

CHAPTER III.

DJOUNI, AND LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow ;
But now, as though a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou !
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow,
To halls deserten, portals gaping wide ;
Fresh lessons to th' unthinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces by life supplied,
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide !

BYRON.

AFTER proceeding for some time through a narrow lane, with hedges of thickly clotted cactus, we emerged into the romantic pine-forest about which Lamartine has written such pretty rhapsodies. An open space of bright, soft sand shoots pathways in every direction through the shade, whose pleasant gloom soon terminates their vistas. At the foot of each old tree is a little circular carpet of verdure, looking at a distance like the shadow of its pine: the majestic groves of older growth, intermingled with the tender green of the young plantations, canopy the whole region around with a various and chequered shade. The caravans pass along noiselessly on the soft verdure or the yielding sand; not a sound is heard but that of the far-off sea, and the faint rustle of the branches. Through the deep foliage, a view of the impending Lebanon occasionally breaks, and cool breezes, that seem to have their home here, wander inquisitively about in each natural bower and shady nook. The glades, and banks, and pathways, and arenas, present the very scene that romance would select for the warrior's or the lover's delectation—for "passages of arms" or of poetry.

About an hour from the city (we measure distance here by