, stood columns which likewise crossed the whole width of the building. Within is a space free of ruins ; without, opposite the eastern face, is a platform, which is higher than the surrounding level. A little east is a small square building. About a quarter of a mile north is another building of great solidity, of which but one chamber remains. On the east face was an inscription. Between these two are numerous traces of buildings. To the west the backs of these buildings abut on rocks that rise up in fantastic forms, while among them is a fine stream of water. South of the road also are further marks of buildings. Here we wiled away the noon-day heat beneath the shade—a wretched quivering shade it was, reminding us of Sir Walter Scott's simile of woman's wavering, variable, uncertain love. Our paths were different, and from hence we verged to different points.

Fockera is finely situated, and the inhabitants must enjoy coolness in summer, while the surrounding heights shelter them from the blasts of winter. The western view would enliven their retreat, for the eye fell on a varied country; on smiling villages, imbedded in their verdure, shaded by the clustering of their vines, the stately growth of the poplar, and the productive branches of their mulberry.*

Starting, I reached Kafir Debien, a fine large

* Whether silk is indigenous to Syria, or whether it was introduced in the fifth century when silk was first introduced into the Roman empire, is a question involving considerable research; but the cultivation of it is now universal over Syria. And

"Velleraque ut foliis deputant tenuia Seres,"

may be truly said of the Syrian women, as of old of the sons of India. In fact, besides the crops, they constitute the great wealth of the mountains, and the amount produced, and plantations of mulberries are yearly increasing. New kinds are introduced, and the produce and revenue increase yearly. The worms spin at different seasons, early in the plains, the whole crop being finished in June; while in the mountains, July and August are the months. There are houses expressly for the worms. The mulberries are mere pollards, from whence the boughs are cut and put on the shelves where the worms are: round earthen pans are placed for them to spin in. Much of the silk is now spun off by the European manufactories, whose superior machinery spin it more closely, and make the yarn more regular. The natives use enormous wheels turned by a horse or by hand; and much is lost or spoiled. They now frequently sell the cocoons to the European factors, they making advances on the coming crop. If they spin it themselves, it is sent to the markets of Tripoli, Damascus, Hamath, and Beyrout, or Aleppo; each of these places manufacturing it extensively. Each also requires a different quality to suit the particular fabrics they work. The women work the refuse into yarn, and make of it scarfs, shirts, &c., mostly for home consumption. The women of the villages are gene-

village, with shops and an active population. It is one of the principal thoroughfares of the mountains of Kesrouan ; from hence I descended to the bottom of the beautiful gorge of the Nahr el Kelb. Stupendous mountains shut the stream already well grown within its bed, which, as if content, dashes brawlingly along, leaving grateful shadow, verdure, and abundance on its narrowed banks. Ascending the northern face, we rode on amidst the villaged and convented Kesrouan, and saw my tent pitched, overlooking the gift of God to my nation,—the blue, free, glorious ocean ! From my lofty eyrie I looked down on its depths. My home ! my friend ! to me to be on the sea-shore is half to be at home : it is not that from childhood I loved it ; it is not that my youth was past tossed on its waters ;—it may be that it washes my own loved land ;—it is that, as an Englishman, I feel it my own ; that what the desert is to the Arab, the sea is to us—our slave,

rally seen occupied spinning yarn ; the men make it up. A woman will thus, out of what would otherwise be wasted, make four shirts a year, and two scarfs. Thus the Christian villagers are usually clad in fine silken shirts, the produce of the industry of the women. Deir Sufran produces a great deal of silk, and its women are very active in their way, clothing with their labours husbands and brothers. The shirts are the same for men and women,—loose, broad-sleeved, and collarless.

our good, our might.* On the next day a rapid march brought me early to Beyrout ; I pitched my tent at the dubious St. George :—

———— “ The very spot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.”

I found the inn crowded with bright accoutrements, fresh travellers, their garrulous bear-leaders and dragomans, which annoyed me ; but the plentiful breakfast consoled me. Nor was it, spite of this glimpse at comfort, with regret that I returned to pass my last night beneath my canvas walls. The old quaint mosque of St. George stood in silence ; the moon, now at the full, rode alone in quiet beauty in the sky, and well enough she lighted up the scene. The river, still and deep, caught her reflection, and flowed breathlessly along. One palm rose tall and stately ; the bulbul thrilled his softest notes ; the chicala trickled out its lowest tones ; the bull-frog murmured low and subdued ; all nature reposed, exhausted by the heat of noon, now gathering vigour to meet the advancing sun. My travel o'er, the exhaustion of nature

* Et n'est-ce pas, en effet, une seconde patrie pour un Anglais que les vaisseaux et la mer.—*Madame de Staël*.

seemed to me a sympathy ; and as a kind friend's best consolation is attentive, watchful silence, so my heart thanked Nature for the boon. For a time I have done with yon fair land, and life's short span too truly tells that we may never meet again. My course turns back to the busy world, there to wrestle and to strive, to win or lose, to rise or fall, to gain—perhaps to die—at last.

“ Away ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
If still they are sacred to freedom and love.”

Of all this travel, all these hours of freedom, liberty, and waywardness, nothing will remain but the memory ; of these close communions with Nature and solitude, nothing but their effects ; renewed resolution and energy. All is with the past ; and if I may hope that my work has pleased or bettered any reader, sweeter will its recollection be.

“ Till youth's delicious dream is o'er,
Sanguine with hope we look before,
The future good to find ;
In age, when errors charm no more,
For bliss we look behind.”

Fain would I yet dally on, a lonely student, a

rover o'er desert and wild, living with the present, storing up the rich history of the past. But the time has come to throw aside the pleasant mantle of one's wishes, and to make a name—and if it may be,—a fame. To lean upon ourselves alone, and on our own resources, is every man's best chance for that :

“ In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle ;
Be a hero in the strife.”

Dig up the talent ; remove its cloth ; and let us go forth to meet the future with a firm determination to do right, and recognise in all His works our Father and our God.

But I approach the confines of my labour, and already, perhaps, the reader is weary with the tale. If at any time during our road I have enlivened him, or taught him what was new and strange, my toil is repaid. If he has wearied of me and sunk by the way, let me hope that his guide may be forgiven : let him plead his good will though he wanted the power to instruct. It would be hopeless to add poetry to the East :—traveller, sage, antiquarian, poet, statesman, and idler—all have poured their spirit over the land.

For your patient listening to my tale, receive
all my thanks ; and believe, that, in the language
of the Ansayrii—

“ Iserakoom Berrakoom,
Habbee feekoom killcoom.”

THE END.

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PRECANDI FORMULA QUÂ UTUNTUR ANSAYRII.

DUM precaris, cave ne quiddam mentiaris, neque oculos retorqueas.

Fœminam contra te siste, cujus cum braccas exueris, rem videas exoptatam, desiderium istud tuum quo semper inhias animo. Hanc arreptam, et ex adverso stantem sic alloquitur: "Converto faciem meam in te, cœli terrarumque satorem, tibi soli deditus, multos deos non colo."

Rem ipsam mollem invenies, duo cilia, duo labia; mel ore profluit, ergo adora genibus, nam templi hæc vestibulum est, et Paradiso quidem similis quia quatuor mellis sinceri fluvios habet, verum autem Paradisum tunc habebis cum intraveris atque ibi expatiaris.

Valeat ille atque vigeat, cui hoc uti contigerit.

Salve! (sic alloquitur) Salve felicissime! à te venimus, ad te redimus . . . percontati olim, "Quænam mea religio sit?"—respondit, "Religio vestra inter fœminæ umbilicum et genua continetur."

Vide ne quis alius proseuchâ tuâ utatur.

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