

**JOURNAL OF A VISIT
TO THE NILE AND HOLY
LAND, IN 1847-48**

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Journal of a Visit to the Nile and Holy Land, in 1847-48 by W. H. Adams Hyett

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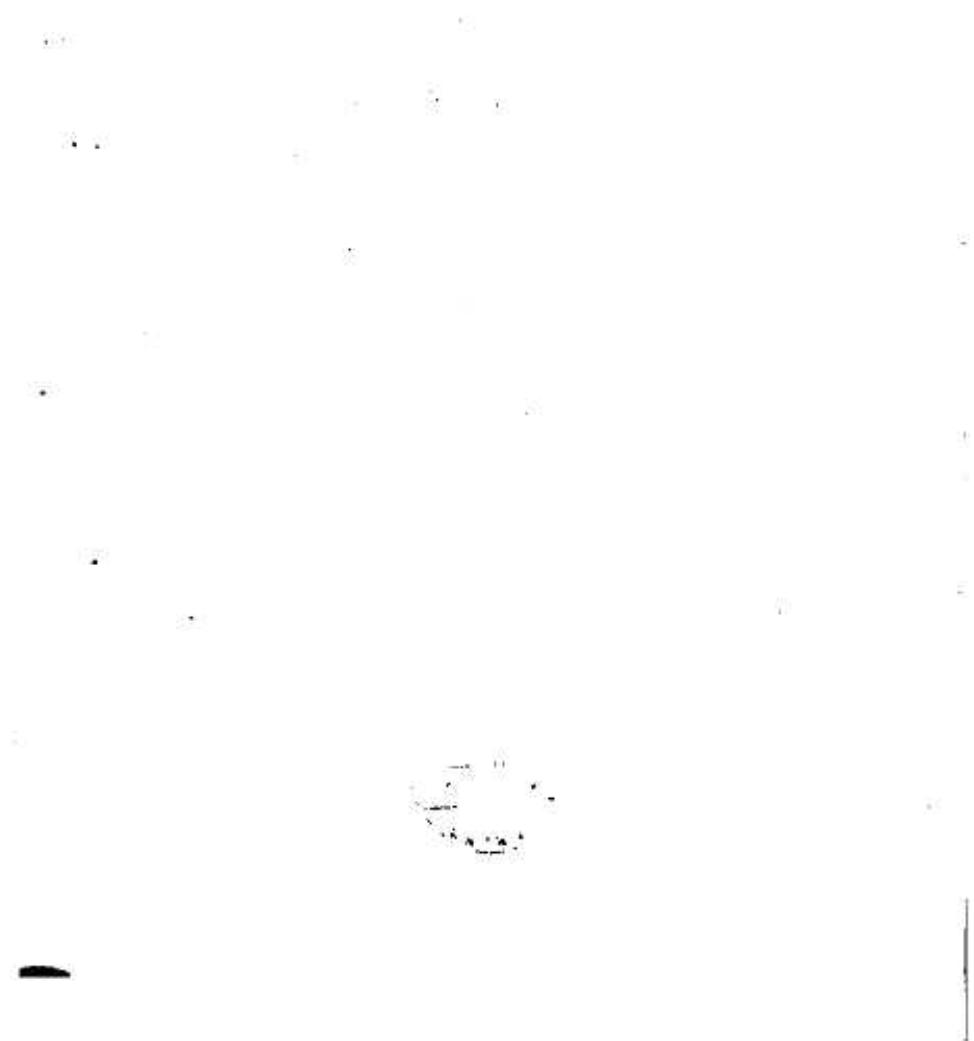
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TO
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IN
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BY THE LATE
W. H. ADAMS HYETT.

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GEORGE WOODFALL AND SON,
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MDCCLX.



Preface.

THIS little Volume is not presumed to be in any way a contribution to Literature. It is simply the Journal of a young man, who, at the age of twenty-two, visited the Nile for health, and continued his tour into the Holy Land—kept for his own satisfaction and improvement. He died in his twenty-fifth year, and it is printed only as a memorial to be presented to a few of his friends, who will, now especially, be interested in learning what he felt and thought under the influence of such a tour. A spirit, too, pervades it, which must please those who loved him; for it is the spirit of Christian Faith and Hope, by which he was enabled, while in the flower of his youth, to meet sickness and death without a murmur.

Extracts from his Letters, distinguished by smaller type, are introduced to supply chasms left in the Journal:—a few private and familiar allusions, otherwise of little import, in all not amounting to eight lines, are omitted. With these exceptions, and that of the literal and verbal corrections required by an unrevised MS., the text is printed as it was written off at the time. To have made larger omissions or alterations, though merely of the trivial observations or faulty passages, incident to a Journal written as it were by the wayside, would have changed its character. As it is, the reader may be assured, that he has before him a faithful representation of the feelings and thoughts of the friend whom he has lost.

TORQUAY, Dec., 1860.

Journal, &c.

I LEFT England at half-past four P.M. on the 4th of October, 1847, on board of H.M.S. Antelope. On the 9th we steamed up the Tagus, and anchored at Lisbon. On the 11th I went to Cintra, with a large party:—just worth visiting and no more. Sailed on the 12th: spent the 14th at Gibraltar; visited the galleries in the rock, which, as works of art, are very wonderful. On the evening of the 18th we reached the Bay of Tunis. The city itself is poor; it lacks the minarets and fret-work of the grated windows which bespeak the Eastern town, and at the same time possesses their narrow streets and unpaved lanes, with five times their smell and filth. Many a

pleasant hour did I spend roaming over the site of what once was Carthage, and pic-nic-ing on the spot where might have stood the palace of the mighty Dido. Nought now remains to tell of Phœnician splendours, or bear witness to what was Pygmalion's wealth—they are wrapt in oblivion and mother earth. The cisterns are the only ruins which now exist of Carthage—they are very perfect; the stucco is still upon the walls. Lately, a number of columns have been excavated, under the direction of our Consul, Sir Thomas Reade; from whom I, as well as all the other passengers, received much civility and attention. We left Tunis on Sunday, the 24th, and reached Malta on the following day.

All know thy barren rock and visage gay,
Most fair Valette, Queen of these tideless waves,
Bedizen'd as thou art with bristling battery
And winding stair, where pace in blind security
The British legions' chosen sentinels;
While watch below the stately battle ships,
Whose brave tars love to be outnumber'd two to one,
And still to pipe all hands to victory.

Where are we now? The white cliffs of our seagirt Isle, and the rugged coast of the neighbouring Gaul, have long faded from our view. Ushant's grim Isle has ceased to light the helmsman's trackless path, and "Biscay's sleepless bay" no longer troubles the landsman's restless stomach. Ortegal, Finisterre, St. Vincent, and Trafalgar, no more stretch their stony headlands into the billowy deep, and the beauties which Lisboa has unfolded have sunk into the dim distance of a thousand miles. We have steered through the Pillars of Hercules; the land of Quixotic enterprise and enchanting serenade has vanished from our sight, and we gaze in vain for the savage loom of Algeria's rocky coast. The Mediterranean lies like a sleeping giant; the blue waves roll on—ever and anon the fitting zephyr curls a dimpled smile on their majestic face. Ha! what land is that upon our starboard bow? What low line of coast is visible? What spiry speck is that which