

were of pyramidal form. A high but hot wind blew the sand about in clouds; and we were glad to protect our eyes by means of veils and goggles. The evening was very gloomy; and a violent storm of thunder and lightning came on—accompanied by heavy rain—which lasted five hours. It was an awful night! In the solitude of the Desert we beheld frequent and vivid flashes of lightning; and heard the noise of a rushing stream, and loud peals of rolling thunder reverberating among the mountain crags! The rain poured down in torrents; and twice were channels dug round the tents, to carry off the water. To all appearance, the behaviour of our Arabs was full of careless levity, for they seemed to laugh and sing gay songs the whole time; and yet, it is just possible that they were chaunting some strange religious exercise; so forcibly did the sounds they uttered remind us of that Sheikh of the Hadji, who came on board the “Clothilde” at Siout; when he recited his wild prayer, and beat his tom-tom for our gratification. Of course, no one could sleep until the storm abated. Thanks to the stout oil cloth covering of our tents, our clothes were only a *very little* damp when we put them on in the morning. The rain had then ceased, but the sky was overcast and threatening: nevertheless, precisely at half past seven we were on our camels, obeying Vincenzo’s strict injunctions to hold fast with both hands, the two upright pieces of wood—or pegs—with which the saddles are furnished. Some of the baggage camels fell—so insecurely did they tread upon the wet sand; and we ourselves were in constant fear of a tumble. We soon passed Gebel El Arish. This mountain is of no great elevation; but its shape is peculiar—caused, probably, by the action of the wind. It resembles a building of circular form, with a sloping roof, and a chimney in the centre! The watercourses were no longer *dry*; we *crossed* several of them, and *saw* many more that had swollen in one night into deep and rapid torrents. At last we reached a wider stream than any of the others. The camels waded through it most

unwillingly, and one of them went down upon its knees in a fit of obstinacy: indeed they occasionally lost their footing, and were carried away to some distance by the current. It was a long time before the whole caravan assembled on the opposite bank; and we were really astonished that no accident happened. *Our party* landed first, and stood watching the proceedings of the rest. Salvo's chief anxiety was for his own bedding: he carefully secured *that*, and left his camel to an Arab's care! Bekéeh (the cook) had his own especial objects of attention. From hence—Nakhel, our destined halting place, was indistinctly visible.

After this adventure we traversed, for at least two hours, an immense plain; half of which was under water, and the ground frightfully insecure and slippery. All ended well, however; the drivers were exceedingly careful, and we held on tightly, for fear of being *jolted off*! A Bedouin, handsomely dressed in rich Damascus silk of bright crimson, joined our caravan at the ford. He was a fine looking man, and the best *picture* of an Arab of the Desert that we had yet seen. His turban was striped red and gold colour: weapons, with embossed handles, were in his girdle; and slung across his shoulders was a long and clumsy blunderbuss. Dismounting from his camel, he requested our Sheikh to ride the animal in his stead; while he accompanied us on foot. His single attendant also rode a camel, and carried a gun in the same manner.

We encamped between a tolerably wide stream and the citadel of Nakhel. The town is small, and its inhabitants appear wretchedly poor. Attached to the fortress are some neat gardens, enclosed within low stone walls; and bordered by the prickly pear, which makes an admirable fence: channels for irrigation are cut at regular intervals. Vincenzo was obliged to lay in a fresh stock of provisions, and found them comparatively very dear: fowls were two shillings a couple. It was deemed prudent to have five watch-fires burning all night.

Sunday, January 15th. This was a day of welcome rest from travelling. Soon after breakfast we repaired to the citadel—a large square building, with buttresses at each corner—to pay a visit of ceremony to the *Governor*, who resides there with a military force. Nakhel is in reality a place of greater political consequence than its extent and general aspect seem to justify. *His Excellency* was literally “sitting in the gate”—cross-legged upon a stone divan, spread with matting; and gravely smoking a long pipe, at the extremity of an arched entrance. He had handsome features, and the expression of his countenance was rather prepossessing than otherwise. He at once made signs that we should seat ourselves on the divan—placing Mr. T. next to himself, and offering him his own pipe; while Vincenzo sat at his right hand, ready to act as interpreter, and go through the form of reading our passport. The Commandant of the garrison—which consists of five and twenty soldiers—now came in: his manner was courteous and gentlemanlike; and he wore a handsome dress of striped silk. His subordinates—of different sizes and ages—were attired in every imaginable variety of Arab costume. Some sat on the ground, others at the lower end of the divan; and most of them were smoking: one was plaiting dried palm leaves, while another sewed the plaited pieces into mats. All this time we were busily exchanging bows, smiles, and compliments, with the *Basha* and Commandant; we also *heard* and *smelt* coffee preparing; and anon appeared an attendant with a tray of steaming *finjans* (coffee cups) in little copper *zerfs*, one of which was presented by a second servant to each guest. The coffee was highly spiced, but we thought it very good. Mr. T. had enough to do in the *smoking* way! He had already disposed of a couple of pipes—those of the two *grandses*—when the Basha’s secretary, a black man with a flattened nose, stepped forward with a *third*! Luckily, Vincenzo saw what was going on, and came to the rescue with a civil apology. “His Excellency” informed us that Abbas Pacha, when here about

two months previously, had changed the name of this place from *Nakhel* (which signifies date tree) to *Sakhel* (a plain). Certainly a spot more destitute of trees could scarcely be found. We saw none of any kind except one single sount, that grew in the court of the citadel. There was not much to interest us in the interior of the fortress. Our conductor showed us a great water-wheel like those of Egypt, worked by men, and which supplies the large cisterns outside the walls; for *Sakhel* is one of the principal watering places of the Mecca pilgrims. Quantities of yellow palm leaves were being soaked in water, to prepare them for plaiting. A steep stone staircase led to the *hareem*; and at the top of another flight of steps stood a cumbersome old cannon—of which I believe there are four. When we rose to depart, Mr. T. made the Basha a present of tobacco. Nobody now living can remember such a dry season as this: it had rained only three times within five months! The stream that flowed rapidly in front of our camp last evening had already dried up.

The Lassayd Arabs—destined to leave us on the morrow—were all day busily employed in grinding corn and baking bread. They and their Sheikh would fain have continued the journey; but the “higher powers”—the Basha and Vincenzo—decreed otherwise; besides their camels were quite worn out. The Bedouin who joined our caravan at the ford, likewise accompanied us on our visit to the citadel. He was one of the tribe under whose protection we travelled from *Sakhel* to Gaza, and always walked close to Vincenzo’s camel. “His Excellency” was strongly suspected—on what grounds I do not know—of wishing to throw obstacles in the way of our speedy departure; although he had despatched a messenger on our behalf at three o’clock in the morning, to the Sheikh of the powerful Towári—whose camels we had met at the well Rajéeb; and who has three thousand men under his sole command. That powerful chief sent his eldest son to negotiate the terms of our escort, of which he was also to take the lead. A most stormy debate ensued, which

lasted at least two hours. Down came the Basha, Commandant, and somebody else; to give authority, and be witnesses to the final settlement and signature of this contract between young Towári and our dragoman. The glorious sunset looked upon a scene that ill accorded with the wonted stillness of a sabbath eve! Poor Salvo's face was the picture of gloom: he was very hungry, and it was long past dinner time! We turned our eyes with interest from one picturesque group of figures to another. There were the two sets of Bedouins; some of the good people of Sakhel; and our servants—not to forget the red capped and burnoosed attendants of the Basha—assembled round Vincenzo's tent. When all was satisfactorily arranged, we were introduced to the youthful heir of Towári, whose age might be eighteen or nineteen. He was tall and thin, with a remarkably plain unmeaning face; and dressed in crimson silk,* with a yellow kerchief wound round his *tarboosh*. The Basha sent us a guard of soldiers before dark; and treated our party to a very fair display of fire works—the rockets were the best I ever saw. A pretty, bright eyed mouse ran into the tent; it was larger than our English mice, and of a paler colour.

Our patience was sorely tried the next morning; for the confusion and uproar that took place before we were allowed to start are indescribable! The two tribes quarrelled and abused each other to such a degree that they were on the point of an *appeal to arms*; when their respective Sheikhs wisely consented to abide by the decision of the Basha, and went together to the citadel. The Basha returned to the camp with them, accompanied by the Commandant, and remained until all was ready. We had great cause to complain of the extreme rapaciousness of the Lassayd, but it was certainly equalled by that of the Towári when *their* day of parting arrived.

* Abbas Pacha, on the occasion of his visit to Sakhel, distributed about thirty of these dresses among the different Bedouin tribes.

The latter are a much finer race of men than the former, and also better clothed. Most of them were supplied with sheep skins, which served as a cloak by day and a bed at night: one man had a gazelle skin. A few wore sandals, but the generality—among whom was the Sheikh—walked barefoot. They carried long guns over their shoulders; and had swords, the hilts of which, as well as their powder flasks, were inlaid with brass. They were likewise armed with thick clubs; and fixed in the trappings of one of the camels was a very formidable spear, belonging to the Sheikh. Although extremely civil and attentive—scarcely leaving the camels for a moment—they had the countenances of a ferocious set of cut-throats! They were exceedingly joyous among themselves; their hearty peals of laughter were incessant, and I never heard such deep toned voices. Like all Bedouins, their limbs were remarkably small and well formed. Many of them wore their hair in four short plaits, like the boy who was drawing water at the well. We saw an Arab whom we thought must belong to the Towári tribe, with an immense pair of French postilion's boots, and a brace of French pistols! One of the baggage camels was led by a woman, who went a few days' journey with the caravan, in charge of an Arab of our escort—the latter receiving five piastres for his trouble. Across her back was slung a coarse linen bag, which contained a naked baby! A black cloth cloak covered the whole affair; and how the child could breathe it is impossible to imagine. Our track was over a great barren plain, and the weather miserably cold. We encamped near a water course: another fire, lighted by some Bedouins, glimmered in the distance. There were two Nubians among our men: they may have either voluntarily joined the Towári, been taken prisoners, or originally bought as slaves.

Tuesday, January 17th. We breakfasted by moonlight, and the air was so frosty we could hardly make use of our fingers. The journey continued as uninteresting as before; until—far away to our right—we

beheld for the first time that wonderful phenomenon the *Mirage of the Desert*, and fancied we distinctly saw water and trees! The reflection of some clouds upon a broken range of sandstone mountains in our front, was strikingly beautiful. At one spot were growing a few small tamarisks, and fortunately for the camels, abundance of *gatta*: the sand seemed full of snail shells. The merriment of a couple of our Arabs was, almost—like the too rough play of school boys—ending in a more serious manner than might have been agreeable; when the Sheikh wisely interfered with one slight touch of his *coorbash*, and the doubtful skirmish instantly ceased. Our Towári camels were very good ones, although of a small breed, and travelled at a steady regular pace. Vincenzo had an *argument* with the Sheikh, who desired to detain us beyond the stipulated six days from Sakhel to Gaza; but the dragoman, as usual, carried his point.

Our breakfast table the following morning was surrounded by a dense fog; and as the rising sun gilded the summits of some lofty rocks to the westward, a belt of vapoury mist extended all along their base until it gradually dispersed. One of the Arabs coolly took possession of Mr. T.'s mackintosh; and put it on with a look of evident self complacency, as though he had done a very clever thing; and that he would be allowed to keep it. These Towári were always begging something; coffee, tobacco, sugar, or whatever they could think of; and in the mornings Vincenzo had the greatest difficulty in making them leave their fires—of camel's dung, or brushwood—and act their proper parts in assisting to strike the tents and load the camels. The latter duty was often so badly performed that the animals were able to shake off their burdens with ease; thereby causing tiresome stoppages and unnecessary delays.

We were still journeying over the same barren plain; but towards the north west extended a fine chain of mountains which reminded us of Kerry; and we passed, on our left, a line of hills abounding in gazelle.

Lizards—we had now and then observed them before—were running along the sand. Some flowering white broom grew near our encampment, and the sight of a flock of goats gave promise of milk for tea and breakfast. Camel's milk, which we had occasionally, was—in *my* opinion at least—*most objectionable* !

Thursday, January 19th. I wandered to some little distance while all was preparing for our start. The sun rose with his accustomed splendour, and I found abundance of pretty shrubs and flowers—even the tiny Forget me not—amidst the white broom. To the westward appeared a *mirage of lakes* ! In an hour or two we reached a valley overgrown with tamarisk bushes; and to these the camels attached themselves so voraciously, it was no easy matter to proceed. We saw gazelle tracks upon the sand in all directions, and crossed the mostly dry beds of several torrents. Our midday halt was among some rocks, close to a stream of water; from whence, although it looked rather muddy, we obtained a fresh supply. We passed two Arab graves, far distant from each other: the last of them happened to be the burial place of a Towári; and not one of our men failed to take up a few handfuls of the sand that covered it; with which, for the sake of old fellowship, he sprinkled both himself and his camel. In the course of the afternoon we came to moist ground; where grew patches of some lowly plant bearing a delicate white flower, and whose foliage was of the most brilliant green. Three times we started a large flock of quail: our Arabs shot at them; but one only was brought down and given to Vincenzo, who amused himself by plucking it as he rode along. We tasted this bird the next day at luncheon, and pronounced it very tough and insipid. A variety of lovely flowers were springing up beneath the camels' feet—particularly the star of Bethlehem; and on either side we observed extensive tracts that had recently been ploughed in close drills, for sowing grain. The young Sheikh beguiles the tediousness of his

journey by smoking; and singing (?) the same tune and words over and over again, with a very disagreeably nasal twang. The tents were pitched on a sandy plain, and we breakfasted the following morning at half-past five—by moonlight! Vincenzo was more than ever plagued by the begging propensities of the Arabs. "They think ourself coffee shop," he exclaimed.

We continued to traverse a wide plain, and passed corn fields like those we had seen the day before: it was quite delightful to behold such a multitude of early spring flowers, so welcome in our gardens at home. The tulip was not yet in bloom; but there were, in gay luxuriance, the scarlet anemone; crocus; lily; iris; and I know not how many *old familiar friends* besides. Our Arabs gathered, and ate, wild roots that looked like turnips. We saw the ruins of two modern towns; their sole traces consisting of quantities of stone in heaps and scattered, and the remains of walls. Tortoises are common hereabouts; our men picked up two small ones, not worth keeping.

A party of Arabs met us during the day; they had donkeys with them, and a large flock of goats and sheep: among the latter were some pretty little white lambs with black heads. All that afternoon the mountains of Hebron rose before us. At night, a solitary traveller claimed the protection of our caravan, and shared the comfort of its fires. Our guard "called the watch" and replied at regular intervals, which they never did before.

The next morning we were witnesses to a cordial greeting between the Towári and a few of their acquaintances; they shook hands most affectionately, and kissed one another's cheeks.

Signs of cultivation became much more general as we advanced. At last we reached some stone cisterns, made by pilgrims; which were either round—or pear shaped, like those near Cairo. Between three and four o'clock Vincenzo quickened his pace, and preceded us to Gaza—in order

to announce our approach; and, if possible, ensure our admission into the lazaretto, should we be delayed beyond sunset. We had five days' quarantine to perform there; the day of arrival and that of departure each counting as *one*. It is not easy to make camels go faster than they choose; and still more difficult to quicken the pace of a heavily laden caravan: we accordingly watched the declining sun with anxious fears as we pressed forward. On our left were occasional glimpses of the Mediterranean; and we passed the ruins of a small mosque. The sandhills of the Desert gradually yielded to those of marl; and we entered upon a broad straight road, with corn fields on either side. Presently we were accosted in Arabic by a quarantine officer on foot, who turned back with us; and in less than half an hour we reached the foot of a hill, where stands a Sheikh's tomb—now used as a watch-house, and overshadowed by a single tree. This was fortunately *quarantine ground*: it was already ten minutes past five; at *half* past we should have been too late! Here we were met by a grey bearded Turk on horseback. He was speedily joined by an Arnaout (Albanian)—who rode a pretty grey horse, and at once began exercising and careering for our amusement. It was really surprising to see the powerful and spirited, but well trained little animal—obeying the gesture of a finger; turning on its own length; and enabling its rider to display admirable horsemanship—firing pistols every now and then at full gallop! The Turkish veteran, on his bay, was almost as accomplished a rider as the Arnaout. We followed a winding path through a valley, until we came to a succession of lanes; bordered by neat gardens of fig, apricot, and almond trees—protected by hedges of prickly pear. The almond blossom was beautiful!

A party of shepherds were duly warned by the Arnaout that they must not pass too near us, or they would be compelled to share our fate. It was precisely six o'clock when we entered the gateway of the lazaretto;

and Vincenzo had considerable difficulty in persuading the captain of the guard to admit us. While the camels were unloading, and the rooms being thoroughly cleansed—a very necessary precaution!—we seated ourselves in the open court upon piles of cushions, quilts, carpets, and cloaks. Although dreadfully tired after our long journey of eleven hours and forty minutes; and completely chilled through—for a cold north east wind had blown full in our faces—we sat watching that noisy scene of bustle and confusion with deep interest. Camels, luggage, Arabs (who had been *assiduously polite* all day!), servants, and the *guardiano*, were alike indistinctly visible through the increasing darkness. In a wonderfully short time—perhaps one hour—we ascended by a wooden staircase to a turret, and found our camp equipage comfortably arranged in a whitewashed apartment. Very soon we heard the welcome *fizzing* sound of preparation for dinner, which immediately afterwards made its appearance. It is astonishing to observe how the Arabs of the Desert can walk on and on for so many hours, at the same quick pace; and be apparently as fresh at the end of the day as the beginning! Their camels were much more easily fatigued than themselves! While still in the Desert, we had seen a bird—resembling a large duck—which one of our men attempted to shoot, but missed his aim.

Sunday, January 22nd. We awoke from our sound sleep this morning, rejoicing in the prospect of a Sabbath rest. Our windows—protected by iron bars—had no glass in them, and closed from the outside by means of wooden shutters. The view was very lovely: we were in the midst of a fertile plain, bounded by hills; and had entered the “Land of Promise!”—once the country of the Philistines, but eventually part of Simeon’s portion; having first been given by Joshua to Judah.* What rapture must the Israelites have experienced, when—after their lengthened wanderings in the Wilderness—they came to inhabit this fruitful soil!

* Joshua xv. 47.

Even we ourselves, at the end of one short month's pilgrimage, gaze with intense delight upon the green fields, the olive groves, gardens, and rich pastures with their flocks and herds.

Within the lazzaretto reside about twenty people; and a tower is erected over the gateway, occupied by the *hareem* of the Governor; whose house, with a little garden in front, stands close by. At each extremity of the further wall—that facing the entrance—is a turret allotted to the use of travellers. Pilgrims of inferior degree stay in the open court, the centre of which contains a tank and fountain. The Arnaout soldiers who compose the guard, and our servants, were provided with apartments on the ground floor; in one of which Mr. T. was—by his own desire—at first located: but the noise of this lower story was so wearying and incessant, that he subsequently removed into the opposite turret—gaining however no advantage by the exchange; for his room was the permanent abode of rats, fleas, bugs, and lizards; while a whole family of bats had built their nest above his bed! There is one place set apart where provisions are brought to the lazzaretto: and of course everything of the kind, though good, is very dear. The fruit and vegetables were exceedingly fine; I never saw such enormous cauliflowers and lemons. We were also shown a recess from whence those within can speak through a lattice to persons outside. As regards the *prevention of disease*, the quarantine at Gaza must be as inefficient as any other. One would certainly suppose that a journey hither from Cairo, across the long Desert, must be enough to purify the *most tainted*! More than twenty-five years have elapsed since any cases of plague broke out here.

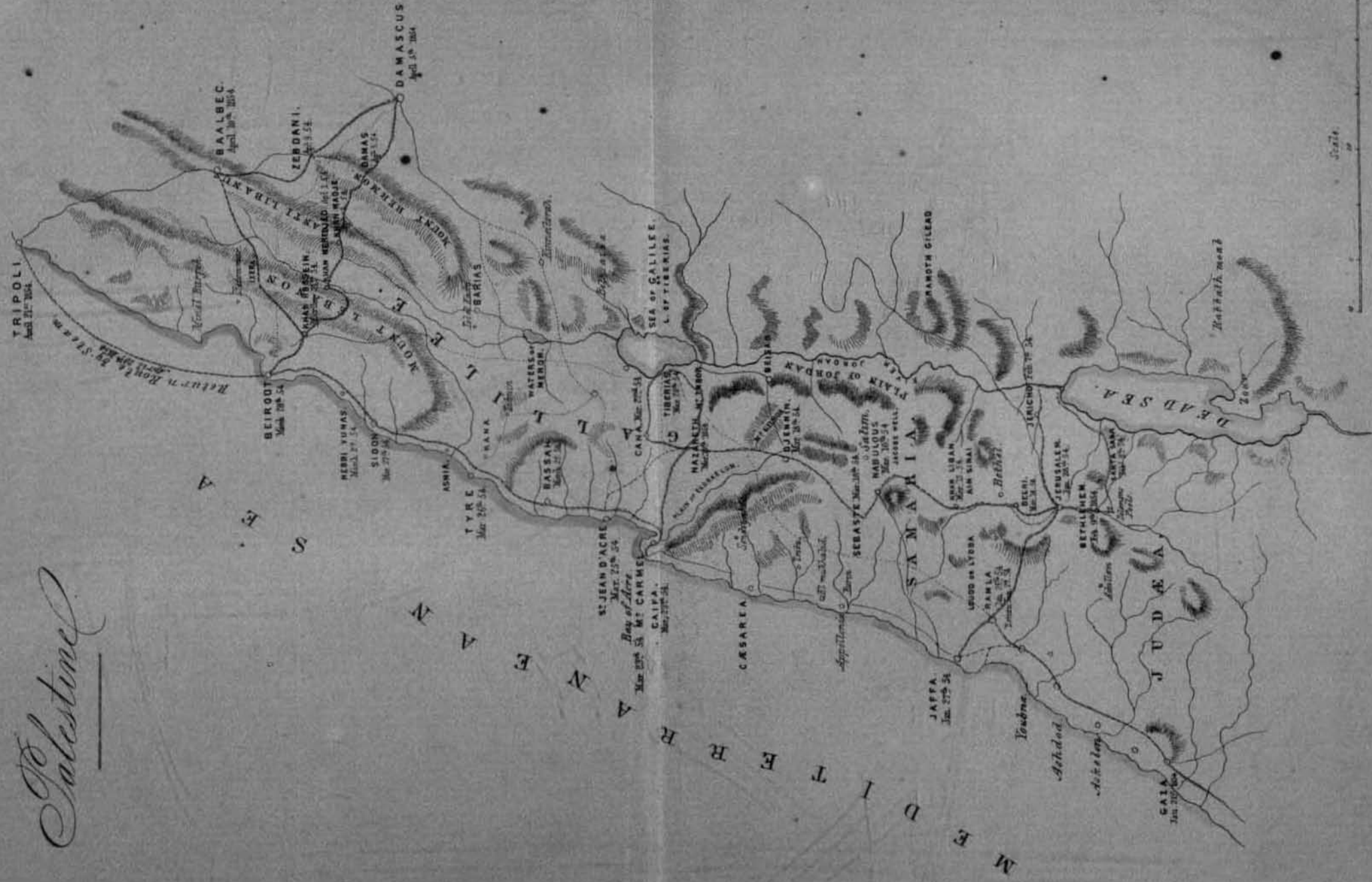
The following morning was bright and dewy—one of the most beautiful that ever dawned! A large caravan of merchandize arrived during the day; and some very quaint personages accompanied it, among whom were two or three black women with their children. The quarantine flag is always hoisted over the *hareem* tower at sunrise, and taken down again at sunset.

That night a violent storm of wind, thunder, lightning, and rain—during which the turrets rocked and creaked fearfully—commenced about eleven o'clock, and lasted until daylight. The rain continued, and we were apprehensive of delay. In any case the ground would be slippery for the camels, of which a new set were to carry us as far as Ramla—a two days' journey from Gaza. After dinner we descended our wooden staircase to be *inspected* by a Piedmontese doctor, who lives just beyond the walls. *He* pronounced us all healthy—we bowed and scraped—but had scarcely returned to our apartments, when a heated brazier of scented wood was set down on the floor, and left for a few minutes only!

The canteen man holds his situation from the Turkish government at the rate of ten thousand piastres a year, with the exclusive privilege of supplying the lazaretto with provisions; and was in chains for attempting to cheat Vincenzo—who lodged a complaint against him with the Basha—by charging higher prices than the tariff allowed. Every one of our Arabs too—Sheikh included—were put in prison for making a disturbance and beating the *guardiano*! If any of us ventured into the court, we were well watched and closely followed. The Arab servants employed in the lazaretto, appeared on the whole better clad than any we had before seen: particularly a water carrier, who was dressed entirely in white and perfectly clean clothes. Vincenzo had a Turkish bath prepared for our use, which was a great luxury.

Wednesday, January 25th. Notwithstanding dark and heavy clouds, the sun rose gloriously over the verdant plain of Gaza; lighting up to peculiar advantage that part of the town which extends from the hill opposite the lazaretto into the valley below. From our high turret the place appeared to be of considerable size and importance, with its lofty minarets towering into the sky; but a nearer view would probably have left a very different impression. It is separated from the sea by a wide sandy beach; and for some miles inland the ground is plentifully strewed

Palatine



with sea shells. From its advantageous situation as the key to Syria, Gaza has been subject to many revolutions.* How fresh the fields and gardens looked after the rain!—we had moreover ample leisure to admire them; for Vincenzo had roused us at ten minutes before five, by coming into our rooms with a lighted *fanóos*. So earnestly were our thoughts engaged, that we felt but little anxiety as to whether the camels and their Arab owners would come for us or not—*this* being, as to weather, decidedly what we call “a doubtful day” in England. Leaning over the balustrade, we feasted our eyes upon the lovely scene, and talked of Israel and “the Promised Land.” Strange as it may seem, we could not quit the lazzaretto at Gaza without *some* feelings of regret. We had enjoyed three days’ rest from the fatigue of constant travelling, and found abundance of occupation to prevent the time from hanging heavily on our hands.

At last we espied our dragoman walking across the court between a couple of well dressed Arabs; one of whom was middle aged and athletic—the other much older, with a long grey beard. Vincenzo looked full of importance; and held in his hand a paper, which he afterwards informed us was a certificate, or testimonial, that—having duly performed quarantine at Gaza—we became entitled to admission into Jerusalem. The old Arab was the sheikh, or more properly, *owner* of the camels; and we were to start when all was ready. The wise ones predicted showers and *tumbles*; but no matter, *go we must!*

To leave Gaza without visiting the reputed house of Samson was impossible! Accordingly, we set off on foot, attended by a guide; and almost immediately passed, on our left, five *portions of columns* in a row, called “Samson’s Pillars;” but *why* so denominated we could not learn. We met fine flocks of sheep and goats; and herds of remarkably small cattle—among which were the *very tiniest* calves

* Calmet’s Dictionary of the Bible.

and young donkeys I ever saw in my life! For some distance our path was bordered on both sides by hedges of prickly pear, evidently of very old growth; and beyond these were fields and gardens. We likewise passed a Muslim cemetery; and at the end of half an hour reached the "House of Samson," which stands at the foot of a hill, below the town of Gaza. Two prostrate half buried columns are gravely asserted to be *the* identical pillars of the famous temple of Dagon! * Crowds of idlers gathered round us—each group displaying great variety of costume—while search was made for the key of a side door. The missing key was not forthcoming; so we scrambled by means of broken stones over a low wall, and entered the building—doubtless very ancient—which is at present used as a Mosque. A woman in a *white 'abáyeh*—more generally worn among the females of Palestine and Syria than the *black* ones—requested us to look through a star shaped aperture into a dark room, or vault, which she said was the "Tomb of Samson!" As we retraced our steps to the lazzaretto, we saw an immense flight of sparrows, and came in for a heavy shower of rain. We had not long to wait before finally starting; but the ground was so excessively slippery, that we walked for nearly a mile before mounting our dirty ugly camels; which had been accustomed to convey *cargo* only. They were unprovided with saddles; consequently we sat upon carpets and cushions—balancing our bodies as well as we could, by holding with both hands the ropes that held the former in their places on a wooden frame—we had not even the security of stirrups. By degrees we began to feel *at home*; and the animal's motion was less fatiguing than before, now that our seats were broader and softer. We rode past a succession of gardens and olive groves, and saw many picturesque figures carrying water jars. There are potteries by the road side—simply large holes dug in the ground—and kilns for baking the earthenware when moulded into its proper form.

* Judges xvi.

The clay is originally red, but becomes black when hardened by fire. The dwellings of the peasantry in this neighbourhood are more wretched than one would expect, judging from the prosperous and fertile appearance of the surrounding country. Several of them are mere excavations in the side of low hills. We soon came down to the sea shore, having chosen the coast in preference to the inland route, as the latter must be slippery and dangerous in wet weather. It was very cold; the wind blew keenly in our faces, and we had at least an hour's rain. The Arabs drank fresh water from a brook marked *Eshcol* on the map: near this—quite close to the beach—are the ruins of Askelon, the birthplace of Herod the Great. A number of columns project horizontally from the walls—most probably thrown into their present position by the force of an earthquake. How truly has prophecy been fulfilled! “For Gaza shall be forsaken, and Ashkelon a desolation: they shall drive out Ashdod at the noon day, and Ekron shall be rooted up. Woe unto the inhabitants of the sea coasts, the nation of the Cherethites! the word of the Lord is against you; O Canaan, the land of the Philistines, I will even destroy thee, that there shall be no inhabitant. And the sea coast shall be dwellings and cottages for shepherds, and folds for flocks.” *

We took luncheon in a sheltered spot among sandhills. Our pace did not exceed two miles an hour, for these Arabs of Palestine are a strikingly different race from the active Bedouins of the Desert. Their make is much more clumsy, and they are infinitely less capable of exertion, since they cannot—perhaps *will* not—walk long at a time. The camels were fastened one behind another, and to the leading rope of the foremost was tied a very diminutive donkey!—of which we had about half a dozen in our train, that their lazy owners (larger than themselves) might ride them whenever they felt disposed. The sand—to confess the truth—was soft and deep, which in a great degree excused our slow progress. This

* Zephaniah ii. 4, 5, 6.

was a fortunate circumstance for Vincenzo and the cook, who each made a harmless sunset over the head of his camel! We encamped among sandy mounds.

The weather was delightful for the ensuing day's journey, which continued for several hours along the sea shore. We passed four prostrate granite columns, and the ruins of Ashdod. "And the Philistines took the ark of God, and brought it from Eben-ezer, unto Ashdod. When the Philistines took the ark of God, they brought it into the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon. And when they of Ashdod arose early on the morrow, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the earth before the ark of the Lord. And they took Dagon, and set him in his place again, &c." *

A sudden turn to the right brought us to a common, covered with bright verdure. Here grew abundance of wild fennel, rhu (the smell of which was very powerful), flowering tulips, the iris, narcissus, and scarlet anemone. After this we came to cultivated fields—where the narcissus was springing up among the corn—and heard the cheerful notes of birds. Oxen were at the plough: we saw one team that consisted of three oxen and a donkey! The ploughs were made of a piece of wood, which in some instances had grown naturally into the shape required. The cows were small but very pretty. Later in the day we reached a neat and thriving little town, called Youbna, where the traditionary tomb of Reuben is still preserved and venerated. The Basha of Gaza and a few of his gaily attired Arnauts were exercising their beautiful horses on a broad esplanade. We passed well kept gardens, abounding in fig, almond, and olive trees, and bordered with prickly pear, like those at Gaza. Thence we crossed an old Roman bridge; saw more corn fields—and a village. The peasants were busily employed in agricultural labour, and there appeared to be excellent pasture for cows, sheep, and

goats. By this time it was near sunset, and Vincenzo had worked himself up into a furious rage with the owner of the camels on account of his extreme tardiness; threatening to beat him with his *coorbash* all the way to Ramla, and not pay either himself or his men one para of *backsheesh*! This storm produced the effect of somewhat quickening our pace. Gardens and trees at last gave earnest that we were approaching Ramla; but it was almost dark when we slipped and waded through its ill paved streets to the Franciscan convent—a square *fortress* building with an arched doorway. Here, after knocking and thundering for at least a quarter of an hour, we finally gained admittance; Vincenzo first enquiring whether there was sufficient accommodation for a *hareem*! By the glimmer of a solitary candle we groped our way through gloomy courts and passages, and up a staircase into a clean looking suite of apartments—including bedrooms, dining room, and kitchen. The monks—with the exception of two Italians—are all Spaniards. A *perfect picture* of a monk lighted a candle for us, placed it on the table, and silently withdrew. He was immediately followed by an attendant, a handsome young Nazarine, bringing cups of delicious coffee.

The next day was devoted to an excursion to Jaffa—the ancient *Joppa*. We had quite done with *camels*; and gladly exchanged their fatiguing motion for the quick easy ambling walk of some steady, well trained, and sure footed little horses, which were brought from Jerusalem for our use. Before starting, Mr. T. and Vincenzo had a noisy dispute with the Gaza camel drivers, who very properly did not receive more payment than was strictly due to them. Their words, looks, and gestures, were *frantic*!—but to no purpose—they had to deal with *adamantine hearts* that would not be softened! The weather was lovely beyond description. We passed a large burying ground, gardens, and fields: in the latter both men and women were at work. The women had black crape face coverings, adorned more or less with coins, beads, or embroidery—often

with all three combined. Their heads and shoulders were enveloped in white 'abáyehs, and they wore a profusion of ornaments—particularly necklaces—composed of coins and beads. Many of the horses, mules, and cows, had a single bead attached to their head gear, as a charm against the "Evil Eye." The plain between Ramla and Jaffa—a distance of about three hours—is for the most part covered with so rich a soil that crop after crop springs up without the aid of manure. The prickly pear and sycamore flourish spontaneously, and we had abundant opportunities of observing different growths of the olive tree—from the tiny sprig just planted, to the hoary veteran of centuries. They are generally placed at regular intervals, and seldom come to maturity with the same *stiffness* as those of Italy. The oldest among them—displaying hollow trunks and gnarled branches—would make admirable studies for the artist's pencil; and the British Consul at Jaffa informed us that they were confidently believed to have been standing at the time of our blessed Saviour's sojourn on earth. Rabbits are numerous in this neighbourhood, and we guided our steeds carefully in order to keep clear of their burrows: the camels had shown wonderful sagacity the day before in avoiding them. On our left, not far from Jaffa, stood a handsome mosque surmounted by nine cupolas—the highest in the centre. From thence the road was broad, sandy, and on the whole pretty good. Our horses refreshed themselves from a fountain of excellent water, at a Sheikh's tomb with four cupolas, the pavement in front of which was bounded by three prostrate columns. We then rode through *lanes of gardens*, hedged in by the never failing cactus (or prickly pear). Mulberries, figs, apricots, vines, nabbuks, almonds, lemons, citrons, and above all—*oranges*, which are sent from Jaffa to every part of Syria—thrive here to perfection. The water melons also are particularly celebrated. We met a vast number of donkeys laden with oranges, and the rind of this fruit lay upon the ground in such quantities, one would suppose

the inhabitants chiefly lived upon them. The trees were literally *loaded*, and bent down with their weight. Before entering the town we had a fine view of Jaffa and the bright blue sea beyond, whose foaming waves broke over a chain of rocks that stretches nearly across the harbour. The streets are narrow, as usual, and excessively muddy. We went at once to the British Consulate, and ascending a flight of awkward stone steps, were shown into a good sized drawing room—half Eastern half European. The Consul, Mr. Assaad Yacoob Kayat—author of “A Voice from the Lebanon”—received us very kindly: he speaks English remarkably well, and with great fluency. One end of the apartment was occupied by a raised divan, where we sat for some time talking to Mrs. Kayat—a fat, good humoured, handsome woman, whose age might be about thirty-five—and who had just finished smoking her *nárgeeleh*. She wore a *barège* gown with flounces, and a loose jacket of dark blue cashmere lined with fur. Her head-dress was most extraordinary! A *toque* of gaily coloured gauze or muslin—in which were fastened two diamond brooches—seemed to be further secured by an equally smart gauze kerchief, folded crosswise, and tied over the *toque* on the top of her head—the opposite corners hanging loose below her chin. Her beautiful black hair fell straight down her back, intermixed with a countless number of small gold chains, to each of which a gold coin was attached! Her fingers were covered with showy rings. She immediately ordered coffee, and joined her husband in making all sorts of goodnatured offers; such as the use of their country house, servants, or horses. Mrs. Kayat did not speak English quite so easily as her husband; and sent for her children’s governess, an Englishwoman, to assist our conversation. Three or four *nárgeelehs* stood on the floor ready for use.

The Consul began life by being dragoman to some Russian princes, who took him to London; where he and his wife, both natives of Beiroot,

were *lionized* in their Syrian costume—even to the presence of her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria! Naturally clever, Mr. Kayat made the most of his opportunity, and was subsequently honoured with his present post at Jaffa. His regular salary is £300 per annum, but he is entitled to sundry fees besides, and has both a town and country residence. He is a self constituted physician, and I *might* add—a *clergyman*!—as he reads the Church of England service on Sundays, for want of a regular chaplain. He considers himself a member of our church, and spoke with interest of the Jewish Mission at Jerusalem. We walked with him to the Custom-house, from whence we had a noble view of the harbour and shipping: in stormy weather, the sea occasionally rises to these upper windows. The Director of Customs gave us orangeade; and as he only spoke Arabic, Mr. Kayat acted as interpreter. Jaffa is a place of considerable traffic, and screw steamers keep up constant communication between its port and those of England. Soap is manufactured here, and exported. The different Consulates are close together: that of Russia is the largest; but since the war began it has of course been abandoned. Mr. Kayat then led us to the house of “Simon the tanner,” of which he firmly believes the identity. It is by the “sea side,” and we mounted “upon the house top”—whither Peter retired “to pray,” and “he fell into a trance, &c.”* Through an aperture we looked into a dark chamber, now used as a mosque. Close by is a well, the water of which is drawn up in a bucket by a windlass; and near the well, stands a large trough—a convenient place for washing clothes—moreover, the *very* cistern that belonged to “Simon the tanner,” wherein he threw his skins! A hole at the bottom of one side allowed the liquid to run off into a tank beneath—still perfect. At the distance of a few yards are the remains of an old wall, and hence the tanning refuse was thrown over the edge of a cliff into the sea. The *site* of this house agrees with Scripture, but the

* Acts x.

actual building can scarcely bear so ancient a date. Below the cliff we saw the two *great guns* of Jaffa: one was a brass mortar, the other a clumsy iron howitzer. There is a new Greek church, splendidly fitted up, and which contains some fine paintings. On our return to the Consulate, Mr. Kayat—to whom we were greatly indebted for his information, and the trouble he had taken to oblige us—gave Mr. T. the charge of a huge packet of letters and newspapers for Jerusalem.

We passed the Armenian convent, where Napoleon had his hospital, and touched for the plague! The Bazaars afforded no temptation to our purses; and being a market day, there was much consequent crowding. The market was held immediately outside the town; the commodities chiefly consisting of bread, fish, vegetables, oranges, and lemons. We went into a neighbouring garden for the pleasure of gathering oranges with our own hands, and at the cost of a few piastres brought away as many as we could possibly carry. We had a charming ride back to Ramla, which—with the verdant plain of Sharon—appears to peculiar advantage when approached from Jaffa, and near sunset. The undulating grass was sprinkled with brilliant scarlet anemones, iris', and tulips. Lydda—where the apostle Peter cured Eneas of the palsy*—was before us, but too far off to be distinctly visible. The hills are studded with villages and insignificant towns. In the evening we had a visit from the "honorary" British Consul at Ramla—an Arab—who spoke no language but his own. Vincenzo interpreted, and we all tried to look amiable! He stayed tea, and a long time afterwards, urging the absolute necessity of our being escorted to Jerusalem by a couple of *kawasses* (janissaries). I believe, however, that such a small guard is considered more in the light of a *compliment*, and as calculated to inspire certain feelings of respect in the country people, than any real

* Acts ix.

protection in case of attack. Ramla is by some writers supposed to be the Arimathea of the New Testament.

Saturday, January 28th. At a very early hour—preceded by the two *kawasses* fully armed and equipped, and leaving Salvo to take care of the luggage—we rode away from the convent; passed a large cemetery; and an old mosque, whose style of architecture reminded us of the English churches of by-gone days. We urged on our horses, for the “hill country of Judea”^{*} bounded the horizon in our front; and Vincenzo duly warned us that our path would there be stony, steep, and difficult; and our progress unavoidably slow. We could not afford needless delay, having a long journey in prospect, and knowing that the gates of Jerusalem are always closed at sunset.

We saw several flocks of exceedingly fine sheep, and in two hours and a half reached the ruins of a town on our right. Vincenzo pronounced this to be “good travelling!” We soon came to a beautiful valley, where the ground was sufficiently rugged to try the firmness of even our sure footed Syrian steeds. ‘This gorge is in fact a lovely garden, so abundantly grow the scarlet anemone, narcissus, daisy, cyclamon, white broom, iris, and cistus—the fancied “rose of Sharon!” Locusts and olives were of noble size: we lunched in a charming grove of these trees—the grass enamelled by an inconceivable variety of flowers, with bright dew drops still glittering upon them. Palestine is in very truth “a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey.”[†]

We crossed mountains, wound along ravines, caught one glimpse of the Mediterranean and the wide plain of Sharon, and arrived at Abougosh—called after a celebrated lawless chieftain of that name; whose son, yet lord of the village, often exercises Eastern hospitality towards

^{*} Luke i. 65.

[†] Deuteronomy viii. 7, 8.

strangers in the old castle.* Here are the remains of a substantial Greek church, said to have been built by the Empress Helena. Now and then the track was quite dangerous—up and down inclined masses of slippery rock!—but I never repented trusting to the instinct and steadiness of my well trained horse, rather than to my own scrambling. Fertile valleys and wooded hills were at last succeeded by the extreme of barrenness and desolation. Great was our joy—when, having gained the summit of one of those mountains “round about Jerusalem” †—we beheld the “Holy City!”—and *holy* indeed she appeared, as the declining sunbeams lighted up her walls, towers, and battlements—crowning Mount Zion with a golden diadem! For a brief space she was lost to view. We hastened on—the *kawasses* flourished and showed off their horsemanship. We remarked how blades of grass and scraps of verdure *would* peep out among the stones, and afford a scanty supply of pasture for cows, sheep, and goats: even a solitary tree was to be seen at rare intervals—and an occasional village. Once more we descried Jerusalem! We met soldiers—Greek and Latin monks—Jews—Christians—Muslims. Bethany was pointed out to us, about three miles to the left. Passing the convent of St. George, we crossed the Valley of Gihon, and entered the city by the Jaffa Gate—close to which we met Mr. Finn, H.B.M. Consul, to whom Mr. T. delivered the parcel entrusted to his care by Mr. Kayat. The streets are wretchedly paved, steep, slippery, dreadfully dirty, and full of holes. The houses have long dull walls, high latticed windows, and flat roofs—as in *days of yore*. Many a Jew and Gentile sat smoking in the doorways.

The Melita Hotel is tolerably clean, and as comfortable as one has any right to expect at Jerusalem; where, a very few years ago, hotels were

* This was formerly a most unsafe road to travel, and is still by no means free from danger—the inhabitants being notorious robbers.

† Psalm cxxv. 2.

unknown luxuries. We mounted up a gloomy stone staircase into a flagged court-yard, surrounded by the principal apartments. Miss —— and myself ascended a *second* flight of steps; and crossing another open space, were lodged in a turret chamber—not unlike a huge lantern—with four broad arched windows, which proved to be incapable of excluding either wind, snow, or rain. The stone floor was partly covered with matting, and the furniture consisted of three beds, two tables, a few chairs, and washing basons. There was no fire place, and we sat shivering in our cloaks—for the afternoon was bitterly cold—determined, at all hazards, to order a brazier of charcoal on the morrow. The side walls of the courts have tubes of pottery inserted in them, arranged so as to form a fanciful pattern. This is a common practice; its object being that persons within, particularly women, may look unobserved themselves into the streets below. Jars of flowers are also let into these white washed walls, to make an ornamental border. For some days we were the only travellers in this hotel, the landlord of which, Antonio Zamit, is a Maltese. We took our meals and generally received visitors in the public room—a dismal apartment with the vaulted roof and arched walls, nearly universal throughout Syria. A small inhospitable stove stood at one end. The *table d' hôte* was pretty good.

We could not be accused of having loitered on our way between Ramla and Jerusalem, having done in *nine* hours what gentlemen “without encumbrances” are marvellously proud of accomplishing in *eight*. *Ten* hours is the usual calculation for this journey.

We scarcely believed that we were actually upon Mount Zion!—close to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre!—and very near the Tower of Hippicus, erected by Herod the Great.*

Sunday, January 29th. A ten minutes' walk brought us to the handsome Church belonging to the Protestant Mission, where divine

* The Tower of Hippicus forms part of the Modern Citadel.

service commenced at half past ten o'clock. Prayers, according to the Church of England form of worship, were read by the Reverend Mr. Nicholayson; the Communion service by the Bishop of Jerusalem and another clergyman. The Bishop preached an excellent sermon from that text of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter iii. 1.—"Consider the apostle and high priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." Mrs. Finn played the sweet toned organ very nicely. The congregation was most attentive, and more numerous than I expected. This church occupies the site of Herod's palace: the architecture is in excellent taste—simple and appropriate. Anathoth—Jeremiah's birthplace*—supplied the beautifully white stone used in its construction. The pews are all open.

In the afternoon we took a walk beyond the Jaffa Gate, and turning to the left, crossed the Valley of Gihon by the Lower Pool—which is enclosed by walls of large and small stones placed alternately. Both this and the Upper Pool are now quite dry. The Aqueduct is erected on nine arches, and—like the Pools—dates from the time of Solomon. Even at present the inhabitants of Jerusalem make use of it, when—after heavy rains—the Pools contain sufficient quantity of water. The Valley of Hinnom, a continuation of that of Gihon, is deep and narrow; partly laid out in corn fields, and planted with olives: countless numbers of very ancient Jewish sepulchres are excavated in its rocky sides. "And they have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire; which I commanded them not, neither came it into my heart. Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the valley of slaughter: for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place." †

The Hill of Evil Counsel descends precipitously into the ravine, and is so called because here—"All the chief priests and elders of the people

* Jeremiah i. 1.

† Jeremiah vii. 31, 32.

took counsel against Jesus to put him to death.”* Upon its barren slope we were shown Aceldama! Here Judas Iscariot, having “cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed . . . went and hanged himself.”† It is now used as a burial ground.

In the Citadel—close to the Jaffa Gate, and built over the same spot where once stood King David’s Palace—resides the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem. An open space in front of this edifice serves for a fruit and vegetable market. We saw a great many women dressed in white, with black crape veils. Our guide—Tomaso by name—is a Jew, converted to Romanism, and was formerly a cook at the British Consulate. He has learnt his lesson well, as to the localities; but venture to ask a single question, or presume to visit one of the sacred sites out of the prescribed course, and you will find him altogether bewildered! He is universally acknowledged, however, to be the best *cicerone* in Jerusalem—*of the hirelings!*

The next day was wet and cold—not a chance of being able to stir out. Our breakfast table was hardly cleared when an Arab came in with a great basket of rosaries, crosses, and amulets. Then a Jew brought a collection of cut and uncut stones for rings or seals—bearing all sorts of scriptural devices, some of which were very pretty. This man engraves and sets the stones himself; and is a *protégé* of Vincenzo, who considers him *tolerably* honest in his dealings! Tomaso—a *merchant* as well as guide—next made *his* appearance with *two* large packages; and from him we made sundry purchases of crosses, amulets, rosaries, carved shells and stones, &c. He expressed a hope that we would look over his stock at his own house, and be “*introduced to his lady and children!*”

The Bishop of Jerusalem kindly called upon us in the course of the afternoon. He is a truly excellent man, and although Swiss by birth, reads and speaks English correctly. His lordship was attended by a

* Matthew xxvii. 1.

† Matthew xxvii. 5.

kawass, who waited for him in the open court of the hotel. I fear the results of the mission still fall short of what its warmest friends desire, but yet many sincere converts have been added to our church of late years. It is very difficult to deal with Arabs—so long kept in ignorance and bondage, they have no consistency of character. All night the rain poured down in torrents, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and fearful gusts of wind.

Tuesday, January 31st. Both wind and rain continued, and we could not venture even to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which was so near at hand. Our servants each received a present as a reward for their good conduct on the journey. Mohammed looked especially grateful, as his smiling black visage appeared at the door; he then kissed our hands respectfully, without saying a word, and walked away. The bells of the neighbouring Greek chapel—within the walls of the Holy Sepulchre—seemed to be incessantly ringing, and reminded us of our sojourn at Mount Sinai.

Wednesday, February 1st. The morning was fair, but it had rained all night, and Vincenzo pronounced the streets "*impassable!*" Miss Cubley, however—one of our fellow passengers in the "*Ripon*"—paid us a visit during the day, and talked about the Jews. Most of those now at Jerusalem are Spaniards—some are Germans—and *unyielding firmness* is required in their management. They account for English people coming hither, and being kind to them, by an idea that the former act thus in hopes of intercession on their behalf from the *chosen people of God* at the Day of Judgment! The desire to die here, so generally experienced among this fallen race, originates in a belief that when the soul leaves the body of any Jew—no matter *where* the event may occur—the body must travel to Jerusalem underground, and be tormented all the way by worms and evil spirits!

The inhabitants of Jerusalem are generally estimated at about fifteen

thousand—Muslims, Jews, and Christians, in nearly equal proportions. Great respect is entertained towards our countrymen by the Muslim population, who trample beneath their feet and cordially detest the unfortunate Israelites.

Last Saturday week was the twelfth anniversary of Bishop Alexander's arrival in the "Holy City," and the fifth of opening the Church. It is particularly affecting *here* to attend divine service according to our beautiful liturgy, while surrounded by those very spots once hallowed by our Redeemer's footsteps—those scenes His sinless eyes beheld—where He set us an example of godly life and love to one another—was despised—rejected—endured agony—died upon the cross for our sakes—and *rose again for our justification!*

The Bishop has no regular chaplain, but is assisted in his duties by Mr. Nicholayson and Mr. Crawford—both of whom are *in life and doctrine* well qualified for their important calling. The former—a Dane—has lived many years at Jerusalem. I thought he was an Englishman, from his accent, and manner of reading prayers at church.

Thursday, February 2nd. A violent thunder storm kept us awake during the night; and when morning came the wind blew a hurricane, accompanied by frequent showers. We had made arrangements for starting early, on an expedition to the Jordan and Dead Sea; but this unfavourable weather obliged us to postpone our departure until the following Monday. A brazier of charcoal in the centre of the room did not suffice to keep us warm without the addition of cloaks and shawls. Such a state of affairs was rather *desponding*; but after midday the sun shone brightly, the wind lulled, and we could not resist sallying forth, through the dirtiest worst paved streets that ever were seen—portions of which are covered in, and so dark that one is every moment in danger of slipping off a sharp high stone into some deep receptacle of mud and filth!

We went first to pay our respects at the Bishop's, whose house is close to the Protestant Church. Nothing could exceed the attention of his lordship and Mrs. Gobat to promote our pleasure and comfort during the whole six weeks we remained at Jerusalem; and I hope they will pardon my thus acknowledging their numberless acts of kindness, for we on our parts can never cease to remember them with heartfelt gratitude. Bishop Gobat has held his present sacred office about nine years, having been appointed by Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, to succeed the late Bishop Alexander. His Majesty and the Queen have written letters to his lordship—kindly read to me by Mrs. Gobat—expressing sincere friendship for himself personally, and interest in the mission, of which they are joint patrons with our own most gracious Sovereign.

From hence we walked outside the city from the Jaffa Gate to that of Damascus. The massive battlemented stone walls are broad enough to form a delightful promenade; and are furnished with towers, loopholes, and flights of steps at convenient distances. They were built towards the middle of the sixteenth century, by Sultan Suleiman, and enclose the whole of modern Jerusalem within a circuit of less than three miles. In many parts they are based upon the solid rock. "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together." *

We called upon Miss Cooper, an English lady who has established a school for Jewesses, and reads the Scriptures to them while they are employed in needlework. Thence to Dr. Macgowan's—the handsomest and most comfortable private dwelling in the city. Here we found Mr. and Mrs. Klein, from Nazareth. The latter was in a sad state of health. Poor young woman!—naturally delicate, she nearly sank under the hardships of her Desert journey, although it lasted but eighteen days; and I fear her physical strength will never equal the desire she naturally feels to assist her husband in his missionary labours. She came to Jerusalem

* Psalm cxxii. 3.

for medical advice, and Dr. and Mrs. Macgowan gave her apartments in their house. We *wallowed* to our hotel through the dirty streets, and filthy ill supplied bazaars—the latter entirely covered overhead with awnings—passing many a dish of hot *kebábs* (small strips of meat toasted with onions on a skewer) prepared for the evening meal. Just before dinner we received a visit from the English Consul and Mrs. Finn—both profuse in friendly offers of service; and I cannot forbear adding that nothing could exceed their good nature and readiness to oblige us on every occasion in their power. European society is of course very limited at Jerusalem; but its members are sociable, and zealous in the cause of truth. They have formed a literary club and a circulating library.

Rain was much needed in Palestine, and its recent downpour rejoiced the hearts of the poor; almost all the cisterns having become dry, and water consequently scarce. There had been a great deal of sickness, and the smallpox was extremely prevalent and fatal.

Friday, February 3rd. In spite of threatening clouds, we set off immediately after breakfast to “do” a round of sight seeing within the city walls. Monkish tradition pretends to point out the site of every important event connected with the scriptural history of Jerusalem; nay, the remains of *buildings* are confidently asserted to be actual relics of our blessed Saviour’s time!

Proceeding along the Via Dolorosa, we saw Pontius Pilate’s Hall of Justice—House of Santa Veronica—House of Dives (now used as a military hospital); and a large stone, hollowed in its centre, the receptacle for *crumbs thrown from the rich man’s table*!—Place from whence Pilate pronounced the “*Ecce Homo*”—Governor’s Palace of that day—and House of Herod! Beneath the great altar of the Church of the “Flagellation” was discovered—say the Franciscan monks to whom it belongs—“the very pillar to which Jesus Christ was bound!” We remembered having seen half of this column some years ago at Rome.

A group of clay figures in a glass case at the back of the altar represents the flagellation of our Lord, and below the slab five silver lamps burn day and night. The church contains a few good paintings, particularly a Madonna Dolorosa; and there is a print of Carlo Dolci's Madonna, from the original picture in the Pitti Palace at Florence. We next came to the House of Simon the Pharisee, "Where are ruins of a chapel erected by the Empress Helena: and also a manufacture of common pottery: we purchased six little earthenware lamps for half a piastre—not quite one penny farthing! Tomaso called our attention to *the* stone whereon Mary Magdalene washed Jesus' feet with her tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, &c."* From hence to Herod's Gate,† near which the Crusaders entered Jerusalem under Godfrey de Bouillon, A.D. 1099.—House of Pontius Pilate—Two of the nine gates leading to the Mosque of Omar—Tower of Antoninus—House of Joachim and Anna, parents of the Virgin Mary; the Turks took forcible possession of this edifice, and built a mosque over it. A fountain and oblong cistern, still in use, is called the Virgin's Bath! We were now close to St. Stephen's Gate, near the spot where Stephen suffered martyrdom; and turning to the right, stood by the Pool of Bethesda—then dry; but which was formerly supplied from the Pools of Solomon, and even yet occasionally contains a little water after heavy rains.‡ The walls are most picturesquely covered with wild flowers and creeping plants. While Tomaso was gathering *bouquets*, the funeral procession of a dervish's son issued from an arched gateway of the Mosque of Omar. A few men playing on drums and cymbals marched in front, followed by friends of the deceased, and a party of wailing women brought up the rear. We longed to look through the archway into the area—or "Haram"—but Tomaso *determined otherwise!* Indeed, not very long ago, a lady—rashly attempting to enter within the forbidden

Luke vii. 38.

† This Gate was closed by the Turks.

‡ Acts vii.

precincts—had been severely beaten; and two others also who ventured *suspiciously near* were followed by a hooting multitude, and compelled to make a speedy retreat!

We were told that a splendid prospect might be obtained from the Barracks; however, to our disappointment, the guard refused to admit us—as contrary to rule. Fortunately, the Turkish General in command chanced to appear at that moment, and asked our guide whether we were “English or Americans?” Tomaso replied “English travellers”—whereupon the General immediately said that our request should be granted, and conducted us by a broad stone staircase to the roof! Although the atmosphere was hazy, we enjoyed a fine panorama of the Holy City; whose most prominent feature is that Great Mosque, crowning the summit of Mount Moriah—the site of Solomon’s gorgeous Temple, “whither the tribes went up . . . to give thanks unto the Lord,”* and worship Him with a purer faith than that of *Islam*! Its wide area is laid out in lawns planted with tall cypress trees; and surrounded by baths, public kitchens, schools, and dwelling houses. Some steps lead to a platform, where woman’s foot may not tread, and even *men* dare not presume to step thereon without first taking off their shoes. The “Haram” is evidently kept with scrupulous neatness and care, and a paved causeway leads from the mosque to each gate of entrance. How unlike is a view of Jerusalem to that of any other city, not merely as a *picture*, but in absorbing interest!

The Hospital of St. Helena is still devoted by the Turks to the pious purpose for which it was designed; and soup continues to be boiled—*they say*—in the original enormous copper cauldrons! An immense mortar for pounding, and the huge oven, claim an equal share of antiquity. The cleanly, grey bearded old baker would have made a capital drawing. He gave us a piece of excellent bread to taste, one

* Psalm cxxii. 4.

hundred and eighty *oks** of which are distributed each day in charity at the Mosque of Omar, where sick and poor Mohammedans flock to receive these bounties. This bakehouse and kitchen are underground—supported by massive arches; and a machine for grinding corn, turned by a donkey, was at work on an upper story. The exterior of this hospital is imposing; with its handsome Saracenic gateway, and arabesque adorned recesses faced with red and white marble. The former is the common stone of Jerusalem, bears a high polish, and is much prized for ornamental carving. Near the gateway we remarked a curious *bowl shaped* window.

On our way back to the hotel we called at a repository—patronized by the Jewish Mission—for the sale of olive wood boxes, paper cutters and weights, card cases, rulers, watch stands, &c. There were likewise a few trifles made from *Abraham's Oak at Mamre*; and to account for the probability of these latter being *genuine*, it appears that a branch of that venerable tree was blown down two or three years since, and purchased on the spot by an English gentleman then visiting Hebron—who gave part of it to Mr. Finn, part to the Mission, and carried the remainder to England.

After a short rest we set off again; and behind a tailor's shop in an adjoining street were requested to look into a large reservoir of water, named Hezekiah's Well. It is at present used as a bath, and is fed from the Upper Pool of Gihon. Hence we walked through the filthy Jewish quarter and bazaar, and along a narrow tortuous passage, until we reached a retired enclosure—the Jews' Place of Wailing—where that now degraded people are permitted every Friday to approach the outer boundary of the Mosque of Omar, for the sad indulgence of bewailing the fallen condition of Judah and imploring God's mercy and forgiveness. Men, women, and children, generally assemble here in great

I believe there are about two *oks* to one pound.

numbers; but on the present occasion—the weather being excessively damp and cold—there were four men only!—who did not exhibit any signs of real grief, such as I am assured is often the case. They seemed intent upon muttering from a book certain prayers and lamentations—which they fondly believe will reach the *Holiest of Holies*, and find sure acceptance at the Throne of Grace, by keeping their faces close to the holes and crevices wrought by time between those great blocks of stone—each bordered by a cornice cut round its edge, and fringed with weeds—that form the lower portion of the wall, and are supposed to be the sole remains of Solomon's wondrous Temple! These poor Israelites had small leathern boxes upon their heads, containing the Ten Commandments.* One Spanish Jew, who took no part in the ceremony, was apparently a man in some sort of charge; but perhaps he displayed officiousness to attract our attention, and in hopes of *backsheesh* from the strangers. The Turkish Hall of Justice overlooks this retired spot.

Remains of a bridge that formerly connected Mount Moriah with Mount Zion are plainly discernible amid all kinds of *débris*. The prediction of the prophet Micah—"Jerusalem shall become heaps"†—received strong testimony to its literal fulfilment when a solid foundation was required for the Protestant Church; the workmen having cleared away fifty feet deep of stones and rubbish before the building could be safely commenced!

Two or three dirty lanes, strewed with offal and dead camels, brought us to what the monks call the Dung Gate; whence we gradually ascended upon the city wall, and beheld—far beneath—that great Jewish burial ground, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its innumerable sepulchres hewn and sculptured out of the solid rock—Pool of Siloam, channels from which irrigate a succession of terraced gardens, the most productive near

* *Phylactery* is, I believe, the correct term for one of these scrolls.

† Micah iii. 12.

Jerusalem, and the probable site of the *King's Garden* mentioned in Scripture—Mount of Olives—Well of Nehemiah (or Job)—En-Rogel—Mount of Offence, whereon Solomon established his idolatrous worship—and Hill of Evil Counsel. We passed the House of Ananias, and—just within the Zion Gate—the Lepers' huts, enclosed by a fence. Quite unconscious where we were going, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of this colony of wretched outcasts; but instantly retreated, followed by some of them calling loudly after us for *backsheesh*!

Immediately beyond the Zion Gate is the House of Caiphas, which serves for the chapel of an Armenian Convent. Many parts of its exterior walls are covered with inscriptions. Under the great altar is preserved, we are told, *the stone that was rolled away from the sepulchre*!—coated with tiles, between which small apertures are left here and there, in order that devotees may be able to kiss it on certain holy days. To the right of the altar is a dark chamber, the *Prison of our Lord*! In the open court "*Peter stood warming himself at the fire, and denied his Master!*"* We even saw the precise spot where "the cock crew!"—and likewise a curious old vine, the growth of ninety years.

Neither Jews nor Christians are permitted to approach the Tomb of David, over which a mosque is erected; but within the *building* we were shown a *large upper chamber* divided by stone arches—called the "Cœnaculum"—where our blessed Saviour supped with His disciples before *His Agony in the Garden*! From one corner of this dismal hall, a narrow staircase—surmounted by a cupola, chiefly resting upon an antique spiral column—descends to the grave of that anointed King of Israel, whose "sepulchre" said St. Peter "is with us unto this day."† We did not remain here many minutes, being dreadfully plagued by a troop of unruly urchins; among whom was one little Nubian. Tomaso—the most prudent of mankind—deemed it unwise to have recourse to

* Luke xxii. John xviii.

† Acts ii. 29.

violence, lest their parents—"very bad people"—should retort upon us in a similar manner!

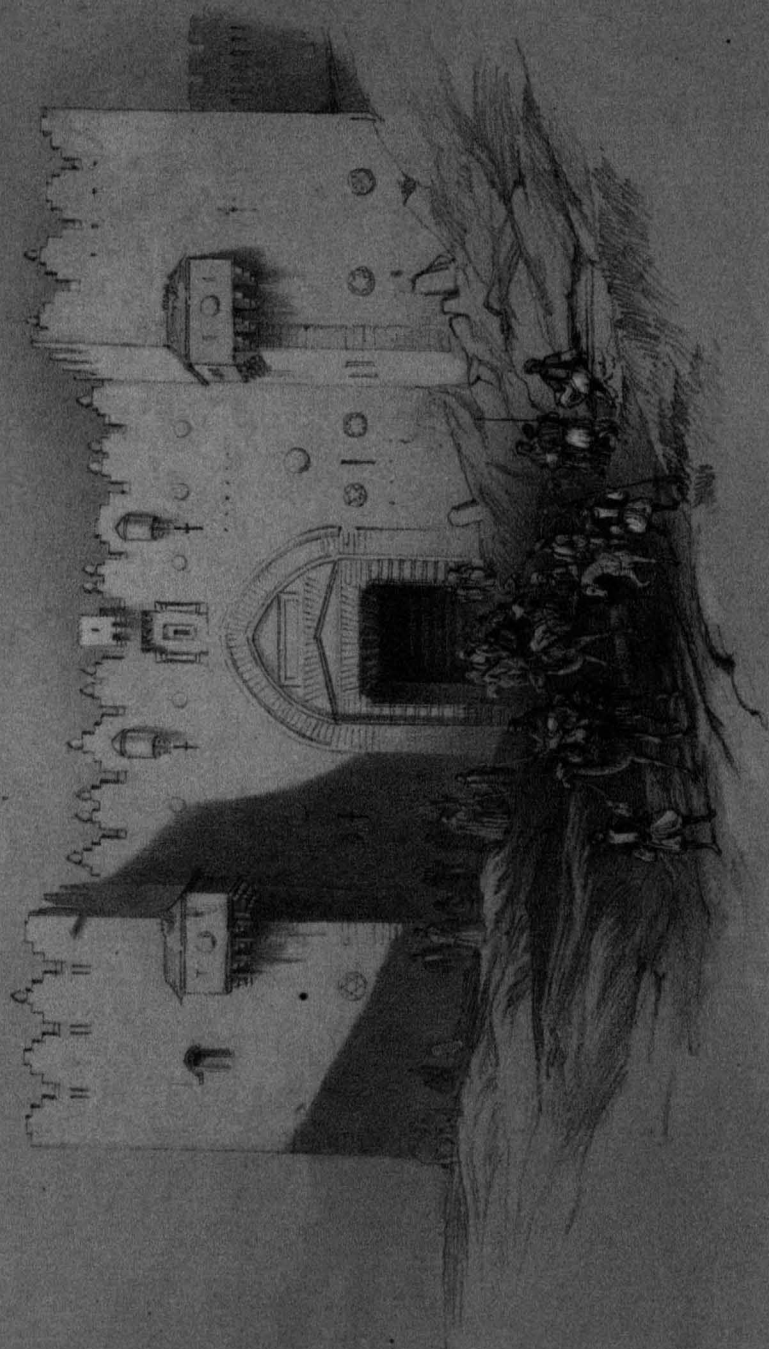
The Virgin Mary's house—miraculously transported to Loretto—also stood upon Mount Zion, and its reputed site is close to the Armenian cemetery. Lower down, we were attracted by some remarkably fine pine trees in the garden belonging to the Armenian Patriarch.

Soon after seven we started from the hotel to spend the evening at Bishop Gobat's. As it had rained for hours previously, the streets were in a *deplorable* condition! Mrs. Finn most kindly sent her donkey for my use, and the Consul's kawass accompanied it; so that with Vincenzo, Salvo, Mohammed, Bekéeh—and plenty of *lanterns*—we mustered a formidable party. On we went at a necessarily cautious pace, slipping, sliding, and splashing!—but were well repaid by the agreeable society it was our good fortune to meet. Before we separated, prayers were read in English by the Rev. Mr. Klein.

To escape the *malaria* of the summer months—which might so easily be prevented by common attention to cleanliness on the part of government—nearly all the European residents of Jerusalem take up their abode in tents, outside the walls, from May until the end of September.

Saturday, February 4th. About nine this morning we mounted our horses, and guided by Tomaso—who does not like to be *hurried*!—rode out of the city at the Damascus Gate. We then turned a little to our left for the purpose of examining a portion of the old walls, the present line of circumference being totally changed from that of ancient days—and hence the great uncertainty in which we are at present involved as to many sacred localities. Yawning caves appear in all directions—the Jewish sepulchres of times gone by. Above one of them—now a fountain, and picturesque beyond measure—flourished a beautiful almond tree loaded with blossom.* Near this well are the Tombs of the Judges.

* The Almond is indigenous to Palestine.



DAMASCUS GATE — JERUSALEM

Drawn by J. G. Thompson

The largest has over its entrance an entablature surmounted by an architrave; and a door within the portico leads to an inner chamber, where are recesses for coffins at each side, and pits (or vaults) in the floor. Nebbi Samwil (Tomb of Samuel)—perhaps the ancient Ramah—is distinctly seen from this spot, crowning an eminence to the northward. A short ride through scattered groves of olive trees brought us to the Tombs of the Kings, which are much handsomer and more elaborately sculptured than those of the Judges; and are approached by a deep trench descending into an area about ninety feet square*—through an archway pierced in a wall of solid rock. On one side of this court is an excavated portico about twenty-five feet broad, richly adorned with carved fruit and foliage, and formerly supported by two columns—broken away by the Turks. We had come provided with candles, or doubtless an aged Arab who was seated in the portico by a blazing fire, could have supplied us with them. The entrance is at the left corner, down a flight of steps, and through a very low door into an antichamber; from whence lead several smaller apartments, each containing niches hewn in the rock for sepulture. One of these crypts—larger than any of the rest—was originally entered by a central door of panelled stone. This, as well as the doors of all the other chambers, lies prostrate on the ground beside huge fragments of splendid sarcophagi. Facing the middle arch, and at the extremity of a dark passage, is an isolated hall with a vaulted roof—which Mr. Bartlett suggests may have been “the resting place of honour.”† We then rode to the Muslim burial ground at the top of Mount Scopus—where Titus’ army was encamped—for the sake of a charming view of the Holy City and its environs. In the distance we observed the square white tomb of a Dervish. Near Herod’s Gate is the Cave of Jeremiah, where probably that inspired prophet wrote his “Lamentations” for the fall of Jerusalem—and not at Heliopolis.

* “Walks about Jerusalem.”—Page 128. † *Ibid.*—Page 130.

Tomaso pointed out the remains of a tower which had once been Jeremiah's prison (?). Crossing the Valley of the Kedron, we began to ascend the Mount of Olives; the Dead Sea, Hills of Moab, Plain of the Jordan, lofty Mountains of St. Saba, and the dreary country between Jerusalem and Jericho, grandly opening before us as we advanced. On the summit are a few wretched dwellings, the Church of the Ascension, and a small mosque—built over the traditionary *foot print* of our Lord when he ascended into Heaven! From the minaret we beheld a panorama—to which, in point of interest, no prospect in the world can be compared!

A short way down the slope are the ruins of a small convent—the supposed spot where Jesus—“beheld the city, and wept over it.”* How imposing and “beautiful for situation”† does Jerusalem *still* appear from hence! Alas! *within her gates* all that pass by exclaim, “Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, and joy of the whole earth?”‡ The general aspect of Olivet itself may not be greatly changed; although its groves, fields, and fruit gardens, must once have been more carefully cultivated than they are at present. Amid cries for *backsheesh* we were allowed to gather a few sprigs of olive; and passing several excavated sepulchres, we crossed to a lower ridge of the Mount—picking up little bits of tessellated pavement by the way—to some caverns called the Tombs of the Prophets. There seemed to be but one entrance, from which we were told many passages and chambers diverged, but we did not take the trouble of exploring them. Partly retracing our steps, we came to a fountain, where it is said the Apostles composed their “Creed.” Here we found an assemblage of women with water jars—most of whom wore head bands and necklaces of silver coins. The cloth cap of one female in particular was absolutely *loaded* with them; it was really wonderful how she could possibly endure their weight! This custom

* Luke xix. 41.

† Psalm xlviii. 2.

‡ Lamentations ii. 15.

originates in a law forbidding the ornaments of a wife—carried upon her person—to be seized by her husband's creditors; and very seldom did we chance to meet with any gold or silver piece that had not a hole bored near its edge. According to tradition, our Saviour composed the "Lord's Prayer" at a short distance from this well.

We then rode, through groves of olive and almond trees, along a narrow path skirting the Mount of Olives—and which overlooks the valley of Bethphage—until, in about half an hour, we reached the probable site of that place whither our blessed Lord "sent two of his disciples, saying, 'Go into the village over against you; in the which at your entering ye shall find a colt tied, whereon yet never man sat: loose him, and bring him hither.'"^{*} In a field, before we reached Bethany, our guide showed us a flat stone—marked out by a circle of smaller ones—whereon Martha stood to await the coming of Jesus (?), and pronounced the words—"Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."[†] This is the true neighbourhood of Christ's Ascension. St. Luke informs us that "He led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven."[‡] Bethany is a peculiarly retired and humble village;

"Yet save the neighbouring city, it were hard,
If Palestine were searched, to find a spot
On which the Christian traveller should muse
With fonder interest, than Bethany."[§]

The so called Grave of Lazarus is evidently very ancient, and consists of two vaulted subterranean chambers, one below the other. There is less reason to doubt the identity of this Tomb than that of the House of Lazarus and his sisters, which stands upon a rocky hill—or rather *did*

^{*} Luke xix. 29, 30. [†] John xi. 21. [‡] Luke xxiv. 50, 51.

[§] "Walks about Jerusalem."—Page 110.

stand—for its sole remains consist of part of an old wall enclosure, within which is a fountain. We thence descended into the beautiful Vale of Bethphage—passed the Mount of Offence—Pool of Siloam (at the entrance of the Tyropœan Valley), where Jesus Christ desired the blind man to wash*—and arrived at the *Garden of Gethsemane*. Of this locality, so hallowed! so beautifully situated! there can happily be little doubt. It occupies a space of nearly two hundred feet square, surrounded by a wall; and is in charge of Franciscans, who cultivate flowers and keep the garden with extreme care. Eight venerable olive trees, which may at least have *sprung from the roots* of those beneath whose shade our Lord endured *His Agony*, stand apart within a low fence: heaps of stones piled about and filling their hollow trunks answer the double purpose of supporting them and retaining the moisture. A sullen Italian monk, who was planting a passion flower, seemed indisposed to indulge us with either information or relics: after a while, however, his manner so far relaxed that he gave us a *bouquet*, and said we might pick up any sprigs of olive lying on the ground—but on no account were we to touch the trees themselves.

Immediately outside the garden wall is shown the spot where the *disciples slept*!—that where Judas betrayed “the Son of Man with a kiss!”—and where “there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him!” †

We thence descended by a noble flight of marble steps into a deep cavern, held sacred as being the Tomb of the Virgin Mary; but its identity is very much questioned. The Greeks and Armenians have contrived to wrest this sepulchre from the Latins: the Copts likewise have a small chapel here. The grotto is partly natural, partly artificial; and its numerous lamps, suspended from imitation ostrich eggs of porcelain, produce a strangely picturesque effect. There is a curious Greek portrait

* John ix. 7. † Luke xxii.

of the Virgin, with silver hands. Joseph, Joachim, and Anna, are said to be buried in this tomb.

We were about to enter the city by St. Stephen's Gate, when we met the Bishop, who kindly advised our riding round to the western side, on account of the *excessively* dirty streets leading from the former towards the Melita Hotel.

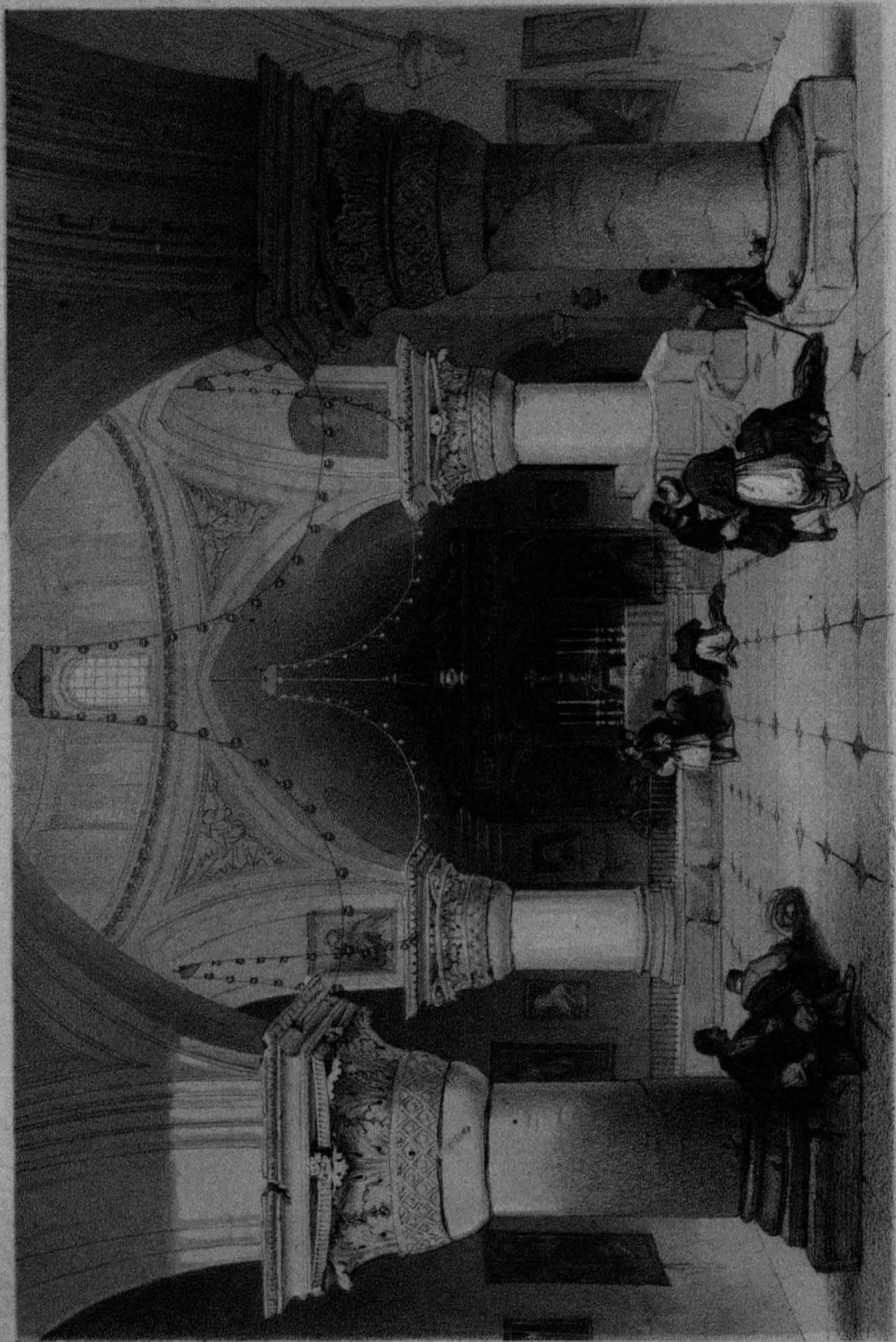
Sunday, February 5th. We walked through torrents of rain to church this morning, and heard Mr. Crawford preach a good sermon from the words—"Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live." * The Holy Sacrament was administered by the Bishop and Mr. Nicholayson. Of course the general service is always read in English; but the sacred elements being administered to each communicant in his or her own tongue, six different languages are frequently required on the same occasion; and to-day five were spoken. One old man—made Sheikh of Bethlehem by Sir Sydney Smith—regularly walks from thence (a distance of five miles) to attend our Lord's Table. The clergy perform divine service in German every Sunday afternoon, and there is a daily morning service in Hebrew at seven o'clock.

Mr. Graham, lay secretary to the Mission, paid us a long visit; he is an agreeable, gentlemanlike young man—most obliging as a *cicerone*—and his correct knowledge of Scripture localities is extraordinary! All idea of starting to-morrow for the Jordan has been given up on account of the weather.

Monday, February 6th. Accompanied by Mr. Graham we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the *façade* of which is exceedingly imposing. Its open court is bounded by the wings of the Latin Convent. Close within the doorway, and raised a little from the floor, appears the Stone whereon the body of Jesus was prepared for burial!—Near it is the spot where the Virgin Mary sat to behold her Son's body! We

* Isaiah lv. 3.

then entered the circular space that contains the Sepulchre. The dome—supported by sixteen columns—is in sad want of repair; and has in fact been the means of setting Europe in a blaze—as to *who should restore it!* From the arches between the columns are suspended innumerable lamps of various shapes and hues; besides artificial eggs of porcelain, to which other lamps will be attached during the Holy Week. The exterior of the Tomb is of marble, and oblong; with two round holes from whence issues the “Holy Fire”—that well known *miracle* of the Greek Church!—and recesses at *one* end for the prayers of those Christians who are not—like the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians—provided with large chapels within the sacred edifice. At the *other* extremity is a block of polished marble, a foot and a half square—in the centre of a platform—whereon sat the Angel who announced *the glad tidings of the Resurrection!* Advancing a few steps we entered by a low door the chamber of the Sarcophagus. The latter is of unornamented white marble tinged with blue, and fills up exactly one half of the narrow space that enshrines it. Thirteen Latin, thirteen Greek, thirteen Armenian, and four Coptic lamps (the last named are of silver, while all the rest are gold), remain constantly burning over the Tomb, which is covered with a marble slab. From a vase of fresh flowers, a Franciscan monk presented each of our party with *one* as a relic—first bathing it in some rose water that he poured upon the Sepulchre. In the Greek chapel is a marble vase to mark the centre of the Earth!—and on one side of this chapel we saw a tolerably executed piece of panel painting with extremely rich framework—sent from Russia. The throne of the Grand Patriarch stands on the right, and that of the Bishop on the left of the Altar. The gilded cupola of the former is of exquisite workmanship, while the latter is chiefly remarkable for antique carving: near it hangs a picture of the Virgin and Child, profusely adorned with gold. On either side of the steps leading up to the altar—or rather to the latticed screen which divides it from the body of the church—are



Temple of Solomon, Jerusalem

two immense marble candlesticks. Close to the Patriarch's throne is an ebony bookstand, beautifully inlaid, like those in the Church of the Transfiguration at Mount Sinai. There are paintings round the altar; viz.,—a Portrait of our Lord—His appearing to Mary Magdalene after His Resurrection—Madonna and Child—Constantine and Helena. Behind a large chair is a framed and glazed *bas-relief* of silver, representing scenes connected with our blessed Saviour's ministry. Above all these are smaller pictures, one of which particularly attracted our attention—being curiously set in silver compartments.

The ascent of Mount Calvary is by twenty-two steps cut in the rock, and a golden socket indicates the position of our Redeemer's Cross!—while the places occupied by those of *the two thieves crucified with Him* are marked by sockets of brass. We were shown where *the rock rent*!—a monk continually sprinkling rose water over us—and turned aside to look at the stone whereon our Lord's body was laid when it was taken down from the Cross! Near this, in a glass case, is a wooden figure of the Virgin; and a small room with a grated window is pointed out as the place where the Mother of Jesus remained during His Crucifixion! At the foot of the staircase we were required to notice the stone upon which our Lord was *crowned with thorns*!—and also the remaining half of the "Pillar of Flagellation," which devout pilgrims may kiss at stated periods when the altar enclosing it is allowed to be opened. From the Armenian chapel we descended into that of St. Helena—a cave wherein the good but credulous Empress believed she discovered the three Crosses, herself standing within a wide gap to watch the proceedings of her workmen!

Beneath a little altar, with one single lamp burning, *Adam's head* was deposited!—found in a crevice of one of the *rocks that rent*!! We then came to the Prison of our Saviour before He suffered!—near to which is a picture of Christ in the Garden after His Resurrection. There

is a Syrian chapel here, and a very small one for the Copts. The Tomb of Joseph of Arimathea is not far from those of Godfrey de Bouillon and his brother Baldwin; the sword, spurs, cross, and brass chain of the great crusader are genuine beyond a doubt. These relics are under the care of Franciscans. Our guide next showed us a continuation of that fissure in the rock we had just seen on Calvary, and which he assured us extended into the Earth's centre!—The place where they “parted his garments, casting lots” *—and another where the soldier *did penance*! who—“with a spear pierced his side.” †

Having *made the tour* of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we walked to the Bishop's—Mrs. Gobat having kindly offered to show us the schools and other establishments belonging to the Mission. The girls had gone to dinner, but the boys were still at their lessons. I believe the masters are converted Arabs. These children may be Jews, Christians, or Muslims; but all must receive instruction according to the Church of England. They are divided into three classes, the very young ones being in a room by themselves. There are about twenty in each class. Two of the most proficient boys—one of whom was son to Mr. Bergheim, a converted Jew, and a most respectable banker at Jerusalem‡—exhibited their knowledge of mathematics. Thence to the house of the German Protestant Deaconesses, whose duties resemble those of the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity. There are five here at present, two of whom are supported and paid by the Bishop, and three by the Jewish Mission. Dusseldorf is the head quarters of this valuable institution. These ladies visit the sick at their own homes, or—as circumstances may demand—receive them into their clean and comfortable little hospital. Their dispensary is a perfect model of neatness, and they have likewise a school for orphans. One of

* Matthew xxvii. 35. † John xix. 34.

‡ This gentleman is highly esteemed by the members of the Mission, &c., and transacts all their business.

the Deaconesses is very successful in drying flowers, which she arranges upon sheets of paper—writing a text of Scripture below each group, appropriate either to the spot where they were gathered or to the flowers themselves; and these pretty trifles are sold for charitable purposes. We were also much pleased with the Jews' Hospital. Dr. Macgowan—chief of the medical part of the Mission; and who is not only considered skilful in his profession, but appears indefatigable in his exertions to do good by every means in his power—deserves great credit for its excellent management. Most of the women patients wore that peculiarly becoming Jewish head-dress—a gilded crescent shaped ornament, with a coloured kerchief put on like a turban. There is likewise an Institution for converted Jews: eleven young men are the present number of pupils.*

We then returned to the hotel, and mounting our horses, took a long ride with Mr. Graham. Leaving the city by the Damascus Gate—beyond which is a hill with an excavated tomb, supposed by *some* to be the real Calvary—we crossed the Valley of Gibon by the Lower Pool, and ascended the Hill of Evil Counsel—passing the ruins of Caiphas' Summer Palace (?). Proceeding further, we enjoyed from an eminence a fine view of Jerusalem—Mount Scopus—Mount of Olives—Bethany—Valley of the Jordan—Dead Sea—and the Moab mountains, whose loftiest peak is supposed to be *Nebo*—"Pisgah, that is over against Jericho."† A bleak wind and occasional showers speedily drove us down into the Valley of Hinnom, beneath Aceldama, and close to the Potter's Field—even yet a public burying ground. Thence to the Well of Job, or Nehemiah—That part of the Brook Kedron called "En-Rogel," which sometimes overflows after heavy rains; when the inhabitants of Jerusalem, making a holiday and donning their gala dresses, come out in crowds to look at it. Adonijah—

* I have received a letter from Mrs. Gobat dated September 8th, in which that excellent lady says "Our schools go on as usual; we have had lately several adult baptisms."

† Deuteronomy xxxiv. 1.

who assumed the title of King before the death of David—"Slew sheep and oxen and fat cattle by the stone of Zoheloth, which is by En-Rogel, and called all his brethren the king's sons, and all the men of Judah the king's servants . . ." *—Pool and Fountain of Siloam!—"the waters of Shiloah that go softly" † through their rocky channel. Not far from hence is an old mulberry tree of immense girth—the traditionary site of *Isaiah's martyrdom*. Our path along the Valley of Jehoshaphat overlooked the terraced and ever productive "King's Gardens." Hewn out of enormous rocks on the eastern slope of the ravine are the Temple Tombs of Jehoshaphat, Absalom, St. James, and Zacharias. We passed the Zion Gate of the city, and also that of Herod—for the second time finding Jeremiah's Cave locked. The Latin monks perform mass there occasionally.

Tuesday, February 7th. At nine a.m. we started on a three days' expedition to the Jordan, Dead Sea, and Mar Saba. The sun shone brightly as we issued from St. Stephen's Gate, and looked down upon the deep glen, with its olive trees scattered among thousands and thousands of sepulchres; and where both Jews and Mohammedans expect that Christ will judge the world in the Great Last Day; thus interpreting the words of Joel—"I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat . . . Let the heathen be wakened, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat: for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about . . . Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision. The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining . . . ‡ The Muslims point out a stone in the temple wall, whereon they believe their prophet will sit during the final severing "of the wicked from among the just." § At the northern extremity of the Haram is the "Golden Gate"—blocked up for many years past, and yet guarded by

* 1 Kings i. 9. † Isaiah viii. 6. ‡ Joel iii. § Matthew xiii. 49.