

a sentinel; for *Turks* believe that the Christians will enter here one day and take the city—while *Jews* maintain that this “gate of the temple which is called Beautiful” * . . . will open to receive our Lord at His second coming!

We passed the garden of Gethsemane—Bethany—and, on our right, the Arab town of Aboodées; meeting great numbers of women carrying jars of milk;—their children’s heads, as well as their own, covered with coins and trumpery ornaments. The horses refreshed themselves at the Fountain of Lazarus. Five wild looking Arabs, under the command of a tall and handsome leader, yecept “Sheikh of the Jordan,” composed our escort. We halted for a short time on an elevated spot where the Greeks are building a convent. Our track was most dreary, displaying a succession of deep gorges and lofty barren mountains; reminding one all the way of the story of the Good Samaritan. In fact, the road from “Jerusalem to Jericho” † is quite as insecure for travellers *now* as it was when that Parable was spoken; and the lawless inhabitants of these sterile regions are known to be still capable of acts of treachery and violence. At one place we crossed a broad and very rapid torrent, to the extreme discomfiture of a dog that had followed us from the Melita Hotel, but who eventually swam across rather than be left behind. The servants and sumpter mules did not travel with us. Vincenzo was the most picturesque figure of our party—enveloped in a snowy white *’abáye’h*, and trying a new horse with some idea of purchasing him on speculation. Myriads of lovely flowers peeped out among the rocks and stones as we descended towards the Valley of the Jordan, and we had a grand perspective of the Dead Sea and Arabian Hills. We turned a little to our left to see that Fountain of which “the men of the city (Jericho) said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my Lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground is barren. And he said, Bring me a new

* Acts iii. 2.

† Luke x. 30.

cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spake.”* At present the waters flow into a stone reservoir; and gushing forth in several streamlets, they spread over the fruitful Plain of Jericho, which abounds in the olive—nabbuk—and dakkûm (or zukkûm), from whose fruit oil is extracted by the Arabs, who use it as a cure for wounds and bruises, calling it *Balsam*. The true *Balm of Gilead* no longer grows in this locality; and the sugar cane, once so abundant, has also entirely disappeared. Elisha’s Fountain bears likewise the name of “Diamond of the Desert” and is the scene of Sir Kenneth’s encounter with Salâh-e’-deen (Saladin).† Wild pigeons are very abundant; and there is a sensible increase of warmth in the climate—for the Jordan Valley lies three thousand feet lower than Jerusalem. Behind the Fountain is the hill “Quarantania;” from whose summit (tradition asserts) the Devil tempted our Saviour.‡ Its sides are perforated with caverns, usually the haunts of robbers; but every year a number of devotees take up their abode in them to fast and pray for forty days and nights. Our encampment was in full view of this mountain and near the wretched village of Jericho—whether the actual site of the “city of palm trees”§ no one now can tell. We had the comfort of finding our tents pitched and dinner almost ready.

Wednesday, February 8th. Left Jericho at half-past six this morning, and in a couple of hours reached the soft slippery banks of the muddy Jordan—that fast flowing stream whose waters “were cut off” || for the passage of the Children of Israel; and whither our blessed Lord came

* 2 Kings ii. 19-22.

† Lord Lindsay’s Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land.—Page 245.

‡ Matthew ix. Luke iv. § Judges i. 16. || Joshua iii.

Day & Sun. Lat. 12° to the Queen.

D E A D S E A

From a drawing by J. Col. R. F. Crawford, R.A.



“ from Galilee . . . unto John, to be baptized of him.”* At this particular spot the river may probably be fifty feet wide, and is apparently very deep. We dismounted to wash our hands and faces, as in duty bound ; our men filling the bottles we had brought with us for that purpose, † and cutting walking-sticks from the tall reeds that grow among the trees and tangled bushes. Wild boars are common here, and tigers are *occasionally* seen also.

The wind became unpleasantly high, and the temperature much colder as we approached the Dead Sea. Upon the shore lay quantities of charred wood, drifted from the Upper Jordan. The sea itself looked dull and sluggish, and the sky was lowering: there was no sign of life, but all around seemed dead and cheerless—*the wrath of God still manifest!* I tasted the water, which was inconceivably salt and bitter.

We were obliged to cross a rapid torrent running into the Dead Sea; where Mr. T's horse sank so deep in the sand that the poor animal was with difficulty extricated. From thence we soon began to ascend, and the rest of this day's journey was occupied by superb mountain passes. Unfortunately we had some drizzling rain, and mist also; but nothing could detract from the solemn grandeur of those fantastic limestone peaks and dark abysses. On we went, for at least four hours—over heights—through valleys—and along the brink of fearful precipices, where a narrow sloping ledge was our only path. The lower ground was richly carpeted with flowers of every hue. At one spot we came to a most dangerous gap, round which we scrambled on foot as well as we could, while the horses were dragged across by their bridles. One of the latter had a narrow escape of being dashed to pieces. His fore feet gave way first, and he was on the point of falling; when, with wonderful instinct, the

Matthew iii.

† When we returned to Jerusalem this Jordan water was transferred to small tin flasks, and hermetically closed.

noble creature made a desperate plunge forward and recovered himself. Our track was intersected by many a foaming stream, and the dry beds of others. We passed several large Bedouin encampments late in the afternoon. Our own tents were pitched in a hollow.

Thursday, February 9th. For the only time during our travels the tent was all night full of mosquitoes, owing perhaps to a neighbouring torrent. However, by seven o'clock we were on horseback, and very shortly arrived at the gate of Mar Saba, within whose walls women cannot gain admittance. Accordingly, Miss —— and myself employed the first half hour of Mr. T's absence in walking along a rocky boundary that overlooks the maze of buildings beneath—many of which occupy terraces one above another, and are spread over a considerable extent of ground. On each side of the ravine stands a high quadrangular tower, bristling with cannon.

At last we were summoned by Vincenzo into the open court, where we sat down upon a low wall; and in a few minutes some monks appeared, one of whom was an Italian. They gave us coffee and raisins, and apologized for the strict rules of their order which forbid ladies to see the convent; positively denying that Madame Pfeiffer or any other female had remained a night in one of the towers; and pointing to a cave outside as their probable resting place.* Thousands of these grottoes—retreats of ancient anchorites—are in the vicinity of Mar Saba.

The monastic and hermits' life was instituted on this wildy romantic spot in the Kedron Glen by St. Saba, in the fourth century; and during the successive revolutions of Palestine, the convent has been more than once stormed and its inmates massacred.

After leaving Mar Saba we traversed a range of hills, some of them covered with grass; the two watch towers remaining visible for several

* There was certainly some mistake here, as Mr. Bartlett and the Countess Hahn-Hahn can testify.

miles, like an enormous gateway. The sky was of the deepest blue; and although the morning air felt rather cold it was delightfully refreshing. As we approached a Santon's tomb which crowned the summit of a piece of rising ground, our Sheikh stopped his horse; and with seeming earnestness and devotion prayed aloud. At length we caught sight of Bethlehem, whose position on the ridge and southern slope of an eminence is beautiful and imposing. The little town stands in the midst of vineyards, groves, and rich pastures; while the undulating hills and valleys are laid out in luxuriant corn fields. The ascent is beyond conception steep and rugged, but we regarded not its difficulties. This was one of the "cities for defence," built by Rehoboam;* and to which the prophet Micah addressed these words: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."† Hither "Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab: and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest."‡ Here too was the early home of David; where he fed his father Jesse's flocks, and was anointed King by Samuel.§

Passing a Protestant school under the direction of the Church Missionary Society, we rode at once to the Latin Convent—whose massive buttressed walls enclose the Church of the Nativity—and were conducted by a Franciscan monk to the Strangers' Quarters. At one end of a gloomy apartment—furnished with divans, a long table, and wooden benches—hung portraits of Robert of Anjou King of Naples, and his Queen; patrons of the convent. This room opened into a suite of dormitories, apparently none of the cleanest. We had brought our own luncheon, to which the monks added sheep's milk cheese and Bethlehem wine. We then, beneath the guidance of an Italian member of the

* 2 Chronicles xi. 5, 6. † Micah v. 2. ‡ Book of Ruth. § 1 Samuel xvi.

fraternity, proceeded to the church; wherein Latins, Greeks, and Armenians have their separate chapels. Descending a few steps we entered a subterranean grotto—the assumed birthplace of our Redeemer! The precise spot is marked by a large silver star, with the inscription “Hic natus est Jesus Christus de Virga.” Facing this recess, and very near it, is the Altar of the Manger; and close by, is shown the place where the Virgin Mary stood while her Son received the Adoration of the Wise Men.* Fourteen gold and silver lamps, the gift of Christian potentates, burn day and night within this holy crypt; nor are the fumes of incense ever suffered to lose their fragrance.

Other excavated chapels are said to contain the Tombs of the Innocents, St. Eusebius, and St. Jerome: the ashes of the latter were subsequently removed to Rome. We also saw St. Jerome’s school-room!—and the place where Joseph, Zacharias, and Elizabeth waited until the *Prince of Peace* was born! Our guide requested we would keep the thin wax tapers with which he had provided us, as mementos of this visit to Bethlehem. In the convent gateway we were besieged by men and boys, eager to sell carved mother of pearl shells, beads of different kinds, crosses, amulets, inkstands, bowls, candlesticks, boxes, paperweights,—and the Rose of Jericho (or Virgin Mary’s rose), which expands in water like a sea anemone. So anxious were these poor Bethlemites to deal with us, that it was no easy matter either to purchase or escape.

An hour’s ride southward over rocks and stones brought us to the Pools of Solomon; consisting of three magnificent oblong reservoirs, situated at the end of a small valley, on sloping ground—so that the waters flow from one to another, and are conveyed to Jerusalem by an aqueduct. The fountain is about four hundred and forty paces distant; and there is no sign of human habitation in their immediate vicinity, save the ruins of a castle. These Pools are in excellent preservation: to them and the fertile

* Matthew ii. 11.

vale below, King Solomon is supposed to allude when he says, "I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." * We returned towards Bethlehem—by the way we came—along part of the ancient aqueduct; and meeting a party of monks, asked them which was—according to tradition—the "field" where the "Angel of the Lord" brought "good tidings of great joy" to the "Shepherds." † It happened to be considerably out of the direct track, and therefore we postponed visiting it until another day. Vincenzo had worked himself into a fever lest we should not reach Jerusalem before the gates were closed. We cantered charmingly across the Plain of Rephaim (or Giants); and I had a famous race with a Greek monk, which he *politely allowed me to win!* Our horses are excellent, marvellously sure footed and well trained, but their *trot* is very hard. We passed Rachel's Tomb—one of the best authenticated Scriptural relics—held sacred by Muslims, Jews, and Christians. A small mosque is erected over it. "And they journeyed from Bethel, and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath . . . and Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." ‡

Friday, February 10th. Paid visits, and walked through the Mecca bazaar; but saw nothing of any value except some handsome bloodstone. We bought little oval amulets of painted china—manufactured at St. Petersburg, and worn by Russian pilgrims. A sensible matter-of-fact Canadian gentleman arrived here to-day from a tour in Italy: like the Americans, he speaks of "doing" his travels; yet he evidently *profits* by them.

Saturday, February 11th. Rode to Bethlehem with Mr. Graham. The weather was lovely like that of English May in bygone years—

* Ecclesiastes ii, 5, 6. † Luke ii. ‡ Genesis xxxv, 16–20; xlviii, 7.

not now! Once more we crossed the Plain of Rephaim, where David twice smote the Philistines;* and which is as fertile at the present day as when Isaiah declared—"that the glory of Jacob shall be made thin, and the fatness of his flesh shall wax lean. And it shall be as when the harvestman gathereth the corn, and reapeth the ears with his arm; and it shall be as he that gathereth ears in the valley of Rephaim."†

A handsome house—belonging to a large and prosperous Greek settlement, enclosed by a stone wall—has been erected here. In many places round Jerusalem Greeks are cultivating the naturally productive soil; and how striking is the literal fulfilment of prophecy in this and every other instance! "Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers. The waste places of the fat ones shall strangers eat. And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and your vinedressers."‡ Near the Greek monastery of St. Elias, is the Well of the Magi; so called from a tradition that here the Wise Men again saw the Star, beholding its reflection in the deep water!—and not far from hence the Stone of Elisha, whereon that prophet lay; and which, good pilgrims are bound to believe, still retains the impression of his body! A little further we came to Rachel's Tomb. The principal object that attracted our attention to the southward was the Frank Mountain, supposed by some writers to be identical with Beth-haccerem, where God commanded the—"children of Benjamin . . . to set up a sign of fire . . ."§ Mr. Graham pointed out a town situated on a hill—called Beth Jala; the scene of a yet undecided dispute regarding the erection of a Latin convent; and in hopes of some satisfactory arrangement, Monsieur Botta, French Consul at Jerusalem, has just started for Constantinople—accompanied by the Latin Bishop. The Greek Patriarch has gone there also. The valley below

* 2 Samuel v. † Isaiah xvii. 4, 5. ‡ Isaiah i. 7; v. 17; lxi. 5. § Jeremiah vi. 1.

Bethlehem, as approached from the Plain of Rephaim, is indescribably beautiful; the bright clear atmosphere of this heavenly day, enhancing the freshness of its fruitful fields and verdant groves. Every vineyard has a square or circular building attached to it:—"planted a vineyard . . . and built a tower . . ." *

For the second time we explored the holy grottoes in the Church of the Nativity; and underwent another persecution from the vendors of rosaries, &c. Doubtless there can be no *valid* reasons for denying the identity of the reputed site of the Manger: caves, natural and artificial, have ever been selected by the inhabitants of Eastern countries for safe retreats, storehouses, or dwellings: manners and customs have undergone no change *here* since the Son of God came into the world to save sinners. The "Shepherd's Field" *of course contains a grotto*—fitted up as a Greek chapel. We reached the neighbourhood of Solomon's Pools by the steepest and most rugged track that can well be imagined; but which nevertheless afforded very fine views of Bethlehem. From the Valley of Etân—the Etham of Josephus—we ascended to the ruined village of Urtâs, whose extensive terraced gardens probably date from the reign of Israel's Wisest King; and may have formed part of those luxurious pleasure grounds contrived by that mighty prince, and completed during his lifetime. Perhaps King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba once walked and conversed together beneath those pleasant shades!

Our primary object in coming hither was to visit the farming establishment of Mr. Meshullem, an English converted Jew. His wife, a handsome Genoese Jewess, was about to separate from him when he became a Christian; but was ultimately induced to remain, and abjure her errors, by means of Mrs. Gobat's most persevering instruction and earnest entreaties. Her husband appears sincerely desirous of doing good to his persecuted brethren, and I trust his efforts will be successful: it is

* Matthew xxi. 33.

really surprising to observe what the labour of seven years has accomplished. He has three sons, the eldest of whom has gained considerable influence with the Arabs by his knowledge of medicine. The youngest, a fine intelligent lad of sixteen, was the only one we saw ; and we were much pleased to hear this youth's sensible remarks upon the Scriptural sites and sacred relics by which he is surrounded. He told us he had seen wild ducks flying over the Dead Sea.

Mr. Meshullem pays no rent to the Arabs for the land he tills, but employs its owners at a certain rate of wages ; and thus greatly improves their condition, while he promotes his own advantage. His system of agriculture seems to be particularly judicious ; and a stream of water that flows along the valley has been adapted to his purposes with admirable skill. His peas and beans are now in full flower, and his cauliflowers grow to an enormous size. This excellent man has been shamefully persecuted by some Americans, who came here a year or two ago and expressed themselves delighted with his thriving settlement. They returned to their own country, collected large sums of money, and on a second visit claimed the place as their property ; attempting to treat Mr. Meshullem as a mere servant. In fact, they so far succeeded that they took forcible possession of his dwelling house, and he and his family are at present living in a very small cottage. Moreover, a party of Americans have just arrived at Jaffa, with designs of storming this little territory. H. B. M. Consul has accordingly sent hither a guard of Arab soldiers from Jerusalem, who turned out the instant we made our appearance. I am afraid the whole colony was in a sad fright ; but no sooner was it ascertained we were harmless *Hadji* than the gates were cheerfully thrown open to admit us, and we received a cordial welcome. I may add that we narrowly escaped a *warmer greeting* than would have been altogether agreeable. We had caused some alarm here when we were seen riding towards Solomon's Pools the day before yesterday. The

household servants and labourers looked as happy and comfortable as those of superior farmers in England. Mr. Meshullem—who formerly kept an hotel at Jerusalem—produced wild boar chops and all sorts of good things for luncheon; assisting his wife and son to wait upon us in the true fashion of Patriarchal hospitality. Afraid of finding the Gates closed, we rode quickly homewards; but at last espied the Consul and Mrs. Finn—to our great relief; for so long as *they* were outside the city, *we were safe*.

Sunday, February 12th. We had a perilous walk to church this morning; meeting so many camels and donkeys in the narrow streets, that we ran no slight risk of being torn to pieces, knocked down, or lifted off our feet—particularly by some donkeys loaded with prickly bushes and branches of trees. During prayers—read by Mr. Crawford—we had the gratification of witnessing an Arab christening. It was the first baptism in this new church of a child from Bethlehem. The women were veiled and dressed entirely in white. This infant's parents are Christians of humble station; but the godfather was a most important looking personage, attired in semi European costume, and bedizened for the occasion with a smart gold chain. The baptismal service was performed in Arabic by Mr. Nicholayson, who afterwards preached an excellent sermon. Before sunset we walked with Mr. Graham across the *ploughed fields** on Mount Zion to the English Cemetery, which adjoins that of the Americans. It is a retired and peaceful spot. How strange that no monument should yet be erected to the late Bishop Alexander! The present Bishop—who possesses the exclusive right of making excavations in this burial ground—has been so fortunate as to discover a flight of steps there, mentioned by Nehemiah as “the stairs that go down from the city of David.”† We then went round to St. Stephen's Gate, wondering at the enormous blocks of stone which form the lower portion of the Temple boundary—probably

* Micah iii. 12.

† Nehemiah iii. 15.

Solomon's *foundation platform*, when he levelled Mount Moriah,* and therefore not included in our Saviour's prophetic words—"Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."†—"Thine enemies . . . shall lay thee even with the ground . . ."‡

We overlooked the deep Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the prettily situated village of Siloam; while on the opposite side of the ravine were the Mount of Olives and Garden of Gethsemane. As we entered the city, we paused for a moment to look down into the picturesque Pool of Bethesda. In the advance of evening the filthy streets appeared more desolate and gloomy than ever. Truly said the prophet Jeremiah—"every one that passeth thereby shall be astonished, and hiss, because of all the plagues thereof." Vincenzo was in a most excitable state when we reached the hotel—fancying we were *locked out*!

Monday, February 13th. We have had a number of visitors to-day, who gave us a heartrending description of the present extreme distress among the poor Jews. Miss Cubley showed us a piece of the bread they are obliged to eat, which is quite black from the quantity of tares mixed with the flour; and in some instances, madness has been the consequence of such unwholesome food! To account for this misery, it appears that there is no Turkish Governor of Jerusalem just at present; the former one having been removed, and his successor not yet arrived. Accordingly, those persons in temporary rule have abused their power by shutting up the magazines, and selling corn at their own prices and for their individual profit.

Wednesday, February 22nd. Being confined to my room for several days makes a *wide gap* in my journal. On the whole, the weather continues very fine, though occasionally cold: this afternoon there was a

* See Josephus' account of the construction of Solomon's Temple.—Book v. chapter 5.

† Matthew xxiv. 2. ‡ Luke xix. 43, 44.

violent thunder storm. Our journey northward has been unavoidably delayed; for Mr. T. has had a serious attack of illness, during which all our friends here—especially the kind Bishop and Mrs. Gobat—have shown him every possible attention.

This little circle was lately augmented by the arrival of Mr. Crosse and Mr. Starkie, whom we met at Thebes — our *fellow guests* at the Consul's memorable dinner party. They went to the Dead Sea and Jericho; and received hostile demonstrations from the unruly Arab tribes that infest the other side of the Jordan. Tomaso, who accompanied them as guide, boasts of what his bravery would have done in their defence, if he had only had a *certain gun* with him! Poor Tomaso! His employers are of a very different opinion; and declare that he turned as white as a sheet, trembled all over, and evidently longed to run away!

The Armenian Convent contains the reputed Tomb of St. James, but we did not go to see it. The riches of that priesthood are said to be incalculable; and their printing presses—like those of the Greeks—are, I believe, well managed. Vincenzo procured for each of us from the Latin Convent a certain printed testimonial—filled up with our names, dated, and signed by the Superior—to the effect that, having duly visited the Holy Places, we become entitled to the honourable denomination of *Hadji*! Our equanimity has been seriously disturbed by a letter from H. B. M. Consul; warning us against the districts of Nazareth and Galilee—as being in a lawless state, and utterly unsafe for travellers, even when provided with an escort by the local authorities. However, we hope by dint of earnest persuasion to obtain the *guard*, and will take our chance for the result.

We unintentionally committed a grievous error by ordering a few little *crosses*, to be made of Abraham's Oak, at the shop patronized by the Mission. Unconverted Jews, Mrs. Finn informs us, believe that our religion actually allows the *worship of the cross itself*!—and therefore

Christians ought carefully to avoid giving the smallest grounds for so false an idea. During this day's walk we went to see the *Taht-er-wán* preparing for our invalid: it is like the body of a small omnibus covered with oilcloth, and will be slung between two mules.

Monday, February 27th. Despite stormy weather, or the Consul's friendly warnings, we are to start (D.V.) to-morrow for Nablous. Mr. Crosse and Mr. Starkie have agreed to join us; we are to have a guard of six Turkish soldiers, and shall form altogether a cavalcade of no less than forty individuals. This evening we received a visit from the wife and daughter of Dr. Bartley, an American Baptist Missionary, who has several times entered the Mosque of Omar in disguise: on one occasion Miss Bartley also gained admittance, by putting on a Turkish dress. They ran less risk of detection from being able to speak Arabic; but it was a bold venture!

Tuesday, February 28th. We were called at six this morning, in order that the mules might be loaded and sent off in advance. The sky looked lowering, there was a bitterly cold wind, and after breakfast two or three heavy showers came down; but no matter, these impatient gentlemen determined to go! The streets were so slippery that we *walked* as far as the Jaffa Gate; thereby suiting the convenience of the *Taht-er-wán*, for the Damascus Gate lay more directly in our route. And then began a dreary journey, through wind and rain, across a stony wilderness of barren hills. To the right lay Nebbi Samwil, Muckhmas (Michmash),* and El Jib (Gibeon), whereon "the sun stood still . . ." † at the command of Joshua; and where "the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night; and God said, Ask what I shall give thee." ‡ Anxious to obtain (as I believed) a farewell glance at the Holy City, I continually looked back; and *once* fancied I could dimly trace the outline of her walls through the thick

* 1 Samuel xiii. † Joshua x. 13. ‡ 1 Kings iii. 5.

mist. Our halting place was at Beeri—the ancient Beer, or Beeroth of Scripture: some say the Berotha of Josephus; and the place where it is supposed that Joseph and Mary first became aware of our Lord's absence from "the company" when on their return to Nazareth from Jerusalem.* Here are a few old ruins, and a large fountain.

For the last hour the storm of wind, hail, and rain—blowing full in our faces—was perfectly terrific! We could scarcely keep our seats, and the horses became almost unmanageable. From time to time, when the gusts beat upon us with such violence that it was impossible to advance a step, we were obliged to turn completely round until their fury had somewhat abated. Thoroughly drenched, and so cold that we could hardly move a limb, we found shelter in a dwelling of most peculiar construction! In fine weather, many would doubtless have been our objections to this very unprepossessing domicile; but under existing circumstances we felt only too thankful to be housed at all. We speedily found ourselves located in a vaulted upper room, surrounded with shelves and queer recesses which serve as beds for the family—consisting of an Arab, his two wives, and three little children. The women were profusely adorned with dollars, Austrian thalers, and a variety of bracclets. There was a fireplace, but the smoking wood made one's eyes smart dreadfully. Although provided with the chief part of our camp furniture, one of the party was stowed away on a shelf, while Vincenzo spread his mattress upon the floor. A long gun belonging to our host was suspended over the doorway.

Wednesday, March 1st. Snowing hard, and no chance of being able to stir out; nevertheless, we rose early, and in vain tried to finish dressing before the Arab family were up; for it was impossible to keep them away. Their behaviour was, however, very inoffensive. Mr. Crosse and Mr. Starkie secured an apartment below, similar to ours; but alas! their bedding, unprotected by waterproof coverings, was quite soaked through;

* Luke ii. 41.

and they lay on their carpets, invaded by an army of fleas; which were not, in *our* case, so numerous last night as we anticipated. The poor servants and soldiers had miserable accommodation, and no fire to dry their wet clothes. Verily, this stone and mud building contains a motley well packèd assemblage of men, women, and children; horses and mules; poultry and baggage! A dog, two cows, and a donkey, are in the most literal sense our "next door neighbours!" Vincenzo's arrangements are proof against accident; every thing in his charge is safe and dry, and our meals are served with as much order and comfort as ever. If any misfortune *does* occur—and I fear there *must* be some injury on this occasion to the canteens and provisions—he always takes care that *we* are not sufferers. Very little light is admitted through the open door; and the sole attempt at a window, being a hole—nearly blocked up; we were compelled to keep candles lighted all day. The people protest there has been no snow in this part of the country for three years, nor such weather as that of yesterday for *sixty*! We have decided upon returning to Jerusalem to-morrow, rather than prolong our stay at Beerî; for the journey from hence to Nablous is pronounced impracticable at present—especially with a Taht-er-wân.

Thursday, March 2nd. It still rained a little, but to remain in those uncomfortable quarters was *impossible*! Fleas swarmed upon us last night in *myriads*, and one of the children *screamed an accompaniment* to their sanguinary attacks! We were ready to start for Jerusalem before half past seven; proceeding at a *very cautious pace* through deep snow, water, and holes; the rocky surface of this desolate track encreasing our difficulties in a tenfold degree. We made good our way, nevertheless, and reached the Melita Hotel in about four hours. For safety's sake we *waded* thither on foot from the Jaffa Gate. Luckily, the rooms we had previously occupied had not been taken by other travellers. Our friends here amuse themselves at our expense by reason of this compulsory return.

The air is extremely cold, and we sit crouching over our brazier of charcoal. Captain Bouverie and Mr. Tower (of the Guards) have arrived.

Friday, March 3rd. On this day of the week—the Muslim Sabbath—the Gates of Jerusalem are always kept locked during prayer time, which includes twelve o'clock; because the *city was once taken* at that hour.

In the afternoon—accompanied by Dr. Stewart, Scotch Presbyterian Minister at Leghorn, and Mr. Simm, a member of the Mission—we rode to the Upper Pool of Gihon. This immense reservoir, which now contains an abundant supply of muddy water, is situated by that great plain where “the angel of the Lord went forth, and slew in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.” * “King Hezekiah stopped the upper watercourse of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the city of David.” † From hence we went to En-Rogel; and found the Kedron overflowing, as well it might after such a downfall of snow and rain. Numbers of people were passing to and fro. We then turned in the direction of Bethany; crossing the valley through mud and water, and over smooth slanting rocks. We entered St. Stephen’s Gate only the instant before it was closed.

Sunday, March 12th. There were a great many strangers at church this morning, but no ladies among them. Mr. Nicholayson preached an excellent sermon from Matthew iv. 1–4. It was well we returned to Jerusalem from Beeri, since we could not possibly have travelled in such constant rain and snow storms. The road between Beirout and Damascus has been impassable for thirty days! On account of the Russo-Turkish war, there will be very few Easter pilgrims this year.

Monday, March 13th. This was a most beautiful day, and we made—for the second time—a round of farewell visits. It is not without many feelings of regret that I prepare to leave Jerusalem, and bid adieu to kind

* Isaiah xxxvii. 36.

† 2 Chronicles xxxii. 30.

friends whom I may behold no more. And then, the "*captive daughter of Zion*" * possesses an interest so transcendent, so peculiarly her own ! We mourn her present wretchedness in the actual fulfilment of prophecy ; while assured that the Lord will in like manner perform his gracious promises, and raise her from the dust. "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled." †

Tuesday, March 14th. Beerli was to be the extent of this day's journey, and therefore we did not finally start until twelve o'clock ; first paying a long visit to Mrs. Gobat, who kindly showed us the girls' school belonging to the Mission. There are about twenty-four pupils : the two schoolmistresses are Englishwomen. From the upper court of the Bishop's residence we looked down into the Pool of Hezekiah.

Par bonheur, we were able to *pitch the tents* at Beerli. Our guard—two soldiers only—is but nominal ; the districts around Nablous, Nazareth, and Galilee being now in a less disturbed state. Mr. and Mrs. Klein—the latter in an open *taht-er-wán*—joined us for part of the way.

Wednesday, March 15th. On the top of a hill to our left, at a short distance from Beerli, is the village of Einbroot ; beautifully situated amid groves of fig and olive ; terraced gardens, corn-fields, and vineyards ; rocky slopes, and grass grown valleys—dotted with trees, and gay with wild flowers. We turned a little out of our direct track to see the site of ancient Bethel, whose traces were long supposed to be entirely lost, until discovered by Dr. Robinson at *Beitîn*. Heaps of stone are almost the only vestiges of a place so celebrated in the Old Testament. Truly, Bethel has "come to nought." ‡ Here Jacob "dreamed" and *beheld the ladder* . . . "and he called the name of that place Bethel (house of God), but the name of that city was called Luz at the first." § And here "God appeared unto Jacob again . . . and blessed him. And God said unto him, Thy name . . . shall not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be

* Isaiah lii. 1, 2. † Luke xxi. 24. ‡ Amos v. 6. § Genesis xxxi.

thy name.” * At Bethel did the wicked King Jeroboam set up a golden calf, † and “stood by the altar to burn incense.” ‡ When the prophet Elisha was in Bethel, “going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, &c.” § “Moreover the altar that was at Bethel, and the high place which Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, had made, both that altar and the high place” were broken down by the command of King Josiah, who caused “to be burned the high place, and stamped it small to powder, and burned the grove.” || Sometimes this city is called in Scripture Beth-aven (House of iniquity, or vanity.) ** Ai lay on our right, not far eastward of Bethel. “And Joshua burnt Ai, and made it a heap for ever, even a desolation, unto this day. And the king of Ai he hanged on a tree until eventide: and as soon as the sun was down Joshua commanded that they should take his carcase down from the tree, and raise thereon a great heap of stones, that remaineth unto this day.” †† “Ai is spoiled.” ‡‡ This place was rebuilt at a later period.

From a height we bade farewell to Jerusalem; and then proceeded along a narrow rugged defile, and through fruitful well tilled valleys, bounded by terraced slopes—rich in vine, olive, and fig trees: fitting scenes to rejoice the heart of Abraham when “he removed . . . unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, and pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west, and Hai on the east; and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord.” §§ The general aspect of the country seemed wild and barren, but capable of the highest cultivation. The mountain mist was inexpressibly beautiful, and we hailed the well known voice of the cuckoo. Mandrakes grow abundantly in this part of Palestine, but the Arabs attach little value to them: they are, however, sometimes used as an opiate. In

* Genesis xxxv.

§ 2 Kings ii.

†† Joshua viii.

† 1 Kings xii. 28, 29.

|| 2 Kings xxiii.

‡‡ Jeremiah xlix. 3.

‡ 1 Kings xiii. 1.

** Hosea v. 8.

§§ Genesis xii. 8.

appearance, their fruit is said to resemble a small red apple, and smells agreeably. * We halted for an hour in a charming glen, and near an old fountain; close to which was a deep pit—or reservoir—garlanded with fern, and containing ruins of pointed arches. The grass was strewn with an infinite variety of lovely flowers, and we heard the pleasing sound of rippling water. A number of women and children crowded round us, examining our dress with great curiosity; and not only touching our clothes, but stroking our faces also! Their own attire was extremely picturesque, and even handsome; being chiefly composed of rich Damascus silk of brilliant colours; and some of their ornaments were really splendid! Their heads were loaded, as usual, with gold and silver coins; and they wore bracelets of silver, leather and silver mixed, glass, and beads. Our horses revelled in the luxuriant pasturage: in fact, we could hardly tear either ourselves or the animals away from this enchanting spot. Ere long we passed the village of Singel, and from the brow of a hill beheld our tents already pitched on the plain below. This was the fertile Valley of Khan Leban (Lebonah); where are ruins, and a plentiful supply of water from a large well. A sheep was milked for tea; and during our evening's ramble we met a few wandering Arab shepherds with their flocks and herds, one of whom was gratified by our admiration of a most diminutive calf, which he lifted up in his arms to show us. The mules and horses find plenty of good grass to eat. Never was a more attractive scene for encampment!

Thursday, March 16th. Although it was a pouring night, and the wind blew strongly enough to test the firmness of our tents, we awoke this morning (D.M.) quite safe and dry. Heavy clouds portended a continuance of wet weather, albeit the sun peeped out at intervals; and soon after we started the rain came down in earnest. We certainly did not experience such a *thorough drenching* as on that memorable day of our

* Canticles vii. 13.

first journey from Jerusalem to Beeri. Our track lay principally through rough mountain passes, whose solemn grandeur seemed enhanced by the partial mist. At last we reached a noble plain laid out in fields and orchards—"the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph."* The quaint old town of Nablous (Sychar) is embosomed in fine olive groves. The rain had ceased; but as it was absolutely impossible to pitch the tents upon the swampy soil, we were lodged in a comfortable looking dwelling-house. For *prudence* sake, the cushions have been removed from a long divan, and the quilt and mattress from a bedstead—to be replaced by our own camp furniture. The master of this abode is a respectable wealthy merchant; he and his household are Christians, and appear friendly quiet people. They kindly gave us wine, *eau sucrée*, dried figs, and raisins. Our pretty Nazarine hostess is scarcely twenty years of age, and has been married four years. She is profusely adorned with gold coins, three of which are suspended to a cross in front of her gold necklace. Her baby wears the ordinary close fitting cap, ornamented with beads and coins; and has anklets of small silver bells, exactly like those upon an English child's *Coral*. In addition to numberless coins that compose the youthful mother's head gear, are two very handsome clasps—or brooches—worn on each temple: one is of pearls, with an emerald in the centre; the other a golden crescent and star, set with different precious stones. We received a visit from a venerable Samaritan priest, but unfortunately no interpreter was at hand to assist our conversation. He seated himself on the divan, and we made signs that he should partake of our luncheon; which, however, he declined. Several *ladies* of Nablous flocked to see the strangers, but did not annoy us by any impertinence; and went away the instant their harmless curiosity was satisfied. The nephew of our host—an intelligent boy about fifteen—speaks tolerable English; having been taught our language in the Mission

* John iv. 5.

school at Jerusalem. We are sufficiently occupied in drying our damp clothes, by the aid of two stone *vases* of charcoal.

Friday, March 17th. This has been a heavenly day!—the sun shining brightly; and the atmosphere so delightfully genial, pure, and fragrant! We ordered the horses immediately after breakfast; and passing through the finest olive grove I ever saw, dismounted at the edge of a field, and walked a few yards to “Jacob’s Well”—where probably took place our Lord’s interview with the Woman of Samaria.* The opening is nearly concealed by large stones, but when a pebble was thrown into the aperture it descended to a considerable depth. A chapel, now entirely destroyed, was erected over this well by the Empress Helena. Not far from hence is the reputed tomb of Joseph, covered by a small mosque, like that of Rachel in the Plain of Rephaim. On our return, we ascended a steep hill—one of the lower slopes of Mount Gerizim—from whence we beheld one of the loveliest views in all Palestine. Beneath lay the town with its well built houses, domes, and minarets; and the green undulating valley—so rich in groves and orchards, fields, gardens, and sparkling rills. Opposite, rose Mount Ebal; its rocky sides excavated with sepulchres. “Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse; a blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God, which I command you this day; and a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God . . . And it shall come to pass, when the Lord thy God hath brought thee unto the land whither thou goest to possess it, that thou shalt put the blessing upon Mount Gerizim, and the curse upon Mount Ebal.”† At the present day Mount Gerizim has decidedly a more fertile appearance than Mount Ebal.

Although the narrow ill paved streets of this ancient capital of Samaria have been completely flooded by the late heavy rains, and are almost impassable, the bazaars were crowded with people—one of whom threw a

* John iv. † Deuteronomy xi. 26-29; xxvii. Joshua viii. 30-34.

stone or hard lump of mud as we rode along, which hit me slightly on the shoulder. We passed a handsome pointed arch with Saracenic ornaments—forming part of a ruined church, whose site is now occupied by a mosque. The Samaritan Synagogue is of no great size, and remarkably gloomy. A dignified Rabbi, with a long white beard and dark helmet-shaped turban, at once entered the sanctuary; and produced what was in truth the sole object of our visit—the ancient Manuscript of the Samaritan Pentateuch, said to be 3,500 years old; and the work of Phineas, Aaron's grandson! It is neatly written on vellum, in the Samaritan character, and not divided into words. The precious relic—though rather tattered—*bears its age* wonderfully; and is mounted upon strong parchment, wound within curious tin rollers.

This remnant of the scattered Ten Tribes of Israel are extremely proud of their descent, and still retain the fierce hatred of their ancestors towards the Jews; detesting at the same time both Christians and Mohammedans. They keep their annual feasts, and thrice every year go up to pray on Mount Gerizim. To this custom the Woman of Samaria alluded—"Our fathers worshipped in this mountain." *

Until lately, the districts of Samaria were considered more unsafe for travellers than any other part of the Holy Land; and a large garrison still keeps the inhabitants in awe. A great quantity of soap is manufactured here.

All our proceedings are closely watched, and discussed with animation by the adjacent *haréems*, of which several overlook this range of apartments. They peep at us from the highest walls, or through the tubes of pottery that perforate them. While we were sitting in the open court a shower of stones fell around us, thrown from the flat roof of a neighbouring house; but our hostess immediately interfering in our behalf, the offence was not repeated. We have been favoured

* John iv. 20.

with visits from the Basha of Nablous, and the English Consul. Excepting *flies innumerable!*—we should be tolerably well off in our present quarters.

Saturday, March 18th. After a more than ordinary degree of squabbling and confusion—which never attends our *encampment*—we bade farewell to our “Good Samaritans.” The pretty young hostess was sadly disfigured to-day by a piece of sticking plaister on her forehead, and a swollen eye. Observing that I noticed her misfortune, she pointed to her husband as its author; whereupon the latter—instead of being ashamed of his brutality—smiled and nodded assent!

The weather was as charming as could possibly be desired. We rode through groves and avenues of stately trees—fine venerable olives, with gnarled branches and hollow trunks; passing springs and cisterns innumerable; and following the course of a clear and murmuring stream, along whose banks we heard the pleasant rural sound of busy going mills—picturesque little buildings, with grass grown roofs. In about an hour we came near to Enjeeb—situated on the slope of a hill to our left—where was a large old aqueduct, and also other mills. The scenery was diversified and exceedingly beautiful: the successive heights were studded with villages, which looked well from a distance. On one lofty eminence stood a cluster of tombs, shaded by trees, the view from whence must be magnificent. The barley is now in ear.

Sebaste—the ancient Samaria—occupies a commanding position on an isolated mountain of oblong form, flattened at the top; and its present wretched state fully confirms that prediction of the prophet Micah—“Therefore I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof.”* The ascent is by a precipitous path, hewn between high rocks. A number of columns, that

* Micah i. 6.

once belonged to Herod's Palace, yet remain standing; while many more lie prostrate and mutilated—half buried in the ground—or are used in constructing modern walls and pavements. King Herod rebuilt and fortified this Imperial City—changing its name in honour of Augustus (Sebastos) Cæsar. The erection of a Gothic Church (now in ruins) over the dungeon in which tradition states that John the Baptist was beheaded, is of course attributed to the Empress Helena. The inhabitants of Sebeste gathered round us with antique coins to sell.

We continued our journey through verdant glens, interspersed with wooded knolls; and watered by many a shining brook and trickling streamlet—the hills, with rare exceptions, covered with luxuriant olive trees. Thousands of flowers enamelled the rich soil—particularly blue lupins—filling the air with their delicious perfume. Our path was generally steep and rocky: we passed several towns and villages—all finely situated. A narrow dell, a “mountain brow,” and neatly enclosed gardens—finally brought us to Djeneen, on the borders of Galilee; just within the noble Plain of Esdraclon, or Jezreel. Dr. Dorr—an American clergyman—and his son, have arrived here from Jerusalem: their tents are pitched close by. We saw this afternoon some large black and white birds like storks. Before leaving Nablous our Jerusalem guard was replaced by a couple of Arab soldiers, armed with immensely long spears.

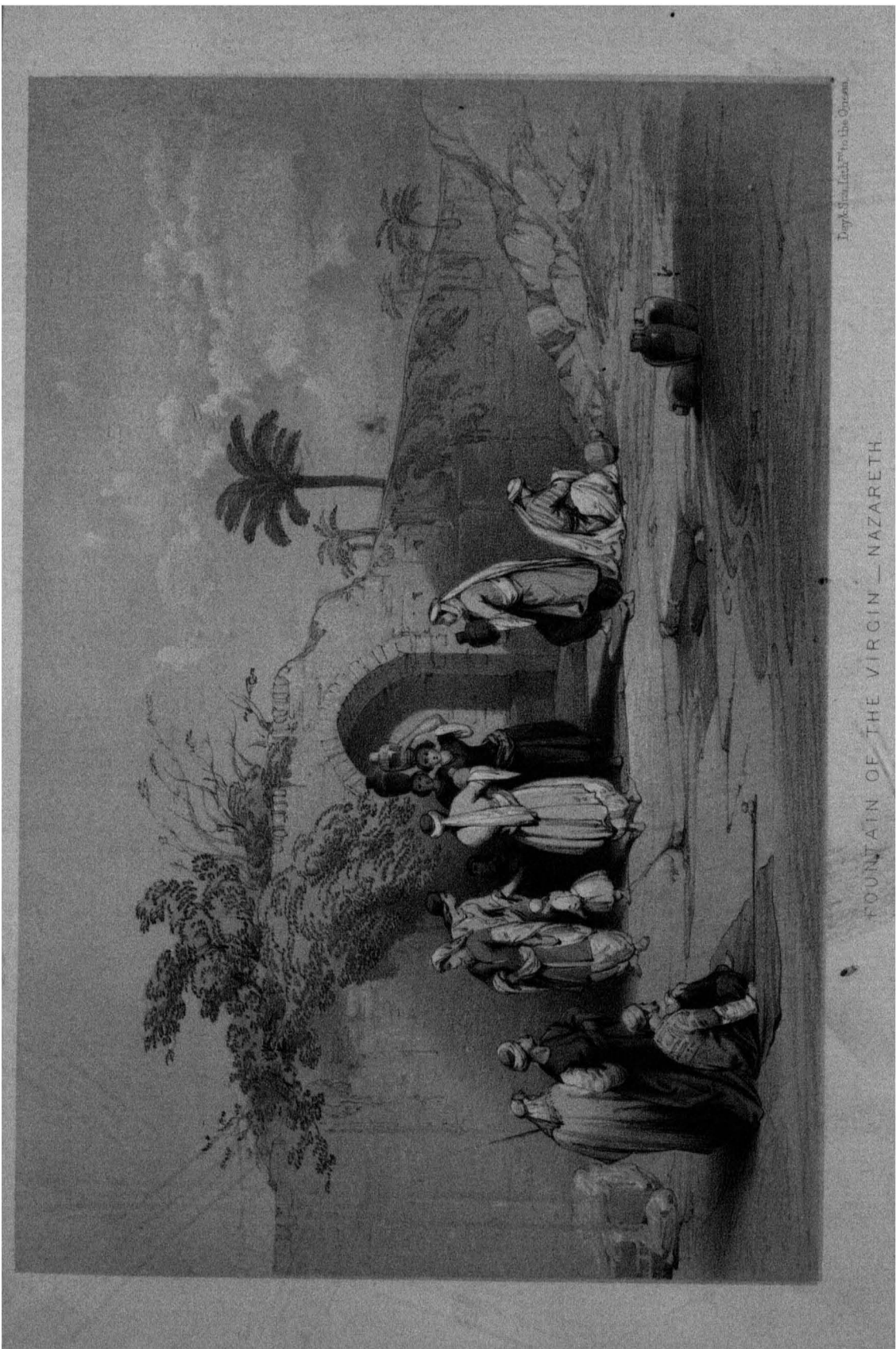
Sunday, March 19th. Djeneen—the Geman of Josephus—is now a mere village, but there still remain traces of its former extent. The site is low and swampy: frogs were croaking round us all night long. This morning—after starting some fine gazelles—we enjoyed a three hours' hard canter across the beautiful and fertile Plain of Esdraclon. What a succession of important historical events have for ages occurred within that wide spread area! Here Deborah and Barak discomfited the host of Sisera; * and Saul sustained his fatal overthrow. † At Zer' in (Jezreel)

* Judges iv. † 1 Samuel xxxi. 3. 1 Chronicles x. 3.

Ahab and Jezebel had a palace, as well as at Samaria; to enlarge the grounds of which, that wicked king coveted Naboth's vineyard.* Towering alone, rises Mount Tabor—traditionary scene of the Transfiguration. †

Nazareth is built upon the side of a steep hill, nearly surrounded by others of far greater elevation. One cannot conceive a more romantic or lovelier spot! From the small valley at its foot, we ascended—by a rugged pathway through a deep and narrow gorge—to a large reservoir; where we rested and ate our luncheon before entering the town. Our apartments at the Latin Convent are clean and spacious. The monks immediately sent us coffee, hospitably *offering* us divers good things besides; but we soon sallied forth, in quest of certain sacred and interesting localities—those treasured relics of our blessed Saviour's early life and teaching. On our way we met the Franciscan Superior, who civilly accosted us in Italian, his native tongue. There is a second Convent—to which *ours* forms a late appendage—containing the Church of Annunciation, erected above the *grotto* part of the house of Joseph the Carpenter; for we are bound to believe that the *superstructure* was miraculously carried to Loretto! The grand altar marks the precise spot where the Angel Gabriel appeared to Mary—"and said, 'Hail, *thou that art* highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.'" ‡ We descended by a flight of marble steps into the caverns; and were there shown the kitchen, &c., of the Holy Family!—also a beautifully executed oval picture of the Flight into Egypt; painted by an artist at Vienna, and a recent gift of the Emperor of Austria. The Church itself is not large, but very neatly fitted up. A youthful group—children of converted Arabs—were learning to chaunt. From hence our guide conducted us to "Joseph's Workshop"—a small chamber, used as a chapel; and afterwards to the "Fountain of the Virgin"—whither, we

* 1 Kings xxi. † Matthew xvii. 2. Mark ix. 2. ‡ Luke i. 28.



FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN — NAZARETH.

are told, the Mother of our Lord was wont to resort, day after day, to draw water. We found quite a crowd of people assembled here; who regarded us with curiosity, and called us "Hadji." One young woman drew from her bosom a silver crucifix, and held it towards me, as a proof that she was a Christian. We were next taken into a plain chapel—the Synagogue (say the monks) wherein our Redeemer taught:—"and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and stood up for to read."* The *most* celebrated piece of antiquity of which Nazareth can boast, is the "Table of our Lord"—at which He and His disciples are believed to have supped, both before and after His Resurrection. It is an oblong mass of common hard limestone, fixed firmly in the ground; and its upper surface is not perfectly level. This valued relic is of course enshrined within a chapel; upon whose walls are affixed various printed certificates, asserting its just claim to reverence. Even Muslims declare that hidden virtue must belong to a stone thus venerated.

The assumed "Mount of Precipitation" is at least two miles distant—a manifest error!—since we are clearly informed that they "led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong."† The streets of Nazareth are badly paved and very steep, but we found them tolerably *dry*. Mr. and Mrs. Klein have made their house extremely comfortable, and received us with cordial kindness.

Monday, March 20th. Our route, for the first two hours of this day's journey, lay between low and verdure clad hills; thence opening into the Plain of Esdraelon, near Gebel Tûr (Mount Tabor)—whose singular shape is so aptly described by Mr. Jolliffe, as that of "a cone with the point struck off." We rode almost to the summit—a difficult task for the horses; or rather, I should say, an *impossibility* for steeds untrained to

* Luke iv. 16.

† Luke iv. 29.

such precipitous paths and slippery rocks. Besides, we could hardly avoid being dragged from our saddles by the densely growing trees and tangled brushwood. There is a well of pure water on the top of this mountain; also remains of walls and deep fosses; and the ruins of a small church, with three altars—the *Three Tabernacles*! Most exquisite wild flowers peeped out among the stones, or amid the waving grass. The view is extensive, and of surpassing interest. Beneath, stretch the Plains of Esdraclon and Galilee; the north west is marked by the blue line of the Mediterranean; a little to the southward rise the lofty Mountains of Gilboa, where Saul and his three sons were slain;* due east is the Lake of Gennesareth, or Tiberias, the scene of so many of our Saviour's miracles;† towards the north appears part of the Chain of Anti Libanus; Saphat, crowning an eminence, and to which St. Matthew perhaps alludes in those words—"a city that is set on an hill cannot be hid."‡ Not far from Saphat is the (so called) "Mount of Beatitude," from whence our Lord delivered his *Sermon* to the thronging multitudes, who "were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes."§ To the south are the Hills of Samaria; to the south west the range of Carmel. Jezreel, Endor,|| and Nain,** are likewise distinctly visible. On the lowest western slope of Mount Tabor stands an insignificant village, whose name—Deboura—is derived from that of the celebrated Prophetess mentioned in the Book of Judges. Near this place, Napoleon fought one of his famous battles. Another two hours' ride through a charming park-like country—overgrown with magnificent Oaks of Bashan (Belluta)††—brought us to a dilapidated building, where a fair or market was going on. We then crossed a dull plain; in patches of waste ground, fields, and pastures; continually meeting some venerable patriarch, like those of old—with long grey beard, flowing robes, and

* 1 Samuel xxxi. 8.

† Luke v. John vi. John xxi.

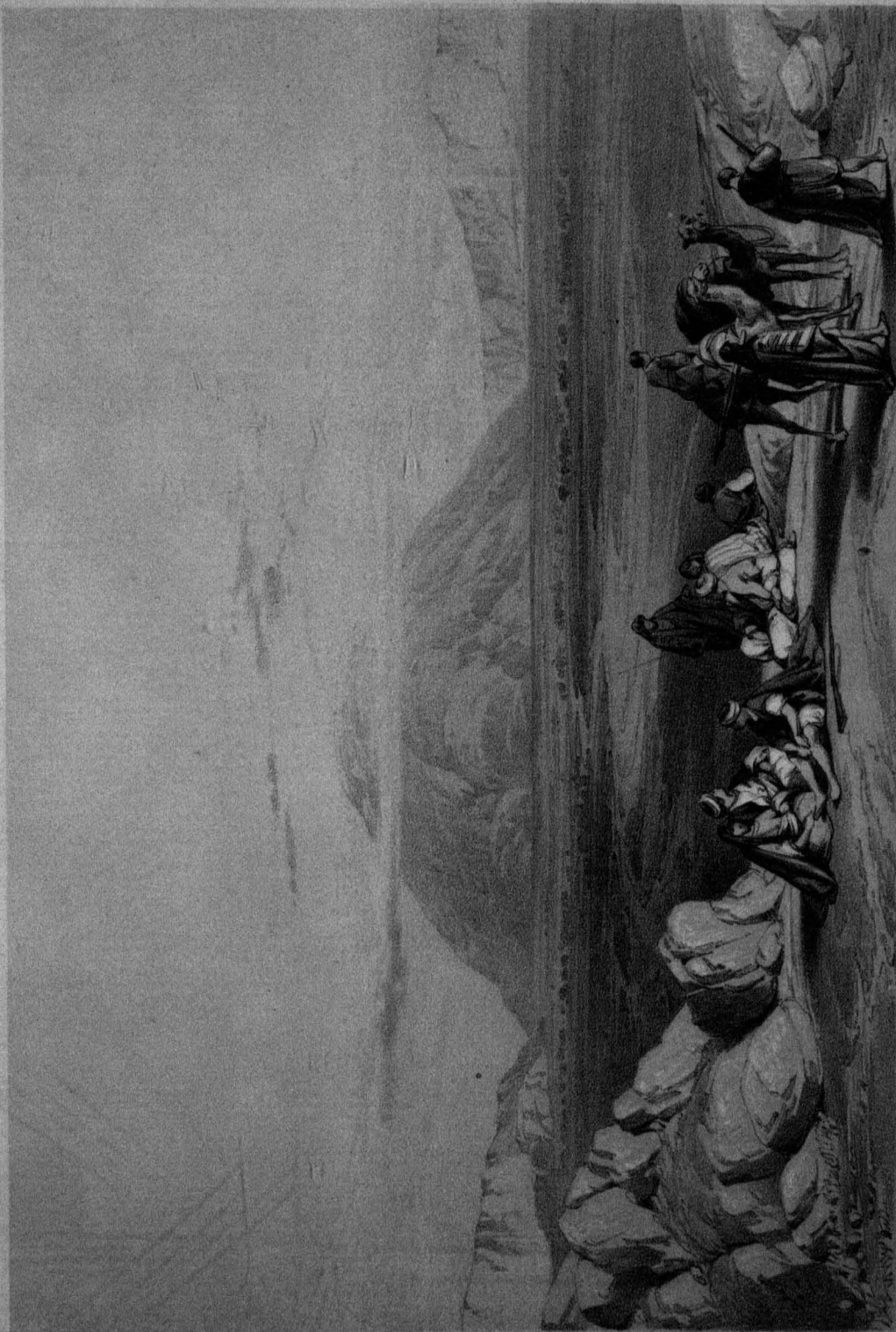
‡ Matthew v. 14.

§ Matthew vii. 28, 29.

|| 1 Samuel xxviii.

** Luke vii.

†† Ezekiel xxvii. 6.



Day's Sun Light to the Queen

MOUNT TABOR

girded loins—saluting us with “*Peace be unto you.*” They have their flocks and herds too; their horses, mules, and asses: most of the sheep are remarkably pretty, with white hair, and black faces.

It was a goodly sight, when suddenly we espied our tents—close to the shore of the Sea of Galilee, which lay before us in all its peaceful beauty. The opposite mountains are covered with snow; and the declining sunlights fell upon them all—particularly Mount Hermon (Gebel Sheikh)—with gorgeous effect. On our left the Jordan’s rapid current flows into the calm blue lake; and in the foreground, about a quarter of a mile from our encampment, is the town of Tabaria—one of the four Holy Jewish Cities of Palestine; the three others being Jerusalem, Hebron, and Saphat. After dinner we strolled along the pebbly beach, picking up quantities of tiny shells. Camel bones lie scattered in every direction; and countless broken columns and other ruins bear record of former stately edifices.

Tuesday, March 21st. Breakfast over, we sallied forth to see the town; which was founded by Herod Antipas, and named in honour of the Emperor Tiberius. * There was once a royal palace here, and for several centuries this city became the centre of Jewish learning. † It is open to the sea, but protected on the land side by a high and massive wall, with towers at regular intervals. Tabaria suffered dreadfully from the earthquake of January 1st, 1837, and had been almost demolished in a similar manner by that of 1759. The injuries sustained by the last awful visitation are not yet repaired; and one can scarcely walk through those dirty streets, on account of the heaps of rubbish that encumber them. We first directed our steps to the Hotel. The landlord—a German Jew—is a dealer in old coins, of which he produced a tolerable collection; ushering us into a cheerful airy room, furnished with divans, a

* See Josephus.—Book ii. chapter 9.

† Dr. Robinson’s Biblical Researches.—Vol. iii. pp. 200–274.

table, and two or three chairs. In outward appearance, this apartment was a model of cleanliness; but oh! when we read in the "Travellers' Book" the story of sleepless nights, that all—with few exceptions—had to relate; our thoughts turned thankfully towards the infinite advantages of our tents! The people of the house were exceedingly civil, and gave us coffee and a variety of sweet cakes. We then went to the Jews' Synagogue; the library of which—in point of numbers, at least—is well supplied with books. Three thousand Jews, principally Germans, are said to reside at Tabaria; but from the size and general aspect of the place, this assertion seems hardly credible. The bazaar is miserably provided, and the inhabitants have an air of extreme poverty. A delightful walk of about a mile along the shore, brought us to the Baths of Emmaus; where a handsome building was erected by Ibrahim Pasha. The *public* bath is circular, and surrounded by a colonnade of white marble: *we* gladly took possession of a *private* one, for it was impossible to resist so tempting a luxury. The water has a salt, bitter, sulphureous taste; and oozes nearly boiling from the ground. Returning *homewards* we met a large party of women, some of whom were excessively pretty: the hands and arms of most of them were tattooed; and one was hideously disfigured by a blue stain round her eyes. Their demeanour was perfectly inoffensive; although they stroked us repeatedly, examined our clothes, marvelled greatly at my note book, and made signs that we should accompany them to the Bath!—which proposal we of course declined. These females wore ornaments of coins, beads, and silver. The sun was oppressively hot; and we willingly jumped upon the donkeys, sent by Mr. T. for our use: they had neither saddles nor bridles, but merely pieces of carpet laid across their backs. It was a difficult matter to keep one's balance; for the animals—vigorously propelled from behind—trotted over the uneven ground at an alarmingly rapid pace! Vincenzo procured excellent fish for dinner—a superior sort of perch, for

which the Sea of Galilee is celebrated. The water we have to drink is deliciously cool and pure. Dr. Dorr arrived here this afternoon, and his camp adjoins ours. The people collect in crowds to look at us; and it is deemed expedient to watch them narrowly, lest they should steal something: these Galileans do not bear the best of characters for honesty. I never beheld a more lovely evening!

Wednesday, March 22nd. An early shower rather alarmed us this morning; but the sky soon cleared, and we have had a fine day. We halted for an hour at Kefr Kenna; believed by many travellers to be that "Cana of Galilee" where our blessed Saviour performed His first miracle.*

It is a small wooded hamlet; and in the shabby little Greek church are shown, not merely some wretched pictures—one of them representing the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes—but also two clumsy *stone jars*, about four feet high, half embedded in the wall. Alas! for these "*waterpots*!" Dr. Robinson argues very strongly in favour of Kâna el-Jelîl being the true Cana. This place is only a few miles distant; and "the name," says that learned writer, "is identical, and stands the same in the Arabic version of the New Testament!"† The descent towards Nazareth from this side is frightfully rugged and dangerous, even for the surest footed of these admirably trained Syrian horses. We found our old quarters at the Latin Convent ready for our reception; and it was well that Vincenzo had secured them—a numerous party of Americans having made their appearance at Nazareth to-day.

Thursday, March 23rd. We left the Convent at six a.m., and had a charming ride along beautiful valleys enclosed by richly verdant hills. Twice we crossed "that ancient river, the river Kishon," † intersecting the Plain of Zabulon; and upon whose banks we saw abundance of land turtles. Passing through the town of Caifa, we lunched beneath the

* John ii.

† Biblical Researches.—Vol. iii. pp. 204–208.

‡ Judges v. 21.

spreading branches of some noble trees, upon a rising ground—which commanded a magnificent view of the calm blue waters of the Bay, and its opposite shore; where St. Jean d' Acre, and that rocky pass called the "Steps of Tyre," form the most interesting and prominent objects: We soon began to ascend the steep path that leads up to the Carmelite Convent—into which ladies are denied admittance, but find comfortable accommodation in the adjacent *Hospice*, which is quite new and still unfinished. The apartments are lofty and spacious, with large windows looking out upon the splendid Bay of Caifa. In the centre of the room where we sit, is a round table covered with books and pamphlets. One of the fraternity—Brother Charles—is particularly kind and attentive to us. Although by birth a Neapolitan, he speaks French perfectly; has travelled a great deal, and evidently been accustomed to mix in the best society. He showed us his album; and also a book of autographs, filled with distinguished names—of which, the first I saw was that of Eliot Warburton. At dinner, Brother Charles did the honours most hospitably. Meat is strictly prohibited within these walls; but I am sure we did not require any—for the table was liberally supplied with fish, vegetables, some sweet dishes, an omelet, cheese, biscuit, and dried fruits. The monks of Mount Carmel possess a noble breed of dogs—of English parentage. They make capital sentinels, each animal having his separate nightly beat; and should one of them perchance be attacked by a stranger, his companions instantly rush to his assistance. From Nazareth, our soldier guard was deemed no longer necessary, as we have entered more peaceable districts: our present Sheikh is a strikingly handsome figure on horseback, and would make a fine portrait. The Americans *followed in our wake* this afternoon.

Friday, March 24th. We amused ourselves after breakfast in looking over the travellers' book, which bears grateful testimony to the invariable kindness and courteous bearing of these excellent monks (at present

fourteen in number); and Brother Charles is especially mentioned, over and over again, in terms of the highest praise. His offer to act as our guide, and show us the "Grotto of Elijah and Elisha," being joyfully accepted, we followed his footsteps by a winding path far down the mountain side—through ilex bushes and flowering shrubs innumerable—until we reached a large cavern, once used as a Christian chapel, but now a mosque. There are likewise several smaller caves, overhung with graceful creeping plants in picturesque festoons. The air was delightful—just sea breeze enough to temper the heat of a midday sun.

The prettily proportioned Church is quite ruined in general effect by the execrable painting of its walls and columns, intended to imitate marble. A double semicircular staircase leads up to the great altar; beneath which yawns a cave, where Elijah is said to have hidden from the presence of King Ahab. In front of this grotto are suspended three elegant silver lamps; and above one of the two side altars is a portrait of St. Theresa. This church also contains a rudely carved wooden figure of the prophet Elijah, adorned with rosaries. The Father Superior has shown Mr. T. the well stocked library of the convent; and we have purchased some phials of cordial, distilled by the monks from herbs; as well as specimens of *petrified fruit* from Elijah's garden!—brought to us by a converted Jew. The supposed site of the slaying of the Prophets of Baal* is on the south eastern slope of Mount Carmel, and much too apochryphal to be worth four or five hours' *détour*.

Saturday, March 25th. Early this morning we attended mass, to celebrate the Feast of Annunciation, at which very few were present. The kind hearted Brother Charles had coffee ready before we started; and promised to pay us a visit if he goes to Ireland within the next few years, which he said was by no means unlikely. At our request he wrote his name in each note book; but we shall not soon forget our

* 1 Kings xviii.

hospitable entertainer, who completely won our affection by his amiable manner and liberal opinions. We enjoyed a three hours' canter to St. Jean d' Acre along the hard smooth sand, crossing the Kishon where that "ancient river" falls into the bay. The injuries that Acre sustained from the English bombardment of 1840 have not yet been entirely repaired. We rode into the court-yard of an immense *khan*, where horses were kept during the siege. The people seem poor and indolent: many of the young children, with hardly a rag to cover them, wore strings of orange or lemon blossom round their necks. The day was oppressively warm, and we halted for an hour in a pleasant grove of tamarisk and lemon trees—the latter in full flower. We next came to an orchard, covering several acres of ground—which contains about five thousand orange and lemon trees—and in a few minutes one of the gardeners, aided by Vincenzo, had loaded us all with most magnificent fruit. Our encampment is on a wide plain close to the shore—near the little hamlet of Bassa, surrounded by neatly laid out gardens with cactus fences, and rich in beautiful almond blossom. The tents of some Turkish Engineer officers, going to erect a government *khan* here, are pitched not far from ours.

Sunday, March 26th. There was a heavy downpour of rain last night, and two or three showers this morning; but, to our unspeakable comfort, the day gradually cleared towards noon. We crossed a high ridge of mountain crags overhanging the sea; and dismounting at the "Steps of Tyre," walked for at least a mile over smooth and slippery rocks. From thence, a four hours delightful canter upon the firm sand—our horses feet continually washed by the foaming waves of the Mediterranean—brought us to Sour; the fallen city, "whose antiquity is of ancient days . . . the Lord hath given a command against the merchant city, to destroy the strong holds thereof." * "And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will also scrape her dust from her, and make

* Isaiah xxiii.

her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea . . . and they shall break down thy walls, and destroy thy pleasant houses : and they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water . . . thou shalt be built no more : for I the Lord hath spoken it, saith the Lord God . . . How art thou destroyed, that wast inhabited of sea-faring men, the renowned city . . . I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more ; though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God." * These prophetic words have been fulfilled to the very letter !

The wretched modern town—inhabited by fishermen—is built upon a flat and barren peninsula, formerly an island ; but united to the main land by Alexander the Great, who filled up the narrow channel with the ruins of Old Tyre, which he had *utterly razed* ! Portions of the ancient harbour, and city walls, are plainly discernible—stretching far into the sea. A countless number of granite columns lie scattered along the coast ; and Mr. T. rode for a considerable distance through the breakers to a cross-shaped rock, where yet remain some of the ancient dye pots—twenty-five feet long and twelve feet wide—containing fragments of those small Murex shells used for producing the famous Tyrian purple ! We took coffee at the house of a man who had coins and engraved stones for sale—all going on amicably until *paying time* ; when a noisy debate ensued, amid gross attempts at extortion on one side and threats of the *Basha* on the other !—but, as usual, by a judicious compromise the storm was soon over, and we parted the *best of friends* ! Vestiges of a very old Christian church of great magnitude are worthy of notice ; and we saw the British flag waving above the residence of a Consular Agent. The tobacco plant—cultivated throughout Palestine for home consumption—thrives in this neighbourhood. Before reaching Sour, we passed the Fountain of Scandarouna ; and rested

* Ezekiel xxvi.

for half an hour at the village of Râs-el-cin (*Fountain Head*), from whence Tyre was originally supplied with water. There are four large reservoirs, and the ruins of two aqueducts: tradition states that these important works were planned by King Solomon, and executed by his workmen; in gratitude for services rendered to him by Hiram, King of Tyre.* We traversed portions of a Roman road this afternoon; and encamped in a pretty valley near the sea—called Asmia. A broad stream—the ancient Leontes—spanned by a single arched bridge, flows near our tents; and a ruined *khan* crowns the summit of an adjacent hill. Some Arab Sheikh, with a number of gaily attired followers on horseback, has just taken his departure.

Monday, March 27th. A thick *burnoos* is a most inconvenient addition to one's riding apparel, although absolutely indispensable on such a journey as this—keeping its wearer both warm and dry. The morning's rain obliged us to put on these heavy cloaks; but only for a short time, as the weather afterwards became lovely. Our route was across a rich plain, partly under tillage; and we passed the village of Sarepta,† on an eminence to our right. Near Saida (Sidon)—which lies upon the north west slope of a promontory—we saw more dye pots, or cisterns, in the rocks. We rode through the modern town, where Vincenzo procured for us—coffee, sweet lemons, oranges, and indiscribable *bonbons*. The houses are larger and better built than those of Tyre; and there are numerous fruit gardens immediately beyond the walls. Sidon, the oldest city of Phœnicia, has likewise its scattered columns; and two old castles—one, of the period of the Crusades, perched upon a sea girt rock, and connected with the shore by an arched causeway; the other on high ground to the south, and is supposed to have been erected by Louis IX in 1253. Djoun, the residence of poor Lady Hester Stanhope, is situated among the mountains behind Sidon.

* Van de Velde's "Syria and Palestine."—Vol. 1. page 185. † 1 Kings xvii.

The sand was delightfully firm and smooth for riding; we waded through several bays, rivulets—and a rapid stream called the Auwly, which Dr. Robinson considers identical with the Bostremus. Our halt was at a village close to the sea, called Nebbi Yunas—where a small square building with a cupola is pointed out as Jonah's Tomb,* and the site of that striking miracle performed in the prophet's behalf.† Here is a large *khan*; also some neat gardens and a beautiful grove of fine old tamarisks, wherein we found a charming seat until the arrival of our baggage mules. Dr. Dorr and his son are again our *near neighbours*.

Tuesday, March 28th. The weather was *perfection*; and Beiroot (the ancient Berytus) appeared to great advantage as we rode along for many miles—past orchards, country houses, and extensive plantations of mulberry trees. The streets of this flourishing seaport are comparatively well paved, and the houses substantially built; particularly those of Europeans—who flock hither, attracted by the advantages of the silk trade. Several merchants, chiefly Frenchmen, have established silk factories in the Lebanon—which are thriving wonderfully—and immense quantities of the raw material are annually exported from Beiroot. We found every needful comfort at Demetri's excellent Hotel—now filled with travellers from all quarters of the globe. The apartments—surrounding open courts on different stories—are spacious, cheerful, and luxuriantly furnished. From the flat roof and higher windows we at once beheld the maze of towers and dwellings, domes and minarets at our feet; the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean; and the snowy peaks of Lebanon. At dinner we had the pleasure of meeting again some of the former acquaintances of our journey. The saloon is like a “Curiosity Shop”—hung round with antique weapons, musical instruments, female

* There is another Nebbi Yumas on the banks of the Tigris, opposite to Mosul.

† Jonah ii.

head gear, sponges with pieces of rock attached to them, &c., while the divan is spread with Damascus silks, embroidered cloaks, and cashmere shawls.

Friday, March 31st. We started on this most lovely of spring mornings about nine o'clock, and first rode through a forest of pine trees—the “Bois de Boulogne” of Beirout. We next came to an immense water tank, fed by a copious spring, at which our horses refreshed themselves; and then began a toilsome ascent of the very roughest of mountain roads that can possibly be imagined; presenting, nevertheless, glorious views of the sea; the pretty town of Beirout, with its gardens, adjacent villages, and country houses; the splendid range of lofty heights—many of them laid out in terraces, even among the steepest rocks, and richly cultivated; verdant glens and mysterious ravines; over all—the beauteous sunlights and shadows! In the foreground were sumpter mules with their tinkling bells; dogs; and horses—of whom a noble white steed, with scarlet trappings, had broken loose from his leader, and sprang unchecked from crag to crag. We passed numerous *khans*, erected in the finest and most conspicuous situations—wherein the weary wanderer and his beast of burden so gladly seek a shelter; and also met a few travelling parties on their way to Beirout—one of which consisted of the innkeeper at Damascus and his merry looking wife; the latter attired in a strange semi European costume. We rested for a short time upon the roof of a *khan*, that crowned the highest summit of a mountain ridge. The people brought us coffee—a welcome addition to our luncheon. There are innumerable streams and fountains amid these rugged cliffs, and the stones seem full of fossils. Our tents were pitched upon the top of “Khan Hossein.” The roofs of Syrian houses are generally thus constructed:—The trunks of trees are laid across like rafters, from wall to wall; over these are placed the branches, with their leaves: the entire is then filled up with

mud, and made firm and even by a stone roller, which is in constant use during the wet season.

Saturday, April 1st. Heavy rain last night, and shower after shower all morning; while, in addition to this discomfort, our track became extremely difficult and dangerous. What a thoroughfare between two great cities!

We are now traversing those wild regions so late the scene of deadly strife between the Maronite Christian and the Muslim Druse; both of which sects were originally driven by persecution to the fastnesses of the Lebanon. Their married women alike wear upon the forehead, a long, hollow, horn-shaped tube—fixed upon a pad, and projecting slightly forward. It is made of tin, copper, silver, or gold—according to the circumstances of its owner; and occasionally a gilded buffalo's horn is substituted: a long veil, thrown over this curious ornament, falls gracefully upon the shoulders. To the custom of wearing horns, many passages of Scripture are supposed to allude: viz., "Mine horn is exalted in the Lord."* "Lift not up your horn on high."† "But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn."‡

In clear weather, these mountain passes must be magnificent; but we were so completely enveloped in mist, we could scarcely see five yards before us. Snow lay deep on the ground; and at the imminent risk of serious accident, the horses were continually stumbling into unseen holes. We rode past several *khans*, and met more travellers. Fearful in truth it is, to encounter an almost interminable caravan of loaded mules, in some narrow cleft; or still worse, on a sloping ledge of rock overhanging a tremendous precipice!—and yet this frequently occurred to-day. One set of these sumpter mules—conveying a large cargo of musket stocks from Damascus to Beirout, for the Turkish government—was accompanied by an officer on horseback, with a guard of soldiers. About one o'clock the

* 1 Samuel ii. 1. † Psalm lxxv. 5; ‡ xcii. 10.

rain increased, and we gladly took refuge in "Khan Meredjed;" Vincenzo advising that we should remain here until to-morrow. The keepers of this *khan*—a strange group of hardy mountaineers—rendered us every assistance in their power; spreading clean mats for us to sit upon, and bringing us coffee, raisins, and poached eggs. As might be expected, the rest of our caravan did not arrive for some hours afterwards; approaching slowly, and in melancholy plight; men, animals, and baggage, being thoroughly drenched: the canteens had also come to grief, and sustained divers breakages of glass and china. Servants, muleteers, and the inmates of Khan Meredjed—in all about twenty people—are closely packed in one room, or rather *division*; for the now moistened roof of this building—supported by long and straight trunks of trees—would not bear the pitching of our tents; and there is no suitable spot outside—nothing but sharp rocks and uneven ground. *We* are stowed away in the centre of the building—the ordinary stable!—horses, mules, and donkeys, having been removed into the next apartment for our accommodation. Camp bedsteads, mats, carpets, camp stools, a cheerful wood fire, and—even under *these* adverse circumstances—a good dinner—have made us feel wonderfully contented. The bedding may be a little damp, but what does that signify? We are accustomed to hardships, and will take alarm at unaired sheets in an English Hotel! Some corn-jars of stone, at least five feet high, make capital *pedestals* for our saddles; and a pistol is suspended by a strap of leather from a wooden peg. The floors are of mud; and light is admitted through certain holes in the roof, pierced by torrents of rain and melting snow—or by means of opening the door. Cocks and hens walk in and out just as they please. There was a most beautiful rainbow this evening, and behind it rose the snow clad Lebanon.

Sunday, April 2nd. Shame upon the contemners of "Hydropathy!" Let them go to the Highlands of Syria, and *there* try its efficacy!

Let them see how a compulsory *douche bath* will render their bodies capable of unwonted exertion; how their appetites will be sharpened, and what cheerfulness result from such wholesome discipline! Pitter patter came the rain on our faces all night long, and only occasionally awoke us from our sound sleep when the dropping increased to a stream! By morning, we were completely soaked, and miniature lakes had formed upon our counterpanes! Vincenzo brought us each a cup of hot coffee—recommended as “Abbas Pacha’s own”—before we exchanged wet mattresses for damp clothes. The stable manure, which had been swept into one corner, served as a resting place for Mr. T.’s bedstead! Our eyes smart dreadfully from the smouldering wood, as its dense smoke can find no exit but through the door and roof holes; thus obstructing the faint glimmer of light that could enter in any case. This magnificent chamber opens upon a sort of portico, where our servants sit, enjoying their cigars, and which they have turned into both pantry and kitchen. We thoroughly relished our breakfast, and had many a merry laugh at the whole adventure. The insect tribe have not annoyed us; and therefore we unanimously pronounce our opinion that stables are preferable—under peculiar circumstances—to the abodes of human beings! Snow continuing to fall fast and thick, we crouch on carpet bags around the fire, and in vain endeavour to warm our hands and feet, or dry our garments. To make matters worse, we are informed that the stock of wood and charcoal is nearly exhausted; and that if we insist upon having more, the posts supporting this already shattered roof must be taken down and chopped up for fuel! Perhaps to-night will afford us the pleasing variety of an open bivouac! Really this excitement is very delightful, and gives such a zest to travelling! We certainly might have too much of it, but why anticipate luckless possibilities?

Monday, April 3rd. We again underwent the severe discipline of packing in wet sheets, and sleeping in a shower bath; for of course every

crevice became larger as the rain continued; and this morning we were literally *starved out*: the firing was all burnt up, and there was not a single loaf of bread left for our men to eat! No choice remained; *go we must*, in defiance of rain, snow, sleet, and hail—full in our faces! *Slosh, slosh*, went the horses through mud and swamp across an extensive plain; until, after two dreary hours we reached Khan Madje, almost perished with cold; and sought temporary shelter in a small room with a blazing charcoal fire. The people were exceedingly civil; helping us to dry our clothes, and giving us coffee, roasted beans, and raisins. In the meantime, Bettuni, the muleteer, was dispatched to the village of Madje—about a mile further—to ascertain whether a couple of rooms could be procured; as all chance of travelling was at an end for *to-day*. Bettuni soon returned with favourable tidings, and we are established in a good sized room; while the owners of this house, and our servants—of whom Mohammed and Bekéeh suffer fearfully from the cold—are located *next door*. Alas! we may expect disturbed slumbers; but still we must be very thankful to find a refuge in such miserable weather. A number of women came round us the instant we arrived; evidently wishing to be kind and attentive, as well as to gratify their curiosity. Our hostess is a Nubian, and—like *all* Nubians—her behaviour is particularly obliging, and she seems most anxious to make us comfortable. Salvo and Mohammed have spread our mattresses upon mats and carpets, the canvas of our bedsteads being completely soaked: we have therefore no chance of escaping the attacks of insect tormentors. The fireplace is a stone horse-shoe shaped receptacle, fixed in the mud floor, and we gladly avail ourselves of its warmth. Madje is inhabited by Rajah Christians. Provisions are as dear this winter in Syria as elsewhere: at Beiroot, for instance, the price of butter is raised to two shillings a pound, and turkeys cost twelve shillings a piece!

Tuesday, April 4th. An excessively wet night was succeeded by one of those days of uncertainty, so common in our own country; with intervals of cessation from snow or rain, an occasionally breaking sky, and then—as if in mockery—the storm suddenly bursts out again with greater violence than before. A gap in the outer wall enables dogs, cats, and poultry to pass to and fro *ad libitum*; and a donkey, who could not understand our having so coolly taken possession of his bedchamber, has just paid us a visit by walking into the room and looking round him for a moment—doubtless amazed at our impertinence! To the dogs we are especially unwelcome: they come growling to the door, and seem very angry at our intrusion. Vincenzo truly says that “the fleas are in thousand millions!”

Wednesday, April 5th. On an average, we have perhaps had half an hour's sleep during the last two nights. Oh! the fleas!! Tossing, tossing, the night through; and wondering whether those faint streaks of light, near the half closed door and window, could proceed from the moon's rays or welcome break of morning: but dawn came *at last*, and brought the promise of a finer day. I believe we should have braved the worst weather that can be imagined, rather than endure a *third* night of such misery, and we were ready to start soon after five o'clock. In about an hour—when we had reached the extremity of a vast plain—a heavy shower of rain and sleet made us fear a renewal of troubles. Our lucky star prevailed, however, and we were speedily cheered by a bright sunshine. We now entered upon a rugged mountain track; frequently crossing large patches of deep snow, without a single footprint to guide Vincenzo's vigilant and unerring perception, which was never at fault one moment as to the right course. As time wore on we traversed rocky heights, sequestered valleys, and a beautiful ravine—all alike thickly covered with snow. We rested at the village of Damas, and soon came to the winding banks of a broad and rapid river—the “Pharpar” *

* 2 Kings v. 12.

of Scripture, now called the Barrada ; making a second halt at a pretty *khan*, shaded by trees, where we had coffee and *Halva*—a curious sweetmeat that looks like mortar. From thence we immediately began to ascend a remarkably steep and barren hill of limestone ; at whose summit we obtained a charming view of the fairy city of Damascus, lying in the midst of a widely extended plain of the richest verdure, studded with villages, and watered by the “Abana and Pharpar,” which here divide into innumerable streams. We rode for miles past gardens and orchards, abounding in every variety of fruit tree, particularly apricots (*mish mish*). Apartments were ready for us at a large hotel—built, in the usual Eastern fashion, round an open court with a great fountain in the centre, and a raised divan at one end. We have had the refreshment of a Turkish bath, iced creams, coffee, and a good dinner.

Thursday, April 6th. The clean beds of this hotel secured us a night's rest, of which recent experience has taught us the full value ; and after breakfast we were able to enjoy a walk through the far famed Bazaars ; wherein the gold and silken stuffs, arms, and rich embroidery, make a gorgeous display. We had greatly admired the *tout ensemble* yesterday, when, as way worn travellers, we passed along those busy streets. One immense building, originally a *khan*, is now used as an emporium for carpets, silks, and cashmeres.

Friday, April 7th. The landlord of this hotel—an Arab Christian—is a dealer in all sorts of Damascus wares, and has likewise his own loom for weaving silk : therefore, according to promise, we went to his house very early this morning ; and saw, not merely the contents of his *magasin*, but also the wife and sister of our host—who are both young, equally pretty, and wore splendid ornaments of emeralds and diamonds on their heads. They seemed goodnatured respectable people, showed us their needlework, offered pipes, and gave us coffee. We then walked through the Weavers' Quarter, where silks are woven by a similar process to that of making

Irish tabinets: the men thus employed receive twelve, and children six piastres a day. In one of the Greek churches are some fine portraits of our Saviour and the Virgin Mary, painted by an Italian artist. Thence to St. Paul's Gate; near which is shown the house of Ananias,* at present a Roman Catholic chapel; and beyond the Gate, is that part of the city wall where Paul was "let down in a basket." The traditionary site of the apostle's conversion is also pointed out. We were then taken "into the street which is called Straight," and saw the pretended "house of Judas." Damascus—the oldest city in the world; and first mentioned in Holy Writ as the birthplace of Eliezer, Abraham's steward†—contains several fragments of Roman edifices. The house of Naaman ‡ (?) is converted into a Christian Leper Hospital.

Saturday, April 8th. This morning was devoted to visiting some of the richest Jewish families of Damascus; the exterior of whose dwellings presents no greater attraction than an ugly blank wall, and a shabby portal—which leads, however, into a spacious marble court adorned with a magnificent *jet d' eau*, and tastefully planted with flowering shrubs and orange trees. The apartments are lofty, well proportioned, and gorgeously luxuriant. Esther Hawári, so renowned for her beauty, was fast asleep on a divan when we entered; but quickly roused herself, and did the honours of her house very courteously. She has just succeeded, after many years' trial, in obtaining a divorce from her insane husband. All the ladies whom we visited were splendidly attired—even to their clogs, or pattens—loaded with jewels, and to a certain degree prepossessing in manner. They are naturally pretty, but that odious custom of pulling out the eyebrows and painting a dark line straight across, would spoil the handsomest face in the world: besides, they have a silly expression of countenance, resulting from total want of education, and not having an idea beyond eating and drinking, smoking, dress, or gossiping. They

* Acts ix.

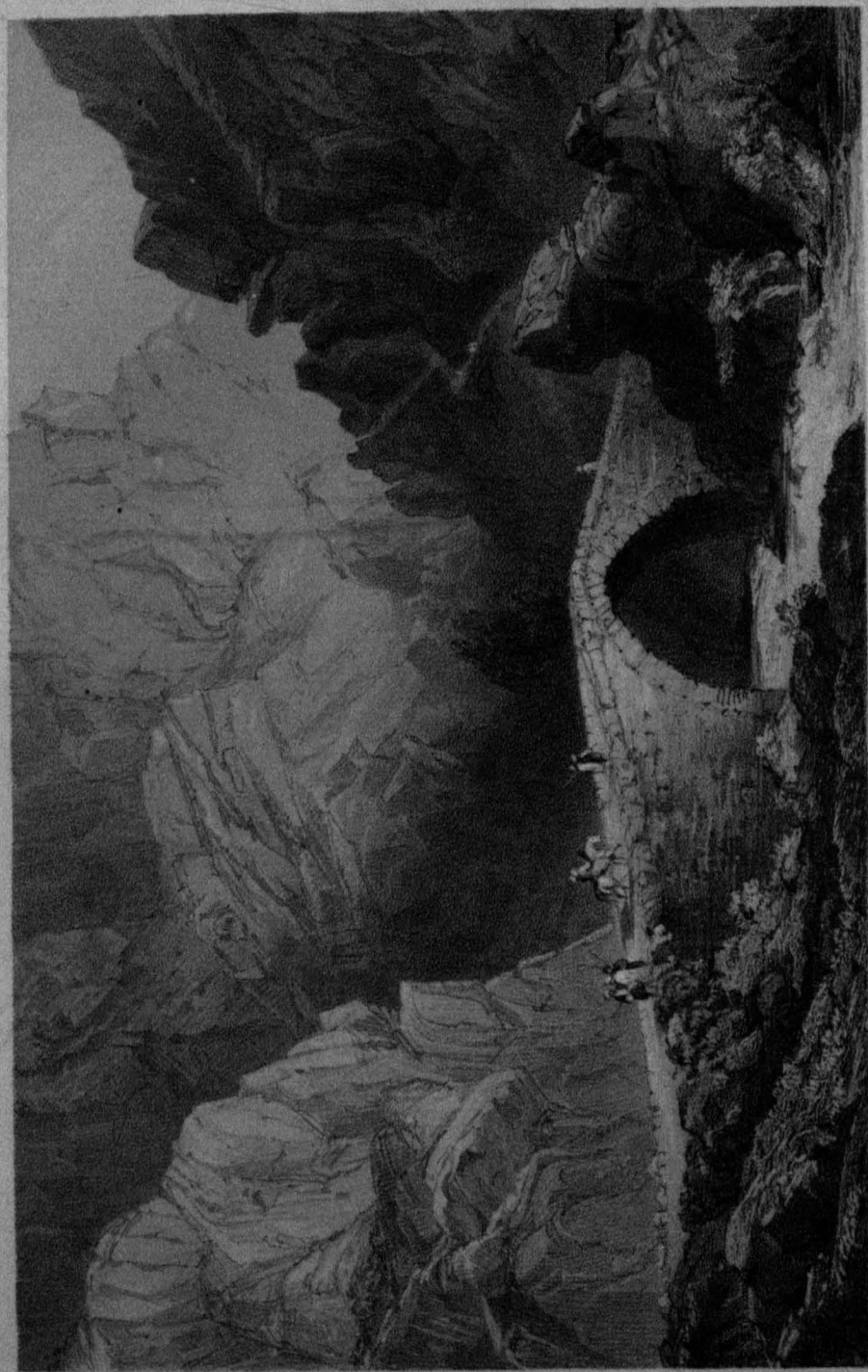
† Genesis xv. 2.

‡ 2 Kings v.

are too lazy to take off their clothes at night; and only change them once a month, when they go to the bath! We found one lady lying on a divan, indisposed; while her husband, attired in a brocaded satin dressing-gown, walked about the room reading prayers aloud in Hebrew. Of course we wished instantly to retire; but they would not allow it, and absolutely compelled us to sit down for a few minutes. A female servant in attendance upon the invalid was showily dressed in silk and embroidery, and loaded with gold ornaments; her eyelids were stained with *kohl*. Married sons or daughters frequently continue to reside under the same roof with their parents. We accompanied Mrs. Porter, the wife of an English clergyman, to a Mohammedan *hareem*; but, unfortunately, the chief lady had gone out, and left the rest of the household under lock and key!

The British Consulate is by far the prettiest dwelling house I have seen in the East, though not so rich in carving and gilding as those of the wealthy Damascene Jews. The Consul (Mr. Wood) is remarkably clever and gentlemanlike, and appears to fill his post with satisfaction to everybody. His lady is a most attractive young person; and both are equally desirous of showing kindness to strangers wherever they can. Mrs. Wood told me she had this day been choosing a Muslim bride of twelve years old for a bridegroom of sixteen—quite an antiquated couple for Damascus! Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Porter kindly went with us to the bazaars, and by their knowledge of Arabic greatly facilitated our purchases.

Sunday, April 9th. This lovely morning increased our regret at leaving Damascus, where we would willingly have prolonged our stay. We were escorted to the city gate by a *kawass*, sent by order of Mr. Wood, and once more enjoyed the sight of those fruitful gardens—the theme of every Eastern traveller's warmest praise. The first hour of to-day's journey we retraced our former route, and again beheld that noble view of Damascus



Day & Son, Litho & Col. Queen

PASS OF SOOC BARRADA

Engraved by J. H. B. from a drawing by J. H. B.