

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CEDARS.

The trees of his forest shall be few, that a child may count them.

ISAIAH, x. 19

The Cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone.

BYRON.

ON the summit of Lebanon might the first of men have stood, and taken his last farewell of the Eden that still bears the name of his lost inheritance: then, turning Eastward, his foreboding eye might widely range over the dreary world on which he thenceforth was to wander, far from paradise.

Reversing this order, I took a last, lingering view of that great valley, and those Eastern hills, among whose gorges lay the path to Persia, and the Great Desert: then turned towards Eden, and gazed with insatiable eyes upon the loveliest yet grandest scene that the world possesses.

Gorgeous it was, and dream-like: so unreal and unearthly was the beauty of the land, and the glory of the sea and sky that lay spread before me. Eden was there, fulfilling every requisition of the imagination, as well as of tradition; and nothing but an Eve was wanting to complete the paradise. Owing to the height whence I looked down, the sea, one sheet of molten gold, appeared to rise half-way up the sky, on which—so glowing was the whole bright West—the horizon was only marked by the sun's half vanished disc, hovering between the sea and sky that seemed to have caught fire from his beams. The promontory of Tripoli, dark with woods, ran out into the bay; the shore swept thence with many a graceful curve and bold promontory, until it faded into distance on the far South. Thence, upward, to the base of