

area within the wall—the sides of which are lined with ruined chambers, elegantly carved and adorned, and numerous niches for statues, now, however, empty. The south hangs over the fountain and sheet of water below, in whose bosom it is clearly reflected. The interior of the building is above a hundred and twenty feet long, but is narrow in proportion to its length. In the sides of the walls is a double row of pilasters, and between these are numerous niches, where statues formerly stood. In many parts of the temple around the place of entrance, and on the roof of the corridor, are sculptured, in an exquisite manner, figures of the heathen deities, of the eagle with outspread wings, &c. The roof of the interior is entirely gone.

The hands of the natives have, no doubt, committed many ravages here. Facardine, prince of the Droses, destroyed or injured several parts of these ruins—but when he afterwards visited Italy, and contracted a taste for its architecture, he bitterly lamented the sacrilege he had committed at Balbec. The Turks have, without doubt, used it as a fortification, as they have made additions to some parts of the walls, and left many vestiges of their barbarian architecture, blended with the colossal remains of the temple.

About a hundred feet from this edifice is a row of Corinthian pillars, much loftier and more slender than those of the great corridor—they stand alone, on an elevated site, and their rich capitals and architrave are still entire. Six only now remain, and their appearance is peculiarly elegant. On them the setting sun lingers, the last of all the ruin—and their slender and dark red shafts, beheld at some distance in the purple light, as they stand high and deep, have a solemn and shadowy appearance—as if they stood on the tomb of former greatness.

On the south-east side, nearer to the village, is a small circular building of marble, richly ornamented with sculpture, and supported by pillars. It is in a rather ruinous condition, but appears quite unconnected with the mass of buildings adjoining. Its roof, in the form of a dome, though shattered, is still standing.

About a mile down the plain is the quarry from which the enormous stones, used in the construction of Balbec, were hewn. One still remains, the chief part smoothed and prepared

with great labour for building, but adhering by one of its sides to the native rock: it is of a coarse granite, and its dimensions are much superior to either of the three great stones in the middle of the wall. The labour of removing such enormous masses, and then of elevating them to so great a height, must have been immense—how the latter could have been achieved, is marvellous. A few of the smaller pillars appear to be of a solid piece of coarse marble: but the large columns are composed of three or four pieces of the native material.

Covered galleries, several hundred feet in length, with walls of prodigious thickness, are hollowed beneath the temple. The interior of the temple was divided into three aisles—but most of the pillars which formed them are destroyed; at the upper end, a few steps lead to the altar, or sacred place—but the idol, formerly worshipped here, is gone from its place; which, however, is adorned with a variety of beautiful sculpture. Exposed as the roofless temple has been for so many ages to every storm, it is surprising the decorative parts of it have not suffered more; but the shafts of many of the pillars without, which face the north-east, have been rent and hollowed in some parts.

At Balbec, as at the other eastern ruins, a traveller must luxuriate on the pleasures of imagination, for he will get no luxury more substantial. The darkness and misery of the good father's habitation were extreme—his hair hung long and bushy, like that of a San-ton; and his whole garb and person looked as if water had long been a stranger to them. He stood in extreme fear of the Turkish governor.

Before sunrise in the morning we were at the ruin, and the spectacle soon was magnificent. As the purple light covered the snowy mountains in front, the line of vapour at their feet had so entirely the appearance of a river, that we could not, for some time, persuade ourselves it was not so. The description in Lallah Rookh, of the plain and its ruins, is exquisitely faithful; the minaret is on the declivity near at hand, and there wanted only the muezzin's cry to break the silence. The golden light now rested on the six lone and beautiful pillars, and gradually sank on the temple, and the various portals and broken masses that crowded the area around it.