

gazing on this scene of war, we were surrounded by a troop of natives, bearing in the midst a party of dancing boys, whose violent contortions, and dreadful antics kept time with a shattered tambourine and discordant drum; the harsh gutturals and furious singing of these wild, half-naked harpies, a parcel of soiled red feathers dangling from their selfish locks pictured before us the demoniacal scenes of Tasso's *Furioso*, as they yelled and chaunted over this once gloomy scene of death and despair. We left the gates of Jaffa, escorted by a Turkish guard arrayed in all the glittering magnificence of Ottoman splendour, snow white garments, loose and free—a profusion of turban binding their swarthy brows, and small golden crescent glimmering on their breasts. These fierce mounted horsemen carried a javelin in the right hand, gem adorned pistols at the saddled bow, and a gun slung across the shoulder, with a silver-mounted scimitar pending from an embroidered girdle. Their steeds were remarkably handsome, and splendidly caparisoned; tails tracing the sand, and manes waving in the wind. On the left of the road, as we wound along the plain, rode, at the head, and in command of our escort, and bestriding a large dun-colored Arabian, an Italian renegade in the service of the Pacha—a man of “vast adventure,” who had fought with honor and renown amid the brilliant victories of the great Emperor; he commanded a regiment at the battle of Beresina, shouted for France at Waterloo, and was now leading across the wastes of Egypt, a band of orientals, the magnificent warriors of the east; he was a man apparently forty-five or fifty years of age with war-worn features, short curled black hair, long beard, with jet mustache, and dark pensile eyes; the whole countenance, though decided, was tinged with melancholy. His arms consisted of splendidly ornamented pistols, and an eagle-headed sabre—dressed *a la Turque*, at the head of his glittering array; exhibited the very beau ideal of eastern chivalry and romance: and, as he rode on restraining the wild and fiery steed whose prancing hoof and foaming bit required the careful spirit of a master to command, the dazzling images and splendid pageantry of the crusades were assembled before me, as on the very road, we were then pursuing, once swept the neighing steeds and enthusiastic followers of *Cœur de Lion* in all the glory of conquest and religion, shouting for the sepulchre.

Some few miles beyond the gates, we entered the vale of Sharon, where those beautiful flowers of Solomon still bloom as of yore. “I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the vallies.” Proceeding on my route, the scene became very monotonous and dreary, and the soil remarkably dry; but I was informed it produced crops of cotton, figs, olives, and limes, and occasionally large harvests of excellent grain. The day became exceedingly hot and sultry, and water could not be obtained to quench the intolerable thirst we all experienced: not a human being passed us on our way, but occasionally afar off, standing on an isolated rock, or clambering among the cliffs, some solitary half-naked Arab, with crook in hand, and long-eared, wild shaggy dog by his side, would be tending his goats. The scenery grew more desolate and lonely; the plain extending far away in the distance, without any object to break the stale monotony, or relieve the tired sight; not a human habitation could be discovered, and the casual appearance of the Arabs soon disappeared altogether. The impressive dreariness, however, which apparently oppressed the cavalcade, was in a great measure soon dissolved. Some Mahomedans prepared for one of these mock combats, which, at Constantinople, and in Persia, are conducted with so much splendor and eclat; the furious charge and shout, the commanding check and masterly retreat at the moment of terrible onset, were all enacted here with the usual grace and skill. The spacious plains were filled with the snow-robed chieftains; their tremendous yells rang through the air, while the sun, with meridian ray, flashed on

their arms, as hurling the javelin, they rushed away with the speed of lightning. By some mischance in the shock of a fight, a dark, furious looking fellow was thrown, “dashed thundering to the earth,” where he lay in his fanciful costume, the stern reality of Byron's beautiful image, “fallen Hassan lies, his unclosed eyes yet lowering on his enemy.” The turban torn from his shaven head, floated away with the breeze, exhibiting to the defiling gaze of the Christian dogs, the long raven lock cherished for the Houris in Paradise; while his face discolored with rage and dust, his garments rent, and the wild steed plunging riderless over the plain, breathed forth the poetry of an Oriental discomfiture.

As the sun declined towards the horizon, the caravan gradually closing, silently pursued the dreary road until about dusk, when a hyepath conducted us to the decayed and dingy town of Kamba, the ancient Arimathen. We made our way through a crowd of admiring, half-naked Arabs, to the residence of a rich American, who received us very kindly, and prepared a most excellent supper, served up in the eastern fashion. Cucumbers stuffed, *a la mode Oriental*; assafuttda broils; spiced ragouts; whilst an immense dish of Pilau, (rice and boiled fowl, sprinkled with lemon,) sent up a savory steam from the centre of this rich profusion of Asiatic taste. Our kind host made every endeavor to arrange a bed for us; but the very large number of guests rendered futile his anxious exertions to accommodate all, and my companion and myself, on our return from a short walk through the Byssa, finding the berths pre-occupied, were compelled to make a soldier's shift with blankets on the floor, where independent of our uncomfortable position, we passed an indifferent night, being repeatedly roused by the loud and mournful howls of innumerable dogs collected in the long square immediately in front of the house; these animals recognise no master, and stray in immense numbers within the walls and in the outskirts of all eastern cities; they are extremely voracious and cunning, and at night-fall penetrate into the more populous regions in quest of prey, where their snappish barks and dreadful cries resound through the lonely streets in frightful concert.

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS FOR MEN OF GENIUS.—Homer was a beggar; Plutus was a miller; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in prison; Bogenie starved; Tasso had not money enough to purchase candles to write by; Cervantes died of hunger; Benteroglia was refused admittance into a hospital which he had formed; Agrippa died in a workhouse; Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts; Cambray ended his days in an almshouse; Bacon lived in distress; Raleigh and Moore ended their days upon the scaffold; Le Sage never knew comfort in pecuniary matters; Spencer died in want; Collins went mad from the world's neglect; Milton sold his *Paradise Lost* for fifteen pounds sterling, in three instalments, and died in obscurity; Dryden died in distress; Otway died prematurely, and in want; Lee died in the streets; Steele was dogged by the bailiffs; Goldsmith sold, through Johnson, the Vicar of Wakefield for a mere trifle, to release him from prison; Fielding lies without a stone to mark his grave; Savage died in Newgate, at Bristol, where he was detained for three pounds sterling; Butler “lived neglected and died poor; and the immortal Chatterton, in consequence of want, put an end to his existence in his eighteenth year.”

Scott says of the result of his early reading—“My memory of events was like one of the large old-fashioned stone cannon, of the Turks, very difficult to load well and discharge, but making powerful effect, when by good chance any object came within range of its shot.”