

Picturesque scenery in the Holy Land and Syria : delineated during the campaigns of 1799 and 1800 / by F.B. Spilsbury, of His Majesty's Ship, Le Tigre, surgeon in that expedition during both campaigns.

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Publication/Creation

London : Printed for G.S. Tregear, 37, Union Row, New Kent Road, by Howlett and Brimmer, 10, Frith Street, Soho, 1823.

Persistent URL

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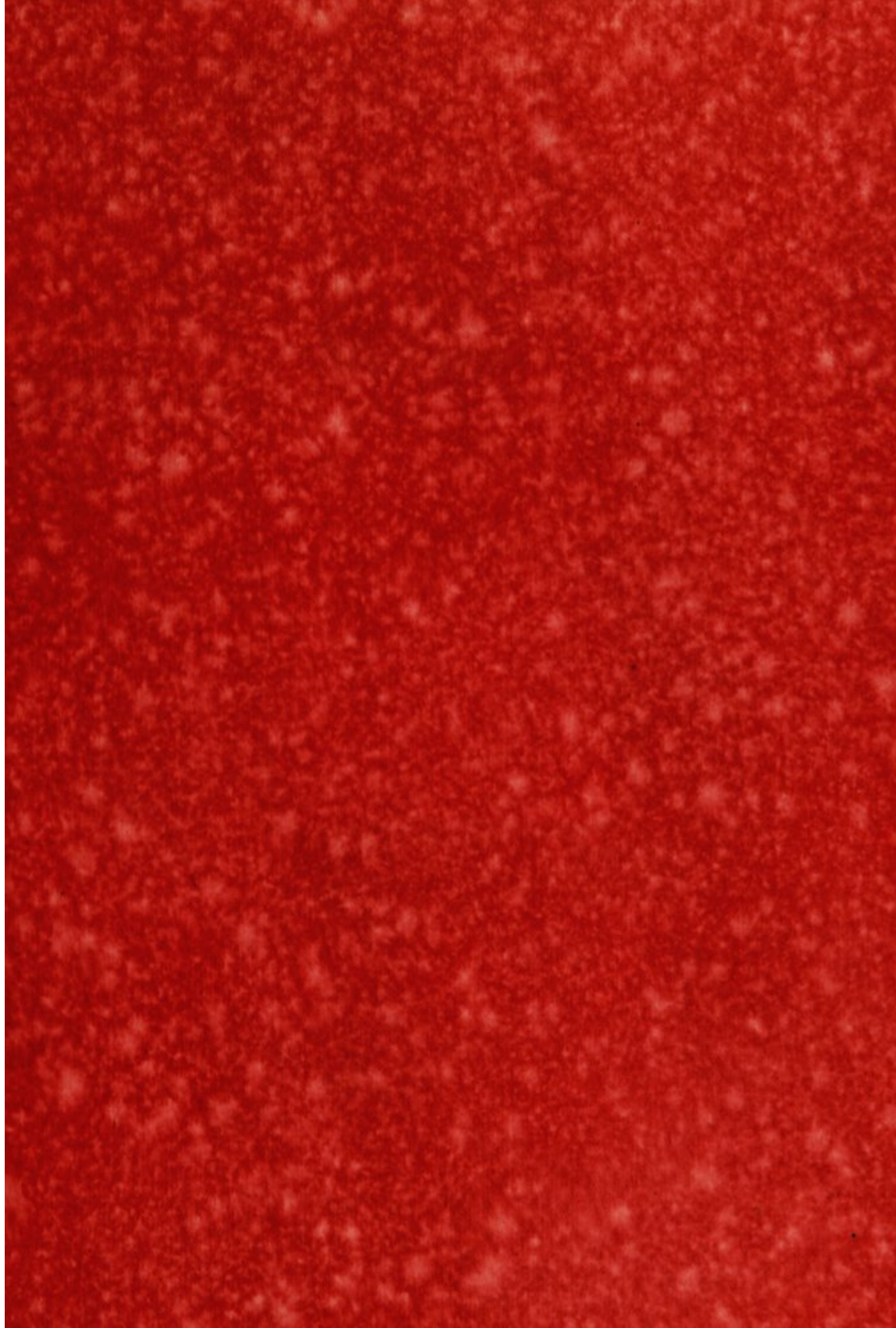
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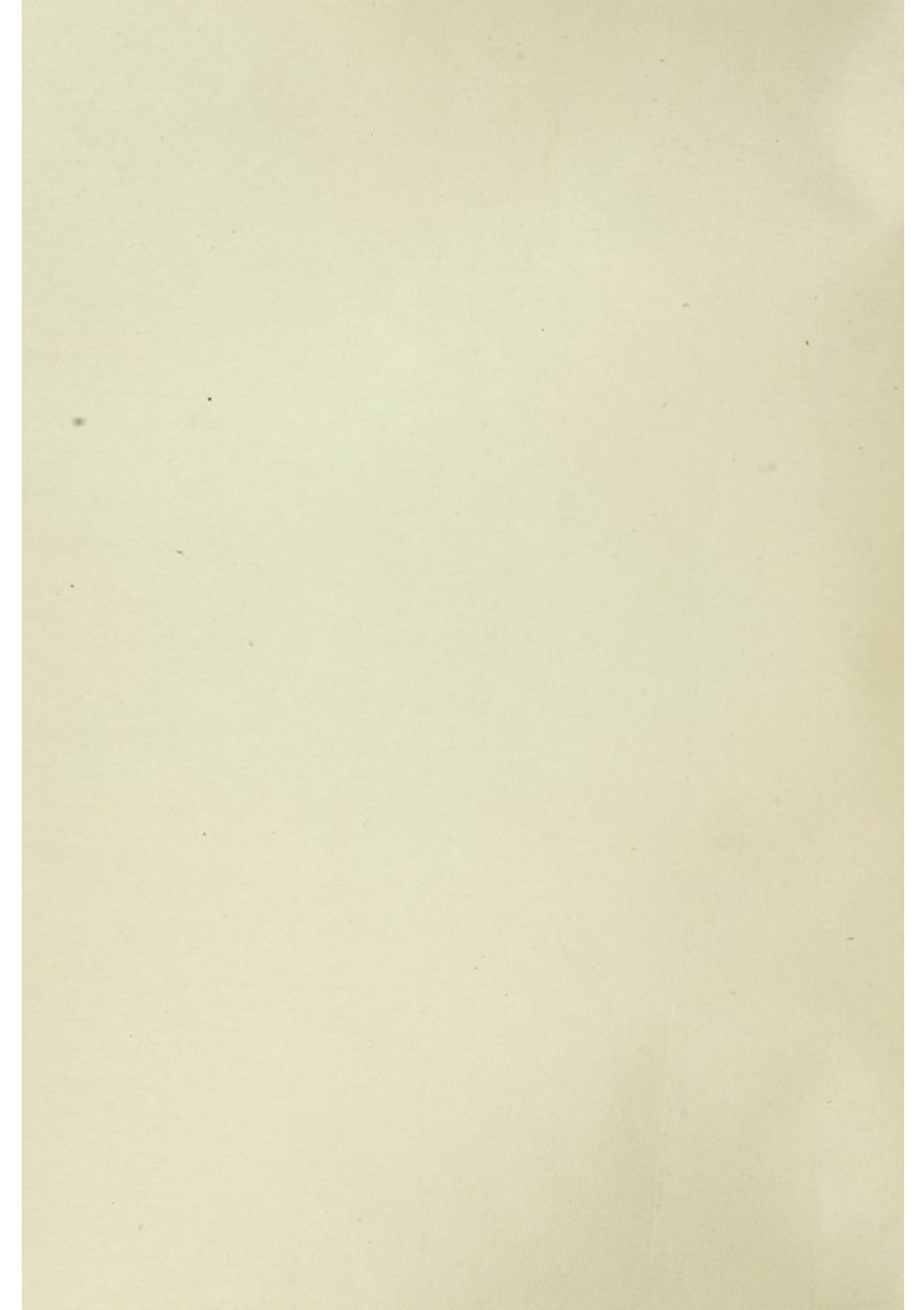


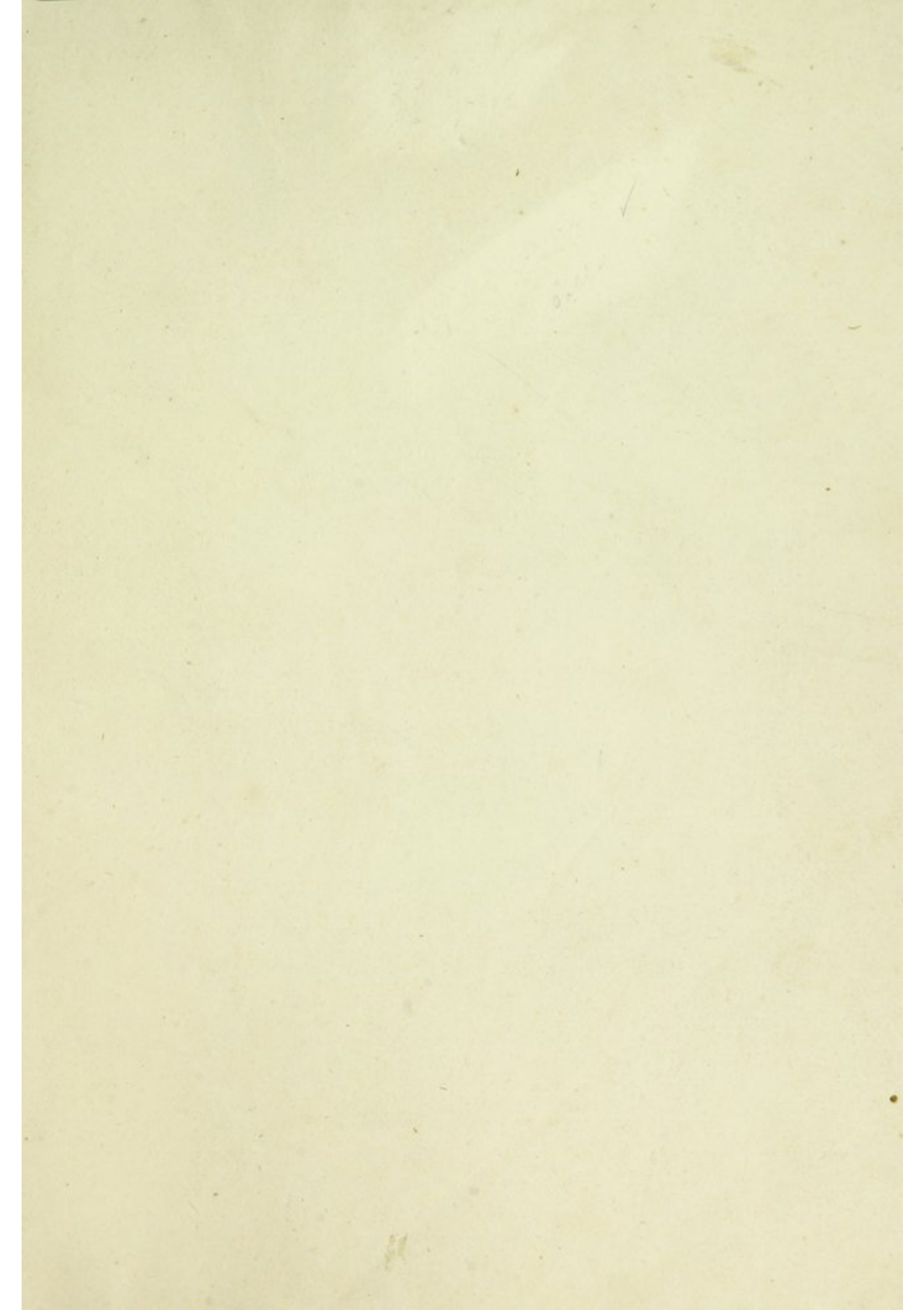
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Drawn & Engraved by W. Stuck after J. B. Spillbury.

THE GRAND VIZIER'S TENT.

Published by G. S. Tregear, 37, Union Row, New Kent Road, 1853.

Jno Wallis.

PICTURESQUE SCENERY
IN THE
HOLY LAND AND SYRIA,

DELINEATED

DURING THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1799 AND 1800.

BY F. B. SPILSBURY,

Of His Majesty's Ship, Le Tigre;

SURGEON IN THAT EXPEDITION DURING BOTH CAMPAIGNS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. S. TREGEAR, 37, UNION ROW, NEW KENT ROAD,
BY HOWLETT AND BRIMMER, 10, FRITH STREET, SOHO.

1823.

PICTURESQUE SCENERY

HOLY LAND AND SYRIA

BY F. B. STILES

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. E. TRECLEAR, 37, UNION-Road, NEW Kent Road.

BY HOWLEY AND BROWN, 16, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

TO
SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH,
K. S. M. P. &c. &c. &c.
AND TO THE
OFFICERS SERVING UNDER HIS COMMAND,
FOR THE
Defence of the Ottoman Empire,
THIS WORK
OF
PICTURESQUE SCENERY
IN THE
HOLY LAND AND SYRIA,
DELINEATED IN THE COURSE OF THE YEARS 1799 AND 1800,
BY F. B. SPILSBURY,
OF H. M. SHIP, LE TIGRE,
SURGEON IN THAT EXPEDITION DURING BOTH CAMPAIGNS,
IS, WITH PERMISSION, AND THE GREATEST RESPECT,
DEDICATED,
BY THEIR DEVOTED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,
EDWARD ORME.

SIR WILLIAM BLOOMER SMITH

PREFACE

OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY

JOHN C. CALHOUN

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE

NEW YORK TRIBUNE

ON THE 10TH OF JANUARY 1847

THE EDITOR IS PLEASED TO

RECEIVE THE FOLLOWING

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR OF THE

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P R E F A C E.

AS in architecture a portico usually constitutes the entrance to a public edifice, so a Preface, being according to the forms of literature expected to form the preliminary to a publication, the Editor is happy to avail himself of this species of introduction for the following sheets to the adoption of the Public, with every degree of deference for that enlightened tribunal; otherwise the regions of which this work will offer a partial description, have, from the earliest ages, so interested the passions and opinions of mankind, and in our own days more particularly have engrossed so large a share of public attention and anxiety, that PALESTINE, it may fairly be presumed, can stand in little need of literary recommendation. But though the subject must arrest the attention of the Christian World, and especially of Englishmen, the Editor feels in duty bound to bespeak the indulgence of his judges with reference to the

executive branch of the Work itself. Let it be recollected, that the Author owes to his professional situation, the being placed amid scenes of unusual interest to an observing mind, and though much harassed by his profession, he ultimately succeeded in taking a large number of drawings.

It is no more intended in this place to attempt an elaborate description of the Holy Land, than it is to indulge in panegyric, on the achievements it has lately been the theatre of: we leave the former to scientific travellers, to the latter a monument *ÆRE PERENNIOUS*, has been raised by the concurring acclamations of the grateful natives; by the testimony, however reluctant, of admiring rivals; and by the unbought suffrages of patriot Britons. But the Author hopes he may, without presumption, be allowed to make it his boast, that truth has ever been the inseparable guide of his pencil in portraying the features of a country made classical by Profane History, as well as venerable by Holy Writ; and to record in this place, that he had the honour as an individual, of serving his country on that same ground in circumstances that have augmented the lustre of the British Arms, under that heroic leader, who has been proclaimed in

the Senate of these Kingdoms, "the first Christian Knight," and more recently honoured from the Throne by the appropriate appellation of *Cœur de Lion*. In this place, therefore, Mr. Spilsbury individually begs leave to offer the humble tribute of his gratitude to Sir Sidney Smith, for numerous marks of benevolent regard as his commanding officer, and for the peculiar advantages this Work has derived in its prosecution, from such exalted patronage. The Author's thanks are no less due to Lieutenants J. W. Wright, (now commander of the *Cynthia*) and James Boxer, then both officers of *Le Tigre*, for their friendly assistance, and valuable contributions. The Author had the honour of being companion with the former, during an excursion from Joppa to Damascus; the latter has furnished an interesting extract from the diary of his journey to a place so peculiarly distinguished as the HOLY CITY.

The remainder of the series from whence this selection has been made, and which comprises sketches of almost every remarkable scene or object visible from *Le Tigre* during the unparalleled cruise of that ship, is in a state of preparation, uniting every advantage that can tend to render it worthy

the public eye. The artists will be employed under the direction of a gentleman whose local knowledge of the country, and accurate acquaintance with things appertaining to the Levant, justify the expectation of such historical and scientific illustrations as he may favour the Editor with, proving alike acceptable and instructive. The political and commercial interests of these kingdoms in that quarter derived so much benefit from his able management; and the arts met with such encouragement from his protection and taste in the same ungenial situation, that the writer scarcely feels it necessary to add to such a description, the name of Mr. Spencer Smith, his Majesty's late Minister Plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Porte, and Representative of the Town and Port of Dover, in the Parliament of the United Kingdom.



Drawn & Engraved by W. Stock, after F. B. Spillbury.

VIEW OF ACRE & H.M. SHIP LE TIGRE.

Published by G. S. Tregeast, 55, Union Row, New Kent Road, 1863.

A C R E.

ST. JOHN OF ACRE, anciently called Ako, from the numerous vicissitudes which it has experienced, is highly worthy of remark. From this city the children of Israel could never expel its hereditary possessors, the Canaanites : it is celebrated in history as the scene of many obstinate conflicts between the Saracens and Crusaders ; and the annals of the eighteenth century will record it as the place where British prowess, in the person of Sir William Sidney Smith, first arrested the progress of General Bonaparte, and compelled him to retrace his footsteps across the burning desert into Egypt, after his proudly-confident assertion that, in three days, he would be within its walls, and that its governor Hadgi Ahmed Jezzar Pacha, should be no more. When it is considered, that the conquest of Egypt was the favourite project of Bonaparte, of the French nation for the last sixteen years,

and that it still probably remains a fixed point in the view of their ambitious leader ; when it is also considered, that Egypt and Syria are nearly connected with the British possessions in the East, and that the acquirement of them by France, would give her a most undue commercial and political preponderance, the decisive check which her arms experienced at Acre, must be regarded as an important event, and must render the city, and every thing connected with it, of high interest to the minds of Britons. This national interest is heightened, when it is known that the defence of the city, and the repulse of the French, were effected by Englishmen, under the able command of a hero who had so often fought and conquered on another element ; an element, the dominion of which is, by prescriptive right, the unalienable birthright of his countrymen. Had France possessed herself of Syria, the proud minarehs of Constantinople might have been levelled with the dust, the whole empire of Turkey might have been subjected to her power, Persia might have been added to the list of subjugated kingdoms, and India would have been open to her attacks. But, thanks to the military virtues of Sir Sidney Smith, the frontier of Syria was suc-

cessfully defended ; the capital of Turkey still exists in all its former splendour ; the tranquillity of Persia remains uninvaded ; and the British colonies in India still acknowledge their mother country, and its rightful sovereign, George the Third.

The situation of Acre is advantageous ; on the north and east it is encompassed by a fruitful plain of considerable extent ; on the west it is washed by the Mediterranean sea ; and on the south is a large bay, reaching from the city to Mount Carmel. In the reign of Ptolemy the First, it was enlarged by that monarch, and was called after him by the name of Ptolemais ; but it has since acquired the name it now bears, and which is more consonant with its original one. In the year 1191 it was taken by Richard the First of England, and Philip of France, and by them presented to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. They held the government of it for the period of a hundred years ; when, after a long siege, it yielded to the Ottomans, who immediately dismantled the place, and expelled its Christian possessors, since which it has never been in a very flourishing condition.

The annexed view of Acre, from the sea, represents that city as it appeared after the late siege. In the fore-ground

is his Majesty's ship *Le Tigre* ; and, at a little distance from her, is a country boat, with her colours displayed. The first important object on the left, is the palace of Jezzar, distinguishable by the flatness of its roof ; below it, nearer the foreground, are some black stones, the remains of the ancient Ptolemais. A little to the right of Jezzar's palace, are the ruins of the palace of Richard the First of England, surnamed *Cœur de Lion*, built by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem ; under the cornice, above the arches, are figures of crowned heads in stone, according to the architectural style of those times. The large building with a cupola, in the centre of the town, is the governor's mosque, to the right and left of which appear the minarehs of smaller mosques. Towards the foreground, at this part, was a rope ladder up to one of the port-holes, through which the people sometimes went. After the second or third day of the siege, the ladder was removed. To the right of the grand mosque, and nearer to the sea, are some square bastions forming a part of the ancient *enceinte*. Between the first of these bastions and the minareh to the right of the mosque, is a caravanserai, or inn, the quarters of the English auxiliary party on shore during the siege. A little

farther to the right is the south-west entrance gate, which, during the time of the blockade and siege, was fastened with only a single piece of timber. To the right of this is the harbour formed by an old mole ; and, still farther to the right, is a new bastion built since the retreat of the French army, who made a breach in the old wall, through which small boats sometimes passed. Below this were mounted two 68lb. carronades, two 32lb. do, and a 24lb. howitzer, commanded by Mr. James Bray, carpenter of *Le Tigre*. To the right of the new bastion, in the harbour, is *La Négresse*, prize-gun-boat, commanded, during the absence of Lieutenant Janverin, by Messrs. Simms and Spilsbury, junior, midshipmen : after experiencing a heavy gale of wind, their vessel was driven from her anchor off Yaffa ; all her sails were split to ribands, and she was helped into the harbour merely by a piece of her jib, and was obliged to remain there till she was supplied with a main-sail from *Le Tigre*. Above *La Négresse*, a little to the right, is an old building which served the French for an hospital. Farther to the right are the light-house, and its battery, which were vigorously defended by Lieutenant Scroder, then a midshipman of his Majesty's ship *Theseus* ; he kept

possession of the battery until the guns were dismounted, and the castle itself a complete ruin. Considerably above the battery are the remains of an old building. Farther to the right, in the burial ground, is a small mosque, with a white cupola, where the French placed their ammunition. Between this mosque and the lantern-battery, are a three-gun and a five-gun battery. Three more batteries of five and three guns are concealed by the walls of the town. Considerably to right of the white mosque, is Richard *Cœur de Lion's* mound, on which the French threw up entrenchments. A little to the left, above the mount, where General Bonaparte was frequently observed during the siege, are the remains of another old building ; at the extremity of the picture, to the right, are tents which were pitched by Jezzar, Pacha, after Bonaparte had raised the siege and retreated.



Drawn & Engraved by W. Stock after F. B. Spilsbury

JEZZAR PACHA *Condemning a Criminal.*

Published by G. S. Tregear, 37 Union Row, New Kent Road, 1923.

JEZZAR, PACHA OF ACRE.

JEZZAR, PACHA, now about eighty years of age, is a brave, active old man, as, in the late defence of his capital by the English, he fully proved himself. He was formerly a Christian, but is now the greatest scourge of that religion ; he omits no opportunity of plundering or destroying its disciples ; and, by the general tenor of his conduct, fully answers to the name of Jezzar, or butcher. At present he is a strict follower of Mahomet ; and, at a vast expence, has erected a beautiful mosque, of a circular form, and lined with the finest-coloured marbles, which he procures from Sidon, Tyre, Beirout, &c. Antiquity to him has no charms ; for many of its richest columns and capitals has he destroyed, or cut into slabs for flooring, and other inferior purposes. This mosque was built entirely from his own plans, and may be considered as one of the most superb in the whole empire. On enter-

ing it, which the writer of this was permitted to do, having first put off his shoes, the imagination is inspired with ideas of enchantment. Its lofty dome ; the sides covered with variegated marbles, in different shapes ; with the beautiful writing, and painting of flowers, in the true Oriental style, seem to rival the most fascinating descriptions in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*.

To cut paper in the form of flowers, or writing, is one of Jezzar's principal amusements. These productions of his leisure, sometimes coloured and sometimes plain, he occasionally distributes to his friends as valuable presents.

This Pacha places the most implicit confidence in astrology, soothsaying, &c. and firmly believed the predictions of an old woman, that Egypt could not be taken without him and the English. Egypt, however, was taken without him, and the old woman would have to dream again. He has the daughter of a man, who calls himself an astrologer, for one of his wives, and has advanced him to high posts under him. It was the same person, it is thought, who, for two or three good fowls per day, agreed with Jezzar, during the siege, to inform him of the transactions of Bonaparte. A breast-

bone of one of these fowls was brought, very clean : Jezzar was to polish it : *Do you not see so and so*, was asked. The Pacha fancied the affirmative ; and the great men of his court immediately put their hands to their heads, in proof of their belief also. The bone was, in form, handed to Sir Sidney Smith : he looked at it : “ Yes, yes,” said he, “ I see— “ that you are very fond of *fowls* ! ”—This father-in-law of the Pacha, used to carry about him a book, in Arabic, with all the signs, figures, &c. of astrology. The writer of this once had the honour of taking coffee with him, who seemed much surprised that he, whom Jezzar had denominated his *Hourkem*, or doctor, should not believe in the heavenly science ; and he really thinks that he entertained a less favourable opinion of his abilities on that account, as he never asked him to repeat his visit.

About six or eight months after the defence of Acre, the health of the Pacha seemed much impaired : he was peevish ; and his attendants were fearful of going near him. His expectations of being created Grand Vizier added to his irascibility ; every day he looked for the firman from the Porte ; and his daily disappointment increased his barbarity.

He was, at this time, building a new wall round the town, about fifty or sixty yards from the former. Men, women, and children, were all employed in the labour. In a small room, from the latticed window, he observed his people at work ; and it was asserted that, when any of them appeared idle, he fired at them with ball. A party of English officers visited him in this room : he was, as usual, seated on a mat, with his dagger in his belt, and near him his *silver cup to spit in*, and his *wooden vessel to drink out of*. On his right hand were his battle-axe and pistols, and near the window stood his rifle piece. After the usual questions to his auditors, of what they wanted, &c. having passed, he desired them to look at his new works, and give him their opinion of them ; after which, he was pleased to say, that, when Englishmen were at Acre, his palace was their home. He then entered upon some long tale, every now and then giving his drugoman a forcible pull, and calling out “ Barabac !” (*mind me*) ; but through fear, or some other cause, the interpretation was so defective, that the visitors could scarcely comprehend its purport. At length the Pacha ordered them refreshments, and they retired.

On the following day, when the officers again wished for an audience, Jezzar's attendants were all trembling with fear, he having stabbed his old and faithful gardener. The case was thus :—a few days before, a courier had arrived from Constantinople, with dispatches for the Pacha, who loaded him with presents and money, and feasted him every day ; the courier returned answers to the Porte, stating how well he was entertained, &c. but, at the height of all his happiness, an internal complaint seized him, and he died. Jezzar appeared mad with grief, and all his people fled from him, excepting the poor old gardener, who became the victim of his ill-timed attachment. Several days elapsed before another audience could be obtained.

The small drawing exhibits the Pacha in the act of counting his beads, at the time when he is condemning a man to lose his eyes. On the right appears his secretary, a robust well-looking man. Some years ago, Jezzar sent this person to purchase some merchandise for him ; when, on his return, thinking that he had defrauded him, he put out his right eye, and cut off his nose ; to make him, as he said, "*look like a lion.*" Afterwards, however, finding that he had

been just, he heaped innumerable presents on him, and has ever since, remained firmly his friend. On the left, is the Pacha's druggoman, a tall Genoese, who flatters his master in the most servile manner, and is, perhaps, the only person ever known to boast of his own cowardice. The following anecdote of this character is amusing :—the Pacha made a present of some small cattle to a party of the English, apprising them of the number, and ordering the druggoman to see them safe on board the ship to which they belonged. The number received, however, was one short ; but the Genoese insisted that they were all there, and hastened the departure of the English, telling them, that they could not see the prince again. Unfortunately for him, the Pacha's friends returned to the port a few months afterwards, accompanied by a French gentleman who spoke Turkish. They told the druggoman, that they should inform Jezzar how many cattle had been received ; on which he seemed much agitated, and, with a number of excuses, said he had found the bullock, and that he would send it in the morning, which he accordingly did.

Jezzàr would frequently descend to piracy, for which

purpose he kept two small armed vessels ; and, if any merchant ships happened unfortunately to be driven into his port, he would sieze the cargo, returning to the owners only what he thought proper. They were not, indeed, always suffered to escape with their lives and vessels. This Pacha at present defies the Ottoman power ; and it must be admitted, that his troops display more order and discipline, and are better paid and kept, than those of the empire. He has had a great number of wives, but has been unfortunate with them : some he has sold ; others he has put into sacks, and thrown into the sea.

Of this extraordinary character, the above must be considered only as a brief sketch ; for, to detail his history, would shew that he “out-Herod’s Herod,” whose seat he occupies.

S I D O N.

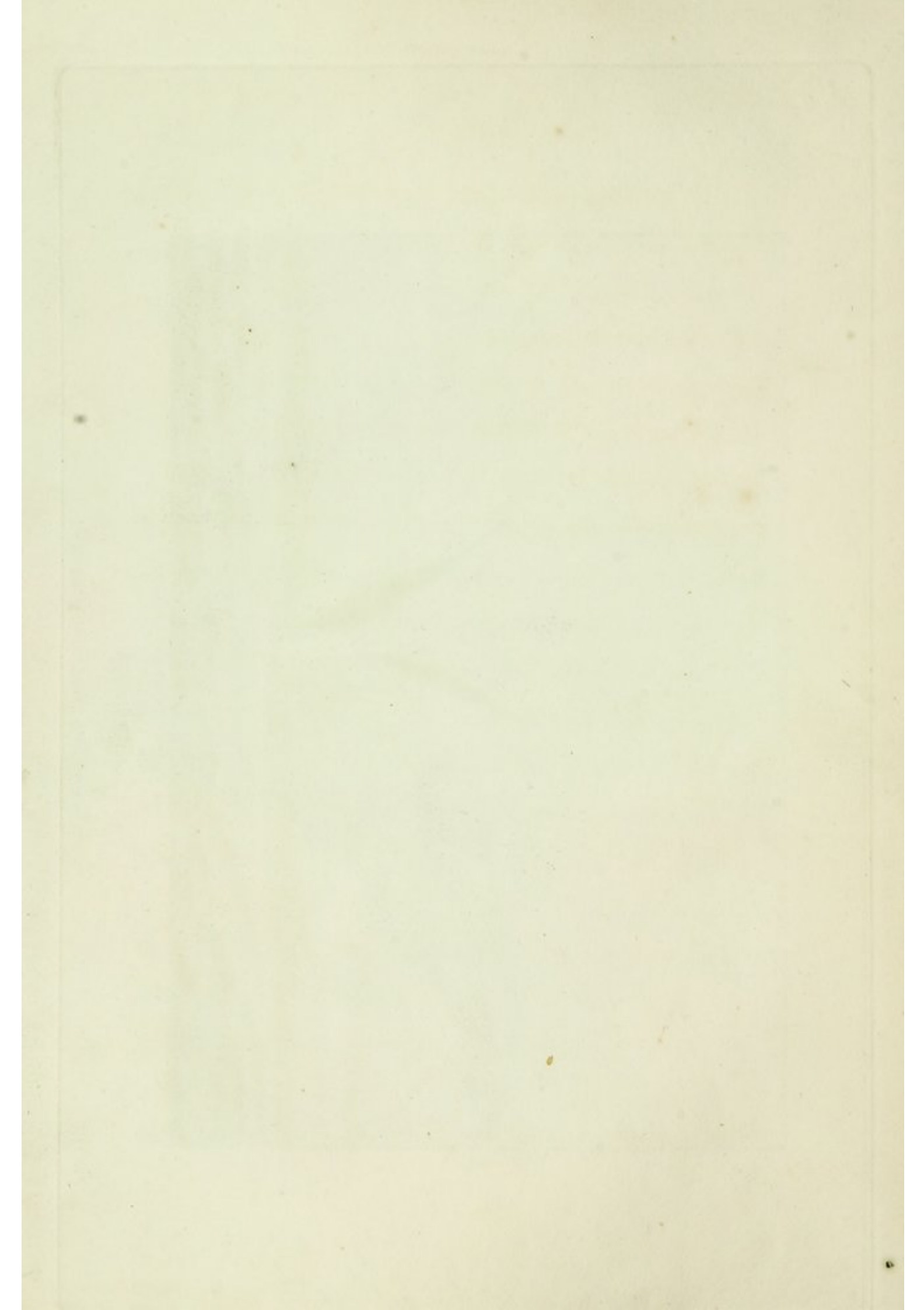
SIDON, called Seid by the Turks, according to tradition, was the second city built after the flood. It was a principal town of Phœnicia, and was famous for its commerce and strength. In the reign of Ochus, the son of Artaxerxes, King of Persia, that monarch, assembling a numerous army appeared before the walls of the city. Having corrupted Tennes, the Phœnician King, Sidon was betrayed into his power ; but so averse were the inhabitants from submission, that, to the number of forty thousand, exclusive of women and children, they set fire to the town, and, with their wealth, were consumed in the flames. So exasperated was Ochus, at missing the expected rich plunder, and detesting the traitor, though he loved the treason, Tennes was by his command put to death. The conflagration, however, having melted a con-



Drawn & Engraved by W. Stuck after F. B. Spilsbury.

SIDON.

Published by G. S. Tregear, 57 Queen Row, New Kent Road, 1883.



siderable quantity of the precious metals, the ashes were collected and sold for a large sum.

Sidon is said to be the place where glass was first invented. Two old castles are yet standing ; but the walls and public buildings of the town are in ruins, and it is only inhabited by fishermen. From its remains of ancient splendour, however, the Pacha Jezzar procures his principal pedestals, columns, and capitals, for the embellishment of his mosque and palace.

TYRE.

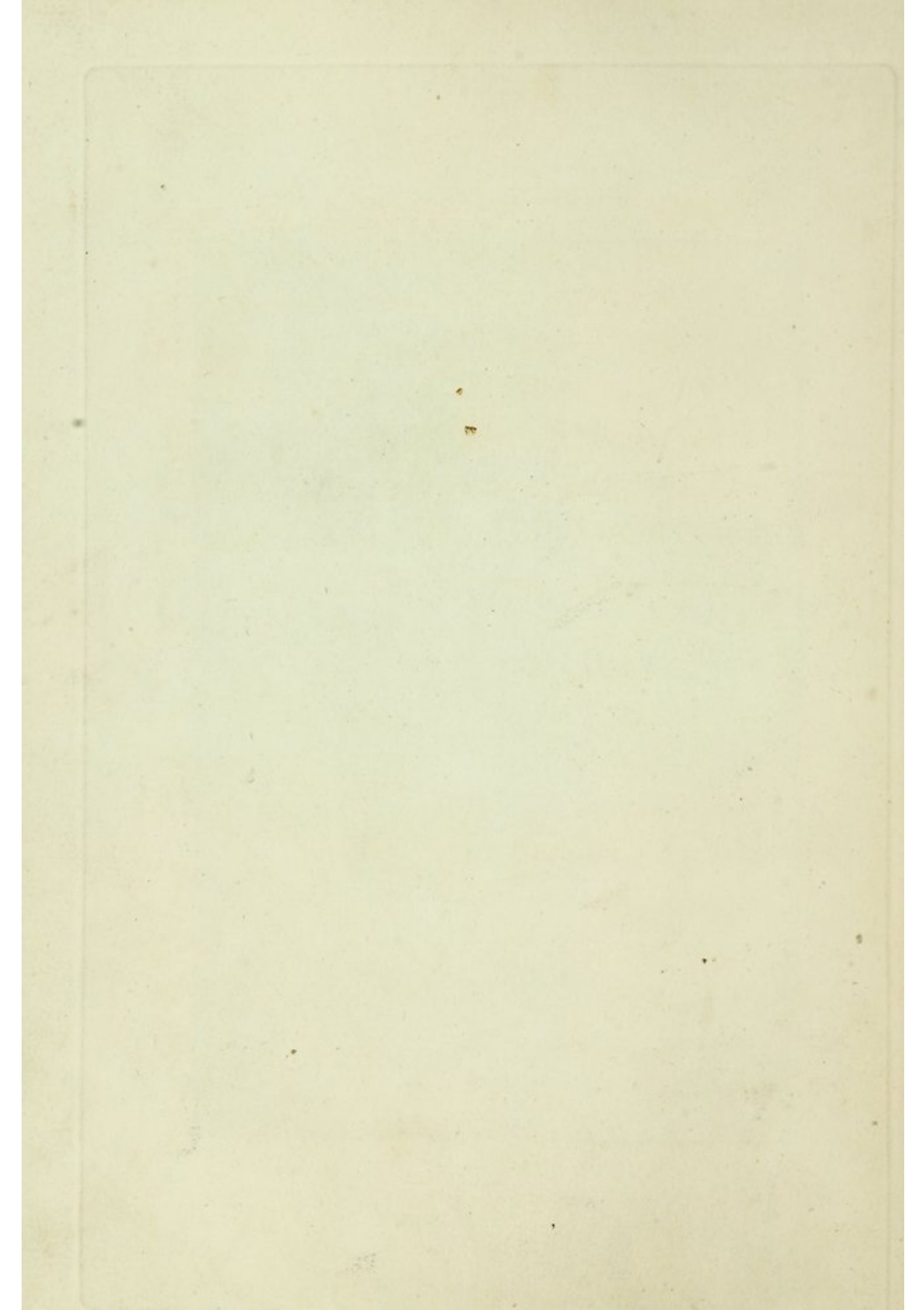
TYRE, by the Turks called Sur, was also a principal city of Phœnicia, about sixty miles south-west of Damascus : it acquired celebrity, and retained it for many ages, by a superior purple dye, which its artisans are supposed to have extracted from the shell of a fish no longer known. History records, that this city resisted the attacks of Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, for thirteen years; and, Alexander the Great is reported to have found it one of the most difficult of his conquests. The latter monarch on being refused admission by its inhabitants, to enter and sacrifice to Hercules, their tutelary deity, invested the place, and at length carried it by storm, putting to the sword the greater part of those who bore arms. Two thousand unfortunate victims, however, were reserved for the more cruel and ignominious fate of crucifixion, which they suffered on crosses, erected



Drawn & Engraved by W. Slack; after F. B. Spilbury.

TYRE.

Published by G. S. Trappan, 37, Union Row, New Kent Road, U.S.

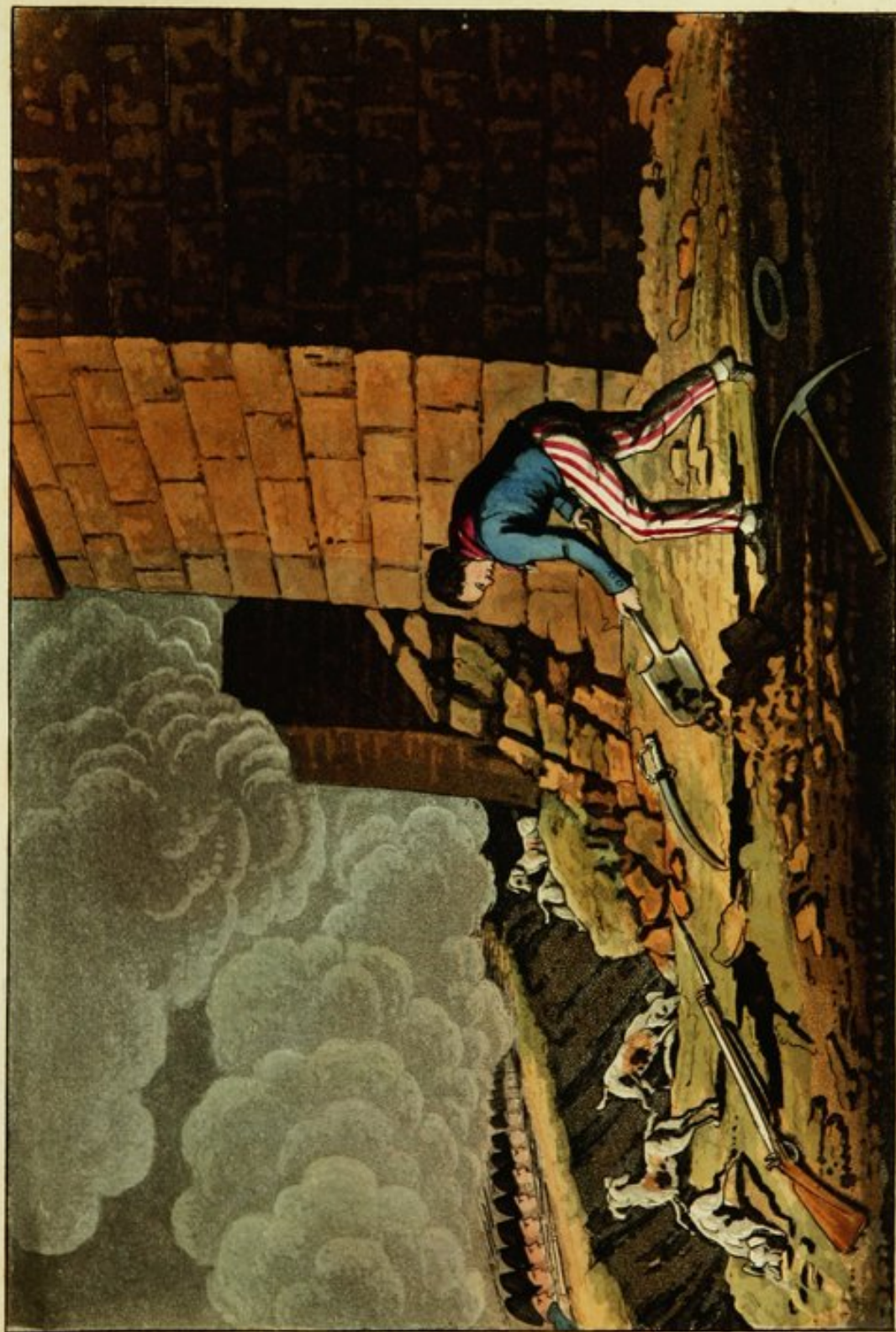


along the shore. This act of barbarity was for the purpose of terrifying other cities ; and, in consequence of it, Jerusalem, which, during the siege, had refused to supply the assailants with provisions, threw open her gates to the conqueror, who was met by the priests in solemn procession.

From the sea, this place exhibits a very interesting appearance. Its palaces and public buildings, formerly so splendid, like those of Sidon, are now in ruins, by which, and a few sorry huts of fishermen, it is only recognised.

DANIEL BRYAN.

DANIEL BRYAN was an old seaman, and captain of the foretop, who had been turned over from the *Blanch* into Sir Sidney's ship *Le Tigre*. During the siege of Acre, this hardy veteran made repeated applications to be employed on shore ; but, being an elderly man, and rather deaf, his request was not acceded to. At the first storming of the breach by the French, among the multitude of slain, fell one of the generals of that nation. The Turks, in triumph, struck off the head of this unfortunate officer ; and after inhumanly mangling the body with their sabres, left it naked, a prey to the dogs. Precluded from the rites of sepulture, it in a few days became putrescent ; a shocking spectacle, a dreadful memento of the horrors of war, the fragility of human nature, and the vanity of all sublunary ambition, hopes and expectations. Thus exposed, when any

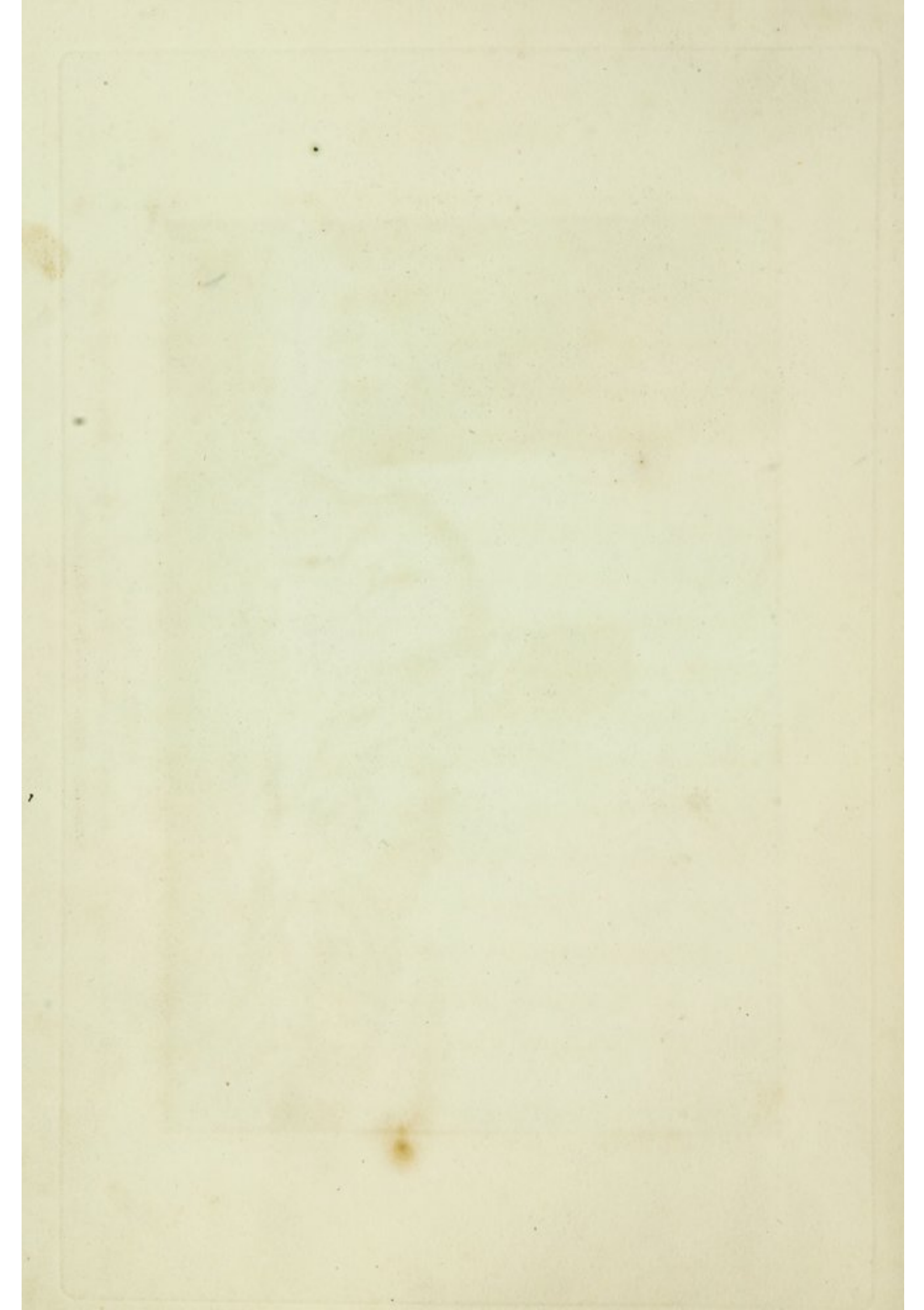


Drawn & Engraved by W. Stark, after F. B. Spilsbury

DANIEL BRYAN.

The Sailor who so nobly Volunteered at the risk of his life to bury the French General during the Siege of Acre.

Published by G. S. Tregear, 37, Union Row, New Kent Road, 1873.



of the sailors who had been on shore returned to their ship enquiries were constantly made respecting the state of the deceased General. Dan frequently asked his messmates why they had not buried him ; but the only reply that he received was, *go and do it yourself*. Dan swore he would ; observing that he had himself been taken prisoner by the French, who always gave their enemies a decent burial, not like those — Turks, leaving them to rot aboveboard. In the morning, having at length obtained leave to go and see the town, he dressed himself, as though for an excursion of pleasure, and went ashore with the surgeon in the jolly boat. About an hour or two after, while the surgeon was dressing the wounded Turks in the hospital, in came honest Dan, who, in his rough good-natured manner exclaimed, “ I’ve been burying the General, Sir, and now I’m come to “ see the sick.” Not particularly attending to the tar’s salute, but fearful of his catching the plague,* the surgeon immediately ordered him out. Returning on board, the coxswain enquired of the surgeon if he had seen old Dan. “ Yes, he

* At this time the plague was making great ravages among the wounded Turks : scarcely half a dozen of them escaped the mortality.

“ has been burying the French General.” It was then that Dan’s words in the hospital first recurred. The boat’s crew who witnessed the generous action, an action truly worthy of a British sailor, in whose character are ever blended the noblest and the milder virtues, thus related its circumstances :—the old man procured a pickaxe, a shovel, and a rope, and insisted on being let down, out of a port hole, close to the breach. Some of his more juvenile companions offered to attend him : “ No ;” he replied, “ you are too young to be shot yet ; as for me, I am old and deaf, and *my* loss would be no great matter.” Persisting in his adventure, in the midst of the firing, Dan was slung, and lowered down with his implements of action on his shoulder. His first difficulty, not a very trivial one, was to drive away the dogs.* The French now levelled their pieces ; they were on the instant of firing at the hero ! it was an interesting

* It may be remarked here, that the dogs in this part of the world have lost that fidelity, and that noble generosity of character, which distinguish them in European countries. Ferocious and unsocial, suspicious, even of their masters, instead of protecting them, if they were not restrained by the abject fears of their degenerated nature, they would fall upon and devour them.

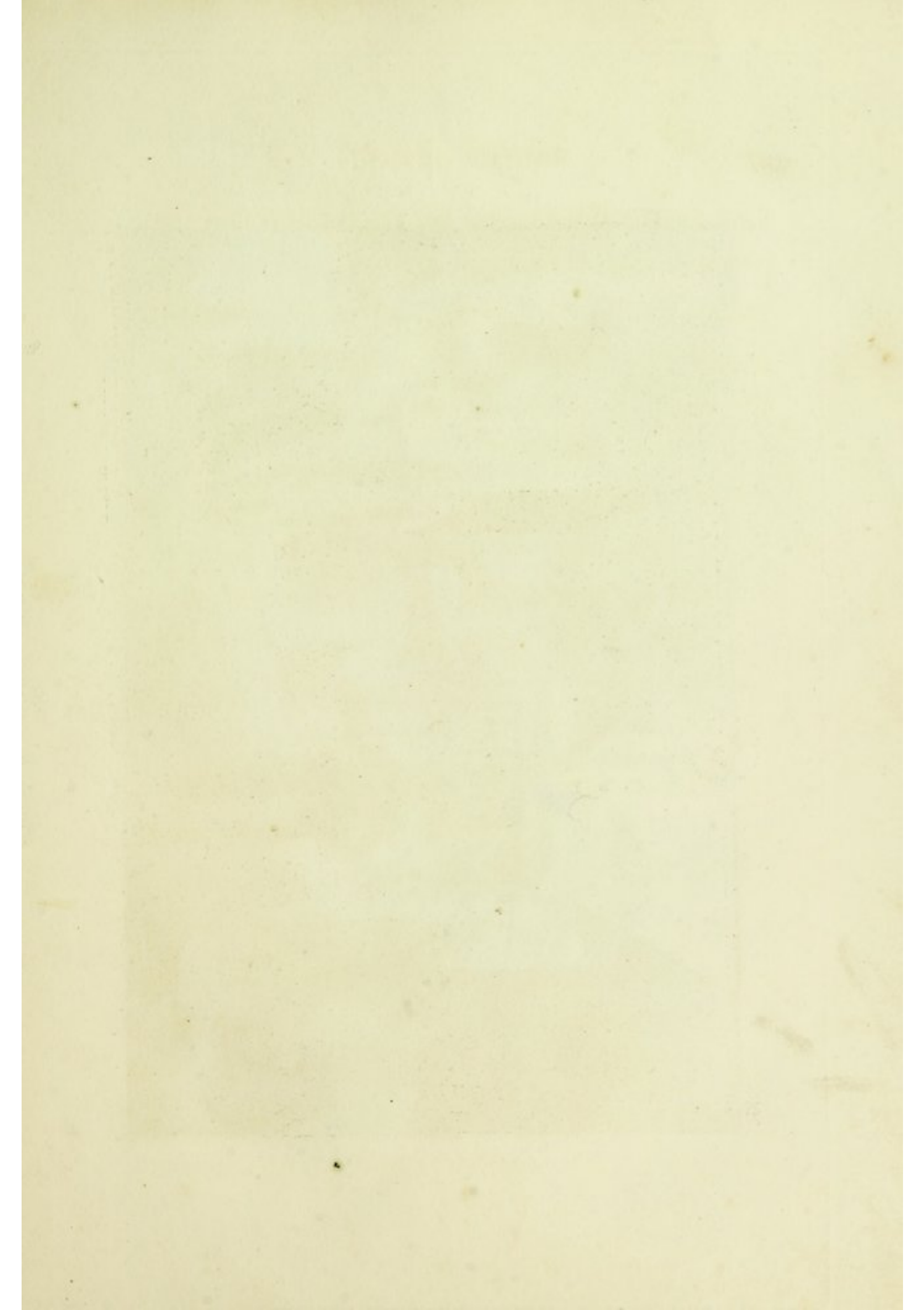
moment! but an officer, perceiving the friendly intentions of the sailor, was seen to throw himself across the ranks. Instantaneously the din of arms, the military thunder ceased; a dead, a solemn silence prevailed; and the worthy fellow consigned the corpse to its parent earth. He covered it with mould and stones, placing a large stone at its head and another at its feet. — But Dan's task was not yet completed. The unostentatious grave was formed, but no inscription recorded the fate or character of its possessor. Dan, with the peculiar air of a British sailor, took a piece of chalk from his pocket and attempted to write,

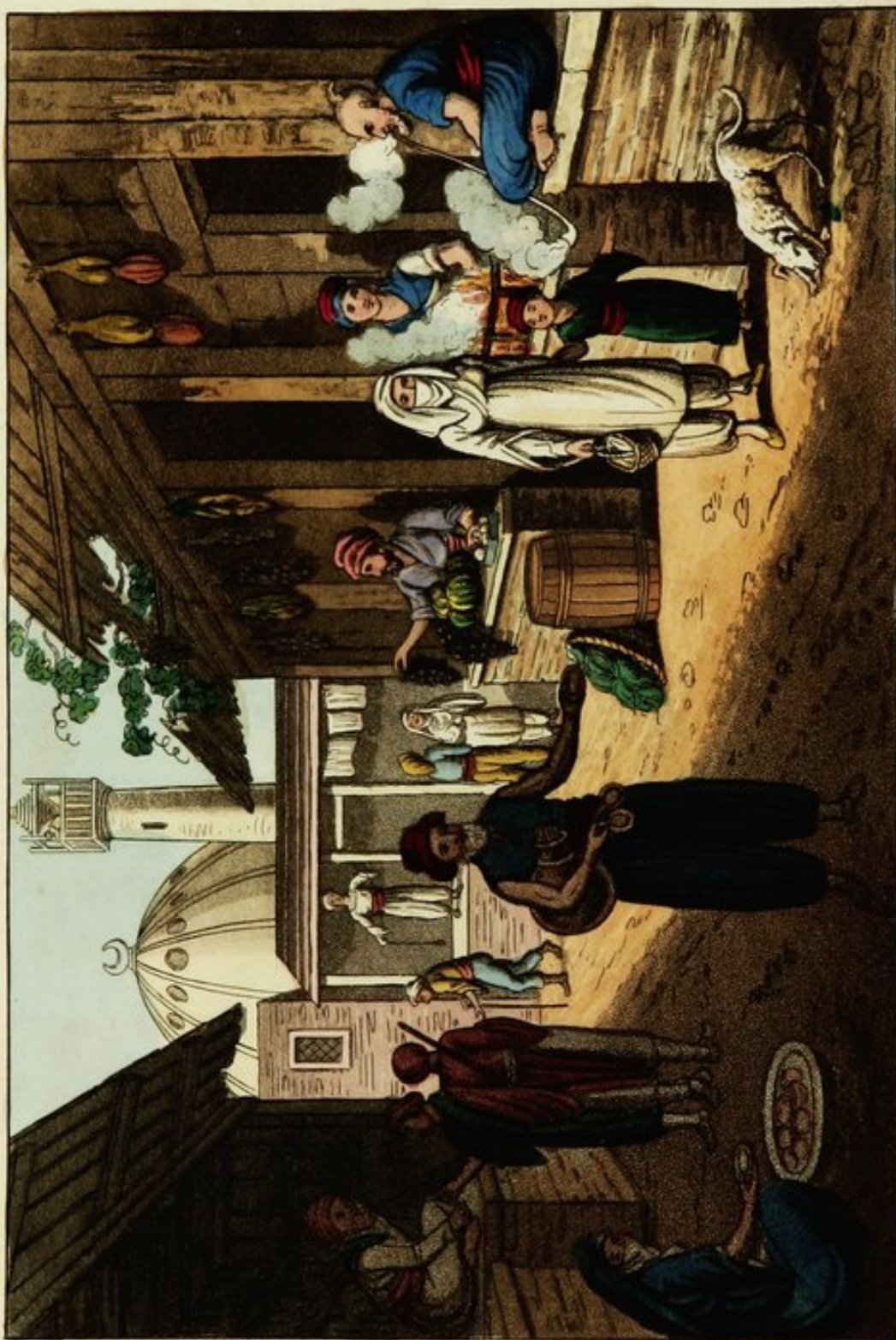
“ Here you lie old CROP !”

He was then, with his pickaxe and shovel, hoisted into the town, and the hostile firing immediately recommenced.

A few days afterwards, Sir Sidney having been informed of the circumstance, ordered Dan to be called into the cabin. “ Well Dan, I hear you have buried the French
“ General ?” “ Yes, your honour !” “ Had you any body
“ with you ?” “ Yes, your honour !” “ Why, Mr. Spilsbury
“ says you had not.” “ But I had, your honour.” “ Ah, who

“had you?” “*God Almighty, Sir.*” “A very good assistant
“indeed! Give old Dan a glass of grog.” “Thank your
“honour!” Dan drank his grog, and left the cabin highly
gratified. He is now a pensioner in the Royal Hospital at
Greenwich.





Drawn & Engraved by W. Stack, after L.B. Spillbury.

A MARKET in ACRE,

Published by G. S. Tregear 37 Essex Row, New Kent Road 1823.

VIEW OF A SYRIAN BAZAR, OR MARKET.

IN the front is a man vending a mixture of liquorice and water: he is jingling some copper basons, one of which he sells full for a *paraw*. On the left is an Arab woman, selling bread, near whom are two Arnout soldiers, bartering with a druggist. In these shops or stalls, it frequently happens, through the carelessness of the venders, that anniseed, pieces of arsenic, sulphur, &c. are mixed together. On the right are a Turkish woman and boy, and near them is a cook's shop: the liver and lights are chopped small, squeezed on a skewer, and broiled, as represented, a skewerfull for a *paraw*. At a little distance is a fruit-stall. At the back, some towels are hung out, shewing a barber's shop, to the left of which is a silk-man in the act of twisting silk. The time is noon, and an Iman is calling the people to prayers, from the top of the minareh adjoining the mosque.

BEIROUT.

THIS view of Mount Lebanon is from the burying ground.

A Turkish friend of Mr. Spilsbury, named Achmat, requested him to visit his brother, who was then lying ill: he found him senseless, and, in a short time, he expired. The author attended him to the grave; that grave which is exhibited in the drawing. The wives of the deceased, who daily strew flowers on the spot, are lamenting over him.

The kindness of the deceased Achmat, as also that of Mahomet and Abdalla, will never be forgotten; they were Turks, indeed; but their friendship was generous and noble.

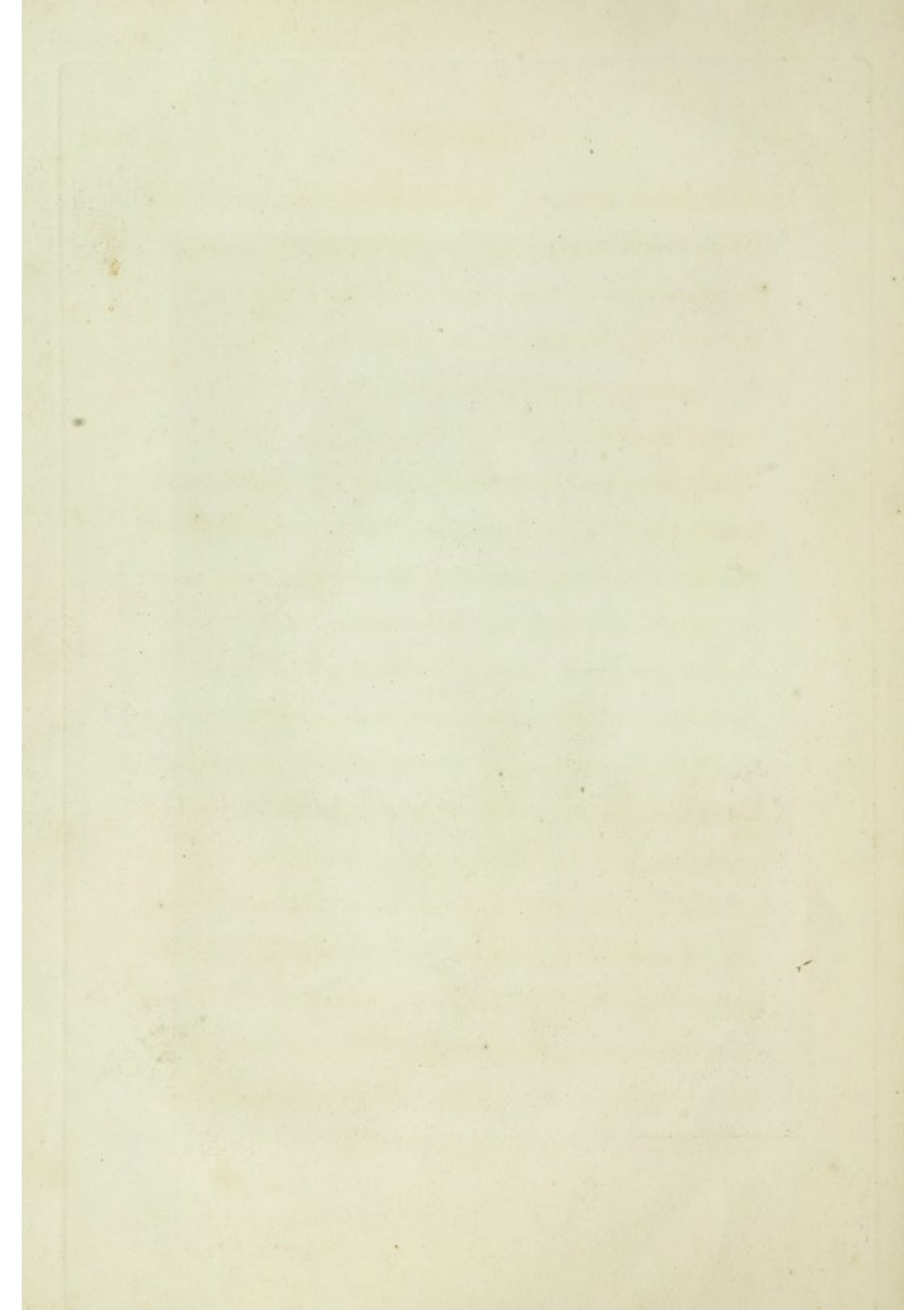
Beirout, as well as Acre, has witnessed the promptitude and military prowess of Jezzar, who once nobly defended it against the Russians. It has a pretty stone tower, and also a good market, particularly for silk, a piece of which, sufficient for a jacket and trowsers, may be purchased for



Drawn & Engraved by W. Stock after F. B. Spilsbury.

A BURIAL PLACE AT BEIROUT.

Published by G. S. Tregear: 37, Union Row, New Kent Road, 1823



about fifteen piastres.* The town is walled round, with towers at intervening distances. On the outside of the walls are some extensive ruins, which reach down to the edge of the sea. The far-famed combat between St. George and the dragon, is supposed to have been fought on a plain in the vicinity of the town.

The old castle at a distance was built by Constantine the Great : from that to the mountain, the ground is beautifully laid out in mulberry gardens, which serve as nurseries for silk-worms. The mulberry here cultivated is of the white species, and is without taste. The persons who feed the silk-worms, cut off the branches of the trees almost close to the trunks, the young sprouts being intended for the brood of the succeeding year. The huts which shelter these useful insects, are extremely light, being built of reeds and covered with the same material. They are kept remarkably clean, each hut generally having three tiers of little boxes for the worms on each side, and the same in the middle.

It was in these gardens, that the author used to take out his convalescent patients on asses, accompanied by his friend

* Rather more than a guinea.

Mr. Wright in a chair. A fruit and milk diet, with gentle exercise, joined to that mental tranquillity which the salubrity of the air, and the rural beauty of the circumjacent scenery, so much tended to promote, soon restored numbers to their pristine health and vigour. Had Hogarth been living, and present—had he beheld the lame and convalescent sailors, each mounted on his ass, with their friend Mr. Wright carried in a chair by Greeks, their Turkish friends proudly marching on before, and the rear closing with those who could walk, or, with crutches, were endeavouring to preserve order, he would have formed a picture exciting pity, fear, and laughter, superior to any existing memorial of his commanding genius. It is impossible to describe the effect which it would produce. This singularly interesting scene was frequently heightened by the grotesque appearance of the nominal Consul. Let the reader picture to himself a little, chubby, elderly man, with large mustachios, extremely timorous and cowardly, mounted on horseback, with two servants walking either before him or at his side, assuming a dignified air, through which his fears were but too conspicuous. His dress was not less *outré* : it consisted

of an English wig, a large gold-laced cocked hat, Turkish long clothes with a pelice over them, yellow Turkish boots, with a navy-belt and hanger slung over his shoulders, sometimes with a pistol in the belt.

The party having rested themselves, and taken some appropriate refreshment, the procession returned in order to Beirout; and the greatest punishment that could be inflicted on those who had been ill, was to keep them in the hospital to attend others, or to clean it, while their mess-mates were enjoying their health-restoring recreation.

Soon after the hospital was established, it became known to the inhabitants of the surrounding country, that there was an English *Hourkem*, or doctor, at Beirout: and the author had, consequently, a very numerous levee, of both sexes, every morning. His visitors never came empty handed, but always brought with them presents of fowls, fruits, or sweet-meats; and the poorer classes made an humble offering of flowers. But it must not be thought that these good people were all really indisposed: curiosity seems to have been a principal motive for their visits, as many of them, instead of detailing their complaints, and requesting medicines for their

cure, only enquired *whether they were ill!* Another motive, however, not less congenial with the feelings of the fair sex, it is probable induced the ladies to honour the English *Hourkem* with their attendance, viz. that of displaying their charms, as, on such occasions, they always throw off their veils. They were extremely fond of handling his dress, and some of them presented him with ointment to make his beard grow. They were generally in high spirits, but always became dull when, on the appearance of a Turk, they were obliged to resume their veils. During these levees it was found necessary to conceal the professional instruments, particularly scissars, as every female used to fall in love with them. The natives, indeed, are so fond of the steel manufactures of Europe, that the British officers were frequently offered to the amount of three or four pounds sterling for their dirks.

The inhabitants here are chiefly of the Greek or Armenian church. They are extremely poor and miserable, but their poverty has not preserved them from the merciless hands of Jezzar, who has put many of them to death. They tremble at his name, and pray that the prince of the mountain, who

is a Christain, may again govern them. Wine and brandy are the principal articles of their trade : the former generally tastes of tar, and the latter is white, of a bad taste, and scented with anniseed. When the English went among them, the women always threw off their veils, and frequently exhibited features both interesting and beautiful. The Turkish women here conceal their faces with thin gauze handkerchiefs, ornamented with red or yellow flowers. They are not so prodigal of their beauties as to unveil them to the public gaze ; but some of them in private, perhaps exulting in a consciousness of superiority, will deign to bless the beholder with a survey of their charms. But, alas ! no ray of intelligence beams from their languid eyes ; youth's roses bloom not on their sallow cheeks : their complexion is pale, and their whole beauty consists in a certain languishment of the eyes, heightened by the use of antimony, which universally prevails. The Christian and Greek girls form a striking contrast to the Turkish fair ones : they are mostly brunettes, and possess a peculiar vivacity which renders them highly pleasing. Here, however, as in all these countries, the women dye their hands and feet red, with henna ; and the

old women render themselves truly disgusting by dying their hair also of that colour.

The English were comfortably situated here, for the inhabitants used every exertion to make them happy. Thoughts on those who were still defending the town of Acre, would sometimes rush across their minds, and cast a transient damp on their enjoyments ; but, when a boat appeared, and the welfare of Sir Sidney Smith and his companions was ascertained, every care was dissipated, and tranquillity resumed its reign.

During the author's stay at Beirout, after the termination of the siege of Acre, a public rejoicing of three days was instituted, for the departure of the French. At this time, a fine and interesting young man was apprehended and taken before the governor, as one who had been connected with the French, the Turkish inhabitants all following and clamorously demanding his head. The rabble indeed anxiously wished for the head of some Christian, to carry about the streets with them as a trophy ; and this unfortunate young man would in all probability have been condemned, had not Lieutenant Wright immediately requested an audience of the

governor, and been admitted to hear the accusations against him. On the declaration of a Turk, that he saw the prisoner with the French, the clamour became more loud and tumultuous ; but on Lieutenant Wright's desiring to know what the accuser was doing among the French when he saw the prisoner, he was so confounded by the unexpected interrogation that he immediately withdrew, and the young man was liberated. Lieutenant Wright took him home to dinner, and he proved to be the nephew of the consul of Jaffa. His name was De Maina : he was an honest and amiable character : after this incident he became drug-goman to Sir Sidney Smith, and, subsequently, to Sir Richard Bickerton.

During the festival, which lasted for three whole days and nights, the continued *le-las* (rejoicings) or rather *howlings* of the women, and the barbarous music by which they were accompanied, considerably impeded the recovery of the poor men who were blown up in the Theseus.

Z E T A.

THIS drawing is curious and interesting, from the *costume* which it displays. In the front are two Arab women, the one with a jar for water, the other with her naked infant on her shoulder, which is the usual mode of carrying children in this country. Their clothing consists simply of a blue *chemise*, and a face cloth: the poorer classes decorate their ancles with coloured glass rings; and, in addition to these, the more opulent wear money round their necks and foreheads. They also stain their hands and feet red; and, to heighten their beauty, a blue spot is pricked with needles on the chin and cheeks, with sometimes a large gold ring through the nostril.

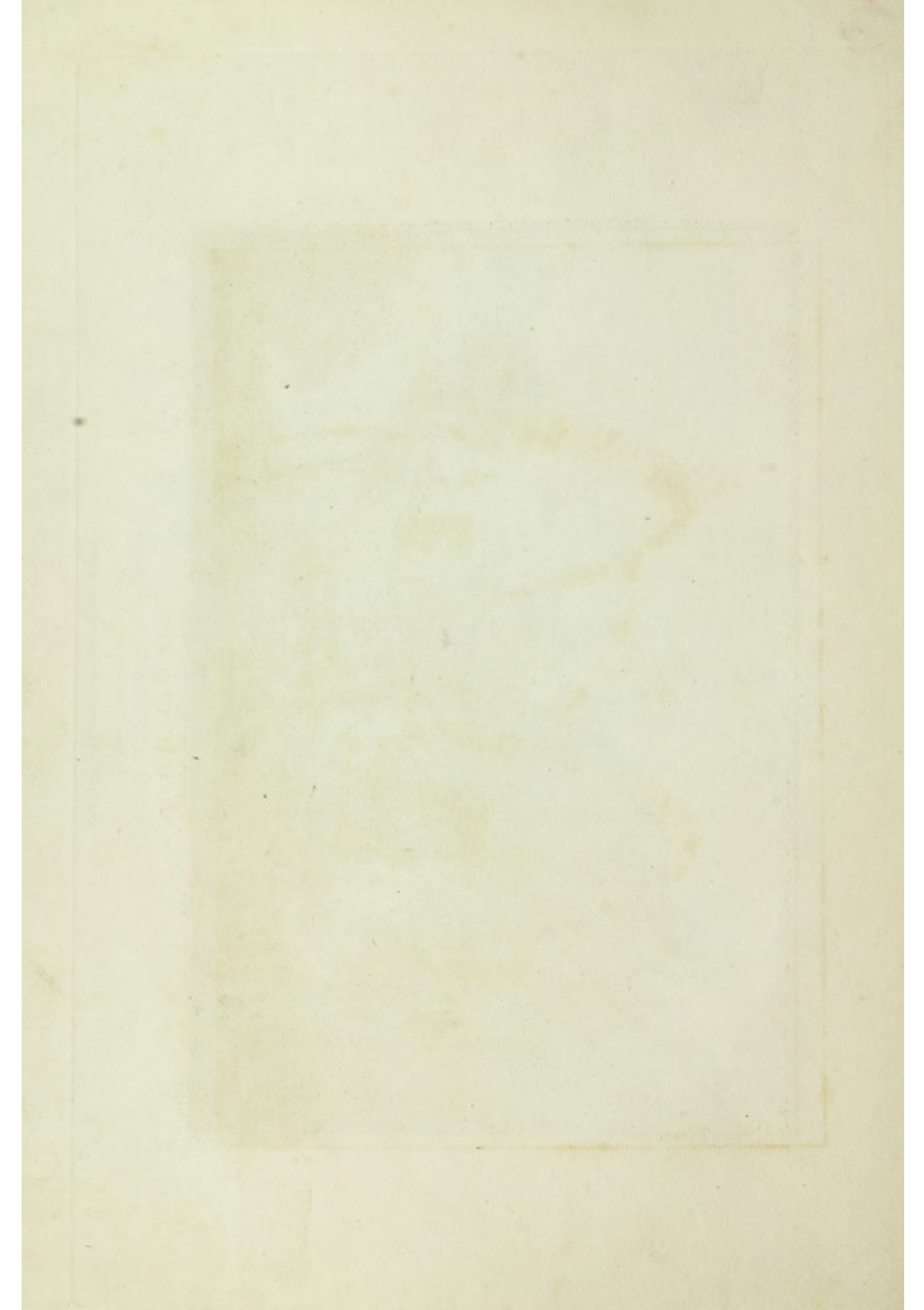
About half a mile from the town, is the well from which the inhabitants obtain their water. On the first arrival of the English at that spot, the guard, taking the bucket to



Drawn & Engraved by W. Stock after F. B. Spillbury.

ZETA near JAFFA in SYRIA.

Published by G. S. Trugster, 357 Union Bow, New Kent Road, 1873.

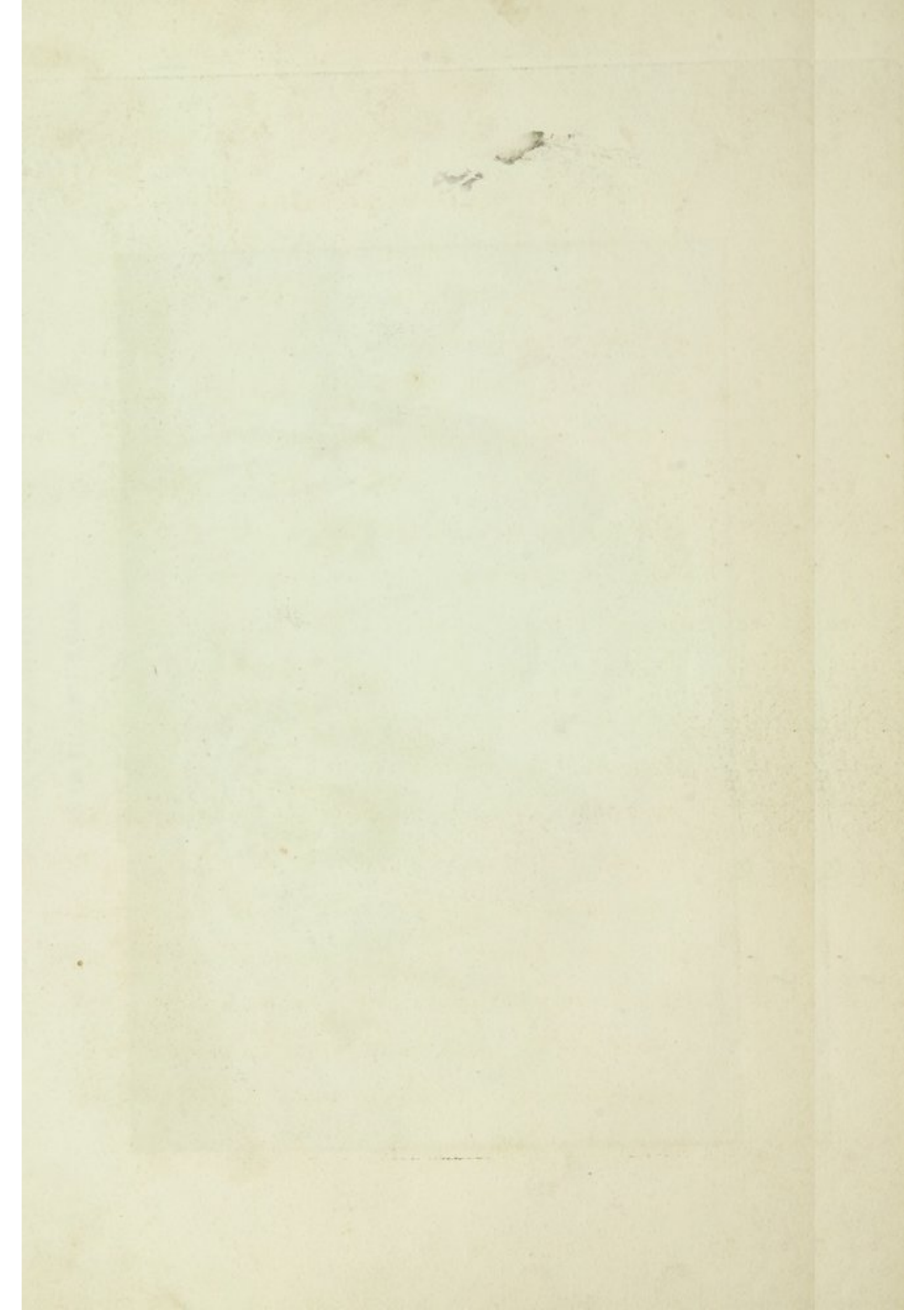




Drawn & Engraved by W. Stoddard after F. B. Spalding

ARAB HUTS at ZETA.

Published by G. S. Tregear, 32 Devereux Row, New Kent Road, 1872.



procure drink for the cattle, unfortunately let it fall into the well, when he was immediately assailed by one of the female inhabitants, who, with the harsh tones of abuse, accompanied by a variety of gestures, pursued them until they reached the village. The English and the natives were objects of mutual curiosity ; and, when the former pitched their tent, they were immediately surrounded by the latter ; the women and children, at a distance, covering the hill on which the town stood. After the fatigues of a march, through a dry and dusty country, it will readily be conceived that a well prepared refreshment must have been highly acceptable ; and the officers had the satisfaction of finding the Sheik extremely attentive to their wants. He presented them with roasted fowls, bread, and fruit ; but, in the midst of their repast, thinking that the near approach of the inhabitants, who were sitting around, incommoded them, he ordered them to a greater distance, and the clouds of sand which were raised by their compliance, spoiled the remainder of the entertainment. Thus the proffered reparation became injurious, and the intended good offices of the Sheik terminated in disappointment.

The huts in which the inhabitants reside are of a conical form, having but one low door in the side, barely large enough to admit them on their hands and knees. They are built of mud, which frail material would, in more humid regions, be soon resolved into its kindred earth; but, in this arid climate, it speedily hardens, and is extremely durable.

The mode of baking among these villagers is worthy of remark. The bread, which is always made in very thin cakes, having been prepared, a pit is dugged in the earth; at the bottom of the pit, which serves for an oven, is placed a layer of hot stones, and then a layer of cakes, and so on alternately, till the pit is filled. From their thinness the cakes are soon sufficiently baked, and in a few minutes the pit is emptied.

Near this place, the remains of an ancient stone building were visible; but, though it was with difficulty that Lieutenant Wright and his friend were permitted to examine them, they presented nothing worthy of remark. The inhabitants rudely pushed them from the spot, fearful lest they might

discover some hidden treasure. Finding themselves much annoyed by the crowd, and their attendant dogs, they were glad to return to their tent; and, at sunset, proceeded on their route to Damascus.

GENIN.

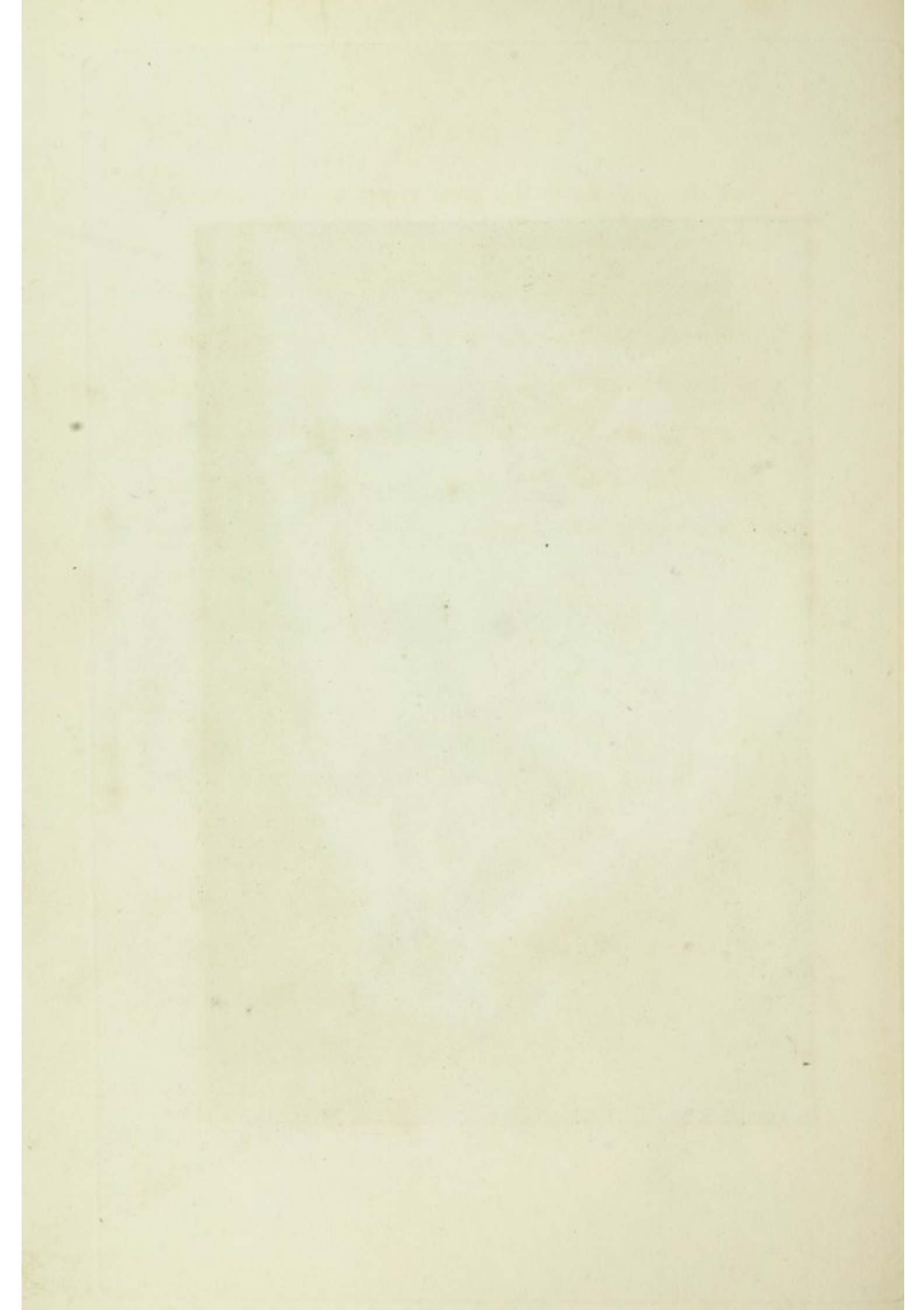
GENIN is a small town, anciently belonging to the Jews. It is situated near Endor, and is governed by a Pacha of the name of Orolo, who is frequently at war with Jezzar. The author and his friend Lieutenant Wright, here pitched their tent in a garden ; and, in an adjacent brook, discovered an abundant supply of water cresses, than which nothing could be, at that time, a more luxurious treat. Here they first saw the Turkish dancers. The company which came to their tent consisted of an elderly man, a boy, a youth who personated a woman, and a fourth who played upon the small Turkish guitar. Neither their music nor dancing indicated either mirth, sprightliness, or joy, but had a voluptuous tendency which soon degenerated into obscenity. This, from *male* performers, was particularly disgusting ;



Drawn & Engraved by W. Stuck after F. B. Spillburs

A DANCE AT GENIN.

Published by O. S. Trevelock, 57, Prince Street, New York, 1825.



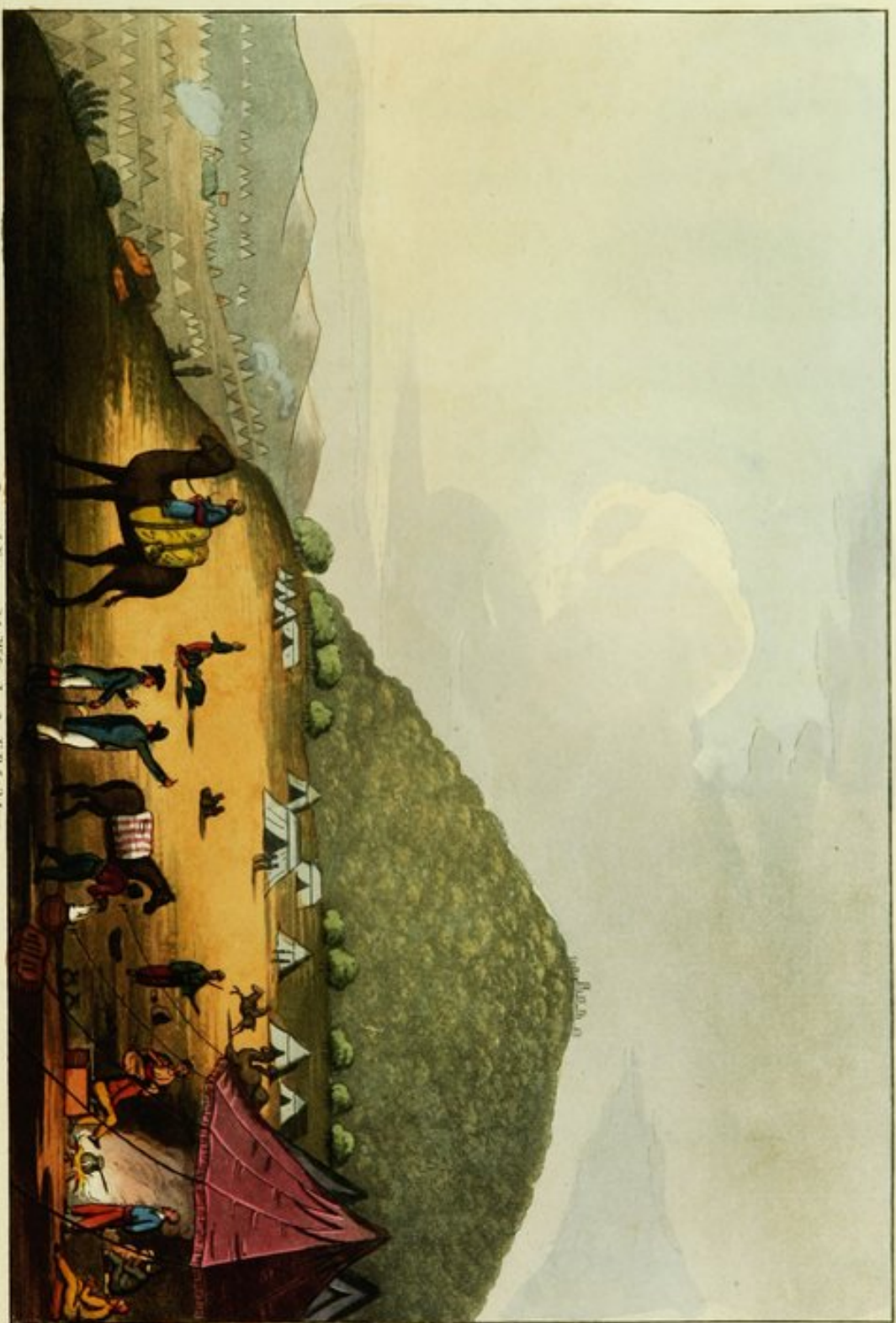
and the dancers, to the great regret of the surrounding soldiers, were speedily dismissed.

They had castanets and small bells round their wrists : their lower petticoat was of thin muslin and gold, which, as they whirled round, appeared as in the accompanying engraving No. X ; but their chief art seemed to be, to hold one of their sides still, while they exhibited a convulsed appearance with the other.

MOUNT TABOR.

ACCORDING to tradition, Mount Tabor is the place on which the transfiguration of our Lord was accomplished. It is a lofty conical mountain, standing in the plain where the Turks formed an encampment. On its elevated summit is a very fertile spot, about half a mile in circumference, almost covered with beautiful oak trees, which bear extremely large acorns. The ancient remains of walls, trenches, and other fortifications, are also still visible on the top of the Mount. The surrounding prospect is delightful. The Mount of the Beatitudes appears on the north ; and on the north-west the Mediterranean sea presents itself ; to the east are the lakes of Tiberia, and Mount Hermon ; and, to the south, are the mountains of Gilboa.

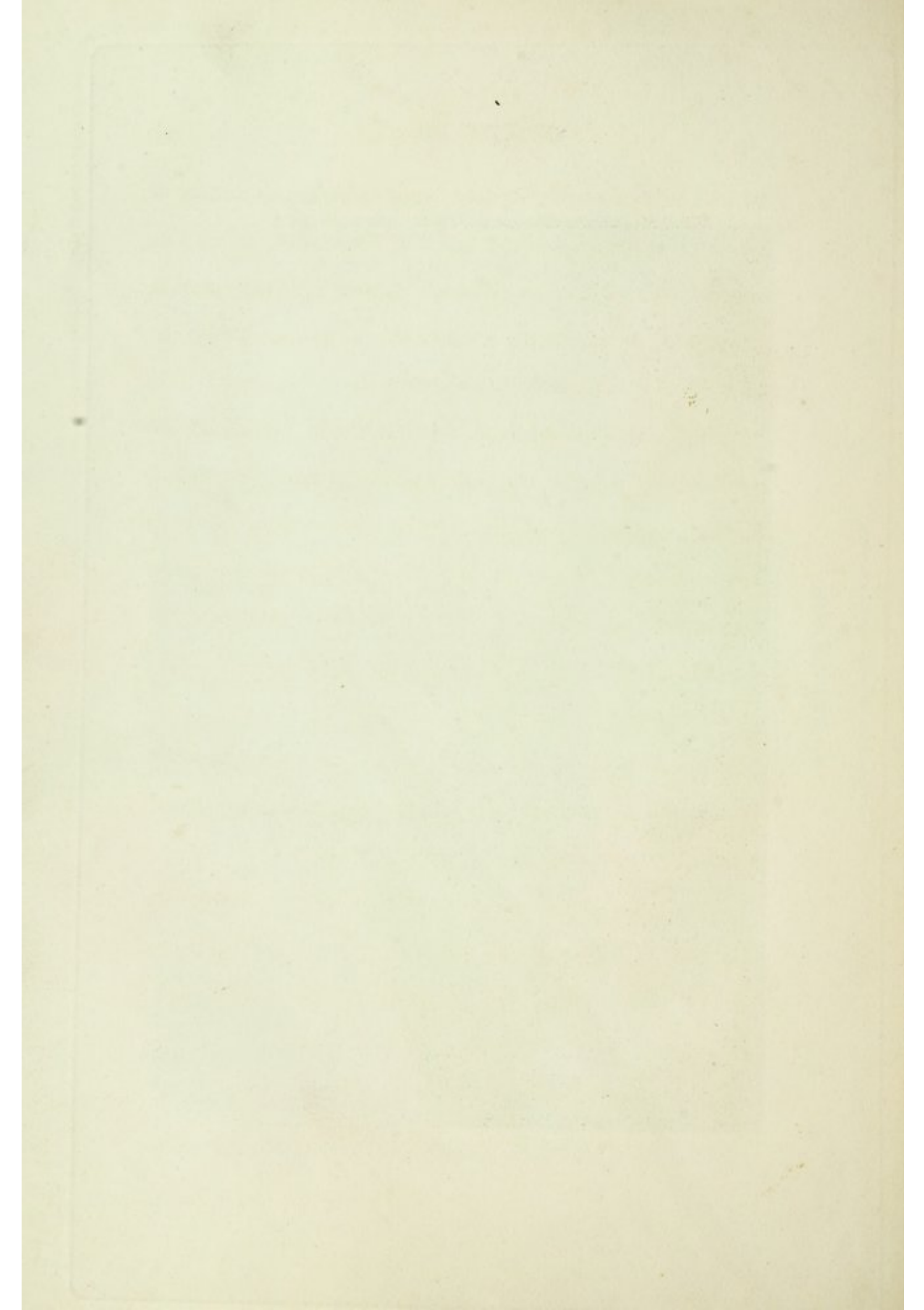
This drawing was taken from a height, adjoining the spot where the author's tent was pitched, near the Turkish camp.



Drawn & Engraved by W. J. L. after F. B. Spillbury

MOUNT TABOR.

Published by G. S. Tringier, 37 Union Row, New Kent Road, 1873.



In this immense body of men, camels, horses, &c. there is no order, no fixed mode of pitching their tents, no colours raised, no regulation, no advanced post or centinel ; so that a surprise, almost with a certainty of success, might be effected at any time.

In the fore-ground, on the right, is a tent for the sale of coffee ; and, near it, is a water-carrier, pouring water from leathern bags slung across his horse. The dress of these people is made of leather, generally with enormously large buttons suspended from it. Their horses are not piqueted in the same manner as ours are, but by a leathern strap round one pastern.

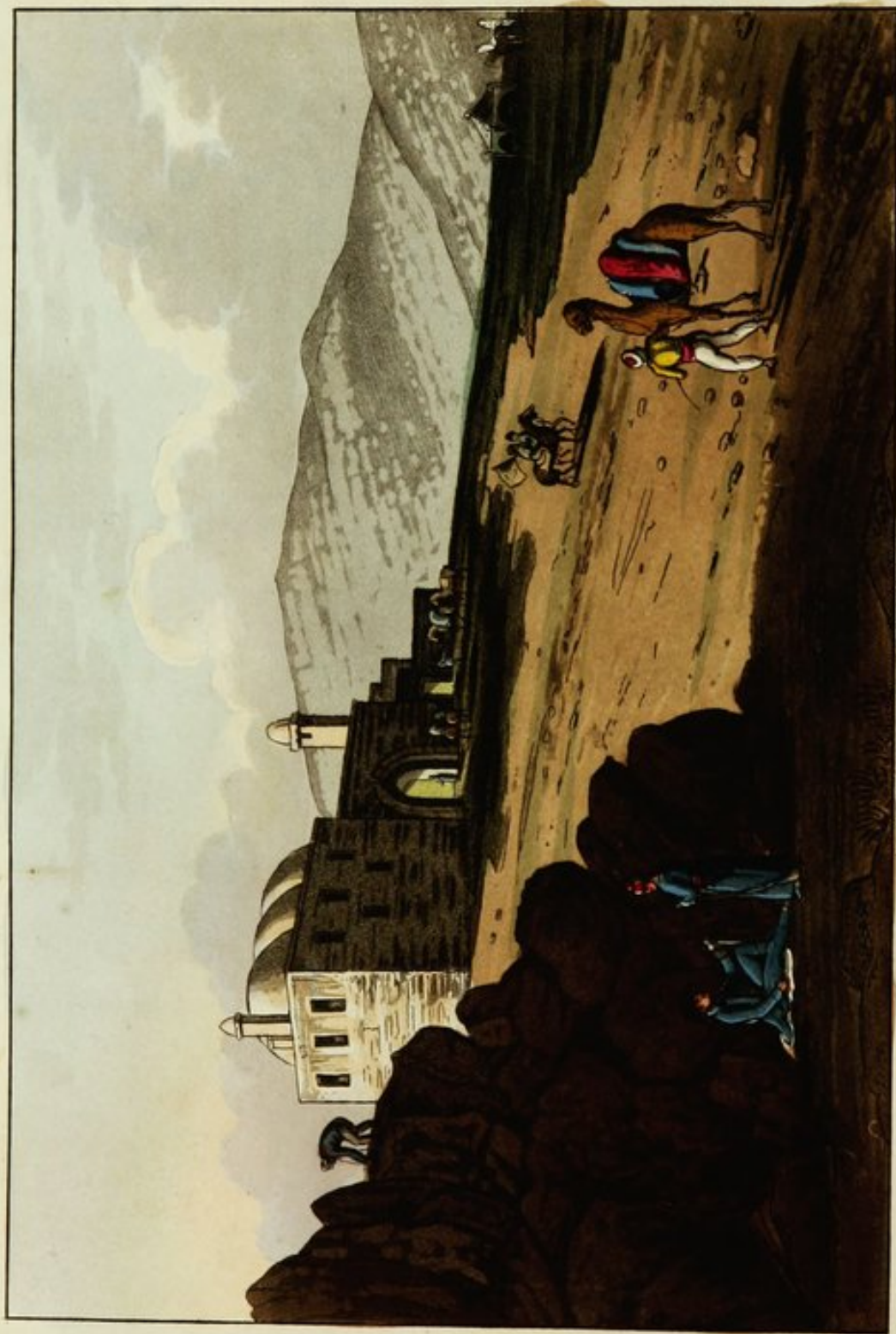
In the front of the drawing is a tent with one ball, which belongs to a principal officer. In the plain, the grand vizier's tent is distinguished by two golden balls.

The grand vizier is affable in his manners, and portly in his person ; but, from an exercise called the *Jerruté*, to which he still remains extremely partial, he has unfortunately lost his left eye.

The drawing exhibits several of his officers playing before him as he enters the camp. The *Jerruté*, is a long stick

which, like a lance, is thrown with great force and certainty to a considerable distance. The performers at these eastern tournaments first balance the *Jerruté* in their right hands, with their nails uppermost, and then, having discharged it, will sometimes, at full speed, catch it before it falls. It is indeed highly interesting to witness the agility which they display in avoiding the blows of an assailant; or, catching the *Jerruté*, converting it into a missile weapon against their retreating antagonist. This, however, is not the only exercise which is patronised by the grand vizier; he awards premiums to such of his horsemen as evince the greaest dexterity in dividing a parcel of cotton, at a single stroke, with a sabre, at full speed.

It was at Mount Tabor where the officers and their guard left the Turkish army, and proceeded onwards to join their little squadron of gun-vessels at Jaffa.



Drawn & Engraved by W. Stoddart after F. B. Spalding

JOSEPH'S PIT and WELL.

Published by G. S. Trueman, 37, Union Row, New Kent Road, 1825

JOSEPH'S WELL.

THE origin of this well is vulgarly attributed to Joseph, the servant of Potiphar. The Turks display great reverence for all the remains of the Patriarchs, and, therefore, they have erected a mosque over it. Within the building is a large square, which serves as a caravenseraï, or inn, for the accommodation of travellers. The small door to the right, is the entrance to the well. This relict of antiquity is situated in a rocky country: the distant mountain is Ormelie, or Pistrathen: on the left, a figure is seen plumbing the pit, in which Joseph is supposed to have been confined by his brethren; and on the right is a small brick tomb, of four arches, with a cupola. This is called *the wolf's tomb*, respecting which the Turks relate the following legendary tale:—

When Joseph's brethren took his coat to their father

Jacob, they told him that a wolf had killed and devoured his son, and that they had destroyed the wolf. "Go then," said the Patriarch, "and entomb the wolf, and you will entomb my son also." This command was performed, and a monument was raised on the spot, which to this day is known by the name of *the wolf's tomb*.

The officer sitting under the rock, is Lieutenant Wright, still extremely weak from the severe wounds which he received at Acre. The camels with the English tents, are seen advancing round the corner.

Contrary to the popular tradition respecting the origin of this well, it is generally attributed by antiquarians to the time of the Caliphs, by one of whom, of the name of Joseph, it is supposed to have been formed. The pit is cut in the shape of a cone, narrow at the top, but regularly widening to the bottom. The sides are lined with a fine smooth cement, and the depth is now only about ten feet. In October 1799, the period when this sketch was taken, it was very offensive, owing to some dead bodies which the advanced post of the French armies had thrown into it.



Drawn & Engraved by W. Stock after F. B. Spalding.

THE LAKE OF TIBERIA.

Published by O. S. Tregear 37, Union Row, New Kent Road, 1823.

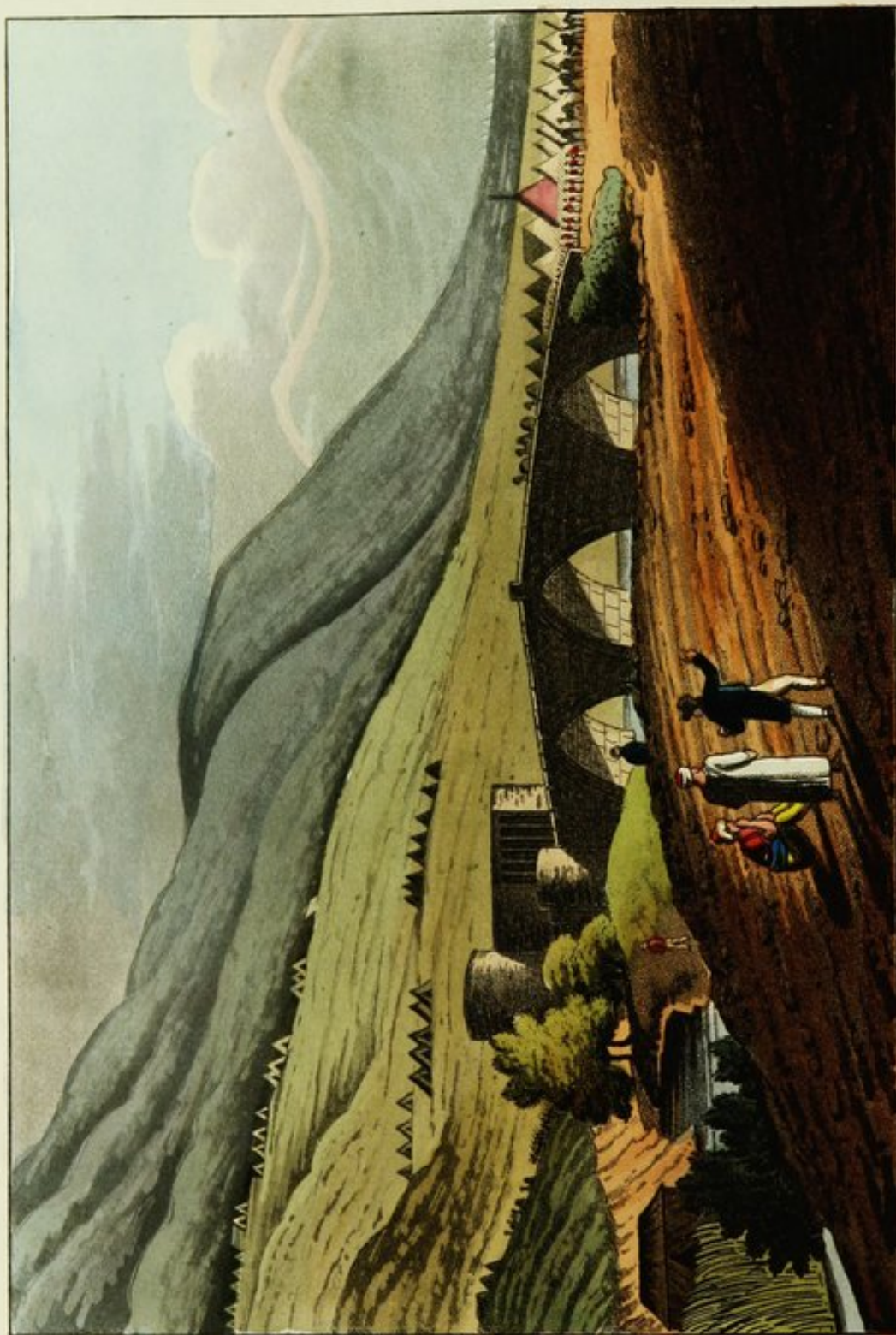
LAKE OF TIBERIA.

TIBERIA is perhaps the only town now remaining perfect from the time of the Jews, by whom it is still principally inhabited. Its walls are strong, and in good repair. When the travellers, passing from Joseph's well to Jacob's bridge, arrived at the gates of this town, the governor refused to admit them, and would not even furnish them with a temporary supply of provisions. He alledged, that the Pacha, Jezzar, had given orders to prevent their entrance; informing them, however, that, about a mile or two farther, on the borders of the lake, there was an old caravanserai, where they might meet with some accommodation. Thither they proceeded, and about four o'clock in the afternoon they reached the destined spot, a low quadrangular stone building, at the foot of an excavated mountain. Having put up their horses, and spread their mats, they procured some very fine

mullets, which they roasted on cane skewers, before cane and straw fires. In searching the caravanserai for provender, they discovered the body of a murdered man. Exploring the caverns in the mountain, they found a quantity of straw, which, they were told, had been the bedding of some banditti, whom the French had expelled and destroyed.

Quitting Tiberia, they passed over the ruins of an ancient town, supposed to be Mylissa, now close to the water's edge.

The Grand Vizier was informed of the treatment which his friends had experienced from the governor of Tiberia : he expressed his resentment in threatening terms ; but such was his fear of Jezzar, the instigator of that treatment, that rather than pass Tiberia, he chose to take a circuitous route over a mountain, in ascending which, from fatigue, many of his camels burst.



Drawn & Engraved by W. Stuck after F. B. Spalding.

JACOB'S BRIDGE.

Published by G. S. Trugear, 37, Union Row, New Kent Road, 1823.

JACOB'S BRIDGE.

ON the 18th of October, 1799, the British officers arrived here, and pitched their tent on the spot occupied by the foreground of the drawing. Here also was encamped the advanced guard of the Grand Vizier's army, commanded by the Aga of the Janizaries. When the Aga knew that the British officers were going to wait on the Vizier, he sent his attendants with two horses, one with gilt furniture, and the other with silver. The former was mounted by Lieutenant Wright, and the latter by his friend. They proceeded, in the usual form, to the place of audience. The etiquette of salutation, coffee, pipes, &c. having been gone through, the prince politely invited them to dine, after which, coffee and pipes, were again presented. This repast being finished, the gentlemen took leave and returned to their tents in the order that they came. The attendants of the Aga were then, in their turn, presented with coffee and pipes; when

to the surprise of the English, they demanded *bacchese* for the honour which had been conferred of dining with the prince. The demand amounted to eighty piastres,* exclusive of thirty piastres more for the horses: the whole of which was acceded to, but with a firm determination never more to accept the dearly-purchased *honour*.

This view, the whole of which is mountainous, is between the lakes of Tiberia: the distant mountain is at the back of the upper lake, whence arises the river Jordan, which is narrow, and runs into the lower lake, thence proceeding onwards to the Black Sea.

The bridge is assuredly very ancient: at the back of it are some ruined buttments, which the natives say are the remains of the original bridge built by the Patriarch whose name it bears. The building on the left was repaired by the French, who had an advanced post there, to watch the army of Damascus. On the right is the road leading to Damascus, over a mountain, on which, for three or four miles, it is very broad, regular, and well paved. The tent with a golden ball marks the situation of the Grand Vizier when he arrived.

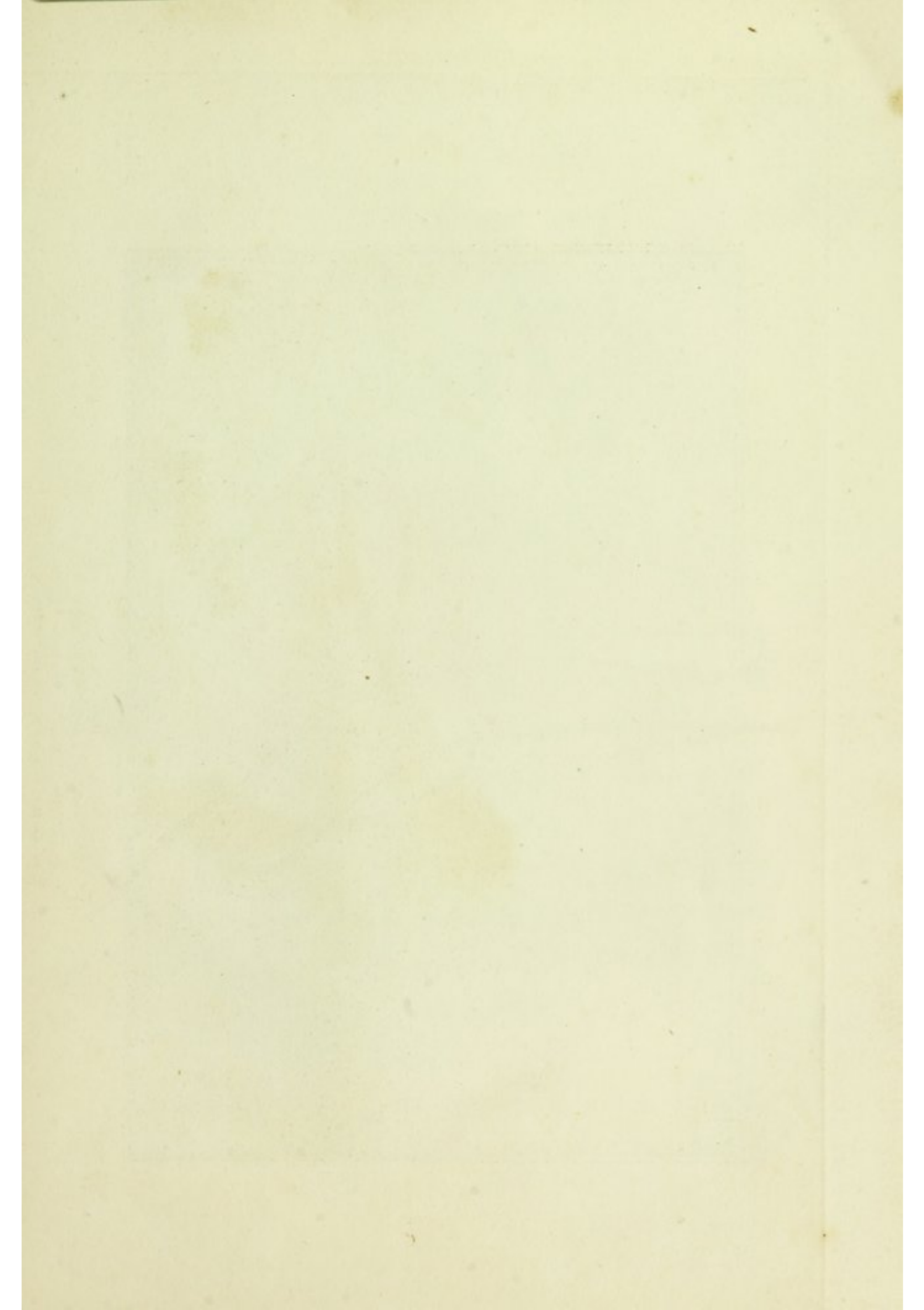
* About £5. 14s.

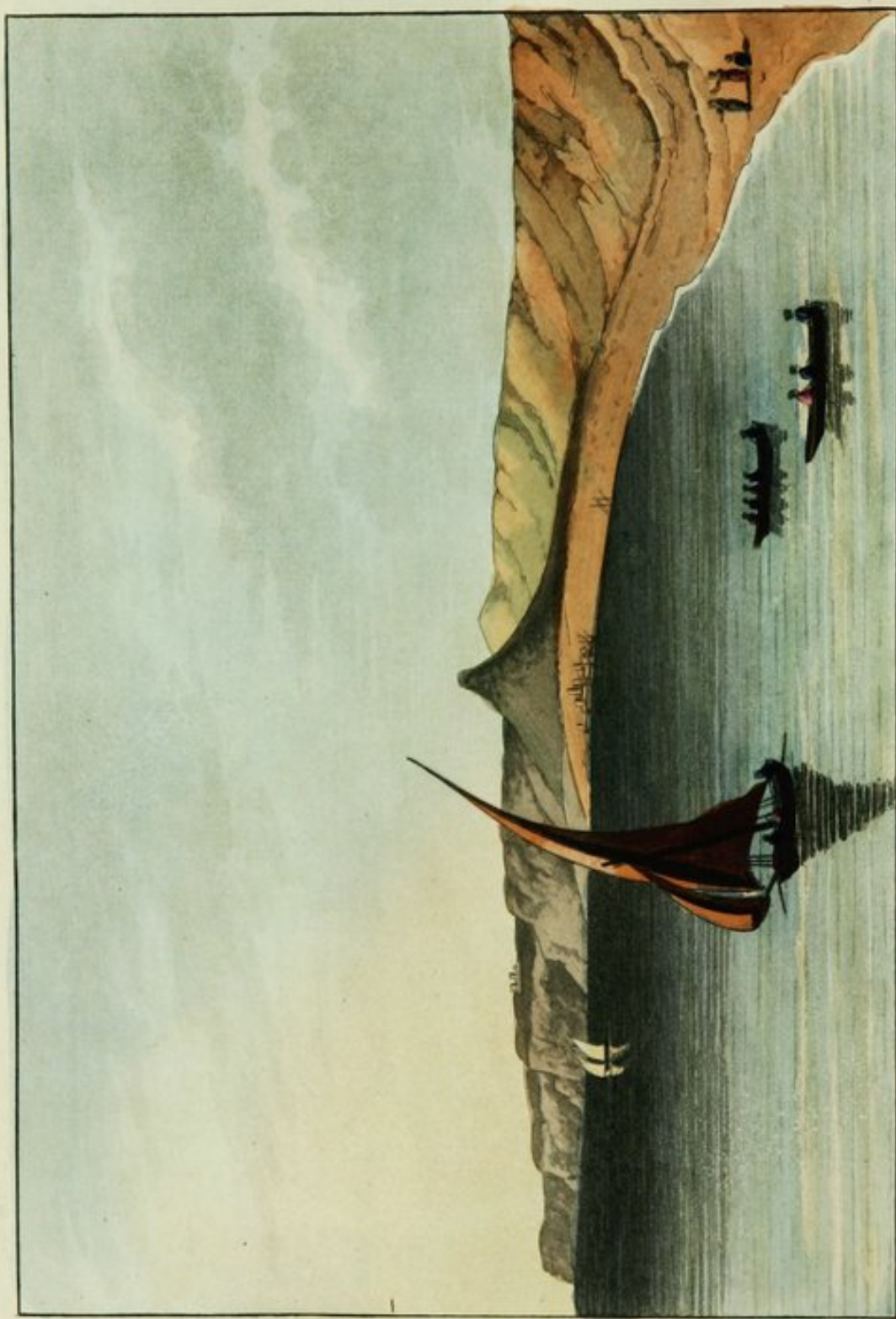


Drawn & Engraved by W. Stuck after F. B. Spaldbury

TRIPOLI.

Published by G. S. Tregear, 37, Union Row, New Kent Road, 1855.





Drawn & Engraved by W. Stuck after J. B. Spillbury

DEDE, NEAR TRIPOLI.

Published by G. S. Trueman 37 Union Row New Kent Road, N.E.

TRIPOLI.

TRIPOLI in Syria, according to tradition, derived its name from the circumstance of its being formed by the junction of *three* cities contiguous to each other. Of these, one belonged to the Tyrians, another to the Sidonians, and a third to the Aradians, inhabitants of the ancient kingdom of Arad. It is probable, that in the earlier ages, it was considered as the common mart or emporium of these maritime powers. The present town, however, is about a mile and a half distant from the site of the ancient one, facing the Mediterranean sea ; and, by the statements of geographers, about a hundred and twenty miles south of Scanderoon or Alexandretta, and ninety miles north-west of Damascus. Its situation is highly picturesque and romantic ; the time-honoured summit of Lebanon, towering in sublime grandeur, at its back, while the mountain of Santa Crux presents

itself on the left, the town appearing at a distance between the hills.

The general place of landing, and where most of the warehouses are, is about two miles from the town ; but the distance is only a slight inconvenience, a number of asses being always kept ready for the accommodation of passengers : no one follows the rider ; but, when he arrives at the gates of the town, the ass is known and claimed. On each side of the road are gardens, which, for ages have been the scene of stolen amours ; for so great a curse do the Turkish women esteem it to be without children, that they will hesitate at no sacrifice or risque to procure them. It is scarcely possible to venture among these Elysian shades without encountering strong temptations from the fair beings who haunt them ; but, should the hapless lovers be discovered, the frail female would unrelentingly be consigned to the pitiless ocean, and the adventurous swain would also become the victim of Turkish vengeance.

The town of Tripoli is fortified at the upper part, by an ancient castle of Gothic architecture, and according to the Turkish fashion, is surrounded by walls with

towers* at intervening distances. An aqueduct with capacious reservoirs, furnishes water for the public baths, and other ordinary purposes, while a small river, running through the town, turns a number of mills, and plentifully irrigates the gardens of the inhabitants. Over this river is a little stone bridge.

The baths of Tripoli are extremely neat and commodious; and, for the trivial expence of about eight or ten *paraws*,† the whole process of bathing may be gone through. This, being precisely the same as in other Turkish towns, has been so elegantly, and even voluptuously described by Savary, Sonini, Denon, and other modern writers, that to attempt it here would be superfluous and assuming.

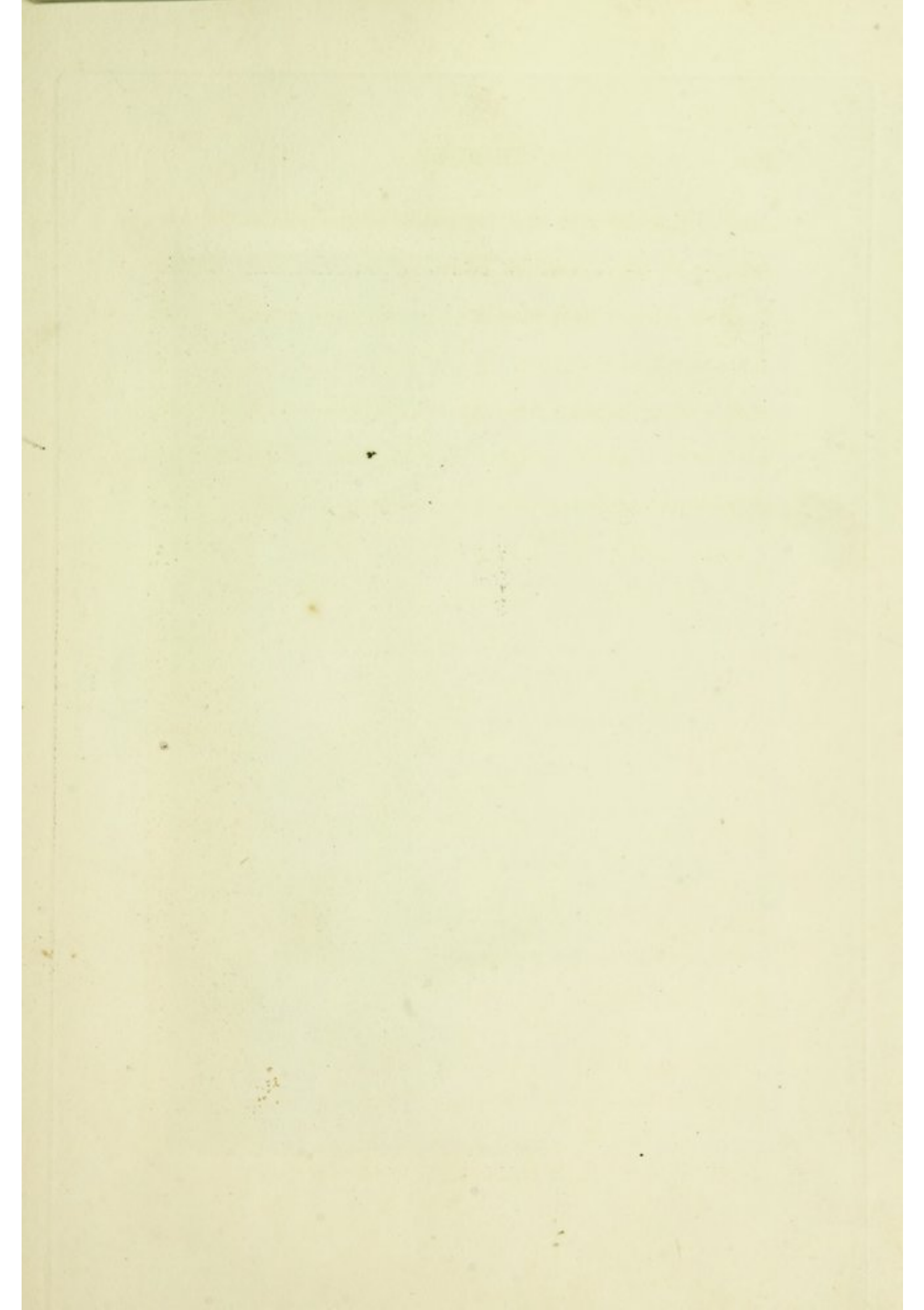
The British Consul at this town is an honest Greek, of the

* One of these, called *the Tower of Love*, is said to have originated from the following circumstance:—A Frank merchant was detected with a Turkish woman: agreeably to the laws of the country, a Frank so detected, must embrace the doctrines of Islamism, and marry the object of his illicit passion, or be subjected to the severest privation which humanity can sustain. In the present instance, however, the merchant was suffered to compromise the affair, by engaging to build the tower, which, by its name, has commemorated the fact to which it owed its existence.

† From fourteen to eighteen pence of our money.

name of Catifilis, who in every respect forms a most amiable contrast to the Consul at Beirout: his hospitality to the English, during their stay of a week, was generous and unbounded.

At a short distance from Tripoli, on the coast, stands the small town of Dedé, which is now only interesting from its picturesque appearance.





Drawn & Engraved by W. Shuck, after F. B. Spillbury.

CÆSARIA.

Published by O. S. Ferguson, 37 Union Row, New Kent Road, 1873.

CÆSARIA.

CÆSARIA, in ancient times, was conveniently situated for trade ; but so dangerous was its harbour, that no ships could remain in it with safety when the wind blew from the south-west. To remedy this defect, which deprived the city of its due share of commercial advantage, Herod the Great, king of Judea, expended immense sums, and at length succeeded in rendering it one of the most commodious havens in that part of the world. With extraordinary munificence, the same king also devoted the labours of twelve years, with proportional treasures, to the finishing and beautifying of the city, which he embellished by the erection of many noble buildings. Scattered fragments of marble and of granite are now the only remembrancers, of all its former splendour. On the second night after their *glorious* retreat from Acre,

Buonaparte and his army encamped among its venerable ruins.

Between Cæsaria and Caiffa, on the sea coast, stands the Pilgrim's Castle, a strong and ancient building, erected for the convenience of pilgrims when visiting the Holy City.



Drawn & Engraved by W. Stuck, after F. B. Spilbury.

THE PILGRIM'S CASTLE.

Published by O. S. Tregear, 37, Union Row, New Kent Road, 1873.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

FROM

JAFFA TO JERUSALEM;

BY THE

OFFICERS BELONGING TO HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP LE TIGRE.

ON Sunday, June 22nd, 1800, having obtained permission of Sir Sidney Smith, we went on shore at Jaffa, and in the afternoon were introduced by our commander to the Grand Vizier.

The Plate No. XV. is illustrative of this interview. The principal figure is the Vizier, applying his seal to the firman which authorised us to proceed to Jerusalem. On the right is Sir Sidney Smith; next to him is Mr. Spurring; and, as a spectator, Mr. Spilsbury. In the foreground, on the left,

are some of the great officers of the Vizier, with, as usual, the guard standing at the door of the tent. The officers are all represented as wearing mustachoes.

This ceremony being over, the Grand Vizier immediately presented us with the necessary passports, &c. with an order for horses, and an appropriate guard to attend us on the succeeding morning. We had long wished for this opportunity of making an excursion to places so celebrated, both in sacred and profane history, as were those which we now intended to visit: and, to commence our journey under such friendly auspices was highly grateful to our feelings.

We passed the night in the tent of the Reis Effendi, but we slept not upon roses: we were so excessively annoyed by various descriptions of insects, with which the place abounded, that we found it wholly impossible to obtain a moment's repose. Animated however, by a religious enthusiasm, which the sacred ground we were to travel over, very naturally inspired, we made light of our sufferings, and rose to prepare for our departure.

On Monday morning, after considerable delay and diffi-

culty, we obtained our horses, and having prepared provisions for the journey, at ten o'clock, accompanied by an escort of two of his Highnesses soldiers, we left the Turkish camp. In about three quarters of an hour we reached a small village called Yadoun, and by noon we arrived at Ramlee,* where we stopped to refresh, and received an addition of five soldiers to our escort. Soon after one o'clock we left Ramlee, and rode about six miles, to a place called Alkabab, where we baited our horses. A horde of Arabs here support a wretched existence among some old ruins. The road as far as Alkabab, expecting some casual obstructions from the sand, was very plain and good, and the soil tolerably productive.

At three quarters past three we passed the ruins of a town called Evo.† The site still exhibits the relics of former eminence, but is now a melancholy spot, inhabited by nothing but a few miserable Arabs.

About four o'clock we entered the pass leading through

* The *Rama* of Sacred Writ: by the Arabs it is called *Ramula*.

† This is the *Ela* of Scripture; it was situated on a hill, in the vicinity of which was the plain where David is supposed to have slain Goliath.

the mountains to the Holy City. It is inhabited by some straggling Bedouins, who subsist by plundering such travellers as are not sufficiently powerful to resist their attacks. These people who wander over a vast tract of country, must not be passed unnoticed.

“The world is not their friend, nor the world’s law.”

Notwithstanding their predilection for plunder, they seldom possess much wealth. From the paucity of their wants, they are extremely indolent, and, at the same time, proudly independent; the Koran is partly the guide of their conduct, but their construction of its contents is latitudinary, and they entertain but few religious prejudices against others. Superstition, however, strongly marks their character, and they preserve many primitive customs, which have descended unaltered from generation to generation, through an immense lapse of ages. They are enemies to all except their own immediate connections, for they are bound by no social ties, no bonds of political amity: ever ready to enter into the first quarrel that may present itself, whether foreign or domestic, they are sure to take every possible advantage of both the

contending parties. They are generally ill armed, and, consequently incapable of making an effectual resistance against a regular attack.

In going through this defile, we saw only two or three of these wanderers, who passed us in a very peaceable manner. Description would fail to convey an accurate idea of the badness and difficulty of the road from this place to Jerusalem. There was no beaten path, and we were compelled to proceed in a serpentine and zig-zag direction, among dreadful rocks and precipices, where only a single horse could pass at a time, and where it would be impossible for an English horse to travel at all ; but so sure-footed are the horses in this country, that although none of ours escaped without the loss of some of their shoes, and others all, not the slightest accident happened.

About nine o'clock we arrived at a place, called by the Arabs, Caryetebarom. It is now in ruins, but was formerly of considerable note, and some remains of a large convent are still apparent within its walls. The circumjacent country, once so luxuriantly productive, is now desolate and barren. But its barrenness proceeds not from a degeneration of the

soil, which retains all its primitive fecundity, but from the neglect of its possessors, who, not deeming their property secure, attend not to its improvement. The only cultivated spot between the entrance of the mountains and Jerusalem, is a small valley adjoining the ruins of Caryetebarom, and extending three or four miles towards the Holy City. Here is a plantation of vines and fig-trees, olive and apple-trees, with a few spots of tobacco and Indian corn, but there is not a single blade of wheat or barley to be seen.

After travelling in the dark over the most dreadful road that can be conceived, about midnight, we arrived, excessively fatigued, at the gates of Jerusalem. Being obliged to wait, in conformity with the custom of the place, until the governor was informed of our arrival, a period of three hours elapsed before we could gain admittance, when we were at length suffered to enter, and were immediately conducted to the Franciscan convent, where Europeans are generally accommodated. Our reception at this place was in the highest degree hospitable and friendly. Having taken some refreshment we retired to rest; and after the preceding sleepless night we had passed in the camp, and the fatigue we had

subsequently endured, it is not difficult to conceive, that on waking, after three or four hours' uninterrupted repose, we experienced a considerable renovation of strength and spirits.

In the morning we waited on the resident Pacha, and having delivered our letter of introduction from the Grand Vizier, were entertained in the Turkish fashion with pipes and coffee.

Jerusalem now wears a very different aspect from that which it presented in the time of our Saviour, or, than it did even at the period when it was afterwards rebuilt by the Emperor Adrian ; for besides the different style of building which at present prevails, the situation is in a great measure changed. Mount Calvary, on which Christ suffered, was anciently the place of execution for malefactors, and as a polluted spot, was at some distance from the walls of the city. The crucifixion of the World's Redeemer, however, conferred a kind of sanctity on this before degraded eminence, and it is become the centre of the renowned capital of Palestine.

Jerusalem now stands on the north side of Mount Sion,

is surrounded by rocky hills, and has the appearance of being situated within a natural amphitheatre. The city is encompassed by a good stone wall, with square towers at intervening distances of about three hundred feet, but not a single gun is mounted on them. Their appearance, indeed, indicates that they were built before the use of cannon was known.

In the citadel, which is the residence of the Cadi or judge, there are three or four four-pounders, but they are used merely on occasions of ceremony. From a window in this building, David is said to have beheld the fair Bathsheba. The streets of Jerusalem are narrow, and the general appearance of the private buildings does not impress the observer with any idea of opulence or prosperity. The number of the houses is between three and four thousand, and the population of their inhabitants is estimated as follows: viz. Turks, ten thousand; Greeks, one thousand; Franks, four hundred; Armenians, one thousand; and Jews, three thousand five hundred.

It is here worthy of remark, that Sir Sidney Smith is said to be the first Christian who since the Turks have had pos-

session of Jerusalem, has been allowed to enter it in the dress of a Frank, or to carry arms within the city. These privileges were also enjoyed by all his officers, and by those who have since visited Jerusalem through his interest.

The house in which the present Pacha resides, is spoken of by the inhabitants as that which formerly belonged to Pontius Pilate: it may probably occupy the site of that building; but, the original edifice must long since have been reduced to ruins, or crumbled into dust; as the present structure is in the Turkish style of architecture, and consequently of a modern aspect, the assertion is not entitled to belief.

From the front of this house, however, may be seen the spot where the temple formerly stood, whose place is now usurped by a mosque, into which none but the followers of Mahomet are permitted to enter.

In the chapel of the convent, where we had taken up our temporary abode, was a very capital little organ, and a neat orchestra for the singers. After dinner we rode out upon Mount Sion, on which, to the eastward of the present city, stands a Turkish mosque, where formerly stood a convent of

Franciscan friars, built on the spot where Christ celebrated the Passover with the Apostles. Thence we descended into the valley of Jehosaphat, at the entrance of which, we saw the well where the sick were cleansed and made whole. This valley, which is very narrow, divides the respective sites of the ancient and modern city, of the former of which, however, no vestige remains.

In our progress through the valley, we passed some large caves cut out of the solid rock, and said to have been places of concealment for the concubines of Solomon, who offered unhallowed sacrifices to Moloch on a contiguous hill. A little to the westward of these caves, is the sepulchre of Zacharias, and a few paces farther, the temple of Asa, the grandson of Solomon. Still farther to the westward, stands the sepulchre of Santa Madona. Hence, in a northerly and easterly direction, we began to ascend the Mount of Olives, at the foot of which is the spot where Judas betrayed his master. On the top of the mount in a small chapel, we were shewn the stone on which Christ is said to have stood, when he ascended into Heaven, and on which the print of one of his feet still remains. A little farther to the west-

ward, are the ruins of a church, built on the spot where the Apostles were sitting when Christ appeared to them after his Resurrection, and where they were assembled when they witnessed his Ascension.—This mount may with propriety retain its ancient name, for its top is nearly covered with olive trees; the interior parts of many of them, however, are perished, and filled up with stones. They are said to be the trees that were standing in the time of our Saviour; but this can only be considered as an absurd, unfounded tradition, as nothing short of miraculous interference could have preserved their existence to so protracted a period; added to which, we learn, on the authority of Josephus, that the Emperor Titus issued a decree for felling all the trees within a hundred furlongs of Jerusalem.

About a mile farther to the westward, is the burial place of the kings of Israel, in which are several compartments, each of about fourteen feet square, formed out of the rock. The entrance was almost choaked up with rubbish, and we were under the necessity of creeping in on our hands and knees. These “dark houses of the dead,” which communicate with each other, are forty-two in number, and in one

of them are said to be deposited the remains of the Prophet Nehemiah. Having satisfied our curiosity in this final resting place of departed greatness, we returned to our convent, where we passed the remainder of the day.

On the 25th, we made an excursion to Bethlehem, the place of our Saviour's nativity. It is at the extent of about six miles southerly and westerly from Jerusalem, now a most dreadful, barren, rocky road. At some distance to the eastward, we were shewn the spot where the angels appeared to the shepherds; and in our progress through the valley of Rephaim, where David took the pebble-stones previous to his combat with Goliah, and where he repeatedly conquered the Philistines, we passed the house of Jacob and the tomb of Rachel. The monument, however, which has been raised over the latter, is evidently of Turkish origin. On our arrival at Bethlehem, which is but a mean village, we were conducted to a convent of Franciscan friars, where we were received with every friendly attention. This convent is contiguous to the celebrated temple that was built by St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, on the site of the stable where Christ was born. The particular spot is

pointed out, as is also the manger in which he was laid. The latter, originally excavated from the solid rock, is now encased with marble, and richly decorated. Adjoining it is an altar, on which the Nativity is represented, with lamps continually burning before it. Here also we were shewn the grotto where the Holy Virgin concealed herself before the flight into Egypt; the tomb of Josephus; the sepulchre of the Children slain by Herod; that of St. Jerome, his study; and many other sacred curiosities.

Ramoth Gilead formerly stood about a mile to the northward of Bethlehem, in the vicinity of which are the gardens and fountains of Solomon, that have been so frequently described and extolled, and which still excite interest by their antiquity, and the memory of their illustrious possessor.

Having been very handsomely entertained at the convent, from the top of which we had a distant view of the Dead Sea, we took leave, and proceeded a few miles distant, to the village of St. John, the birth-place of St. John the Baptist. Here is another Franciscan convent, which was erected at the close of the seventeenth century, and is in good repair.

There is a church, a noble and elegant fabric, belonging to the convent, raised on the spot where St. John was born, and on which is the following inscription :

“Hic Præcursor Domini natus est.”

We experienced a cordial reception from the holy fathers, and were much pressed to pass the night beneath the convent's hospitable roof, which we however declined, and about seven in the evening returned to our friends at Jerusalem.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is deservedly an object of great curiosity with travellers. No Christian however can see it without the express permission of the Pacha. On Thursday, June the 26th, having obtained this favour, we went accompanied by one of our friends from the convent, to visit that venerated building. It is a noble edifice, and, as well as the Church of the Nativity, was founded by St. Helena. It contains four chapels, viz. the Roman Catholic, the Greek, the Armenian, and the Coptic. At our entrance we were shewn the spot where Christ was embalmed, after having been taken down from the cross, and which is now

covered with an elegant marble slab, about seven feet long. Thence we descended into the sepulchre where our Lord was interred, and which is cut out of the solid rock, with a small dome raised over it. Within are a number of silver lamps continually kept burning. We were next shewn the places, all within the church, where our Saviour was scourged and crucified, and the identical stone pillars to which he was bound, while sustaining the former degrading infliction. Several other places, of almost equal interest, rendered sacred by his sufferings, are also exhibited. We afterwards went into the cell of St. Helena, which is hollowed out of the native rock. From the window of this cell she is said to have descried the spot where the cross of Christ was buried. Respecting this discovery, the following legendary tale is recited.

St. Helena having found the three crosses on which Christ and the two thieves had suffered, was unable to distinguish the one on which our Saviour had been crucified, until a woman appeared, who had been many years ill of a leprosy; she was laid on the crosses of the two thieves, without expe-

riencing any effect from the contact, but the moment she was placed on the cross of our Saviour, she became whole.

After having been shewn every thing worthy of notice in the Church of the Sepulchre, we made a visit to the Armenian convent, the chapel of which, for richness of decoration, surpassed every thing that we had seen. The pillars are faced with china, and many of the interior parts are inlaid with tortoise-shell, and mother-o'pearl.

We next visited the Greek convent, and then that of the Carmelite monks, at which we saw a great number of casks, containing not less than a thousand gallons each, of most excellent wine. The Coptic convent was the next object of our attention : it is a miserable place, and presented nothing worthy of remark. We returned thence to dine with our friends, the Franciscans. It would be the height of ingratitude not to mention the hospitable and generous manner in which we were received at the Armenian, Carmelite, and Greek convents : the instant that we entered, sweetmeats, wine, brandy, pipes, and coffee, were brought, and at our departure from each, frankincense, &c. was burnt before us,

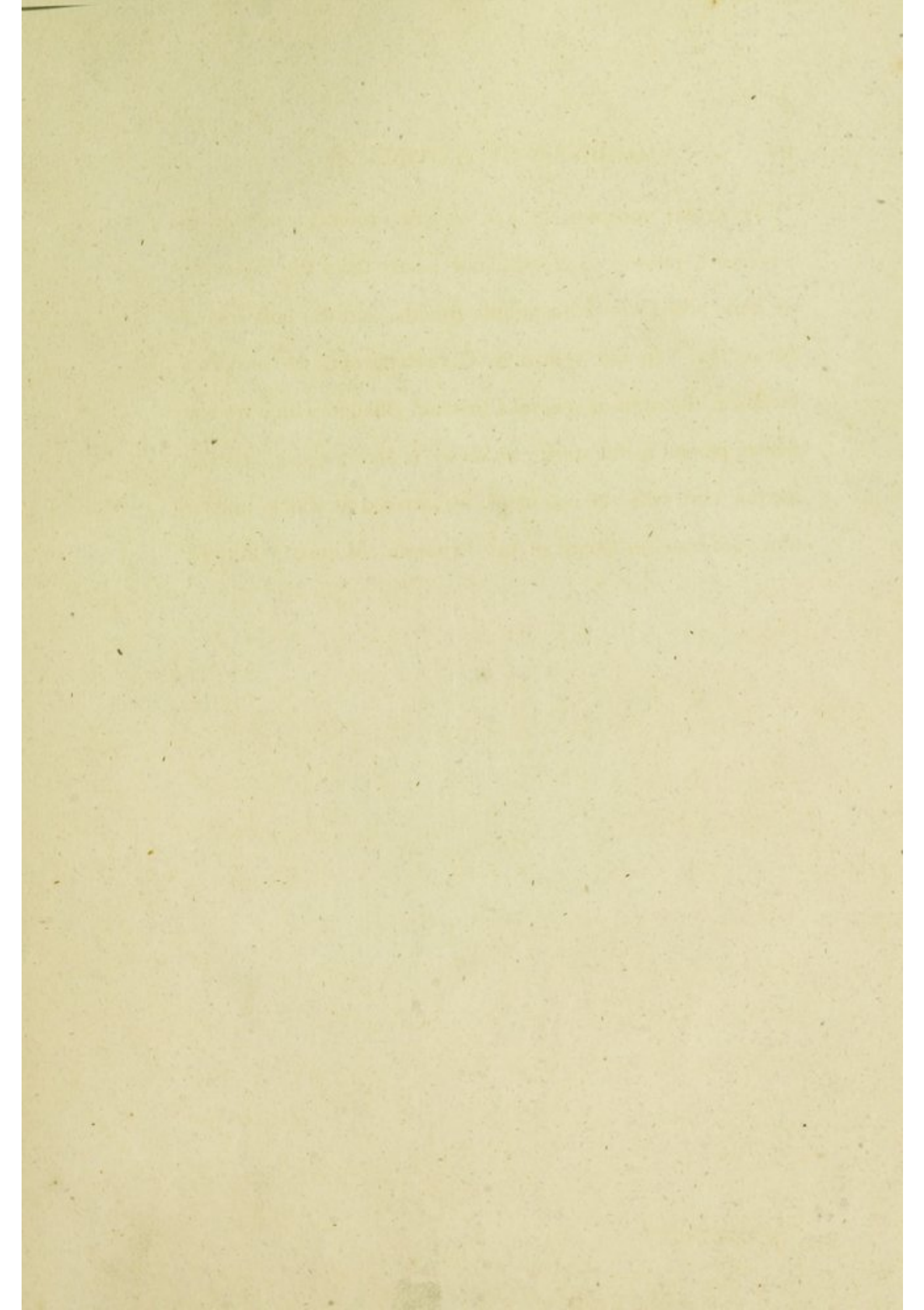
and each individual was sprinkled with rose water and other perfumes.

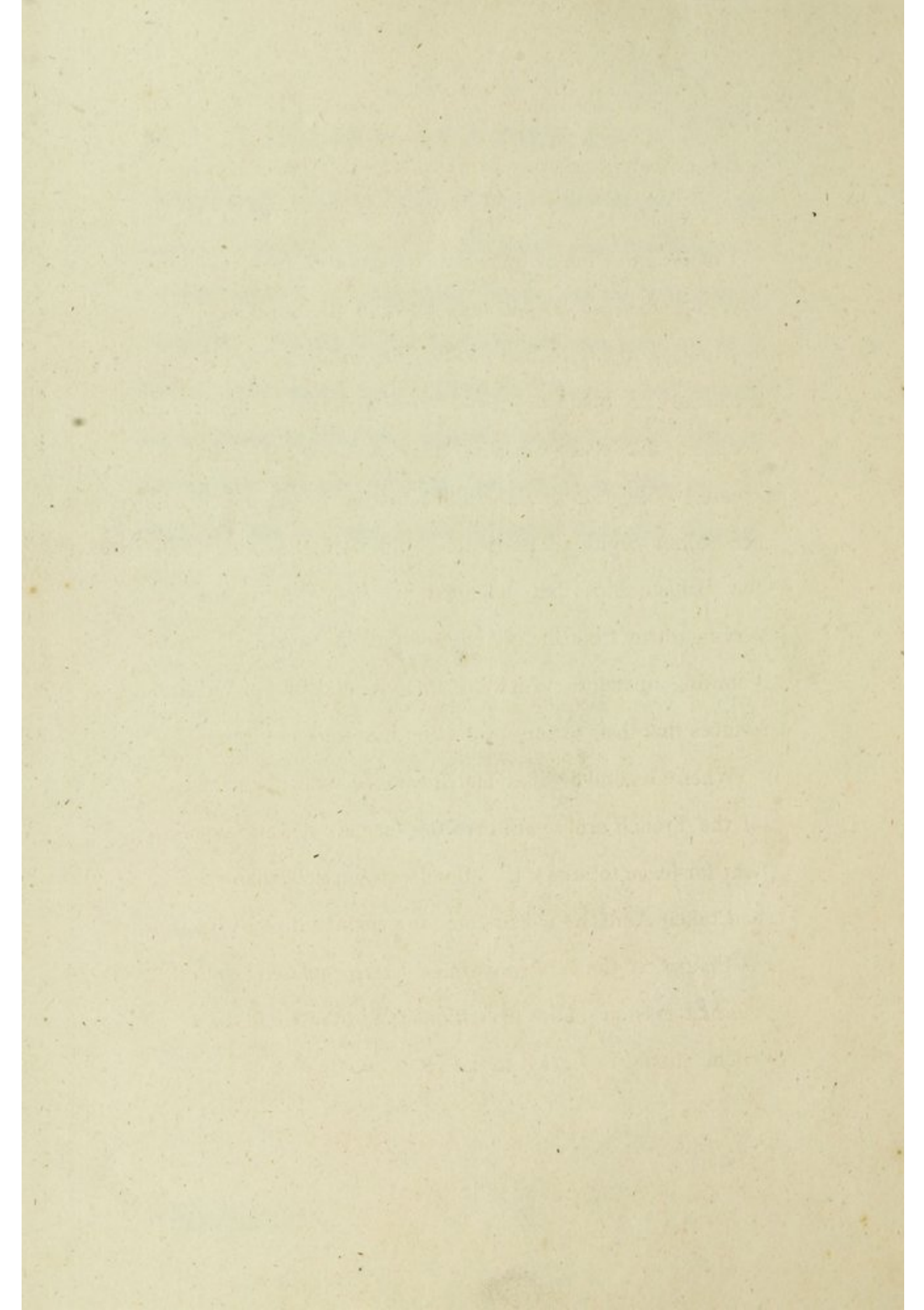
But the most interesting scene was yet to come ; for in the evening, when we went to take leave of the Superior of the convent at which we had resided, he, with tears in his eyes, used every argument to prevail on us to delay our departure, declaring that every Christian there, was not only under the greatest obligation to the English nation in general, but to Sir Sidney Smith in particular, and the companies of the few British ships that defended St. Jean d'Acre, for preserving them from the merciless hands of Bonaparte. The following anecdote, which he then related of this General, evinces that their terrors respecting him were not groundless.

When General Dumas had advanced with a detachment of the French army, within a few leagues of Jerusalem, he sent for leave to attack it. Bonaparte replied, that when he had taken Acre, he would come in person and plant the tree of liberty on the very spot where Christ suffered ; and that the first French soldier who might fall in the attack of Jerusalem, should be buried in the Holy Sepulchre!

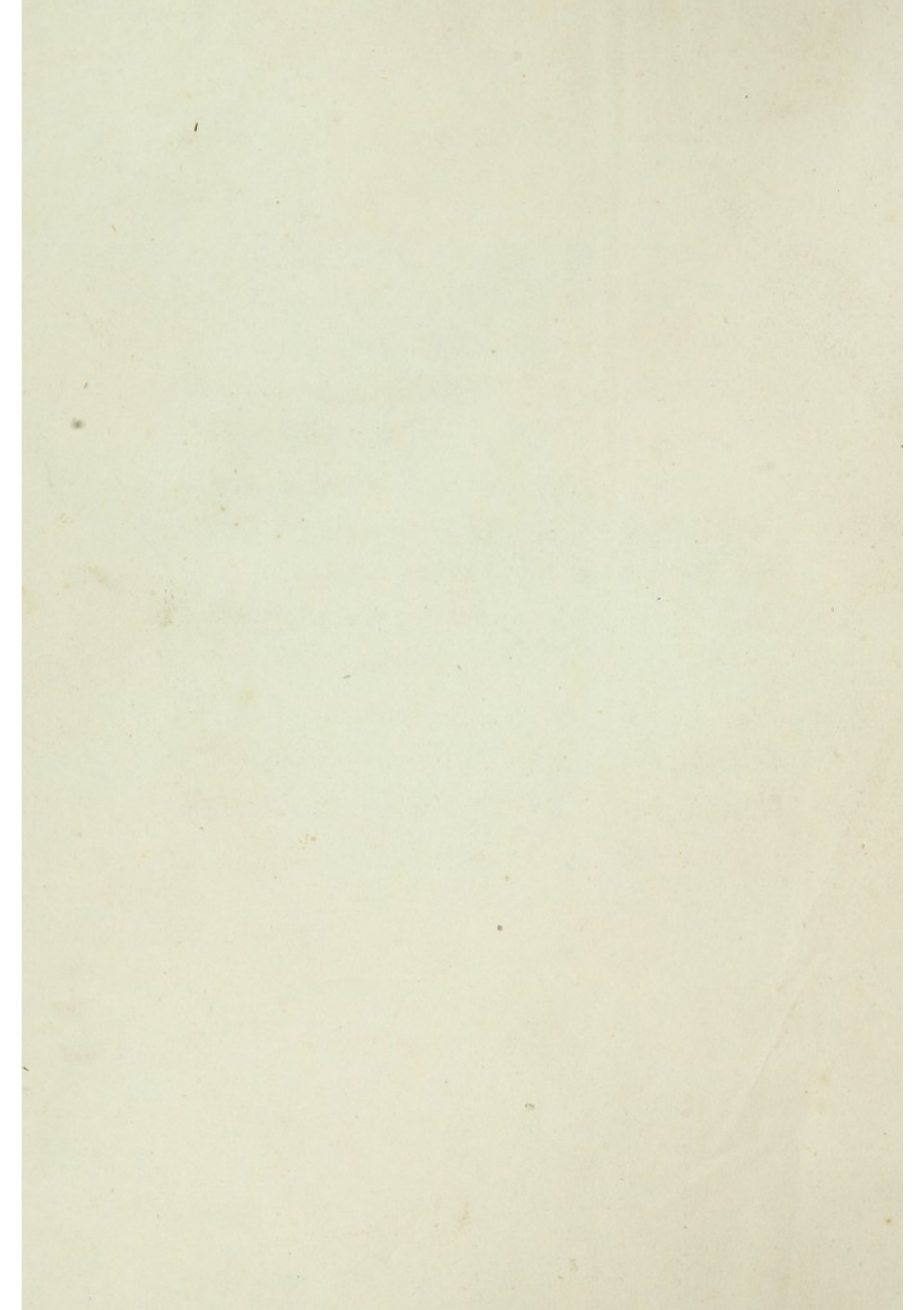
On Friday morning at five o'clock, having each of us received a present of crosses and beads from the Superior, we bade adieu to our hospitable friends, and the holy city of Jerusalem. In our return to Caryetabarom, we saw at a distance, the ruins of several Christian villages, which we had before passed in the dark: at seven in the evening, without having met with any accident, we arrived at Jaffa, and at nine, got safe on board of his Britannic Majesty's ship *Le Tigre*.

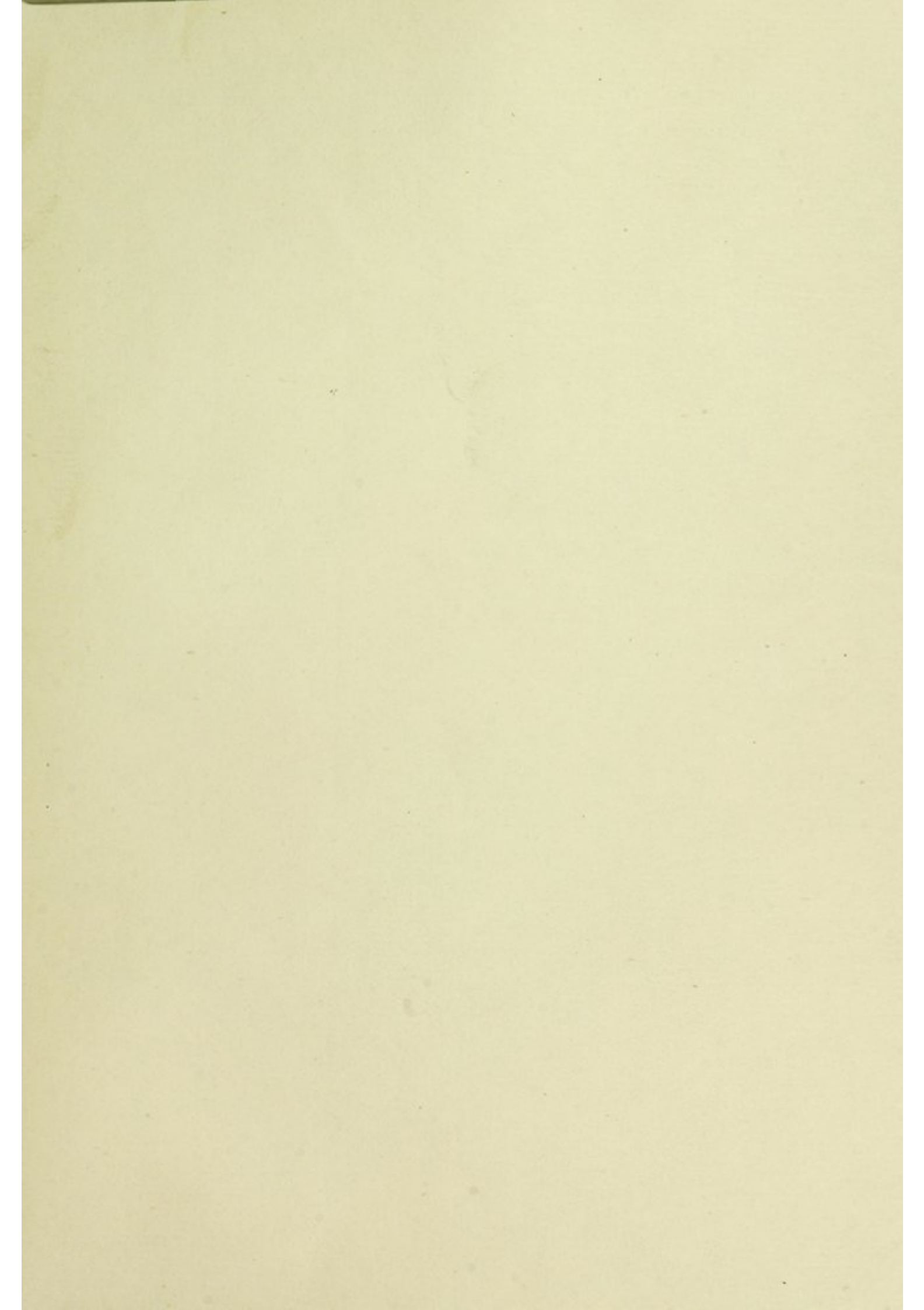
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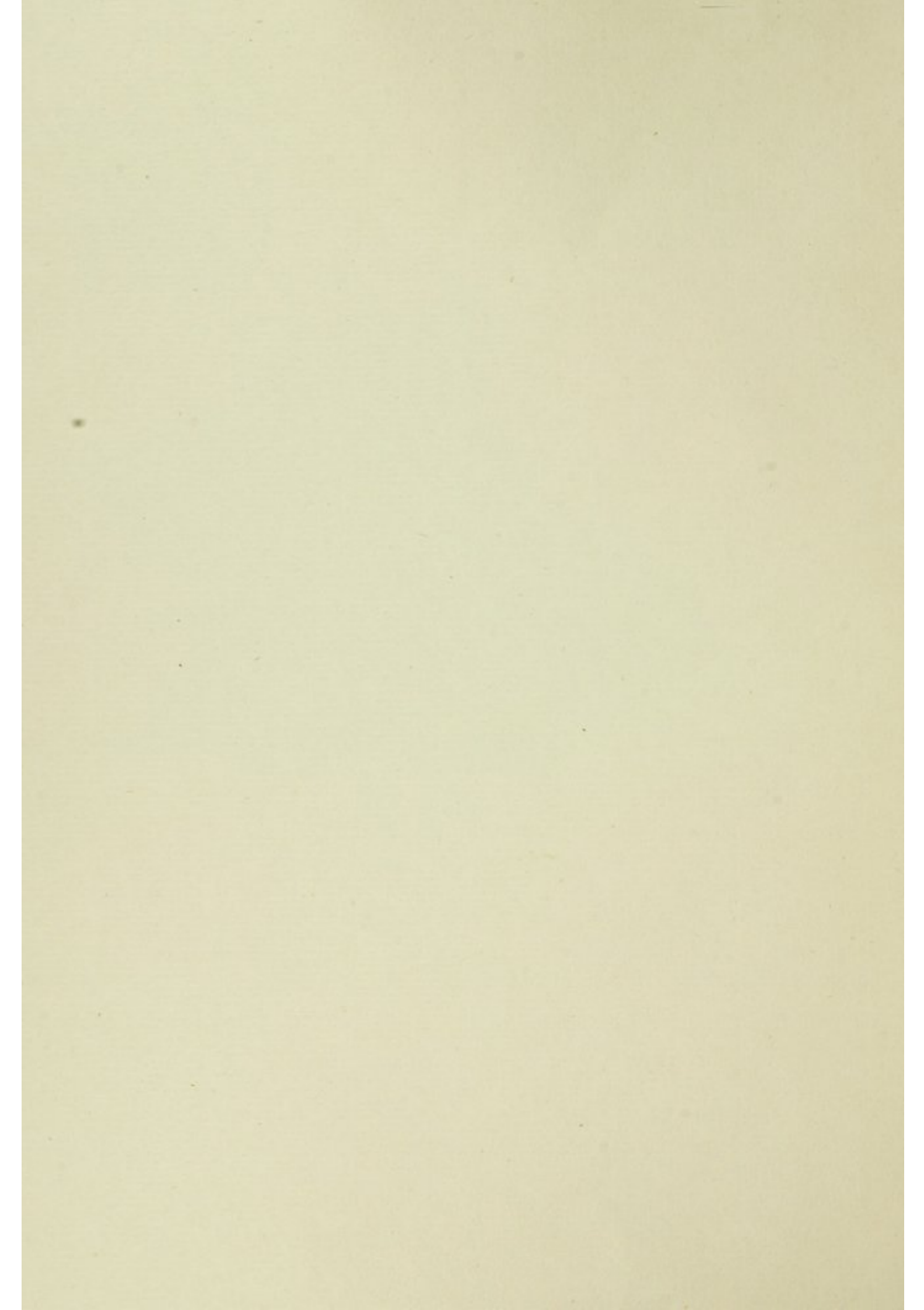




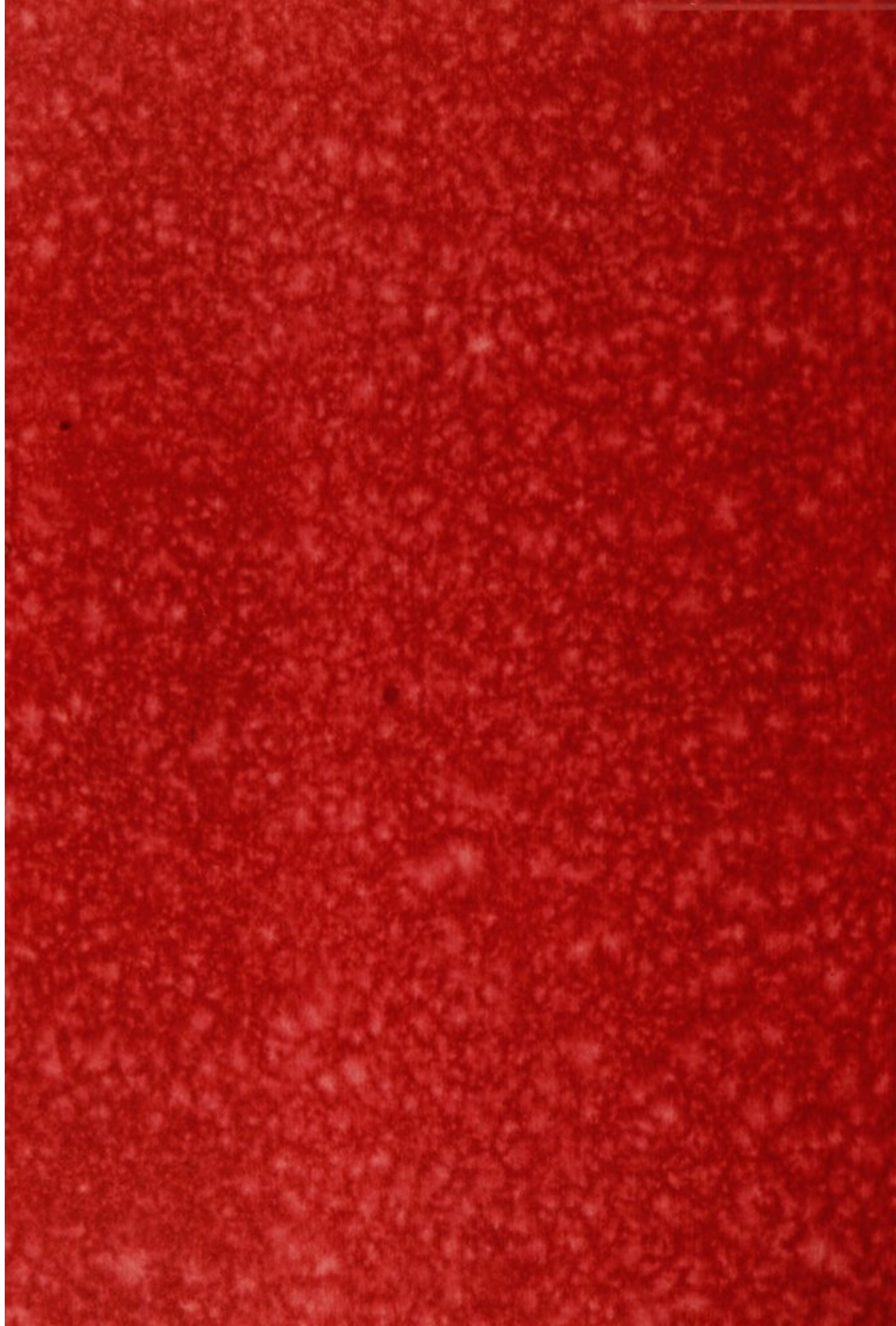












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Author Spilsbury:
Picturesque
scenery in the Holy
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