

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. H. Sayre & Brother,
Manufacturers of all kinds of...
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

John Groves,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office over the...
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. C. C. Halsey,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office over the...
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. W. C. Hall,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office over the...
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Blakeslee & Brush,
Physicians and Surgeons,
Office over the...
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. DeBois,
Justice of the Peace and Commissioner of Deeds,
Office over the...
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A. A. Hall,
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of...
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Beacon & Weeks,
Dealers in all kinds of Groceries and...
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

P. Lines,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office over the...
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Henry C. Tyler,
Dealers in all kinds of Groceries and...
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

William H. Cooper & Co.,
Bankers, Successors to Post, Cooper & Co.,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. Garratt,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Flour, Grain,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

G. F. Forham,
Manufacturer of Saddles, Harness, &c.,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. H. Smith,
Manufacturer of Harness, Saddles, and Trunks,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Keeler & Stoddard,
Dealers in Boots and Shoes, Leather Goods,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

E. H. Rogers,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. D. Bennett,
Book Binder and Stationer,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

William B. Simpson,
Watch Repairer, Jeweler,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wm. W. Smith & Co.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hayden Brothers,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

William & William H. Jessup,
Attorneys at Law,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wm. H. Jessup,
Attorney at Law,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bentley & Pritchard,
Attorneys at Law,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Albert Chamberlain,
Attorney at Law,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A. Bushnell,
Attorney at Law,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

William M. Grover,
Attorney at Law,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

John W. Cobb, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. G. Z. Dimock,
Physician and Surgeon,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. E. F. Wilcox,
Physician and Surgeon,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. H. Smith,
Physician and Surgeon,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

C. D. Virgil,
Resident Dentist,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Thayer,
Physician and Surgeon,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Abel Turrell,
Dentist,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chandler & Jessup,
Dealers in Dry Goods,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Post Brothers,
Dealers in Dry Goods,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. Lyons & Son,
Dealers in Dry Goods,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Read & Co.,
Dealers in Dry Goods,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Baldwin & Allen,
Dealers in Dry Goods,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Z. Cobb,
Dealers in Dry Goods,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MILINERY,
Miss Chapman & Co.,
No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."
VOL. 5. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1859. NO. 48.

The Independent Republican.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT MONTROSE, BERGEN COUNTY, N. J., BY
H. H. FRAZIER,
AT \$1.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Rates of Advertising.
One square, 10 cents per line for the first week, 7 cents for the second, and 5 cents for the third week and over.

Work Job.—The office of the Independent Republican is located at No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Googauo Barra.
BY J. J. COLLIER.

The poem of Googauo Barra is that by which Calan was slain. It is a beautiful and touching story of a man who was killed by a woman who loved him.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing in his country. He was loved by all who knew him, and he loved his people.

Googauo Barra was a woman of noble birth and high standing in her country. She was loved by all who knew her, and she loved her people.

Calan and Googauo Barra were in love, and they were about to be married. But Googauo Barra's father would not give his daughter to Calan.

Googauo Barra was forced to marry another man, but she could not love him. She was miserable and unhappy.

Calan was angry and jealous. He could not stand to see Googauo Barra married to another man.

Calan decided to kill Googauo Barra. He waited until she was alone, and then he shot her.

Googauo Barra died, and Calan was left alone. He was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Calan was a man of noble birth and high standing, but he was now a man of lowly birth and lowly standing.

Syria.—Letter from Rev. J. L. Lyons.

Tripoli, Syria, Aug. 30, 1859.

Dear Parents:—I left Tripoli on Monday morning, May 9th, taking with me as my sole traveling companion, my servant Nami, (pronounced Nami), who on such occasions acts in the triple capacity of porter, steward, and cook.

With me I should require but one baggage animal, and therefore having procured a stout, well-bred mule, I piled in his back all the necessaries requisite for my journey, bed and bedding for myself and servant, bags containing rice, meat, sugar, and other provisions, with tin plates, cups, &c., with Nami on the top of the whole to complete the pyramid.

Proceeding in an easterly course directly towards Mount Lebanon, our road, for the first hour and a half, lay over the plain and the beautiful, well-watered olive and mulberry groves of Lajlata. Emerging from these groves we commenced ascending the mountains, and all the rest of the day we climbed on up the rugged steps of Lebanon. At 4 p. m. we arrived at the village of Hiden, and thence continued our journey two hours longer to Bishayeh, a Maronite village where we spent the night.

We lodged in the house of one Joseph Saareh, a very hospitable man, who, though the evening air was cool, insisted on burning his wife and children out of doors, in order, as he said, that my sleep should not be disturbed by the crying of the babies during the night. He has himself described the locality which he celebrates. He says:—

"The Lake of Googauo Barra—i. e., the hollow or recess of Sijah Eim Bar, in the rugged territory of Hebb-Laaghah, (the O'Leary's country), in the west of the city of Tyre, is the parent of the river Le. It is rather of an irregular oblong form, running from N. E. to W., and may cover about twenty acres of ground. Its waters embrace a small but verdant island, which is surrounded by steep and precipitous approaches its western shore. The lake, as its name implies, is situated in a deep hollow, surrounded on every side (save the east, where its superabundant waters are discharged) by vast and almost perpendicular mountains whose dark inverted shadows are gloriously reflected in its waters beneath. The names of the mountains are Zarrer, (the little oak wood) where not a single tree remains; Moudgh, which signifies a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

"There is a green island in the Googauo Barra, where Allah of songs rushes forth as an arrow; in deep valleys demand a thousand wild fountains come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-trickling willow looks chiefly down the north of the hill; it is like some child, that moans and sighs, which sighs a country—a region—a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; and An-awar, the chief of Googauo with his steep and precipitous precipices, the home of an hundred echoes."

Baalbek.

We arrived at Baalbek about 10 o'clock. All the morning these famous old ruins had been in full view. Twice or thrice I have visited them, yet I feel I shall never grow weary in gazing upon them; for on every succeeding visit I am more impressed and overwhelmed with the stupendous grandeur and massiveness of these magnificent buildings—grandeur in human architecture is admitted to be entered on a parallel in the world.

Biding under the vast subterranean arches, I entered the inner court of the great temple extending from east to west a distance of one thousand feet. Dismounting from my horse, I threw myself on my back on the ground that I might more conveniently gaze up at the six gigantic pillars that stand near the southeast corner of the edifice. Of the fifty-four columns that constituted the quadrangle, these are the only ones remaining in their original perpendicular position. They exceed seven feet in diameter, and are seventy-six feet in height; which in addition to the elevation of the solid outer wall, in which their pedestals rest, make their whole height nearly one hundred and thirty feet, forming a very prominent object visible many miles around.

For long ages these massive columns have stood unmoved, defying alike the ravages of time and tempest, the havoc of war, and the earthquake's shock. The greatest marvel of Baalbek is the almost incredible size of the stones that form the foundation walls. Three of these stones as they lie joined end to end in the wall, according to the measurement of Dr. Robinson, an aggregate length of 100 feet. By what machinery these huge masses were brought from the quarry nearly half a mile distant and elevated to their present position is a problem not easily solved. There is also in the quarry another stone already cut, and which is larger than any in the temple, being sixty-nine feet in length.

Near the great temple is a smaller edifice, which, though less grand and imposing than the former, is more beautiful, as its ornamentation remains more perfect and entire. This temple is surrounded by a wall of masonry, the height of which is fifty feet. It is still standing and surrounded by exquisitely wrought entablatures of the Corinthian order of architecture. The marble ceiling of the portico is richly carved with various figures and representations of heroes, and mythological gods and goddesses, in bas-relief. Of this lesser temple, the doorway, which is about twenty feet wide, and perhaps the same in height, the lower part being filled up with a vast embellishment of holy mountains, is the last and best calculated to give an idea of the grandeur of the temple. It is a doorway of the great author of nature. No one can linger long among these venerable trees, especially if he be in a mood of mind to appreciate them, without experiencing a sublimating, tranquillizing influence, which is peculiarly pleasing and soothing, and it was partly on account of this known influence that a few weeks later than the time of which I am now speaking, a brother missionary visited this spot.

I accompanied him, and we spent a day or two profitably together in enjoying the calm repose of this great retreat.

Resuming our journey we pursued our way up the mountain, but soon found our path obstructed by huge banks of snow. Anticipating this, we had taken on the precaution to procure a guide from Bishayeh, otherwise it would have been quite impossible to have found the road. The higher we ascended, the greater the quantity of snow which we encountered, until at the height of seven thousand feet above the sea, we found, not mere banks, but vast fields of snow which were compelled to cross. In most places the snow sustained our weight, for being early in the day, it had not become softened by the effects of the sun. It was a great joy to find the snow so deep, and my horse sank in but little, but the snow being nearly level, sometimes plunged in so deep that it was only by the exertion of all his strength, aided by Nami and the guide that he was able to extricate himself. On two or three occasions I feared we might be obliged to abandon our attempt to cross the mountains, and turn back. Fortunately, however, in our hour of extremity need, several mountain-oversighters, by whose timely assistance we overcame all difficulties and about noon arrived at the top of the mountain and looked down on the vast plain of the Bekaa or Deir-el-Sayid which lay beneath us. We found for less than an hour's ride above the western, and after descending three or four hours, struck an old Roman road, along which I noticed here and there a prosaic milestone-borne inscription, but too much effaced by the long lapse of time to be legible.

About 5 p. m. we arrived at Deir El Ahmer—Looking down upon the village from the brow of the hill above, I espied one house which being white-washed with rest, and consequently turned my horse's head thitherward. I was well received, and a room having been allotted me, I set about making arrangements for the night, while Nami was preparing the dinner. On account of the glare of the snow on the mountain my eyes had become somewhat painful, and while bathing them with a moistened sponge, a young man approached me, saying, Desator, (with your leave), and before I was aware of his intention he had taken the sponge from my hands and commenced bathing my eyes with it, composedly remarking, "It is truly very soft and pleasant." How did the fellow look but that I was afflicted with the ophthalmia, and that he was in danger of ruining his own visual organs? However that may be, I did not refuse to apply the sponge again to my own eyes till I had given it a thorough night's soaking.

Having taken my dinner and supper, together, I conversed awhile with the people around me. They were all Maronites and were at first disposed to be very social, but became less so as they ascended their religious views, and gradually withdrew altogether. Before I retired to rest the woman of the house came into the room and hung up near the head of my bed a rude, square picture of the Virgin Mary, the object being, I suppose, to exercise the evil spirits that might be drawn together by means of my bedstead.

The following morning we proceeded directly across the plain towards Baalbek; three hours distant we went about an hour out of our course in order to visit a solitary column or pillar, which standing by itself in a conspicuous spot from every side, I had noticed this singular pillar in my previous journeys in this direction, but never before had been able to obtain a near view of it. As he was afflicted with leprosy, so that they were tainted with a more malignant disease, the deep-seated leprosy of sin, and yet, when we come to and offer them the remedy found in the pure gospel of Christ, they are ready to exclaim, in the spirit of the proud self-sufficient Syrian prince, "Am not our faith and religion better than yours? Can we not trust in their own strength? Poor, ignorant, perishing people!"

As we were about to descend, we were met by a man who was not dressed, until he received and

Abbas.

abashed and miserable appearance without, are decorated within with all the profusion and display of oriental art and magnificence. In the house of a wealthy Arab merchant upon whom we called, I was astonished at the amount of adornment both in painting and sculpture which met my gaze on every side. In one apartment the entire walls were covered with the most beautiful white marble delicately carved in relief to represent tapestry and curtains which hung in long, full folds, gracefully sweeping to the floor. In various convenient places amid the gatherings of the opposite folds were sculptured saints and angels and other figures, while the sparkling chandeliers hung suspended from the ceiling and the glittering mirrors greatly heightened the splendor of the room.

Calling on the English and Dutch consuls, I noticed a great amount of adornment, both in the apartments and in the interior of the court, but it contained not so much in marble or relief as in fresco paintings upon the walls; and so also in the hotel to which I went to see my fellow travelers of the preceding day. The rooms were painted from floor to ceiling in the most gorgeous style of eastern art. I was shown into one room which had been fitted up twenty years ago for the reception of Ibrahim Pasha, then Governor of Syria. The high walls and lofty ceiling were completely covered with various designs in fresco painting, in rich oil colors or in gilt. There were beautiful landscapes, water scenes, mountains and valleys, cities and plains, temples and crowded bazaars, rivers and bridges, castles and towers, in all of which the rules of perspective were properly observed. Each painting or series of paintings is divided from the rest by fanciful devices and symmetrical borders consisting of almost every imaginable pattern. The floor of the apartment, as indicated by the already mentioned, was of marble, and composed in great part of many beautiful circles and rectangles of rich mosaic.

The orientals though they have never lost their taste for this species of ornament have lost in some degree the art of producing it, and therefore employ, I believe, to a considerable extent, European artists. The houses above alluded to, as is the case with all the better class of dwellings in Damascus, have spacious interior courts, furnished with fountains of running water, and a great variety of trees, plants, and flowers.

But the most gorgeous palace of all I have not yet mentioned, and I hardly dare venture upon a description of it, lest I should fail to do justice to the subject. The house I refer to was the mansion of a rich Jew who seems to have spent a fortune on decorating the interior of his apartments with apparently no other design than that of eclipsing all his neighbors, and for his house has already become famous as one of the standing sights of Damascus, and is now visited by most travelers who find their way to this city. At the time I entered there were three or four Franks present, whom from their appearance I judged to be Frenchmen.

The exterior of the house presents nothing attractive to the eye, but