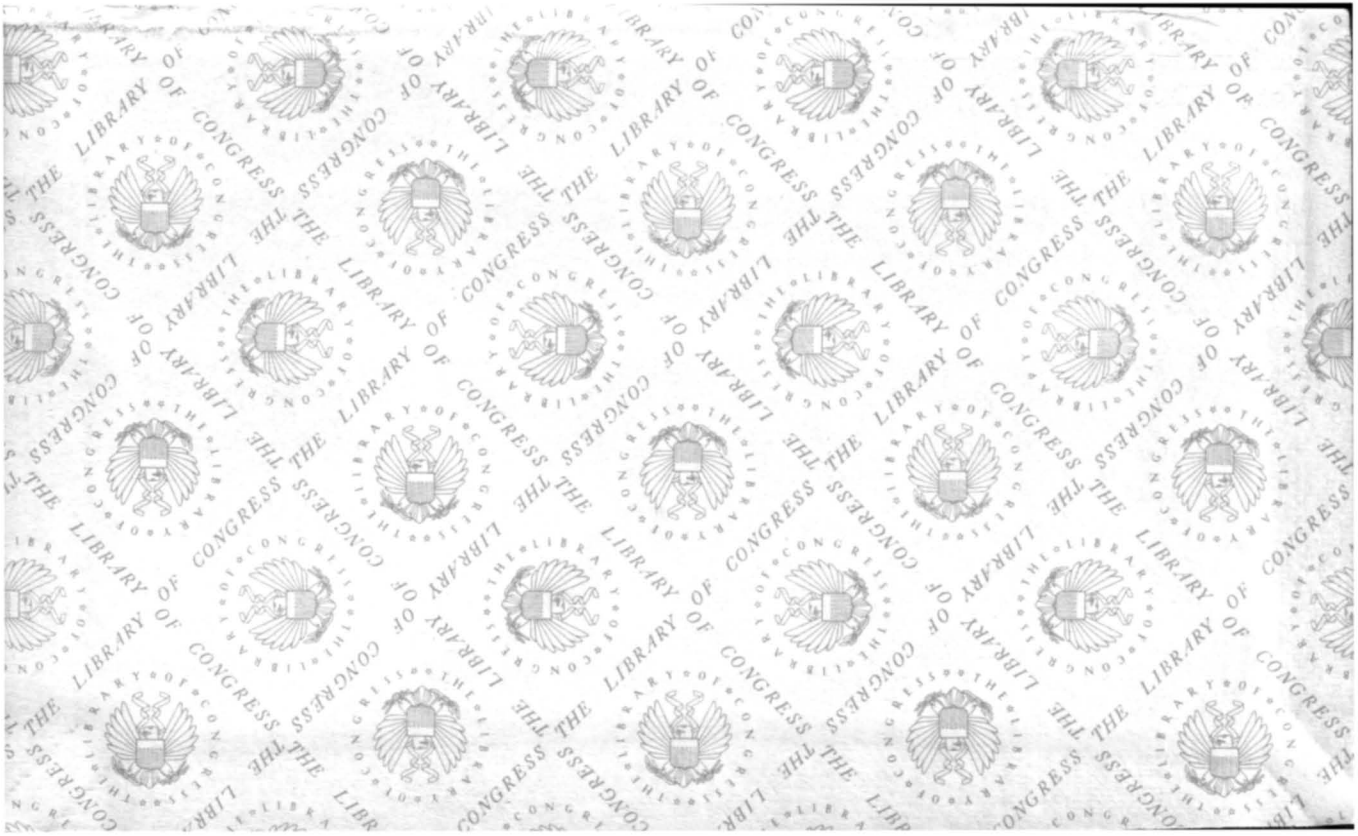
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WADY MOKATTEB OR THE WRITTEN VALLEY.

WANDERINGS

IN

THE LAND OF ISRAEL

AND THROUGH

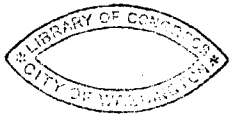
THE WILDERNESS OF SINAI,

IN 1850 AND 1851.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE INSCRIPTIONS IN WADY MOKATTEB,
OR THE WRITTEN VALLEY.

BY THE
REV. JOHN ANDERSON,
FREE CHURCH, HELENSBURGH,
AUTHOR OF 'PENCILLINGS IN PALESTINE,' ETC. ETC.

"Over the Promised Land, to God so dear,
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beer-seba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore."



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WALKS AND WANDERINGS

IN

THE LAND OF ISRAEL.

CHAPTER I.

TRIESTE, VENICE, AND ATHENS.

"HE that will pass over the sea," says an old English traveller, "to go to the city of Jerusalem, may go by many ways, according to the country that he cometh from." At present there are three routes, which may be called the great highways from England to the East. The first is through France, the second by sea, and the third through Germany. Having fixed on the last on the 22nd October, 1849, along with two young friends,[1] bound like myself for Holy Palestine, I left Dover at eleven, P.M., and at five on the following morning landed in Ostend Passing through Brussels, Hanover, Berlin, and Vienna, on the 12th November we arrived at Trieste.

As there was no steamer for Athens for several days, we resolved to cross the Gulf and see Venice. On the morning of the 14th we were on the waters of the Adriatic. In about four hours after starting, Venice, the most picturesque, and, in the distance, most beautiful of cities, rose upon our view. Steering up the lagoons, or wide and shallow arms of the sea, by which it is surrounded, we ran aground. It was not long till we were surrounded by crowds of gondolas, in one of which we were floated swiftly and silently into Danielli's Hotel, near the Doge's Palace. Venice is like no other city in the world. It is built on upwards of seventy islands, and is

[1] Mr. David Johnston Macfie, Greenock; and Mr. James Stewart, Glasgow. We were joined at Cairo by Mr. John Robertson, Glasgow.

connected by nearly five hundred bridges. One of these is the famous Rialto, so called from its height. It consists of a single arch, 43 feet wide, and 147 feet long. Here, in her proud and princely days, her merchants were wont to congregate to enquire the news, and, their minds "tossing on the ocean" with their rich and portly argosies, to talk of "monies and of usances." The Rialto still remains, and crowds come and go upon it at every hour of the day; but the merchants congregate there no longer, nor does any one ask, "What news on the Rialto" now. "Venice," says an old writer, "lies in the water which fences and feeds her." The water still fences, but it has ceased to feed her. Few are the gallant ships which sweep her waters, and few the rich argosies which now enter her harbours. Her palaces, of which no city in the world has more, are deserted; and beautiful as the city is, it every where exhibits the taint and traces of decay. Though no longer great, numerous are the monuments and memorials she still preserves of the days of her greatness, when she was called the Rome of the Waters, and was looked to as the bulwark of Europe "'gainst the Ottomite." Of these may be mentioned the Church of St. Mark, the square which bears his name, one of the grandest in Europe, the Doge's Palace, the Winged Lions, the bronze horses brought by the Doge Dandelo from Constantinople, when that city was taken in 1204 by the Venetians; the Arsenal, where, amid the proud trophies of the Republic, may be seen a Turkish banner taken in the great sea fight of Lepanto, and a perfect heap of muskets and scimitars from Damascus; and last, but not least in sad interest, the State Prison, and its memorable, melancholy, "Bridge of Sighs." In the portico of St. Mark's, there is a stone pointed out, on which, it is said, the neck of Frederick Barbarossa the First, Emperor of Germany, rested, when Pope Alexander III. placed his foot upon it, repeating the words of the psalm, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder."

> "In that temple's porch
> Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off,
> And, kneeling, on his neck receive the foot
> Of the proud pontiff."

This singular spectacle, so illustrative of the pretensions and

the spirit of Popery, took place in 1177, in the presence of the Doge, the bishops and their clergy, and a numerous train of the citizens.

Of the inner life of the Venetians, we did not of course see much. We saw numerous traces of the siege which they had lately suffered, and in which they displayed so many proofs of their ancient and indomitable courage, "making good," it has been said, "their claim to join the communion of the noble and the free States of the earth," if indeed any people can ever be regarded as such, who, whatever be their hatred of the tyranny of princes, submit to the still worse tyranny of the Papacy, a tyranny at once of the body and the soul.

We returned on the 30th to Trieste. It was a day of thanksgiving to the Virgin Mary for having removed the cholera from the city. The shops were shut, and all business for the day was suspended. At ten there was a procession. At the head of it went the priests, carrying the Host, followed by a gigantic image of the Madonna and her child; after them, for a mile and more in length, came a long train of the people clothed in white, and carrying candles. The procession went to the Church of the Jesuits, where High Mass was sung. As not a tithe of the people could find admission, they proceeded to other churches, where priests were in attendance, and where masses were said or sung for the souls of those who had died of the plague. On the return of the procession, I took up my station at the corner of a street where it was expected to pass. On the approach of the image, some of the boards which supported it gave way, and the great wooden image, with its gaudy dress, and ochre painted cheeks, was lowered to the ground where I stood. Every head was instantly uncovered, and many fell on their knees. Seeing me with my hat on, several cried out, "Take off your hat." I asked, "Why?" "Why!" they exclaimed, "do you not see the Madonna?" I was nearly saying with Knox on a similar occasion, "Madonna! it is no Madonna, but a pented brodd;" but I merely said, "I do not believe in the Madonna: I am a Protestant." This only made them the more furious, and they cried out, louder than before, "Take off your hat!" I then said, thinking that this would satisfy them, "I am an Englishman; I believe in

Christ, but I tell you, I do not believe in, nor worship the Madonna." It was in vain; looks became fiercer, and voices wilder, till the attention of the national guard was attracted, several of whom began to force their way through the crowd to where I stood. Seeing this, and to prevent any further uproar, I withdrew, but with my hat on, thus far making good my protest against the worship of Mary and her image, the "pented brodd."

That afternoon we left Trieste for Athens. Next morning at daybreak, we saw on the left the mountains of Albania, the Highlands of Greece. Though belonging now to Austria and Turkey, Albania was originally part of Greece, and contained Dalmatia, Illyria, and Macedonia, places frequently mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, and visited by Paul in his travels. Illyricum was one of the uttermost parts of the then known world, and it was not without reason that Paul exulted in having "preached the Gospel from Jerusalem round about unto Illyricum."[1] On the morning of the 25th, the Lord's day, we reached Corfu, where we went ashore and heard sermon. On returning to the ship, the crowds we saw in the streets, consisting chiefly of English sailors and Greeks, natives of Corfu, and, from the opposite coast,

> "The wild Albanian, kirtled to his knee,
> And crimson scarfed men of Macedon,"

the strange language of the latter, and the profane language of the former, the shops, taverns, and offices, told but too plainly how little the Sabbath was remembered to be kept holy in Corfu. After leaving Corfu, we had rough weather: from morning to night, and from night to morning, the steamer, which was a new vessel, and had little or no cargo, pitched and rolled about wildly; the engine whistled, the timbers shrieked, and on she went, crashing and smashing at every stroke, as if forcing her way through fields of ice. At last however, the wind and wave went down, the sun shone brightly out, and we reached Syra in smooth water. Here we learned we had a quarantine to perform of six days: this was far from being agreeable news, and at first we resolved to

[1] Romans, xv, 19.

go on to Smyrna, and leave Athens, "Yarrow-like, unvisited." Next to Rome, however, which I had seen, and Jerusalem, which I was on my way to see, it had been my desire to see Athens; I had come this way and thus far to see it, and rather than be disappointed, we agreed at last to submit to the delay, and to endure the horrors of the Lazaretto. Most travellers who have had occasion to mention the Lazaretto at Syra, speak of its peculiar privations. "Roughing it," says one, "with the Arabs on the Nile, and the Bedouins of the Desert, is a life of comfort and luxury, compared with what is experienced here." It was certainly miserable enough, and speaks little for the justice or humanity of the Greek government, who keep it up not so much for sanitary protection, as a pecuniary speculation. But,

"Come what may,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day."

Sitting on the shore by day, with the blue waves of the Archipelago at our feet, and the Isles of Greece before and around us, and thinking of home and friends over the hills and far away, we were kept from wearying; and thinking by night of him who had learned in whatsoever state he was therewith to be content, and of a greater than he, of Him who had not where to lay his head, we were kept from murmuring. One source of amusement we had in comparing, with the help of an old guardiano, who followed us like our shadow, the ancient with the modern Greek, some words and phrases of which we added to our stock of knowledge, which were of use to us afterwards; and if we learned little else in the Lazaretto, we learned at least to ask for what we wanted in good Romaic, or modern Greek.

Though it has an imposing appearance from the sea, Syra has no streets or buildings worthy of notice. It resembles a Highland clachan, or collection of boothies, more than a modern European town. It is built on the face of a hill, and the houses rise in terraces to the top. Every man seems his own architect, and builds his house not only with his own hands, but after his own head. Some of them have only three walls, the hill forming a wall behind. Many have no windows, and in some the window is merely a hole in the wall. The

principal street is near the harbour, and runs along the shore. Here there are some good shops, with the names of their owners in modern Greek above the doors. I stumbled here on a book shop, or rather store. I say stumbled, as it had no window, and I am not sure if the worthy bibliopole had even a sign. His store was crammed with books, chiefly Greek and French. I am not sure that I discovered any in English. I saw however the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' in Greek. Rude though the copies were, and ruder still though the cuts were by which they were adorned, and in which Christian and Hopeful, Robinson and Friday figured, this tribute to English piety and genius made up for the want of books in the English language. The old bookseller had a little boy who was at school, and who, when he came into the shop, brought with him his grammar. I astonished him by repeating part of the Greek verb, τυπτω. I made him read to me in Greek, and explain in Italian the words I did not understand. The little scholar was delighted to find himself thus transformed into a schoolmaster, and the old man was flattered by the homage paid to the talents of his son, and in this way I won his heart. After this I was suffered to turn up all the books in his store, and even to lower their price with impunity. I spent some hours every day in his store, and would have spent some hours in the evenings also, but the old man was evidently on the side of the "Early Movement," for his shop was regularly shut at four, P.M., and not opened till nine on the following day. I discovered another bookseller in the same street, but I did not take to this bookseller as I did to Demetrius Gouras, for such I think was the name of the old bookseller at Syra. I brought some of his books home, and as I look at them, very pleasant are the recollections they suggest of the old man and his little son. I visited several of the schools, which were well attended, well taught, and kept in excellent order. I examined a class of boys in History: they answered promptly and correctly, as the following instances will show:

MYSELF.—Who was Socrates?

BOYS.—An Athenian and a philosopher.

MYSELF.—Who was Epaminondas?

BOYS.—A Theban, and a great captain.

MYSELF.—Who was Aristides, and what was he remarkable for?

BOYS.—An Athenian and a captain, who fought at Marathon; for his love of justice, surnamed the Just.

MYSELF.—Who was Demosthenes?

BOYS.—An Athenian, and a great orator.

MYSELF.—Who was Jesus Christ?

BOYS.—The Son of God, and the Saviour of the world.

I then said a few words to them, in which I exhorted them to imitate Socrates in wisdom, Epaminondas in courage, Aristides in his love of justice, Demosthenes in eloquence, and Jesus Christ in every thing. They exclaimed, Καλη, Καλη, Good, Good! and said that they would. I was much pleased with the appearance of these Greek boys, and with the attention paid to their education, which I regard as one of the most hopeful things in Greece. The Americans have a mission here, and their schools are, I was told, in a state of great efficiency, but these I did not visit.

On the evening of the 6th December, we left Syra for Athens. Next morning I rose at half-past five, and went on deck. The stars were still in the sky. The deck was covered with passengers, fast asleep, some wrapped up in their fleecy capotes, and some on beds, which in this country, as well as in the East, they carry about with them. At seven we reached the Piræus, which is to Athens what Leith is to Edinburgh. Elias Polichronopoulos, the master of the Hotel D'Angleterre in Athens, in his snow white Albanian dress, came alongside the steamer in a small boat, in which we went ashore, and in a few minutes were rolling along the highway to Athens. A lofty object, rising in the clear blue sky, soon attracts our sight. It needs no one to say what that conspicuous object is: it is the Acropolis! We drive to the Hotel, and in less than half an hour we are standing on the Areopagus, that memorable hill, from which Paul delivered his matchless sermon to the "men of Athens."[1] Mars' Hill is to the north-west of the Acropolis, and considerably lower, but almost close beside it. We then ascended the Acropolis, where, wandering amid its ruins, and surveying in silent admiration the Propylæum, Parthenon,

[1] Acts, xvii, 22.

Erechtheum, and Temple of Victory, these marvellous remains of ancient art, we spent the greater part of the day. Next day, along with George Finlay, Esq., a distinguished countryman of our own, the able historian of 'Greece under the Romans,' we ascended the Lycabettus, from which we looked down upon a scene of great natural beauty, every feature of which was linked with some of the great deeds of the Athenian people. Athens lay immediately below, the Piræus and sea in the distance. Salamis, with its forked hills, from which the Persian king surveyed the fight so humbling to his pride, and so fatal to his power, was on the right. On the left were two small islands, on which the Persian ships not destroyed in the battle, ran aground; the Hymettus, and the valley of the Ilyssus, where still, though small and shrunk, it

"Rolls its whispering stream."

On the extreme right rose the mountain range of Parnes, famed for its wines, embosomed among whose hills is Eleusis, still more famous for its mysteries, its games, and its great popular gatherings. Behind us were Pentelicus, with its marble quarries, and the high rocky ground with its white path leading to Marathon. Between us and Mount Parnes lay the long vale of the Cephisus, now covered with olives, once with houses, when Athens contained 100,000 souls. The next morning, as the sun rose over the Hymettus, saw me again on the Acropolis, surveying, with growing admiration, the marvels of art which crown that celebrated height. The Parthenon was originally a temple, and was dedicated to Minerva Parthenos, "the Virgin;" hence its name. It has eight columns in front, and sixteen on each of the sides; there is a remarkable curve in the pillars, which has only lately been discovered, which may account for the fact that all the imitations of the Parthenon have hitherto been unsuccessful. When Paul preached on Mars' Hill, the city as it then existed, with its temples, pillars, statues, and altars, and among others that with the inscription "To the Unknown God" rose beneath, and covered the heights around and above him. It was to these temples, four of which remain to the present day, he alluded, and perhaps pointed, when he said "God that made the world and

all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands."[1] Not far from the Areopagus or Mars' Hill, is a hill, or rocky eminence, called the Pnyx. Here the Athenians held their public meetings, and here the orators addressed the people. Seats in the rocks are yet visible, and the *Bema*, or rostrum, on the top of the rock commanding a view of the Piræus behind, and Athens before, is yet pointed out, from which the orators spoke. From that rock rolled the "resistless eloquence" which

> "Wielded at will the fierce democracy,
> Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece
> To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

The most perfect of the Athenian temples is that of Theseus, at the foot of Mars' Hill. "Such," as has been justly and beautifully remarked, "is the integrity of this structure, and the distinctness of its details, it requires no description, and its beauty defies one. The solid yet graceful form is admirable, and the loveliness of its colouring is such, that it looks as if it had been quarried, not from the bed of a rocky mountain, but from the golden light of an Athenian sunset."

But I have said enough of Athens as a place, let me now say a few words as to the character of its people. Nominally the Greeks are Christians. They disown the supremacy of the Pope, but though a distinct Church from that of Rome, between their creeds there is not any great or essential difference. They hold the Mass, have seven Sacraments, and pray to and for the Dead. There is little or no preaching in their Churches. Their public worship consists of Masses, Psalms, and Prayers, which priests, deacons, and boys chant, and which they do not chant well. They disclaim the worship of images, but they permit the use and practise the worship of pictures. These, especially those of the Virgin, they carry to the beds of the sick, and miraculous cures are said to be wrought by them. Their religion is little more than a mere mariolatry; they address her as the "Mother of God," and one of their fasts is in honour of "Saint Anna the Mother of the Mother of God:" this is worse than any thing in the Church of Rome itself.

[1] Acts, xvii, 24.

"When I have seen," says an eminent minister of the Church of England, "the peasant or shepherd from Parnes or Hymettus, kneeling before the picture of the Virgin; when I have observed the relaxation of his swarthy features and the earnestness of his attitude and countenance, I have found it hard to repress the belief that he is, in fact, animated by the very same hopes and faith in respect to the figure to which his eyes and prayers are directed, as were wont to inflame the piety of his pagan ancestor, when he worshipped before the statue of Minerva." The conduct of the people is far from being always even outwardly decorous in the Church. I have heard of a Bishop who threatened one of his hearers, that if he would not be quiet he would strike him, which, coming down from the pulpit, he did with his pastoral rod in the presence of the congregation. From which we may see, that when writing to the Greeks, it was not without reason that Paul said "a bishop must not be soon angry, no striker."[1] Generally the people stand in the most superstitious awe and dread of the priests. Believing them to be the successors of the Apostles, however much they may have cause to despise their character, they dread their anathemas. Should a man die in a state of excommunication, they believe that his soul remains in his body, and is consigned with it to the grave, which it cannot leave till the sentence is loosed, and he is reconciled to the Church, for which the priest must be applied to, and liberally paid. They have numerous Saints' days, on which they will not work for any consideration; but with all their respect for Saints' days, they have little or none for the Lord's Day. Returning from the English Protestant Church, I observed the shops, markets, and cafés, open as on other days, and that the last were more crowded with men, drinking, smoking, and gambling, on this day than on others. While the common people were carousing in the cafés, the King and Queen and higher classes were in what may be called the Hyde Park of Athens, promenading. Much has been done to improve the character and condition of the Athenians, and by none more than by the Missionaries of England and America, but with little success. Athens has no fine streets, and few fine buildings. It has several excellent

[1] Titus, i, 7.

public institutions, among which deserves to be mentioned the Public or National Library, containing upwards of 40,000 volumes, many of them rare and splendid editions. I saw little in the Athenian people to love or admire, but I left the place, as every one must do, with regret; and as I gazed on it for the last time, so marked by nature, and every spot of which has been made illustrious by great historical transactions, my heart's desire and prayer for its people was, that they might soon become as distinguished for piety and virtue, as they have ever and eminently been for patriotism and valour.

CHAPTER II

FROM ATHENS TO ALEXANDRIA.

On the 11th December we went on board the Austrian steamer at the Piræus. On the afternoon of the 13th we reached Smyrna, the ancient capital of Ionia, now called by the Turks Ismir. As we sailed up its beautiful bay, and as the hills on which it is built, and by which it is engirdled, rose on the sight, I was reminded of Camsail Bay, in the Gareloch.

This was the first Oriental town I had seen. On entering it I was not long in discovering that what the poet has said of places in general is true of eastern countries in particular:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

The streets of Smyrna are narrow; they have no footpaths, and are crowded with men, donkeys, and camels, long trains of which may be seen stalking slowly along, staggering under mountains of carpets and cotton. We made our way to a hotel in the Frank quarter. Early next morning my fellow-travellers went out in search of a Turkish bath. While they were enjoying its pleasures, or to speak more truly, were enduring its pains, I was exploring the bazaars, and from the Acropolis was surveying the city. Looking on the surrounding scene, the sea and shore, the hills and vales, mosques, minarets, and cypress groves, clothed with the golden exhalations of the dawn, I acknowledged it was not without reason that Smyrna had been called "The Lovely, the Crown of Ionia, and the Jewel of Asia." I counted twenty minarets, but the number of the mosques is said to be twenty-four. As in all Turkish towns, in Smyrna the cemeteries are remarkable for their number and extent. From a superstitious fear of disturbing the dead, the Moslems never bury

more than one in a single grave. The monuments are generally upright stones, those of the men having on the top the appearance of a turban; those of the women are sharp and pointed. They are inscribed with verses from the Koran,[1] painted in gilded letters on a black or green surface. Once a week, generally on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, the Turks go to the churchyards, not to weep, for that they never do for the dead, but to ornament the tombs; and while they are doing this, they sing and chant in a wild and monotonous manner. The population of Smyrna is estimated at 150,000, of which 60,000 are Turks, 50,000 Greeks, and the rest Jews, Armenians, and Franks of all nations. The different nations have different quarters. Those of the Turks and Franks are the best, that of the Jews the worst. The Jews in Smyrna have the appearance of a despised and afflicted people. The persecutors of Christians in the early ages of Christianity, by Turks and Christians in Smyrna they have been persecuted in their turn. At the present day the Turks and Christians, it is said, though I saw no instance of this, may strike and beat a Jew in the streets with impunity. Instead of bells the Mohammedans have persons called Mueddins, who, ascending the first or second gallery of the minaret, call the people to prayer. The Adan, or call to prayer, is chanted five times daily. The first at the Maghrib, or sunset, when the Mohammedan day commences; the second at the Eshe, when the last streak of day has vanished; the third at the Subh, or dawn; the fourth at the Dhur, or noon; and the fifth at five in the afternoon, or midtime between noon and night. At day-break the Mueddin calls "God is great: there is no God but God. I testify that Mohammed is the Prophet of God. Come to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep. Come to security. There is no God but God." At noon he says, "Come to prayer. Prayer is better than food. Come to prayer." As the call to prayer is uttered in a wild and wailing tone, when heard at night rolling from minaret to minaret in the heart of a large city, it has a strange and startling effect upon the ear. On Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, we went to the principal mosque. On entering it we put off our shoes. It was a large circular building, round which

[1] Pronounced Kurawn, from Kara, to teach.

the worshippers were seated on the floor, leaving the centre vacant. An Imam, or minister, chanted prayers from the Koran, during which the people bowed their heads to the ground. It had no paintings, images, or ornament of any kind: a testimony so far to the spirituality of God. The hatred to Christians, though much abated, is not yet dead among the followers of the false prophet. As we stood looking on, some boys in the gallery kept pointing to us with the finger, and with frowning faces made signs to us to leave the mosque. We kept our places, however, till a "bow-wab," or doorkeeper, came and told us it was contrary to the law to permit Christians to be present during public worship, on hearing which we withdrew. The Mohammedans say that Adam was created on Friday, and that the resurrection is to take place on that day; and for these reasons they keep it as their Sabbath. There were no women in the mosque, and though they are not expressly forbidden to enter one, what is equivalent, they are enjoined by the Prophet to pray on the Sabbath at home, which few of them, it is said, do.

Smyrna was one of the seven cities that contended for the honour of being the birth-place of Homer. It was the seat of one of the seven Apocalyptic Churches, and had addressed to it an inspired Epistle. Philadelphia and Smyrna had the fewest faults found with them of the seven, and they are the only two from which "the candlestick" has not been removed. It is usual to make the tour of the Seven Churches from Smyrna, which is done in five or six days. We had a strong desire to make it, but want of time, and hearing that some English travellers, a few days before, had been robbed on the way to Ephesus, we gave up our intentions. We stood on the green hill where Polycarp suffered, when "Smyrna the Lovely" was stained with the blood of the saints. The mosque now rises where the the church of Polycarp stood; but even in infidel Ismir, the memory of the martyr has not yet passed away.

On embarking for Alexandria we found several Americans among the passengers. Popery became the subject of conversation. I made some remarks to an English officer on the inconsistency of Papists claiming a right to build churches in our cities, while they refused us the liberty of building them in theirs. Here one of the Americans in a tone of excitement said,

"We, sir, are Papists, as you call us." I said I was sorry to hear it, but that I should be glad to hear how he would explain or defend the inconsistency. The conversation that followed I need not relate. It ended in my saying to him, "All this only seems to convince me of what I had indeed but a shrewd suspicion before: that whatever love a Papist or Roman Catholic, as you preferred to be called, has for liberty, he has for the Pope and Popery a thousand times more!" After this there was little talk between the Americans and me.

The islands of the Archipelago, which are fifty-three in number, consist of two groups: the Cyclades, or *Circular*, and the Sporades, or *Scattered*. Of the latter we had passed two, Mytilene and Scio, one of the reputed birth-places of Homer, called from this,

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 15th we were passing "the isle that is called Patmos." It may be more easily imagined than described with what interest we gazed on those lonely shores which once listened to the voices, and on those silent mountain tops, which were once bright with the visions of heaven! Patmos, or as it is now called Patino, has a population of 6,000 souls. It has several churches and schools. On the highest point of the island there is a monastery called the Monastery of St. John, which has a library of a thousand volumes, of which nearly two hundred are in manuscript. The inhabitants belong to the Greek Church. St. John is the favourite saint of the Levantine sailors; and many a journey is taken to, and many a bead is told before, and many an offering hung upon, and from the deck of the ship many a look is cast, in the calm and in the storm, towards that island-shrine. As we skirted along its shores we saw Ephesus, or rather its ruins, far away on our left. Our attention was this day drawn to a Mohammedan, who was saying his prayers on the deck! Spreading beneath him his segadeh, or prayer carpet, he put his hands on his knees, and turning his face towards Mecca, he kneeled down and three times kissed the deck. He then engaged in prayer for a few minutes, and went through the same form again. This he did for more than half an hour, during which he kept his eyes open. It had perhaps been better that they

had been shut; for, while thus engaged, a dog continued to gambol about him, which more than once, and highly enraged, he drove away with blows and curses, and returned to his prayers again. In the afternoon, seeing him reading a book, a rare thing for a Moslem[1] to do, I asked him what book it was. He said it was the Koran. I asked him to be allowed to look into it, but he refused. I did not know then that Moslems are forbidden to sell it to a Christian, or even to permit him to touch it. This they are, as may be seen from the Koran, where it is written, "None shall touch it but they who are purified:" that is, who are Moslems, all others being accounted unholy. I have had copies, however, offered to me for sale, but this was always in secret. Though there were many Turks, Egyptians, and Persians on board, this man was the only one who seemed to think that "prayer was better than food:" while he was spreading his segadeh for prayer, they were eating and smoking, in which, and in sleeping, they spent the whole of their time. After passing Coos, Crete, and Rhodes, on the morning of the 17th we came in sight of Alexandria. Now Greeks in their white capotes, Persians in their fur cone-shaped hats, Egyptians in their brown bernooses, and grave Turks, who had during the voyage seldom moved from the deck on which they sat, or rather lay, were all up and stirring; and I, dreaming of pyramids, sphinxes, and a world of wonders, was gazing with deep and deepening interest as every stroke of the engine brought us nearer the land of Egypt.

[1] Pronounced Mooslim.

CHAPTER III.

ALEXANDRIA.

The first thing that excites attention, at least that excited mine, on nearing the shores of Egypt, is the extreme flatness of the land. Except a few palm trees, nothing is seen but a long line of sand. Alexandria has two harbours; the new one on the south, which is little used, and the old one on the north, the ancient name of which was Eunostos, or the "Port of Safe Return." Between the two harbours is the island of Pharos, on which stood the lighthouse of that name, one of the seven wonders of the world. On landing in a small boat, you fall into the hands of the donkey-boys. You wish to walk to the Hotel; but this it is not their pleasure nor their interest to permit: and with cries of "Very good donkey, Sir," "Take my donkey, Sir," you are assailed, followed, and deafened, till, having nearly walked to the Hotel, you are at last fairly forced to give in. There are two principals hotels; one chiefly frequented by the French, and the other by the English. The donkey-boy takes it for granted that you must be going to the latter; and mercilessly whipping and goading his donkey, that it may justify the character he has been pleased to give it of being "a very good donkey," there you arrive at a gallop. There is little that is interesting in modern Alexandria. Its interest lies not in what it is, but in what it was. Planned in the year B. C. 63, by Alexander, then on his way to the East, from which he was never to return, who saw at a glance that the place was formed to be a great harbour, and built by his successors, the Ptolemies, Alexandria soon became what for a thousand years it continued to be, one of the greatest cities

of the world. It is said to have been fifteen miles in circumference, and contained at one time upwards of 600,000 souls. It was taken by the Arabs in A. D. 640, whose victorious general, Amrou, writing to the Caliph Omar, thus says, "I have taken the great city of the west. It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its riches and beauty, and I shall content myself with observing, that it contains 4000 palaces, 4000 baths, 400 theatres, 12,000 shops, and 40,000 tributary Jews." Alexandria had one of the largest libraries in the world, which, after having been twice injured and diminished by fire, amounted, in the reign of Julian, to seven hundred thousand volumes. Amrou did not know what to do with this vast collection of books, and wrote to the caliph for instructions. "If the books in the Alexandrian library," said the caliph, "are the same as the Koran, they are useless; if not, they are worse than useless: in either case, let them be destroyed." Such was the logic, and such were the orders of the caliph, who, like the rest of the Arabs at this time, was a brave, but ignorant barbarian. His barbarous orders were obeyed. The books, which were chiefly of papyrus,[1] were ordered to be used as fuel for the public baths, which, says an Arab historian, "were heated by them for six months." "The Arabs," says the historian of 'Modern Egypt,' "may well have been startled at the beauty and wealth of their new conquest, which, notwithstanding the destruction brought on by sieges and civil wars, was still crowded with wonders of art, the fruits of long civilisation. But to the mind of a Greek, well stored with history, Alexandria, in its fall, must have been viewed with a melancholy interest. To a traveller, arriving by sea, the first object to strike his eye was the lighthouse on the island of Pharos, that monument of the science and humanity of the first two Ptolemies, that has since been copied in every quarter of the habitable globe. Near it was the Heptastadium, a causeway of three-quarters of a mile in length, that joined the island to the land, and divided the enclosed waters into two harbours. There were bridges over the passages which joined the two harbours. On landing, and entering by the Gate of the Sun, the Gate of the Moon might

[1] A plant that grew on the banks of the Nile, and from which comes our word, PAPER.

be seen at the further side of the city, at the end of a straight street, with a row of columns on each side. In this street stood the Soma, the mausoleum which held the body of Alexander. A second street ran east and west from the Canobic Gate to the Necropolis, also ornamented with columns. On the outside of the western gate was the Necropolis, whose memorials of the dead, both Pagan and Christian, lined the road-side and sea-coast for two miles. Near the western gate also, but within the walls, stood the famed temple of Serapis, second to no building in the world but the Roman Capitol, a monument of the rise and fall of religions, once the very citadel of Paganism, now the cathedral of a Christian patriarch. In the centre of it stood, and indeed still stands, the lofty column of Diocletian (Pompey's Pillar, so called, it is believed, not from the great Roman, but from its builder), with an equestrian statute on the top, raised to record the conquering emperor's humanity, and the gratitude of the citizens. Second among the larger buildings, was the Sebaste, or Cæsar's temple, with two obelisks in front, which latter having, during the last two thousand years, seen the downfall of the Egyptian superstition, and then been removed to Alexandria, in honour of Greek Polytheism, remained to ornament a Christian church. Among the other churches, the chief were those of St. Mark, of St. Mary, of St. John the Baptist, of Theodosius, and of Arcadius. Along the sea shore, to the east, lay the ruined Hippodrome; and on the same side, where the canal from the hill reached the city, were the fortified granaries, a citadel by itself."[1]

Of the Alexandria of the Ptolemies, of Cleopatra, and the Cæsars, there are now almost no remains. When one has visited the beautiful pillar which bears the name of Pompey, the two obelisks called Cleopatra's Needles, one of which, belonging to this country, is lying half buried in the sand, and the catacombs, part of the ancient Necropolis, he has seen all that remains, unburied at least, of the city of Alexander. In two things the ancient and modern cities bore some, and, as far as it goes, a striking resemblance: the variety and character of the inhabitants. "In the streets of the first," says Sharpe, "might be seen men of all languages and all dresses; copper-

[1] Sharpe's History of Egypt.

coloured Egyptians, swarthy Jews, lively, bustling Greeks, and haughty Italians, with Asiatics from the neighbouring coasts of Syria and Cilicia, dark Ethiopians, painted Arabs, Bactrians, Persians, and Indians, all gay with their national costumes." A variety nearly as great may be seen in the streets of the second; and the character drawn of the ancient Alexandrians agrees very much with that given to the moderns. "No one," says the emperor Adrian, "is idle in Alexandria, all have some trade; but all have but one deity, their own interest." How well does this agree with what a modern writer has said of them, and indeed of Egyptians in general: "They have but one God, *Feloos*,[1] and *Bakshish*[2] is his prophet."

Alexandria is famous as having been the place where the Greek version of the Old Testament, called, from the number of the translators, the Septuagint, or Seventy, was completed. This was made before the time of Christ, by the Jews of Alexandria, who had forgotten the language of their forefathers, and who, from their speaking Greek, were called Hellenists. It was by this means the Old Testament became known to the Greek philosophers. Alexandria is several times mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. It was the birth-place of Apollos, a man "mighty in the Scriptures." Christianity was introduced into it by the evangelist Mark, who is also said to have been dragged to death in its streets. Many of the great Fathers and Doctors of the early Christian Church were connected by birth or residence with Alexandria, among whom may be mentioned Clement, Origen, Justin, Athanasius, and his too celebrated rival, the heresiarch Arius. Clement founded what is called the Alexandrian School of Theology, the distinguishing feature of which was the importance it attached to the cultivation of the intellect, and the study of literature and philosophy. It might thus have been called the Intellectual School. "To those," said Clement, "who are so fond of complaining, I would say, if the *philosophy* is unprofitable, yet the *study* of it is profitable. We cannot condemn the heathens by merely pronouncing sentence on their dogmas. That refutation seems the most confident which is united with a thorough knowledge of the matter in hand." Again, he thus writes: "We must offer to the Greeks, who seek after that which passes

[1] Money. [2] A gift, or present.

with them for wisdom, things of a kindred nature, so that they may come, as it may be expected they will, in the easiest way, through what is already familiar to them, to the belief of the truth. 'For I become all things to all men,' says the apostle, 'that I may win all.'"

Alexandria witnessed other conflicts than those of warriors for the empire of the world. It witnessed the conflicts of Clement and Justin, Origen and Athanasius, for the Truth. Four times was Athanasius driven from Alexandria, by temporal and spiritual powers and principalities, and four times he returned in triumph. Every one who walks the streets of Alexandria now, must rejoice that they no more resound with the "confused noise of the warrior;" but will its youth never listen to the lessons, and will that clear blue air never ring with the eloquent voices, of such men as Clement and Justin, Origen and Athanasius, again!

Alexandria has several mosques, one of which, singular enough to say, is called the Mosque of St. Athanasius. It has another, which, in allusion to the number of stories in the book called the 'Arabian Nights,' is more appropriately named the Mosque of the Thousand and One. It has several Greek and Roman Catholic churches, and one belonging to the English. In the great square there is an English church, which has stood for several years unfinished. The ground on which it is built was the gift of the late Mehemet Ali, and was valued at a thousand pounds. In my rides about the town, I had a fine, handsome, and intelligent boy for my guide. I asked him if he was an Egyptian. "No," said he, drawing himself to his full height, "I Arab." I asked him if he went to the mosque. "No," he replied; "why I go to the mosque? I only a *wullad*, (boy)." Happening to meet a Jew, Hassan pointed him out to me, saying, "Very bad man that." I asked him why he said so. He gave me no reason, but that he was a Jew. "But the Jews," I said, "are surely not all bad." "Yes," replied Hassan, "all bad, very bad." He directed my attention to another, whom he seemed to regard with a peculiar dislike. On my pressing him for a reason, he said, "*Hooa kateer feloos:* he has a great deal of money." But rich or poor, it was all one to Hassan; if he was a Jew, he was sure to be "very bad man." I went with him to the

slave market. It was a horrid, smoky den, with a fire on the floor, in the centre, around which sat the slaves, who consisted of seven or eight young girls. On our entrance they sprung to their feet; and instead of being sad and dejected, as I expected, they seemed full of glee; but I much doubt if it was the glee of the heart. Outward mirth is often the guise of inward grief, and such I fear was that of those poor slave girls of Alexandria. They assailed us vigorously for bakshish, which I gave them, and made my escape into the glad, blue, open air.

We left Alexandria, on the 21st December, for Cairo. We embarked on the Mahmoudie canal in a track-boat, drawn by a steamer, and in about twelve hours entered the western branch of the Nile, where, for the first time, we saw and drank of the river of Egypt. Its taste is peculiarly pleasant, and when far from home, the Egyptian pines and longs for the day when he shall drink of its waters again. The Israelites, even in the promised land, seem to have had longings of the same kind. For this they were rebuked by the prophet Jeremiah: "And now what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor."[1] Thus valuable and valued, we may form some idea of the awfulness of the plague which turned its waters into blood, and when not only the river and lakes, canals and aqueducts, ran with blood, but every vessel was filled with it throughout the land. The villages on the banks of the Nile, between Alexandria and Cairo, are numerous, but the houses are mere hovels of mud; and, with the exception of a few white mosques gleaming here and there from between groves of palms, have a mean and miserable appearance. When about forty miles distant we saw the Pyramids lifting, from amid billows of sand, their summits to the sky. Most of the passengers came on deck, to gaze on them from afar, and many a look continued to be taken of those awful monuments of the past, till we drew near to Cairo, when they were hidden from the view. At half-past five in the afternoon of the 22nd December, we landed at Boulak, the port of Cairo, from which we drove to Shepherd's Hotel, where, in order to see the far-famed City of the Caliphs, and to make preparations for our voyage up the Nile, we remained several days.

[1] Jeremiah, ii, 18.

CHAPTER IV.

CAIRO.

CAIRO, a corruption of the word *El Kahirah*, "the Victorious," was founded in A. D. 970, and is the capital of modern Egypt. It is called by the Egyptians Misr, or Masr: a form, it is supposed, of the Hebrew word *Mizraim*, one of the names given to Egypt in the Scriptures.[1] Masr, or Cairo, occupies a space equal to three square miles, and its population is said to be about three hundred thousand. It is divided into eight districts, each of which is under the care of a Sheykh, or governor, who is answerable for its peace. These, again, are divided into quarters, named from the natives, or class of people who inhabit them. Thus, one is called Hart el Kobt, the "Coptic Quarter;" another, Hart el Yahood, the "Jews' Quarter;" and a third, Hart el Suggain, the "Water-carriers' Quarter." The streets, as in all Eastern towns, for the sake of protection from the sun, are extremely narrow, not much wider than our lanes or wynds. Narrow at the bottom, the houses are so constructed, by the jutting out of the second story, as nearly to come into contact at the top. This makes them dark and dismal, and gives them the appearance of arcades, without the benefit of windows. Such, however, is the invasive influence of the West, and at present of English manners, the new streets, of which several are forming, are built wide; so that even Cairo itself promises, at no distant day, to have the appearance of a European city. Some of the houses are built of stone, which, being painted in white and red stripes alternately, have a picturesque appearance. The mosques and minarets are nearly all painted in this way. The mosques are said to amount to four hundred. The *Nusranee*,

[1] The name of one of the sons of Ham, Genesis, x, 6.

Christian, is not permitted to enter them on Friday, but he may enter them on other days. We visited several. In one we saw a stone hollowed out in the centre, to which sick people come or are carried, out of which they drink a kind of holy water for their recovery. Islamism[1] has thus its pretended miracles, as well as Romanism; both the counterfeit of the miracles of Christianity, the true coin. Our principal places of resort in Cairo were the *sooks*, or bazaars. These are streets in which particular trades are carried on, and in which particular kinds of goods and merchandise are sold. This is characteristic of all Oriental towns, and allusions to it are frequently made in the Scriptures. Thus, "Zedekiah the king commanded that they should commit Jeremiah into the court of the prison, and that they should give him daily a piece of bread out of the bakers' street."[2] Whatever you want to buy, you must go for it to the proper *sook*, or bazaar. Mounted on donkeys, of which there are always crowds at the door of the hotel, we went first to the Sook Khan el Khaleelee, or Turkish Bazaar. Goading the donkeys into a gallop, the boys followed, now shouting, as we rushed into the dense and narrow streets, "O'oa, o'oa," "Take care, take care," and now, "Yemeenek," "Shimalak," "Riglak," "Thy right," "Thy left," "Thy side," as the case might require. These donkey-boys are remarkably clever, and pick up the English language with great readiness. By coming into contact so frequently with the English, now that Egypt is the highway to India, and Cairo the half-way house, they not only learn the language, but the manners of the English, and take an interest in England itself. How desirable is it that English travellers should see that the influence they bring to bear on these poor boys is of a Christianizing kind! They should remember that all which these boys learn from them is carried to their homes, and has its influence, for good or evil, through them on others.

Our next visit was to the Pyramids. A visit to them, when so near as Cairo, one looks upon as a kind of duty, and dreaming of them by night, and gazing upon them from the house-

[1] From *Salem*, perfect, enlightened, the true faith. From which also comes Mislamin, or Moslem, the perfect, the enlightened one, or true believer.

[2] Jeremiah, xxxi, 21.

top by day, I had no rest till it was performed. Early on the morning of the 26th December we were on the way to Old Cairo, a town that in its time has had many names, at first El Trostat now Masr El Ateekeh, and once Babylon, being, according to some, the place from which Peter wrote his First Epistle. It is about two miles from New or Grand Cairo, and is on the banks of the river. Here we saw the gigantic aqueduct which conveys the water of the Nile to the citadel. Here also may be seen some old Coptic churches, and the famous Mosque of Amrou, the Arab who conquered Egypt. These we reserved for another occasion, and crossed the river, during which we had leisure to survey the small island of El Rodah, on the banks of which tradition says Moses was found, and the Nilometer, a pillar of stone used for measuring the rise of the waters. We landed at El Geezeh, a small town on the opposite bank, from which the pyramids take their name. The distance from Geezeh to the Pyramids is about five miles. On our way thither we crossed several canals, at that time dry, and passed through many extensive fields, the soil of which was red and dry, and which were in many places covered with rich pasture of a deep green. We passed also several miserable mud villages, the copper-brown inhabitants of which, men, women, and children, poured out to look upon us as we rode along. The morning was beautiful, but a thick mist lay along the plain. As the sun rose higher it dispersed, and the pyramids, lifting their heads in the deep blue sky, burst in all their majesty upon the view. They stand upon a rocky platform, around which, rolled by the desert wind, lie heaps or billows of sand. As we rode up the ascent, our hearts beat somewhat quicker. On reaching the foot of Cheops, the nearest, greatest, and the one usually ascended, we found several visitors who had left Cairo before us. Some were preparing to ascend, and some were far up the gigantic ladder. Crowds of half naked Arabs were wrangling and contending for the office of guides. After having surveyed the base, and looked, not without a trembling heart, to the top, I surrendered myself into the hands of two of the least savage looking of the Arabs I could find, and prepared to make the ascent. Having agreed about the sum they were to receive, I made the Sheykh explain to them that any bakshish I might choose to give them would depend on their good

conduct; that if they annoyed me by asking it on the pyramid I would give them none on our return. The Sheykh repeated this to them, to which they expressed their assent, saying, *Taib, Taib!* Good, Good! I had not however ascended twenty steps when one of them, pinching me on the arm, said in a kind of whisper, "Bakshish, Howagee."[1] Two steps more, the other pinched me on the other arm, and in the same half whisper repeated "Bakshish, Howagee." I pay no regard to their demands, and up they go, dragging me after them, on that great stair, some of the steps of which are nearly four feet in height, till we are half way up, when they rest to allow me to recover my breath, and themselves to renew their demands for bakshish. This they did not

"In bated breath
And whispering humbleness,"

as before, but loudly, boldly, and together, they shouted "Bakshish Howagee, Bakshish Howagee!" In the only Arabic I could command I said calmly, but deliberately, "Moosh taib, mafeesh:" "This is very bad, and bakshish you will get none." Seeing I was as good as my word, and that I was offended, they tried to appease me, saying in a mixture of Italian and Arabic, "Bono Howagee, Bono Howagee!" We now resumed the ascent, and in about twelve minutes from starting I stood on the top of the Pyramid. Some writers speak of the ascent as easy. It may be so, I can only say I did not find it so very easy. My bones were sore for several days after, but the grandeur and extent of the view repaid for all. There were about twenty of us on the top at the same time. Among the rest was a green-turbaned and much bejewelled Prince of Tunis, who excited the attention of some nearly as much as the pyramids. Numerous names, known and unknown to fame, are engraven on the summit, and the loose but immense blocks of stone that lie scattered upon it. Several of our party added theirs. The pyramid of Cheops, like its brother Cephrenes, terminated at one time in a point, but that is now broken, so that the top is of considerable breadth, forming a plateau of about thirty feet square. It was originally 480 feet in height,

[1] Howagee, pronounced *Houadji*, literally *a merchant*, all the Franks being at one time supposed to be merchants or traders.

it is now only 455, but still the highest building in the world. Having remained on the top about fifteen minutes, musing on these mighty and mysterious works of men's hands, on their age, their use, on all during a period of four thousand years they have looked upon, and on the kings, conquerors, warriors, and philosophers, all now dead and gone, who have come and looked in wonder upon them, I prepared to descend, and, accompanied by my two guides assailing me for bakshish, and imploring me not to give it to the Sheykh or Dragoman, but into their own hands, adding "Sheykh non bono, Dragoman non bono!" in a few minutes I stood upon the ground. Handing the guides to the Dragoman, and leaving them to fight the battle of the bakshish with him, I proceeded to visit the Great Sphinx, which is not far from the pyramids. Its head and neck only are visible. The body, which is a monolith, 150 feet long, is buried in the sand, billows of which are rolled up against it by the winds from the wilderness. The face which, though mutilated, is wonderfully expressive, is supposed to be a likeness of Thothmes IV., the Pharaoh in whose reign took place the exodus of the children of Israel. It was originally painted with red ochre, traces of which still remain. I know not how the sight of that strange, lonely human face affected others: it filled me with melancholy. Leaving M. R. and S. to explore the interior of the Great Pyramid, into which I did not venture, I returned to Cairo alone. Often on my way back did I turn to gaze on the Pyramids, which, as they rose darkly up in the deep red evening sky, seemed larger and more awful than ever! When crossing a marsh two stalwart and ferocious looking Arabs, who are the plagues of the pyramids, laid hold of my donkey's bridle and demanded bakshish. I had a geological hammer in my hand of glittering steel which I held up over their heads, at the sight of which they let the donkey go. The few following days we remained in Cairo I spent in wandering through the bazaars and looking at Egyptian life in the streets. The Egyptians having been conquered by Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, and Turks, are more than almost any other nation a mixed people. It is only occasionally you meet in the streets a face resembling those portrayed on the monuments of ancient times. The early and beautiful type seems now worn out.

The Copts are Christians, but their Christianity is of a very

corrupted kind. They have several churches in Cairo, one of which I visited. It was hung round with pictures of the Saints and of Christ, but I saw no images. There was a Bible lying on the pulpit desk. It was in the Coptic or old Egyptian language. Their version is as old as the days of Origen. The Coptic is no longer a spoken language. The Copts speak the Arabic, the language of their conquerers. Their clergy consists of Monks, Deacons, Priests, and Bishops, under a Patriarch who resides in Cairo, but takes his title from Alexandria, regarding himself as the successor of St. Mark, the first Bishop. They have schools also, in which the children are taught to read the Scriptures. They are, like the Greeks and Roman Catholics, grossly superstitious. They have images of the Virgin Mary in their houses, to whom they pray in their affliction. When their prayers are not answered, they load her and her image with reproaches. "Do you not see," they exclaim, "do you not see our affliction! Are you blind, are you deaf, have you no feeling, no heart, no power!" They will then throw the image from them, and assail it with blows. Their language to the Virgin reminds me of the language of a donkey-boy to myself. Having sent him a message, I gave him on his return three piastres. He refused to take it, saying it was too little. "Do you not see," he said, "it is too little?" "No," I replied, "I do not see." "Have you," he continued, "no sense?" and without taking it walked away. He had sense enough however to send another to take it for him.

I have heard it said, by those who know them well, that the Copts are exceedingly ignorant, few of them having a clear idea of the way of salvation. From what I saw I can vouch that they can have no very high standard of morality. One Lord's day, returning from the English Church, where we heard an admirable and truly evangelical sermon, the Uzbekeéh was more crowded than usual. On enquiring the reason I learned it was a Coptic festival, and that a fair was held in its honour. In one place there were dancing men, and in another a dancing girl. There were swings for the young, and shows for the old, in which scenes were exhibited of a most degrading and disgusting kind. Crowds of men and women were gathered in rings, looking on and testifying their delight by shouts and roars of laughter. As might be expected, the state of morals is still lower among

the Moslem part of the population. In his Work entitled 'Manners and Customs of Modern Egyptians,' (a book which, from the faithfulness with which it lays open the heart of Egyptian society, is not fit to be put into the hands of the young,) Lane admits that the Cairenes have many virtues, but he ascribes to them some fearful vices. "In sensuality," he says, "they exceed the neighbouring nations whose religion and civil institutions are similar, and it is said that their country still deserves the appellation given it in the Koran, "The Abode of the Wicked." If I might judge from their games and amusements, I should say that not only in a political and intellectual, but also in a moral sense, the Egyptians are what it was foretold they should be, a "base, yea, the basest of kingdoms."[1] They are not without wit, and it is impossible not to be amused with their street cries. All have heard of the "Cries of London." Here is a specimen of the "Cries of Cairo!" The seller of tirmis or lupin, cries "The tirmis surpasses the almond!" Another who sells the same article will cry, "O how sweet the little offspring of the river!" The seller of melons cries "O consoler of the afflicted! O melons!" The seller of the henna tree, cries "Odours of Paradise! O flowers of the henna!" The beggars too have their peculiar cries, and were it not for their profanity, one could scarcely help being amused at their impudence. One will cry, "I am the guest of God and the Prophet!" and another, "My supper must be the gift of God." In these appeals to the charitable, there is, I think it must be admitted, something like ingenuity. But it is in their stories and jests and tricks they play on each other that one sees their peculiar wit and humour. Though this degraded people must be regarded as hard hearted, and by their own sufferings perhaps rendered insensible to the sufferings of others, it is impossible to see the Egyptian mother, with a heavy load on her head or in one hand, and carrying her child perhaps all day on her shoulder with the other, and not hope that they are not without maternal affection. One instance of this is given by a lady who lived long in Cairo. Speaking of the death of a little boy, the child of one of her neighbours, she says: "Poor little fellow, he dreaded much the darkness of the grave, and a week before his death affectingly said to his mother, "I am going to die, but do

[1] Ezekiel, xxix, 15.

not put me in the grave; I should be afraid to be there alone; it is quite dark." His mother remembered his dying words, and when his lifeless body was laid in the small chamber of the tomb belonging to his family, his mother sat beside him, and when entreated to leave the place and suffer the entrance to be closed, she touchingly refused to move, saying, "I shall pass the night with my child; he is afraid to be alone." Such a conviction on her part was not unreasonable, for the Moslems do not believe that the soul is at once separated from the body, and call the first night after burial *Leylet el Wahdeh*, "The Night of Solitude."

When their friends die they seem also to be filled with the deepest grief, which they express in moans and loud and frantic cries. They leap and dance around the dead, whom they address in the most foolish and frantic manner. "Come back," they will say, "come back! Why did you leave us, did we not love you? We have money, and perfumes, and sweet meats prepared for you, come back and receive them." To listen to the wailings in the house of mourning, one would imagine that no people in the world had more natural affection. These wailings, it must be remembered, are often made by the "mourning women," hired mourners who have studied this as an art or profession. It happens not unfrequently that the relations are moved to grief by the lamentations of the hired mourners, so that they mourn rather with them than for the dead. Hence we read in the Scriptures not only of "mourning women," but of "cunning women," that is, women skilful in the art of working on the feelings. "Call," says Jeremiah, "for the mourning women, and for the cunning women, let them make haste and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters."[1] As there are professional *mourners* in Cairo, there are also, strange to say, professional *beaters*, persons whose business is to punish children, wives, and slaves, at the instance of their parents, husbands, and masters. I saw a mother one day beating her child, a boy about eight years old, till the boy, growing desperate, struck his mother, and drove her into the house with stones. "A woman," says the lady from whom I have already quoted, "residing in a house adjoining our own, had lost seven piastres; and discovering that her

[1] Jeremiah, ix, 17.

little grandson had stolen them, she sent for a man, by profession a *beater*, to chastise him. One of my boys heard this, and finding that by mounting a ladder he could reach a window commanding the court of the woman's house, he did so, and called to tell me that the report was a true one, that the man had arrived, and was tying the arms and legs of the poor child, and that his grandmother was standing by: that being the case I answered my boy that her only object would be to frighten the child, and that I felt certain she could not suffer him to be hurt. Alas! for my mistake in supposing this Arab possessed the feelings of woman's nature! I hardly left the foot of the ladder when I was recalled by the screams of my own child, who was crying in an agony of distress; for the man in the court below was beating the limbs, the back, the chest of the poor boy, as in writhing and rolling on the ground, each part fell under the blow of a ponderous stick, while between each infliction the old woman cried 'Again!'" Thus, like the rest of the dark places of the earth, is Egypt "full of the habitations of horrid cruelty."

CHAPTER V.

FROM CAIRO TO THEBES, OR VOYAGE UP THE NILE.

THEY who would sail up the Nile, whether it be to Thebes, or beyond it to the first and second cataracts, must do two things: first, they must engage at least two servants, a dragoman, and a cook. After that they must hire a kanjah, or boat, and lay in a store of provisions for the voyage. A dragoman we had already secured. This was one Gazi, who had several strong recommendations from English travellers, and among others one from my friends the Rev. A. N. Somerville, and Mr. Charles Kidston, of Glasgow. Gazi had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and though he was not a very decided Moslem, had won for himself the title of Hagi or Hadgi, of which he was not a little vain. Gazi had been a donkey-boy, could speak several languages, knew every body in Cairo, and was remarkably clever. Our cook was one Wilson, a Maltese, but born of English parents, who had run away from his friends in Malta, and was running to ruin in Cairo. Mrs. Leider, who was anxious to save poor Wilson from ruin, though she could scarcely recommend him to us, recommended us to take him. This settled, our next concern was to procure a boat, which, after many a ride to Boulak, we at last did. Some engage the kanjah by the month, others for the voyage. In the first case, it is the interest of the Reis, or captain, to make the voyage short; in the second, to make it long. We engaged it for the voyage. On Tuesday, the 4th January, 1850, we went down to Boulak, intending to sail that afternoon. The Reis was on board and all his men, who were drawn up on deck, for our inspection, in rank and file. They were fifteen in number. Preparing to start, Gazi discovers, or pretends to

discover, that there is water in the hold, and assures us that the kanjah is not sea-worthy.

It is usual for the dragoman to hire the boat, and to get a bakshish from the owner at the making of the bargain. As we had engaged it ourselves, Gazi had been deprived, or defrauded, as he thought, of his bakshish, and was in no good humour with the boat, its owner, or ourselves; and in this way he sought to gratify his grudge. While he was holding up the water in triumph, the owner of the boat, who was no favourable specimen of even Egyptian humanity, sat on the bank grinning like an ogre. It being too late that day to have the boat examined, leaving Mr. M. on board, who knew more about these matters than the rest of us, we returned to the hotel. On Monday the kanjah having been examined and pronounced in sailing condition, after administering some seasonable admonitions to Gazi, we gave orders to Reis Youseff to turn her head to the stream, and, about four A.M., under a full flow of canvas, were fairly afloat on the waters of Bahr Neel, the "Sea of Nile." The voyage to Thebes is sometimes made in twelve or fourteen days; more usually, however, in eighteen or nineteen. This depends on the size of the boat and the state of the winds. When the wind is favourable, the kanjah makes her way even against the stream, with great rapidity. Then nothing can be more pleasant and spirit-stirring than to sweep past the palm groves, villages, and wondering natives on the banks, by day; or to hear the rushing sound of the kanjah as she steers her way darkly but swiftly on, by night; then may the sable crew be seen lying at full length on the deck, or gathered in a circle round one of their number, who is beating the Darabukkeh, a rude musical instrument like a drum or tambourine; or at night, they may be seen seated round a roaring fire, repeating merry tales and breaking jests on one another, and not unfrequently on one who is the butt or fool of the crew. Such a simple fellow we had in one Mohammed, on whom the rest of the boatmen broke many a jest, and whom, what was worse, Reis Youseff loaded with many a bitter blow. They are fond of singing, and have songs peculiar to their calling. Whether the Nile has had its poet like the Thames and the rivers of our own land, I know not; certain it is the boatmen have no lack of songs. Some of these are addressed

to the Prophet for fair winds, and some are what Gazi called "comblements." These are generally love songs, or welcomes to Masr and Scandera,[1] and other *beladia*, or towns on the Nile. The chorus of one of these rhymes of our "modern mariners" I one day translated, and thus it ran:

"To waft us home to wife and friend,
A favouring breeze, O Prophet, send!"

Another was the lay of a pilgrim on his way to Mecca, and its chorus ran thus:

"Love to the Prophet makes me roam
To Mecca, far from wife and home."

But when the wind fails, there is an end to all this singing, jesting, and rejoicing. Then the Darabukkeh is laid aside for the rope, which, leaping ashore, they pull in sullen silence, or the oar, which, as they ply, they keep crying out "Allah Heleser!" "Help us God!" or "Allah Mohammed!" "God and the Prophet!" cries which, by night or day, I never heard without pity and sorrow; and never did I witness these poor men, toiling under a burning sun, and dragging the boat against the stream, or standing in the cold water for hours, straining every nerve to shove it off the bank of sand, on which it had run aground, without regretting that I had undertaken a voyage which, if attended with pleasure to us, was to be attended with such pain to them. Nor was it all pleasure to us. When the wind fails or is contrary, and you are dragged along in this way, few things are more wearisome than a voyage up the Nile. You go ashore intending to visit some caves or tombs in the hills: a breeze springs up, and rather than not take advantage of it, you return without seeing them. Or you walk along the bank hoping the wind will rise, and that the boat will overtake you; but no wind rises that day, and, under a burning sun, you walk back again. Or you sit on deck looking out for crocodiles, but no crocodiles come. *They* do not come from "the vasty deep" any more than spirits, even "when you do call for them." You would read, but your books are by this time all read through; and there are no "Reading Clubs" or "Circulating Libraries" on the Nile. You would write to

[1] Alexandria.

friends; but from Cairo to Thebes, post-office there is none. You might vary the scene by going below, but you came to Egypt to enjoy the bright dry air, and, resigning yourself to your fate, you remain above. There is but one thing you wish; a strong steady breeze, but there is not a rack in the sky, nor a ripple in the stream, nor a flutter in the sail, to promise that for one long weary day, that strong steady breeze will come. When it does come, however, and sooner or later it will come, and the joyful cry of "*Houa, houa!*" "Wind, wind!" is heard, and all hands rush on board, and the canvas swells, and away the kanjah sweeps at the rate of ten miles an hour, few things are more delightful. There are five places on the river which may be regarded as stations for the Nile boat between Cairo and Thebes. These are the following, with their respective distances:

Cairo	to Benisouef, ...	83 miles.
Benisouef	to Minieh, ...	85 "
Minieh	to Osioot, ...	106 "
Osioot	to Girgeh, ...	97 "
Girgeh	to Kenneh, ...	73 "
Kenneh	to Thebes, ...	49 "
		493 miles.

We reached Benisouef on the third day. Here our boatmen received their first bakshish. Benisouef is a *Bender*, or large market town. "Its bank," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "presents the ordinary scenes common to all the large towns in the Nile; the most striking of which are, numerous boats tied to the shore, buffaloes standing or lying in the water, women at their usual occupations of filling water jars and washing clothes, dogs lying in holes they have scratched in the sand, and beggars importuning the newly arrived European strangers for bakshish." On Saturday at noon we reached Gebel e Tayr, the "Mountain of the Bird," a high precipitous cliff on the Arabian side of the river. Here there is a Coptic convent, called the Convent of Sitteh Mariam el Adra, "Our Lady Mary the Virgin." The brethren are usually on the look out for travellers, whom they no sooner descry, than, descending the rock with amazing rapidity, they plunge into the river, and, moving their arms like so many windmills, swim towards the

kanjah, crying out "Christiani Howagee!" "We are Christians, Good Masters!" Laying hold of the boat, and clinging to its sides, some beg one thing, and some another; but all ending in one universal cry for bakshish. At first I was half inclined to give them nothing, but when I considered that they were so very poor, and that they were asking assistance in Christ's name, a name seldom pleaded in that dark land, I gave them a few piastres for His sake. That night we reached Minieh, three miles above which we moored our boat to the bank; and there, though not in the sanctuary, we trust in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, we spent our first Sabbath on the Nile. The day was calm, but at night the wind blew fresh and fair. Looking out at the window of the kanjah about ten, I saw several boats passing up the river at a rapid rate, their white sails gleaming in the light of the stars like the wings of a bird. Next day Achmet, one of the crew, went on shore for milk; and a breeze springing up, he was left behind. I did not expect we should see him again; but after following the kanjah for three days, he overtook it, and, weary and footsore, came on board with the jug filled with milk in his hand.

On the 17th January, being the tenth day of our voyage, we reached Osioot. We went ashore and rode through an immense plain, rich and well cultivated, into the town, which stands at the foot of a long high range of the Lybian hills, which here nearly approach the river. Its ancient name was Lycopolis, the "City of the Wolf;" the wolf being held sacred by the ancient Egyptians, who paid it religious honours. There is a tradition that the Holy Family, in their flight from Judea, took up their abode in Osioot; and that it was from it they returned to their own land when the saying of the prophet was fulfilled, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son."[1] The Copts look on Osioot as a second Holy Land, and at one time they were accustomed to come here to die and to be buried. Here we gave the men their third bakshish, which made them happy, and, as usual, they expressed their happiness by beating the Darabukkeh and singing sundry "Comblements to Friends." Next day, when near Abooteg, Mr. R. and myself, walking along the banks, came up to a negro youth keeping a flock of

[1] Hosea, xi, 1.

sheep, and spinning thread out of the wool. Pleased with his frank and simple look, I asked him some questions, such as "Who made him?" "Where he should go to at death?" But I could not get him to comprehend what I meant. All that he seemed to know was that there is a God; and, pointing with his finger to the sky, that He dwelt there. I was always glad to meet with these dark children of Barabra, a district of Nubia. They are remarkable for their frankness and simplicity. I often thought that could one speak their language freely, humanly speaking, there would be great hope of their conversion to Christianity, if, indeed, while the present laws against Christianity are in force among the Moslems, the conversion of any be not next to hopeless. I had often heard of the sunsets on the Nile; on the evening of Saturday the 19th we saw one which surpassed all I had ever seen or conceived. The clouds were painted in all the colours of the rainbow, and were reflected on the smooth, unruffled surface of the river, as in a mirror. It was a scene not to be described, but never to be forgotten. That night as we lay moored to the bank, a party of the natives, assembling in a neighbouring mosque, began as if they had been howling dervishes, to leap, dance, and howl, which they continued to do for several hours. I asked Gazi, who was skilled in all such doings, what it meant. "They were singing," he said, "about paradise and the Prophet, about sin and God, and that their object was to make a clear." Next day, for the first time, we saw a crocodile. The men directed our attention to it as it lay on a sandbank in the sun, by crying out, "Timsa, Timsa!" Startled by their cries, it plunged into the river and disappeared. The mountain chain on the Arabian shore was here only a short way from the river. The hills were exceedingly grand, and numbers of eagles were soaring and wheeling round their summits.

Passing Girgeh on the 23rd, we came on at a rapid rate before the wind, till four the following morning, when, taking the wrong side of an island in the middle of the channel, we ran aground, and there, notwithstanding the exertions of the crew, and about thirty men from a neighbouring village, aground we lay for a night and part of two days. To aggravate the annoyance, there was a favourable wind all the time, before which we saw on the other side of the channel, the

kanjah of the Mess Churton, who had left Cairo behind us, scudding on at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour. At last the boat was shoved off, and at five P.M., on the 25th, we were floating down to reach the southern side of the bank. Here I observed several men sitting on rafts made of rushes, their clothes and goods on their shoulders; and with an oar in their hands, which they held in the middle, by striking the water with it, now on one side, and now on another, they continued to float themselves rapidly across the river. It was the invention of a savage, yet I could not but admire it. Turning the northern end of the bank, we got into the eastern channel, and the wind being fair, we went before it at a rapid rate during the night, and next day arrived at Kenneh. This is a town of considerable size, and is famous for its potteries and its manufacture of porous bottles and water-jars, which are used for cooling and purifying the water of the Nile, and are used over all Egypt. It is a place also of considerable merchandise, where the corn of Egypt is exchanged for the gums of Arabia. In a small village above it we saw a potter making vessels of clay on the wheel, which he fashioned with one hand, while he turned the wheel with the other. I thought of Jeremiah and the potter's house, and the word which came to him from the Lord, saying, "Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to know my words. Then I went down to the potter's house, and behold he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay, was marred in the hand of the potter, and he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it."[1] I gave the potter a piastre, and requested him to give in return for it, one of his vessels to some poor person in the village. But this he could not comprehend, so I told him to keep the piastre to himself, which he understood easily.

Here we saw several fields of cotton and mustard. We had, in our way up, passed several covered with the tobacco plant, which is cultivated all along the Nile. The waters were now evidently fast decreasing, and the number of men employed in working the *shadoof*, an instrument for drawing them, was now also greater.

On the morning of the 29th, having been now twenty days,

[1] Jeremiah, xviii, 1.

including the Sabbaths, on the voyage, we moored at sunset along a bank covered with darkly shadowing palms. We saw some beautiful bright birds among the branches. Not a breath of wind stirred the leaves, through which the stars shone with indescribable splendour. Next day at noon we arrived at Thebes. The plain on which it stood, nearly a hundred miles in circumference, with its gigantic belt of hills, the temple of Karnak, and the palace of Luxor, burst nearly at once upon our view. Our annoyances on the Nile were now forgotten. On coming alongside of the rude wharf at Luxor, we found five boats, one American, and four English, lying there at anchor.

The ruins of Thebes lie on both sides of the Nile; Karnak and Luxor on the east; Gournou, the Memnonium, Medinet Aboo, and the Tombs of the Kings, on the west. The afternoon of the day on which we arrived, sufficed for the inspection of the palace and temple of Luxor. Here, I saw at a glance, were the models which the Greeks had imitated, and the sources from which they had drawn their inspiration. I do not say that this lowered the Greeks in my estimation, for they improved on their models, but it had the effect of raising the Egyptians. Next day we crossed the river to visit the Tombs of the Kings. They are about three miles from the Nile, in the midst of a valley among the hills, to which there is a long narrow entrance, called Bab el Melook, "The Gate of the Kings." They are cut out of the face of the hills or rocks. The pathway to these chambers of the dead is by an inclined plane, hewn out of the solid rock, in some four hundred feet in length, and twenty in breadth, and four or five feet in height. The apartments to which they lead are of different dimensions. Some are of great extent, and resemble more the magnificent mansions of the living than the narrow house of the dead. The walls and roofs are covered with paintings, the colours of which are as bright and fresh as if laid on yesterday. Among the objects portrayed there are trees, flowers, birds, serpents, and other natural objects, implements of trade and agriculture, weapons of war, instruments of music, and articles of luxury. There too are portrayed the many coloured scenes of life; meetings and partings, banquets and bridals, and visions of death, and of the final judgment itself. One of

the most remarkable is the "Balance-scene," or "Vision of judgment." It is laid in Amenti, the world of spirits. Osiris, the chief god of the Egyptians, is seated on a throne of judgment, with Isis, his consort, at his side. A soul is conducted into his presence by Horus, an inferior god; Anubis, who is painted with the head of a jackall, superintends the Balance, in which the good and bad actions of the soul are laid; and Thoth, a kind of recording angel, having the head of an Ibis, stands by, with a tablet and pen in his hand, to record the result and final sentence.

It would require a volume to describe all the objects and scenes that are represented in such strange bright colours on the walls of these houses in the rocks, which it is difficult for one when in them, to believe are the "desolate places which kings and counsellors of the earth built for themselves."[1] Yet such they are, and there the kings of at least one nation of the earth, "lay in glory, every one in his own house."[2] It would be inconsistent with the place and the genius of that thoughtful people, to suppose that these halls were ever lighted up for festive scenes; there can be no doubt however, that thither the kings and queens of Egypt, with their counsellors, came to meditate on their "end and measure of their days," and one may be permitted to hope that it was not without a subdued and solemn spirit that they returned to the duties and joys of life, after these rehearsals of their death and burial.

The number of the tombs of the Kings now open, is upwards of twenty. An ancient writer describes them in his day as forty. They were visited by travellers from Greece and Rome, as they are now by travellers from England and America, and the names of the ancients and moderns are to be seen mingling together on the walls. Those whom we call the ancients were modern compared with these grand old dead kings of Egypt. On our way back we ascended the mountain ridge to the west of the tombs. Here we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Riding along a ledge of rocks, the valley of the kings yawned a thousand feet below. A sea of sand, diversified by rocks and crags, was on our left; the Nile, Luxor, Karnak, were before us, and the Memnonium, the

[1] Job, i, 14. [2] Isaiah, xiv, 18.

two gigantic statues, one of them called the "Vocal Memnon," were on our right, immediately beneath. From this lofty range we had a commanding view of the situation of ancient Thebes. I had often admired the situation of Rome; that of Thebes however was far the grander of the two. Indeed such another plain, and such another amphitheatre of hills, it would not be easy to find any where. There, on that almost boundless plain, describing a circuit of thirty miles, stood the city of the hundred gates. What a spectacle must it have presented then! what a contrast to the silence and desolation that reign over it now! What city can be sure of standing always, when even Thebes has fallen to the ground! "Art thou," said the prophet Nahum, when announcing the downfall of Nineveh, a thing that then seemed unlikely, impossible, "Art thou better than populous No [Thebes], that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea? (Bahr Neel, the Sea of Nile, as it is called by the natives still.) Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite. Put and Lubim were her helpers; yet was she carried away, she went into captivity. Her young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all the streets; and they cast lots for her honourable men."

Thebes was first captured by Cambyses, the Persian conqueror, before Christ 523. Four hundred years after this, by Ptolemy Lathyrus, it was utterly destroyed. "It had long," says the historian of Egypt, "been falling in trade and in wealth; but its temples, like so many citadels, its obelisks, its colossal statues, and the tombs of its great kings still remain, and with them the memory of its glory then gone by. The hieroglyphics on the walls still recounted to its priests and nobles the provinces in Europe, Asia, and Africa, which they once governed, and the gold and silver and corn which these provinces sent as a yearly tribute. The paintings and sculptures still showed the men of all nations and of all colours, from the Tartar of the north to the Negro of the south, who had graced the triumphs of their kings. We can therefore hardly wonder that when Lathyrus landed in Egypt and tried to restore the troubled cities to quiet government and good order, Thebes should have refused to obey. For three years the brave Copts entrenched within their temples,

every one of which was a castle that withstood his armies; but the bows, the hatchets, and the chariots could do little against Greek arms. The only time before when Thebes had been stormed after a long siege, was when it first fell under the Persians, and the ruin which marked the footsteps of Cambyses had never been wholly repaired. But the wanton cruelty of the foreigners did little mischief when compared with the unpitying destruction of the native conquerors. The Temples of Tentyra and Philae show that the massive Egyptian buildings can, when let alone, withstand the wear of time for thousands of years; but the harder hand of man works much faster, and the wide acres of Theban ruins prove alike the greatness of the city, and the force with which it was overthrown; and this is the last time that Egyptian Thebes is met with in the pages of history. The traveller now counts the Arab villages which stand within its bounds, and perhaps pitches his tent in the desert space in the middle of them. But the ruined temples still stand to call forth his wonder. They have seen the whole portion of time of which history keeps the reckoning, roll before them. They have seen kingdoms and nations rise and fall: the Babylonians, the Jews, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans. They have seen the childhood of all that we call ancient, and they still seem likely to stand to tell their tale to those who will hereafter call us the ancients." Passing one afternoon through one of the narrow lanes of the modern Thebes, or as it is now called, El Luksor, I came upon an Arab school. The door was open, and without any apology I entered. The boys, of whom there might be twenty, had on the abia, a kind of blue gown, which was their only covering. They were seated on the ground with slates in their hands, on which the master had written their lessons from the Koran; and these, with a singing tone and a rocking movement of the body, they were reading. I asked the master, in the best Arabic I could muster, if they were good scholars. He said they were. In an evil hour I took out a few paras and requested him to give them from the Howagee to the best scholars. He put them into his bosom, or, as we would say, into his pocket. At the sight of the paras, or rather at their sudden disappearance, the whole school started to their feet, threw away their slates, and surrounding me, cried "Bakshish, bakshish!" Seeing the storm I had raised, and no

prospect of laying it, I made for the door; but the scholars rushed after me into the street, shouting "Bakshish, Howagee, bakshish!" which they continued to do till I reached the kanjah. It may be easily believed I did not offer bakshish in an Egyptian school again.

On February 3rd, 1850, we resumed our examination of the great temple of Karnak. Approaching it from Luxor by the avenue of Sphinxes, great part of which, as has been observed, "is as entire as when the ancient Egyptians passed through it to worship in the great temple of Ammon," and on reaching the magnificent pylon, or gateway, that looks to Luxor and leads to the smaller and detached temples on the south, I made a detour and entered the great temple by the west gate that led to it from the river. This is the true entrance; and if the traveller enter it in any other way he will find great difficulty of understanding its plan, or discovering its proportions. In this way he will be led from part to part, till he see it as a whole, and carry away with him not a mere impression of its greatness, but an idea which he will never lose of its perfection and beauty. Entering by this noble pylon or gateway he is led into a dromos or court 80 feet long, on the right side of which there is a small temple covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics without, and lined with long rows of colossal figures within. Two rows of columns ran through the court, connecting it with the second pylon or gate. Only one, however, now remains, near which are two gigantic statues of red granite, broken and defaced. "This," says Dr. Olin, "must have formed one of the noblest passages in the world." The second pylon is forty-two feet high, and twenty-one feet wide. Its fronts are covered with sculptures and paintings of bright red and blue colours, as fresh as if only lately laid on. Through this gate you enter into the centre of the temple, called the Palace, or Great Hall of Assembly, and here a forest of pillars burst upon the view, in the midst of which you wander, lost in thought, and filled with wonder and delight. These wonderful columns form rows 9 deep, and most of them containing 16 in length, 134 in all. They are about 50 feet in height, and 30 in circumference. They are covered with paintings of gods, kings, priests, and warriors. Some of the faces are of the true old Egyptian cast, and exquisitely beautiful. I suppose that such another assembly

of pillars, of such magnitude and beauty, the world itself does not contain. Leaving the Great Hall you come to the third gate, now in ruins, clambering over which you enter another court, at the east end of which are two obelisks, a hundred feet high, of exquisite beauty. From the third court you enter the sanctuary, or innermost shrine of the temple. This was a temple within a temple. It consisted of two divisions. Its walls and roof are still glowing with paintings, and sculptures, and stars. This is a perfect gem of architecture. Beyond it is what is called the "Columnar Edifice," from several rows of pillars, amounting to more than fifty in number; and at the extreme east is a propylon, or gate, forming the eastern entrance, of which this wonderful edifice has no fewer than twelve, several of which still remain. Such are the principal divisions of the Temple, which is nearly twelve hundred feet in length, and upwards of a mile in circumference. As it is the largest of the Theban temples, it is the oldest, some parts of which at least being older than the days of Moses, 1600 years before the birth of Christ. Sitting amid its ruins, I remembered how it had been foretold "that the Lord should come into Egypt, and that the idols of Egypt should be moved at his presence:"[1] That "He would kindle a fire in the houses of the gods of Egypt, and burn them, and break the images of the house of the Sun:"[2] And again, that "He would destroy the idols, and cause their images to cease out of Noph." And when we looked around on their empty niches, and defaced figures, and remembered that their very names were now unknown, we could not fail to see how truly and literally had these prophecies been fulfilled. Karnak had at one time even been converted into a Christian church; and though Islam is now reigning in the land, we rejoiced to think the time was coming when it shall become a Christian church again; and in expectation of, and as an earnest of, the days when "the Lord shall be known in Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord, and the Lord of Hosts shall bless Egypt, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people,"[3] we wakened the long-silent echoes of Karnak by singing amid its pillars a psalm to one of our most plaintive old Scottish tunes.

It is not the interior only of Karnak that deserves and repays inspection. Its exterior, if less interesting, is more

[1] Isaiah, xix, 1. [2] Jeremiah, xliii, 13. [3] Isaian, xix, 25.

instructive. Its walls are a sermon in stone, a record of the past, a description in sculpture, painting, and hieroglyphics, of the days and the deeds of old. The subjects of these "Cyclopean Pictures" are battles, victories, and triumphal processions. I had little pleasure in looking on the battle or the victory. There was one object, however, on which I could never look without a strange sad interest, and which was itself a study; this was the long trains of captives, driven before, and dragged in chains at the chariots of the conquerors. Not only could we discover, from their costume and countenance, the countries to which they belonged, but in their countenances we could discover the contending emotions by which they were agitated; in some fear, in some sorrow, in others rage and haughty defiance, and in others deep and settled despair. To describe all that these strange stone-books contain is impossible; but there is one scene which is too important to be passed over, not so much for the truth it illustrates, as for its being a test and a proof of the truth of the Word of God. In the second book of Chronicles it is written: "It came to pass in the fifth year of king Rehoboam that Shishak king of Egypt came up against Jerusalem, because they had transgressed against the Lord, with twelve hundred chariots, and threescore thousand horsemen: and the people were without number that came with him out of Egypt; the Lubims, the Sukkiims, and the Ethiopians. And he took the fenced cities which pertained to Judah, and came to Jerusalem. And he took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house; he took all: he carried away also the shields of gold which Solomon had made."[1] On the north external wall of Karnak, there is a pictorial representation of the invasion recorded in these words. Shishak is depicted as a gigantic figure, holding a captive by the hair of the head with one hand, while he is fetching a blow to strike it off with the other. There are five rows of captives, with features evidently Jewish; but what stamps the scene as Jewish is that the words, *Joudah Melchi*, "Kingdom of Judah," and the names of Taanach, Megiddo, Mahanaim, Hebron, and other "fenced cities of Judah," are written in hieroglyphics beside them. The nature of this kind of writing it can now, even to

[1] 2 Chronicles, xii, 1–4, 9.

the youngest reader, scarcely be necessary to explain. It was a kind of writing by which the *image* of the thing was put for the thing itself. Thus the *image* of a man, sculptured or painted, is put for the man himself; the image of the sun, for the sun; and in this way all other objects are represented. This kind of writing is called *hieroglyphic*, or sacred writing, because it was thought to be known only to the priests. The meaning now attached to the word, is picture writing. This kind of writing, if indeed writing it may be called, was soon found to be an inconvenient and imperfect way of expressing ideas, and to it was added a kind of writing by signs or symbols. Thus, the sign of a crown was used to represent a king, an eye to denote intelligence, a hand to denote activity or diligence, a moon to denote a month. These might be called natural signs. To these were soon added others more arbitrary, and the meaning of which could be only found by their being sought.

In course of time there was a threefold writing among the Egyptians: 1. The pure hieroglyphic, such as we see on the monuments, and which was a mixture of images and symbols: 2. The hieratic, or priestly, a kind of running and contracted hand of the hieroglyphic: and, 3. The enchorial demotic, or popular writing, a mixture of painted, symbolic, and phonetic, or alphabetic writing. The hieroglyphical writing of Egypt, including all these kinds, was for ages a mystery to the world; and it was by a stone called the Rosetta Stone, from having been found there, now in the British Museum in London, on which the hieratic, popular, and Greek characters were employed, that the key to explain its meaning, and unlock its treasures, was supplied. Many of the battles depicted on the walls are with the Canaanites, here, as in the word of God, represented as of gigantic stature. In the reign of Rameses IV, that people were destroyed, or nearly so, by Joshua and the Israelites; and after this period they appear no more on the walls of Karnak. Is not this a singular coincidence? Is it not a strong though indirect proof of the truth of the Word of God?

On Monday, the 6th February, we again crossed the Nile to explore the remaining wonders of what once formed the Lybian side of the city. Guides and donkey-boys were there

as before, and in equal numbers. Two of the boys, however, whom we had employed on Friday, whose names were Mohammed and Mohammed Ali, the latter of whom, from having found him crawling nearly naked in one of the tombs, I had called *Timsa*, or crocodile, now claimed a presumptive right to be employed in our service. On seeing us approach, they shouted, "Very good morning!" "Timsa very good!" "Mohammed very good!" "Water-boy very good!" "Guide very good!" "Morning very good!" Other boys followed us, but it was understood these two were to be our regular guides. One other little fellow, whose name was Mahmoud, I was inclined to take into our employment also, but Mohammed thrust him aside, saying, "*Ethneen*, (two) very good: *Thelata*, (three) not good." Mahmoud, however, was permitted to follow. These boys, as I have said in another Work, were intelligent, amiable, and amusing. They had accompanied Lepsius, the great German scholar and traveller, who had spent some months at Thebes; and the name of Lepsius was as familiar in their mouths as a household word, and they had actually some idea of his greatness as a man of learning. Though only about seven or eight years of age, they were grave as judges, and yet with all their gravity, they were fond of humour. I made rhymes to them, half English and half Arabic, which gave them great delight. They had a politeness too, not usual to children of their condition in more favoured lands. We lunched amid the ruins of Medeenet Haboo, during which they retired of their own accord to a distance, and, while I said grace, kept a reverential silence.

Though different in style, the ruins of Medeenet Haboo are of the same gigantic description with those of Luxor and Karnak. The paintings on the walls are equally fresh and bright, and even more varied. From Medeenet Haboo we proceeded to the tombs of the Priests, which are of the same description, but neither so large nor magnificent as the tombs of the Kings. The people have turned out several of the dead, and taken possession of their dwellings. They came to us with pieces of mummies, such as hands and skulls, which they offered for sale. On our way back, we visited the two stupendous sitting colossal statues in the plain, called by the natives, *Shamy* and *Damy*, Sunny and Shady. One of these is the "Vocal

Memnon," which was once believed to utter musical sounds at the rising of the sun, but which, it is now known, were produced by the arts and devices of the priests. Dark as the land of Egypt now is, it must have been yet darker when that great dead statue of stone was believed to be the harp of the sun, and the ringing sounds produced by the stroke of a priest's hammer were believed to be airs from heaven!

Next day, Mr. M. and myself re-crossed the Nile to visit the temple called Dair el Medeeneh. While the Balance Scene, or vision of judgment, which we saw here also portrayed on the walls, and other scenes of a similar kind, conveyed a favourable impression of the ancient Egyptians, there were other scenes which served to show, that "professing themselves to be wise, they had become fools, changing the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like unto corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things; and that for this cause he had given them up to vile affections."[1] We had this day also, Timsa and Mohammed for our guides. On returning to the west bank of the Nile, where they received their piastres, they asked leave to cross with us in the boat, which we readily granted. Having invited them to go on board the kanjah, they requested that we would write them in a book as "Mohammed and Mohammed Ali Timsa, guide-boys, very good;" which I promised, should I ever write one, that I would. Bidding us, for the last time, "very good morning," our two little guides, "philosophers and friends," went off to the bazaars at Luxor. Poor boys! I shall see their pensive faces and hear their voices no more.

Now has Reis Youseff assembled the remainder of his crew, for some have gone home, and some have ran away; and with a few new hands on board, the kanjah's head is turned towards Cairo, and, as anxious to get down as we were to get up, we are now floating down the river. When several miles below Luxor, Khalil and Mohammed discover that some of their apparel has been stolen, and two of the crew who were left behind are suspected of the theft. Unknown to me, while it is now dark, they take possession of the small boat, and stemming with strong hand the rapid current, they are away back to Luxor. They succeeded, according to their own statement,

[1] Romans, i, 22.

in apprehending the thieves, had them properly bastinadoed, and, bound hand and foot, had them carried to the boat, and are now on their way to overtake the kanjah. Wearied with their exertions, Khalil and Mohammed fall asleep. Observing this, the recaptured crew break their fetters, and carrying off with them a second time the recovered raiment, recovered, alas! in vain, they swim across the Nile, reach the shore, and escape. It was impossible not to pity poor Khalil and Mohammed, who had thus lost both their clothes and their labour; but it was equally impossible not to be amazed at their stupidity in allowing the thieves to escape, whom they had captured so gallantly. But "wisdom has perished out of Noph;" and after living for some time among the Egyptians, the very last thing that will occur to any one will be to wonder at their simplicity.

The only remarkable place, on our return, that we went ashore to visit, was the temple of Denderah, opposite Kenneh. If not the greatest, this is one of the most perfectly preserved of the Egyptian temples. As to its style and sculptures, they are inferior to those of Thebes. The countenances sculptured and portrayed on the walls and pillars are decidedly less beautiful. It is of a later date than the temples of Thebes, and at the period of its erection the true and beautiful type of the Egyptian face had evidently been corrupted. The temple itself is amazingly grand and massive; and in that day when "the Lord shall bless Egypt, saying, Blessed be Egypt, my people," Denderah, with a little labour, will become one of its most beautiful Christian churches.

During our voyage down, I had many conversations with Gazi about his religion. He said that the Christian religion was the best. He seemed pleased when I told him that the Egyptians were Christians before they became Moslems; and, he said, they would all become Christians one day, but that till that time came, he thought it was better for him to remain as he was. All the Egyptians, indeed, that I conversed with, seemed to dislike the idea of a man's changing his religion, whatever that religion may be. It is a common saying among them: "Man Christian, keep Christian. Man Moslem, keep Moslem." I had never any conversations with them on this subject, without great sinkings of heart at the difficulties

in the way of their conversion. Yet it is when the missionary has the feeling of his own insufficiency and weakness most strongly, that he is in his right place; and then it is that room is made for God, with his all-sufficiency and power, to come into His place.

Owing to the morning mists and fogs on the Nile, I did not derive that benefit from the voyage upon it I had been led to expect, and I was not sorry now that it was drawing to a close. As we swept down aided by wind and wave, the spirits of the men rose higher, they struck the Darabukkeh with renewed vigour, and Cairo received more flattering "Comblements" than ever. We landed at Old Cairo on the 26th February, after an absence of nearly six weeks; and though not quite prepared to hail Grand Cairo as *Umm ed Dunga*, the Mother of the World, as they call it, right glad were all of us to enter it again. During the few days that we remained in Cairo making preparations for the Desert, I saw one of the saddest and most painful spectacles I had witnessed in Egypt. This was the unrolling of a mummy. Though it had lain in one of the mummy pits at Sakhara, probably for nearly three thousand years, the wooden case which contained it was in the most perfect state of preservation. It had been brought from Sakhara by an Arab, and sold to an Englishman, who bought it, not, I am sorry to say, as a memorial of antiquity, but on the ordinary principle of a business speculation. It was not unusual for the Egyptians to bury their dead with the rings, bracelets, jewellery, and other ornaments they wore when in life; and, in the hope of finding these on them, mummies are torn from their last resting-places and sold. Such is what even a heathen poet described, as "the cursed thirst for gold." This being a female, the hope of finding such ornaments on it was the greater. The speculator, however, was disappointed. One roll of the linen bandages, which were remarkably fresh, was torn off after another, till not a shred was left. The neck, the wrist, the fingers, were eagerly examined, but there was nothing there but dust and ashes.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DESERT. I. CAIRO TO SUEZ.

THERE are two ways by which travellers go from Cairo to Jerusalem. The first is by El Arish or Gaza, or the Short Desert, the journey through which is made in twelve or fourteen days. The second, in the track of the Israelites, is by Mount Sinai and Petra, or the Long Desert; the journey through which takes usually forty days. Mr. M. took the Short Desert. With my two young friends, R. and S., I fixed on the Long Desert. Charles Hindley, Esq., M.P., and two English clergymen, the Rev. T. T. Churton, and his brother the Rev. H. B. W. Churton, had fixed on the same route, and we agreed to travel in company. Having parted with Gazi, we engaged another dragoman, Achmet, commonly called *Abou-ne-boot*, "the Father of the Stick," from his dexterity in handling that weapon in his youth. Achmet was a Nubian, and was remarkable for his fidelity, gentleness, and courage. We retained Wilson. Our next step was to obtain a Sheykh, who should act at once as our guide and our guard in the Desert. Here, again, we had to avail ourselves of the aid of Mrs. Lieder, whose knowledge of the Arabs is great, and whose influence over these lordly and lawless rulers of the Desert is truly wonderful. She made choice of Sheykh Moosa, nor had we ever after any cause to regret her choice.

In going from Cairo to Jerusalem by the Long Desert, the traveller must lay in his stores of provision for the journey at Cairo. He who would know what to purchase must get his information from his Dragoman. Lists of articles, which I do not think it necessary to enumerate, he will find in various

books of travels. Leaving it to Achmet, in whose honesty we had the utmost confidence, to provide us with tents, beds, carpets, casks, canteens, skins, and other necessaries for our Desert way, Mr. S. and myself went to the Consul's, where our contract with Sheykh Moosa being drawn up, and read in his presence, was signed by each of us in his own peculiar way. We, of course, subscribed our names; and, richer than many of his brethren of the Desert, whose only seal is their finger, Moosa impressed upon it his signet-ring. This is a very old way of signing documents in the East. It is as old at least as the days of Pharaoh and Joseph. In Genesis, xli, 42, it is said, "And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt." The ring which Pharaoh put on Joseph's hand was not a ring of ornament; it was a signet-ring, and was given him in token of the dignity to which he was raised, and that with it he might seal deeds and documents in Pharaoh's name. Some seals have the name of their owner written upon them, and some a motto, which is generally a verse from the Koran; but, saving a few cross strokes, device of any kind poor Moosa's white metal *Khatom*, or signet-ring, had none. It was as good, however, as if it had had the name of Pharaoh itself upon it, and a chapter from the Koran to boot. The contract itself it is not necessary I should transcribe. Neither is it necessary I should say how many dromedaries and camels Moosa contracted to provide for us, nor how many piastres we in return contracted to pay to him. The worst of it is, that, whatever number of camels you have in the contract, it is generally found necessary at starting that there should be added to the number one or two more. This, at least, it is well that the traveller should know, and moreover, that every ten pounds he contracts to give will turn out fifteen at last. This may not make travelling in the East very expensive, but it makes it much more so than he was led to expect.

The contract signed, we leave the Consulate; but we are not so soon to part with Sheykh Moosa. There is a whispering going on between him and Achmet, which we do not understand, but in which we soon perceive that we have some concern. We ask Achmet what it is about, and learn it is the custom for the Sheykh, before leaving Cairo, to get the present of a new dress.

"Very well, Achmet, what will it cost?" "Two hundred piastres." "Any thing more?" There is nothing more for one day, or rather one part of the day. You give the Sheykh his two hundred piastres (£2), who, in return, kisses your hand, and overwhelms you with thanks, and, his dark eye kindling with delight, away to the bazaar he goes to purchase his new silk dress, in which to astonish the natives at Tor, and to hold up his head at Akabah, in the presence of the great scarlet-coloured Sheykh Hussein himself. At a later part of the day, having settled your accounts with the *out-fitters* for the Desert, and paid your Dragoman a month's wages in advance, you conclude you may lay your scrip aside till you reach Suez at least. But you look into the Dragoman's face, and you read there the hieroglyphics of something yet. What can it be? It is a bakshish for himself: he too must have a dress, as well as the Sheykh. Thus you part with other two hundred piastres not in the bond, and so on to the end of the way.

As there are three routes from Cairo to Suez, the northern or Derb el Haj, the central or Derb el Ankebeyeh, and southern or Derb el Besatin, it became a matter of some consideration to us, on the evening previous to our leaving Cairo, which of these to take. The question with most travellers is, which is the route followed by the Israelites, in their memorable exodus from the land of Egypt and house of bondage. But to determine this, there is a previous point which requires to be determined. This is the locality of Goshen. This some fix at Heliopolis; others, among whom is Dr. Robinson, a great authority in such matters, fix it in the district of Esh Shurkiyeh, in the same direction, but many miles farther off. Others contend that it was on the south of Cairo, in the neighbourhood of what is now called Besatin. This seems to be the opinion of Dr. Wilson. That Goshen was on the east side of the Nile is certain, and that it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cairo is equally certain. More than this it is not perhaps possible to ascertain. There being no certainty as to the route they followed, we fixed on the central one as the most direct, and the one usually taken by the Towarah tribes, to which our Sheykh belonged.

At eight A.M., on Thursday, 28th February, Sheykh Moosa had mustered his men and their camels at the well-known tree

before Shepherd's Hotel; and making our first assay on dromedaries, we were soon rolling along the Usbekeyeh, on our way to Suez. The dromedary differs from the camel only in being smaller and swifter. Hence in the Bible, that true book of the East, it is called the "swift dromedary."[1] Though its usual pace is measured and slow, it can be swift enough, as I can vouch from experience. Passing out at the *Bab en Nasr*, the Gate of Victory, the one I rode, startled at something it had heard or seen, or taking a sudden longing for its native deserts, made off at a gallop, which it maintained for upwards of a mile. I exchanged it for another, which was not so easily startled, but which was equally stubborn, vicious, and intractable. The camel has been greatly overrated and overpraised. It has none of the fine qualities of the horse. The love of an Arab for his horse is proverbial; I am not sure he has so much love for his camel: and I am not surprised that he has not, for of all animals it is the most unlovely and unloveable. Though I never came to like it, I did not find its peculiar motion painful or disagreeable. The camel has been called the Ship of the Desert, and the Desert may not improperly be likened to the sea. Though the eye does weary in gazing on that waveless, shoreless, sea of sand, there is something in the bright blue sky, through which you seem to be floating, and in the dry pure air you are breathing, which gives a strange buoyancy to the spirits, and sends a strange deep joy through the heart. Nor has the desert always the appearance merely of a wide dead waste of sand. It has its broad bright lakes of water, variegated with islands and trees and spires, so that you seem approaching some Venice of the wilderness, some city of the sea. These I need scarcely say are not real. They are the mirage of the desert: but they are not the less lovely, and for the time that the illusion lasts, they are not the less pleasing. While these visionary waters were usually bright and tranquil, sometimes they were dark and troubled, and had the appearance then of a sea in a storm, wave rising on wave, and darkly rolling to the shore.

From Cairo to Suez, there is little to interest the traveller, except that he sees a new mode of life, and is brought into communion with a new race of men. Though the camels are

[1] Jeremiah, ii, 23.

under the control of one Sheykh, they have different owners, and every man has the charge of his own camel. The owner, who was at the same time the driver or leader of mine, was a boy about the age of ten. His skin was very dark, and his hair was black and glossy as the wing of the raven. His name was Moosa, and I used to put him in great good humour by calling him "little Sheykh Moosa." Nothing pleased him more, except the promise of a bakshish. The bare mention of the word would make his eyes sparkle, and throw him into a transport of delight, during which he would laugh and clap his hands. As he was but a child, and as the saddling of my camel devolved on him, as might be expected this was not always done in the surest or safest way. After riding an hour or two, it would frequently decline to the side, or slip off behind, bringing or threatening to bring me with it to the ground. I would then dismount, and express my displeasure by saying, "*Moosh taib, moosh taib, Moosa:* Very bad this, Moses." On this he would kiss my hand, and looking up in my face, say imploringly, "*Taib, Howagee; taib, Howagee:*" as much as to say, "Don't be angry, Sir." Helping him to fasten the saddle, I mounted again, and harmony restored, the little Sheykh and I would then resume our way.

On Saturday we were still forty miles from Suez, but we wished to reach it that night, that we might spend the Sabbath on the shore of the Red Sea. So rising early, and leaving the camels and the baggage to follow, we rode swiftly on. It was a long ride, and ere night came we were weary men. On and on, over wastes of sand, we rode, ever looking out for the sea; but it was not till about three in the afternoon, that far away, in a kind of trough among the hills, it met our view. That, however, was a refreshing sight; and after this, the sea continuing to broaden and brighten on our view, we rode leisurely and joyfully forward. During these three days in the desert we met few people on the way, and, except the stations erected by the Transit Company for the accommodation of passengers to and from India, almost no human habitations. One or two incidents, however, did occur, one of which served to illustrate the manners of the Egyptians, and the other, the truth of the Old Testament. One day we overtook two travellers, evidently a man and his wife. From his dark turban,

and his blue *abia*, and his melancholy look, the man we knew to be an Egyptian Copt. He was walking before. The woman, like most of her countrywomen, was veiled, and, carrying a heavy bundle, was walking behind. Such is woman in Egypt and in the East; not the companion of her husband, but his slave. On another day, we met a long train of camels, bearing coffee, indigo, gum, and other articles, from Mocha, which they were carrying into Egypt. They suggested to our minds the passage in the story of Joseph and his brethren: "And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt."[1] The countries from which the two caravans came were different, but the men were of the same race, and their manners and dress were, perhaps, the same also. At five P.M. we passed the northern boundary of Jebel Attaka, the "Mount of Deliverance." As we rounded that bold headland, and the open sea, stretching far away to the south, burst upon our view, we recognised at once the truth and fidelity of the description in the Old Testament of the position and the peril of the Israelites, when, encamping there, the sea before and the hills behind, Pharaoh is made to say, "They are entangled in the land: the wilderness hath shut them in."[2]

We came off our camels at Bir Suweis, the "Well of Suez," and thinking it to be shorter than it was, walked across that great red sandy plain. Let no weary traveller do this after us. The sun was now sinking behind Jebel Attaka; the skies were one blaze of red; but, except its highest peaks, which were tinged with gold, the Mount of Deliverance grew darker and darker at every step, till at last the night fairly settled down; and, weary, cold, and in darkness, we came to the gate of Suez, which was shut against us. This was done under the idea that we came from Syria. Finding it in vain to convince the soldier who kept the gate that we came from Cairo, I dropped a few piastres through an opening in the gate, one after one, till it fairly flew open; and thus we made good our way into Suez.

[1] 1 Gen. xxxvii, 25. [2] Exod. xiv, 2.

II. FROM SUEZ TO MOUNT SINAI.

Suez is a small Arab or Egyptian town, at the head of the gulf which bears its name. Its date it is impossible to ascertain, but it could not have been earlier than the fifteenth century. Though the town is modern, it stands on the site of a town of great antiquity, and in its day of some importance. This was the town to which the Greeks gave the name of Clysma, and which came to be corrupted into Kolzim by the Arabs, by whom the gulf is called the Gulf of Kolzim to this day. At a time when the canal between the Nile and the Red Sea was open, and the goods of the East came in caravans from Petra, or up the gulf in ships, Suez was a great and crowded thoroughfare; and should the railway, long projected, between it and Cairo and Alexandria, be ever formed, it may yet regain something of its old importance. At present it is only the arrival, once a fortnight, of the vans from Cairo, and of the steamers from India with the English, that gives it any importance at all.

When one looks on the blue waters of the Red Sea,

> "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"

he marvels why it should have received from the Greeks the name of the "Red Sea." The name given it in the Old Testament is *Yam Suph*, the Weedy Sea. It is sometimes there also called the "Egyptian Sea."[1] It could not have been from the colour of its waters, though these are said to be sometimes red, and that this is caused by marine animalculæ, which may be seen floating on its surface; nor could it be from the colour of its shores, which are of a dark red colour, that it was thus named; but more probably from Edom, or Esau, whose territory lay along its shores, and on which account it was called the Sea of Edom by the Hebrews, and by the Greeks the Red Sea. But it is not its name that occupies one's thoughts: it is that One event, of which it was the witness and the scene, and which has for ever made it memorable: the

[1] Isaiah xi, 15.

passage of the Israelites through its depths, and the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in its waters. That this event, at which "the dukes of Edom were amazed, trembling took hold of the mighty men of Edom, and sorrow took hold on the inhabitants of Palestina," took place at Suez, or in its neighbourhood, is universally admitted. About the exact spot, there has been great, and indeed far too much controversy. Dr. Robinson and his followers fix it at Suez, where the water is about the breadth of a stone-cast, and which, when the tide is out, is so narrow as to be easily forded, not only by camels, but by men on foot. Drs. Wilson and Olin, and the learned Mr. Lieder of Cairo, fix it ten miles farther down, opposite Ras Attaka and Wady Tawarik, where the sea is about ten miles broad, and deep as well as wide. Let the passage have taken place at either of these places, the miracle was in either case equally great and true. Grant that it took place at Suez; how even there, could thousands of children have crossed that weedy sea but by a miracle? Besides, the passage of the Israelites was only half of the miracle; and the narrower the sea, and the shallower the waters, the destruction of Pharaoh and his host appears the more remarkable and miraculous. I say, "Pharaoh and his host," because some contend there is no evidence that Pharaoh was involved in the destruction. This, however, is expressly asserted in the Scriptures, as may be seen in Psalm cxxxvi, 15, where it is said, "But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea." But while nothing but a miracle could have effected the passage, supposing it to have taken place at Suez, the description in Exodus xiv, and xv, seems to demand that we fix it farther down. There we read of "the waters being divided;" of the "children of Israel walking in the midst of the sea;" of "the waters being a wall unto them, on their right hand and on their left;" of "the sea returning in its strength;" of the Egyptians, that "its depths covered them," and that "they sank like lead in the mighty waters." These expressions, and such like, denote that it was by no usual though dangerous ford, and through no shallow arm of the sea, that the passage took place, but through the sea itself.

Resting at Suez on the Sabbath, on Monday the 4th of March we resumed our journey. Messrs. R. and S. went round the head of the Gulf with the camels. Mr. Hindley and his

family, who had now come up, and myself, sailed down to Ayun Moosa, where we landed, and where we pitched our tents for the night. We were now in Asia, the Red Sea rolling between us and the Land of Ham. The Wells of Moses are so called from the tradition, that here the Israelites rested after their passage of the Red Sea. For this, however, there is no authority. They are surrounded by clumps of palm trees, which are always beautiful, and, in that dry and weary land, always grateful.

As we have now fairly entered on our desert life, I may as well say a few words here in its description, wishing it to be remembered that I am describing our *outer* life, and that only. We rose at six in the morning, about an hour after day-break; had breakfast over, and were on our way about seven. The first hour or two hours we walked, then mounted our camels, took out our Bibles, and consulted them, both as a directory for the Desert, through which we were travelling, and the greater and more awful desert of life. At noon, seeking the shadow of some tree or rock, we halted for lunch, and in about half an hour resumed our journey, which we continued till five, when we halted for the day. Off then went the panniers and baggage, up went the tents, spread were the carpets and mats, lighted were the fires, and in an hour and a half, during which our restaurateurs, Achmet, Wilson, and a young Nubian of Mr. R.'s, Hassan to name, were not idle, we were seated at dinner. Coffee followed, for our cellar boasted of nothing stronger; after which half an hour was given to our journals. Then came worship, and then to rest. And thus,

"From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,"

from day to day, passed our life in the Desert. As for the life of our Bedouins, outer or inner, this, I fear, it would be more difficult to describe. Their dress was of a very humble kind, and, in the case of most of them, was something the worse for the wear. It consisted of the turban and abia. Most of them had sandals, but some, among whom was my poor little Sheykh Moosa, had none. There is not much water in

the Desert to spare, but certainly it was not wasted by our Bedouins. I never saw one of them wash his face, and never knew that they ever washed or changed their clothes. Originally white, by the action of the sun and sand they were now of a dingy brown; and but for the belt, which kept them together, would, I think, have fallen in pieces. What they lived upon it would be difficult to say, as, except when Moosa took his lunch with us, which he did every day, and we threw a bit of bread or mutton to the rest, we seldom saw them eat. Yet there was nothing tawdry in their attire. It was too uniform for that. If I could not say they were noble looking, they were at least active and vigorous, of which their walking thirty miles a day for several weeks successively may be taken as a proof. They were Moslems, but they never prayed, so far as we could discover, either to God or the Prophet. Like their father Ishmael, "their hand was against every man's hand." Most of them had matchlocks slung upon their shoulders, which they instinctively grasped at the least alarm. Neither Mr. Hindley nor we had weapons of any kind. Except that they were loud and clamorous, and sat up late, chattering and clamouring around their fires, our Arabs, from Suez to Sinai, were a civil, and, in their own way, even courteous set of men.

Next day we had the sea on our right, like a blue thread, gleaming along the sand. We crossed several wadys (valleys or broad water-courses), and among others, Wady El Ahtha, which some have suggested might be the Etham of Scripture: "And they took their journey from Succoth, and encamped in Etham, in the edge of the wilderness." Exodus, iii, 13. Succoth, it is true, was on the other side of the Red Sea, but the two stations here mentioned are not to be understood as if they were next each other. They were rather two extreme stations, and many other intermediate ones are implied, though not expressed. That Ahtha is Etham is the more likely that the next wady is Sudr, a corruption, in all probability, of Shur, the name given in Exodus to the whole of this district: "So Moses brought Israel from the Red Sea; and they went out into the wilderness of Shur; and they went three days in the wilderness, and found no water." Exodus, xv, 22.

On the third day after leaving Suez, about ten o'clock, we came to Ain Howarah, generally supposed to be the Marah of

the Israelites: "And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah." Exodus, xv, 23. Ain Howarah is a little way off the camel track, upon a knoll or mound of sand. It is about five feet in width, and contained about two feet of water. We were all anxious to taste of this water of bitterness, and were all of one mind that its name was perfectly expressive of its nature. Two young palms, strange to say, grew by its brink, from which the Arabs plucked for us several branches, which they ingeniously platted together and gave us, to carry away as memorials of the Bitter Well.

What a mingled web is that of human life! How constantly and how closely do the dark and the bright threads follow upon each other! One day we are at Marah, and the next day brings us to Elim: "And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees: and they encamped there by the waters." Exodus, xv, 27. There are, I am aware, two places fixed upon as the ancient Elim: the one in Wady Ghurundel, which we reached at ten A.M., and the other in Wady Usseit, some hours farther on. At the first we found several springs of water, and thirty palm trees. The Arabs made holes in the sand, which were speedily filled with water, reminding us of what is said in Psalm lxxxiv, 6: "Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools." As we halted for a few minutes among those green palms, and by those welling waters, I thought of the past, and the Marah wells and the Elim stations I had met in the pilgrimage of life. If I had tasted of the bitter waters of the one, I had also rested under the palm tree shade of the other; and with a thankful and trusting spirit, I went on my way.

That day our journey was one of great interest. The road was one of wild and singular beauty. It led us along a range of rocks, which seemed the work of men's hands. Some of them were of great height, and were of every shape and colour. The bed also of the wady, or valley-ground, was covered with the Ghurkud, the Turfa, and the Seyal, a kind of acacia, and plants of other kinds. That day also brought us to the sea shore, which, like almost every other part of that

"wild untrodden shore," was strewn with beautiful shells, which we amused ourselves in gathering. Here we pitched our tents for the night, in the neighbourhood of the place at least, where, according to Numbers, xxxiii, 10, the Israelites had pitched theirs: "And they removed from Elim, and encamped by the Red Sea."

On Friday, March 8th, our route lay for some miles along the shore, after which we entered the wady, or valley-ground among the hills. The wadys through which we passed this day were enclosed by hills of great height and grandeur, all of which indicated the presence of volcanic influence, and looked, as one of my friends has remarked in his journal, "like immense piles of scoriæ, heaped up from the furnaces of the Titans." The passage out of one of the wadys was so steep and rugged, that we had to dismount, and make it on foot. This was the Pass of Budrah. The view from the top was one of remarkable grandeur. Indeed, the beauty and sublimity of the scenes through which we passed, on this and the preceding day, were such as I had not been prepared by the accounts of travellers to expect, and which no pen, not mine at least, can adequately describe. What a rich field, too, do they afford for the geologist! How often did I wish that Mr. Hugh Miller had been one of our number, or that he would yet visit these regions.

At three P.M. we came to Wady Maghara, where we turned aside to witness, I can scarcely say examine, the Egyptian hieroglyphics on its rocks. These are of great antiquity, and are in a remarkable state of preservation. They are supposed to represent the conquest of the surrounding country by one of the kings of Egypt, whose name has been ascertained, and one of his titles, which it will be allowed for a conqueror is appropriate enough. It is the "Lord of Battles." He is represented in the act of slaying an enemy, while one of his gods stands by, with a sceptre in his hand, complacently looking on. The age of these hieroglyphical tablets it is impossible to determine, except indeed we believe that the king, as some have said, was no less a personage than Cheops himself, the founder of the pyramids; in which case they must be older than the Exodus, and may have been witnessed by Moses and the Israelites, as they were by us. The word *maghara* signifies a cave, and this name may have been given to the place from

the copper mines with which it abounded, and traces of which yet exist.

Descending from the rocks of Wady Maghara, we returned to Wady Budrah, which led us into Wady Mokatteb, the Written Valley. Here we pitched our tents for the night, and here we saw those famous inscriptions which have given the wady its name, and which have created so deep an interest, not only in the passing pilgrim, but the Christian world. What first arrests attention in these singular inscriptions, is their multitude, variety, the height at which many of them are written, and, compared with the beautiful and finished specimens of Egyptian art we had just seen, the rude and unskilful way in which they are executed. Besides characters or letters, the rocks in the wady, and of a neighbouring mountain, called Jebel Mokatteb, the Written Mountain, are covered with figures of men and various animals. "Men," to use the graphic words of Professor Beer, "are drawn standing, in motion; lifting the hands to heaven, looking down; sitting on camels, on horses, on mules, leading camels; armed with spears, swords, shields; fighting, drawing the bow, hunting, etc."

Surveying these strange inscriptions, every other consideration is soon displaced by that of their origin, date, authorship, and meaning. On this there have been various opinions. Cosmas, a merchant of Alexandria, who, in A.D. 535, was the first to make them known to the world, was of opinion they were the work of the Israelites. This opinion was adopted by Bishop Clogher, who was the first to direct the attention of the English public to the subject, and who, in 1753, offered the sum of five hundred pounds to the traveller who should copy them. Whether the reward was ever claimed we cannot say. Some years after several of them were copied by Pococke and Niebuhr. It was the opinion of Professor Beer of Leipsic, that they were the work of Christian pilgrims of the early ages. Lepsius, seeing the improbability, not to say the impossibility, of these being the work of pilgrims, who could not be supposed to have either the time or the means with which to execute them, while agreeing with Professor Beer as to their Christian origin, ascribes them, with as great unlikelihood, to a Christian pastoral people, living and supporting their flocks in those regions.

Such was the state of opinion respecting the origin and authorship of these inscriptions when we were in the Written Valley. As to the language in which they were written, if we except conjectures, no one had pretended to discover or decipher it. "In 1722," says Laborde, "the Superior of the Franciscans, in returning from the convent which he had visited with several other ecclesiastics, passed through Wady Mokatteb. Great was his astonishment on beholding the two fronts of the rocks covered with inscriptions for the length of an entire league. He thus expressed himself concerning them: 'These mountains are called Jebel el Mokatteb; that is to say, the Written Mountains. For as soon as we quitted the mountains of Faran, we passed along others, during a whole hour, which were covered with inscriptions, in an unknown character, and carved in these hard rocks to a height which was from ten to twelve feet above the ground. And although we had men amongst us who understood the Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, Latin, Armenian, Turkish, English, Illyrian, German, and Bohemian languages, there was not one of us who had the slightest knowledge of the characters engraved on these rocks, with great labour, in a country where there is nothing to be had either to eat or drink.'"[1]

The meaning of the inscriptions was thus, like their authorship, unknown. In a Work lately published, however, entitled 'The Voice of Israel from the Rocks of Sinai,' the Rev. Charles Forster, an English clergyman, has professed to discover both. "The opinion of Cosmas," he says, "so long and so unjustly contemned, is after all the right and true judgment; namely, that the Sinaitic inscriptions were the work of the ancient Israelites, during their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness." How has he, is it asked, arrived at this conclusion? how has he made this discovery? After showing the untenableness of Professor Beer's hypothesis, he proceeds to show that they were the work of the Israelites. "First, From their being the work of a single age or generation. Second, From their numbers, extent, and position; their numbers being computed by thousands, their extent by miles, and their position above the valleys being as often measureable by fathoms as by feet, some being twenty, and some as high as a hundred

[1] Laborde's Journey.

feet. Third, From the physical character of the peninsula of Sinai. To execute these monuments, ladders and platforms, or ropes and baskets, the appliances of a *fixed* and *settled* population, were indispensable. But no people ever could have fixed and settled there, unless provided with daily supplies of food and water in some extraordinary way. Now the only people, in the history of the world, answering to this description, was God's people, Israel, after their exode out of Egypt."

Such is Mr. Forster's first argument, which may be called an argument from *circumstances*. From this he proceeds to a second, an argument from the *characters:* "If the Sinaitic inscriptions," he says, "be indeed the autograph records of Israel in the wilderness, it is only reasonable to suppose that the characters employed in them would bear a close affinity to the written language of Egypt. We are justified in assuming that the Israelites in the wilderness used the characters and language which they had acquired in Egypt, during a sojourn of two hundred and fifteen years. They may not, it is true, have written; but if they did write, as from Deuteronomy, xxvii, 1–8, we learn they certainly did at a later period of the exode, we might expect to find, in any monuments of theirs, the written characters of Egypt. Of the soundness of this conclusion we have given a single but decisive proof. Mr. Gray, who, on the occurrence, in No. 11 of his Sinaitic inscriptions, of a peculiar character, has this remark: 'It is to be observed that there is *an Egyptian hieroglyphic of precisely this form.*' From this identification with Egypt of a single character, the present writer has advanced the proof to the identification of the Sinaitic alphabet with the enchorial alphabet of the Rosetta stone, and with the characters also found in the quarries of Masara, of a date prior to the age of Moses. The case is matter of fact, and a harmony of the two alphabets is placed before the reader in Plate I."[1]

Having applied the Egyptian alphabet to the Sinaitic inscriptions, what was the result? The result was, that in nearly forty inscriptions he has discovered records of the principal events of the Exodus: such as, the passage of the Red Sea, and the destruction of Pharaoh and his host; the healing of the waters of Marah; the smiting of the rock in Horeb; the

[1] See Mr. Forster's Work.

murmurings and the miracle at Meribah; the battle of Rephidim, in which Moses is drawn with uplifted hands; the plague of the fiery serpents; and the miracle of the quails or feathered fowls.

These events are rather noticed and chronicled, if we may so say, than described. Of the way in which this is done, the following are a specimen:

I. The miracle of the quails. "The red geese rise from the sea; lusting, the people eat of them."

II. The miracle at Marah. "The people with prone mouth drinketh at the water springs. Touching with the branch of a tree the well of bitterness, he heals."

III. Miracle at the rock of Meribah-Kadesh. "The eloquent speaker[1] strikes the rock, flows forth the water, falling down."

IV. The battle of Rephidim. "Prayeth unto God the prophet, on a great stone, his hands sustaining, Aaron, Hur."

Supposing it were or could be shown that these are the actual records on the rocks of Sinai, and strange as it may seem if they are, it would almost seem stranger if they are not, what, it may be asked, is their value? It is not said, and not for a moment supposed, that they were written by divine appointment or inspiration. Yet though forming no part of, and adding nothing to, the contents of Scripture, they would have their place and value, if they only added, as, if real, they must, to its credentials. Some have thought it not improbable that Job may have known of these inscriptions. Be this as it may, they served to remind us of his words, which we did not fail to read that night in the Written Valley: "Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!"[2]

Next day (9th March) was a great day for our Arabs. It brought us to Wady Feiran, that oasis in the desert, which, from its streams of water, and groves of palm trees skirting and shading their brink, has been called the "Paradise of the Bedouins." It was a great day also for us. It was the last day in the week; and as we dismounted from our camels, and threw ourselves on the sand, never were we so grateful, for the rest it affords from toil and travel, that there was such a day as

[1] Acts, vii, 22. [2] Job, xix, 23, 24.

the Sabbath. If any thing could convince the enemies of the Sabbath of the desirableness and necessity of such a day of rest, it would be six days in the Desert. Wady Feiran is several miles long, and from four to six hundred yards in breadth. The mountains on each side rise to a great height. We pitched our tents at the mouth of Wady Aleikat, where the valley is broadest, and its beauty the greatest. Here are the ruins of a town, at one time inhabited by Christians. Opposite rose Mount Serbal. This is a mountain of great height and majesty, and is considered by some to be Sinai itself. It is with more probability considered by others to be that Mount Paran which is described in such wonderful strains of sublimity by Moses and Habakkuk: "And he said, The Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them: he shined forth from mount Paran, and he came with ten thousands of saints."[1] "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. And his brightness was as the light; he had horns [rays] coming out of his hand: and there was the hiding of his power. He stood, and measured the earth: he beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow: his ways are everlasting. I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble."[2]

"When God," says Dr. Wilson, "descended to give the Law to his people, the divine glory was revealed from Teman, or Maon, in the east of Edom, to Paran, or Serbal, in the west. It literally covered the heavens to this extent." Those who hold that this was the wilderness of Paran have not overlooked the resemblance, and indeed the almost exact identity, of the names Paran and Feiran. Serbal is said to be 6342 feet above the level of the Red Sea. It has five principal peaks, which, like the lofty pinnacles of some stupendous temple, rise up in the calm deep blue of heaven, and lone, silent, sublime, stand there for ever. Surrounded by a sea of sharp pointed rocks and hills, Paran, as the name signifies, is the glory, the hierarch of them all; and though not so high, yet, as has been remarked, "from its perfect isolation, and the magnificence of its outline, is more imposing" than Jebel Moosa itself. Only

[1] Deuteronomy, xxxiii, 2. [2] Habakkuk, iii, 3, 4, 6, 7.

a few travellers in modern times have ascended Serbal, among whom may be mentioned Burckhardt, Ruppel, and Bartlett. We remained in its neighbourhood a day, and had time enough to make the ascent; but that day was the Lord's, and we spent it in his worship, in our tents, and among the palm trees by the "water courses."

Next day we were on our way early, and in about an hour after starting exchanged the green sedge, and the graceful fan-like palms, and the running waters of Wady Feiran, for the stony wastes and stunted shrubs of the Desert. Emerging from a defile of rocks, we came to an extensive and open plain, on which we discovered an Arab encampment, the first we had seen since leaving Cairo. The tents were of a very humble kind, and of a dark colour, and reminded me of the words in the Song of Solomon: "I am black,...as the tents of Kedar." The Sheykh, who was of the same tribe with our Arabs, and superior in condition, if not in rank, to Moosa, had heard of our coming, and had his tent in order, to give us a right hearty Arab welcome. Having exchanged salaams, we entered the Sheykh's tent, while the ladies entered the harem, or tent of the women, which was separated from ours by a dark woollen cloth or curtain. Coffee being made, we were served with it first; after which it was carried to the ladies, for such is the custom of the children of Ishmael. The Arab women talking loud, I called out to them, "*Oskoot, oskoot:* Be quiet," at which they laughed, and the men especially were delighted. Having endured, I cannot say enjoyed, the hospitality of one Sheykh, we were in danger of being overwhelmed with the hospitality of another. After many apologies, we were permitted to depart. In the afternoon we came to the foot of the celebrated Nakb el Howa, the Pass of the Wind. Here there are two roads to Mount Sinai, one through the Pass, and the other less difficult, but more circuitous, by Wady Sheykh. After some deliberation, we sent the camels by the circuitous route, and resolved ourselves to take the shorter one, but this we reserved for the following day. Hitherto we had often talked about Jebel Moosa, or, as they sometimes called it, Jebel Kabeer, the Great Mountain, both with the Arabs and among ourselves; and now the day had dawned which was to present it to our view.

Early on the morning of the 12th March, we were toiling our way up and over the difficult and dreaded, but after all not so dreadful, Nabkh el Howa, Pass of Storms. It is now about noon, and lo! its rugged and riven peaks glittering in the sun, rises up before us Horeb, the mount of God, and, stretching far away between us and it, the immense and magnificent plain of Er Raha.

After all I had read about Sinai, and highly wrought up as my expectations were, I was not prepared for the solemn grandeur of the scene on which we now gazed. It was not one mountain that met our view, it was a multitude of mountains. Of these Horeb is the chief, and by its greater magnitude and majesty, as well as for the events of which it was the scene, rivets our attention, and for the time engrosses our regard. Riding across the plain, and passing two wadys, Esh Sheykh and Shueib, we enter a rugged gorge, formed by Horeb and Jebel el Deir, the Mountain of the Cross, and in a few minutes arrive at the Convent of St. Catherine. It is a large quadrangular stone building, more like a castle than a convent. I had read of travellers being hoisted up by a windlass, and after dangling for a while in the air, bundled, like a bale of goods, into the convent by a window, or door-way, in the wall, and expected nothing less than that we should make our entrance in a similar manner. For what reason I know not, this rule, "more honoured in the breach than the observance," in our case was not enforced; and while our luggage was hoisted up in the foresaid way, we were permitted to enter by an ordinary door. Mr. Hindley had at first some thoughts of remaining in his tent, but I was too tired of the sea and ship of the Desert, not to embrace the first opportunity of sleeping on shore; and a sight of the comfortable rooms in the convent brought us all at length into the same opinion.

III. MOUNT SINAI.

Our first day at Mount Sinai was spent in visiting the church, chapels, library, refectory, and other buildings and places of interest connected with the Convent of St. Catherine, which is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the world. The church is said to have been built in the sixth century.

Like other Greek churches, it has paintings of the saints on the walls. These, as might be expected in such an out of the world place, were of a very primitive kind. Some of the monks were reading prayers and psalms, which in their turns they continue to do night and day, nearly without intermission. Two or three had the fixed, dim, dreamy, and abstracted look of extreme old age. One was said to be upwards of an hundred years, and another could not have been much less. From the church we repaired to the chapel of the Burning Bush. Here a spot was pointed out where it grew, and outside the wall there was a brier, said to be a slip of the veritable bush itself. This, of course, we did not credit. The library had more interest for me than the chapel. A few of the books were English, the gift of travellers; the rest were principally Greek. From the charnel-house, wherein are piled up the skulls of the dead monks of St. Catherine's for many generations, we were conducted to the garden, which had only a few flowers, chiefly irises, but abounded in olives, fig-trees, and pomegranates. Its borders were lined with other trees, among which were a few cypresses, of great height and beauty. Late that afternoon I walked towards Wady Er Raha, and, seated on a rock at the foot of Jebel el Deir, I continued to gaze and muse on the Mount of God till the stars came forth, and beneath the shadows falling deeply from the surrounding hills, I returned to the convent.

Sinai or Horeb has two summits, Jebel Moosa and Susafeh.[1] It is the bold and awful front of the latter that faces the traveller on his entering Wady Er Raha. It is the opinion of the monks, and of most travellers, that Jebel Moosa is the true Mount Sinai, the spot from which the law was given. We resolved to ascend it first. This we did on the 13th. Having received several *ghaffirs*, or guides, and with a following of Arab boys, we began the ascent at eight A.M. About half way up there is a plateau, or hollow, from which shoot up the different peaks or summits of the hill. Here there is a well, with a lone, tall, dark cypress, at its brink, and near it the chapels of Elijah and Elisha, the former of which is built, so the monks say, on the cave in which Elijah lodged when he fled from the fury of Jezebel. Climbing and scaling the

[1] Written by Robinson, Sufsafeh; and by others, Safsafah.

ascent, which from this increases in steepness, in about three hours from starting we stood on the summit. Having surveyed the scene, which is of great extent, and of wild and awful grandeur, embracing Jebel Tih, with its "dark summits and white flanks," on the north, the sea of Akabah and the Arabian mountains on the south-east, Jebel Katherin towering at our side, and the great Wady of Es Sebaiyeh yawning far beneath at our feet, we took out our Bibles, and turning to the passages in which Sinai and Horeb are mentioned, we read the accounts given there of the solemn and sublime transactions of which they had been the scene, and to which, more than even their natural grandeur, they must for ever owe their interest. Nor did we fail to pray that the law, which was written there on the tables of stone, might be written, as a rule of life, on the tables of our hearts. While half inclined to agree with Dr. Robinson, in rejecting the commonly received opinion that the monkish Sinai is the Sinai of Scripture, or that part of it rather from which the law was given, not seeing that it quite answered the description given in Exodus, xix, of that memorable spot, I reserved my judgment till I should ascend the northern summit, which I did on the day following.

On the morning of the 14th, Mr. S. and myself, accompanied by two guides, left the convent, and arriving at the foot of Susafeh about nine A.M., began the ascent. About an hour after starting, Mr. S. gave it up, and left me to continue it alone. At eleven I reached the shoulder of the mountain, where there is a long, deep hollow, in which there is a rude chapel, and some plants and trees. Here we rested, and, kindling a fire, had coffee. After surveying the highest peak, which Robinson declares to be almost inaccessible, I resumed the ascent, and climbing on hands and feet, and leaping from rock to rock, at twelve I reached the summit, where I was rewarded with a scene of inexpressible grandeur, but which, breathless and exhausted, I was for a while unable to enjoy. Around me were ten different mountains, of bare, dark grey rock, among which I recognised Jebel Katherin, Deir, Menaja, El Gubsheh, and Fareia; and all so near, that a voice uttered on one might be heard on all. Two thousand feet below, spread far away to the west the immense wadys, Er

Rahah, Esh Sheykh, and El Leja, capable of furnishing camping ground for two or three millions of men. I will not say with Dr. Robinson, "Here *was* the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled; here was the mount that could be approached and touched, if not forbidden; and here the mountain-brow, where alone the lightnings and the thick cloud would be visible, and the voice of the trump be heard, when the Lord came down in the sight of all the people upon mount Sinai;" but this much I may say, that if Er Rahah was the plain on which the Israelites were encamped at the giving of the law, Susafeh was that part of the mountain from which it was given. So satisfied was I of this, I was sorry those of my fellow-travellers who held different views had not ascended it with me. But after all, is it certain that the point is one which can be determined? Is it certain that Er Rahah was the plain of encampment? May it not have been Sebaiyeh, or may they not have encamped in all the plains about the mountain? The probability, I strongly think, is in favour of Susafeh. Farther than this I am not inclined, nor do I think it necessary, to go. It was with a fearful joy I stood on, or rather clung to, the peak of Susafeh, and I soon hastened to descend. This I did on the side that leads into Wady el Leja. Passing the convent of El Arbain, the Forty Martyrs, and going down the valley, I came to what is called the "Rock in Horeb." This is a gigantic stone, which has fallen from the rocks. It has several gashes or seams, some of which are perpendicular, and some horizontal, from which it is said the water gushed out. Whether these are natural or artificial is not certain. In the Written Valley there is the figure of a rock, or loose stone, with an inscription, which Mr. Forster has rendered, "The people, the hard stone satiates with water, thirsting." "If there was design," he adds, "in the outline, there arises a fair presumption that in it we have the true form of the rock of Meribah. If so, it certainly is not the same with that near Mount St. Catherine, called the Stone of Moses, which is cubical, not conical, being described by Shaw as about six yards square, and by Burckhardt as about twelve feet high, approaching to a cube. The claim of this rock seems disposed of by the remark of Burckhardt, that the upper Sinai, in which it lies, abounds with springs, some of which are close to

this stone." Passing out of Wady el Leja, and rounding the corner of Susafeh, the guides pointed to its summit, on which we had lately stood,

> " Like Cortez, when, with eagle eyes,
> He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surprise,
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

And as they did so, they looked like men who had done something worthy of being remembered.

On our way to the convent, they pointed out the spots where, as they said, the earth opened and swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, where Moses broke the tables of the law, where Aaron made the golden calf, and a little farther on, at the entrance of Wady Sheykh, the mound on which the people danced.

Next day, being the fourth at the convent, we made a few short excursions into the different wadys, and in the evening began our preparations for departure. That night we had the Superior of the convent to tea. Like most of the Greek monks I have met, he was remarkably illiterate. Except a little ancient Greek, and his native tongue, the Romaic, he knew none of the languages, ancient or modern. He was, however, abundantly good natured, and we spent, if not a very profitable, not an unpleasant evening. Our greatest annoyance these evenings at Mount Sinai arose from the visits of a lay brother, or amateur monk, Petros to name. This Petros was connected with a noble family in Greece. He spoke all manner of languages, but was half insane. He represented himself as Professor of Belles Lettres to the convent. Few of the brethren, I fear, certainly not the Papas, or Superior, took lessons from Professor Petros. From the Superior we learned that the convent contained twenty-four monks, who are also so many men-at-arms when necessary, as the walls are flanked with cannon, in case of an attack from the Bedouins.

Next morning was one of noise and clamour, and glad were we when the camels were once more loaded. I was sorry to find that my poor little Sheykh Moosa was not to go with us to Akabah, and that he had already returned home. I was the more sorry at this, as I had promised him some

bakshish on our arrival at Jebel Kabeer, the Great Mountain, which he had gone away without asking. I gave twelve piastres to one of his tribe, who promised to take it to him; but whether it reached the hands of the poor little Sheykh I had no means of ascertaining. I hope that it did, that he might not think a Christian Howagee worse than his word, and that it made his heart glad and his dark eye brighten in the tent of his mother. Now scattering a few paras among the Bedouin boys who came to see us depart, and waving our adieus to the brethren on the walls, at the sound of the korbaj, and amid shouts of "*Yellah, yellah!*" "Forward, forward!" we have left, on a bright morning of March 16th, the Convent of Sinai, which for four days has been to us "a lodge in the wilderness of wayfaring men."

III. SINAI TO AKABAH.

Our route at first lay through Wady Esh Sheykh. The bold dark cliffs of Farcia were on our left; on our right was Jebel ed Deir, the Mountain of the Cross; and, more magnificent than either, Susafeh for a while was immediately behind. During the day our path lay between long ranges of volcanic rocks, rugged, and of a dark red colour.

About three P.M. we encamped in Wady Sahal, where we spent the following day, which was the Sabbath. The heat was intense, and as we had no shadow from its noontide rays, as we had amid the palm groves of Wady Feiran, we delayed our meeting for public worship till about four in the afternoon, when the sun began to sink behind the great huge mountains which surrounded us. The Ghurkud tree, and a kind of broom, which was in blossom, grew in Wady Sahal in great abundance, the latter of which was a source of great attraction to the bees of the wilderness.

The rocks through which we passed on the 18th were of a remarkable kind. They had cavities or cells, like chambers. Beautiful pillars rose from the centre, terminating at the top in arches, fretted in the most fantastic and fanciful manner. In other places they seemed like great piles of human masonry, worn by time and weather. The soil, instead of a hard gravel,

was a light grey loose sand, through which the camels made their way heavily, as if wading through deep water. Pausing to look back, I saw Jebel Moosa towering in the air above all its peers, as if vindicating its claim to the title given it by the Arabs of Jebel Kabeer, the Great Mountain.

About three P.M. we passed a rock, covered with inscriptions similar to those in Wady Mokatteb. Two hours toiling over, or rather wading through, the sands, brought us to Wady Haderah, supposed by some to be the Hazeroth[1] of the Israelites. Here we encamped.

Next day, at one P.M., we came to Wady El Ain, the Valley of the Well. Here the waters literally "ran in the dry places like a river." The mountains on both sides of the gorge rose with a magnificence surpassed only by that of Serbal and Sinai. The wonderful grandeur and loveliness of Wady El Ain it is impossible to describe. While we hastened to drink of the purling streams, the camels regarded them at first with indifference. Afterwards they drank of them freely, and laid in a supply sufficient to serve them for several days; but this they seemed to do less from pleasure than from a sense of duty. That afternoon we came in sight of the sea, and encamped on the shore of the Gulf of Akabah. A high range of hills, which ran along the shore, rose up darkly between us and the setting sun.

Our course next day, for several hours, lay along the shore. The gulf is here narrow, and we saw the Arabian mountains on the opposite side distinctly. The scene reminded me occasionally of some parts of Lochlomond. The shells on the beach, if not more numerous, were more beautiful than those on the shore of the Gulf of Suez, and we had a busy and joyous time of it, in gathering them as they lay scattered about on the sands, or shone temptingly amid the dark green billows. Crabs also were running about, to the great terror of Hassan, the Nubian boy, who had never seen one before, and who imagined they were scorpions, and called them, "*Agraba ful bahr.*" "Scorpions of the sea." Nor was it the crabs only that kept running about; the shells, as if possessed, marched about in all directions. Some congregated in groups, as if holding debates on the affairs of their own watery

[1] Numbers, xi, 35.

world; and others seemed as if they had nothing to do, and had come out to enjoy a walk in the sun. They seemed unwilling to part with their liberty, as, on attempting to lay hold of them, they hastened into the sea; and even after we had seized some of them, and put them safely, as we supposed, in our pockets, they walked out and escaped. Whether the occupants of the shells were natives or foreigners, which latter is most likely, I am not conchologist enough to determine.

We were now within a day's journey of Akabah, and as this was the last night we should be under the protection of our Towarah Bedouins, we invited Sheykh Moosa to join us in the tent at tea, or, more strictly speaking, at coffee, as this is the favourite beverage of the Arabs, as well as of the Turks. As the soiree was to be held in my tent, and as it devolved on me to do the chief honours of the evening, I got up a speech in Arabic for the occasion. It was brief enough, it may be believed, consisting of little more than "*Laetic Seide:*" "Good evening to you, Sir;" and of "*Messek bil khayr:*" "A blessed evening to you," at parting. We had a lengthened conversation, it is true, about the bakshish which he and his men were to receive at Akabah; but I left this to be carried on by the Sheykh and the younger members of the party, who were more *au fait* in the matters both of Arabic and arithmetic than myself. Moosa, as the reader is aware, had contracted only to conduct us to Akabah. Beyond this he had no influence nor authority. He proposed, however, to renew the contract, and conduct us all the way. We knew too much of the feudal system of the Bedouins, and of their feuds also, to listen to this. We knew that had we done so, Sheykh Hussein would have eaten up both us and him; and we put at once a negative on the proposal. Indeed, such is the influence of Hussein, who may be called the statesman and the spokesman of the Desert, that after we had reached Akabah, and poor Moosa was in the presence of that powerful chief, we heard no more of the matter.

Next day (21st) our path led us over one of the wildest and most difficult passes we had yet come to. From the top of the ridge we looked down into a hollow among the hills at its foot, which had the appearance of an immense furnace or caldron, the fires of which had long ago become extinct, but

the effects of which, in the dark brown cinders and scoriated sides of the rocks, were still visible. I walked down the rugged descent, during which I was surprised to see some beautiful flowers among the stones. On looking more narrowly, however, I observed they were growing on what had been the track of a torrent.

A few minutes' ride through a wady, covered with shrubs and acacias, brought me to the shore, which was the more welcome, as the south wind was blowing up the Gulf strong and fresh, and the white waves were rolling and dashing on the sand. It was here that, some years ago, the celebrated Burckhardt was stopped on his way to Akabah. Reflecting on this, I set up my stone of remembrance, inscribing thereon Eben-ezer, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." A short way beyond this there is a ruined castle in the sea, built, it is supposed, in the times of the crusaders, and to have been the stronghold of some Christian knight.

Akabah, at the head of the Gulf, embosomed in a deep grove of palms, and the bold dark hills of Edom, were now in sight. There we were to part with our poor but faithful Towarahs, for fierce and perhaps faithless Alouins; but over those amber-coloured sands, wet with the receding tide, and amid the rushing and roaring of the foam-crested billows, we rode joyfully on, and in a few hours reached that old borderland of Edom and Midian. The "land of Midian," so called from the fourth son of Abraham by Keturah, who seems to have become in power and influence the chief of his race, is said to have extended from the head of the gulf, around its eastern shore, on which a city of the same name existed, even in times comparatively modern. The land of Edom, a district of which was called Teman, from a grandson of Esau, who bore this name, lay to the north of Midian. The mother of Teman was Adah, the daughter of Elon the Hittite,[1] "whose name and rule in this quarter of Edom," says a learned writer, "is perpetuated in the classical names of *Elana* and the *Elanitic* Gulf."

On our arrival at Akabah we pitched our tents among some sand-hills, between the palm grove and the rude building

[1] Genesis, xxxvi, 2.

pompously called the castle of Akabah. Here we were soon visited by a few of the curious, and by one or two of the officials of the castle, who, in the gaudy robes that savages and semi-savages love to wear, stood by surveying us for a time, and when they had satisfied their curiosity, withdrew; when lo! in a long scarlet-coloured cloak, an ample red turban, and immense yellow Turkish boots, came striding onwards, a short-sized, sharp-featured, dark-eyed, gray-haired man of sixty. This was the great Sheykh Hussein himself. He was accompanied by his brother Salim, who was in all respects a perfect contrast to Hussein, and who, but for his dress and dark complexion, resembled a phlegmatic German or a Dutch boor more than a fiery Bedouin. After exchanging a few words he left us, promising to return in the evening. My tent, unfortunately for my comfort, was fixed on as the place of meeting. He came, with several of his followers, at the hour appointed. We sat in the usual European fashion, and our visitors Arab-wise, on the ground. The first evening was spent in preliminaries. I told him it was our wish to have arrangements made, so as to enable us to depart on the morrow. He said he could not collect camels in so short a time. I replied, we all knew the great Sheykh El Alouin could summon his clan, and make them collect as many camels as he wanted with a word. He smiled, and said, "his power was not so great as the Howagee supposed." As none of us were guilty of smoking, we were at a loss for some time to procure for him a pipe; but we plied him with coffee and sherbet, the latter of which articles was manufactured at the tent-door by Achmet and Wilson, and which, though it consisted only of water and sugar, seemed to please the Sheykh as much as if it had been made by the best *sherbet jee*, sherbet seller, in Cairo or Constantinople. That night we fixed on the number of camels, and the rate at which he was to provide them. Messrs. Robertson, Stewart, and myself, were to have thirteen camels, at the rate of 150 piastres each, with 50 piastres additional for each camel as bakshish, and 300 piastres to the Sheykh of Wady Moosa on arriving at Petra, as blackmail for allowing us to pass through his territory. This was exclusive of bakshish to the men at Hebron, which we were to settle after the English fashion of "what you please." Promising to have a contract drawn up,

and to return with it on the following evening, when he was to receive the half of the sum agreed on, after two long weary hours he withdrew.

Next day we wandered along the sands to nearly the head of the gulf. The scene was beautiful, but silence reigned along the shores. We thought of the time when the Israelites traversed them, first on their advance into the wilderness of Zin,[1] and afterwards on their retrograde movement, when "they passed by their brethren the children of Esau, which dwelt in Seir, through the way of the plain from Elath, and from Ezion-geber, they turned and passed by the way of the wilderness of Moab:" Deut. ii, 8. We thought also of later and more triumphant times, when the haughty descendants of Esau, subdued by David, became the tributaries of Israel, and that ancient prediction was fulfilled, "The elder shall serve the younger;" and of times more illustrious still, when "king Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red sea, in the land of Edom. And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon. And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, and silver, and ivory:" 1 Kings, ix, 26–28. What a contrast does that sad and silent shore present to what it must have done in that stirring and splendid period, when here the combined fleets of Israel and Tyre rode at anchor, and their ensigns waved in the winds, and the gold of Ophir and the treasures of the East were unrolled in the sun, the memory of which exists in the name given to it by the Arabs, who call it the Port of Gold to the present day.

That evening we had another visit, in my unfortunate tent, from Sheykh Hussein, attended with the governor of the Fort, his secretary, and sundry others of his followers and retainers. After long discussions with the wily and worldly Hussein, in which we were ably assisted by Mr. Hindley's Dragoman, John Bedeir, a Christian Arab, our contract was finally signed and sealed; and with Salim for our Sheykh, it was agreed that we should start for Petra on the morrow. That evening we took our final leave of Sheykh Moosa and his men. Next morning

[1] Numbers, xxxiii, 35.

early, they were far on their way home, while we, by ways "we had not passed heretofore," were preparing to proceed farther from ours into the Desert.

IV. FROM AKABAH TO PETRA.

Early on the morning of Saturday, March 23, our Alouins, who had come pouring in with their camels late on the evening before, were clustering and clamouring round our tents at Akabah. They were much finer looking men than the Towarahs with whom we had just parted, but they were evidently fiercer and more lawless. Sheykh Hussein, moving in the midst of them in true savage state and splendour, and giving his commands with a tone and air of authority, was clearly now in his proper place as a ruler of the Desert. Our friends the Churtons had come up, and henceforth we were to travel in company. Our camels being first ready, we started alone. For about three miles our route lay along the eastern side of Wady Arabah, through an undulating plain, abounding in gum trees, and a variety of shrubs and plants peculiar to the Desert. Entering a wady among the hills, we came to the ruins of an immense wall, which had been built across the Pass, but whether as a barrier against the invasions of men or the irruptions of torrents, we did not learn.

This morning, at starting, Achmet had warned Mr. S. to be on his guard, as the camels were *magnoon*, mad. It had been well if he had warned me also. Riding carelessly forward, as I had been accustomed to do, without hold of any kind, sometimes reading and sometimes writing, my camel hearing a noise behind, occasioned by the running off of Hassan's, and giving a sudden plunge to one side, I was thrown to the ground on the other. Had it been the sand, I should not have suffered so much; but the ground was hard and stony, and falling heavily on my head and right shoulder, I was so much stunned, as to be for a while insensible. On recovering, I found my young friend Mr. R. had raised me up and was supporting me, while Achmet, though brave as a lion, was crying like a child. My collar bone was broken. In a short time the other parties came up with Hussein and Salim,

and our tents were pitched for the night. Hussein, who, to do him justice, showed me no small kindness, sent off for an old Arab, skilled in setting bones. The rough but kindly old *hakim*[1] pronounced it a *muksoor*, a broken bone, and proceeded to deal with it accordingly. Nor was Achmet without some skill in the matter, the more by token that his own right arm bore marks of having been broken in three different places. Bound up and bandaged, I was laid on my couch on the sand, and left for the night to my own meditations. Providentially it was Saturday. Next day my friends met for public worship beneath the neighbouring rocks. I was confined to my tent, and it was not without peculiar emotions that I listened to their voices, lifted up "in Kedar's wilderness afar," which had not often before witnessed a Christian Sabbath, or echoed with the songs of salvation. During the day I had many visits from the Bedouins, who, coming to the tent door, would thrust in with the inquiry, "*Ente taibeen, Howagee?*" "Are you better, Howagee?" To which I would reply, "*Taib, kether khayrak.*" "I am better, I thank you." In the evening I had a visit from Hussein and Salim. Hussein, who had offered me his tent, said, that if I proposed to proceed with my friends, he would procure for me a horse, which I could mount and dismount at pleasure, and the motion of which would be less painful than that of the camel. I accepted the offer of the horse, and said that I hoped I should be able to proceed. "*Inshallah,*" they both replied: "If it please God, you shall."

Next morning I was up with the first, and was delighted with my horse, which, instead of being a fiery Arabian barb, as I feared it would be, was small, and perfectly docile and gentle. Thus had I cause to sing of "mercy as well as of judgment." This day, Sheykh Hussein, carrying in his hand a long lance or spear, put himself at our head, and, with the hills of Edom on our left, we went forward over the wide and widening plains. Hard and stony at first, we had not proceeded far when, I was agreeably surprised to find, they appeared covered with the richest and softest green, as if the blessing half extorted from Isaac by Esau had come on his descendants: "Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above:" Gen. xxvii, 39. Hussein's

[1] Physician.

tents soon came in sight, and the dark tents on the green plain had a striking appearance. Mohammed Hussein's eldest son, of whom Lord Lindsay makes special mention, came out to meet us. We were regaled with copious draughts of *lebban*, a kind of buttermilk; the same, I suppose, as Jael gave to Sisera.[1]

That night we encamped in the plain. Hussein struck his long spear in the ground, and there his followers kindled their fires, not very far, it is probable, from the place where Saul once slept, "with his spear struck in the ground at his bolster."[2] Hussein came that night to my tent, where we had a long conversation, and among other things, about the horse which I was to have to Hebron for five hundred piastres, about five pounds sterling. This was perhaps too much, but I could not do without it, and he knew this. Next morning he bade us farewell, leaving me with the impression of his being what I have already described him to be, a worldly and wily, but remarkably clever and unscrupulous old man. He was not, however, unkind to me, and I have met with persons professing to be Christians who, in the matter of making a bargain, were as exorbitant and unscrupulous as Sheykh Hussein.

The greater part of this day (26th) we travelled in sight of Mount Seir, called by the Arabs Jebel Shera, in honour, some say, of Sarah, from whom they are descended. Some even, but with less probability, trace the word Saracen to the same source. As we approached the mountain, the plain began to lose its verdure, and to become more like desert land. In several places it was literally black with locusts. They leaped about like grasshoppers, which in shape, though much larger, they resembled. This reminded us of an expression in the Psalms, "I am gone like the shadow when it declineth: I am tossed up and down as the locust."[3] The locust is eaten by the Bedouins. Some have supposed that the locust, which was the food of the Baptist in the wilderness, was a plant or fruit of this name. There is every reason to believe, however, that it was the locust itself.

Here we had our first glimpse, but far away on the left, of

[1] Judges, v, 25. [2] 1 Samuel, xxvi, 7.
[3] Psalm cix, 23.

Jebel Haroun, Mount Hor. Next day we ascended the highest ridge of Seir, where our eye was gladdened with the sight and our ear with the voice of streams. On the whole, however, nothing could be more bare, rugged, and desolate, than the region on which we were now entering, and over which, beneath a burning sun, we were all this day wearily toiling. We read the prophecy of Obadiah, and the thirty-fifth chapter of Ezekiel, and there was but one opinion that the threatenings denounced there against Edom had been literally and fearfully fulfilled. "Truly," as we looked around, we said to one another, "mount Seir *is* most desolate."[2] Heavily did the prophet roll from his prophetic harp the burden over Dumah, and heavily has it fallen. Well might the watchman of Israel say to the watchman calling out of Seir, "What of the night? ...The morning cometh, and also the night:" morning for us, but the night for you: "if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return, come:" Isaiah, xxi, 11, 12.

Mount Hor had all this day been in sight, and about four P.M., as we reached one of the highest ridges of Seir, separated by a wide, deep gulf on the left, its sharp gray peaks, sparkling in the light of the setting sun, rose right over against us. Here Salim gave orders to encamp; but Mr. Hindley was desirous to encamp in Petra, about two hours distant. Consulting with Achmet, I found him in favour of encamping on Mount Seir; so our tents were pitched there. The rest of the party followed our example, which next day, on discovering the nature of the descent into Petra, they were glad that they had done. Around our encampment there were several fields of corn, belonging to the *fellahin*, or peasants, of Wady Moosa, into which Salim sent my horse to feed. Our Bedouins brought away armfuls for their camels. Mr. H. seeing this began to remonstrate with Salim on the impropriety of his conduct, but Salim was too stolid to understand his arguments, or too much of an Arab to regard them. He did to others as they had done to him. Like our own Rob Roy,

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> Sufficed him, that they should keep who have,
> And they should take who can."

[2] Ezekiel, xxxv, 3.

I was too tired to join in the remonstrance. Going out among the rocks, I lay down there to enjoy the glories of the scene. Claude Lorraine and Vendevelde would spend days looking at the sky. As I gazed on that lone grey sea of rocks, on that sky of gold, and on the gulfs which yawned beneath, their abysses filled with waves and billows of light, sparkling amid and commingling with the gloom, what, I thought, would not these great disciples of nature and masters of art have given to have witnessed such a scene! To add to its interest, scarcely had the sun set when the moon rose, and star after star came out, shining with such brilliance that the night seemed but a milder day.

V. PETRA.

NEXT morning (28th), full of expectation, we were early up and on our way. We were this day to enter one of the most wonderful cities in the world, the long lost capital of Edom. Sending the camels round the head of Wady Moosa, we descended on foot the sides of the mountain a considerable way below it. The *fellahin* were now aware of our arrival, and carrying their long formidable looking firelocks slung upon their shoulders, visions of bakshish glittering in their view, and shouting, "*Inglees, Inglees!*" till the rocks rang, came out to meet us. Though we were now within a few minutes' walk of Petra, we saw nothing to indicate even its existence. Pursuing our way along the brink of a small stream, flowing in the direction of the invisible city, the first objects that arrested our attention were some excavations on the rocks on the right, adorned with pillars of the Corinthian order. Beyond these we came to what seemed an immense fissure or chasm in the rocks, as if by the stroke of an earthquake they had been rent asunder. This was the Gate of Petra. Here we entered a narrow deep defile of rocks, forming a passage of more than a quarter of a mile in length. The height of the rocks on either side is from three to four hundred feet, the breadth of the passage, such as to enable one camel, or perhaps two horsemen, to ride through it abreast, though, from the stream in the centre, and the stony nature of the ground, this

is no smooth business. Trees and plants, shooting in graceful festoons from the clefts and crevices of the rocks, break and diversify the light that pours down upon it from the open blue sky above. Such is the portal to Petra. Passing through it, the mind is filled with wonder and delight. Such another entrance and arcade, so strange and sublime, the world does not contain. This, however, is but the beginning of wonders. Emerging from the entrance, in which light and darkness mingle, you come into the open light of day; and here, bathed in light, and beaming on the view full in front, appears the first and fairest of the rock-hewn structures of Petra. This is the Khasné el Faraoun, or Treasury of Pharaoh, this name having been given to it from an urn in the centre, supposed by the Arabs to contain the treasures of some of the old Egyptian kings. Like the other buildings of Petra, at least such of them as remain, the Khasné is cut out of the rock. In the interior, which consists of one principal chamber, there is nothing remarkable. It is its exterior which is the glory of the Khasné. It is adorned with four Corinthian pillars, and several statues of exquisite finish and beauty, the effect of which is heightened by the rosy hue of the stone out of which they are cut, which is absolutely lovely. The Khasné is supposed to have been a temple or tomb, and, from the style of architecture, to have been erected in the time of Trajan, by whom Petra was taken, an event which was commemorated on the coins of Rome. This was in the early part of the second century, from which time Petra remained in the possession of the Romans for about four hundred years.

From the Khasné we proceeded to the Square, which contains the Theatre, several of the benches or seats of which, cut out of the rock, are yet entire. Here also are numerous houses, or tombs, in the rocks and sides of the mountains, which called to our remembrance the words of the prophet, "Thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock."[1]

From the Theatre, we come to the next and last great division of Petra, which, though at the northern extremity, must be considered as having been the heart or centre of the city. This, in the words of Irby and Mangles, "is an area in the bosom of a mountain, swelling into mounds, and intersected

[1] Obadiah, 3.

with gullies; but the whole ground is of such a nature as may be conveniently built upon, and has neither ascent nor descent inconveniently steep. Within the actual circuit of the city there are two mounds, which seem to have been entirely covered with buildings, being still strowed over with a prodigious quantity of loose stones, piles, and fragments of ancient ware, of a very light and delicate fabric. The bed of the river flows between these two spots. The water has now sunk beneath the surface, and perhaps creeps through the rubbish, which ages have accumulated in its bed. Great part of it seems to have been arched over. Some of the principal edifices seem to have been on the low ground at the left bank of the stream."

The reader will see from this extract, that though many of the dwellings, perhaps most of them, were cut out of the rock, this was not the case universally. This, indeed, was not the taste of either the Greeks or Romans, whatever may have been that of the Edomites or Nabatheans, its original owners and inhabitants.

Here we pitched our tents, after which the most of our party issued forth on discovery. The heat was so intense, the thermometer being at 123°, and the pain of my *muksour*, or broken bone, so great, I remained quietly in my tent till the sun began to decline. I have said quietly; but whatever quietness was within, there was not much of this for some time without. Scarcely had we pitched our tents, when Suleiman, the Sheykh of Wady Moosa, the lord of the manor, and his men, came pouring into Petra in great numbers. We had agreed, in our contract at Akabah, to pay him a hundred piastres for each of our party. This was now paid him by Achmet and Bedeir, in the presence of Salim. No sooner, however, had Suleiman received the money, than he set up a demand on some pretext for more. This was resisted; and now loud was "the strife of tongues," and more than this, the clashing of swords, in Petra. As I knew it would end in a battle of words, or a few flesh cuts at the most, I looked calmly on. It ended, I believe, in a sort of compromise, and the uproar ceased. Besides the heat, with which Petra glowed like an oven, we were annoyed with the presence of scorpions, numbers of which were found beneath the stones, and some of

which made their way into our tents. Ali, one of Mr. H.'s servants, was bitten by one in the leg, which gave him great pain. Ultimately they had the worst of it; and whatever cause the Sheykh of Wady Moosa might have, the scorpions had no cause to rejoice in our raid into Petra.

Next to the Khasné, the building most perfect and most worthy of a visit is El Deir, the Temple. It is not so beautiful as the Khasné, but it is older; and if it was, as is believed, a temple erected for the worship of the gods of Edom, it is every way more remarkable. Here an interesting question occurs: What were the gods of Edom? and when did the Edomites, forsaking the worship of the living and true God, turn to the worship of idols? One kind of false worship, prevailing in these parts, and peculiar to that part of the East, as is evident from the book of Job, was the worship of the heavenly bodies. "If," said Job, "I beheld," that is, with idolatrous regard, "the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; that were an iniquity to be punished by the judge: for I should have denied the God that is above." The sun was the Chemosh of the Moabites, the Moloch of the Ammonites; and the moon was the Ashtoreth or Astarte of the Sidonians. Such was the proneness of the people of the East to fall into this kind of idolatry, the Israelites themselves when wandering in the wilderness, though repeatedly warned by Moses against it, did not altogether escape it. They too, "took up the tabernacle of Moloch, and the star of their god Remphan." It is no wonder, then, if the children of Esau early and formally adopted it. Here, no doubt, Chemosh and Moloch had their temples; and the now silent El Deir may have witnessed the impure rites, and resounded with the frantic cries of their worshippers. From the top of the "ragged rocks" they no doubt beheld "the sun when it shined, and the moon walking in brightness," and bowed before the starry host of heaven. These idolatries, however, with the people that practised them, have now been swept away. El Deir is silent. "The star of its god Remphan" has set, never to rise again. May the Crescent soon follow!

While the rest of the party were surveying this ancient temple of the Sun, Mr. R. and myself, attended by Suleiman, a trusty Arab, took a different direction. Tracing the bed of the

river, we ascended the northern mound, from which we had a clear and comprehensive view of the great area, and of the houses, tombs, or temples in the sides of the rocks by which it is surrounded. Here evidently had been the market-place and the exchange in which the multitudes, merchants, and traffickers assembled to learn the news, and to transact business. Here the travelling halted, and the goods of the East were displayed in the sun. Here the tide of pleasure and of business rolled. Here might be seen the throng, and heard the tumults of the people, all of which has now ceased and closed for ever. Like Babylon, Petra at one period was advantageously situated for business. In itself, indeed, it had no commercial advantages. It had no large river, and it was far from the sea. It was in the midst then, as it is now, of a vast and sultry desert. As a resting-place however to the traveller, it was of great importance. When caravans came from the Persian Gulf, through Arabia, it was here they first touched on the civilised world. A depot was thus naturally formed here of the commodities in which they traded, and Petra became thus a place of great wealth and importance, second only to Babylon itself. The trade that tended to it from the East, travelled from it again to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and by a variety of routes to the shores of the Mediterranean, on which rose several important cities, one of which, Tyre, became the mart of the world. Standing there we saw with what truth it was called by David, "the strong city." Surrounded by rocks and mountains for its walls, yea built in the rocks and mountains themselves, Petra must have been the strongest city in the world. A few hundred men could easily have made good its defence against the greatest army it was possible to bring against it. One may well wonder indeed, that it was ever taken. Yet taken it was frequently. Surrounded by its hills, like Babylon by its waters, its strength became its snare. "Its terribleness deceived" it, and what the power of man could not do, "the pride of its own heart" did: it proved its ruin. Whom God would destroy he infatuates. A spirit of infatuation seems to have fallen on the capital, the chief men, and the counsellors of Edom. This may be learned from the words of the prophets, who thus denounced against it its coming, its utter, and perpetual desolation: "Concerning Edom, thus saith the Lord

of hosts: Is wisdom no more in Teman? is counsel perished from the prudent? is their wisdom vanished? Flee ye, turn back, dwell deep, O inhabitants of Dedan; for I will bring the calamity of Esau upon him, the time that I will visit him. If grape-gatherers come to thee, would they not leave some gleaning grapes? if thieves by night, they will destroy till they have enough. But I have made Esau bare, I have uncovered his secret places, and he shall not be able to hide himself; his seed is spoiled, and his brethren, and his neighbours, and he is not. Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Also Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all the plagues thereof. As in the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah and the neighbour cities thereof, saith the Lord, no man shall abide there, neither shall a son of man dwell in it. Therefore hear the counsel of the Lord that he hath taken against Edom, and his purposes that he hath purposed against the inhabitants of Teman: surely the least of the flock shall draw them out; surely he shall make their habitations desolate. The earth is moved at the noise of their fall; at the cry, the noise thereof was heard in the Red Sea. Behold, he shall come up and fly as the eagle, and spread his wings over Bozrah: and at that day shall the heart of the mighty men of Edom be as the heart of a woman in her pangs." The grandeur of imagery in this magnificent passage every reader must feel; but they only who have witnessed what we did, can perceive its amazing, its perfect accuracy. Not only is all Scripture given by inspiration, but every *word* of it is indeed true from the beginning. At the time when this and other predictions of its ruin were uttered, who could have foreseen, who, but holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, could have foretold it? Yet its ruin came. Spoiler after spoiler came; Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Arabs; till Petra became what it now is, and what it was "from generation to generation," an utter desolation; its memory forgotten, and the very spot on which it stood unknown, "none passing through it for ever." Not only was the desolation of Edom foretold to be utter, but

perpetual; and there is every reason for thinking that literally and absolutely it will. Whatever advantages it once had, now it has none. Its importance of old was derived from the circumstance that it was on the highway from the East, and that the commerce of the East was carried on by caravans and camels; and nothing but the destruction of ships and steamers and the restoration of the caravans, or the formation of railways in the desert, which is not for some time at least, if ever indeed likely, could make Petra what it was. It is thus a city of the past and of the dead. Granting that it should be rebuilt and repeopled, this cannot be done by any of the house of Edom; for of Edom as a distinct nation, there is now, as was foretold, a "full end." The question, I am aware, has been lately opened up, and a most interesting one it is, as to who and what the descendants of Esau are; and it has been shown with apparent success that they, having blended with the descendants of Ishmael, are in common with them the Arabs of modern times. "The Edomites," says the Rev. Charles Forster, in his valuable Work, 'The Geography of Arabia,' "can be traced to the heart of the inheritance of Ishmael, as though they formed one people with the Nabatheans, or Ishmaelites, so called from Nebaioth, Ishmael's eldest son." The history of this intermixture of races is contained in a single verse of Genesis. 'Esau took to wife Bashemath, Ishmael's daughter, the sister of Nebajoth.' The alliance of Ishmael in the infancy of the two stocks, accounts most naturally for the subsequent amalgamation of the Ishmaelites and Edomites. But interesting as this question is, this is not the place to consider it. Be the fate of Petra what it may in time to come, be it that a blessing is in store for Edom as well as for Egypt; this does not and cannot affect the prophecies respecting it in the times that are past, and of the truth of which it has been preserved in its desolation, as a monument and a witness to the present day.

VI. FROM PETRA TO HEBRON.

On the morning of March 30th, the twenty-eighth of our pilgrimage in the desert, we left the old and once kingly, but desolate and dead city of Petra. Taking our departure from

it by the west, mount Hor, rising in solemn and solitary grandeur, was a little way from us on our left. Certain of our party intended to ascend it, but the heat was so intense that the design was given up. About noon we reached the summit of the mountain-range, of which Hor formed a part, and here Wady Arabah, in all its magnificence, "a great and terrible wilderness" indeed, appeared at our feet. The prospect was startling. The ascent had been difficult, and the descent was even more so. We had to make it on foot. Over the hard and flinty rocks, over mounds of dark brown, charred, and cinder-like stones, and over long narrow beds of limestone, of the appearance of having passed through the kiln, we made our downward and difficult way, till, about two o'clock, we reached the foot of the mountain, and entered the great Wady Arabah, a word signifying "Desert," and which fitly enough, so far as its northern division is concerned, has given the name of *Arabia* to the whole land. That night we encamped on the western side of Hor. Here, perhaps not far from the spot where Aaron received the command to go up the mountain, there to die and to be buried, and where "the congregation mourned for him thirty days, even all the house of Israel," we spent the Sabbath. We had public worship here in one of the tents, having neither tree nor rock under the shade of which to assemble. During the afternoon's service, which I was prevented from attending, while sitting alone in my tent, a cry suddenly rose of "Arabs! Arabs!" On going out, I saw the men seizing their guns, and running into the plains for the camels, on which, having collected and mounted them, they set off at a gallop, and in a few minutes disappeared among the rocks. On enquiring the cause of the alarm, I learned that two men had been seen during the day hovering about the camp; that on counting the camels, two were awanting. These, it was supposed, had been carried off, and to recover them was the object of the foray. Achmet, from whom I learned this, was perfectly cool, but poor Wilsonwas pale with terror. "I wonder," he said, "what does bring gentlemen to see a parcel of barren mountains; we are all gone." Things looked bad enough, but Wilson's fears made them look worse than they really were. The camels, it turned out, had only strayed, and in a few minutes the men came dropping in, not a little proud of the courage they had

shown in going out to meet the enemy. That night Achmet kept armed watch around the tents, and though the place was one of evil reputation, the night wore away in peace.

Next day, Monday, 1st April, our route lay across the Arabah. The soil was of a loose sandy gravel, interspersed with stones, some of which were of considerable size. Without a tree or rock under which to seek a moment's shelter from the sun, the heat was this day well nigh intolerable. Well might Wady Arabah be called a "dry and weary land." In the afternoon we reached Ain Weibah. Here we found grass, a tall kind of sedge, several palm trees, and, more welcome than either, pools of water. The camels rushed into the water eagerly, and some of them actually lay down in it. The water was not the best, and this did not improve it. We managed, however, to fill our zemzemies with what was more drinkable. The view from the wells of Weibah, of the mountains of Seir, and of the wilderness of Kadesh, which we were leaving, was magnificent; but our eyes were now turned whither our hearts were, to the Land of Judah, the hill country of which we were now closely approaching. One day more and we should reach its border. That day, however, was to be one of greater difficulty and endurance than we had anticipated. Between us and it lay Jebel es Sufa; and before reaching the Delectable Mountains, we had to cross this mountain of Difficulty. The heat was as intense and intolerable as on the day before, and Jebel es Sufa was well nigh inaccessible. Its rocks were not only steep but slippery; and in some places we had to ascend them on our hands and feet. When a considerable way from the top, we came to a dead halt, and loud and universal was the cry for water. The zemzemies were brought. The water was nearly as bad as it was possible to be; but shutting our eyes, and straining it through our teeth, we drank it greedily. On reaching the top of Es Sufa the weather changed. The wind rose. There were a few drops of rain, and thunder was heard in the distance. But we were now out of the great and terrible wilderness, "a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought and of the shadow of death;" and there was but one feeling among us of gladness, and of gratitude to Him who had brought us in safety through it to the border of the Promised Land. Descending from Es Sufa by a narrow and rocky path,

supposed by some to be the Hormah of the Bible,[1] we entered the open plain, where we pitched our tents.

The following morning was cloudy, and there were signs of an approaching storm. About an hour after starting the rain began to fall, which it continued to do for several hours, during which there were also several peals of thunder. Early in the morning we passed some ruins on the left called Kurnub, supposed to be the Tamar of which Ezekiel speaks, where he says, "From Tamar even to the waters of strife in Kadesh, this is the south side southward."[2] At noon we halted on a green knoll, around which lay hewn stones, evidently the remains of ancient habitations. The place abounded in scorpions, several of which were found under the stones. The rain now began to abate and the skies to brighten. Dismounting, and leaving my horse in the care, or as the Arabs would say, "on the head" of Suleiman, I walked forward for nearly an hour alone. Our way led through a beautiful valley, surrounded by gentle undulating hills covered with deep and refreshing green. The air and odours from the grass were delicious. As the winds breathed on me "Sabean odours" from the fields, I remembered and repeated the lines of Gray:

> "I feel the gales that from you blow
> A momentary bliss below,
> As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
> My weary soul they seem to soothe;
> And, redolent of joy and youth,
> To breathe a second spring."

Dr. Wilson, who passed through this district in March, when the spring was not so far advanced, says in his 'Lands of the Bible,' "The grass was intermingled with innumerable beautiful aromatic flowers, which were in their fullest blow. The wild daisy and tulip, and a species of clover, though not the most striking in themselves, recalled to our remembrance the pastoral fields so long removed from our view, but which we had so often trodden in mirthful glee, 'when life's bosom was young.' We felt exhilarated to a degree which no one can imagine, who has not been in circumstances similar to our own. The scene to us, after a pilgrimage of forty days in the great

[1] Numbers, xiv, 45. [2] Ezekiel, xlvii, 19.

and terrible wilderness, the shadow of death, was truly as life from the dead. We felt as if the larks which were offering their orisons to the God of nature, were sympathising with our feelings."

Somewhat later in the day we entered Wady Araarah, the Aroer of Judah.[1] On our left lay the district of Beersheba, the ancient boundary of the Holy Land on the south, as Dan was on the north, and which gave rise to the expression, "From Dan to Beersheba." Continuing our route, we came to several ancient wells, two of which contained water. They were about 8 feet in width and 30 in depth, and were lined at the top with a kind of coarse marble, which was worn into grooves by the friction of the rope in drawing the water. We encamped by the Brook Gerar, so called from the district of this name, in which Isaac dwelt, when it is said, "He came from the way of the well Lahai-roi; for he dwelt in the south country."[2]

Next day, April 4th, dawned on us full of expectation. We were that day to enter the first of the cities of Judah from the south, and one of the most ancient cities in the world. An hour's riding brought us to a range of mountains, which reminded us we were now entering "the hill country" of Judea. The hills, we now observed, were cultivated, and as is the custom in Palestine, to prevent the soil from being washed or worn away by the rains and torrents, were terraced. While ascending Jebel el Khalil, Salim came up to me on his camel, and begged that I would allow him to send back the horse, as he did not wish to take it into Hebron. The reason of this request, I afterwards learned, was that the horse had been stolen, and he was afraid it might be recognised and detained. I told him I intended to ride on it all the way, on which, trusting, I suppose, to some other resource to prevent its being discovered, he said no more on the subject. What first attracted my attention while ascending the heights of Hebron, were the vineyards with which they were covered. I thought of the words in the prophecy of Isaiah, "My beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill."[3] I saw at a glance that the Prophet's description of a vineyard in his day applied exactly to the

[1] 1 Samuel, xxx, 26-28. [2] Genesis, xxiv, 62.
[3] Isaiah, v, 1.

vineyards of Palestine in ours. The "fence" was there, and the "tower" was there, and the "wine-press" was there; and there were the "stones" which had been "gathered out:" a proof that though the country had cast out its people, it had not cast off its customs. A little way before entering the town, which is built on the face of a hill, with the Plains of Mamre in its front, we observed the traces of a public road. This was no doubt at one time the highway into Hebron. In its present state, it tended only to afford us an affecting evidence of the fulfilment of the prophecy, "The highways shall be desolate."[1] Stones lay in the middle of the road of every size, some of which could easily have been removed; but there they lay as they had lain for ages, and where, so far as the present inhabitants are concerned, they are likely to lie for ages more. At the entrance of the town, we passed a large tank or pool of water, supposed to be the pool over which David hanged up the murderers of Ish-bosheth.[2] The ancient name of Hebron was Kirjath-arba. It was called this from its being the stronghold of a giant of this name. Its modern name is Khalil, "the Friend, or Beloved," and this it is called in honour, some think, of Abraham, the "Friend of God;" or, as others think, in honour of Isaac, the beloved of his father. It is a large and well-built town, containing a population of 10,000, who are chiefly Mohammedans. Having a quarantine to perform of four days, we were conducted to the Lazaretto on the face of a hill on the west, over against the town, on whose dull gray walls, and dead joyless streets, we had the melancholy pleasure during that time of looking down. The Lazaretto was of the worst description. The buildings were new. The walls were saturated with damp, which ran down in streaks and streams of a deep sea green colour. Inscriptions, the work of previous pilgrims and prisoners, were written on the doors, of the following kind: "For colds, agues, and catarrhs, inquire within." This held out to us no very pleasant prospect, but we had no choice. What a contrast did these narrow, dark, and damp cells present to the wide bright Desert, with its dry sands and its pure, free, fresh air!

Devolving on Mr. R. the duty of settling accounts with Salim, and (no easy matter) of satisfying with bakshish our

[1] Zephaniah, ii, 6. [2] 2 Samuel, iv, 12.

Bedouins, I retired to rest. Weary though I was, the closeness of the atmosphere, which was absolutely stifling, and the strong, heavy, sickening smell from the walls, for a while threatened to make sleeping an impossibility. Next morning I was up early. Early as it was, Salim and Suleiman were at the door. Suleiman had come for his bakshish, and Salim to bid me good-bye. I gave a few beshlek[1] to Suleiman as a bakshish for himself, a few for his *marra*, wife, and a few for his *welad*, children. As I gave him the last, his dark eyes kindled, and a happy man that morning was Suleiman. I asked Salim if they were all satisfied. "*Kooloo, kooloo*, all, all," he replied, with his usual deep voice and slow solemn manner. We then shook hands, and bade each other a long farewell. In a few minutes they were away to their homes in the Desert. Poor dark sons of Ishmael, we shall never meet again!

It was some consolation to us, that from the walls of the Lazaretto we had a view of Hebron, of its olive and vine-clad hills, and of the "Plains of Mamre," where Abraham sat in the door of his tent, and where "he entertained angels." The tree under which he received his heavenly visitants is said to exist still, (though this may be doubted,) and is called "the oak of Abraham" to this day! It is interesting to see how so many of the facts of the Bible live in the memories and traditions of the people who have lived so long in its lands. Ishmael, it is true, did not love Isaac, and the "son of the bond woman mocked the son of the free woman;" still, according to our old Scottish saying, "blood is warmer than water," and though they have been taught by their religion to hate the Jews, the Arabs have a natural and traditional regard for a people to whom they are so nearly related, and for him from whom, as a common stock, the children of Edom, Ishmael, and Isaac have sprung.

> "Still sound Arabia's legendary lays,
> And still their fabling bards delight to tell,
> How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!"

The principal building in Hebron is the Mosque, on which we looked with "sorrow in our hearts daily," which was deepened by reflecting that it stood "over the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre," the burial place of the Patriarchs. If

[1] In our money 10*d*.

our hearts were sad at seeing Hebron in the possession of strangers, it is no wonder the Jews are so, who, as they pass the Mosque they are forbidden to enter, must still say in the words of the lament,

" For we must wander witheringly
In foreign lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own must never lie."

On Sabbath we had public worship, and that evening we retired to rest, cheering our hearts that next day, God willing, we should be on our way to El Khods, the Holy, the name given by the Arabs to Jerusalem

CHAPTER VII.

FROM HEBRON TO JERUSALEM.

On Monday, 8th April, the gates of the Lazaretto were thrown open, and we were free. Mules and horses were speedily at the gate, and I was speedily on the way. I did not even enter Hebron. Hebron was not Jerusalem. With it in my thoughts I rode on. I was attended by a simple-looking *wullad*, who, to all my questions, would answer nothing but *El Khods!* Eshcol, famous for its grapes, I knew was in the neighbourhood of Hebron. I enquired for it. The boy answered, "*El Khods!*" A little way farther on, I saw from the moss that Beth-tappuah, mentioned in Joshua, xv, 53, could not be far off, which, if the name indicated its nature, must have been a place famous for its fruit, though some place it farther south. I said to my youthful guide, "Ya wullad, Beth-tappuah henee?" "Boy, is Beth-tappuah here?" The boy replied, "El Khods!" I then enquired for Bethsur, said by Eusebius to have been on the road to Hebron, about twenty miles from Jerusalem, but "El Khods" was the only answer I got that day. After this, the boy and I went on in silence. I had soon other things to think of. Descending to the north the hill above Hebron, and entering a valley with a long range of hills to the left, a kind of Scotch mist was here seen scudding along their summits. At first it had the effect only of obscuring the view, but soon after it resolved itself into rain, which, for nearly four hours, without a moment's interval, descended in torrents. Tekoah, Berachah, and other Scripture places were not far from the road along which we were passing, but while the rains continued to fall, I enquired for no more places. For myself I did

not regret that we had not remained in Hebron, but I regretted it deeply for the sake of the ladies who belonged to our party, and who had probably never been exposed to such a pitiless rain in their lives before. To add to the inconveniences of the way, the "springs which run among the hills" began to swell into streams, and in many places the roads were flooded. Now climbing over rocks, and now wading amid waters, we went forward till about nine miles from Jerusalem. We drew up to survey for a little the famous Pools of Solomon. These Pools are like small lakes, or immense cisterns; they are three in number. The length of the first is 384 feet, the breadth 232, and the depth 25 feet. The length of the second is 423 feet, the breadth 204. The length of the third is 583 feet, and the breadth 175. They are supplied with water from subterranean springs a short way distant, and called "the Sealed Fountains." There is a well or cave dug here, into which the living water is seen gushing from the rock, from which it flows by an underground conduit to the pools. This we were not in circumstances to examine. The water in ancient times was conveyed by means of an aqueduct to Jerusalem. Such was one of the princely works of Solomon, the kingliest of the kings of Israel, who has left this among his other notable sayings, "I made me pools of water." In fine weather the valley below must have looked lovely; but under a murky sky, and on a rainy day, the scene looked like a lonely tarn in some Scottish heath. By the side of the pools there is a large ruined Khan, which gave an additional aspect of desolateness to the place and the day. Having halted for a few minutes, we rode on. We were now in the neighbourhood of the rock Etam, to the top of which Samson fled after his slaughter of the Philistines,[1] and of Beth-haccerem, on which signal fires used to be kindled to muster the people to battle. The sight of it brought the spirit-stirring words of the prophet to our recollection: "Blow the trumpet in Tekoa, and set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccerem:"[2] It was now about three in the afternoon; "the rain was over and gone," the clouds were passing away, and the blue skies were beginning to appear; when, about a mile and a half to the right, the guides pointed out Bethlehem. Here was a sight to make us pause. "Bethlehem-Ephratah, little" indeed then, and little

[1] Judges, xv, 8. [2] Jeremiah, vi, 1.

now "among the thousands of Judah," but great in the earth, "for out of it came forth He that was to be Ruler in Israel, whose goings forth were from of old, from everlasting." There was but one city in the world for which I would have passed Bethlehem; one city of greater note in this world's history. To see it we had crossed the sea, and the desert, and had come from a distant land; and for it were willing to leave for the present unvisited, even Bethlehem itself. One long deep gaze at the city of David and of David's Lord, at the fields in which the shepherds were watching their flocks by night, at the bright blue air where the angel of the Lord appeared, and the glory of the Lord shone, and the multitude of the heavenly hosts sang, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men," and we hasten on. Near this on the left, is the spot where Rachel died and was buried, "when there was but a little way to come to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." A small white cupola marks the lowly and lonely grave of the beautiful and the beloved one. We stay not even at the tomb of Rachel. Now we have reached the convent of Mar Elias, and the Fountain of the Star, where the star is said to have re-appeared to the Wise Men, and now, joy! joy! our dreams are realised, our longings are gratified, there is Jerusalem! Halting for a while to gaze on its distant walls, and to indulge our emotions, we rode forward, exulting "that our feet should stand within its gate" that day. From the Fountain of the Star, where it is first seen, Jerusalem is nearly three miles distant. The country on this side of it is open, but bare, and on the right hand bleak and desolate. Hilly on the right, it declines on the left into an extensive, and what in former times was no doubt a beautiful and fertile valley. Now, there is neither tree nor fence to diversify the scene, nor on either side of the road for three miles is there a single habitation. From the inclination to the east of the plateau on which it stands, in approaching Jerusalem from this direction, little is seen but its walls. These however are strong, high, and fair, and even from the Bethlehem road give it an imposing appearance.

Next to Jerusalem, the objects which at this distance first strike the eye are the "mountains round about it."[1] Among these, one is more prominent than the rest, and is partially

[1] Psalm cxxv, 2.

wooded. It is the Mount of Olives. We have now passed the valley of Rephaim, or the Giants,[2] and now we have reached the ridge of the rock that forms the brow of the valley of Gihon. Right opposite is Mount Zion. A glance at the valley of Hinnom, deepening and darkening far below, and we descend the ridge; and ascending the hill of Zion, we enter the Bethlehem or Jaffa gate, and are within the walls of Jerusalem!

[2] 2 Samuel, xxiii, 13

CHAPTER VIII.

JERUSALEM.

NIGH to the Bethlehem gate on the right is the citadel or Tower of David, and on the left is the Latin convent. Here many travellers take up their abode, those especially of the Romish faith; but we naturally preferred the inn to the convent. There are two principal inns; one kept by Meshullam, a Jewish Christian, and the other by Antonio, a Maltese. The first is the best, but resigning it to the ladies, we made our way to Antonio's, under the guidance of one Thomas, who was at the gate on the look-out for travellers. The Maltese Hotel was outwardly a very humble affair, and had nothing in appearance to distinguish it from a private dwelling. Like most of the houses in Jerusalem, it consisted of two stories. It had two doors, one which led into the court and ground-floor, and another which, by a small stair on the outside, led to the upper chambers, and by which a person might make his egress or escape in danger without going into the house. This may illustrate our Lord's words, Matthew, xxiv, 17, "Let him which is on the house-top not come down to take any thing out of his house." We entered by the lower door. Ascending an inner stair, we came to the upper rooms. Here there was an open space in front, from which they were entered and by which they were lighted. Though not fronting the street it had a battlement, according to the ancient directions: "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence."[1] As the hotel was built on the sloping side of Acra, it overlooked a great part of

[1] Deuteronomy, xxii, 8.

the town; and leaning on the battlements, one might see the Syrian families in their upper rooms, and on the house-tops. Almost right over against it rose the Mount of Olives, and a little to the right, "the abomination that maketh desolate," the Mosque of Omar. The rain continuing to fall next day, beyond a few visits to the battlements to gaze on the faded aspect of the city, I did not venture out. I had my arm examined by Dr. Sandford, who declared himself perfectly satisfied with the way in which it had been treated by Achmet and my Arab hakim in the desert. By his advice I kept it suspended in a sling for some time. Going through the streets in this way, the Syrian women would look at me pityingly, and say with a peculiarly plaintive tone, "Muksoor, muksoor!" On the day following (April 11th,) the sun rose with unclouded splendour. Early that morning I was on my way to the Mount of Olives. The street called the *Via Dolorosa*, which leads to it, is narrow, dark, and ill-paved, and, owing to the rains that had lately fallen, was muddy and slippery. It was along this street according to tradition, that our Lord was led from Pilate's judgment seat to Calvary. Hence its name, the "Street of Sorrow." Pilate's House is still pointed out, and an arch called "Ecce Homo," where it is said Pilate brought forth our Lord wearing the purple robe and the crown of thorns, and, either to excite their ridicule or their pity, said, "Behold the Man!"

A short way beyond the arch of this name is St. Stephen's Gate, so called by Christians in honour of the proto-martyr, it being near to this that he was stoned. This gate, which is one of the four gates of Jerusalem now open, is called by the Moslems, "*Bab es Sabat:* the Gate of the Tribes;" and by the native Christians, "*Bab Sitti Maryam:* the Gate of our Lady Mary," her reputed tomb being a little way below. Within the gate, a few paces to the right, is the Pool of Bethesda. It is 360 feet in length, and 130 in breadth, and notwithstanding the rubbish which has been accumulating in it for ages, is 76 feet in depth. Dr. Robinson is of opinion that this is not the real Pool of Bethesda, and that it is what is now called the Fountain of the Virgin, which is without the gate, and a considerable way down in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. This, however, may be doubted.

Descending the road from St. Stephen's Gate, and crossing the Kidron, the bed of which is above three feet wide, but now, as it generally is, dry, I stood at the foot of the Mount of Olives. Here, on the left, is the Chapel of the Virgin, and on the right, the road to Bethany; and immediately above it, enclosed with a stone wall, is the Garden of Gethsemane. Why have some represented the Olive Valley of Gethsemane as having a dreary and forsaken look? Silent and lonely it is, but not to me did it seem either dreary or forsaken-like. Its aspect, however, will depend, like that of other scenery, on the season of the year and the state of the sky. The morning, when I first stood there, was fair and shining. What a contrast to the hour when our Lord, for the last time, resorted thither! Then, "it was night." Darkness was on the city, on the mountain, and on the valley; and deeper was the darkness on his soul. But His night has been our day; and, dark as Gethsemane was with the guilt of man and the Redeemer's sorrow, with the memory of His love it will be green and bright for ever.

Musing on that wondrous scene of love and sorrow, and turning often to look on those aged trees which are said to have witnessed it, I reached the summit of the mountain, which is from Jerusalem about a mile, or "a Sabbath-day's journey." Mount Olivet is 2397 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, which is about forty miles distant. Its actual height is reckoned at 700 feet. The view from it is of great extent, grandeur, and interest. To the east, about twenty miles off, are the mountains of Moab, the plains of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. That morning it appeared to me like a lake of burnished silver. Owing to a different state of the atmosphere, on another day it seemed like a deep, dull, gray pool of molten lead. But the chief and crowning feature in the scene is Jerusalem itself, of which, from the brow of the hill, there is a view so perfect, as to leave nothing to be desired. Seen from this, it has the appearance of an inclined plane, and seems hanging on the sides or slopes of its different hills. It was here, perhaps, on his way from Jericho, that our Lord, having "come nigh, even to the descent of the Mount of Olives, wept *over* it." The words, "*over* it," are remarkable; and while they denote its impending ruin, may also denote

his position in relation to it. Here the eye takes in at one glance the four hills on which the city stands. Nearest you, and directly in front, is Moriah, where rose the temple,

> "In earth's dark circlet, once the gem
> Of living light."

To the north is Bezetha. Over Moriah, a little to the left, and considerably higher, is Zion, on the eastern summit of which the houses of the Jews hang in clusters, and from which they may be seen gazing on the spot where once stood their "holy and beautiful house," with hearts and looks of sadness.

Between Bezetha and Moriah, and westward of the former, is Acra, the principal division of the modern town, and on the highest ridge of which may be seen the dome of the Church of the reputed Sepulchre. Between Moriah and Zion is the Valley of the Tyropœon. The Temple on Moriah was anciently connected with Zion by a bridge across the Tyropœon, which is supposed to have been the ascent, or going up, of Solomon to the house of the Lord, which the queen of Sheba so much admired.[1] The spring of one of its arches is still visible. It had attracted the attention of several travellers; but it was reserved for Dr. Robinson to discover its true character. This discovery was of great importance in itself, but more for what it enabled him to decide; namely, that the wall in which it was found was actually a portion of the outer wall of the Temple, which had been left standing, and which, from the magnitude of its stones, and the workmanship, different from that of Herod's Temple, is evidently as old as the days of Solomon, or of his immediate successors, who, according to Josephus, built up here immense walls, immoveable for all time.

The sun, now beginning to decline, was pouring a flood of light into the Valley of Hinnom. Still I was lingering on the Olive Hill, gazing and musing on the once beautiful, but now desolate city. Past ages seemed to return, and the great, awful, and unparalleled events, of which it had been the scene, and which have made it the most remarkable city in the world, rose, and passed in long array, before the eye of the mind. To describe these events, from the day when, on

[1] 1 Kings, x. 5.

Moriah, then a green and lonely hill, Abraham "took the knife to slay his son," to the present time, would be to write the history of Jerusalem. Yea, were I to tell of the nations who came, and who, on the very spot where I stood, encamped against it, Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Persians, Turks, and Christians, all whose banners have been there displayed, and whose battle cries have there been heard, I should have to write the history of the world itself. But the mind may see in an hour what the hand may not write in a day; and my object is not to speak of what was, but of what is. After I had spent the greater part of the day on that memorable mount, I returned by the way I came to the city. Such was my first visit to the Mount of Olives.

Next day I made the circuit of the town. There are two ways in which this may be done: by the walls, or by the Valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, by which it is on the south and east surrounded. The circuit round the walls is two miles and a half, and may be made in an hour. I went this day by the Valleys. I began my circuit on the north, at the Gate of Damascus, or, as it was anciently called, the Gate of Ephraim, this being the great road out of the city to Samaria, Galilee, and Syria, which indeed it is at the present day. The ground on this side of the city, and along the northern wall, on both sides of the Damascus Gate, is rough, uneven, and undulating, rising gently, till it reaches the north-west corner of the wall, near the Bethlehem or Jaffa Gate, where it is crossed by the Pilgrim's Road, this being the road by which travellers from the north are required to enter Jerusalem.

Passing along the wall from the Damascus to the Bethlehem gate, I examined it at my leisure. Though comparatively modern, having been built by Sultan Soliman the Magnificent in 1534, from the magnitude and peculiarity of the stones on which it is erected, and which cannot fail to attract the notice of the most careless observer, it seems here at least to stand on the old foundations. "These," says Dr. Wilson, "are probably remains of the second wall described by Josephus, and ought to be taken into account in the discussion of the great topographical question of the site of the holy sepulchre." The lower portions of the Gate of Damascus, in the opinion of both Wilson and Robinson, are also ancient, and "in all proba-

bility to be referred to the time of the Jews." Arriving at the north-west corner of the wall, on the right is seen the Valley and Pool of Gihon. The ground here is wide and open; and being in all likelihood without the walls in ancient times, as it is now, may have been to Jerusalem what the Campus Martius was to Rome, or the Parks are to London. Here Solomon was anointed king; and it was impossible to look at Gihon, now silent and desolate, without thinking of the scene it had witnessed, when "all the people said, God save King Solomon!" and "the city rang, and the earth rent" with their rejoicing. Passing the Bethlehem or Jaffa Gate, where were several lepers sitting in the dust, clothed in rags, and who, holding up their maimed and withered hands, cried out piteously, "Bakshish, Hadji! Bakshish, Hadji!" I came to the Lower Pool of Gihon, that pool, or reservoir, which was built by Hezekiah, "who stopped the water-course of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David." It is formed by a moat of great depth and strength, thrown across the valley. It had a modern look, but whether ancient or modern I could not learn. The pool itself was dry. Pursuing my way along the foot of Mount Zion, which here rises to a considerable height on the left, and having on the right the Hill of Evil Counsel, of equal or still greater height, and which is so called from the house of the high priest being built on it, in which it is said the chief priests took counsel to put our Lord to death, I entered the Valley of Hinnom. The bed of the valley was dry. It is full of rocks and stones, but in several places it was cultivated, and was sprinkled with trees. Here Manasseh and the idolatrous kings erected altars to Baalim, and here the Israelites made their children "pass through the fires" to Moloch, whom

> "the Ammonite
> Worshipped in Rabba, and her watery plain,
> In Argob and in Bashan, to the stream
> Of utmost Arnon."

The way in which this was done, according to the Rabbins, was this: The image of Moloch, which was made of brass, and was hollow, they heated till it was red. Its victims were then enclosed in it and burned to death, their dying cries

being drowned by the beating of drums and the sounding of timbrels. Hence the name of Tophet was given to the valley, from Toph, a drum; and hence also, from the fires of death there kindled, and the shrieks of death there heard, Hinnom came to be considered as an emblem of Hell. From Gihon to where it joins the Kidron, Hinnom is about half a mile in length, and a hundred and fifty feet in breadth. Here, on the lowest slope of the Hill of Evil Counsel, is Aceldama, or the Field of Blood, so called from having been purchased with the thirty pieces of silver Judas received for his treachery, and perhaps also, because it was the scene of his self-murder; for when he "fell headlong, and all his bowels gushed out," it is by no means impossible it was dyed with his blood. It has ceased now to be, what for ages it was, "the burying-place of strangers." The pit into which the dead were thrown is still open, and the bones of the dead are still visible.

Around the brink of this last "resting-place," as it has been called, "of poverty and perhaps of crime," flowers of a dark red hue were blooming. Near to this, the rich seem to have made their grave as well as the poor. These are below, and a little further to the west, and are cut out of the rock. I counted ten of considerable size, into some of which I entered. Not a vestige of the dead, for whom at great cost and with great care they had been prepared, was left; but the fire-blackened walls showed that at no distant date they had been occupied by the living. Here, and somewhat higher up the hill, is one of the best views of Jerusalem, of mounts Zion, Moriah, and the lower ridge of the latter, sometimes considered as a separate hill, known by the name of Ophel. These mountains were anciently covered with houses from the summit nearly to the base in the valley of Hinnom. Those who have seen Roberts' picture of the Siege of Jerusalem by the Romans, will remember that a high tower is placed on the southern point of Ophel, which Dr. Wilson thinks, and with great probability, to have been the Tower of Siloam. They are now without the wall, and are cultivated, and were partly covered with corn; thus verifying the prediction of the Prophet, "Zion shall be ploughed as a field."[1] Descending from Aceldama, I lighted at Enrogel, the Fountain of the Foot, so called from the

[1] Micah, iii, 12.

fullers cleaning clothes here, which they seem to have done by treading on them with their feet. It is called also the Well of Nehemiah, and by the Arabs, Bir Eyub, the Well of Job. Enrogel was the scene of some striking Scripture incidents. Here Jonathan and Ahimaaz waited for intelligence about the progress of the rebellion under Absalom. Here Adonijah feasted the gallants of Jerusalem who conspired to place him on the throne; and here, amid their premature exultation, the rejoicings of the people at Gihon, with which the city rang, reaching their ears, made them break up in terror. It was measured by Dr. Robinson, who found it to be 125 feet deep, fifty of which were filled with water. There are buildings beside it for the convenience of travellers and of the people, by whom, however, it is little frequented. Though not many stone-casts from the city, it is generally as lonely as a well in the Desert. Farther up there are more sounds of life and stir. Here is a garden, and beyond it the Pool of Siloam, where at all hours of the day women are washing clothes and filling their pitchers with water. Just beneath it is the famous mulberry tree, which grows, it is said, on the spot where Isaiah was sawn asunder. It is very old and frail, and is supported by an embankment of earth and stones to prevent it from falling. Siloam is sometimes called a fountain in the Scriptures, and sometimes a pool. It is now ascertained to be a pool. The water which fills it comes by a remarkable subterraneous channel cut out of the rock, said to be 1100 feet in length, from a pool or cistern on the eastern side of Ophel, called the Virgin's Fountain. The communication between the two fountains, for fountains they are like, and such they are commonly called, had been long known or suspected; but till Dr. Robinson effected it, the passage had not for a long time been explored. That this upper pool is supplied from a well under the Sakhrah, or Sacred Rock, in the Mosque of Omar, thus flowing

"Fast by the Oracle of God,"

is now universally admitted; but whether the well in the Mosque be a living well, or fed from some other source, remains yet to be discovered.

Passing the sepulchral looking village of Siloam on the right,

and its more sepulchral looking people, I entered the Valley of Jehoshaphat. "The solemnity with which Jerusalem is invested," says an able German writer, "is strangely heightened by the fact, that wherever the eye turns or the foot treads, it falls upon a grave. Here death has set up his dominion, and spreads his immense winding-sheet from valley to valley." The truth of this remark is no where felt so powerfully as in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. In the Potters' Field there is a burial-place for strangers. Here is the burial-place of a nation. Wherever the Jew may live, it is in Jerusalem he would die, and in the Valley of Jehoshaphat would he be buried. This great burying-place is one of the simplest in the world. It is adorned neither by

"Storied urn nor animated bust;"

and except the gray stones which cover the graves, there is nothing to mark the place where sleeps the dust of the Hebrew people. Higher up the valley, called in the days of David, "the King's Dale," are the so called tombs of Zecharias, James, and Absalom. The tomb of Absalom is the most beautiful of the three. That this was the pillar which he erected in the King's Dale to preserve his unhappy memory, there is no ground for believing. I have seen it stated "that before it is a heap of stones, which is daily accumulating; for every passer by, whether Jew or Christian, accounts it his duty to cast a stone at the pillar to mark his detestation of the rebellious son."[1] The Jews seldom wanted a stone to cast at anything, but I saw no such heap of stones at the tomb of Absalom. I did not cast one; and I never saw nor heard of any one, Jew, Christian, or Moslem, who did.

Arriving at Gethsemane, I did not proceed farther up the Kidron; but taking the path that leads to St. Stephen's Gate, I pursued my way around the wall till I reached the Gate of Damascus, from which I had set out, having been three hours in making, in the way I have described, the circuit of the city.

[1] Wylie's 'Modern Judea.' While I take leave in this small matter to differ from this able and eloquent writer, I take this opportunity to bear my testimony to the great general accuracy of his Work, which I carried with me through Palestine, and found to be one of the very best Hand-books for that country.

Thus had "I walked about Zion, and gone round about her," and if I could not consider her palaces and mark her bulwarks, I marked the places where they had stood, and had seen the "mountains which are round about her alway." To-morrow I was to visit the Holy Sepulchre. This was to enter on debateable ground. If there be one spot in Jerusalem where one could wish more than another to be free from doubt, it is this. Yet this is the very spot over which the greatest doubt rests. While not quite agreeing with Mr. Finlay in his able and original Work on the 'Site of the Sepulchre,' "that it would give every Christian a sentiment of dissatisfaction as well as of melancholy to adopt the opinion, that no satisfactory evidence can be found to determine the real site of Christ's death and burial;" and not at all agreeing with Mr. Williams, "that the credit of the whole Church for fifteen hundred years is involved in the question," I confess there are few things which would have given me greater pleasure than to have had my doubts that evening dispelled. In the absence of a *vindex dignus nodo*, a judge worthy of the cause, I tried by the means which were at hand to determine it for myself. Besides the sacred historians, I read the principal authors who have written on the subject, and who have ranged themselves on the different sides of the question, among whom I may mention Williams and Olin on the side of tradition, Robinson and Wilson against it. I read also the later and original theories of Finlay and Ferguson, and weighed the arguments of each, but reserved my judgment till I had made it the subject of personal inspection. I was early next morning on my way to the Church of the Sepulchre. The swelling dome by which it is surmounted, and which, next to the Mosque of Omar, marks it out as one of the most conspicuous objects in Jerusalem, disappears on approaching it, and you see nothing but the dark dead walls of the convents by which it is surrounded. The entrance, which is from a cross street between Acra and Mount Zion, and which is a low and narrow doorway, leads down into a broad and spacious court paved with stones, which has the appearance of a bazaar, which indeed it actually is. Among the articles with which it is covered, and which are exposed to the view of the pilgrims, are pictures of saints and angels, crucifixes, beads, tapers, cups made of bitumen

from the Dead Sea, shells from the Red Sea, boxes of mother-of-pearl with scriptural devices, and paper-folders made of wood from the Mount of Olives. The venders are Christians of Bethlehem and Jerusalem, though a few Turks may be also seen going about, crying up the virtues of sherbet and sweet-meats. Thomas, the guide whom we had met at the Bethlehem Gate, was there, and spread out his wares temptingly before me, but I was in no mood to buy at such a time and in such a place. He offered to conduct me to what are called the Sacred Places, but there were only two that I cared to see, and I wished to visit them alone. The court was crowded, for it was near Easter, with priests and monks of the different churches, and pilgrims from all countries and in all costumes. Beyond the motley group were the gray massive tower and the venerable front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is two stories in height, and the doors and windows having pointed arches, it has an air of strength and elegance. On the left of the arched door-way there is a recess in which sit the Turkish guards of the Church, smoking as usual. Most travellers speak of them as exacting a fee for admission. I entered upwards of twenty times, but no such fee was exacted of me, nor did I see it exacted from others. The first object that attracts attention is a large marble stone on the floor, on which the body of our Lord is said to have been laid on its deposition from the Cross, and called the Stone of the Anointing. Eight lamps are suspended over it, and at each end are three large wax candles, four or five feet high. The pilgrims are crowding round it, falling on their knees, and kissing it. Turning to the left, and going a little way forward, you stand beneath the great dome, in the centre of which is a small white marble edifice, within which, it is said, is "the place where the Lord lay." The front, which looks to the east, is adorned with upwards of a hundred silver lamps, the gifts of the kings and the queens of the earth. It consists of two divisions. In the first the angel is said to have appeared to the women, and announced to them the Resurrection. In the second, which is smaller, and which is capable of containing only three or four persons, is the tomb itself, covered with a marble slab about six feet in length. I remained in it a few minutes, during which there was a constant succession of visitors, each of whom kissed the cold

marble. Most of them were in tears, and some wept aloud. It was lighted with gold and silver lamps. No traces of the original rock, out of which the Sepulchre was hewn, were visible. Below and above there was nothing but marble, "the work of men's hands. Sandys, an old English traveller, who was a believer in its being the real Sepulchre, laments "that its natural form has been utterly disformed, which would have better satisfied the beholder." This is the more strange, unaccountable, and inexcusable, in that the Church in 1811 was burnt down, and the present edifice which covers and conceals the Sepulchre, was then erected. My next inquiry was for Calvary. It is under the same roof. It is to the east of the Sepulchre, from which it is about forty-six yards distant. It is ascended by a stair, consisting of eighteen steps, and which, apparently, are cut out of the primitive rock. This is called the Rock of Calvary, though on what grounds Calvary is so called I know not. Certainly it is neither called 'a rock' nor a 'mount' in Scripture. Here however is a rock, though it also, like the Sepulchre, is so cased and covered, that little of it is visible, and its natural size and shape are no longer distinguishable. Ascending the stair, you enter what is called "The Chapel of Calvary." It is hung round with pictures, and lighted with lamps dimly burning. At the farthest end, on the wall, is an image of Christ on the Cross. Beneath it there is a gilded star; and here it is that "they crucified him." The spot where the Cross was fixed is indicated by a hole in the rock. A rent or cleft in the rock is pointed out as the effect of the earthquake, one of the prodigies of the Crucifixion, for "the earth did quake and the rocks rent." But is it certain that there was a rock here? For any thing taught to the contrary, the rocks which then rent may have been in other parts of Jerusalem. Crowds of priests and pilgrims were here, as at the Sepulchre. Most of the pilgrims were visibly affected. To show, however, how little worth is the *religio loci* or religious feeling produced by what are called religious places, these emotions were of no long continuance; after a few visits they generally wore away. Whatever effect these holy places had on the pilgrim, on the priest and the monk and the dweller in Jerusalem they had none. I have already said that the distance between the Sepulchre and Calvary is about forty-six

yards, not quite one hundred and forty feet. It is remarkable that Antonius Martyrus, who visited Jerusalem in the fifth or sixth century, says the distance was four hundred feet. Another, and an earlier traveller, calls it a "stone's throw." Could they be describing the present Sepulchre and Golgotha? Having finished my inspection of these and the surrounding localities, the result to which I was slowly and reluctantly led was, that the traditionary Sepulchre and Calvary are not the true ones. For the grounds of this conclusion, the reader is referred to the Appendix at the end of the volume.

On Friday, 12th April, I walked round the walls, a circuit of two miles and a half, and at five P.M. we went to the Jews' Place of Wailing. This is at the foot of a part of the south wall of the Temple, which is still standing; its stones are of great size, many of them being three feet in breadth, and fifteen in length. Of these, I counted forty in the length of the wall, and ten layers of them in the height. Along the wall, in rows, were gathered men, women, and children. Some were reading the Bible in Hebrew, which they did in a loud and mournful tone, moving their bodies to and fro. Others were weeping aloud. Some laid their heads on the wall, and sobbed. Some kissed the stones, as if they had been living objects of affection. It was no affected grief, that of these poor Jews: it was the outbursting of the treasured grief of years. From the ends of the earth they had come to weep there. At times their wailing, generally deep and low, became loud and violent, as if the sight of the "long desolations" had become "greater than they could bear." I never heard tones of deeper sorrow, and I never saw a scene more affecting than at the Jews' Place of Wailing. Poor old man! the shadows from the everlasting hills are darkly falling on thy path; but that fair-haired child, may not his path be toward the Sun? may not he live to say, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" "Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad."

On the day following, I went a second time over the brook Kidron to Gethsemane. That part of it which is said to have been the scene of our Lord's agony, as I have already noticed, is surrounded by a wall, and is kept by a monk from the Latin

Convent. It is laid out in the form of a modern garden, and contains a well, by which it is watered. It contains eight olive trees, which are of great age. Their leaves have lost their natural green, and are of a colour nearly gray. Their trunks are hollow, and are filled with stones, to prevent them from being shaken or broken by the wind. Returning to Jerusalem, I spent the remainder of the day in wandering up and down the Jewish quarter on Mount Zion.

On Sabbath, I went to the English church, where the service was read by Mr. Nicolayson, a devout man, and a great Oriental scholar. The sacrament of baptism was dispensed by Bishop Gobat, and an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. H. W. B. Churton. There might be a hundred and fifty present. The church is near the Bethlehem Gate. It is built in the true Christian taste, and neither on window nor wall has it device or ornament.

Very different were the service and the scene I witnessed that morning in the Church of the Sepulchre. The Armenians had that morning the right of the Sepulchre. The Patriarch preached from one of the steps on its front. He was dressed in cloth of gold. He had a mitre on his head of the same material, and a golden crosier in his hand. His sermon was long, but few of his audience, which amounted to nearly a thousand, consisting chiefly of pilgrims, seemed to listen to what was said. When he had finished his discourse, there was a *spectacle*, which had greater attractions for them than the sermon. This consisted of a procession of priests and boys, who were dressed in white, and had lighted tapers in their hands, with which, and censers smoking with incense, they walked round the Sepulchre several times. While this was going on, the people were crossing themselves and bowing; and when the host was elevated, they broke out into sobs and cries, amidst which I withdrew.

CHAPTER IX.

JERICHO, JORDAN, AND THE DEAD SEA.

FROM Jerusalem to Jericho, the distance is about twenty miles. On this excursion we set out on Monday, 15th April, going out at St. Stephen's Gate, crossing the Kidron, and passing Gethsemane for about a mile and a half up the Mount of Olives, till we come to Bethany, now a small and miserable village, but beautifully situated amid olives and pomegranates, on the eastern breast of the hill, where it catches the first rays of the morning sun. It was impossible to pass Bethany without thinking of it as the holy and happy home of those whom Jesus loved, and His own too, when He had no where to lay His head. Happy days for the family of Bethany were those, when He turned aside to tarry under their roof, and His presence brightened their hearth. Here the road begins to descend, and continues to do so till it reaches the plains of Jericho; which illustrates the expression in the parable, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho."[1]

For a short distance beyond Bethany, the soil was red and loamy, and the fields were waving with corn; but after this the country became wild and desolate, and not a flower, nor even a pile of grass, was to be seen. "I can conceive," says a German traveller, who passed this way in winter, "that the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon may smile beneath the summer skies in rich and luxuriant beauty; that the little pomegranate, citron, and almond trees, around the villages on the mountains of Judea, may glow in mingled tints of varied hue, and shed their balmy fragrance around: but it is utterly impossible that

[1] Luke, x, 30.

this should be the case in the country between Jerusalem and Jericho. Nature seems here to have lost her creative power; the energy of life is gone, and nothing can endure but the cold stone." Most of the ways in Palestine mourn, but this was utterly deserted. Neither in coming nor going did we see a single human being, or a single human dwelling. No scene could have been more fitly chosen as the scene of the parable of the "man who fell among thieves." As we emerged from one defile only to pass into another, or rounded the edge of some projecting and overhanging mass of rocks, or pursued our way amid pits and caves, we felt all its power and beauty. The bad reputation which the road had in our Lord's time, it has maintained even till ours. An English traveller, about thirty years ago, was here attacked by robbers, who literally "stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead."[1]

Five hours from Jerusalem brought us in sight of the plains of Jericho, the Valley of the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and the mountains of Moab. Conspicuous on the mountain ridge, now seen stretching its long and lofty range from south to north, forming a natural bulwark of the country on the east, rose the gigantic and gloomy Quarantana, supposed to be "the exceeding high mountain," from which our Lord was shown by the Tempter "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." From being the scene of the Temptation, it is supposed to have received its name of the Mount of Forty Days. The view from its summit is said to be of great extent and grandeur. None of us, however, thought of ascending it. The plains of Jericho, now immediately below us, though in general waste and desolate, were chequered by long, narrow, and beautiful stripes of green, indicating the presence of streams of water. Descending into the plain, and riding a little way to the north, we came to one of considerable size, which was supplied from a fountain, called by the Arabs Ain Sultan, supposed to be the fountain, the waters of which were healed by Elisha. Certain it is, "the waters are healed unto this day." Our path now lay through a perfect forest of thorns, emerging from which, a work of no small difficulty, we came into the open plain, where was a rude stone tower and a few mud hovels, surrounded by

[1] Luke, x, 30.

a fence of thorns. The name of the place was Riha; the place itself was JERICHO!

It was our wish to reach that evening the Jordan, and to pitch our tents by its waters; but our guards pleaded danger: and though we had reason to think they had other reasons, we yielded; and so we spent the night at Riha, one of the meanest and most miserable places we had yet seen. The curse which has fallen on "the pleasant land," and because of which the grass withereth, has fallen heavily on Jericho. At one time second only to Jerusalem, now not a memorial remains of its greatness, not even a shattered arch, nor fallen pillar, to tell of its existence. Truly the glory of the city of the palm trees has departed. Yet Jericho has no mean place in history, and, embalmed in the great events and blessed deeds of which it was the scene, from the wars of Joshua to the miracles of Jesus, it will never be forgotten. To me, reading that evening, at the door of my tent, the story of the Lord's love and grace to Zaccheus the publican, and the poor blind man who sat by the wayside begging, the place, desolate as it was, seemed to grow bright with the memory of his mercy and his presence.[1]

Next morning, as the sun rose above the mountains of Moab, we were on our way to the Jordan, which was only a few miles distant. As it runs low, we did not see its waters till we reached its banks; but its course was for some time indicated by the willows, tamarisks, and silver poplars, with which its banks are lined. Now, swift and strong, but without a sound, it is flowing at our feet. Its waters, owing perhaps to the late rains, were of a whitish colour, but sweet and pleasant to the taste. Its breadth, where we approached it, might be twenty yards, but a few miles farther up it is greater. In ancient times it annually overflowed its banks, when the wild beasts were driven from their retreats amid its thickets. Hence we read of "the swelling of Jordan,"[2] and of "the lion coming up from the swelling of Jordan.[3] This it does to some extent still. The Jordan has its source at the foot of Mount Hermon. Its course is computed at one hundred and fifty miles; though in a direct line its length is not above ninety miles. It has

[1] Luke, xviii, xix. [2] Jeremiah, xii, 5.
[3] Jeremiah, l, 44.

many windings in its course, and several falls of considerable depth. The Jordan, according to some, has received its name from *jor*, a river, and *Dan*, the name of a village near its rise; according to others, from a word which signifies *fast-flowing*. I have seldom seen a river to which such an epithet might more justly be applied. For magnitude, length, and the quality of their waters, there are rivers better than the Jordan, and all the waters of Israel: but it is the river of the Bible; and whether we think of the land through which it flows, the Sea into which it issues, the events of which it has been the scene, or that great event in the history of the soul, with which it is so often associated, and which it is so often employed to prefigure, the sight of its waters, and the sound of its name, must awaken an interest in the Christian heart which can be awakened by no other river in the world.

After lingering for a while at the place called the Pilgrim's Bath, and which is not unfrequently the pilgrim's grave, so rapid is its course, and so eager are the devotees of the Greek and Roman Churches to bathe in it, we mounted our horses, and rode onwards to the Dead Sea, or, as it is called by the Arabs, *Bahr Loot*, the Sea of Lot. The distance was only two miles. For a while we followed the course of the river, but the willows and brushwood on its banks made us diverge into the plain. It is with very different feelings that the traveller looks on the Jordan and the Sea of Sodom. Perhaps no one ever beheld the one without delight, or the other without a kind of terror. Yet there was nothing in the appearance of the sea itself, or the day that we saw it, to inspire us with this feeling. The mountains were indeed bare, and the shore had a desolate look; but the sky was bright, the waters were blue, and birds were winging their way over them, as if no cities lay engulfed in their depths. All that I noticed as peculiar to it was a kind of heaviness and supernatural stillness. The sunbeams were sparkling on its bosom, and there was a gentle breeze; but there was neither swell nor ripple on the sand. I had heard of the calm of the Dead Sea, and its strange stillness I now witnessed. It is not to be supposed, however, that it is never wrought into a tempest. A German traveller, who saw it in a storm, says, "It was of a green colour, and its towering broad waves, whose dark greenish

ramparts were crested with long ridges of silver foam, were tossed up in the air, and then again dashed into the depths below." It is fifty miles long, and ten or twelve in breadth. I brought away with me some of its water in a tin vessel, but so powerful was its action on the tin, on my return home, when pouring it out, it had the appearance of yellow brine. Whether there was always a lake in the Vale of Siddim, into which the Jordan poured its waters, or whether the Jordan ran through the plain, continuing its course along the great Wady Arabah, till it reached the Red Sea, is a point not yet determined. Be this as it may, when the cities that stood there were destroyed, the plain, the Jordan, and the lake, if lake there was, sank beneath their natural level; and thus, as it now exists, was formed the Sea of the Plain, which, both on account of its origin and its qualities, has justly been said to be "alone of all the waters of the world." The day we spent on its shores, I have said, was one of great beauty, and the sea was blue and shining. Its prevailing character, however, is one of gloom, heightened, no doubt, from its being associated in the mind of the spectator with the guilty and lost cities that lie buried in its depths, and which "are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire."[1] Where these lost cities stood is not known. There is a mountain on the south-west border of the Sea, called by the Arabs *Asdum*, another form of the word Sodom. Here, singular enough, there is a column of rock salt. We are not credulous enough, however, to identify it with Lot's wife, who, for looking back, was turned into a "pillar of salt."

On our way back to Jerusalem, we crossed the mountains a considerably way down. Looking down on the sea and the scene we had left, I remembered the lines of the poet:

"Lonely, bare;
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there.
Yet even the nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour.
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie.
Nought living meets the eye or ear;
But well I ween the dead are near."

[1] Jude, 7.

Returning by Bethany, I halted for a while amid its vines and almond trees; and, after a visit to the Tomb of Lazarus, wended my way around the Mount of Olives, and, as the setting sun was beginning to tip with gold its domes and minarets, came in sight of Jerusalem.

CHAPTER X.

JERUSALEM CONTINUED.

We had now been ten days in Jerusalem, during which I was so much taken up with seeing places, I had little leisure to consider the character or condition of its people. They consist of Jews, Turks, and Christians; and the entire population is estimated at twelve or fourteen thousand. The number of each is about equal. The Jews live on the eastern brow of Zion. Their "quarter," as it is called, is the most wretched part of the city. They have one large synagogue, and several smaller ones. They are well attended. Outwardly, at least, the Jews keep their Sabbath with great strictness. They enjoy perfect toleration; and though hated by the Turks, and not less so by the so called Christians of the Greek and Latin Churches, they are at least not openly insulted. The Turks inhabit Bezetha, which, though not geographically, is socially the "west end" of Jerusalem. They have several mosques, the principal and most prominent of which is the one on Moriah, called by all the world the Mosque of Omar, but erroneously so, if we are to believe Mr. Ferguson, in his 'Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem.'[1]

A German traveller, who knew nothing of Mr. Ferguson's Work, says of the Mosque of Omar, "It is far grander than any other mosque, and has all the appearance of a noble and magnificent temple. In the centre of a quadrangular platform, paved with marble, and raised twelve or fourteen feet above the outer court or area, and which is ascended by several beautiful flights of steps, rises the octangular temple from a

[1] Mr. Ferguson's views will be found in the Appendix.

basement story, and is surmounted by a splendid dome, over which the golden crescent towers in simple grandeur. The whole edifice seems one mass of lofty stained glass windows, which impart a lightness and elegance which I had never seen in any other mosque. A glimmering hue, the sacred colour of the Prophet's standard, is thrown lightly over the whole building. There are no minarets, nor does the Sakhara require them; in other Mosques they are indispensably necessary, to compensate for their want of lightness, just as is the case with our heavy churches, where the light spire rising gracefully aloft indicates the soaring and aspiring of man's thoughts to heaven. But the entire building of the Sakhara rises above the earth with so much freedom and lightness, that it needs no minarets. Whether seen from the top of the Governor's house, or at a distance from the Mount of Olives, it looks equally beautiful and noble, and incomparably surpasses any other building I have ever seen." No Christian or Jew is permitted to enter the Sakhara, or even to enter its courts, on pain of death.

There is another mosque on Moriah called El Aksa, or the "Outer." This was supposed to have been a Christian church, erected by the Emperor Justinian, but according to Mr. Ferguson, it is a Mohammedan building, and stands on the site of the Temple. Thus has the "mountain of the Lord's house" become, as was foretold, "as the high places of a forest;"[1] that is, the sanctuary of a false religion. As if to fulfil the prophecy more minutely, it is the remark of a Christian Jewish traveller, the Mohammedans have planted around it cypress and orange trees, so that looking at it from a distance, it indeed appears like the high places of a wood or forest. The Christians, consisting of Armenians, Greeks, Latins, Copts, and Protestants, live on Acra and the western brow of Zion. The Armenians, Greeks, and Latins, have large conventual or monastic establishments in the city, and all, except the Protestants, have chapels in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greek Chapel, which is directly in front of the Sepulchre, is the largest. It is full of pictures, gilded and carved work, lamps, and other ornaments, all of the most vulgar and tawdry sort. The Chapel of the Latins, as the Roman Catholics are

[1] Micah, iii, 12.

here called, is mean and gloomy, and is no unfit representation of their own condition; for, compared with the Greeks and Armenians, both in respect of number, wealth, and influence, the Roman Catholics are in a minority in Jerusalem. To the members of this arrogant and usurping sect, this, it may well be conceived, is not a little galling, and serves to keep alive in their bosoms, towards Greeks and Armenians, feelings of pretended contempt, but of real and bitter hatred.

Look to these monkish guides, and the little knots of pilgrims whom they are conducting through their respective chapels, and to the different holy places. One is a Franciscan, with his brown coat, hempen girdle, coarse sandals, and small black scull-cap. The two others, if we may judge from their dark flowing locks, unkempt and unshorn, and their black mortar-shaped caps, are Greek and Armenian priests. How eloquent are these two, especially the Greek, on the number of the altars at which they are entitled to serve, the lamps they are entitled to burn, and the precedence they are entitled to take; not forgetting the miracle of the Holy Fire, which they, and they alone, are entitled to perform! With what contempt does the Franciscan speak of this Holy Fire, as a glaring instance of the *Graeca mendax*, the Greek propensity to falsehood; and if he cannot speak of the present prosperity of his church in Jerusalem, he can expatiate, in glowing terms, on its proud condition in the days of old, whereof, even in Jerusalem, there are not wanting some tokens and memorials still. Such are the jealousies and animosities which reign among these three great rival sects in Jerusalem, and which they display in what they believe to be the tomb of the Redeemer.

It is some relief to turn away from these fierce and fanatical devotees to the poor Copt, who, "wrapped from head to foot in his dark blue mantle, stands, like a melancholy shadow, before his miserable oratory," and who, like the poor publican, is not only standing afar off, but perhaps smiting on his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Like most other travellers, I was struck with the silence that reigns in Jerusalem. The "din of cities" is here unknown. Those who travel in quest of pleasure must soon find that they are not in their element in Jerusalem. Except in

one instance, I never heard the voice of rejoicing in the streets. This was the "midnight cry of the bridegroom;" and even it seemed more like the cry of a burial than of a bridal procession. Here the painter finds more to gratify his taste than the "lover of pleasure." "The impression," says Sir David Wilkie, "produced by first arriving in Jerusalem, by first walking her streets and viewing her massive buildings, the enduring rocks on which she is placed, the deep ravines, valleys, and hills, by which she is surrounded, is beyond what can be again felt in any other place of the world. It is not merely in what they might have supplied to art, if they had been known to the artist, or in what they might furnish if seen by the student or commentator of Scripture, but as the originals from which the sacred writers have drawn their narratives. I understand that a leading foreign painter was here, who regretted that Raphael and Domenichino had not in their day seen the place and people which, with all their power, they had but vainly tried to imagine. The people, as well as their situation, lead one to ages long passed away. The Arabs, who form the mass of the poor people, look as if they had never changed since the time of Abraham. For a landscape painter, the road from Jericho, as you come nigh to Jerusalem, and as you pass the valley over against you, and begin to descend by the Mount of Olives, combines a scene which Claude Lorraine and the Poussins would have delighted in."

While Jerusalem is spiritually, and even intellectually, dark and dead, this much must be said in its favour, there is seldom any "outbreaking in its streets;" and the disgusting sights and sounds of intemperance, so common in our country, in it and other Oriental cities are almost entirely unknown.

Having fixed on leaving Jerusalem on the 18th April, the 17th was taken up in preparations for our departure. While Achmet and Wilson were laying in stores for the journey, I was treating with Omar Beg about the mules. This Omar Beg was a tall, stately, solemn, and surly Turk, who, being owner of nearly all the mules in Jerusalém, was a man of some consequence in his own eyes. Having seen him seated on the floor of my bed-room in Antonio's, with a young Omar Beg at his side, a fair-haired boy of ten years, I opened the negotiation for the mules. He undertook to furnish the number we

required, and to take us to Damascus, by Bethel, Nabloos, Samaria and Tiberias, in eight days, and from Damascus to Beyrout in three, making eleven travelling days in all. As this was to make the journey in a shorter time than usual, in my simplicity I thought it should be taken into consideration in fixing the terms. Omar Beg, however, thought otherwise; and on my insisting on him to lower his demands, he rose up, and, without a word, walked away. I sent Achmet for him in the afternoon, when he returned, and, as usual, took his seat on the floor. Having yielded to him in the matter of the piastres, I said it would be necessary to have a written contract. He spoke of a contract with contempt, and asked if his word was not as good as a thousand contracts in writing. I was not quite so sure of that; so a contract was drawn up by the Consul's clerk, a man with an ink-horn by his side, who received a fee for his pains, to which all the more readily Mr. Omar Beg appended his seal, as the fee was not paid by him.

Next morning we found Halil, the chief of the muleteers, waiting for us, with horses and mules, at Bab el Amud, the Gate of the Pillar; or, as it is commonly called, the Gate of Damascus. With a sadness of heart which not even Samaria and Nazareth, Galilee and Damascus, in prospect, could altogether dispel, we mounted our horses at the ancient Gate of Ephraim, and went on our way.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM JERUSALEM TO DAMASCUS.

PASSING the Cave of Jeremiah and the Tombs of the Kings, in about half an hour we reached the southern brow of Scopus, from which the traveller from the north obtains his first and his finest view of Jerusalem. Here Titus, at the head of his legions, first beheld it; and, glittering on its heights, like the first flash of the lightning that was to consume their city and temple, the Jews first beheld the dreadful Roman eagles. Here we halted, and took what I then thought was my last look of Jerusalem. From the height of Scopus, our route for several hours led us in sight of several places of considerable interest. Among these were Anathoth, now called Anata, the birth-place of Jeremiah; Gibeon, called by the Arabs El Jib; Rama, in which, for the murdered babes of Bethlehem, there was "a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not;" Gibeah of Benjamin, called also Gibeah of Saul, this being his native place; and a little way north of it, Michmash, now called Mukhmas, on the borders of Benjamin and Ephraim. The mention of these places, as the sight of them did to us, will remind the reader of a very striking passage in Isaiah, where, describing the advance of Sennacherib's army on Jerusalem, he says, "He is come to Aiath, he is passed to Migron; at Michmash he hath laid up his carriages: they are gone over the passage: they have taken up their lodging at Geba; Ramah is afraid; Gibeah of Saul is

fled. Lift up thy voice, O daughter of Gallim; cause it to be heard unto Laish, O poor Anathoth."[1]

About nine miles from Jerusalem, we reached El Bireh, the Beer or Beeroth of the Bible.[2] Here there is a well, and a village in the midst of ruins, the number and nature of which indicate that it must at one time have been a town of considerable size. There is a tradition, that it was here that Joseph and Mary missed "the child Jesus," and turned back again to Jerusalem, where they found him in the temple.[3] Three miles farther on we came to Bethel, where Abraham first pitched his tent in Palestine, and where Jacob had that glorious dream, from which he called the place Bethel, though, perhaps from the almond trees which grew there, it was called Luz at the first.[4] According to the word of the Lord, "Bethel has come to nought." It is now in utter ruin. Its Allon-bachuth, the Oak of Weeping, under which Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, was buried, and the palm-tree under which Deborah, a judge and mother in Israel, dwelt, between Ramah and Bethel,[5] I need scarcely say, have both long ago withered away. After passing Ain Yebruid, Gaba, Gilgal, and some other of the lesser towns and villages of Judah, we entered the district of Samaria, and about an hour after sunset we reached Leban, where, by the light of the stars, we pitched our tents.

Next morning, for several hours, our course lay along the rich and lovely vale of Leban, the Lebonah of Scripture.[6] At noon we entered the Vale of Sychar, where, with Gerizim and Ebal towering on either hand above us, we rested on Jacob's Well. The identity of the well, by whose brink we rested, with that on which "Jesus, being wearied with his journey, sat," is universally admitted. It is a little way from the road on the right. A few ruins, and some prostrate pillars, said to be the remains of a Christian church, mark the spot. A large stone generally lies on its mouth, and which the Arabs have placed there, evidently for no other reason than to obtain a bakshish for rolling it away. The well is hewn out of the solid rock, and is seventy-five feet deep. This it is at present, notwithstanding the stones which have been thrown into it by

[1] Isaiah, x, 28-30.
[2] Judges, ix, 21.
[3] Luke, ii, 44.
[4] Gen. xxviii, 19.
[5] Judges, iv, 5.
[6] Judges, xxi, 19.

travellers and others, in the course of ages. The woman of Samaria might thus well say, "The well is deep." It is about a mile from the town; and there being several wells in the valley nearer it, the inhabitants do not now come hither to draw water.

A little way from Jacob's Well, and nearer the foot of Ebal, is the Tomb of Joseph, which is more frequented by Jewish travellers, as their names and inscriptions on the wall in Hebrew testify. For obvious reasons they do not visit Jacob's Well. Leaving it with regret, we rode up the valley to Sychar, which is one of the largest towns in Palestine. As we rode through its principal street, which is about a mile in length, we were struck with its business-like appearance. It was full of shops and smitheries, and the latter resounded with the roar of the forge, and the din of hammers on the anvils. The population is estimated at ten thousand. The ancient name of Sychar was Shechem. It is now called Nablous. As we passed out at its northern gate, several lepers were sitting there, who, crying out, "*Meskeen, meskeen,*" implored us piteously for charity. We gave them a few piastres, and rode on. Green was that delightful valley, fair were its woods, and fresh its waters; but the thought of the wretched lepers at the gate threw the shadow of a cloud over all.

In about an hour and a half we arrived at Samaria, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Israel. It stands on a hill, surrounded, except on the west, on which side we had a glimpse of the sea, by hills of nearly equal height, clad with vines, and terraced to the top. "Beautiful for situation is Mount Zion," and equally, if not more so, is the "hill of Samaria." Rich too, and waving with fig-trees and olive-trees, were its valleys. "It would be difficult," says Robinson, "to find in all Palestine a situation of equal strength, fertility, and beauty combined." The Bible, which never employs an epithet which is not perfectly appropriate, and whose descriptions of scenery, when most poetically beautiful, are literally exact, calls it "the crown of Ephraim," and speaks of its "glorious beauty," an epithet it rarely applies to earthly things. Fallen and faded now, however, is Samaria. As was foretold,[1] "a strong and mighty one, like a storm of hail, a destroying tempest, a storm

[1] Isaiah, xxviii, 2.

of mighty rushing waters, has brought it to the ground." The stones of which it was built, like the jewels of a crown, lie scattered on the sides of the hill, and strewn in the valley. Pillars also, of great beauty and in great numbers, are strewn around. Some remain entire and standing, of which a long row or rows may be seen on the western side of the hill, which once evidently formed an avenue of approach to the city, which, when entire, must have been one of the most magnificent in the world. The modern town consists of a mosque, formed out of the ruins of a Christian church, called the Church of John the Baptist, from its being built, it is said, on the site of his martyrdom, and a few houses of the meanest and most miserable description. It is called Sebastieh.

Descending the hill, and crossing what the prophet calls its "fat valley," now deserted and desolate, we ascended the mountains to the north, and, after passing several villages, embosomed amid olives, we arrived at Sanur, where Halil was awaiting us, and where we encamped for the night. Sanur is a village on the top of a hill, and was at one time a place of considerable strength. It looks imposingly in the distance; but this is its only recommendation. Beneath us, on the north side of the hill, lay a wide extended valley, the greater part of which was covered with water. The Arabs call it Merj el Ghuruk, the Meadow of Sinking, or Drowning. It was not without good reason, we fear, they gave it this dismal name. A white cotton-like plant grows in it in great abundance, which gave it the appearance of a field covered with lime.

Next day, about eleven, we came to Jenin, the Engannim of Scripture,[1] a city of Issachar, so called from its gardens, with which it is still surrounded, and which, though it is now a small, miserable village, give it an appearance of beauty, while its fountains and broken marble pillars, which lie scattered up and down, attest its ancient grandeur, when, according to some, it was the residence of the kings of Israel. Here we entered the great plain of Esdraelon or Jezreel. This remarkable plain, the battle-field of nations, is about twenty miles in breadth, and forty in length. For extent and fertility, and the great events of which it has been, and, according to writers on prophecy, is yet to be, the scene. when "the kings

[1] Joshua, xix, 21

of the earth, and of the whole world, shall be gathered to the battle of the great day of God Almighty," it is one of the most remarkable, not only in the Holy Land, but in the world. Here and there it is cultivated, and a few villages are scattered over it. It is melancholy, however, to see this noble plain, capable of supporting its thousands and tens of thousands, little better than a "wilderness and a solitary place." Yet come the time will, when "it shall be glad for them."

We were about four hours in crossing it, which we did under a scorching sun. Passing Gilboa, Shunem, Nain, "Tabor mount and Hermon hill," we came to the foot of the mountains of Galilee. Traversing these for about an hour, we came in sight of Nazareth, in its green hollow among the hills. We rode to the Convent, where we remained till Monday. I have read of an artist, who gave himself half an hour every day to meditate on his happiness in living in Rome. I did not feel this when living in Rome; but there were few hours of the day I did not feel a kind of strange, sad satisfaction, in living in Jerusalem and Nazareth. It was impossible to walk through its streets, to linger at its fountains, or wander among its olive glens, without thinking of Him, whose infant and youthful feet had trodden those very ways;

> "Those blessed feet,
> Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
> For our advantage, to the bitter Cross;"

and who has so closely and inseparably linked its name with His own. The population of Nazareth is estimated at three or four thousand, the greater part of whom are Christians. The women, unlike their Moslem sisters, wear no veils, and had remarkably fine forms and features, which their long, flowing, simple and graceful attire, set off to the greatest advantage.

On the morning of Monday, 22nd April, we left Nazareth. An hour and a half brought us to the small village of Kefr Kenna, supposed by some to be Cana in Galilee, where our Lord turned the water into wine. Here there is a fountain, which supplies the village with water, where we saw several stone vessels, large enough "to hold two or three firkins

apiece." Though Kana el Jelil, a village to the north-west of Nazareth, is more likely to have been the scene of the miracle than Kefr Kenna, the inhabitants of the latter place claim for it the honour. They are Christians of the Greek Church. They have a small church, the walls of which are covered with paintings of the rudest kind, one of which is a representation of our Lord turning the water into wine. The priest was very illiterate, and not much superior to his flock. But they loved or professed to love Christ, and for this we loved them. Having examined their little church, with many expressions of mutual regard we parted.

Mr. S. intended to ascend Mount Tabor, which was immediately on our right, but it was covered with clouds and vapours; so we rode on. Shortly after we passed a singular looking hill on the left, from its two peaks called Khurun Hattin, the Horns of Hattin, which some, but on no good grounds, have identified with the Mount of Beatitudes. For several hours this morning, while journeying over these lovely but lonely hills, and reflecting that we were in our Lord's footsteps, these words continued to haunt me, "And leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim. That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, by the way of the sea beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles; the people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."[1] While these words were ringing in my ears, far away below among the mountains, burst upon our view the deep blue waters of Galilee. Gazing on them for a time in silent joy, we descended into the plain, and pitched our tents without the walls of Tiberias. Ruinous those walls were, and, after all the miserable looking towns we had seen, Tiberias was the most miserable. The citizens, too, were like the city. No where had we seen such sickly and spectre-looking beings as were these inhabitants of Tiberias. But the sea, or lake rather, made amends for all. Time had written "no wrinkles on its azure brow." There it lay, in its silent and waveless beauty, the same as when Christ had taught on its shore, and

[1] Matthew, iv, 13–16.

turned its waters into a calm. It is about twelve miles long, and six broad.

The day being calm and bright, we wished to sail upon the lake, and perhaps would have "passed over to the land of Gennesaret;"[1] but not a boat or craft of any kind was to be found. We spent the day in wandering along its shores, reading the passages in the Evangelists in which it is mentioned, and meditating on the events of which it had been the scene. Mr. Smith of Jordanhill, in his ingenious Essay on the 'Sources of St. Luke's Writings,' has remarked that, while Matthew and Mark, who were Galileans, and perhaps natives of Capernaum, "call it 'a sea,' and 'the sea of Galilee,' Luke, who was a Gentile, invariably speaks of it as 'a lake.'" He remarks, also, that "they call the eastern shore of the lake 'the other side,' without saying of what, which is evidently the colloquial language of Capernaum." Speaking of Luke, Mr. Smith thus continues: "It is manifest from his style that he has not the same connection with Galilee which the authors of the other two Gospels have. With them Galilee is always on the foreground. If they wish to give an idea of the wide extent of the fame of our Lord, they tell us that it spread 'throughout all the region round about Galilee;'[2] or of his preaching, that it was 'throughout all Galilee.' St. Luke, in drawing up his account from the same original, but at a distance, and for those at a distance, says simply in the first case, 'The fame of him went out into every place of the country round about;'[3] and in the second, 'He preached in the synagogues of Galilee.'" At least four of the disciples were connected by birth and business with the sea of Galilee. Here, as we wandered along its shores, we said to one another, Jesus may have seen Peter and Andrew "casting a net into the sea;" and here he may have seen James and John "in the ship, with Zebedee their father, mending their nets." Here he may have "sat in the ship, and taught, and the multitude stood on the shore;" and here he may have "constrained the disciples to get into the ship, to go unto the other side." Here, in the light of the morning, they may have seen him standing on the shore, where, as soon as they came to land, kindled by no mortal hands, "they saw a fire of coals, and fish laid thereon, and bread," when "none of

[1] Mark, vi, 53. [2] Mark, i, 28. [3] Luke, iv, 37.

them durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing it was the Lord." What a meeting was that when the disciples here first met the Lord! Such an era was that in the history of John; he not only records the event, but the hour in which it happened. "It was," he informs us, "about the tenth hour."[1] And rising like the morning star on his memory long afterwards, he speaks of it thus: "We beheld His glory." Beautiful as the sea of Galilee is, it will for ever owe its greatest interest, and borrow its greatest charm, from its having witnessed the works and listened to the words of Him who was the true "Beauty of Israel."

On my way to the Hot Springs of Ammaus, which are mentioned by Josephus, and which are about a mile and a half from the town, I met Dr. B., a German, returning from them. He accompanied me to the baths, which I looked into, but the vapour they emitted in clouds was so hot and stifling, I did not make farther trial of their virtues. On our way back, Dr. B., who spoke remarkably good English, discoursed long and eloquently on the evils of what he called Toadyism, by which I understood him to mean a weak and wicked deference to the opinions of the great and powerful, whether of princes or of the people. To Toadyism he ascribed most of the bad actions by which society is or has been injured. Among others, Pilate, he said, had acted under its influence, when, to please the people, and for fear of offending the prince, he consented that our Lord should be crucified. Pilate, no doubt, gave way to the will of the people, but to whose will did the people give way? There are worse things, alas! than even Toadyism. Returning to our tents, I continued to gaze on the lake below, till the night came down on its waters.

Tiberias was built by one of the Herods, in honour of the emperor whose name it bears, and was the principal city of the province of Galilee. The ruined pillars which strew the shore attest its ancient splendour. Its population at present is estimated at two thousand, of whom nearly a half are Jews. It has a small inn, or khan, to which some travellers repair. If we can believe the visitors' book, it is as wretched in reality as it is wretched in appearance. Every epithet of abuse is employed in it to describe the inn and its owner, who is a Jew;

[1] John i, 39.

but the poor Jew, being made to believe that it contains encomiums on himself and his house, shows it to all comers.

Tiberias is about sixteen or eighteen miles from Nazareth. On leaving it, our course along the shore was through a rich and extensive plain. The grass was tall and soft, and of the richest green. The graceful oleander was blossoming among the willows along the shore, and flowers of a bright red hue were springing in the midst of the grass.

> "All through the summer night,
> Those blossoms, red and bright,
> Spread their soft breasts, unheeding, to the breeze:
> Like hermits, watching still,
> Around the sacred hill,
> Where erst our Saviour watch'd upon His knees."—KEBLE.

Uncultivated though the plains were, we could see it was not without reason that they were anciently called the Paradise of Palestine. We must this morning have passed near, if not over, the very sites of Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Capernaum; but of these towns, which heard the words and witnessed the works of Christ, not a stone remains to tell that ever they had been. The Jews have four cities, which they reckon holy. Of these, two are in Galilee: Tiberias, or, as it is called, Tabareyeh; and Safed, which was now in our sight, on the summit of a hill, a few miles to our left. This "city set on a hill," our time did not permit us to visit. So late as 1837, both Tabareyeh and Safed suffered severely from an earthquake. In Safed no fewer than five thousand perished, the greater part of whom were Jews.

Ascending the high ground on the left, and continuing our course for about ten miles, we reached the Jordan, which we crossed by a bridge, called by the Arabs, Jiser Beni Yakoub, the Bridge of the Sons of Jacob. The Jordan is here rapid, but not so wide as at Jericho. We were now in the neighbourhood of some interesting Scripture scenes. On our left was "Hazeroth of the Gentiles," the city of Sisera, the captain of Jabin's army, whom Barak and Deborah overthrew in battle. We remembered that striking passage, where it is said, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through

the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot? Her wise ladies answered her, yea, she returned answer to herself, Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two? to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needle-work, of divers colours of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil."[1] Long might the mother of Sisera look from her window; but cold and pale in death, in the tent of Heber the Kenite, lay the son, whom never more in life would she behold again.

Two miles farther up the Jordan was Bahr el Houle, the Waters of Merom, or the High Sea, so called from its being so much higher than the Lake of Galilee and the Dead Sea. It is four miles in breadth, and about six or eight in length. By these waters Joshua gave a great defeat to Jabin, king of Hazor, and divers of the kings of Canaan. A few miles above them is Banias, the Dan of the Old Testament, the name of which was Laish at the first. Dan was the frontier town of the Holy Land on the north, as Beersheba was on the south: hence the expression, "From Dan to Beersheba." In later times it was enlarged and beautified by Philip the Tetrarch, and called by him Cæsarea Philippi, to distinguish it from Cæsarea on the sea-coast, between Tyre and Joppa. By this name it was known in our Saviour's time, who on one occasion "came into its coasts," when, in answer to the question put to his disciples, "Whom do ye say that I am?" Peter made the memorable confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

At Banias, and at a place called Tell el Kady, about three miles westward, the Jordan, according to Robinson, has its double source; though a later traveller fixes it at the fountain of Hasbany, several miles farther north from Jisr Beni Yakoub, or, as it is commonly called, Jisr Benat Yakoub, the Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob, which has had this name given it from the tradition, that here Jacob crossed the Jordan, on his return from Padan-aram, when he, who had "passed it with his staff, had now become two bands."

There are two ways to Damascus: the first by Banias, along the foot of Hermon, or Jebel esh Sheykh; and the second across

[1] Judges, v, 28–30.

the hills in a more easterly direction. The latter of these ways, though less interesting, was shorter, and for this reason we fixed on taking it. Halil wished to pass the night at the Bridge, pretending it was not safe to proceed farther, and I was not without a wish to spend the day in wandering by the Jordan, and to be lulled to sleep at night by the sound of its waters: but time was becoming too valuable to be spent in this way; so, after he had begun to unload his mules, we ordered him to reload them and proceed, which, not a little reluctantly, he did. Taking a last look of the Jordan, I followed, soothing myself as I best might with the sad sweet lines of the poet:

"Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea;
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will shine on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever."

We were now in Galilee of the Gentiles. If we had our own way in the morning, Halil had his, and I fear I must say his revenge, in the evening. About five o'clock we came to a gentle rising ground, covered with tall, soft grass, at the foot of which were several springs of waters. Here, in the very heart of a marsh, Halil proposed that we should encamp. As I had crossed the fiery chief of the muleteers once this day already, I did not choose to do so again; so I consented, though not without some misgivings that a swamp was not the best spot in the world for me to sleep in. A company of merchants from Damascus, with their camels, were bivouacked not far from us, which was perhaps the reason of Halil's fixing on the place. For my own part, I would have preferred their absence to their company, all the more that their camels were going at large, and several, during the evening, came stumbling against my tent, and nearly overturned it. The merchants sat chattering around their fires till midnight, when they departed for the south. I flattered myself that we should not be disturbed

for the rest of that night. But the chattering of the merchants and the growling of the camels were succeeded by the croaking of frogs, which continued increasing in loudness till the breaking of the day. What with sleeping in a swamp, the merchants and their camels, and that unceasing croak, croak, of the frogs, this was the most unpleasant night I had passed in Palestine.

The next day we passed through a tract of country, the modern name of which is Kaneitarah. This, there is little doubt, is the ancient Ituræa, which had its name from Itur, or Jetur, one of the sons of Ishmael,[1] and which in the time of our Lord was, with the region of Trachonitis, under the government of Philip, who is called by Luke "tetrarch of Iturea.[2] Here lay part of the lot that fell to the half tribe of Manasseh. Here, too, according to some, was Geshur,[3] to which Absalom fled after the murder of Amnon, and where he remained three years. His mother was a native of Geshur, which accounts for his fleeing thither for refuge. In this neighbourhood, but farther to the south, are Gilead, famous for its balm, and Bashan, famous, as it still is, for its oaks and pasture. On both sides of the road, for several miles, were numerous *tells*, or small round hills, covered with oak and clothed with verdure. One of these, which was much higher than the rest, we resolved to ascend. Halil and Achmet refused to accompany us. "There were Bedouins there," they said, "and they would rob and murder us. Besides," they continued, "why go to the top of the hill? what good will it do you to go there?" We told them it would do us much good; that we should have a view of the country, and might see Esh Shem, Damascus, itself. This last argument Halil could not resist. Damascus was his favourite topic. He never ceased speaking of its beauty; and I had no sooner mentioned the possibility of seeing it than he relented. Achmet and he now got their pistols in order, and said, "they would die for us." In about fifteen minutes we reached the top of the hill, from which we had an extensive view of the Lake of Galilee, and of the country on both sides of the Jordan. Greatly to Halil's mortification, we did not see Damascus, and, much to our satisfaction, we did not see any of the dreaded Bedouins. The Arabs of this district are

[1] 1 Chron., i, 31. [2] Luke, iii, 1. [3] 2 Samuel, xiii, 37.

remarkable for their cunning and courage, of both which they gave a signal illustration in 1833, when, having decoyed the troops of Ibrahim Pasha into the defiles with which the country abounds, they overthrew them with great slaughter.

This day we met several long trains of pilgrims, Christians and Jews. The former were on their way to Jerusalem to the feast of Easter. Of the latter, from their extreme old age, some, it was obvious, were on their way thither, "there to die, and to be buried." We gave them the usual "*Salaam aleikum:* Peace be to you:" which they returned with "*Aleikum salaam:* To you be peace." Having been eleven hours on the road, and that one of the wildest and worst we had seen since we left the Desert, we reached Khan Sassa, where we encamped. That night was one of great beauty. Hermon was a few miles distant. It was covered with snow, and rose majestically in the deep red evening sky. The stars shone in cloudless splendour, and amid them the moon was seen "walking in brightness." Suddenly, however, the scene was overcast. At midnight the winds rose, and continued for hours to rage with great violence. Our tents shook like reeds in a tempest, and it was with difficulty that Achmet, who was never absent from his post at the call of duty or of danger, aided by some of the Mukeri, could prevent them from being overturned. Rising and looking out, for sleeping, amid such a roaring of the wind, was out of the question, I never witnessed a scene of similar or of equal grandeur and sublimity. The snow, that lay at night-fall in solid masses on the breast of the mountain, was now rent and shivered into myriads of flakes, which darkened the air. It was a sea, a storm of driven snow. Hermon seemed dissolving, and the everlasting hills seemed as if fleeing away. Thus, when the Almighty scattered the kings of old, "it was like snow in Salmon." Thus will He yet scatter the kings and kingdoms of the world, and thus will they that hate him "flee before him." About two o'clock, "the stormy wind" fell: it had "fulfilled His word."

Early in the morning, which was calm and bright, we left the khan at Sassa, and a little after noon we came in sight of the oldest city of the world, and still the fairest city of the East, DAMASCUS! It was still, however, two hours distant; and as it stands in the midst of an immense plain, surrounded

by trees, countless in number, and of endless variety, and all of which were now in bloom, we lost sight of it as we entered the plain, and did not obtain a glimpse of its domes and minarets till we were close upon its gates. This is one of the disadvantages of entering it from this direction; whereas the traveller, approaching from Beyrout, has his first and finest view of it from the hills above Salahyeh. For a considerable way before entering the city, the fields through which we passed were of a red colour, and remarkable for the richness of the soil. One of them is called by the Latins *Ager Damascenus*, out of whose red earth, Adam, they say, was formed; for this is one of the places said to have been the scene of the lost Paradise, and Damascus, according to the Damascenes, stands in the midst of the garden of Eden. Making every allowance for oriental exaggeration, for its woods, waters, and skies, Damascus may be justly called, *Esh Sham Shereef*, the Noble and the Beautiful, the Eye and Star of the East. We entered it on Thursday, 25th April, having been between it and Jerusalem little more than six travelling days. The distance between the two cities is about 120 miles. Thus far did Saul, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against the first Christians, travel, "that if he found any of this way there, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem."[1] Our stay was limited to a part of three days. Short as this time was, there were few of its attractions, whether streets, bazaars, khans, cafés, synagogues, or principal houses, which we did not visit. Its main street is called Straight, but whether this is the street in which Ananias was directed to "inquire for one called Saul of Tarsus,"[2] we have little proof but the name. However, the reputed House of Judas is still shown. It is a vault under ground, which the Latins, to whom it belongs, have converted into a chapel, the walls of which, as usual, are hung round, I cannot say adorned, with the pictures of saints. A cross or dagger on the floor marks the spot where Paul kneeled, when it was said, "Behold, he prayeth." The street called Straight runs from east to west, and is nearly two miles in length. Here was the Hotel de Palmyre, kept by Demetri, a young Greek, in which we lodged. It was the only Frank hotel in Damascus. The bazaars are at the west end of the street, and

[1] Acts, ix, 2. [2] Acts, ix, 11.

the Christians have their shops and dwelling-houses chiefly at the east. Houses are still built on the walls, and the place is pointed out where Paul, through a window in a basket, was let down by the wall, and escaped," when "the governor under Aretas the king kept the city of the Damascenes with a garrison, desirous to apprehend him."[1] The bazaars, like those of Cairo, are streets with shops, and differ only from ordinary streets in that they are arched or covered over, to shade them from the heat in summer and the rain in winter. The coverings or awnings in some places were ragged enough, and though they afforded a protection from the sun, would hardly afford one from the shower. Less rain, however, falls in Damascus than in our watery land, and of course less protection is needed. The bazaars of Damascus are more numerous, and on the whole of a superior order, to those of Cairo. As in Cairo, each kind of merchandise has its own bazaar. There is a bazaar for silks, and a bazaar for shoes, and for every other article of necessity or luxury. The shops are quite different from those of our country. In many cases they are nothing more than recesses in the walls. The merchant sits on a platform of mud or wood, generally about three feet from the ground, with his goods rolled up at his side, or suspended within his reach, so that he can display them to the buyer without rising from his seat. When there is nothing doing, he may be seen chatting to his neighbour across the street, smoking the *nargeleh* or the *shĕsheh*, or whiffing away at the more ordinary and less luxurious *tchibouque*. Others may be seen, with their ink-horns at their side, casting up accounts, and balancing the gains or losses of the day. Some of the more devout may be seen reading the Koran; but seldom is a Moslem to be seen with a book in his hand of any kind. The "reading public" are a thinly scattered people in the East.

Besides the bazaars, there are places of business called khans. To one of these we paid a short visit. It was the great khan of Damascus. Its gate is one of the few specimens of the Arabesque, and is lofty, wide, and richly ornamented. Passing under this stately gateway, you enter a large and spacious court, crowded with merchants and merchandise, and a personage indispensable to the seller and buyer in the East, "a

[1] 2 Corinthians, xi, 32, 33.

man with a writer's ink-horn at his side." Traders are there of all nations, and persons of all conditions: Turks, Damascenes, Arabs, Greeks, Persians, Armenians, Jews, all distinguishable by their countenance or costume. There, too, are soldiers, servants, camel-drivers, muleteers, porters, and slaves; camels and mules, from Bagdad and Beyrout, whose approach is intimated by the tinkling of bells suspended from their necks and the cries of their drivers, laden with the riches of the East and West, are entering it, like ships into a harbour, and making a stir and excitement which are seldom allowed to flag or fail in that great khan of Damascus.

Our next visit was to the cafés, of which Kiosk-like buildings, with their gaudy fronts and trelissed pillars, there are great numbers. We had engaged for our guide one Ibrahim, a Jew, who was not only intimately acquainted with every place, but with almost every person, in Damascus; with whom, too, though a Jew, he seemed to be on the most friendly terms. Moslem and Christian had a salaam for Ibrahim. and Ibrahim a salaam for them. The doors of private houses flew open at his bidding, and, saving the mosques, he seemed to have the right of *entré* every where. Under his skilful ciceroneship, we threaded our way through sundry streets, till we reached the banks of the Pharpar; and here, embosomed amid trees, from the branches of which a hundred lamps were suspended, and which are lighted at night, we found ourselves in the Café of the city. Turbans were here of every hue, men-at-arms, with pistols in their belts, and men of peace, hadjis and khowagees, Moslem and Frank, but every man sipping his coffee, or smoking his pipe, under the shade of dark green trees, and by the side of the sparkling and swiftly flowing stream. We were insensible to the united charms of the *nargeleh*, the *shĕsheh*, and the *tchibouque*, but called for our *fingan*, or cup of coffee, like the rest. The *fingan* is a small porcelain cup, without handle, placed in an outer cup or stand of brass or silver, called a *zeĭf*. The coffee is served up without cream or sugar, in small quantity, and is sipped slowly. Such is the drink of the East, and many a long conversation is held, many a bargain made, and many a merry story is told, over a small cup of coffee.

Having rambled through most of the bazaars, and having seen most of the principal public buildings, we were taken by

Ibrahim to see some of the private houses of the Damascenes. These belonged to his brethren, and were of course in the Jewish quarter. Their exterior was humble, but within they surpassed all we had yet seen in the East, or had expected to see, for beauty and elegance. Passing under a low gateway, we came to a quadrangular court, paved with variegated marble, in the midst of which was a fountain of marble, filled with crystal-like water, and surrounded with trees, willows, mimosas, roses, oleanders, and oranges, the last of which were in fruit, which hung on them in great abundance. From the court we entered a long and lofty saloon, the walls of which were stained with blue, intermingled with arabesque. The ceiling was richly painted and carved, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and around the walls was the usual divan. Bright haired children were playing in the courts. The mother and other members of the family were in more private apartments, into which we were asked to enter; but, afraid of intrusion, we refrained. As the houses into which we were admitted belonged to the richest Jews in Damascus, it is not to be supposed that all, or many of them, were of equal elegance. Most of them, indeed, were built of clay, hardened in the sun, "houses of clay," as Dr. Wilson remarks, "through which, as in the land of Job, the thieves may dig in the dark" to steal. Nor was the synagogue, which we visited, much better. I have seldom seen a plainer building. The floor was clay, and, except the "pulpit of wood," it had neither seats nor furniture.

Owing to the shortness of our stay, while we contrived to see the place, we had no opportunity of forming any estimate of the character or condition of the people. Their number is variously estimated. Some rank it as high as 300,000, but this must include the surrounding villages, of which there are great numbers. The population of Damascus proper is certainly not more than 180,000. Of these about 12,000 are Jews and Christians of all denominations, Greeks, Armenians, Latins, Maronites, and Protestants; the rest are Moslems. The mosques, I have seen it stated, amount to upwards of a hundred. This may be so, but I did not observe more than thirty minarets. Till within a few years, of all the Moslems the Damascenes were the fiercest, most fanatical, and intolerant. On these accounts Damascus was then but too well

entitled to be called, as it was by the Damascenes, the Mouth of Mecca and Mohammed's Heel. The waters of Moslem hatred and intolerance are now, however, happily assuaging, nor is there any place in the East where Frank or Christian is more free from observation or insult, either because of his costume or his creed, than in Damascus. The old hatred, no doubt, still exists, but it has ceased to burn with its former intensity. The only observation our appearance created was that of the poor, who followed us with cries, with which our ears were now familiar, for bakshish. The West is every day exercising at least a softening and a humanising influence on the East, from which Damascus happily has not altogether escaped. This great citadel of Islam one cannot forget was Christian once, nor can one think of its present state without hoping he may live to see it Christian again. It is the seat of several Christian missions, one of which belongs to the Presbyterian Church of Ireland. There, it may be, "the mower hath not yet wherewith to fill his hands, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom; yet will the Christian traveller, as he goes by, say, "The blessing of the Lord be upon you. We bless you in the name of the Lord."

CHAPTER XII

FROM DAMASCUS TO BEYROUT AND HOME.

We had hoped to spend the Sabbath in Damascus, but, in order to reach Beyrout in time for the steamer to Alexandria, it was necessary we should leave it on Saturday, even though we should have to pass a lonely Sabbath in our tents on Lebanon. On the 27th, our men and mules were at the door of the Hotel de Palmyre; and, having shaken hands with Demetri, the words, *Rooh!* and *Yellah!* Go! and Forward! were once more heard, and we were on our way out of Esh Sham Shereef, the Noble City. The gates of Damascus have mostly all high sounding names. One is called Bab el Genneh, the Gate of Paradise; that through which we passed was called, Bab el Salaam, the Gate of Peace. It was, however, no gate of peace to us. Here Halil and Achmet had a perfect battle of words with their Moslem brethren about *Dues Leviable;* but as we did not understand their language, we left them at the Gate of Peace, or of discord rather, to settle the tariff among themselves, and made our way, as best we might, through the walnut shaded suburbs, and up the bare, steep, calcareous hill, of the Salaheyeh. What a contrast is that bare, limestone looking hill, to the gardens of orange and citron, and the deep green walnut groves at its base! For a while our course was along the mossy and emerald banks of the Barada, the ancient Abana and Pharpar, which rushes from the hills with great rapidity into the city, where, dividing itself into seven blue streams, it fills the fountains, freshens the air, waters the gardens, and is the pride and joy of the inhabitants now, as it was

in the days of Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, who thought it foul scorn that the waters of Israel should be compared to those of his own loved "Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus."

On reaching the brow of the hill, we came to the tomb of a *santon*, or holy man; according to others, a Sheykh. This tomb, which is a conspicuous object, and which attracted our notice when rambling round the walls, has a history, and it is this: Thither, one day, came an old man from the sea. Wonder-struck at the scene which here burst upon his view, he stood still, and, surveying it for a while, said, "No; there is but one paradise, and I will not have mine in this world." Tradition says he lived and died there, and never entered the city. There are other versions of the story, but this is the one most commonly received. The view from that hill of the city, with its mosques, domes, and minarets, towering up in the sapphire sky, and of that immense sea-like plain, stretching away far as the eye can reach, and waving with

> "The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even,"

is certainly one of wonderful beauty, on which the traveller will never look for the first time without surprise and delight, nor gaze on it for the last time, as we did, without regret.

We were now on Antilebanon, and our face was to the sea. For a while our path lay along the edge of a deep and wild ravine, through which, far below, we could trace the course of the Pharpar by the willows on its banks. Shortly afterwards we crossed it at Jisr Dummar, where there is a small khan, in which we had a fingan of coffee. The mode of preparing it was of the most primitive kind. An iron spoon, with a long handle, was placed among hot ashes, the water was poured into it, and in little more than a minute the fingan was handed to us to drink. From the khan, where we took our last look of the "rivers of Damascus," our course was over Jebel esh Shurky, or Antilebanon, was through a bare, bleak, and stony region, in which, except Jebel esh Sheykh, or Hermon, towering in the air to the height of 11,000 feet, there was little to interest

the eye. Still we were on "that goodly mountain and Lebanon," and where, though there was little to interest the eye, there was much to interest the heart. We camped at Khan Demas, where we passed the Sabbath, which was not quite so peaceful as we could have wished or anticipated on the heights of Lebanon. There was a village hard by, in which the people were observing one of their religious festivals. There was a procession, headed by a mufti and a man with a drawn sword, with which he made the most frightful gestures. I had heard of Damascus steel, and had seen it glittering in the bazaars and in the belts of armed beys, but it was a different thing to see it brandished in the hand of a ferocious and excited fanatic. Green banners, the favourite colour of the Prophet, were carried in front, and there were songs and shouts, beatings on instruments and great rejoicings. Noisy, however, as the village was during the day, it was perfectly quiet at night. The only sound heard after sunset was the cry of the mueddin, "Come to prayer."

Next day, after a ride of six hours, we crossed the Antilebanon, and descended into the great plain of Cœle-Syria, anciently called Hamath, or the Valley of Lebanon, and now called El Bekraa. This some have supposed was that Valley of Baca through which the Israelites passed on their way to Zion, wherein "they made a well." It may be doubted, however, if it was so far north, or lay in this direction. At the head of El Bekaa is Baalbec, the Temple of the Sun. Pilgrims from every land have visited Baalbec, and no one has beheld its ruined temples without admiration. Their pillars are described by one as being "slender as the cypress and bright as gold, and as filling the soul with such a wonderful harmony, that they seemed like the chords of a lyre." Some of the stones in the walls are 60 feet in length, 12 feet in thickness, and 12 feet in height; a size so great, that it is not easy to imagine how they could have been raised by human hands. It would have been a great gratification not only to have seen Baalbec, but, as I looked on its fallen shrines, to have seen the truth of the prophecy, "Bel is confounded," and to have said on the spot, in the eloquent words of one who stood there, "Baal is fallen, but the eternal God of Light lives for ever." But though we were within a few miles of it, want of time

constrained us to leave it unvisited. The cedars of Lebanon are opposite Baalbec, but on the western side of the mountain. The Nahr el Litany, or river Leontes, flows through Bekaa, and falls into the sea a little way from Tyre. As we drew near the foot of Lebanon, we had to cross many waters, caused by the melting of the snow, which lay deep on its summits. The scene of our encampment that night was remarkably grand and beautiful. Beneath us lay the long, rich, green, plain of Bekaa. Over against us was Hermon, and above us, clad with snow, were the peaks of Lebanon, from which torrents, caused by the melting of the snow, came roaring down and rushing past us into the plain. With the sound of the torrents' roar in our ears, we fell asleep.

Next morning, leaving the men and mules to follow, we started, with only Halil for our guide, hoping to reach Beyrout that afternoon. We had not long left the khan, when the road became so bad, that riding quickly forward was impossible. Here we met two English travellers coming from Beyrout, to one of whom I made some observations on the badness of the road. "Do you call this," he said, "a bad road?" I said, that I certainly did. "It's the best road," he replied, "you will see to-day." We thought this very unlikely, but so it proved. On and on we went,

> "With fainting steps and slow,
> And wilds, immeasurably spread,
> Seem lengthening as we go;"

and ever onward as we went, worse, if that was possible, the road became. About noon the great, broad, blue sea, burst upon our view, and Beyrout, with its strange, bright sands, seemed lying at our feet. Now it seemed as if our wanderings were at an end, and, though thousands of miles were between us, as if we were nearly home. Here we rested for a while, and if not merry, glad, and I trust grateful men, were we! We had now leisure to look round on that solemn and sublime Lebanon. We saw, it is true, no waving woods, and sat beneath no deep green cedar shades, nor for us, as in the old times, were the "scent" and "the smell of Lebanon" on the winds. "The day of the Lord" had been "on Lebanon," and

had caused its "flower to languish," and "its fruit" to fail. A "fire out of the bramble had devoured its cedars," and "the feller had come up against it." Yet had not "the glory of Lebanon" utterly departed. We had seen "its snow under the rock of the field," and had drank of "its cold flowing waters." Amid its defiles and glens we had witnessed, from the heights along which lay our narrow path, cultivated fields and cheerful villages, embosomed amid vineyards and shaded with palms, all the more cheerful that the inhabitants are Christians, and that there may be seen the spire of the little church pointing to heaven, and that the sound that floats from it on the morning and evening air is not the cry of the mueddin, but the silvery tinkle of the Sabbath bell.

Antilebanon is inhabited by an inconsiderable, and, as a writer has remarked, "mysterious people called Druses, of whom little is known, except that they are wild and warlike, and neither Christians nor Mohammedans." The inhabitants of Lebanon are called Maronites, and amount to nearly a hundred thousand. They are a brave, independent, and, nominally at least, Christian people. They are as industrious as they are brave, and are equally expert in handling the warrior's spear and the weaver's shuttle. Wherever, too, a solitary vine will grow, it is planted, or a stalk of corn, it is sown, by these industrious Maronites. They are a free people, and they deserve to be so, for they love liberty, and know how to improve it. "The peculiar charm of Lebanon," says a German traveller,[1] "consists in the contrasts of the loveliness of its colours with those of the ocean. The naked barren rock steeps itself in the effulgence of the glorious sunbeams, and, at morn and evening especially, enshrines itself in a floating veil of roseate hue, blended with gold and purple, or tinged with deep, tender violet, such as no pencil ever yet portrayed, which, like a rainbow, flung their harmonious hues over the sterile mountain chain, and mitigate its austerity; while the ocean, far below at its base, visible at every creek and inlet, retains its peaceful, heavenly blue."

But we have rested long enough on the heights: let us descend to Beyrout. We said it seemed lying at our feet, and so indeed it did; but we must not judge of the real from the

[1] The Countess of Hahn Hahn.

seeming distance of places in the East. Several hours must elapse ere we reach it, near as it seems. But over rocks and crags, and large loose boulders in the middle of the road, we again take our difficult and now downward way. A long string of mules is coming up from Beyrout, laden with the goods of England, France, and Germany, for the bazaars of Damascus; and on the principle that the weaker party must go to the wall, we had to turn aside, and stand still, till they passed, which they took at least a quarter of an hour to do. Our course continued to be like the descending of one long, broken, and dilapidated spiral stair, till we reached the khan nearly at the foot of the hill. Here we rested, not without marvelling that we had escaped without breaking some of our bones; and, having refreshed ourselves with "tired nature's great restorer" in the East, a fingan of coffee, we resumed our journey, and about four P.M. stood at last on the long, red, sandy plains of Beyrout. Here, for the first time, we met a woman wearing the horn, over which was thrown a dark blue veil. This is one of the most barbarous ornaments that human pride or vanity has ever invented. The nose-ring and the small shoe of the Chinese women are not more painful, and certainly not so hideous, as the horn of the poor women of Lebanon. Pride, it is said, feels no pain. It ought rather to be said, it owns no pain. So intense is the pain caused by the horn, the Countess of Hahn Hahn tells us, that "many women sleep with the horn fastened to their heads, as they cannot endure the torture of replacing it after it has once been removed." The horn is generally made of wood, but those worn by the women of the higher ranks are made of silver. I wanted to purchase one in Beyrout, but could not find where they were sold.

On arriving at Beyrout, we rode to Antonio's Hotel, in the West Bay. Achmet and the mules arrived about ten in the evening, and, greatly to my surprise, without loss or damage. Beyrout, the Berothah of the Bible,[1] and the Berytus of the Greeks and Romans, has little to recommend it as a town, except its situation, which is one of the most beautiful in the world. Its houses are built of a dark stone, and devoid of all architectural ornament; but this serves as a foil to set off the

[1] Ezekiel, xlvii, 16.

green mulberry trees, the palms, pines, and acacias, amid which it is embosomed, and the hedges of cactus, by which, like walls of verdure, it is surrounded.

We remained only one night in Beyrout. The steamer was fixed to sail on the following day, which was taken up by us with arrangements for our departure. Among these were the paying and the parting with our men. Halil left us at the inn. Achmet, true to the last, saw us on board the steamer. Here we parted with this truest and bravest of dragomen, a Nubian, with a dark brown skin, but with a soul, for honour and integrity, as bright as Damascus steel.

It is the first of May, in the East, as well as the West, a month,

"If not the first, the fairest of the year,"

and about four P.M. the steamer is on her way out of the broad bright bay of Beyrout.

"The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending,"

till Lebanon itself is lost to the view. During the night we passed Sidon and Tyre, and next morning were in the bay of Acre, where rose before us the convent-crowned height of Carmel. On the 3rd we reached Joppa, where we received an accession of passengers from Jerusalem.[1] On the 4th we arrived at Alexandria, where, after a quarantine of five days, we went on board the oriental steamer Ripon, in which we sailed for England. On the 25th we landed at Southampton. That evening we reached London, which we had left on the 22nd of October, 1849. Thus ended my first WANDERJAHR, or year of wandering, in the Holy Land.

[1] Among the rest were Mr. Ewald, Chaplain to the Bishop of Jerusalem, the Bishop's son, a fine boy, with the sad, sweet name, of BENONI, and Mr. P. L. Hussey.

WALKS AND WANDERINGS

IN

THE LAND OF ISRAEL.

1851.

CHAPTER I.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

HAVING resolved to revisit the East, I sailed in the GRECIAN screw steamer, Captain Hardy, commander, on the 15th February, 1851, from Liverpool for Constantinople. We reached Gibraltar on the 21st, where we remained several hours. The GRECIAN had only five cabin passengers, and here two of them, Mr. Edward Rimmer, from Liverpool, and Mr. Bryden, from Dumfries, left us. My only fellow-passengers now were Mrs. Wood, from Ayr, and her son, a young man, seeking, like myself, a "south land," in quest of what is oftener sought than found: health. We reached Malta on the 21st, where they also left us. Whether Malta or Meleda, an island in the Gulf of Venice, was the Melita on which Paul was shipwrecked, has been disputed. The question has been lately re-opened by Mr. Smith, in his work on 'The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul,' who has brought such an amount of nautical and biblical learning to bear on it, that it must now be regarded as finally settled in favour of Malta. I spent some weeks here, in the summer of 1849, and so fresh was my remembrance of those weary weeks, I had no desire to go ashore, and was glad when the well-known cheer of the sailors announced that the anchor was up, and that for farther and fairer lands the GRECIAN was on her way.

After having experienced some rough weather in Adria, where Paul had been driven up and down so many nights and days in that poor, over-crowded, and ill-conditioned ship of

Alexandria,[1] on 1st March, the wind, fresh and fair, and with all our canvas spread, we swept into the Archipelago,[2] and sailed all that day among the Isles of Greece. On the morning of the 3rd, we were skirting the plains of Troy, where,

"Green, along the ocean's side,"

are still pointed out the tombs of the Greeks and Trojans who fell in battle. Not far from the site of ancient Troy stood Alexandria Troas, one of eighteen cities which bore the name of Alexander the Great. This is the Troas mentioned by Luke, where the "man of Macedonia" appeared to Paul in a vision, and said, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us."[3] Sailing between these two places, Troas on the right, and Macedonia on the left, I was struck with the appropriateness of this address, which indeed Scripture no where violates. It was in Troas that Paul preached, when "Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep, fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead:"[4] "A warning," says the good Matthew Henry, "to all people to take heed of sleeping when they are hearing the word preached." When he adds, "This youth was to be blamed, that he presumptuously sat in the window, and so exposed himself, whereas, if he could have been content to sit on the floor, he had been safe," he is less happy in his remarks, and not quite just to Eutychus. His fault was not in climbing up into the window-sill, as the commentator supposes; for the windows or wooden lattices of the East have none, but are on a level with the floor; it was in sitting too near the edge of the floor or wall, so that when he fell asleep, he fell into the inner court, or into the street without.

Though one of the finest in the world, and in one of the finest climates, the plain of Troy is neglected and unpeopled. The scene of so many interesting associations, classical and Christian, I gazed upon it from the deck of the ship, till Mount Ida, on which poetry has shed so rich a glow, towering up from the hills behind, faded from the view. In the afternoon we

[1] Acts, xxvii, 27.

[2] From *Agio pelago*, the *Holy sea;* or, according to others, from *Egio pelago*, the *Sea of Egius.*

[3] Acts, xvi, 9. [4] Acts, xx, 9.

entered the Dardanelles, and ere the sun went down were plying on the waters of the Hellespont. We were now in the land of the "cypress and myrtle," groves of which were waving on both sides of the Hellespont, which is here about a mile in breadth, and rushes into the Archipelago with great rapidity. As we passed Sestos and Abydos, where Xerxes built his famous bridge of boats, and shed those tears about which moralists have had so much to say, it was night, and as wild a night as ever descended on that stormy water. The wind was right in our face, and was accompanied with sleet and snow, which continued to fall thick and fast the whole of that night and of the following day. Such was my first sailing on the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora. It was no silken sailing to the stout Captain Hardy and his men. Towards the evening of the 4th the wind fell, the snow slackened, and early next morning, in smooth water and under a clear sky, we came to anchor in the Golden Horn, the magnificent harbour of Constantinople. It had this name given it from its resemblance to the horn of an ox, and from the riches which every wind wafted into its waters.

Constantinople differs from most large towns in this, that the eye can take it in at a glance; and such is the singularity and splendour of the scene, that one glance is sufficient to impress it on the mind for ever. Had I only seen it from the deck of the vessel, I should have brought away with me a perfect idea of its extent and appearance, nor would the memory of its dark green cypress groves, its splendid palaces, snow-white marble mosques, swelling domes, graceful minarets, sparkling crescents, many coloured, many fashioned houses, and caique-covered waters, have easily, if ever, been forgotten. No sooner, however, had I landed, than the charm produced by a distant view began to dissolve. Instead of an elegant stone pier, you step from the tiny caique on a frail, rotten, wooden wharf, covered with mud and filth, the only scavengers of which are the dogs, which, hungry and howling, ply their occupation on the wharves and streets night and day. I was surprised to see people walking along the narrow lane-like streets, with umbrellas over their heads. It was not long, however, till I discovered there was a reason for this, and had myself cause to regret that I had not brought one with me also.

The snow that had fallen during the night, now melting in the morning sun, was pouring from the eaves of the houses in torrents, and the narrow streets had the appearance of so many gutters.

Having, with one George for my guide, made a hasty survey of Galata and Pera, the Frank quarter, we crossed the Golden Horn, and landed in Stamboul, where, in rambling through the bazaars, visiting the mosques, monuments, and other buildings and places of interest, we spent the greater part of the day. The Seraglio, or, as it is called by the Turks, Padeshai Serai, we were not permitted to enter, but we saw the Sublime Porte, from which, in allusion to the custom of judges and kings, who gave laws in the gate, the government takes its name. Within its precincts stood once the church of St. Irene, in which Chrysostom preached, the Chalmers of Constantinople, and of his day. The bazaars, in number, size, and splendour, surpass those of Cairo and Damascus. The variety of countenances and costumes to be seen in them is also greater, which, from the more profuse sprinkling of Europeans, there is greater life and stir than in cities more purely oriental. Passing through them again on our return from the Seraglio, and mingling with the crowd, which consisted of Turks, Armenians, Persians, Greeks, Georgians, Circassians, Jews, Russians, Franks of every nation, and Moslems of every occupation and condition, from the swaggering, scarlet capped bostanji, to the humble sherbet-jee, we recrossed the Golden Horn, and, making our way to the tall, round, green Genoese Tower in Galata, we ascended its spiral staircase, and from the top of it had a magnificent view of the country and city. Beneath us lay the city, with its great divisions, Stamboul, Pera, Galata, and Tophana, and its forest of minarets. On one hand was the Bosphorus, on the other the Golden Horn, with its forest of ships, and the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, with its Isles, called the Princes, floating, like amethysts, on its bosom. Behind was the most poetical of valleys, the Valley of the Sweet Waters. Beyond the Bosphorus was Scutari, with its cemeteries and cypress groves, and far away beyond it, on the plains of Asia, towering to the skies, the snow-crowned Olympus. A scene, taken altogether, for natural grandeur and historical interest, such as the round of this earth has not often to show.

"Now," said George, "you have seen Constantinople." I had not indeed quite seen it all, but I had seen enough to satisfy me, that for situation Stamboul was what, but for the bondage of the Turkish government and the blight of the Mohammedan imposture, it would be, and what, under the influence of Christianity, it may yet be, the capital of the world. Constantinople is the field of two important and most interesting Missions: that of the Free Church of Scotland to the Jews, and that of the Americans to the Armenians. The Free Church Mission has two spheres of labour, one in Galata, under the care of my friend, the Rev. R. Kœnig, the object of which is the instruction and conversion of the Italian and German Jews, and the other in Haaskioy, or the Noble Village, under the care of my friend, the Rev. A. Thomson. Its object is the instruction and conversion of the children of the Spanish Jews, who form the chief part of the population of Haaskioy. They are more bigoted than the Italian or German Jews, and Mr. Thomson, and his coadjutor, Mr. Tomori, a Christian Jew of Moravia, have had, perhaps, greater difficulties to contend with than their brethren in Galata; but they fight on bravely, with pen and primer, and with cheering success.

My first visit was to the schools taught by Mrs. Kœnig and Miss Whittet. Some of the children, who were about thirty in number, were taught to read in English, but most of them in Italian. Miss Whittet examined them on a passage which they read from the New Testament, and in arithmetic, geography, and history. They showed an amount of information, at least equal, if not superior, to any class of their standing in Scotland. I was delighted with their appearance and attainments, and with the ability and devotedness of their teachers, who, in a strange land, and in the heart of a great and superstitious city, like "the beloved Persis, are labouring much in the Lord."

Mr. Kœnig took me to the German School, taught by the good Mr. and Mrs. Biesenbruck. It consisted of boys and girls. These poor German children had not the bright looks and the lively voices of the Italian and Spanish Jews, but their countenances had more of a Scottish cast; and if I did not admire them so much, I felt my Scottish heart warm to them the more.

My visit to the schools in Galata and Haaskioy was a short one, but I saw enough to satisfy me of their great importance, and their high state of efficiency. Apart from its being an important field of missionary labour, Haaskioy is one of the most interesting localities in Constantinople. From a green hill above it, Mr. Thomson pointed out the spot where, on the 29th May, 1453, fighting against the Turks, in defence of his city, and country, and church, fell the last of the Constantines. Then, in the language of an eastern poet, "the spider wove its web in the imperial palace, and the owl sang her watch-song in the towers of Afrasial."

On Thursday, 6th March, Mr. Turner and I made an excursion on the Bosphorus to Buyukderé, a small village at the mouth of the Black Sea. On board the steamer we met with Mr. Everett, of the American Mission. Besides himself, the Mission consists of Messrs. Goodell, Dwight, Hamlin, Van Lennep, and two others, with whom is associated Dr. Schaufler, a learned German from Wittemburg. From Mr. Everett, and a work lately published by Mr. Dwight, entitled, 'Christianity Revived in the East, or, a Narrative of the Work of God among the Armenians of Turkey,' I learned the following particulars respecting the operations and success of the Mission:

Armenia, a country of Western Asia, the boundaries of which are the Caucasus on the north, and a branch of the Taurus on the south, is twice mentioned under that name in Scripture, and is supposed to be alluded to under the designations of ARARAT, MINNI,[1] and THOGARMAH. The word, according to some, is derived from Aram, the son of Shem. According to others, and with greater probability, it comes from *Har*, High, and *Minni*, Mount. It is more likely to have been peopled by the descendants of Japhet than of Shem. It has belonged to Medes, Persians, Greeks, Syrians, and Romans, and is now a Turkish province. Christianity was introduced into it in the fourth century. Though the Armenian Church has a Patriarch of its own, and is nominally different from the Church of Rome, it is essentially the same. Various attempts have been made to reform it. The most remarkable of these was made in 1760, by Debajy Oghlû, who has been called the Armenian Luther. But whatever individual life there may

[1] Jeremiah, li, 27.

have been in it, till 1846 no separation took place from it. In that year a Protestant or Reformed Armenian Church was formed in Constantinople. This was the work of the American Mission. The people having chosen one of their number to be their pastor, he was ordained by the ministers of the American Board, assisted by Messrs. Allan and Kœnig, of the Free Church of Scotland. Since that time "the word of God has had free course and been glorified." The Evangelical or Reformed Armenian Church now consists of several congregations, and, by a decree of the Turkish Government, passed in 1847, native Protestants are recognised as constituting a separate and independent community in Turkey. By this decree, copies of which where sent to the pashas within whose pashalics Protestants were known to exist, it was enacted, that no interference should be permitted, in their temporal or spiritual concerns, on the part of the Patriarch or the priests of the old sect. They have schools as well as churches.

The following anecdote is told of one Bedros, a teacher, who had imbibed evangelical sentiments previous to 1846. Seeing the boys crossing themselves in Mr. Dwight's presence, he was greatly mortified, and expressed his wonder how the custom of crossing came to be introduced. "I suppose," said he, "it was introduced to distinguish Christians, at first, from Jews and heathens; but why should it now be continued. You know my name is Bedros: of what use would it be for me to repeat, fifty times in a day, 'My name is Bedros! my name is Bedros!'"

The first funeral of the native Protestants that took place in Constantinople was insulted by the Roman Catholic Armenians. At the next, the Protestants appealed to the authorities for protection, which was readily granted. This was a striking contrast to the first. The funeral processions of the native Christians are accompanied with gilded crosses, candles, and chantings, and headed by the priests in white robes. When the inhabitants saw the Protestant funeral passing quietly through the streets, without any of these superstitious accompaniments, they said, "What new thing is this?" Some said, "These are the Protestants: see how the Government protects them." Others said, "Look, they have no crosses, nor candles, nor chantings. This is as it should be."

Through the labours of the native Protestant Church, and of

the American Mission, evangelical truth is spreading throughout Turkish Armenia. "Another crisis," says Mr. Dwight, "must soon come, another exodus from a corrupt church, on a far grander scale than the first." The head-quarters of the Mission is at Bibek, a small village on the Bosphorus, where Mr. Everett left us.

The Bosphorus, or, as the word may be rendered, *Oxen-ford*, is the strait that connects the Black Sea with the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora. It is about two miles wide, and received its name from its being about the distance an ox might swim over. Here, it has been remarked, "Nature has placed the loveliest features of Europe and Asia in closest rivalry." "I have seen," says an ancient Greek author, "the banks of the Peneus and the shady Ossa, I have seen the green and fruitful borders of those streams, which flow through the rugged mountains of the Median Tempes, but I have seen nothing more lovely than the vale through which the Bosphorus rolls its waters, adorned on either side by swelling hills, clothed with woods, and vineyards, and gardens, and with the gayest variety of flowers and trees."

We arrived at Buyukderé about six, where we spent the night. Next morning, as the sun was rising over the Black Sea, into which several vessels, with all their sails spread, were sweeping, we were on board the steamer, and were returning to Constantinople. From Buyukderé, the shore, especially on the European side, is one long line of villas, with gardens in front, and clumps and groves of trees on the hills behind. The mansions, palaces, and mosques, at this end of the city, are numerous and magnificent, but their situation is bad. At the side of a mosque, which was a perfect gem of beauty, there were several heaps of mud, covered with putrid carcases, which the dogs were devouring. One of the mosques in this neighbourhood, singular enough to say, was built by a Jew.

Skirting along the Tophana, or Cannongate of Constantinople, so called from the cannon foundries which are in this quarter, about nine we entered the Golden Horn. Here I found my stalwart cicerone, George, waiting my arrival. It was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, but the shops were open, the caiques were shooting across the harbour, and business was

going on as on other days. Whatever respect, or disrespect, however, his subjects may show to the Sabbath of Mohammed, the Sultan, like a true Moslem, goes always to mosque on Friday. Learning from George that he was to go that day to a mosque in Tophana, we took horse and rode thither. Several pashas and high officers of state rode past us in the same direction. One, covered with stars and decorations of honour, swept past in a carriage. Along with him was one of the Sultan's dwarfs. He was not more than three feet in height, and, though fifty years of age, had the appearance of a boy of seven.

Arriving at the mosque, we found about 300 soldiers drawn up in front of it. There were few spectators, and no Frank but myself. A few minutes before twelve, servants, carrying segadehs, or prayer-carpets, appeared. Then came others, carrying long pipes, covered with cloth. These were followed by others, leading beautiful horses, richly caparisoned. Bands of music continued all the while playing. About eight or nine pashas and military officers now rode past, and, following them at some distance, on a splendid horse, but in the simplest attire, a European blue frock-coat, and a Turkish red fez, came Abdoul Medjid, the Sultan himself. He seemed about forty years of age. His hair is red, his face pale and sickly, and scarred with the small pox. In his appearance there is nothing striking or commanding. His eyes, half cast to the ground, threw occasionally a kind of stolen and suspicious glance along the line of his guards, showing that, though he reigned over the bodies, he had no confidence that he reigned in the hearts of his soldiery. On his coming up where we stood, taking of my hat, (I was the only one there who wore one,) I bowed. Without returning my obeisance, which it is not the custom of oriental rulers to do, he looked at me for a moment, and passed on. He seemed unhappy, and to illustrate the truth of the line,

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Having seen him enter the mosque, I rode back to the city. Ascending Pera, and passing through the Armenian and Protestant burying-ground on the top of the hill, in which are numerous beautiful marble monuments, on several of which I

read the names of English dead, we proceeded along the main street of Pera, till we came to the Mosque of the Dancing Dervishes, whose strange exhibitions I was desirous to witness. Going up to the door of the mosque, we found it surrounded by great numbers, waiting for admission. Crowds were going up and down the marble-paved court, or sitting by its fountains. Sherbet-jees, also, were there, crying up its virtues. As I had not tasted the sherbet of Constantinople, I purchased a cup-full. It consisted of water and boiled apricots, and was a kind of sweet water, and nothing more. Sundry other *jees*, or sellers, were there, chiefly of sweetmeats.

Having waited more than half an hour, during which the dervishes were washing their hands and feet at a fountain, and passing to and fro the court, the doors were at last thrown open, and the crowd, with their shoes in their hands, entered. Taking off the shoes here is equivalent, as the reader knows, to taking off the hat in our country. Taking off mine, I entered with the rest. Two armed janissaries guarded the door. The mosque was a circular building, the centre of which was surrounded by a wooden railing, outside of which the people took their seats on the floor. It had galleries. In the front ones were singing men and players on instruments. In the side ones were some of the chief men of the city, with their children. Among them were three Persians, with high fur covered caps. They were young men, but of a grave mien, and noble looking. In a lower gallery, divided by a screen, through which they saw the performance, were the women. The dervishes came in slowly and separately. Each, as he entered, bowed with his face to the east end of the mosque, where, in Turkish letters, were written on the wall the names of GOD AND THE PROPHET. Their dress was nearly uniform, consisting of a high round hat, made of coarse, grey, woollen cloth, resembling felt. Each wore a long loose garment, which he threw off at the beginning of their strange wild worship; for worship, strange and sad to say, it is. The chief priest, who was a very old man, wore a green turban, the sacred colour of the Turks. They were nineteen in number. Three of them were old men. They seated themselves on the floor in a circle, on which they gazed with a look of sad, dreamy abstraction. The performances began by the chief

dervish extending his arms, and repeating certain prayers in a low, muttering tone, which he continued for some minutes. When he ceased, the musicians in the gallery commenced singing. Their voices reminded me of the boatmen's on the Nile. The dervishes now rose, and, throwing off their loose upper garments, moved slowly round the mosque. On approaching the old wizard-looking Sheykh, the first, putting his hands on his breast, and wheeling round on his heel, bowed to the second, and, wheeling round again, moved slowly on. This did the second to the third, and so on till it came to the last. The circuit of the room being made in this way, then began the dance in earnest. They stretched out their arms at full length. The palm of the right hand was turned up, that of the left was down. Turning on their left foot, as on a pivot, they threw the right foot round. As they whirled and whirled about, which they did with the most amazing rapidity, and in breathless silence, their garments spreading out gave them the appearance of so many inverted fans. Like the planetary worlds, which move both on their own axis, and around the sun, they turned upon their heel, and, by another movement, at the same time went whirling round the mosque. Some of them, with a wild and bewildered gaze, looked upwards, others had their heads sunk on their breasts. All looked as if their thoughts were abstracted and absorbed, though it is difficult for us even to imagine on what they were fixed. Having made the circuit of the mosque several times, they ceased, and the music again commenced. After a short pause, they renewed their mystic and melancholy revolutions, and, after two *fyttes* more, ended this strange Dance of the Dervishes. I have seldom witnessed a sadder spectacle. Those poor blind devotees were evidently far from being happy: their faces had an air of dejection. They seem often to flit across my vision, and I never think of them but with sorrow. This strange rite had its origin, it is said, in Persia, and is a rudiment of the ancient worship of the sun.

There is another order of dervishes in Constantinople, whose worship is still more painful to witness. This is the order of the Rufaji, or Howling Dervishes. They have their establishment at Scutari; but this my time did not permit me to visit. Scutari is one of the four great divisions of Constantinople,

and is on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Here is one of the largest cemeteries in Constantinople, or in the world. The Turks have a presentiment of what is every day becoming more evident and inevitable, and what, whatever partial evils may follow, must, I think, be pronounced desirable, that their kingdom is departing, and that they are one day to be driven out of Europe; and they wish to be buried in Scutari, which they regard as being in their own country, and which is to them what the Valley of Jehoshaphat is to the Jews.

On Saturday, at four P.M., I went on board the Austrian steamer for Beyrout. Now the anchor is up, and, amidst clouds of snow-white birds, wheeling above, and caiques, almost as numerous, shooting past and around us below, amid ships of all nations, and the cries of sailors in all languages, the ASIA is ploughing the waters of the Golden Horn; and now Seraglio Point is turned, and Constantinople, as if to heighten our regret at leaving it, with its towers, groves, palaces, mosques, and minarets, is seen far behind, bathed in the golden light of the setting sun.

CHAPTER II.

FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO BEYROUT.

NEXT morning, March 9th, we were opposite Galipoli, the first town in Europe taken by the Turks, and which they kept nearly a hundred years, before they were strong enough to conquer Constantinople, or the Greeks were weak and corrupt enough to allow it to fall. During the day, which was one of cloudless beauty, we sailed along the shores of Asia Minor.

Next morning, at seven o'clock, we entered the bay of Smyrna. Three dragomen, or guides, came on board. Two of them, whose names were Samuel and Joseph, were Jews. Samuel said he was of the tribe of Judah. He could read Hebrew, and repeated several verses from the Old Testament, but was ignorant withal. I asked him how many commandments there were. He at first said, "Seven," but afterwards, "Ten." I asked him if he went to the synagogue. He said he did regularly, and had been there that morning. "Why," said I, "do you go there?" He answered, "To pray." "What do you pray for?" He replied, "Money, good business, and not make other man bad." "Have you no sin, and do not you ask its forgiveness?" "No; I keep the whole law." "Are you sure you do this? are you sure you never break it in thought, word, or deed?" "O, perhaps little; but God very good, not punish his child for one little fault." "You hope, then, to go to heaven at death." "Yes, all good men will," was his reply. "Yes, Samuel," I said, "all good men will; but what if we are not good? and does not your own Bible say, 'There is none good; no, not one.'" "No, no; some good men, some bad; all good men go to heaven." After some

farther conversation, I asked him about the Messiah. He said, "He will come, but that he did not know when, and that this was nothing to him."

I had next some conversation with Joseph. He was quite a youth, and had one of the finest countenances I have ever seen, but in all other respects Joseph was like his brethren. I asked him if he went to the synagogue. He said, he had just come from it. "You go there to pray?" "Yes, I go to pray." "What do you pray for?" "Get money, and good breakfast, and meet traveller, who take me for guide." I told him I should not need one. He followed me, however, ashore. He said he had no family, like Samuel; that he did not come for money, and that money was nothing to him. Moreover, he gave me to understand that Samuel was not a good man. I did not think the more of Joseph for saying this; but as he told me he had a brother, who kept a shop, I asked him to take me to it. He was older than Joseph, and, singular enough, his name also was Joseph. He had been taught in an English school, spoke good English, and was a young man of very fine intellect, but was a blind, furious, and most bigoted Jew. The following is a specimen of the conversation I had with Joseph the elder:

MYSELF.—You go to the synagogue?

JOSEPH.—Yes.

MYSELF.—Do you confess your sin when you pray?

JOSEPH.—I do.

MYSELF.—Samuel said he had no sin.

JOSEPH.—Samuel is a fool. We were "shapen in sin," and every man has sin.

MYSELF.—But if you have sin, how do you expect to get it forgiven, seeing you have no sacrifice for sin?

JOSEPH.—The blood of slain beasts cannot take away.

MYSELF.—I know that, but the sacrifices under the Old Testament were offered as types or figures of One who was to offer himself in sacrifice, and whose blood was to take away sin.

JOSEPH.—That is your Messiah.

MYSELF.—And yours.

JOSEPH.—No, not mine; my Messiah is not to be a God, or God-Man, like yours. He is to be a good man, and a great Prophet, such as Moses was, and as Moses foretold.

MYSELF.—You believe that the Messiah was foretold?

JOSEPH.—Yes.

MYSELF.—I am glad you believe that.

JOSEPH.—Why?

MYSELF.—Because I think I can convince you from this that he has come.

JOSEPH.—Indeed; do so.

MYSELF.—Is it not written in your law, that "the sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor the Lawgiver from between his feet, till Shiloh come; and to Him shall the gathering of the people be?" Has not the sceptre now departed from Judah? Is it not true that it had done so in the days of Christ?

JOSEPH.—No; it has not departed.

MYSELF.—You deny, then, what your own priests have admitted.

JOSEPH.—When did they admit this?

MYSELF.—When they said, "We have no king but Cæsar."

JOSEPH.—I do not believe in your New Testament.

MYSELF.—Do you believe in the Old Testament?

JOSEPH.—You know I do.

MYSELF.—This very thing is asserted there. In the prophet Hosea it is said, "For the children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice."

I forget Joseph's reply, but he had become angry, and I gave up the conversation. He was not long till he turned it into what was to him a more agreeable channel. "Did you come," said he, "to buy." "That depends," I replied, "on what you have to sell, on the price you ask, and on my own pleasure." I did buy some things, which put him into good humour. I could not but regret that the effect of his English education had only been to sharpen his intellect, not to subdue his pride, nor to sanctify his heart.

From the shop, Joseph conducted me next to the slave market. The slaves consisted of five or six of "Afric's dark daughters." They were sitting in an open court in the sun, and, unlike those I had seen in the slave market of Alexandria, had a vacant look of sadness. Their hearts were evidently far away among the yellow hills, where they had roamed in

childhood's happy days, in their own sunny land, and in the palm-tree home, to which,

"With its light of peace, and its voice of mirth,"

they would never again return.

From the slave market we went to the synagogue, soon after visiting which I returned to the ship. At parting with Joseph, I gave him five piastres, equal to a shilling. The Hebrew youth, however, was not satisfied with this, and entreated and implored me, as if it had been for his life, to give him more. Such, explain it as we may, above that even of the Arabs themselves, is the love of the Jews for money.

The first thing I did, on going on board, was to reconnoitre my fellow-passengers. They consisted chiefly of Armenians, on their way to keep the Feast of Easter at Jerusalem. The deck was divided into two apartments, one of which, covered with an awning, and which had the appearance of a tent, was set apart for them, their wives, and children. Living under the roof with them, if I may so speak, were two aged women from Russia. They belonged, as mostly all the Russians do, to the Greek church, and were also going on pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Among their fellow-pilgrims, but in the second cabin, were two Bavarians, one a Romish priest, and the other a student of the same persuasion, and a young man from Vienna, a locksmith, Antone by name. He had travelled all the way on foot from Vienna to Constantinople, and was now on pilgrimage to Jerusalem. My fellow-passengers in the cabin were two rich Hebrew merchants, and a poor monk of the order of St. Francis. As the merchants kept their own berths, the monk and I had the cabin and the conversation to ourselves. He wore the brown cloak and cowl of his order, with a cord round his waist, and a crucifix at his breast. He belonged to the convent of Franciscans at Burnabat, a small town in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, and was on a mission to Rhodes. He was a Piedmontese, and one of the most intelligent priests I had met in the East. He had looked through the loophole of his retreat to some purpose, and there were few topics of the day with which he was not familiar. He did not know much Hebrew, but had read the Greek Fathers, and spoke fluently in Latin. He made particular

inquiries about Cardinal Wiseman, and when I told him I was a Scotchman, he said, "Ah! then, that is as much as to say, you are a Protestant."

Next morning, 11th March, we passed on our left Halicarnassus, famous as the birth-place of Herodotus and Dionysius, the historians, and for that queen Artemesia, who built here the monument Mausolus, from which monuments to the dead are called Mausoleums to this day. Coming on deck, I found the Franciscan there before me. As we were pacing it together, Antone made his appearance from the forecastle, and, approaching the monk, made him a profound obeisance, and, pointing to his sandals, requested, in German, the honour of being permitted to brush them. The monk loosed them, and Antone carried them off, his face beaming with delight. In a few minutes he returned, and, making another obeisance, put the sandals on the Franciscan's feet. The monk offered him a small piece of money, but Antone refused to take it. "*Nein, nein: nichts, nichts:* No, no: nothing, nothing," he said, and retreated to the forecastle. Whether this was an act of penance on the part of Antone, or whether, which is more likely, he wished to show his devotion to the church of which they were both members, I did not ask. A few minutes afterwards, a Greek merchant, who saw the affair, pointing to his shoes, called Antone to do the same good office for them that he had done for the monk's sandals, but Antone refused. A Greek merchant was not a Romish monk, and Antone would not brush his shoes, either for love or money.

At four P.M. we came to Rhodes, in whose small but well defended harbour we came to anchor. The monk, recalling to mind its ancient glories, in the days when its red cross knights were the terror of the Turks and the champions of Christendom, and when Rhodes was their sea-girt citadel, pointing to the mouldering and weed-grown walls, said, with a sigh, "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" Along with several of the passengers, the Franciscan here left us.

Rhodes, which stands on an island of the same name, so called from its roses, is built on a tongue of land which runs out into the sea. It is surrounded by walls. In some places I observed houses on the wall, which reminded me of what is said of Rahab's house in Jericho: it "was upon the town wall,

and she dwelt upon the wall."[1] A few days before there had been an earthquake, which had laid a town on the Arabic shore, a few miles distant, in ruins, in which upwards of a hundred of the inhabitants perished. The shock was felt in Rhodes. The great tower within the harbour, and the tower of the church of St. John's, were shattered at the top, and several houses were destroyed. We lay in the harbour all night, and did not leave it till one o'clock on the following day. At nine P.M. I came on deck. The moon was up, and in its light, the tall, white minarets of Rhodes, and the lofty mountains of Asia, were distinctly visible. The Armenians began to sing after sunset, and continued their singing till far in the night. In the pauses might occasionally be heard the cry of the mueddin from the minarets, "Come to prayer." The two Hebrews, insensible alike to the music of the Armenians and the call of the mueddin, were engaged below, as I could discover from its peculiar clink, in counting their money. When I thought of Abraham at Bethel, raising an altar, and worshipping God, and thought of his money-loving descendants worshipping their gold, I could not help saying aloud, "Ichabod? Where is the glory?"

"Rhodes," says a German traveller, "has had two great and brilliant epochs: The Hellenic or Grecian, when it was a city of the arts, its public places adorned with three thousand statues, and its halls with the productions of Zeuxis and Appelles; the Christian, when the banner of the knights of St. John waved from its pinnacles. Of the former, nothing remains; of the latter, every thing but that banner." Of the truth of the last of these statements, I can speak from observation. Three hundred years have elapsed since they surrendered that proud keep into the hands of Soliman the Second, and there, with scarcely any alteration but what time has made, it stands at the present day. The Turks, it has been justly said, alter nothing, but leave all to Time, which destroys more slowly than the hand of man. Their cities, in this respect, resemble themselves, in which we see a people slowly but surely going to decay.

Going ashore on the morning of the 12th, I made the circuit of the walls, and then examined the interior of the town

[1] Joshua, ii, 15.

The principal buildings are the church of the Knights of St. John, now a mosque, and the Palace of the Grand Master, now the house of the Turkish governor. The streets are beautifully paved with small round stones, as if they were laid with mosaic. From the main street, the Strada del Cavalieri, there are arched passages or lanes, which lead to others, so that the communication is complete. The houses are built of stone, and are elegant structures, but entire streets are empty, and silent, and desolate. The roof-trees of many are falling in, and the hearths are dark. The names of their knightly owners are on the door, and their arms and shields, but that is all. Pompeii or Petra is not more a city of the dead, than, in many parts, is Rhodes.

Rhodes, as the reader knows, possessed one of the Seven Wonders of the world. This was a brazen statue of Apollo, which stood on two rocks at the entrance of the harbours, and beneath which the ships passed as they entered. It is said to have been 100 or 150 feet in height, and 30 in width. It was thrown from its place of pride by an earthquake, and continued in this state till A.D. 684, when Rhodes was taken by the Saracens. The fallen colossus was then broken to pieces, and sold, it is said, to a Jew, who loaded with it nearly a thousand camels.

The island, which is one of the loveliest in these lovely seas, is thirty-six miles in length, and fourteen in breadth. The population is estimated at thirty thousand, of which eight or nine thousand inhabit the capital. About a third of the population are Greeks. Of these we received six on board; two men, a boy, and three women. They formed, it was evident, two families, but, being bound on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, they lived together on board, and had all things in common. They were peasants, or small farmers. Their hands, neck, and face, were not only brown, they were hard and tanned. No leather could be more so. They had a berth assigned to them on the deck, in what is called mid-ships. There, soon after coming on board, with their beds and bundles around them they sat down to dinner. This consisted of bread and olives. The olives were in one dish, out of which they all ate, dipping their bread in the oil by turns. This called to my remembrance the saying of our Lord at the Last Supper: "He that

dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me."[1]

After sailing from Rhodes, I began to cultivate the acquaintance of the Bavarian priest, and his friend and fellow-pilgrim, the student. They were both young men; and though I could say that either was "in wit a man," I might truly add, that each was "in simplicity a child." The priest's name was Schifferle; the student's, Michael Duringer. I saluted the priest in Latin, in which he answered readily, though not with the same fluency or precision as did the Franciscan. In conversing with both, it was a great advantage that I had been taught to pronounce Latin in the good old Scottish way. The English way of reading and speaking it, they would not have been able to understand. Like most of the Romish Church, Schifferle had a low opinion of the Greeks. On his telling me he was going to Jerusalem, to be present at Easter, I asked him what he thought of the Holy Fire, which the Greeks pretend is miraculously kindled on that occasion, "*Ach! ach!*" he exclaimed in his deep German voice, "*Superstitio! superstitio! Graeca mendax!* A Greek lie!"

One day, having asked the Franciscan his opinion of the Greeks, he replied in the words of St. Paul, "One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, The Cretans are alway liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true." "Yes," added the Franciscan, "this witness is true. It was true then, and is as true now as it was then." It was pleasant to hear a Romish priest quoting Scripture, though in this instance, I fear, it was more from hatred to a rival sect, than from love to it. If I was surprised to hear the Franciscan quote Scripture, I was not less so to hear the Bavarian advocate toleration. "Are you aware," said I to him, "that I am a heretic?" "I would have concluded so," he replied, "from your being a Scotchman, had you not told me; but, toleration! toleration! God is the Judge. You believe in Christ: that is the principal thing." His church, I knew, taught him a different lesson, and acted on a different principle; but Roman Catholics are sometimes better than their church, just as Protestants are often worse than theirs; and I was willing to

[1] Matthew, xxvi, 23.

hope it might be so in the case of the Bavarian, all the more that he was a German.

On the morning of the 13th, Cyprus was in view. The wind was high, and the waves rough. One large wave broke over the bow, and swept the deck from stem to stern, carrying away with it the beds and bundles of the poor pilgrims from Rhodes. Poor people! that sweeping and drenching wave no doubt taught them, that they were indeed pilgrims. How much better had it been for them to have remained at home! Had they but known what these words meant, "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him."

Shortly after the incident of the wave, Schifferle came on deck with a truly wobegone countenance. He had been seasick during the night, and as this was his first taste of the sea, and of its sickness, it may be believed that even Schifferle had not quite the same ideas of pilgrimage as when dreaming about it at his pleasant fire-side in Bavaria. "*Ach! Ach!*" he exclaimed in German and Latin, "*Miserabile! miserabile!*" Bad as Schifferle was, poor Michael was worse. He did not appear for that day. Antone bore it more bravely. The idea of being on his way to Jerusalem seemed to engross his mind, to the exclusion of fear or feeling of any kind. He was miserably clad, he was poor, and he must have often been hungry, but he seemed in perfect ecstacy. One of the engineers, an Englishman and a Protestant, asked him to go below, and breakfast with him. He said, "No; he was a heretic, and he would rather want than eat with him." He had the idea, that if he only reached Jerusalem, his soul would be safe.

After sailing all day along the coast, we came to anchor, at eight P.M., in the Bay of Limasol. It is very much exposed. A few ships were riding in it, and ours continued to roll from side to side during the night, as if it had been in the open sea. Cyprus is one of the largest islands in the Mediterranean, being 150 miles in length, and 50 in breadth. It had at one time its island kings, and no fewer than 300 Christian churches. It is mentioned eight times in the Acts of the Apostles, as the

scene of apostolic labours and success. It seems to have been the native isle of "Mnason, an old disciple," who is called, "Mnason of Cyprus."[1] Barnabas is said to have been its first bishop, and there is a church at Larneca which bears his name, and is built, according to tradition, over his grave.

We sailed from Limasol at six in the morning of the 14th. About eight we passed the ancient Paphos, now Baffa. Here Paul, "having passed through the isle," preached, and, loosing from Paphos, came, with his company, to Perga and Pamphylia.[2] Pamphylia was the name of a district on the sea-coast of Asia, to the north of Cyprus, and Perga was its principal town. The sea between Cyprus and the coast was then called the Sea of Cilicia.[3]

At ten o'clock we reached Larneca, the principal town in the island. Twelve ships were lying in the harbour. Here we came to anchor for several hours. A boat came alongside with two hundred pilgrims, but the captain refused to receive them. I afterwards saw some of them in Jerusalem, and learned they had hired a sailing vessel, which had conveyed them to Beyrout. I went ashore, lured by the beauty of the town in the distance, but found, on landing, there was nothing beautiful in it, but the palms and olives by which it was surrounded. Some of these, the palms especially, were of the most surpassing beauty. The houses were literally houses of clay, hardened in the sun. Passing through the streets, I saw oxen drawing in the yoke. The yoke was formed of a transverse beam, fitted to the neck by a kind of curve or indentation in the wood, and two smaller pieces, which enclosed the neck, and the ends of which were fastened by a cord below. I thought of the passages where Ephraim is represented as a "bullock unaccustomed to the yoke," and God speaks of himself as being to Israel "as they that take off the yoke," and other passages, both in the Old and New Testament, where this figure occurs, and of which I had here a striking and impressive illustration.

We left Larneca that afternoon at four. Among the passengers there was an Armenian gentleman, who had a Nubian lad for his servant, or slave, whose name was Ambeer. This Ambeer was remarkably simple, but had a touch of humour, and

[1] Acts, xxi, 16. [2] Acts, xiii, 14. [3] Acts, xxvii, 5.

was very faithful, as the Nubians generally are, and devoted to his master, whose *dokhán*, or tobacco, he carried in a bag, and whose *shébook*, or pipe, he would fill for him several times in a day. On the strength of the little Arabic I could command, I tried to get Ambeer into conversation, but with no great success, till I began to speak of his country, and to praise it. How strange is this love of country! His black face, and it was very black, now literally brightened, and from that time he would converse with me long and freely. I was the friend of his country, and Ambeer now looked upon me as his friend also. He said he was going to El Khods with his master. "You are a *hadji*, then," I said, "Ambeer?" "*La, la*," he said, "No, no," but laughed, as if pleased or amused at the idea. I asked him if he would not like to return to Nubia. He said he would, and that, "*Inshallah*, if it pleased God," he one day would. Among other things for which he praised his country was the *hossán*, or horse, and the *gemmél*, or camel. "Ah! Ambeer," I said, "if you were in Nubia, you might be a great Sheykh, riding on a horse or camel." This seemed to him the very climax of greatness, his simple black face again grew bright, and he laughed with glee.

Next morning, at seven (March 15th), we arrived at Beyrout, and once more I am gazing on "that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." What a contrast did the scene present to what it did when I looked upon it last! Now the bay was dark and troubled; then it was bright and calm. Now, Lebanon was wrapped in storms; then, all its peaks were bathed in purple and gold. On rowing ashore, I was pleased to find the inn in which I had lodged in 1850 was now kept by Demetri Caras, a young, active, and kind-hearted Greek, in whose house I had lodged when in Damascus, from whom I received even more than the ordinary warm "welcome at an inn."

CHAPTER III.

FROM BEYROUT TO MOUNT CARMEL.

On arriving at Beyrout, it was my intention to proceed to Antioch and Tarsus, and, having had always a peculiar desire to see great and famous rivers, to cross the country from Antioch to the Euphrates, a distance of not much more than a day's journey. The steamer, however, having sailed a few hours before our arrival, I was obliged to leave Antioch, Tarsus, and the Euphrates, unvisited. After deliberating, for some time, whether to cross the Lebanon to Baalbec, Damascus, and Palmyra, Tadmor in the wilderness, or to proceed along the coast to Sidon, Tyre, and Carmel, and from thence to Nazareth and Jerusalem, I fixed on the latter of these routes, and, finding a dragoman, Hassan Moosa by name, with tents, mules, and a complete travelling equipage, about to start for Jerusalem, I engaged him to conduct me thither. We were to start for Sidon on Monday. On the Sabbath intervening I went to the church in connection with the American Mission, where I heard sermon by one of the missionaries, who was about to proceed to Nineveh, where the Americans have a missionary station. The service was conducted in our own simple and scriptural manner, and the audience, consisting of Americans, Scotch, and Syrians, amounted in number to upwards of a hundred.

On Monday, at the hour agreed upon, I was ready to start for Sidon, but Hassan Moosa was not ready. This led to the following wordy encounter, of which I shall have more than once to record ere the end of my journey with Hassan Moosa.

who, I may observe, spoke English, which, for an Egyptian, and one in his condition of life, he did remarkably well:

MYSELF.—It's now the hour for starting, Hassan; are you not ready?

HASSAN.—I ready, but not for Saida; too late.

MYSELF.—Too late is it? Why, then, did you not say so on Saturday? You knew I wished to leave Beyrout to-day, and that I could have started at any hour.

HASSAN.—Not my fault, what for I not go. I not father nor mother in Beyrout. I go if you please.

MYSELF.—Yes, but will you go to Sidon?

HASSAN.—No, not Saida; too far.

MYSELF.—Then there is no use to go at all: so there is a day lost.

HASSAN.—No, not lost; very good day in Beyrout.

I saw there was no use in talking any more on the matter. Hassan might have neither father nor mother in Beyrout; but it was quite clear there were other reasons why he did not wish to leave Beyrout that day. As a trial of our horses, we rode along the shore to the Lazaretto. The fields were covered with barley, already in the ear. Our path lay through gardens and groves of mulberry and fig trees, the latter of which were in leaf. On asking Hassan if they had no figs, he replied, "Time of figs not yet." I thought of the fig-tree on which our Lord expected to find figs, but on which he found nothing but leaves, and of the words which have given rise to so much discussion, "For the time of figs was not yet." When Hassan said, "The time of figs not yet," he meant that the time for finding them was not yet come. When the evangelist said, "For the time of figs was not yet," and when he assigned this as the reason of our Lord's disappointment, he meant that the time for gathering them was not yet come. It was, however, at hand, and our Lord naturally expected to find figs; but finding nothing but leaves, he pronounced on the fruitless tree the curse which made its leaves to wither away.

Next morning, 18th March, Hassan and his men were ready at eight, and, having received and returned the parting salutations of Demetri, and of several Americans at the inn, among whom I may mention the name of Dr. Smith of New York, a remarkably intelligent and agreeable man, as, indeed, all his

countrymen at Demetri's were, I bade farewell to Beyrout. Our path for several miles was over the bright red sands, which have so strange and striking an effect when seen from Lebanon. The sides of the mountain were of a deep, rich green, but the summits were covered with snow, as indeed they generally are, on which account the mountain has received its name. During the earlier part of the day we passed several villages at the foot of the mountain belonging to the Druses. The women wore the hörn, which was elevated or depressed according to the rank or disposition of the wearer. The haughty ones "lift up the horn on high: they speak with a stiff neck."[1] The humble bear their honour, a strange and unsightly one, more meekly. The Druses are a singular and mysterious people. It is remarkable that they are called Philistines by the Jews, many of whom live among them, and, strange enough to say, they love and esteem one another. The Druses are neither Christians nor Mohammedans. Thëy have a religion of their own, but what it is, they are unwilling to reveal. They and the Maronites are the chief inhabitants of the hill, but they hate and often make war on one another.

About eight miles beyond Beyrout, we crossed the Damūr, or Al Kadi, one of the "streams from Lebanon." In winter, it is often so much swollen by the rain and the snow, that travellers are detained on its banks for several days, waiting for the assuaging of the waters. Our horses and mules were led through the swollen stream by guides, who wait there for the purpose. These Syrian guides are about as clamorous for bakshish as their Arab or Egyptian brethren. In crossing the stream, Hassan jostled a fashionable looking Syrian youth, clad in bright attire. Hot words followed, which threatened to end in blows. This, however, I succeeded in preventing. A little way beyond the ford of the Damūr, we passed a tomb, with its white dome gleaming in a clump of palm-trees. It was the tomb of Neby Younas, the prophet Jonah, whose memory is yet green, and traditions of whose wonderful history still exist in Syria. After seven hours' riding, Sidon, standing boldly out on the shore, with something of a brave, and even beautiful appearance, as, indeed, all towns in the East in the distance have, met our view. The distance between Beyrout

[1] Psalm lxxv, 5.

and Sidon, in a straight line, cannot be much more than fifteen miles, but the numerous bays on the shore make it greater. When within a mile of it, we had to make a considerable detour, to cross the Bostrenus, another of the "streams from Lebanon," about the size of the Jordan. When we reached its gates, it was thus about five in the afternoon, having been nine hours on the way. There is a convent in the town, and a khan, or inn, connected with it, kept by a Madame Angelina; but not even this inviting name could tempt me under its roof, and I gave orders to Hassan to pitch our tents without the walls. While Hassan and the muleteers were thus engaged, I went into the town. It is built on a neck of land which runs out into the sea. It has a castle in front, built on the sea, and which is connected with the town by a bridge of nine arches. Beyond the castle, and a considerable way farther out in the sea, are the remains of an ancient harbour, built, no doubt, in days when the Zidonians were a great and powerful people, and "great Zidon," as it is called in Scripture, was a mother of nations, and the mart of the world. Where its mariners dipped their thousand oars, and a hundred gallant ships unfurled their sails in the sun, only one small solitary vessel now was seen. Rambling slowly through its poor and narrow bazaars, a young Sidonian, seated among his goods, called out to me, "Good evening, Zair." Ah," I said, "You speak English." "Yes, Zair," he replied, "very good, little;" adding, as I surveyed his wares, "You buy some thing." This, I need scarcely say, I did. As it was now growing dark, and near the time of shutting the gates, and as I did not wish to be shut in, I returned to the tent, where, committing myself to God, I slept that night on the sand, the sea rolling and murmuring at my feet.

Next morning I went to the convent, seated on the roof of which I spent a few minutes in reflections suggested by the surrounding scene. The little town on which I was gazing was one of the oldest in the world, and, from the frequency with which it is mentioned in the Scriptures, as well as having actually been assigned to the tribe of Asher in the division of the land by Joshua, was one of the towns of the Bible. Sidon was built, as we learn inferentially from Genesis, x, 19, by Sidon, the first-born of Canaan, who called it after himself.

It was of an earlier date than Babel, and it has outlived the "tower, whose top was to reach unto heaven." Whether it was called "great Zidon,"[1] in the days of Joshua, from its size and wealth, or to distinguish it from a lesser town, is not very clear. Be this as it may, as we learn both from the word of God and history, Sidon, "for wealth, commerce, and power, was unequalled in the Levant, until Tyre outstripped it, and Salmaneser conquered it." Isaiah speaks of "the merchants of Zidon that pass over the sea." Solomon, in his letter to the king of Sidon, for assistance in building the temple, tells us, "There were none among his subjects that had skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians."[2] Relying on their greatness, we are told in the book of Judges, "They dwelt careless," or securely. Zechariah calls it, Zidon the wise.[3] Though it fell to the lot of Asher, whose reproach, in the war against Sisera, was, that it "continued on the sea-shore," this tribe never subdued it. What the arms of Asher did not, however, its own sins did. "Son of man," said God to Ezekiel, "set thy face against Zidon, and prophesy against it, and say, Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I am against thee, O Zidon; and I will be glorified in the midst of thee: and they shall know that I am the Lord, when I shall have executed judgments in her, and shall be sanctified in her. For I will send into her pestilence, and blood into her streets; and the wounded shall be judged in the midst of her by the sword upon her on every side; and they shall know that I am the Lord."[4] How these prophecies were fulfilled, the successive sieges and conquests of Zidon by the Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Turks, and Crusaders, declare. The judgments denounced by the prophets against Sidon, however, are not so fearful as those against Nineveh and Babylon, or even against Tyre. Every one will remember how our Lord discriminates between the guilt of Chorazin and Bethsaida, and of Tyre and Sidon, and of the heavier woe he pronounced against the former. I had wandered on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, and had sought, but in vain, for the spot on which they had stood; and as I looked on Sidon, with its busy streets, and its bright orange groves, I could not fail to see that it had indeed been more

[1] Joshua, xix, 28.
[2] 1 Kings, v, 6.
[3] Zechariah, ix, 2.
[4] Ezekiel, xxviii, 21, 22.

tolerable for it than for Chorazin and Bethsaida, which, though "exalted to heaven," had been "brought down to hell:" the grave, with its desolation and oblivion. The convent belongs to the Greek Church, as do most of the Christians in Sidon, of whom there are about four hundred. The entire population, consisting of Turks, Jews, and Christians, is estimated at six thousand. The Turks have several mosques, and the Jews have a synagogue. If the traveller is surprised to find the tomb of the prophet Jonah on the sea-shore, between Beyrout and Sidon, he will not be less surprised to find in Sidon the Tomb of Zebulun, one of the twelve patriarchs. It was in the neighbourhood of Sidon, at a place called Jun, or Djhoun, near the foot of Lebanon, that Lady Hester Stanhope lived; and there that strong, but strange minded daughter of England, died.

We left Sidon at eight o'clock, and took our way, through its gardens of figs and pomegranates, to Soor. Such is the modern name of ancient Tyre. About a mile out of the town we passed a prostrate column, with a Latin inscription, but which, with the exception of the names of SEPTIMUS and VERUS, was too illegible for me, with a hasty glance, to decipher. I was now in "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon;" and these words, with which I had been familiar since childhood, sounding and ringing in my ears, as I trode that silent, sad, and solitary shore, did not fail to call up thoughts and visions of the presence and the power, the grace and love, of the Redeemer. I read the touching and tender account given by the evangelist Matthew of the woman of Canaan, who came out of the same coasts, and who "cried unto Him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David; for my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil:" and, as may easily be conceived, it did not fail to invest it with a new interest, that, next to a certainty, I was passing over the scene of that great miracle of mercy, and that singular trial and triumph of faith.

Two hours after leaving Sidon, we came to what are supposed to be the remains of Sarepta, or, as it is called in the Old Testament, Zarephath, and which, in the inimitable story of Elijah and the widow's son, is called "Zarephath, which belongeth unto Zidon." Once on a time, when the famine

was sore in the land, hither came Elijah, at the word of the Lord, to dwell with a poor widow woman, whom the Lord had commanded to sustain him. The passage which contains the description of his meeting her at the gate of the city, where she was "gathering two sticks," that with them she might go in and dress her last handful of meal for herself and her son, that they "might eat it, and die,"[1] is one of such melting tenderness, that it would be next to impossible to read it any where without tears. Can it be wondered if I did not read it unmoved at "the gate of the city."

A little way from Sarepta, on the top of a hill, is the modern village of Surafend. When exploring the rocks along the shore, Dr. Smith, of New York, told me he had found the shell-fish from which was made, in ancient times, the famous purple or Tyrian dye, and he showed me one he had brought with him to Beyrout. I tried to find one, but did not succeed.

After leaving Sarepta, I had a conversation with Hassan about his creed, which was as follows:

MYSELF.—Who made you and all things?

HASSAN.—God.

MYSELF.—Do you pray to God?

HASSAN.—Yes. When at Cairo, I go to the mosque, and pray. Good to pray.

MYSELF.—Yes; very good. How often when you are at home do you pray?

HASSAN.—Five times a day.

MYSELF.—What do you ask in prayer?

HASSAN.—Ask? I ask nothing. God gives me what I need without asking.

MYSELF.—Do you pray to Mohammed?

HASSAN.—Yes.

MYSELF.—Why?

HASSAN.—Mohammed Prophet of God.

MYSELF.—What evidence have you that Mohammed *was* the Prophet of God? How do you know that?

HASSAN.—Know? I not know. Every one knows Mohammed Prophet of God.

MYSELF.—No; every one does not know that. I don't know, and you don't know it either. Is Mohammed dead?

[1] 1 Kings, xvii, 12.

HASSAN.—Yes, Mohammed dead.

MYSELF.—And do you pray to a dead man? Can the dead hear?

HASSAN.—Isa [Jesus] dead; you pray to Isa.

MYSELF.—No, Hassan; Isa is not dead. He was dead, indeed. He died for our sins, but He rose from the dead on the third day, and He now lives again, and will live for evermore. Besides, Isa is not a mere man, as Mohammed was. Isa is God.

HASSAN.—Isa God! No. One God.

MYSELF.—Yes, there is but one God: that is true; but Isa is God.

HASSAN.—How that?

MYSELF.—Have you a soul and a body?

HASSAN.—Yes; soul and body.

MYSELF.—And yet, though you are a soul and a body, you are not two: you are one. Can you tell me how that is?

HASSAN.—No; cannot tell.

MYSELF.—Well, Hassan, what I mean to say by this is, that a thing may be true, though you do not know, and though I cannot tell, *how* it is. But though I cannot tell how Isa is God, I can prove to you that he is God.

HASSAN.—Prove it.

MYSELF.—Do you believe that Isa was a good man?

HASSAN.—Yes, Isa good man.

MYSELF.—Would a good man say what was not true?

HASSAN.—No; bad men say not true: not good man.

MYSELF.—Well, Isa *said* he was God. Isa died for saying he was God. If Isa, then, was a good man, he must have been God.

HASSAN.—No, no; Isa not God: only one God.

MYSELF.—Yes, Hassan, Jesus is God, the one only living and true God. If you pray to Him, and not to a dead man, He will hear you. If you believe in Him, He will save you. If you do not, you must die in your sins, and you will see this at the last day.

HASSAN.—You see at the last day Mohammed the Prophet of God.

Such was the blind belief of poor Hassan Moosa, which, in this and after conversations, I tried to shake, but in vain.

About five P.M. we arrived at Tyre, the distance of which from Sidon is about twenty miles. I pitched my tent on a green knoll, at the gate of the town. There is neither convent nor khan, at least kept by a Christian, in Tyre; but there is a young man, called Michaeli, a son of the late French Consul, who receives travellers into his house, with fair and flattering words at the first, but whom he plunders, and loads with abuse in the end. He came out, and invited me to his house, persuading me it was not safe to pass the night without the walls. But, thanks to Demetri of Beyrout, I was proof against the allurements of Michaeli of Tyre. Not so forewarned were the two Bavarian priests and poor Antone, whom I found here on my arrival. They were loud in the praises of Michaeli, who, to his other qualifications, added that of being a good Catholic. This was no recommendation to me, and Schifferle and his friends were taught at last, what they might have learned indeed before, that an innkeeper's being "a good Catholic" was no security for his being a good man.

Having seen my tent pitched, I ascended the roof of one of the houses, from which I had a view of the bay and the town. The grass was growing on several of the house-tops, and I saw a man cutting it on one. Tyre seems to have consisted of three great divisions: the insular, peninsular, and continental. Insular and continental Tyre have perished. Modern Tyre occupies the peninsular. The island itself, on which stood the city taken by Alexander, has disappeared, except the "top of the rock," on which it was foretold the fishermen should "spread their nets." This I saw them doing in the evening sun. Looking into the harbour, if that indeed may be called a harbour, which had not a vessel in it of any kind, which no vessel indeed can enter, and which "no gallant ship," except far out at sea, durst pass by, I saw rows of broken pillars, the tops of which were level with the waves, the affecting memorials of the time when these words were fulfilled: "O thou that art situate at the entry of the sea, whose borders are in the midst of the seas: thy riches, and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy calkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war, that are in thee, shall fall in the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin. The suburbs shall shake at the sound of the cry of thy

pilots. And all that handle the oar, the mariners, and all the pilots of the sea, shall come down from their ships, they shall stand upon the land, and lament over thee, saying, What city is like Tyrus, like the destroyed in the midst of the sea!"[1]

Seldom has the deep gathered such a harvest to its treasures as on the day when Tyre, with its merchandise, fell in the midst of its waters, in the day of its ruin. Besides the pillars in the sea, numbers lie scattered along the shore. They are chiefly of three kinds, red granite, white marble, and a dark whinstone. I tried to break pieces off several, but they were hard as iron; yet there they lay, broken and hurled into the sea, as if by an Almighty hand. Several men were at work, without the walls, near the ancient cathedral, supposed to have been the church of Origen, digging among the ruins for stones to use in building. They had discovered and disinterred several beautiful pillars, entire and white as snow. There are few towns which would repay the excavator better than Tyre. Its situation for a great city is admirable: the blue sea in front, the lofty Lebanon behind, and a vast plain between: I have seldom seen one more magnificent. But all this could not prevent its fall, and for all this Tyre shall never be again. Her day is over, her doom has come, and in words like these was it written, "Thus saith the Lord God; When I shall make thee a desolate city, like the cities that are not inhabited; when I shall bring up the deep upon thee, and great waters shall cover thee; when I shall bring thee down with them that descend into the pit, with the people of old time, and shall set thee in the low parts of the earth, in places desolate of old, 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."[2]

Soor, or modern Tyre, is said to contain a population of three thousand. It has nothing of the cheerful look of Sidon. I paid a hurried visit to its solitary and gloomy bazaars, but was glad to make my escape into the fresh and open air without the walls. The inhabitants are principally Moslem. While sitting in my tent half an hour after sunset, I heard the strange long howl of the mueddin calling the people to prayer. I asked Ferraud, one of the muleteers, who happened to be at

[1] Ezekiel, xxvii. [2] Ezekiel, xxvi, 19-21.

the tent door, why he did not go to the mosque. His answer was, "*Moosh bellady:* This is not my village." Ferraud was a slave, and was the property of Omar Beg, of Jerusalem. Poor Ferraud was like those Christians who are only religious when they are at home.

Next morning, 20th March, at eight o'clock, we left the sad remains of what had been once "the joyous and the crowning city." As we rode along the smooth and yellow sands, I read Acts, xxi, 1–6, where we are told how Paul and his companions in travel, having tarried in Tyre seven days, were brought on their way by the Christians of the place, "till they were out of the city, when they knelt down on the shore, and prayed;" and so parted, as Christians should part, in prayer and peace.

A little way farther on, I saw three fishermen casting their nets into the sea. The way they did this was as follows: Rolling up the net like a ball in his hand, the fisherman waded into the sea, when, retaining his hold of the net by a string, he threw it from him on the top of the returning wave, on the receding of which he drew the net ashore. This may serve to illustrate a passage in the Gospels, where it is said, "And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers."[1]

Proceeding onwards along the shore, we came to Ras el Abyadh, a steep and rocky promontory, called "the Ladder or Stair of Tyre." Ascending it by a series of steps cut out of the rock, we reached the summit, along which there is a narrow way almost on the edge of the rock, from which the sea is seen and heard, raging, boiling, foaming, and thundering, far below, the spray rising like the smoke, and the sound resembling the roar of cannon. The view of Tyre and Lebanon is exceedingly grand from the top of this strange ladder.

A little way farther on, seeing a solitary pillar on a hill about half a mile off the road, I proposed to Hassan that we should ride up to it. Hassan did not relish the proposal. "What," said he, "you go there for? Nobody go there. Why you go there?" I said nothing, but rode off, on which Hassan followed, and in a few minutes we stood at the base of

[1] Matthew, iv, 18.

the pillar. It was entire, and of great beauty, but had no inscriptions. Several broken ones were lying around it, and the spot was strewn with ruins. They had in all likelihood formed the palace or mansion of one of the merchants of Tyre, when her "merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honourable of the earth."[1] It was beautifully situated, the mountains towering up behind, and a small river immediately beneath it. I remarked to Hassan, it was just such a spot as I should like to live in. "Very good," replied that Egyptian worthy, who was not without a touch of humour. "You stay, live here; I go live in Scanderia."

As we were riding forward alone, the rest of the party having got considerably ahead of us, Hassan and I had another conversation on the subject of religion. I asked him for proofs that Mohammed was the Prophet of God. Poor Hassan would give none, but asked me for proofs that Jesus was God. This was what I wished him to ask, and I mentioned several. In the course of conversation, I made some remarks reflecting on the moral character of Mohammed, and said, it was not possible a bad man as he was could be a true prophet. This remark roused the ire of the fiery Mohammedan, who, unslinging his gun, proceeded to load it. Seeing this, I said to him, "Why are you loading your gun, Hassan? Did you not tell me at Beyrout, you did not intend to carry it loaded? Whom do you intend to shoot?" To this Hassan replied, "Loaded gun very good." "No," I said, "it is very bad, and you will please fire it off." He did so, after which he continued for a while to ride silently and sullenly behind. It was not long, however, till his good humour returned, and, offering me a piece of his black bread and an orange, which he urged me to eat, saying, "Eat, Sir; you not eat, not good not eat." Soon after this we overtook Schifferle, and the rest of the party.

About one o'clock we reached Ras en Nakúráh, the Hewn Promontory, somewhat like, but not so steep, as Ras el Abyadh, the Ladder of Tyre. Here there is a khan for the accommodation of travellers, where we had each a fingan of coffee, as usual, without milk or sugar. Coffee, which is drunk in cold climates to create warmth, is useful in the East in keeping it up. With a cup of it, smoking hot from the ashes, the

[1] Isaiah, xxiii, 8.

traveller, however much heated, halts under the khan or rock without danger, and, recruited and refreshed, goes on his way. We were joined at the khan by a Sheykh from Tyre, with a retinue of men, one of whom, carrying the *rumah*, or long spear, went before him to prepare his way. On reaching the top of the rock or promontory, a magnificent valley, with Acre, or Akka, as it is now called, in the centre, and the long, lofty ridge of Carmel, bounding it on the south, burst upon the view. Few goodlier scenes could the eye desire to rest on than that from the summit of Ras en Nakúráh, the Hewn Promontory. Yet, as we wended our way through that magnificent plain, it was with a sense of sadness at our hearts; for, from the almost total absence of human beings and human habitations, it was little better than a "wilderness and a solitary place."[1]

At four P.M. we reached Akka. Accho, as it is called in Judges, i, 31, where it is mentioned in the Bible for the first time, was a town of the Canaanites, which, along with Zidon and Achzib, the modern Zib, a few miles north of Akka, fell to the lot of the tribe of Asher. It was too strong a place, however, for them to take, or rather, they were too weak in faith to attempt it, and the Asherites and Acchoites dwelt together. Having been conquered by Ptolemy, king of Egypt, it received the name of Ptolemais, from its conqueror. It is mentioned under this name in Acts, xxi, 7, where the historian of the early Church, speaking of Paul and himself, says, "And when we had finished our course from Tyre, we came to Ptolemais, and saluted the brethren, and abode with them one day." Its position and appearance resemble those of Zidon and Tyre, each of these cities being built on a rock or tongue of land, stretching out into the sea. It is a much stronger place than either Tyre or Sidon. Except Rhodes, it is the best specimen of a fortified town I have seen. Being, in a military sense, the key of Syria, it has been frequently besieged, stormed, and taken. The armies of almost all nations have encamped at its gates, and their banners floated on its walls. The Saracens took it from the Greeks, the Crusaders from the Saracens, and the Turks, its present masters, from the Crusaders. In one of these sieges, no fewer, it is said, than

[1] Isaiah, xxxv, 1.

60,000 Christians perished. Acre was to Napoleon in the East, what Moscow was afterwards to him in the North. From before its walls he retreated with disgrace, and on that day "his thoughts," and dreams of founding an empire in the East, "perished." In 1840, it had been stormed and taken from the Egyptians by the English, the effects of whose cannon were still visible in roofless, blackened houses, and the breaches in the walls. These the Turks were repairing. It was reported among the inhabitants, that, a few days before the assault on the town, the English had sent an officer into it, to discover the site of the powder magazine, and that they had directed their shot against it in consequence. Be this as it may, certain it is the powder magazine did explode, blowing multitudes of the Egyptians into the air, and destroying their chief means of resistance; and to this was owing the rapidity with which the town was taken.

Akka has two convents, one belonging to the Latins, and the other to the Greeks. The German pilgrims repaired to the convent of their brethren. I pitched my tent in an open, solitary, grass-grown court, within the walls. Rambling that evening through the town, I observed two monuments erected to the memory of two English officers, who had, at different times, fallen in its defence. Their names were Walker and Oldfield. The monuments, which consisted of two white marble slabs, were, I was sorry, but scarcely surprised to see, much stained and defaced. I have never been in a town which has so much the appearance of a den of desperadoes as Akka. The only thing cheerful to see in its streets were the large bright oranges, which were piled up in great huge baskets, and which were from the gardens of Sidon. It has a population of eight or ten thousand, some hundreds of whom are Jews, who have here a synagogue. One of the mosques of Akka bears the name and contains the tomb of Achmad Pasha, surnamed Djizer or Jezzar, the Butcher. Some men have had this title thrust upon them, few men have assumed it: this, however, did Achmad Pasha. Certainly he deserved it. It is not the way of the Turks to write books: if they did, a volume might be filled with the brave and bloody deeds of Achmad the Butcher. The following may give an idea of many more which are ascribed to him: A citizen of Akka,

walking one evening without the walls, meeting a poor Arab woman, asked her if she was not afraid to travel alone. To this she replied, "No, thanks be to Allah; so long as he keeps alive our Effendi (Lord), one is safe every where." The citizen, thinking to compliment the Pasha on his good government, goes and relates to him the saying of the Arab woman. "What!" exclaimed the Butcher, in a rage, "thou venturest to terrify the woman, to ask her, if she had no fear to walk alone: thou shalt never terrify another of my subjects again." Thus saying, he called in one of his servants, who, by the order of the Butcher, put the unfortunate citizen to death on the spot. Whether the inscription on his tomb was of his own choosing, or not, I could not learn: certain it is, it states the truth when it says, "This is the tomb of him who requires mercy."

Glad was I, next morning, when I found myself without the walls of Akka, and pacing the bright warm sand, from which it has received its name. Ordering Hassan to follow with the horses and mules, I started on foot for Carmel alone. I had not gone far, however, when I came to a small river, called the Namaani, on the banks of which, small as it was, as I was not a Gil Morrice, of whom it is said,

> "And when he came to running water,
> He bent his bow, and swam,"

I was brought to a stand still. While waiting there, a young man came up on a donkey, on which I asked permission to ride across the stream. "Bakshish?" said the owner of the donkey. "Aywa," I replied, "bakshish." The donkey was instantly at my service, and for a piastre I effected my passage of the Namaani.

The next water I came to was not so easily crossed. This was the KISHON, which, swollen by the winter rains, was pouring itself into the sea in great volume and rapidity, while a strong wind, beating against it from the west, caused its waves to rage and foam, and gave it the appearance of a sea itself. In my first journeyings in Judea, I had only seen its deserted channel; now I saw it in something of the strength and swiftness it must have had on that bloody, but glorious day, in the annals of Israel, when "the kings came and fought, then

fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach by the waters of Megiddo; they fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon."[1] As I stood on the banks of this famous "water of Israel," I read the battle-ode of Deborah, the highest war-song in the literature of any land; and as I read it there, amid the raging of winds and waters, I seemed, with Barak and Deborah, with the streams and the stars in their courses, what in spirit and in sympathy I really was, charging the hosts of Sisera. The Kishon is called by the Arabs, Nahr Mukata, the Stream of Slaughter, in allusion either to the destruction of Sisera and his army, or to a later event, the slaughter on its banks, by the direction of Elijah, of the prophets of Baal. "And Elijah said unto them, Take the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape. And they took them; and Elijah brought them down to the brook Kishon, and slew them there."[2] About two miles farther up the stream, there is a small mount or knoll, called Jebel Mukata, The Mount of Slaughter.

Hassan having come up, we crossed the river, which, even on horseback, was not done without some difficulty. A short ride brought us to the cheerful and busy little town of Harfa, beautifully situated among gardens and olive groves, at the foot of Carmel. Directing Hassan to proceed to the convent on the brow of the hill, having purchased an earthen jar in one of the shops, I rode back, along with David, one of the muleteers, intending to bring away with me a specimen of the water of Kishon. Having filled the jar, and putting it to my lips, David exclaimed, "*Morr, morr:* Bitter, bitter." I was surprised to find it so, and proposed to ride farther up the stream, in hope to find it sweet. David prevented me, saying, "*Kool morr, kool morr:* All bitter, all bitter." This, as I found afterwards, was not the case; but it was so for a considerable way farther up, seeing which I returned to Haifa. Leaving David, I rode forward, thinking to find without his aid my way to the convent. Keeping, however, too near the shore, I missed the road. A thunder-cloud, which for some time had been blackening on the top of Carmel, descended now in torrents, my only shelter from which was one of the large olive trees, with

[1] Judges, v, 19–21. [2] 1 Kings, xviii, 40.

which the plain is covered. Seeing no appearance of a road farther to the south, and being now directly under the convent, hoping to make a way where I could not find one, I rode right up the face of the mountain. A Syrian, who was at work in the field, here called out to me that I was taking the wrong road. I knew that as well as he; but, with something I fear of Scottish obstinacy, I rode on, or up rather, till I was nearly at the top, when my ill-assorted Turkish saddle gave way, and brought me along with it to the ground. Leaving it on the hill-side, and leading the horse by the bridle, I made my way to the convent, where I found the Bavarians and Hassan waiting my arrival.

The Monastery or Convent of Mount Carmel is one of the largest and best in Syria. It is built in the form of an oblong square, in the centre of which is the church or chapel, surrounded by numerous cells for the monks, and chambers for the accommodation of pilgrims and travellers, who, without respect of creed or country, are allowed to remain three days, during which they receive every thing free for the love of God. Protestants, however, generally make a present at parting, equivalent to what they would have paid at an ordinary inn. The Convent of Mount Carmel, which has more the appearance of a palace than a place of monkish seclusion, was the work of a single monk, John Baptista, who, in 1820, commenced his travels throughout Europe, and in the course of a few years, with, as has been said, nothing but an empty hand and an energetic head, collected for its erection the sum of 350,000 francs, about £20,000 in our money.

The first thing one does on arriving at a convent or inn in the East is to look at the Visitors' Book. Among the names inscribed in the Visitors' Book at Mount Carmel, were those of Lords Lindsay and Nugent, Warburton, Dr. Keith, Miss Martineau, and many others, less known to fame. Some contented themselves with the inscription of their names and the dates of their arrival and departure; others were eloquent in their praise of the place and the hospitality of the monks. Of these eulogiums on the Monastery and the monks, the following are a specimen:

"Mr and Mrs. —— passed five days at the celebrated Convent of St. Elias, on Mount Carmel. Were delighted with

the peaceful tranquillity which reigned around this noble edifice, and with most grateful feelings beg to express their sincere thanks, in particular, to Father Charles and John Baptista, for the extreme kindness and hospitality experienced during their sojourn at Mount Carmel. 14th Jan., 1848."

"Les beaux jours," thus writes another in French," passés dans le Couvent du Mont Carmel, resteront sans cesse gravés en mon esprit et en mon cœur."

"Major C. and Miss G. express their astonishment at the extent and excellence of the accommodation for strangers, and are sorry to have no terms in which to express their sense of the warmth and cordiality of their reception by the monks of Mount Carmel."

"O thou delightful Carmel, abode of Nature's religion! From Akka we came to grasp thy outstretched hand, and now bid a last fond farewell to the land of ancient holiness." Such is the insane apostrophe of J. J., writer to the signet.

The only discordant note in all this chorus of praise is that which follows: "Rev. —— minister of the Free Church of Scotland, formerly Established Church of Scotland. Every thing under this hospitable roof for the body. Is there a similar provision for the soul? Once on this mountain the Lord manifested his glory in the sight of backsliding Israel. Where is now the Lord God of Elijah? Feb. 28th, 1847."

Many were the comments on these words by succeeding travellers, and boundless was their indignation both against Mr. —— and the Free Church of Scotland. Of these the following may serve as a specimen:

"Silence, bigot! regard not the mote in thy brother's eye, but take the beam out of thine own."

"Oh!" thus writes a second, "that another Elijah were to visit thee, and the other prophets of the Free Church, who have created such a schism in Israel, to reprove you for *your* backsliding!"

A third has drawn the pen through the *Rev.* prefixed to his name by Mr. ——. This was evidently a Puseyite.

A fourth, returning to the charge of bigotry, says, "Such remarks show Mr. —— to be an unworthy member of any community."

"And, to extract only one comment more, thus writes the

gentle Miss Martineau: "The religion of nature and the religion of Christ being found here, all minor distinctions may be forgotten; and those who may meet, may feel as brethren."

What these good people mean by "the religion of nature," I do not know; and why this religion, if such there be, should be found on Mount Carmel, more than any other place, I do not comprehend. As to "the religion of Christ" being found there, let the following inscription on the Convent wall decide: "ERECTED IN HONOUR OF, AND FOR THE WORSHIP OF, THE VIRGIN MOTHER OF GOD."

Carmel is not a high round hill or rock, like that of Dumbarton, as it is sometimes represented in pictures and picture-books for the young, but a mountain range, extending from the sea to the great plain of Esdraelon, a length of ten or twelve miles. The Convent is built at its western extremity, where it looks on the sea. North of the Convent it rises gradually in height for a considerable distance. It is here covered with myrtles, and low, crisped, rasp-like shrubs, with beautiful snow-white flowers growing among them in great profusion. I spent some time that afternoon rambling among them alone. On this "high place," and under its green trees, Israel of old scattered its ways to the stranger, and erected altars to Baal and Ashtaroth, the sun and moon, objects of Syrian idolatry. We think it strange, and strange and sinful, it is true, it was, to turn to idols from the living and true God. But, after all, their conduct was not greatly different from our own, when we, as, alas! we often do, place a supreme attachment on and find a chief enjoyment in the creature, be it the work of His, or, darker idolatry still, the work of our own hands. Woe unto us, and woe unto them, when we say to the fairest even and most star-like of His creatures, what Israel said on this mountain to Baalim, "Ye are our gods!"

Returning to the Convent, I was conducted through it by one of the monks. Its long corridors are lined with pictures of the popes, cardinals, and churches. In one is a pictorial tree, called the Tree of the Papal Succession, containing the names of the Popes, from Peter to Pio Nono. In what appears to be a natural cave, and which is called by the monks the Cave of Elijah, there is a large wooden image of the Great Tishbite, hung round with silver hearts, pieces of money, and

other votive offerings of pilgrims and prophet-worshippers. And thus the great reformer, who swept the idols from the land, has become an idol himself, and fills the niche from which he cast down the image of Baal. There is a painting of him in the church, treading on the neck of an enemy, who is to be considered as the symbol of the prophets of Baal. The floor of the church is of beautiful bright marble, the gift of one of the Dukes of Modena. The organ was from the Queen of Naples.

The view from the roof of the Convent is of great extent and grandeur, and attracted me frequently thither. Stretching eastward is Carmel, with something even yet of its ancient "excellency." To the north is the Bay of Acre, and the Kishon, gleaming, like a thread of silver, along its magnificent plain. Westward is the deep blue sea, filling the eye with its boundless expanse of wave, and, in the evening calm, filling the ear with the faint but glad murmur of its waters. Beautiful for situation as the Convent of Mount Carmel is, and lovely as that evening was when I stood there, gazing on the sea and shore, over which the setting sun was pouring a flood of burnished gold, the poor Carmelite, who stood there with me, it was evident, was not happy. He spoke to me of Rome, Naples, and Paris, and, as he contrasted the social life which, even as a monk, he had enjoyed there, with the still life he was enduring at Carmel, he sighed deeply. Yet it was not change of place, I am persuaded, that could make that poor monk happy. His misery was of the heart, and had, if not its source, its bitter supplies, from the monotonous, unnatural, anti-social, slavish state and kind of his existence. Man must be free. It matters little whether the captive's fetters be the chain of gold or the rope of sanctity; it will wear into his heart, and mar it of its happiness. I used to look on the priests of Rome with indignation only; I have now learned to look on them also with pity, as persons who, if sinning against others, have been themselves sinned against also, by parents and guardians, who brought them, and by the State in permitting them to be brought, when yet in infancy and childhood, into such a grievous and unnatural state of bondage.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM CARMEL TO NAZARETH.

On the morning of March 22nd, we left the Convent of Mount Carmel, and took our way through Haifa to Nazareth. A young Englishman, whom we had met at the Convent, and who had been rambling for two years in Syria, to acquire, he said, the Arabic, was of our company. His equipage consisted of a small hand-bag, two pistols in his belt, and a sword-stick, which served him for a staff, for he travelled on foot, and for defence. Our path for several miles was up the Kishon, which washes the base of Carmel. The plain of Acre, through which it pours itself into the sea, is of great extent, being about fifteen miles in length, and six or seven in breadth. Having missed the ford of the Kishon, Hassan called out to us to return. I, who do not like returning, proposed to cross it above the ford; but Hassan calling out, "Deep, deep!" we did not think it safe to venture. I filled a bottle with its water here, which was perfectly sweet. We were now on the south of the Kishon. At the head of the plain we saw an encampment of Bedouins, who were feeding their flocks. I asked Hassan if they lived always there. "No," he replied; "live here, there, every where." I then asked him if they paid any thing for occupying the land. "Pay!" said Hassan with surprise. "No, pay nothing, it is desert." Yet the soil was rich and verdant, and, except that it had no fixed inhabitants, was any thing but desert. It was here we passed the small round green knoll, called Jebel Mukata, the Mount of Slaughter. Whether this was the actual scene of the slaughter

of the priests of Baal, it is impossible to say. The place where Elijah prayed with his face between his knees, and from which he sent his servant, saying, "Go up, now, look toward the sea," and to which he returned at the seventh time to say, "Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand," it is also equally impossible with certainty to decide. One thing is certain: it was not in the plain, for it is said, "Elijah went up to the top of Carmel." It is worthy of notice, also, that the sea does not seem to have been visible from the spot where he prayed, for he said to his servant, "Go up, and look toward the sea:" from which it is clear that the scene of Elijah's memorable prayer was not where the Convent is erected, which is built on the brow rather than the "top of Carmel," and from which the sea, both on the west and north, is distinctly and widely seen.

Ascending from the plain of Acre, and passing through a forest of oaks and brushwood of various kinds, we reached a miserable village called Dahir, the houses of which were dug out of the ground, with roofs made of the branches of trees, coated with clay. It swarmed with dogs and bees. The hives of the bees, like the houses of the people, were made of clay, with this difference, that they were not under the ground.

From a height, the great plain of Esdraelon here burst upon our view. At noon we entered the beautiful green vale of Zebulun, which, if not entitled to be called the Happy Valley, must at one time have been one of the most delightful spots of a "delightful land." In traversing it, we crossed several small rivulets, one of which was called Simunieh. The soil, which in some places was turned up by the plough, was of a rich red clay. Two miles from the village of Simunieh, we came to a town on a hill called Malul. Attracted by some pillars standing erect among ruins, I rode up to it, but could learn nothing more of it than the name.

When within an hour's ride of Nazareth, I enquired for Safurieh, placing the accent on the penultimate, but no one could tell me where it was. At last suspecting that I had not pronounced the name correctly, I enquired at the first Arab I met for Safúrieh, who pointed out the road that led to it. Directing the muleteers to proceed to the Convent at Nazareth, and taking Hassan with me, I ascended the heights on the left,

from which, about three miles off, I saw the modern village that stands on the site, and amid the ruins of the ancient capital of Galilee. The word SAFURIEH does not once occur in the Scriptures, but it is supposed to have been substituted for KITRON, which is mentioned in Judges, i, 30, as one of the towns of Zebulun. Safurieh, called afterwards Diocæsaria, came to be a place of great strength and importance under the Herods, which it continued to be till A.D. 339, when it was destroyed by the Romans. It was afterwards rebuilt; but, except a few broken and fallen pillars, nothing remains of this once fair and proud city of the Herods. It is still visited by pilgrims, from its having been, according to the legends of the monks, the residence of Joachim and Anna, the parents of the Virgin Mary.

About three miles north-east from Safurieh is the village of Rimmon, or Ramane, perhaps the Levitical city of Dimmon, mentioned as belonging to Zebulun in Joshua, xxi, 35. Beyond it a short way is Kana el Jelil, now generally admitted to be "Cana of Galilee," where our Lord turned the water into wine.

About two P.M. we reached Nazareth, which, in its green mountain hollow, I was delighted once more to enter. Having secured rooms in the Convent, I sallied forth with a guide-boy to renew my acquaintance with the town and neighbourhood. My first visit was to the Virgin's Well, so called from a tradition that it existed in the days of our Lord, and that his mother came hither to draw water. Here, at all hours of the day, and especially in the morning, the young maidens of Nazareth may be seen filling their earthen pitchers, carrying which on their heads, they return to the town. I do not remember to have seen an instance of a man engaged in this occupation in all Syria. As in our Lord's time, it is the women still who "come hither to draw." The maidens of Nazareth, like the women of Israel, spoken of by Isaiah, among other bravery had "tinkling ornaments about their feet" and ancles, bracelets of silver on their wrists, and "tires like the moon," consisting of silver coins, on their heads. I asked water to drink, which they gave me cheerfully, telling me that they were *Nassara*, Christians; as if they wished me to understand that in so doing they were aware of our common Christianity, and that the pitcher which they gave me to drink was the symbol of it.

From the Fountain of the Virgin, Youseff the guide-boy and myself proceeded to the hill on which stands the saint's or prophet's tomb called Wali Nabi Ismael, from the summit of which there is an extensive and delightful view, comprehending, besides the little hills around Nazareth, of which I counted no fewer than twenty, the sea, Akka, Carmel, Safurieh, Kana el Jelil, the great plain of Jezreel, Tabor, the two Hermons, and Saphet, the "city set on an hill." Resting a while there, I had the following conversation with Youseff the guide-boy, who, though an Arab, spoke Italian, which enabled me to converse with him at least more freely than I could have done in Arabic. I need scarcely say that I endeavoured to correct his views when imperfect and unscriptural, though I think it better to record rather what he said to me than what I said to him.

MYSELF.—So they call you Youseff?[1]

YOUSEFF.—Yes.

M.—Where were you born?

Y.—In Nazareth.

M.—To what Church do you belong?

Y.—The Catholic?

M.—Can you say the Creed?

Y.—Yes.

Here he began, but did not get quite through it. He succeeded better, however, with the Lord's Prayer.

M.—Where was Jesus born?

Y.—In Bethlehem.

M.—Have you been there?

Y.—No.

M.—Do you know where it is?

Y.—Far away over the plain of Jezreel, and over the hills which you see yonder.

M.—Do you know the name of yonder hills?

Y.—No, do not know.

M.—Yon are the hills of Samaria, beyond which, as you will find in your New Testament, Jesus, coming from Jerusalem to Galilee, in which we now are, talked with the woman at Jacob's Well. Did Jesus continue to live in Bethlehem?

Y.—No.

[1] Joseph.

M.—Where did he live?

Y.—He lived here.

M.—Do you know what he was called in consequence of living here?

Y.—No, do not know.

M.—He was called Jesus of Nazareth. What did your countrymen do to Jesus? Did they try to cast him down from the top of a hill?

Y.—Yes, yes; the Mount of Precipitation. See, Signor, yonder it is!

M.—What became of Jesus afterwards?

Y.—He was crucified.

M.—Who crucified Him?

Y.—The Jews.

M.—What was He crucified for? For what end did He die?

Y.—Do not know.

M.—Was it not to take away our sin?

Y.—Yes.

M.—Yes: and if you will listen to me, I will read to you, out of the New Testament, a passage where He is called the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Here I read John, i, 29. Do you understand that?

Y.—Yes.

M.—Who was the Virgin Mary?

Y.—The mother of Jesus.

M.—What is she now?

Y.—The Queen of Heaven.

M.—Do you pray to her?

Y.—Yes.

M.—How many places are there to which people go when they die?

Y.—Three: Paradise, Purgatory, and Hell.

M.—Will you go to Paradise when you die?

Y.—Do not know.

M.—Where then, must you go?

Y.—Purgatory.

M.—How long must you remain there?

Y.—Do not know: a hundred, perhaps five hundred years.

M.—And all that time in fire?

Y.—Yes.

M.—Is not that fearful?

Y.—Yes, very fearful.

M.—Poor Joseph! who told you there was such a place as Purgatory?

Y.—Every body says so.

M.—Then every body is wrong in saying so. The Book does not say so. Jesus did not say so. Jesus said to the thief on the cross, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." If you believe in Jesus, he will take you also to Paradise. Don't believe any body, nor even every body, though they should say there is a Purgatory. Here there was a pause.

M.—Are there many Moslems in Nazareth?

Y.—No, not many.

M.—Are they good people?

Y.—Moslem good? No, Signor, bad.

M.—Where will they go at death?

Y.—Inferno.

M.—Was Mohammed a good man?

Y.—No, very bad.

M.—You have been at school?

Y.—Yes.

M.—How many schools are there in Nazareth?

Y.—Four: three Christian and one Moslem.

M.—Can you take me to see them?

Y.—Sicuro. Yes, Signor, certainly.

Thus saying, we descended, little Youseff leading the way. The first school we came too was the Turkish one. The children, or boys rather, for there are no girls sent to the schools of the Mohammedans, sat in two rows on the ground, with slates in their hands, on which were written passages from the Koran in Arabic, which they were reading in a chanting tone, and committing to memory. The teachers, who were four in number, were seated round the dying embers of a fire with long pipes in their hands, which they were laboriously smoking.

Our next visit was to the school in connection with the Latin Church of the Annunciation. It consisted of two classes, one of boys and the other of girls. The boys amounted to forty, the girls to thirty. They were both reading the

Gospels in Arabic, and were remarkably quiet and orderly, and were well acquainted with the principal facts in our Lord's life. I told them in a few words that I was much pleased with their appearance and conduct, and that I hoped they would believe in, love, and study to be like Him of whom they were reading, and who, long, long ago, had been a little child, "subject to his parents," in their own town of Nazareth.

Leaving the school and crossing the court, I entered the Church. Here were several pilgrims, and among the rest, the Bavarians and Antone, who was dressed in the pilgrim's garb, a long black gown of serge fastened round his body by a black leather belt. Several were bowing before the altar, absorbed in meditation; others were kneeling on the floor, and kissing it; and some were coming out of the cave or grotto of Our Lady, said to have been the scene of the Annunciation, with small pieces of stones in their hands which they had broken from the rock, and quantities of dust which they had swept from the floor, and were carrying away with them as carefully and as delighted, as if they had discovered a treasure of gold. This was the first of the holy places they had come to in their pilgrimage, and they had now received the first instalment of all that hope had held out to induce them to leave their homes and far distant lands. Poor Antone was in a perfect transport, and I left him kneeling in the cave and gazing on a picture of the Annunciation with his hands clasped upon his breast, and tears streaming from his eyes.

On the strength of being a Christian, and being able in Arabic to say so, I entered several of the houses in Nazareth, most of whose inhabitants are Christians, and with the help of a few kind words to the children, was almost always kindly received. They had little or no furniture: the little they had consisted generally of a table and bed or beds, which latter were a kind of mattress, which they rolled up in the morning and laid aside in a corner or recess in the wall till the evening, when they were taken out and spread on the floor. In one I saw a woman "grinding at the mill," and heard the noise so familiar in the morning to Eastern ears; "the sound of the millstones." [1] The Eastern mill, with which almost every house is furnished, consists of two round stones which are fitted

[1] Jeremiah, xxv, 10.

to each other; the lower one, called "the nether millstone," being convex, and the upper one concave. In the upper one there is a hole, through which the grain is poured, and a wooden handle by which it is turned; and in this simple way the grain is converted into meal, which falls over the edge upon a board, and is immediately fit for use. I helped the woman to turn the handle, and tasted the meal, and gratified her much by pronouncing it "Taib Kateer: very good." Sometimes when the mill is large, it takes two women to turn it; hence our Lord speaks of "two women grinding at the mill." They sit with it before them, which may illustrate the passage which speaks of the "maid behind the mill." There is an evident allusion to the noise of the millstone in the description of old age by the wise man, when by a double figure he says, speaking of the teeth, "the grinders cease because they are few;" and then, to denote that the aged one rises not now to go out to his work or to take his food, adds, "and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low."[1]

One of the most interesting visits I made in the neighbourhood of Nazareth, on this occasion, was to mount Tabor, the reputed scene of the Transfiguration. In about an hour and a half we had crossed the three ridges, or mountain ranges, between Nazareth and Tabor. In another half hour, having crossed several streams that ran among the hills, we were at the foot of the mountain. Riding up the hill for about half an hour, from its steepness and from its being so thickly covered with shrubs and trees, chiefly oak, we were obliged to dismount and make the rest of the ascent on foot. In three hours from Nazareth we stood on the top of Tabor. Here we were more than rewarded for the difficulty of the ascent. Instead of being a narrow peak, as I had been led to expect, the top of Tabor I found was more than a mile in circumference, and was covered with extensive ruins, the remains of a city, a convent, and strong fortifications. Surveying the ruins on the left here, arches, chambers, and caves every where met our view. We then crossed the plain, or Great Square, and on the way came to three wells, dug out of the rock, which were of great depth, and containing living water. On the right, we found another long row of ruins. Having examined these, we

[1] Ecclesiastes, xii, 4.

had now leisure to survey the magnificent scene spreading far and wide beneath, and all around. On the north-east were the mount of Beatitudes and the Great Hermon, monarch of the mountains of Israel, covered with snow. On the east were the lake of Galilee, the Jordan, and over them far away, the bare grey hills of Moab. Beneath and before us on the south, lay the immense valley of Jezreel, or Esdraelon, down on which, from the brow of Tabor, rushed Barak at the head of his invincible Israelites against Sisera, at the war-cry of Deborah; Little Hermon, so called it is probable from its resemblance to the great mountain of this name; En-dor, Bethshan, Nain, and, name of more thrilling interest than them all, Gilboa, whose green breast was dyed with the blood of the fallen, on that dark and disastrous day when "the weapons of war perished," and the "beauty of Israel was slain on its high places;" and on the west were mount Ephraim, the hills of Samaria, and, stretching away to the sea, the long range of Carmel. The plain of Esdraelon was partly cultivated, the fields here and there turned up by the plough looking like red spots on a sea of verdure. It was not, however, what was to be seen from the top of Tabor that gave it its true interest, but that which it is commonly believed took place on it. Reading on that "mountain apart" the account given by the Evangelists of the Transfiguration, and praying that I too might be transfigured "by the renewing of my mind," I trust I could say, "It is good to be here;" and that, looking back to the day I was on Tabor, I can say of it in the words of the Apostle, and with at least some degree of truth, "when I was with Him on the holy mount."

When about to descend from the mountain, I happened to look into an excavation; here I was startled with the appearance of a solitary among the ruins. He belonged to the Greek church, and was a Wallachian by nation. He had a psalter in his hands, which, when I discovered him, he was reading. His name was Nestor. He was not so old as the Homeric chief of that name, and I fear not so wise. He had lived among the ruins of Tabor for a year, and said he had no intention soon of leaving them. I did not ask how he was supported, but was told that he received supplies occasionally from the monks and Christians of Nazareth. He was so far in

advance of many professed Christians as to know and acknowledge the corruption of human nature, and he pleaded this as a reason for his withdrawing from the world and its ways: but while he admitted the ruin of human nature, he saw but darkly the way of its recovery by the love and the "law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." After a few friendly words, the poor solitary putting his hand on his heart and bowing lowly, we parted; he remaining among the ruins on Tabor, and I returning to Nazareth. One of the last things I did there, was to visit its shops, which are not numerous, and but poorly furnished. In purchasing a trifling article, I dropped a piastre, which the shopkeeper discovering, he came running after me and restored. He was a Nusranee, or Christian, and I need not say I was pleased with this proof "that he was in all things willing to live honestly." [1]

[1] Hebrews, xiii, 18.

CHAPTER V.

FROM NAZARETH TO NABLOUS.

NAZARETH has much to delight and detain the Christian traveller, and still more the superstitious pilgrim. It was with difficulty that we could persuade Antone to tear himself away from it. I spoke to him of Jerusalem, but Jerusalem was nothing to Nazareth, and he did not hesitate to say that Jesus himself was less an object of interest than Mary. At last, however, rather than be left alone he consented to follow us, and with an addition to our train of a Greek priest from Lebanon; two Copts, or Christians, from Cairo, who had run away from it through fear of being pressed for soldiers, and who were on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, we are now on our way through the great plain of Esdraelon.

After travelling about four hours, and passing Shunem, Jezreel, the ancient capital of Ahab, now Zerin, the fountain in Jezreel, where Saul encamped the night before he fought his last battle, Gilboa, now Jelbon, and other places memorable in Jewish story, we arrived at Jenin, on the southern edge of the plain, where we halted for the night. When I left Beyrout, I had only Hassan and three muleteers; I had now, or rather I may say, my tent had, for it was the only one, a following of three priests and four pilgrims with their servants, making a caravan of fourteen in all. What I gained in numbers I lost in quietness, my motley friends and followers having several quarrels by the way. The first was between the young Englishman and Ferraud, one of my muleteers. The Englishman had persuaded Ferraud, for a few piastres, to give him the use

of his mule. Ferraud, repenting the agreement, wished his mule back; and, laying hold of the bridle, refused to allow the Englishman to proceed. Drawing his sword, the Englishman threatened, if Ferraud did not let go his hold, to kill him. Ferraud did not show the slightest fear; but preferring to lose his mule rather than his life, he let the bridle go, but not without giving the Englishman many bad and bitter words. The Arabs, I am sorry to say, are generally profane swearers. "Their throat is an open sepulchre; their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness." [1] Among other bad words, Ferraud called the Englishman "a dog," and wound up all by one of the worst of Arab imprecations: "May Allah burn to cinders the ashes of your father!" The next quarrel was between Antone and Ali, the muleteer of the Bavarians, of whom Antone had hired an ass to carry him and his pilgrim gear, which, sooth to say, was not large, from Beyrout to Jerusalem. From the first, his ludicrous appearance, his pilgrim's dress, consisting of a gown of serge, a black cap, and Hessian boots, and, above all, a large black wooden image of Christ on the cross, which he carried about at his back by day and laid at his head by night, had exposed him, and his religion too, to the ridicule of the muleteers; and many were the bitter gibes that were thrown in his teeth, and the merry jests that were banded about at his expense. All this Antone bore with the greatest patience for a while, all the more, perhaps, that he did not understand their language; but Ali having insulted him in a way that he could not but comprehend, the old crusading spirit rose within him: dismounting his ass and throwing his pilgrim's gear upon his shoulder, he said, that rather than submit to the insolence of a misbelieving Musselman, he would travel all way on foot to Jerusalem, as many a pilgrim had done before him. After walking a considerable way on foot, he was persuaded to remount the ass; and the muleteers being warned not to repeat their insolence, this quarrel was composed.

While Hassan was pitching the tent, I ascended the mountain range to the south of the town, from which I surveyed the surrounding magnificent scene, bright with the gay setting sun. Beneath me lay Jenin, the Engannim of the Bible; which, though a collection of miserable mud hovels with a solitary

[1] Romans, iii, 13, 14.

minaret, is not yet owing to its sparkling fountains and its beautiful shady green trees without some pretensions to its ancient name, Engannim, the Fountain of Gardens. To the north-east of Jenin were Gilboa, with its green breast but bare brown summit, as if "neither dew nor rain" fell upon it now; and Tabor and Hermon, seemingly so near, that a person speaking on the one might be heard on the other. North-west of where I stood, were the long Megiddo range, Taanach, and Hadadrimmon, where Josiah was slain in battle; and Carmel, over against which was Jezreel. As I looked on both, I thought of Ahab riding across the plain in his chariot, and of the prophet running before him to the entrance of Jezreel, when, in answer to his prayer, "the heaven was black with clouds and there was a great rain." [1] Gilboa seemed so near, I thought of crossing the plain and ascending it; but I knew how deceptive the clear bright air of the East is; and, warned by the setting sun, I gathered a few flowers and returned to the tent. Here I found a motley scene: the Bavarians, the Englishman, Antone, the Greek priest, the two Copts, and the muleteers, all gathered round it, where, under the open sky, they intended to pass the night. I was not fond of having two Roman Catholic priests in my tent all night, but I could not think of their sleeping in the open air, and I asked them to share it with me. I was sorry I could not ask the young Englishman also; but this was more than it could hold, so he was left to rough it with Antone and the rest without. He slept with his pistols at his head, and Antone with his image, which the muleteers, to annoy him and to show their hatred of images and idolatry, had broken. The Bavarians read their prayer-books without, after which they lay down in their clothes, in which fashion they passed several nights till we reached Jerusalem. Michael had a New Testament in German, of which we read a few passages occasionally together. Antone and Honaniah the Greek priest had their prayer-books, out of which, morning and evening, they read or chanted their prayers. They did not understand each other's language; but Antone held up the wooden image, which they alternately kissed, and in this way they carried on a kind of conversation.

That night, owing to the croaking of frogs and the

[1] 1 Kings, xviii, 45.

chattering of the men, I slept little. Next morning I rose early, and went into the town to examine its ruins. These consisted chiefly of broken pillars, the greater part of which are fallen to the ground, and lie scattered up and down. Jenin, and the Wady south of it, by which we left the town, are both of bad repute. The people are darker in hue, and if report speak true, in character also, than in any other part of Palestine. Two Englishmen were once way-laid in the Wady, one of whom, it is said, died of his wounds. For a while the road consisted of a succession of heights and hollows. In one of these hollows we passed a village, where numbers of the people were walking on the house-tops. On a height beyond, we passed a tree covered with shreds of raiment, hung there by Christian pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem. The muleteers called it the Hadji's Tree. Ascending another height we came in sight of Sanour, with its wide plain, in which I counted about twenty men ploughing with oxen.[1] Passing Sanour, and directing the muleteers to keep the direct road to Nablous, Schifferle, Michael, and myself, attended by Hassan, diverging to the right, took a more unfrequented path for Samaria. Ascending a ridge of hills, we came in sight of the sea and the plain of Sharon. Immediately beneath us were cultivated fields covered with vines, figs, and olives.

After a rough ride of about two hours, we reached Samaria. Several of the inhabitants came out to gaze on the strange Howagees. We bought a few coins; and with four of the inhabitants for our guides, we made the circuit of the hill, which is in several parts adorned with double rows of stately and beautiful pillars. On coming to the south-west side, where must once have stood the ancient gate of Samaria, and a more magnificent entrance no city could have, I proposed to return. "La, la: Kateer, Kateer! No, no: more, more," cried the guides, and went on till they had completed the circle. The inhabitants, who are few in number, have a savage look. They are Moslems, and have a small mosque in the ruins of the ancient church of John the Baptist, which is the most conspicuous object on that once kingly but now deserted and desolate hill.

[1] The Syrian plough has only *one* handle, which illustrates Luke, ix, 62.

One little boy in the crowd attracted my notice. He was better dressed than the rest, and had a look of greater refinement and intelligence. I asked him his name. It was Ibrahim. He belonged to Nablous, and had come to Samaria with a message from his mother. He left Samaria with us, and I had the following conversation with him by the way.

MYSELF.—They call you Ibrahim?

IBRAHIM.—Yes.

M.—What do you intend to be?

IB.—A Barber.

M.—Would you not rather be a Sheykh?

IB.—No: Sheykh bad to the poor.

M.—You are a Moslem?

IB.—Yes.

M.—Where will you go when you die?

IB.—To Genneh: (heaven.)

M.—Will Christians go there also?

IB.—No.

M.—Where will they go to?

IB.—To Gehennch: (hell.)

M.—Why must they go there?

IB.—They do not pray to Mohammed.

Here we met some women, to whom I said a few words. "Why do you, who are a Nusranee," said Ibrahim, "speak to women who are Moslem?" Here was the old prejudice, between new races: "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." [1] After leaving the valley of Samaria and having ascended the hill, the Bavarians, who were first, met a man and woman with an ass in a narrow path. The Mohammedans refused to turn aside out of the path; the Bavarians could not. Hearing loud and angry voices, Hassan rode forward and asked what was the matter. "*Khabbar ay!* What's the matter!" retorted the woman; "here be two Nusranee, dogs that they are, who refuse to make way for us; and, what is worse, here are you, a Moslem, acting as their guide: *Khabbar ay*, matter indeed! is not this matter?" How Hassan contrived to get the mules out of the difficulty, and to pacify his offended Moslem sister. I know not, as

[1] John, iv, 9.

not being in the ordinary track, I avoided the collision and rode on. I saw two gazelles here, the first I had seen in Palestine.

We reached Nablous, which is about six miles from Samaria, at three P.M., and pitched our tents at the north gate, not far from which were congregated numbers of lepers. NABLOUS, a corruption of NEAPOLIS, anciently Shechem, or Sychar, is now the chief city of Samaria, and the last refuge of the descendants, and perhaps the only representatives in the world, of the ancient race of the Samaritans. For the origin of this singular people, with whom "the Jews had no dealings," the reader is referred to 2 Kings, xvii, 24. "The king of Assyria," it is there said, "brought men from Babylon, and from Cuthah, and from Ava, and from Hamath, and from Sepharvaim, and placed them in the cities of Samaria instead of the children of Israel." It is added, "they feared the Lord," that is, they adopted the worship of the God of Israel, but at the same time continued "to serve their own gods." On the return from Babylon, the Samaritans, hearing that the Jews had begun to rebuild the temple, came to Zerubbabel and the chief of the fathers, and said, "Let us build with you, for we seek your God as ye do, and we do sacrifice unto him from the days of Esar-haddon king of Assur, who brought us hither. But Zerubbabel and the chief of the fathers said, Ye have nothing to do with us, to build an house unto our God." [1] It is supposed it was on this occasion, and on account of this repulse, that the Samaritans erected a temple of their own on mount Gerizim, which had the effect of increasing the animosity between them and the Jews. This nearly extinct people consists of thirty-nine families, in all about one hundred and fifty individuals. Accompanied by the Bavarians and the young Englishman, my first visit was to their Keniseh, or Synagogue.[2] Threading our way through narrow lanes, and under low mouldering arches, after some little difficulty we reached it. Two orange trees were growing at the door. It was shut; but Abou Imram, the priest, whose house was adjoining, came out with a large wooden key in his hand to open it. He was a middle-aged man, with great owl-like eyes and dark grey hair, and a most sinister expression. He smiled, and, opening the door, invited us to enter. The Synagogue

[1] Ezra, iv, 1. [2] The Jews are forbidden to enter it.

consisted of one room, not very large, with two recesses in the wall, in one of which lay a number of books in manuscript; and in the other, which was concealed by an ornamental screen, were several copies of the Pentateuch, or Samaritan Bible. One of these, to see which was the chief object of our visit, is said to be nearly 4000 years old,[1] and to have been written by Abishua the son of Phinehas.[2] I asked for a sight of it. He brought out one, which, from its appearance and a kind of roguish twinkle of Abou Imram's eye, I at once pronounced not to be the old one, and told him that I must see it. He then opened a box from which he brought out another wrapped up in silk, which, he said, with great solemnity and apparent sincerity, was the true one. It was not rolled on rods like the other, but consisted of sheets, which he allowed me to examine. It was much worn in some parts, and in several places patched with pieces of parchment. Having given it a cursory glance, for I had not opportunity to do more, it was wrapped up and restored to its place. I then gave the priest a bakshish, which he refused to take, saying that for four Inglesi it was too little. I endeavoured to explain to him that what I had offered him was for myself, and that I had no connection with the rest, who might give him a bakshish for themselves. This they were not disposed to do; and seeing this, he locked the door inside, and said we should not get out till we had given him more. I then went back to the south recess, which was covered with manuscripts, and said that I would examine them; that I had come to see the Synagogue, and that I was in no hurry to leave, and that he might unlock the door at his leisure. At this he was rather taken by surprise. While I was busy among the manuscripts, the young Englishman and he had some conversation. What the Englishman said to him I could not make out; but I fear he gave us credit for being much greater personages than we really were, for it was not long till Imram, unlocking the door, said he would take the bakshish, and expressed his regret at having shut us in. I had a bad opinion of Abou Imram from the first, and his conduct served to confirm it. I gave him what I had formerly offered, and withdrew: and thus ended our adventure in the Synagogue of the Samaritans.

[1] Its real age it is impossible to ascertain. [2] 1 Chron. vi, 3, 4.

CHAPTER VI.

NABLOUS TO JERUSALEM.

NEXT morning at seven, about an hour before the caravan was ready to start, having procured an Arab for my guide, I began the ascent of Gerizim, the holy mountain of the Samaritans. For a considerable way up, it is covered with gardens. There was a boy on an almond tree gathering the fruit, of which I bought some. It was green, but juicy, and pleasant to the taste. At eight, we came to what Mohammed the guide called Bab el Karazim, the Gate of Gerizim, where he said the *Samarah*, Samaritans, take off their shoes, all beyond this being holy ground. I asked him how often the Samaritans ascend the mountain. He said, "Four times in the year, when they feast and fight." I had heard of their fightings on these occasions from others. Near the top, Mohammed pointed out a pit where they roast the paschal lamb. A little way beyond this we came to several large circular flag-stones, around which, with Abou Imram at their head, they sit at their religious festivals. In about an hour and a half we reached the summit, on which I was surprised to find the ruins of what must have been a great square of houses. The view from the top of Gerizim was beautiful and extensive. The Wady to the south-east of the vale of Sychar was clad in the deepest green, and had the appearance of "a velvet lawn, shaven with the scythe and smoothed with the roller." When Samaria was the crown of Ephraim, this valley must have been one of its brightest jewels. It was just such a parcel of ground as Jacob might be supposed to have given to the long lost son of the loved Rachel. Descending a little way to the north, over

against us darkly rose mount Ebal. I asked Mohammed if one speaking where we stood could be heard on Ebal. He said no, and I was of the same opinion. When the tribes stood, "half of them over against mount Gerizim, and half of them over against Ebal," and the Law was read, and the blessings and curses pronounced in their hearing, they must have stood much lower down.

We now descended the hill, and in little more than two hours from the time of beginning the ascent we stood at Joseph's Tomb. In a small enclosure some one has planted a vine, the branches of which, singular enough to say, "run over the wall." [1] From Joseph's Tomb we went across the field to Jacob's Well. A stone was lying on the well's mouth, which we learned from the Bavarians, when they had been here, the Arabs either could not or would not remove. I told them it must be removed. "Bakshish," they said. "Yes," I replied, "Bakshish." After some ineffectual attempts, it was at last, with the aid of Hassan and myself, removed amid great shouting. I wished one of them to go down and bring up some of the water. He refused, saying it was impossible, which, without ropes, it certainly was. I asked for a rope and vessel to bring some up, but they had neither. I told them it was foolish not to bring them. They said no one had ever asked them before to bring them, and that they would bring them again. This was small consolation to me, who had set my heart on drinking of its waters, and on bringing some of it home. I had now some conversation with the Arabs, of which the following is a specimen:

MYSELF.—Who digged this well?

ARABS.—Jacob.

M.—Who was Jacob?

ARABS.—A Christian.

M.—When did he live?

ARABS.—Long ago.

M.—Who was Joseph?

ARABS.—A Prophet.

M.—What was his religion?

ARABS.—He was a Moslem, but the Jews pretend that he was a Jew.

[1] Genesis, xlix, 22.

I then told them in a few words the true story of the Well, and the reason why it is so dear to the wandering Nassara who love to linger on its brink.

It was now past ten, and as the caravan was far ahead, I rose and rode on. About a mile and a half south of Bir Yakoub, Jacob's Well, is Bellad Howarah, on the face of a hill. I rode up to it and asked for milk. It was a frightful place, and still more frightful were the people, who were a kind of Troglodytes, living in the earth. They brought me buttermilk, which, sour as it was, seemed to me, being tired and thirsty, sweeter than any thing I had ever drunk in my life. I overtook the Bavarians at Khan Lebban. Looking to the map, I saw I was in the neighbourhood of Seilun, the Shiloh of the Scriptures, and it I resolved to visit. Taking Hassan with me, I turned to the left and rode up the bank of a stream. Its bed was then dry, but when swollen by the winter rains it must be deep and rapid. The path was narrow and rough, and enclosed on both sides with high and precipitous rocks. After riding for upwards of an hour, we saw two men at work in the fields. We hailed them, and asked for Seilun. They said they knew where it was, and would conduct us to it, if we would give them a bakshish; I said I would. On this they left their work, and, followed by a hungry hideous looking dog, led the way over the bed of the river, over hill and over hollow, till, in the midst of surrounding hills we came in sight of a small oval one, covered with ruins. "There," said the guides, "there, Howagee, is Seilun." Leaving Hassan and the Arabs near the tower and the oak tree described by Robinson and Wilson, I clambered up the hill on foot, and sat down alone amid the ruins. "And this," I said, "is Shiloh, where the Tabernacle, 'the earth's One Sanctuary,' was set up at first, where was the gathering of the people at their yearly feasts, for nearly three hundred years; where the young Hebrew mother came with 'the son of her vows,' and 'lent him to the Lord;' where 'the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord,' and Eli judged Israel, and where, 'sitting upon a seat by the way-side watching, his heart trembling for the ark of God, when a man of Benjamin came out of the army with his clothes rent, and with earth upon his head, and told him that Israel had fled before the Philistines, and there had been a great slaughter among the people, and his two sons,

Hophni and Phinehas, were dead, and the ark of God was taken; at the mention of the ark of God, the old man fell off the seat backward, by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died;' and where, while this was taking place at the gate of the city, a scene of still deeper woe was witnessed in one of its darkened dwellings: 'his daughter-in-law, Phinehas' wife, being near to be delivered, and being told by the women that stood by not to fear, for she had born a son, answered not, neither did she regard it, but with her parting breath named the child ICHABOD, saying, The glory is departed from Israel, because the ark of God was taken.'"[1] From that day the ark, it would seem, returned no more to Shiloh, which, in the days of Jeremiah, is spoken of as being an example and a proverb: "But go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel."[2] Notwithstanding the loveliness of its situation, and it is one of the sweetest and most sequestered spots in Palestine, and notwithstanding the attempts made afterwards to rebuild and to beautify it, now, as then, it is a proverb and a pattern of desolation. The tower at the oak, supposed to be the remains of a mosque, and another on a rising ground to the south, are the only buildings in Shiloh that have not been thrown down. Taking Hassan with me, I rode up to the latter. When a little way from it, two Bedouins with matchlocks in their hands rose up from among the ruins. Hassan, who was evidently afraid, asked if we should go on. Seeing that there was as much danger in returning as in proceeding, I said, "Certainly." Passing through the doorway, which still exists, and which is ornamented with the figure of a jar and wreaths of flowers, I examined the interior while the Bedouins looked on in silence. The area, according to the measurement of Dr. Wilson, who considered the erection one of great antiquity, is twenty by fourteen yards. It contains three prostrate pillars with Corinthian capitals, a small part of the frieze work of which I was barbarous enough to break off; and with it, as a souvenir of Shiloh, we came away.

Striking to the left, and crossing the swelling hills on the south, we reached the village of Sinjil, on the highway between Nablous and Jerusalem. Passing through a long deep Wady

[1] 1 Samuel, iv, 13. [2] Jeremiah, vii, 12.

to the south of Sinjil, we saw two men watching their flocks, both of whom were armed. This did not say much for the character of the place, and as little did a well in the neighbourhood, the name of which is the Fountain of the Thief. Emerging from Wady Sultana, the hills on both sides of which are cultivated and terraced, and at the south end covered with tall and shady trees, and ascending the bare and hilly region which separates Samaria from Judea, we came to Ain el Haramiyah. Here an Arab was filling his pitcher with water, of which he permitted me to drink. I have never been refused water at a well, and it is the only kindness in return for which I was not either asked or expected to give a bakshish. A short ride brought us to Bethel. It is about a stone's throw off the road, on a rising ground to the east. I counted about twenty Arab hovels among the ruins. The setting sun threw a gleam of radiance over the scene, which made its desolation more visible and affecting. Night has come down on Bethel. It has "come to nought."[1] Three miles farther on, crossing an intervening Wady, about eight miles from Jerusalem, we came to El Bireh, the Beer or Beeroth[2] of the Bible, so called, as the name indicates, from its wells, where we bivouacked for the night. Next morning early, I went into the village, which contains six or seven hundred inhabitants, all of whom are Moslems. It is built on the ruins of a town, which in the days of the Crusaders must have been of considerable size, and, judging from the broken and half-buried pillars with which it is strewn, and the arches and doorways still standing or fitted into the modern dwellings, of some pretensions to architectural grandeur. I would have lingered longer among the ruins of El Bireh, but the Bavarians, who were beginning to feel the attracting and absorbing influence of nearness to Jerusalem, were anxious to proceed. Passing Rimmon, Michmash, Gibeah, and "poor Anathoth," on the east, and Bethron, Gibeon, Neby Samwil, and Mizpeh on the west, we reached the height of Scopus, where, bathed in a flood of light, Jerusalem burst upon the view. I was curious to see what effect its appearance would have on my fellow-travellers. Schifferle and Michael did not show the emotion I expected. It was otherwise with the more excitable and superstitious Antone. He exclaimed "Gloria in

[1] Amos, v, 5. [2] Judges, ix, 31.

excelsis! gloria Jesu! gloria Maria!" and with the image of the former extended before him, in this way, to the amazement of some of the Moslems we met, and the amusement of others, he rode forward till we came to the gate of Bethlehem. Here I parted with my strange companions, they repairing to the Latin Convent, and I to the Maltese Hotel, my old lodgings in Jerusalem.

CHAPTER VII.

WALKS ABOUT JERUSALEM AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Soon after my arrival, I went out to see the Sepulchre. Finding it shut, I extended my walk to the Tower of David and the hill of Zion. A mosque, which forms a conspicuous object on the hill, is said to contain the sepulchre of David, and the chamber where our Lord kept his last Passover, and instituted the ordinance of the Supper. Rounding the hill I went down into the valley of Hinnom. Overtaking a woman who was going to Siloam, I asked her if she was a Moslem. She said she was; I then put to her the following questions, and received the following answers.

Are there many Moslems in Jerusalem? Yes, many.

Many Jews? Yes, but not so many Jews as Moslems.

Many Christians? No, not many.

Are the Christians good people? Yes, Christians good people.

Jews good? Yes, Jews good.

Musa good? Yes, Musa good.

Isa good? Yes, Isa good.

Then you are all good. Yes, all good.

Whether she spoke her real sentiments I know not; if she did she was something of a latitudinarian, and she was the only one I remember to have met among the Mohammedans. Filling her pitcher from the pool of Siloam, she offered it to me to drink.

From the lower I proceeded to the upper pool, called the Fountain of the Virgin. The descent is by a broad stair, consisting of sixteen steps. I found an Arab sitting there, who, like a true child of Ishmael, had a matchlock by his side.

Coming up from the well, he kneeled with his face to Mecca, and continued for a few minutes in prayer. Passing the Golden Gate and the Turkish burying-ground, I entered Jerusalem by St. Stephen's Gate, and returned by the Via Dolorosa to the Hotel. Such on this second visit was my first walk about Jerusalem.

Next morning at six I was again on my way to the Sepulchre. On arriving at it I found the Church was not to be open till three P.M. Seeing a door open on the left, I went in: it was the Greek Convent. In several of the rooms there were lamps burning. The walls were covered with pictures, the subjects of which were taken from the Scriptures. One was a picture of the Last Judgment: Christ was seated on the throne, the Virgin Mary was seated at his right hand, the Father at his left. Christ was represented as addressing these words to the righteous: "Come, ye blessed;" while the angels were leading them into heaven. The wicked were seen on the left, with looks of horror. Serpents were twining themselves round their bodies, and fiends were driving them into hell. Some Greek pilgrims entered the convent while I was there. Disappointed at not finding the Sepulchre open, they seemed determined not to return with their devotional feeling unexpended; they kissed the pictures, they kissed the walls, they kissed the floor, they kissed every thing. While they were thus engaged, I came away. I think that what I have called the Convent, was a school or chapel connected with the Convent; for, on other occasions, I found children taught, and religious service conducted in it. Returning to the Hotel, I was addressed in English by a Jew in the streets. He said, "Ah, you are English I know." He belonged to Amsterdam, but had been in England. He was a Rabbi, and his name was Nathan Koronel. I asked him where he dwelt. He said, "Just here," and asked me to go with him to his house, which I did. He had a wife and three children, one of whom, a sweet child of five, with whom I had some conversation, was called Sarah. He could not say to what tribe he belonged. The distinction of tribes he said was lost. I asked him how many Jews there were in Jerusalem. He said there were five thousand; that some had come there to study, and some to die and be buried in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Rabbi Nathan had a library of about five hundred

volumes, which consisted chiefly of Rabbinical literature. Among other works he had a beautiful copy of the writings of Maimonides, consisting of his 'Moreh Nebuchim,' the Teacher of the Perplexed, "the most rational work," says Dr. Adam Clarke, "that ever proceeded from the pen of a Rabbin;" his 'Jad Chazakha,' the Strong Hand, an abridgment of the Talmud, and his 'Sepher Hammisoth,' a Book of Precepts. Maimonides, or more properly Rabbi Moses Ben Mainon, was born in Spain, in A.D. 1131, and died in Egypt, in A.D. 1200. He is called by the Jews the Doctor, the Eagle, the Light of the East, and the Glory of the West, and is considered by them as inferior only to Moses. The year in which he died is called by them, *Lamentatio, lamentabile;* and one of their common sayings, by which they connect the great Lawgiver and the great Rabbi, is, "from Moses to Moses." The Talmud, of which the 'Jad Chazakha,' or Strong Hand, of Maimonides, is an abridgment, signifies Doctrine, and is a work in several folios, which embodies the traditions of the Jewish church and people. Like the Romish church, which divides the Word of God into two parts, the written and the unwritten, the Jews divide the Law into two parts, the oral and the written, the former of which is the interpretation of the latter. Both, they say, were given to Moses at Sinai, but while the one was committed to writing, the other was entrusted to his personal keeping, by whom it was committed to Joshua, and by Joshua to the seventy elders, by whom it was transmitted to the Rabbins, by one of whom, Rabbi Judah Hakkadosh, the Holy, in A.D. 200, it was committed to writing. Such is the Talmud, which, to indicate its nature and importance, is called the Mishna, the Repetition, it being regarded as a kind of Deuteronomy, or Second Law, and with its Gemara, or notes, which signifies Completion, as fuller and more valuable than the Bible or written Law. Hence the Jews have the following saying: "The Bible is water, but the Mishna is wine;" and, "The words of the Scribes are lovely, above the words of the Law; some of the words of the Law are weighty, but the words of the Mishna are all weighty." This distinction of the Law into written and oral, has, I need scarcely say, no foundation. No such oral Law was committed to Moses, or transmitted to the Rabbins. They are the real authors of the Talmud, and its date is not earlier than the second century

of the Christian era. In consequence of the coming of Christ, and the entire revolution which the Jewish church and nation underwent after his death, "the Mosaic books," as a learned writer remarks, "contained rules no longer adapted to their condition: the Rabbins undertook to supply this defect, partly by commentaries on the Mosaic precepts, and partly by the composition of new rules, which were looked upon as almost equally binding with the former. These comments and additions were called the oral traditions, in contradistinction to the old law, or written code. The Rabbi Judah, surnamed the Holy, was particularly active in making this collection, which received the name of Mishna, or Second Law. The later Rabbins busied themselves in a similar manner, in the composition of commentaries and explanations of the Mishna. Among these works, that of the Rabbi Jochanan, composed according to some about A.D. 250, according to others about A.D. 370, acquired the most celebrity." Such was the origin of the Talmud, or Mishna, with its Gemaras, notes and comments, to which the Jews have had the impiety to ascribe a divine authority, and which, such is the "veil upon their hearts," they place upon a level with, yea even exalt above the Word of God. They have two Talmuds; the one called the Talmud of Jerusalem, and the other the Talmud of Babylon: the first was written for the Jews of Palestine, the second for those dispersed throughout the East. They are substantially the same, but the former has fewer fables and absurdities in it than the latter. The Mishna consists of six parts, orders, or divisions, such as the order of "holy things," of "purifications," of "festivals," and of "damages," or of "wrongs and injuries," and their reparation. These are divided into sixty-three massacoths, or tractates, and contain in all 524 perakim or chapters. "In this book," says an old writer, "the Alcoran of the Jews, framed almost with the same imposture as that of Mahomet, all that now pretend to any learning among them place their studies, and no one can be a master in their schools or a teacher in their Synagogues, who is not well instructed and versed herein; that is, not only in the text, which is the Mishna, but also in the notes, which are the Gemara." "The mode of education," says Mr. Calman, a Christian Jew, "as prescribed in the Talmud, is sufficient to show that it is a very corrupt book,

and the poor Jews very blind to follow it. According to its laws, all instructions from the Bible must be finished when a boy has reached the age of ten years, and the remainder of his education must be derived from the Mishna." The Jews of the present day go still further, withdrawing their children from the Bible at the age of seven or eight, that is, as soon as a boy's mind is capable of understanding the Talmud. When Rabbi Eliczer was ill, his disciples came to visit him, and said to him, Rabbi, teach us the way of life. Among other things he said to them, Prevent your children from reading the Word of God too much, lest they should be carried away after it, and by this you will obtain the life of the future world. "No reward," they say, "is granted by God for the perusal of his Word, but there is for reading the Mishna and the Talmud." "They who resolve," say the Rabbis, "to occupy themselves in reading the Bible, form neither a good measure nor a bad measure; those who resolve to read the Mishna form a good measure, and shall be rewarded of God for it." "My son," says one of the Gemaras, "take heed to what the Scribes have said more than to what is written in the Tora," (Bible, or Law,) "for those commandments written in the Law are only of a positive and negative nature, but those of the Scribes are of such a nature, that if one has broken them he incurs the penalty of death. And if thou sayest, If the precepts of the Scribes are of such importance, why were they not written by Moses? it is because the Preacher said, 'of making many books there is no end.'" The Talmudists place those who are instructed only in the Bible under the class of peasantry, and the Gemara actually enjoins that they should be held in contempt. It compares them to beasts of burden, and says they may be oppressed with impunity. "If a wise man," says the Gemara, "who knows the Talmud," literally, a wise man in the Talmud, "retains anger and revenge like a serpent, associate with him; but if a peasant does not know the Talmud, even if he should be a pious man, dwell not in his neighbourhood, have nothing to do with him." "In short," says Mr. Calman, "the evil influence which the Talmud exerts over the mind and heart can only be known by those who have been taught its precepts, and have been rescued from its corruptions by the light and spirit of the Gospel. Its degrading influence is the main cause of the

degradation of my nation. It not only corrupts the heart, but it subverts the Word of God, which would make them wise unto salvation."

Though most of the Jews are believers in the Talmud, and many of them in the Kabbalah, there are some who do not believe in either. These are the Karaites, or, as the word signifies, Textuarians, or Scripturists, which name has been given from their rejecting tradition, and adherence to the word without note or comment. They are also called Jerusalemites, from the peculiar earnestness with which they bewail the desolations of Zion. Of the Karaites it must be said, as well as of the Talmudists, "their minds are blinded; and when Moses is read, the veil is upon their hearts."

Besides this branch of Rabbinical literature, there is another, which consists of the Targum. This word signifies *interpretation*, and applies to certain versions or paraphrases of the Old Testament, in the Aramean or Chaldee dialect. On the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, it was found that the people had lost, to a great extent, their knowledge of the Hebrew, and that when the Law was read in the Synagogue, it was necessary, as we find recorded in Nehemiah, not only to read the text, but to give the sense.[1] "And Ezra the scribe stood up upon a pulpit of wood, and he opened the book in the sight of all the people, for he was above all the people, and when he opened it, all the people stood up. So they read in the book of the law distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." These oral translations or interpretations came to be committed to writing, and such was the origin of the Jewish Targums. Such at least is the theory of some learned men on this subject.

The principal Targumists were Onkelos, who is said to have been the ancestor of Gamaliel, Paul's instructor, and Jonathan, who is represented as having lived a little before the birth of Christ. As a specimen of these paraphrastic translations, the following is given from Jonathan's Targum of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

"1. Who hath believed these our tidings? and to whom is the strength of the powerful arm of the Lord revealed?

[1] Nehemiah, viii, 8.

"2. The just one shall be great before him, as branches which flourish, and as a tree which sends its roots near streams of waters: thus the holy nation shall be multiplied in the land which wants him. His appearance shall not be a common appearance, nor his reverence as the reverence of a private person; but his beauty shall be the beauty of holiness, that every one who shall see him may contemplate him.

"3. He shall indeed be disesteemed; but he shall obtain the glory of all kingdoms: they shall be weak and afflicted, as a man of pains, and exposed to infirmities. And when he has withdrawn the face of his Shekinah from us, we are despised and reputed as nothing.

"4. Therefore he shall make intercession for our sins, and our transgressions shall be forgiven for his sake: we are looked upon as wounded, stricken from the presence of God, and afflicted.

"5. And he shall build the house of the sanctuary, which was profaned because of our sins, and delivered up because of our iniquities: and by his doctrine, peace shall be multiplied upon us; and when we shall be obedient to his word, our sins shall be forgiven.

"6. We all are as sheep scattered, each one turned his own way; we have gone: and it hath been the good will of the Lord to forgive our sins for his sake.

"7. He has prayed, he has been heard; and before he opened his mouth, he was accepted. The strong of the people he shall deliver as a lamb for a sacrifice, and as a sheep that is silent before the shearer; and there shall be none who shall open his mouth in his presence, and speak a word.

"8. From chastisements and revengings he shall gather our captivity; and the wonderful things which shall be done for us in his days, who is able to recite? For he shall take away the dominion of the nations from the land of Israel; the sins which my people have committed, even upon them shall they come.

"9. And he shall deliver the wicked into hell, and the rich who obtain abundance by hurtful death: that those who practise iniquity may not remain, nor speak deceit in his presence.

"10. It hath been the Lord's pleasure to refine and cleanse the remnant of his people, that he might purify their souls from sin. They shall see the kingdom of their Messiah, and shall prolong their days.

"11. He shall deliver their souls from the subjection of the people; they shall see the revenging of their enemies, they shall be cloyed with the spoil of their kings. By his own wisdom he shall justify the just, that he may subject many to the law; and he shall intercede for their sins.

"12. Therefore I will divide to him the spoil of many people, and the riches of strong States; he shall divide the prey, because he hath given up his soul to death, and subjected transgressors to the law: and he shall intercede for many sins, and they shall be forgiven to transgressors for his sake."

The Jews are divided in opinion respecting the application of this remarkable prophecy. Some apply it to the Messiah, others to the nation. This latter, as I learned from himself, is the opinion of the present chief Rabbi of Jerusalem. It would not be easy to say which of these opinions was held by the Targumist Rabbi Jonathan. It is impossible to compare his paraphrase with the original, or even with our own translation, and not see how effectually he has obscured its meaning and marred its beauty.

But it is not from the Talmud nor from the Targums only that we discover the errors which the Jews hold, and the many and monstrous "inventions" they have "found out;" it is from the Kabbalah, and the Kabbalistic writers. The Kabbalah, which comes from a Hebrew word signifying *to accept*, or *to receive*, may be considered as a *system* of truth, or of what its disciples hold to be truth, and as an *art* for the discovery of truth, or hidden meanings under the Hebrew text of Scripture. The truth or doctrine contained in the Kabbalah, is supposed by some to have been communicated orally by the Creator to Adam, at his creation; and after the fall, in a book called 'Sepher Yetzirah,' Book of the Creation. This book Adam is said to have committed to Shem; by whom it was transmitted to posterity. The 'Zohar,' which may be called the Bible of the Kabbalists, gives the following account of the 'Sepher Yetzirah,' or Book of Creation. During Adam's stay in Paradise, God delivered to him through the holy angel Raziel, the overseer of the heavenly mysteries, a book in which the holy heavenly wisdom was described. That book contained a description of seventy-two kinds of wisdom, in six hundred and seventy-two sections. By means of it, five hundred keys to wisdom were

afforded him, unknown to the holy ones on high, till Adam obtained the book. When Adam had obtained it, the highest angels assembled round him in order to hear wisdom from him. Then the holy angel Hadarniel said to him, "Adam, Adam! keep secret the treasures of thy Lord; for it is not permitted to any of the highest angels to know the treasures of thy Lord besides thee." From that time he kept the book concealed and secret, and made daily use of it, till he was driven out of paradise, when the book disappeared. He then beat his head, and went into the river Gihon till the water reached his neck; and there he remained till the water covered his body with a rust, and his appearance became entirely changed. Then God gave a signal to the angel Raphael, who restored to him the book, which he bequeathed to his son Seth. From Seth it passed to Enoch, and from him to the succeeding generations down to Abraham, who by means of it came to the knowledge of the Lord." Others are of opinion that Abraham was the author of the *Yetzirah*. This they say being lost in Egypt, the truths contained in it were orally revealed to Moses at mount Sinai, and afterwards to Ezra, by whom they were committed to writing on the return from Babylon. The subjects of which the Kabbalistic writings treat, relate to God, angels, and men. Respecting the first, they treat of His Being, attributes, name, and emanations, to which they give the Kabbalistic and mysterious name of Sephiroth. This word, according to some, signifies *relating* or *accounting;* according to others, and with more probability, it signifies a sphere, or globe, God being the centre around which his attributes, emanations, and influences revolve. These Sephiroth are ten in number, and are these: the creative essence, existing under three intelligencies, the first of which they call the *crown*, the second *wisdom*, and the third, *understanding*. The other seven are mercy, strength, glory or beauty, majesty, primeval cause, government or kingdom, and eternity.

Notwithstanding their pretensions to antiquity, the date of the Kabbalistic writings cannot be carried farther back than the first century. I say nothing of the pretensions of the Yetzirah to a divine authorship; its real author was Rabbi Akibah. The Zohar is ascribed to Simeon Ben Jochaides, a pupil of Akibah. It is as an art for discovering the hidden,

and, as its disciples pretend, the true meaning of Scripture, that the Kabbalah is entitled to greatest consideration. Viewed in this light, the Kabbalah is the key of Scripture. There are three ways in which the Kabbalistic art is applied to the discovery of hidden meanings: First, by numeration; that is, by making the letters in a word stand for numerals, and ascertaining the meaning of one word by another, whose letters, considered as numerals, produce the same sum. For example, the word *Shiloh* gives 958; the word *Messiah* gives the same sum, therefore *Shiloh* and *Messiah* are the names of the same person. Second, by transposition. This is equivalent to what is known among us as the Anagram, by which a word, by the transposition of its letters, forms a new word. Thus the first word in the Hebrew Bible, *Beraschit*, "in the beginning," by a slight alteration becomes *Baraschit*, "he has placed the Son." By transposition it becomes *Beritheash*, "a covenant of fire." The word *Messiah* when transposed becomes *Isheme*, "he shall receive." Third, by extraction and combination. In this way one word is formed by letters extracted from several.

The importance attached by the Talmudists to the study of the Talmud, is not greater than that attached by the Kabbalists to the study of the Kabbalah. "Whosoever," says Rabbi Joseph Taru, "addicts himself to the study of the law and not the Kabbalah, of him Solomon says, (Prov. i, 22,) 'How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?' that is, to occupy your time with the simple meaning of the words of the Holy Scriptures. 'Turn ye at my instruction,' of the Kabbalah; 'I will pour out my Spirit unto you, and will make known to you my doctrine,' namely, the mysteries which are hid in the sense of the letter. Moreover, when Solomon says, (Prov. xviii, 2,) 'A fool has no delight in understanding,' he means thereby that the fool will not comprehend the Kabbalistic mysteries, but the mere verbal sense of the law." "Whosoever," says the learned Peter Beer, in his history of the Kabbalah, as quoted by the 'Voice of Israel,' "whosoever is unable to prove, after death, that he had occupied himself with the Kabbalah during his life upon earth, however much good he may have effected, he will not only lose his reward, but has besides to expect the most terrible judgments after death." "When the soul," says Rabbi Simeon in Zohar, "appears in the other world

after the death of the body, two angels, Yophiel and Seraphiel, meet the same, and ask whether it had been occupied in the Kabbalah during its abode in the lower world. If this can be proved, it is rewarded; if not, it is punished."

As the reader is, no doubt, by this time heartily tired of the Kabbalah, I shall only quote the following instance of its reveries; after which I shall not detain him longer in the library of Rabbi Nathan Koronel, or with any further account of Rabbinical literature. "Before God created the world," says Zophar, the Bible of the Kabbalists, "he conversed with the letters of the alphabet. When he had determined to create the world, all the letters of the alphabet presented themselves, and each besought God to begin with it in the creation of the world. The *Tau* came first, and said, Lord of the world, let the world be created by me, (that is, grant that I may be the first letter in the Pentateuch,) for I am the last letter in the motto of thy seal." The Kabbalists suppose that on the seal of God the motto TRUTH is engraven, and for the reason that the three letters which form that word in Hebrew, form the beginning, middle, and ending of the alphabet. "God replied, Thy request cannot be granted thee, because thou art the last letter in the word *death*, *Mot*. Thus all the rest presented themselves, and each gave its reason why the *Tora* should begin with it, and each was refused for some opposite reason. Finally the letter BETH appeared, to which God granted the request, and began the *Tora* with it in the word *Bereshith*, because that letter is likewise first in the word *Berechah*, blessing. This was a cause of great provocation to *Aleph*, which represented to God, that whereas it was the first letter in the alphabet it was due that the *Tora* should begin with it. To appease this letter, God said to it, Thou art not wrong, my dear child; but since I have already bestowed that honour upon *Beth*, I can no more take it back; but as a compensation, thou shalt be the first of all the numbers, and the first letter in the ten commandments. For this cause the decalogue does indeed begin with the letter *Aleph*, in the word *Anochi*."[1]

[1] The Kabbalists say that the letters and marks of which Holy Writ consists, correspond to the emanations of the Divinity. For more of this, see Peter Beer on Kabbalism, and the 'Voice of Israel' for 1846.

Such is a specimen of the husks of which the Jews do eat; of the "fables and endless genealogies, the philosophy and vain deceit, the traditions of men, and the elements of the world," of which the writings of the Talmudists and Kabbalists are full; and which constituted the literary treasures of my poor friend, Rabbi Nathan Koronel.

At half-past nine, Hassan and I set out for Bethlehem, which, riding, at a slow pace, we reached at eleven. It is situated on the ridge of a hill, which extends from east to west. Fair enough to see without, Bethlehem is a miserable town within. It consists of one principal street, at the east end of which are the Latin, Greek, and Armenian convents, with the church of St. Mary, or of the Nativity. The church is laid with marble, and is supported by two rows of Corinthian pillars of the same material, amounting in all to forty. Over one of the doors I observed an image of the Virgin, with the words beneath it, "Pray for us, holy Mother of God!" A painting of her in another place has these words inscribed on it, "THOU ART ALL FAIR." This inscription is frequently to be found on the images and pictures of the Virgin Mary in Italy, and is intended to teach the doctrine of her immaculate conception and impeccability.

From the church I was conducted through a long, low, narrow, dark subterranean passage to the cave of the Nativity. Here sixteen lamps, suspended from the roof, are kept continually burning. A silver star is painted on the floor, and here these words are written: "HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST:" Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary. A little to the left is a manger, cut out of the rock and encased with marble, in which he is said to have been laid. We have seen the uncertainty that rests on the spot where our Lord was buried; the same uncertainty rests on the spot where he was born. That this was the precise spot, we have no evidence but that of tradition; which, as in the case of the Sepulchre, agrees neither with facts, history, nor Scripture. We have no intimation in Scripture that our Lord was born in a cave; nor, though this is asserted in our version, was he laid in a *manger*. The word thus rendered signifies the place where the cattle and camels lodged, not the crib or trough, out of which they fed. The place was in all likelihood a building,

consisting of four walls, without roof, such as we see adjoining the khans or inns of the East at the present day. It is worthy of notice, that the place where the wise men found "the young child with Mary his mother," and where "they fell down and worshipped him," and where, opening their treasures, they presented unto him "gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh," was "a house,"[1] from which we may infer that the piety or humanity of the people provided soon for them a more suitable lodging than with the beasts of the stall. Yet tradition, which has brought Golgotha and the Sepulchre under one roof, has placed the stable in which our Lord was born, and the house in which he was found by the wise men, in one cave. This uncertainty as to the precise spot on which this unparalleled event took place, I need scarcely say, could not affect its certainty or importance. The cave, or, as it is called, the Grotto of the Nativity, served to remind me of the lines of Luther:

"Was never wonder known like this,
Since first the world began,
As that the Son of God should be
Of woman born a man.

Had he not stooped so low as this,
And thus for us been born,
Woe unto us, lost men, our case
Had truly been forlorn!

But death, nor woe, nor evil now,
Can ever us befall;
Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ
Will shield our souls from all."

On our return I was shown a small recess or chamber, called Jerome's School. Here that learned Father lived, and composed several of his works, one of which was the translation of the Hebrew Bible into Latin, which he commenced between the years A.D. 385 and 400. As an instance of the diligence and the rapidity with which he executed this great work, it is said he finished Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon, in three days, and Tobit, on which it is to be regretted the good

[1] Matthew, ii, 11.

Father should have wasted his oil and his labour, in one. There is a rude painting of Jerome, engaged in his translation on the wall, which suggested to me Luther engaged in a similar work in the castle of Wartburg.

On returning to the church, I found a monk waiting for me with an invitation from the Superior of the Armenian Convent to visit him. On entering his rooms, which were near the roof of the Convent, he received me courteously, and ordered coffee. He asked me several questions about England, and the object of my visit to Palestine. I had a copy of Wylie's 'Modern Judea' in my hand, which attracted his curiosity; but he knew as little of the English as I did of the Armenian. It had a map, on which I pointed out, greatly to the delight of the monks, the situation of Bethlehem; and which, finding they had no maps of Palestine, I left with them. They pointed out from the convent roof the principal places in the surrounding country. Near at hand was the "field," in which the angel announced to the shepherds the birth of the Saviour. It was cultivated, and waving with tall grass of a rich green. Eastward, in the direction of the Dead Sea, the waters of which some have seen from the convent walls, the view was extensive; but the country was rocky and bare, and had all the appearance, as I have no doubt it had many of the attributes, of the Desert.

Descending from the convent roof, one of the guides, Joseph by name, whispered to me that he had a house in the town, where he made and sold beads, crucifixes, and articles of a similar description, and requested me to go with him and see them. I told him I was a Protestant, that I neither used a crucifix nor counted beads, and did not approve of such things. He then said he had things for Protestants as well as Catholics. In an evil hour I consented to go and see his house and wares; I say evil, for he had a wife and three children; and, showing me shells and spoons, cups made of bitumen from the Dead Sea, and boxes of mother-of-pearl from the Red Sea, he said he was sure I would buy some for his wife and children's sake. I bought several things, for which I gave him more than their value. This, however, did not satisfy Joseph. First came his wife, who was a fine young woman, having all the appearance of one of my own Scottish country-women; and then came his

children, each of whom presented me with some trifling article of his workmanship, in return for which I was expected to give them a bakshish. Having silenced if not satisfied Joseph and his family within, I had a severer ordeal yet to pass through without. Multitudes of the Bethlehemites were assembled with mountains of trinkets at the door, all of whom, on my appearing, opened on me in full cry. It was impossible to buy from them all, so I judged it the safest policy to buy from none. It was not without some difficulty that I escaped to my house and got off. The inhabitants of Bethlehem are nearly all Christians, and consist of about two thousand.

In ten minutes I reached the great road between Hebron and Jerusalem, near to the junction of which and the road to Bethlehem, is Rachel's Tomb. Here I spent a few minutes and gathered a few flowers, which I brought away with me as memorials of my visit to the grave of Rachel. The tomb in its present form is quite a modern building, having been erected in 1841 by Sir Moses Montefiore of London. It consists of two parts, one of which is properly the tomb, and which is covered by a cupola; and another which constitutes a hall, or court of entrance. This part of the building only is open. The tomb has a grated door of iron, looking through which I saw an earthen jar, and which I think was the only thing in it. There is a well at the outside, but it had no water. The walls of the outer court were covered with names and inscriptions, one of which was a singular one. It was a quotation in Latin from the Gospel of John in these words: "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin.[1] We arrived at Jerusalem at half-past two, our visit to Bethlehem having occupied five hours. At four o'clock I went to the Place of Wailing, where I witnessed a scene similar to what I have described in my first visit. Here I was joined by the two Bavarians. The simple hearted Germans were deeply affected with what they saw and heard at the Place of Wailing, "Ach, ach!" said Schifferle, in a mixture of German and Latin, "*Miserabile visu! miserabile visu!* This is a sad sight!" This indeed it was. The following lament is said to be chanted here by the Karaite Jews on particular occasions:

[1] John, xv, 22.

"On account of the palace which is laid waste,
We sit down alone and weep:
On account of the temple which is destroyed,
We sit down alone and weep.

On account of the walls which are broken down,
We sit down alone and weep:
On account of the precious stones which are buried,
We sit down alone and weep.

On account of our majesty which is gone,
We sit down alone and weep:
On account of the priests who have stumbled,
We sit down alone and weep.

We beseech thee, have mercy upon Zion!
Gather the children of Jerusalem:
Make haste, Redeemer of Zion!
A Branch shall spring forth at Jerusalem."

I have seen other laments which they are said to chant here in chorus, but I did not hear them. On both occasions when I was at the Place of Wailing, they had no set words, but every one in his own words and in his own way gave utterance to his own sorrow. After remaining a short time I came away, leaving the poor Jews weeping there "as they remembered Zion."

Next morning I called on Rabbi Nathan, but though it was only a few minutes past seven, he had left his house for the Synagogue. Trusting to fall in with some Jew on his way to it, I set out alone to the Jewish quarter. I overtook one as I expected, who took me to several private ones, and at last to the great Synagogue. It was a large octagonal building, capable of containing four or five hundred worshippers; and large as it was, it was densely crowded. Besides the floor, which was filled with the men and boys, there was a concealed gallery with wooden lattices, for the women, by means of which they saw and heard. The pulpit was nearly in the centre; it did not so much resemble our pulpits, as the benches round them. There were six readers. The part they read was the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus. The congregation had all Bibles, or Old Testaments. They prayed standing. At the

close of the service, the ministers read the twenty-ninth Psalm. The congregation then repeated the "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts!" from Isaiah. One of the priests, carrying the Law in his hand, now moved to the door, where he stood till the people went out. Some touched the Law with their hand, others kissed it as they passed. They had a white cloth on their heads, which it is not usual for them to wear on other days. I had never seen so many Jews assembled in one place before, and I never saw, any where or among any people, finer or nobler looking men. Some Americans were present, and with them a Mr. Sanyianki, a Christian Jew, connected with the English Church at Jerusalem.

Mr. Sanyianki, who seemed to be on the most friendly terms with his "kinsmen according to the flesh," took us in the course of the day to several of their houses. The first was the house of the chief Rabbi. We asked him, through Mr. Sanyianki, how he could reconcile certain passages of the Old Testament with his belief that the Messiah had not yet come. His answers were frank and ready, but I need scarcely say far from satisfactory. He spoke, perhaps out of courtesy to us, without the least bitterness, and with something even of respect for the character of Jesus, and went nearly so far as to admit that he was unjustly condemned. There was something, however, very sad and hopeless in his calmness on this subject. If it did not arise from an utter indifference, it evinced something like a settled unbelief. He had a wife and daughter, both of whom had a ladylikeness in their manners, though they had little or nothing of this in their dress or appearance.

Our next visit was to the house of one who had the reputation of being the richest Jew in Jerusalem. His family consisted of his wife and a son. I have seen in a pictorial book on Jerusalem a drawing, said to be of this family and the interior of their dwelling. If it were, the artist was certainly no Pre-Raphaelite, for no two things could be more unlike than the actual and the ideal. I saw houses inhabited by Jews in Damascus, elegantly built and richly furnished, but I saw no such houses on the hill of Zion. The house of this opulent Jew, this Rothschild of Jerusalem, consisted of two apartments, plainly and poorly furnished, and was exactly like the room and kitchen of one of our ordinary English or Scottish workmen. He

had a daughter married in Jerusalem, to whose house we paid our next visit. It consisted of only one apartment. She had several children, one of whom, a girl about eleven, was remarkably beautiful. Her eyelids were painted or dyed with a black powder called *kohhl*. This custom of painting or dyeing the eyelids is almost universal in Egypt at the present day, and among Moslem women in the East. If we may judge, however, from the allusions to it in the Bible, and from its having been followed by Jezebel[1] and the "evil woman,"[2] it does not seem to have been adopted by the true daughters of Abraham.

It was now within a fortnight of the Jewish Passover, and we found several families beginning to put their houses in order for its approach. It begins on the fifteenth day of the month Nisan, or April, and continues seven days. A day or two before its commencement, they search their houses for leavened bread, which, having collected all they can find, they burn. Unleavened bread is now prepared, and the houses, with every article of furniture, washed and cleansed. On the fourteenth, the first-born son of each family fasts, in remembrance of the night when the first-born of Israel were preserved, and the first-born of the Egyptians perished. The day on which the Passover commences is ushered in with prayer. At night it is kept with the following ceremonies. A table is covered with a white linen cloth, and three plates are placed upon it. In one, they put three cakes of unleavened bread; in another, an egg and the shoulder-bone of a lamb; in the third, a cup of salt and water, bitter herbs, and a compound of almonds and apples, in the form of a brick, and having the appearance of lime or mortar, to remind them of their affliction and hard service in the "land of Egypt and house of bondage." Wine-cups are also placed on the table, and every one who sits at it drinks four cups. The wine is made of raisins and water. Certain psalms are read, blessings pronounced, and, in answer to the question put by one of the children, "What mean ye by this service?"[3] a historical relation is given of its institution and import. At the close of the feast, a cup called Elijah's Cup is placed on the table, and the door being thrown open, all eyes are turned in that direction, and Elijah is expected to enter, to announce the approach of the Messiah. Such is what

[1] 2 Kings, ix, 30. [2] Prov. vi, 25. [3] Ex. xii, 26.

John significantly calls the "Jews' Passover."[1] Once it was the "Lord's Passover;" now it is a poor, dark, dead ordinance of man, without use or meaning. Thus are the Jews still in

> "The darkness and the cloud,
> As over Sinai's peaks of old,
> While Israel made their gods of gold,
> Although the trumpet blew so loud."

For such is, and such ever will be,

> "the judgment of the skies:
> Who hates the truth shall be the dupe of lies."

Having ended our visits to the Jewish houses in Jerusalem, I went out alone to the Hill of Evil Counsel. Over against me, separated by the valley of Gihon, were the mounts Zion and Moriah. The former is somewhat the higher of the two. The best view of Zion is from the Hill of Evil Counsel; the best view of Moriah is from mount Olivet. From the Hill of Evil Counsel I descended to Aceldama; and, crossing the valley of Hinnom, went up to the Pool of Siloam. While breaking a piece from off one of its broken pillars, of which there are nine on each side of the reservoir, and one in the centre, I ruffled the skin of one of my fingers. Seeing it bleeding, an Arab who was standing by, plucking a leaf from one of the plants that were growing by the brink of the fountain, told me to apply it to the wound, and it would stop the bleeding. I did so, and the bleeding ceased immediately. He offered me two small coins, which he said were as old as the days of David and Solomon. I bought them, though I did not believe they were quite so old as he said. In return for his prescription for my bleeding finger, I gave a few piastres to a little boy he had with him. I made a practice of always showing kindness to children in the East. Trifles in childhood make a lasting impression. I shall never see that poor Moslem boy again; but when he is a man, he may think more favourably of Christianity, for the sake of the Christian pilgrim who spoke to him kindly, and gave him the piastres at the Pool of Siloam.

At half-past five the same evening, I went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Armenians had possession of it for the day, and were reading prayers and waving smoking censers

[1] John, ii, 13.

before the Sepulchre. Crowds were going up and down, kissing the stones and the sacred places. I recognised some dark faces I had seen the previous year in Egypt, and among the rest, that of Arminius, a young Coptic Christian, who, as dragoman to my friends the Churtons, had travelled with us through the Desert. Poor Arminius! he had just arrived from Cairo through the Long Desert with an Englishman, who, if I mistake not, was about to join the church of Rome in Jerusalem, and who "had kept back by fraud" more than half of the hire for which Arminius had engaged to conduct him to Jerusalem. "Ah," said Arminius, "he not like Mr. Churton!"

Going into the chapel of the Latins, which is one of the smallest there, kneeling before a dimly lighted shrine in his pilgrim's garb, was Antone! At the Stone of Unction I met the Bavarians, and asked Schifferle what he thought of all this. "Ach, ach!" he said, "*multae ceremoniae, nulla simplicitas!* Many ceremonies, no simplicity." In the midst of all, Captain Borrowes, an Irishman, was measuring the distance from the Sepulchre to Calvary, which he said was 48 yards. Hundreds of lamps, many of them gold and silver, were blazing within; but as the brightening blaze within warned me that the shadows were falling darkly from Olivet without, I withdrew from the so-called Church of the Holy Sepulchre, glad that the day approaching was the Christian Sabbath.

On Monday, March 31st, going down the narrow, ill-paved, and gloomy *Via Dolorosa* or Street of Sorrow, passing the house of Pilate, the arch of the *Ecce Homo*, the pool of Bethesda, and going out at St. Stephen's Gate, I crossed the Kidron, now dry, as it usually is, save during the rains of winter, and took my way from Gethsemane over the mount of Olives to Bethany, "the town of Mary and her sister Martha." Having taken the road that passes round the southern flank of the mountain on a former occasion, I now took the steeper and more northern one, which leads right up and over it. On reaching the western summit of the hill, I looked into the 'Church of the Ascension,' where they show the print of a foot, said to have been made by our Saviour when he ascended into heaven. Though the summit of the mountain is about a mile, or 'Sabbath-day's journey'[1] from Jerusalem, there is no

[1] Acts, i, 12.

evidence that this was the exact spot on which the Ascension took place. From the Gospel of Luke, it would seem to have taken place nearer Bethany, for it is there said, "He led them out as far as to Bethany."[1] As to the foot-print, there can be no doubt as to its being a monkish invention.

From the summit, which is nearly five hundred feet above the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and nearly two hundred feet higher than the highest part of Mount Zion, making a slight detour to the north, and proceeding southward for about half a mile, we came to Bethany. From the word, which signifies the "house of dates," Bethany must at one time have been famous for its palm trees. Of these we did not observe any now, but it is surrounded by olives, almonds, and pomegranates, which were putting forth their green leaves and their deep red blossoms. The "voice of the turtle," it is said, is still "heard in the land," but I did not hear it. I once heard the cuckoo in the deep glens between mount Hor and the mountains of Edom, but I seldom heard the voice of any singing bird in Palestine.[2] On entering Bethany, which is now a small miserable village, consisting of twelve or fourteen houses and some ruins, an Arab woman came out of one of the houses with a pitcher of water in her hand, and offered it to us to drink, saying, "*Taib, taib:* good, good." On the road-side is the so-called tomb of Lazarus, which we looked into, but did not enter. It has no resemblance to the tombs about Jerusalem, and is in all probability the work of after ages. On an eminence near it is a ruin, said to be the house of Simon the leper, where they made Jesus a supper, where Martha served, and where Mary broke that box of ointment,[3] the odour of which filled the house, and which may be said to have filled the world. What an impulse to the heart and hand of charity was given by that single deed! As the small stone cast into the sea stirs it to its lowest depths and to its farthest shore, that one act has stirred the heart of the Church in every age, and will continue to do so "wherever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world." Thus, in a higher sense than the poet dreamed of,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

I did not see, and I did not ask to see the house, said to be the house of Lazarus and his sisters, but who could be in

[1] Luke, xxiv, 50. [2] Jer. iv, 25–27. [3] Worth £10 in our money.

Bethany and not think of that gentle three and their happy home? Honoured, holy, and happy though that home was, it was not without its trials and sorrows. Lazarus is sick, and He who loved him is absent. A messenger is sent to say "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick." The messenger returns, but Jesus is not with him. "When he heard that he was sick, he abode two days in the place where he was." How they understood our Lord's message is not clear. Did they conclude from it that he was to recover? If such was their hope, it was not to be realised. From that moment he grows worse, and now they can no longer conceal it from themselves. Lazarus is dying. It is still the evening on which the messenger returned: what means the wailing from yon once happy dwelling? what mean the lights hurrying to and fro across the vine-clad lattice? Lazarus is dead: the pillar on which the two sisters leaned is broken; the arm that protected them is low: the heart that loved them is cold; the threefold cord is broken: it is night in their dwelling.

Returning from Bethany we met some Arab women coming from Jerusalem. They had what Isaiah calls "the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet," and tires of silver coins on their heads "like the moon." They had "bracelets" also on their arms, some of which were made of silver, others of horn. I purchased for a few piastres one of the latter, which with a branch of the almond tree and a few pebbles, I brought away as memorials of Bethany, or, as it is now called in honour of Lazarus, *El Lazariyeh*.

We were now on what was at one time the great highway between Jerusalem and Jericho. A few minutes brought us in sight of the former. How often here must the tribes, going up to the house of the Lord, have paused, as

> "Underneath them fair Jerusalem,
> The holy city, lifted high her towers,
> And higher yet the glorious temple reared
> Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
> Of alabaster tipp'd with golden spires."

Descending the mountain with the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the Kidron on our left, we came to Gethsemane. The door of the garden wall being shut, and having no order from

the Latin convent, I had no expectation of being admitted. I knocked, however, and to my surprise the door was thrown open, not by the sulky and surly Spanish monk who had the charge of it when I was last here, but by a Piedmontese, who politely invited me to enter. Once more I am treading the Garden of Sorrow; and, seated beneath the aged olive trees by which it is shaded, I am musing on the mysterious agony of which it was the scene. The cause of the agony, whether immediate suffering or the prospect of suffering, is not very clear. Our commentators, who are wonderfully deficient in *ideality*, are on this, as they are on all such subjects, superficial and unsatisfactory. Whatever may have been the cause, it was employed against him as a temptation. With temptation our Lord's public life commenced, and with temptation it closed. The first temptation, it has been justly said by Olshausen, was a temptation of desire; the second, a temptation of dismay. I have not seen it any where noticed, but I think it worthy of notice, that both temptations consisted of three acts, or assaults. The dread with which our Lord was filled in his last temptation, according to some, was a dread, not so much of suffering, as of failing. This opinion receives some countenance from the words of the Apostle: "Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that, [or, from that] which he feared."[1] Thus was

> "Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
> By one man's firm obedience fully tried
> Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd,
> In all his wiles defeated and repulsed,
> And Eden raised."

No place in Jerusalem has such a softening and subduing influence on the traveller as Gethsemane. The cup of his Redeemer's sufferings seems to rise on his view; the prayer thrice repeated, but in vain, "O my Father, let this cup pass from me!" seems as if still poured out in the olive shade, and the green sod seems as if crimsoned still with the great drops of blood that on that night of fear were here seen "falling to

[1] Hebrews, v, 7.

the ground." I have seen careless, thoughtless looks, and heard loud and careless voices in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but I never saw one who was not awed into silence and seriousness in the Garden of Gethsemane. I brought away with me a few branches of its aged olives as memorials of a spot I am not likely to visit again, but whither I shall often in spirit

> "a while repair,
> To dwell a weeping hermit there."

In the afternoon of the same day I went out at the north or Damascus Gate, and, after wandering about for some time among the olives and ruins with which this part of Jerusalem is widely covered, I crossed a corn-field, and, passing the Gate of Bethlehem, went down into the valley of Gihon. The bed of the valley was partly covered with corn, and here and there with patches of verdure. Two cows were grazing on the latter; an Arab boy was tending them. Seating myself on a large loose stone I called to him, "*Ya Wullad, taal hennee:*" Come here, my little fellow. Leaving his cows and seating himself beside me, we had the following conversation:

"What is your name?" "Muhammad."

"What is your religion?" "Muslim."

"Where will you go when you die?" "To Jenneh, (heaven)."

"Will the *Nassara* (Christians) go to Jenneh when they die?" "No."

"Where will they go to?" "To Jehenneh (hell)."

"Why must they go to Jehenneh?" "They are bad."

"Why do you call them bad?" "They do not pray to Mohammed."

"You have heard of *Isa* (Jesus)?" "Yes."

"Was Isa good? "Yes, Isa good."

"Did Isa go to heaven?" "Yes."

"If Isa went to heaven, and if the Nusranee be like Isa, why may not the Nusranee get to heaven also:" To this Muhammad gave no answer.

On parting I gave him a piastre and said, "Am I bad, now, Muhammad?" Poor Muhammad smiled and said, "No, no; good, good." Notwithstanding the hatred with which the

Mohammedans are taught to regard Christians, they are taught by the Koran to honour Christ; and, next to Mohammed, they rank him among the greatest of the prophets. Not only do they believe in his first advent, but they believe that he will come a second time, when he will destroy Antichrist, and unite the Mohammedan and the Christian religions in one. It is said that the mother of Mohammed was a Jewess, converted to Christianity. This may account for his acquaintance with the Bible, and the respect, such as it is, with which he speaks throughout the Koran of Christ. After parting with little Muhammad, who will perhaps remember when he is a man the conversation he had with the Nusranee in the valley of Gihon, and not think the worse of Christianity for his sake, I continued my course till I came to Aceldama and the well of Enrogel. I came next to the Pool of Siloam, where for the last time I drank of its waters. From the Pool there are two paths into the city; one along the bed of the Kidron, and the other, which is more direct, but steep, up the south side of Moriah. I took the latter. On the west of the path, near the top, was a field of barley, which from the nature of the soil, the debris or rubbish of the buildings with which it was at one time covered, was short and thin. I plucked a few stalks having the full corn in the ear.

Wearied with my wanderings for the day, I rested here for a while, to gaze and muse on the scene on which I was never, in all likelihood, to look again. The Kidron, the valley of Jehoshaphat, and mount Olivet, were on my left; Hinnom, Aceldama, the hill of Evil Counsel, in front; Moriah, and Zion, "ploughed as a field," on my right; the walls of the city and the site of the Temple immediately behind. It was about half-past five. The sun was sinking behind Zion. A tree here and a rock there had caught a gleam from its farewell radiance, but the sharpening outline of the "mountains round about Jerusalem,"[1] and the deepening gloom of the valleys, soon warned me to enter the city.

Passing the Golden Gate, (which is now closed, and respecting which the Mohammedans have a tradition, that should it ever be opened, the Christians will enter it and take possession of Jerusalem,) and the Turkish burying-ground which is near

[1] Psalm lxxv, 2.

it, and taking a long last look of the Garden of Gethsemane in the hollow beneath it, I enter the Gate of St. Stephen, and am once more treading the Street of Sorrow. At first, owing to their irregularity, I had some difficulty in finding my way through the streets of Jerusalem; but I fixed on certain private marks, which were of great use in directing me. At one turning there was a kaffairé, or café, a large square building without furniture, having an earthen floor, in the centre of which was a hearth or fire with a boiler of coffee, and rows of small coffee-cups on the walls. This was one of my marks. At another, there was a shop kept by a little man with a blue abia and a dark turban, from which I knew him to be a Christian. He had dark sparkling eyes, and such a speaking smiling face, that it was impossible to pass his shop without bowing to him. He was one of the first persons who attracted my notice on my first visit to Jerusalem; and the first person I looked for on my second visit was this same little shopkeeper. There he was, with the same blue abia, dark turban, and the same smiling face as before. Morning early, or evening late, I never saw his shop but it was open; and I never passed it, but, squatting behind it, he was there: this was my second mark. As his shop was at one of the most perplexing parts, I have sometimes been at a loss whether to proceed or return, when, going a few steps forward, there was the little shopkeeper. He little knew why I was so glad to see him, or how useful he had been to me as a street-guide in Jerusalem. Such is the benefit of being always at one's post, and in one's proper place. A great moral may be learned from this little shopkeeper. At last, however, I came to find my way mechanically. Though it was this evening nearly dark before I returned to the inn, I made my way to it without difficulty. Such was the last of my WALKS ABOUT JERUSALEM.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM JERUSALEM TO JOPPA AND HOME.

DESOLATE, oh desolate, is Jerusalem! Whether we look on it from "the mountains that are round about it," or walk through its streets, it is difficult to believe it was once the "joy of the whole earth,"[1] or that without a miracle it can ever be the joy of the earth again. Desolate, however, though it be, there are few who have not left it without regret, and who would not be delighted to visit it again:

> "Let what will lure our onward way,
> FAREWELL'S a bitter word to say."

I never found this so true of any place as Jerusalem when I left it in 1850, and I felt its truth again, when, on the morning of April 1st, 1851, I was gazing on its grey walls at the gate of Bethlehem; and when setting my face to the sea, I bade it a long and a last adieu.

Passing the upper pool of Gihon, and along a bare and stony tract of country for about an hour, we came to what my friend and former fellow-traveller, Mr. Churton, in his beautiful and valuable work, 'The Land of the Morning,' (which, for my own and my reader's sake I could wish I had seen at the beginning instead of the end of this work,) calls "the rich and beautiful valley and village of Callonia,[2] rich with young olives, figs,

[1] Lamentations, ii, 15.

Its name on the map is Kaloniyah; the history of this village I have not been able to ascertain. As Dr. Wilson suggests, it was probably some Roman colony: hence its name.

vines, pomegranates, quince in flower, and lemon trees." The lemon trees lined the road for a considerable way, delighting the eye with their deep green leaves. Here we met a pilgrim from Austria. He had travelled on foot from Joppa, and was weary and faint; but when I told him that in a few minutes he would see Jerusalem, his eye brightened and his toils were forgotten.

Ascending the hill, we passed Kaloniyah on the right, which we did not enter. A little way farther on we entered another valley, called by some Wady Beit Hanina, from a village of this name on the face of the hill; and by others the Vale of Turpentine, from the abundance of its turpentine trees. This was long supposed to be the valley of Elah, where Goliath of Gath defied the armies of Israel, and where David with a sling and a stone from the brook slew the monster warrior in battle.[1] This opinion is now, however, given up, and the valley of Elah is sought for a few miles farther south. A gentle brook runs through the vale of Turpentine, but travellers do not now seek to find in it the smooth stones, with one of which David slew Goliath.

From Wady Beit Hanina, a ride of half an hour among lonely and gloomy mountains brought us to the valley of Jeremiah, the birth-place of the weeping prophet being supposed by the monks, but erroneously, to have been in this neighbourhood. As we descended into the open plain, a few solitary pillars, not far from the road-side on the left, attracted our attention.

Some miles farther down the valley, was a more conspicuous and commanding object. This was a lofty and conical height, on which stands the modern Soba, which Dr. Robinson identifies with the ancient Ramathaim-zophim, the dwelling-place of Elkanah, the father of Samuel.[2]

On the other side of the valley, and directly in front of us, was the village of Kuryet-el-Enab, the City of Grapes, supposed by some to be Emmaus, where our Lord made himself known to the two disciples in the "breaking of bread." Emmaus is said by Luke, to have been "from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs;"[3] Kuryet-el-Enab is about the same

[1] 1 Samuel, xvii, 49. [2] 1 Samuel, i, 1.

[3] Luke, xxiv, 13.

distance. There is no evidence, however, that the two places are the same, or that the way I had come from Jerusalem was that *Via Sacra* to which the disciples referred when they said, "Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures!" Kuryet-el-Enab has been shown by Dr. Robinson to be Kirjath-jearim, where the ark, after its recovery from the Philistines, "abode in the house of Abinadab on the hill,"[1] for a long period of years. It is now a small, and, I need scarcely add, miserable village, (for which of the cities of Judah are not so?) but is beautifully situated on the hill, with a long sunny valley sloping away to the south beneath it, and is sheltered by a clump of stately trees. Its principal building is a Christian church, which, though forsaken, is externally in a remarkably good state of preservation. Its walls and roof, several pillars, and the western window, of beautiful workmanship, are entire. Patches of paint of a light blue colour, and pictures of saints, partially preserved, are yet visible on the walls within. It was melancholy to see what had once been a Christian church now used as a fold for cattle.

Ascending the hill, several bleak valleys were seen stretching far away on our right. Eastward of them, and remaining in sight nearly all day, were the lofty heights of Mizpah and Beth-horon. Between Kuryet-el-Enab and Saris, the road for a considerable way on both sides was covered with a white rose, resembling the wild rose of our own country.

Beyond Saris we entered Wady Ali, remarkable for the softness and grandeur of its scenery. It was not the grandeur of the scenery, however, that occupied our thoughts; it was the events it had witnessed on a day of which it is said, "there was no day like that before or after it." This was the day on which, at the command of Joshua, the "sun stood still on Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon."[2] Yalo, supposed to be the ancient Ajalon, was now on our right, and Latrun, or the Castle of the Good Robber, so called from its being supposed to be built near the birth-place of the penitent thief, was on our left. Our time did not permit us to visit either of these places.

Westward of Yalo is the small village of Beitnuba, a place

[1] 1 Samuel, vii, 1. [2] Joshua, x, 12.

of some importance in the days of the Crusaders. An English army, under Richard Cœur de Lion, having wrested Joppa and Ascalon from the "usurping infidel" in 1192, proceeded thus far on their way to Jerusalem, when, checked by the genius of Saladin, or divisions among their Christian allies, they returned to the coast. Richard, it is said, ascending one of the mountain heights in the neighbourhood, had a distant view of Jerusalem. When he reflected how far he had come, and what he had done and suffered to enter its walls, and that this was not in his power, he hid his face in his hands and wept.

A little way farther on we passed Amwas, the Nicopolis of the Romans, and in the times of the Crusaders believed to be the Emmaus of the New Testament. "Here," says the old historian of one of their expeditions, "they were met by a deputation of the Christians from Bethlehem, praying for immediate aid against the oppression of the infidels. The very name of Bethlehem, the birth-place of the Saviour, was music to their ears, and many of them wept with joy to think they were approaching a spot so hallowed. Albert of Ala informs us that their hearts were so touched, that sleep was banished from the camp; and instead of waiting till the morning's dawn to commence their march, they set out shortly after midnight, full of hope and enthusiasm."

I was now out of the hill-country of Judea, and far away before me stretched the magnificent plain of Sharon. Apparently only a short way off, rose the minarets and towers of Er Ramleh. I might have been taught before this the difference between the apparent and the real distance of places in the East, but in the case of Ramleh I was deceived again. It appeared only about five miles off, but it was at least eight. I have had many a rougher ride, but what with the hardness of my saddle and the shortness of my stirrups, in consequence of which my knees were nearly doubled up, I have seldom had a wearier one than from Amwas to Ramleh. The plain of Sharon, besides its great extent, its length from Carmel to Gaza being nearly a hundred miles, is remarkably fertile; but it is well nigh solitary, and silence and sadness reign even over this fairest spot of "Immanuel's Land." It was every where decked with flowers of white and red colours, but the rose, for which it was once so famous, I could no where discover. Passing a

few wretched hovels a little to the right, a little girl, with delicate features and pensive dark eyes, came out of one of them with a pitcher of water, which she offered me to drink. I was about to pass on, when, struck by her resemblance to a near relative of my own, I halted and took the pitcher from her hand. Giving her a small bakshish, the little Syrian girl returned delighted to her mother's dwelling, while I continued my way, dreaming of

> "The banks and bonny braes,
> Which had gladdened my childhood's careless days."

About five P.M., having been nearly ten hours on the way, I arrived at the gate of the convent at Ramleh. It was shut, and there was neither sight nor sound to indicate that it was inhabited by any human being. Having knocked at the gate several times and waited some minutes, a monk appeared on the house-top, and asked me who I was, and what I wanted. I said I was an Englishman, on my way from Jerusalem to Joppa, and I wanted to know if I could lodge for the night at the convent. He replied, "Sicuro, Signor." Certainly, Sir. The gate was then thrown open, and we were admitted. I was led to my apartments, which were on the ground floor. The dining room had the usual *deewan*, or sofa-like seats, along the walls. While dinner was preparing, I threw myself down on one of them, and was soon fast asleep. Awaking in about an hour, I felt myself benumbed and chill, and, on looking up, found that the windows on both sides were broken, and that I had been sleeping beneath a current of air. Hassan and a young Spaniard, Martin Figueras to name, had now brought in my dinner, which consisted of a piece of mutton and potatoes, which we had brought with us from Jerusalem. I had just seated myself at the table, when, in through the broken windows, rushed six or seven cats, answering the description which Thomson in the 'Seasons' gives of the famished wolves, "bony, gaunt, and grim," and, leaping on the table, laid hold of the mutton. With the aid of two large sticks they were driven off and kept at bay by Hassan and Martin, while I made a short and hurried meal, when, the mutton being removed, the cats retired. It was the season of Lent, which may account for their famished appearance and their fierceness.

Martin had been some weeks before this wrecked on the coast, and had been received into the monastery, where he acted as a kind of waiter to the pilgrims who lodged there, on their way to and from Jerusalem. He had on his sailor's attire, and his appearance was remarkably uncouth. After dinner, Martin and I had the following conversation, which was carried on in English.

"How old are you Martin?" "I am twenty-four."

"Twenty-four! why you look as if you were only sixteen or seventeen?" "Ah Senhor, when I come here, I as big as twenty-six; now not bigger than seventeen."

"How is that?" "Since I come here, I nothing to eat, and the mosquitoes, they eat me."

"Mosquitoes! are there mosquitoes here?" "Blenty, blenty: fou see blenty!"

"This is a bad affair, Martin, as I have no mosquito curtains; but I am so tired, I think I shall sleep sound notwithstanding." "May be, Senhor; but fou see blenty!"

Feeling the sensation of chillness continuing, and fearing an attack of ague, I ordered hot water for my feet, and went to bed. The ague went off, but as it went off, before this indeed, the mosquitoes came on, first one, buzzing and biting, and then came another, and at last they came in multitudes. What was I to do? To sleep, to drive them off, to endure them, was each alike impossible. After contending with them for about an hour, I rose; but I now remembered I had no lights. I need not say there was no bell. I clapped my hands, hoping that this, the usual way of summoning servants in the East, would bring some one to my aid, but no one came. I beat the door: it was in vain. I called on Hassan, I called on Martin; they were either fast asleep, or too far off to hear. I then dressed in the dark, and, wrapping my head in my plaid, I sat down on the floor, and, leaning on a chair, in this way I passed the night awake.

About five, the day dawned. I made my way to an outer court, in a recess of which I saw a person sleeping on a mat. I shook him up. It was Martin. He asked what was the matter. "Matter," I said, "Martin! you need not ask what is the matter." "Ah," he said, "the mosquitoes!" "Yes, Martin," I replied, "the mosquitoes!" "Ah, Senhor," he said,

I told you blenty, I told you blenty." By the aid of Martin I discovered Hassan, who was fast asleep. On rousing the Egyptian he asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted to know why he had brought me into such a den, and why he did not bring with him a mosquito curtain. "Mosquito!" he exclaimed, "I not know mosquito here; why I know mosquito here? this not den, this convent." "Very well, Hassan," I said, "be it a den or a convent, let us get out of it instantly." While he was preparing for our escape, Martin and I sallied forth to breathe the air of morning, and to survey the place.

In the town itself, supposed to be Arimathea, though Dr. Robinson disputes this, there was nothing worth seeing. Its population is estimated at three thousand, of whom nearly a third are Christians. Martin, who had been in London, said with a sigh, "Ah, Senhor, this not like London."

The principal object in Ramleh is a lofty square tower at the west end. It consists of five stories, and has the same number of windows. It is of Saracenic architecture, and from this, and its being supposed to have been built by the Saracens, it is called the Saracen's Tower. It has a stair consisting of twenty-four steps, which conducts to the top. Leaving Martin to take care of my horse, I went to the top, where I had a view of the surrounding country, which for beauty and extent made some compensation for the night of sleeplessness I had passed in the convent. Westward was the Mediterranean or Great Sea, and so near that I could mark the heaving of its deep blue waters; on the east rose darkly up in the purple light of morning the mountains of Judea; on the north and south extended the long and lonely, but still lovely plain of Sharon; immediately beneath were the domes and minarets, the olive gardens and the golden orange groves of Ramleh, Lydda, and Joppa; while brightening over and beautifying all,

> "Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
> Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl."

Gazing on the goodly scene, and drinking the fresh and sparkling air of the new-born day, I lingered on the Saracen's Tower, till, seeing Hassan a considerable way on the road to Joppa, I hastily descended, and, shaking hands with the poor little Martin Figueras, I bade a long and a not sorrowful farewell to Er Ramleh.

Lydda, which had once its "saints," which Peter visited, and

where he healed Eneas, "who had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy," and where "all that saw it turned to the Lord,"[1] is about three miles north-east of Ramleh. I intended going off the road to see it; but Hassan intended that I should not; and having been taken considerably past the road that leads to it, and finding the fields ploughed, and in some parts precipitous between me and it, I held on my way to Joppa, which is about eight miles from Ramleh.

Our approach to Joppa, or as it is now called, Jaffa, or Yaffa, for at least a mile, was through groves of oranges, interspersed with pomegranates, vines, and stately palms, and surrounded with hedges of cactus and acacia. The orange trees were bright, and bowing with their golden fruit, and in the language of the Song, which might have borrowed its imagery from this neighbourhood, the "vines flourished and the pomegranates budded." I have no where seen such oranges as those that grew in the orchards, and were piled up in glittering heaps at the gate of Jaffa. On passing through the gate, which has some pretensions to architectural beauty, and where, early though it was, there were crowds of sellers, and buyers, and smokers, I rode quickly along the principal street, which is narrow, dark, and dingy, to the office of Dr. Asaad Kayat, the British consul. He was not in the office, which was a mean and miserable hovel, and I was told I would find him in a store a little farther on. There, up to the neck amid barrels, boxes, and hogsheads, was Dr. Asaad Kayat. I asked him if he was the British consul; he said he was. I then enquired if the steamer was to sail that day; he said it would not sail till to-morrow. On asking him where I was to stay, he said there were no lodging-houses in Jaffa, but that I would find accommodation in the Latin convent. "Convent!" I exclaimed, "I have had enough of convents. I was last night in the convent at Ramleh, where I suffered so much from mosquitoes, that the idea of passing another night in one is intolerable." Dr. Kayat assured me that the Latin convent being on the sea-shore, I should not be troubled with mosquitoes. "But this Latin convent," I replied, "is a Roman Catholic convent, and I wonder that you, a Syrian Christian and a Protestant, would recommend me to pass the night in it." He said there was no

[1] Acts, ix, 32.

help for it, there was no other place where I could lodge. I then expressed my surprise that he who had promised in his book, which I had read in Scotland, to do so much for Syria, had done so little now that so much was in his power. He made no reply; and perhaps, after all, he finds what every one has found who has tried to improve his country, that "old Adam is too hard for young Melancthon." Besides being English consul, for which I suppose he has at least £400 a year, and a kind of merchant general, he is agent for the Mediterranean Steam Company, and has a share also in the firm, and seems, in a worldly sense, doing well for himself.

Having secured a berth in the steamer for Alexandria, I took leave of Dr. Kayat, and, since better might not be, made my way to the Latin convent. It is a large ungainly looking building, near the warehouses, on what may be called the Quay of Jaffa, if indeed such a miserable wharf deserves the name. I was shown into a room in one of the upper stories, which looked into the harbour, and was certainly free from mosquitoes, but was narrow and filthy, as every room in the convent that I happened to see was, beyond description. The worst cell in an English prison is a palace compared with the pilgrims' rooms in the convent at Jaffa. Over one of the doorways was the following inscription, "By order of the Propaganda, pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem permitted to remain a month free." This, of course, refers to Popish pilgrims only; Protestants pay as they would do in an ordinary inn. The convents in *Terra Santa*, or Holy Land, are supported by contributions from Rome and Roman Catholic countries; and I observed that my fellow-travellers, the Bavarians, claimed as a right what I asked as a favour. I spent the day in wandering through the bazaars and streets, and gathering shells on the shore.

Jaffa is the only sea-port of Palestine. It is said to be one of the oldest sea-ports in the world; it is certainly one of the smallest and the worst. It is only the smallest vessels that can enter it, and that only in calm weather. Large vessels anchor at least half a mile from the shore. The solitary steamer that plies between Beyrout and Alexandria, when the weather is rough, is unable to land or to receive passengers at Jaffa. This had occurred only a fortnight before, and I was not without some anxiety it might occur again. If it had, I

must have remained a fortnight in Jaffa, or travelled to Alexandria through the Short Desert, which I had made up my mind to do. This might have seemed a frowning providence, but providences are not to be judged of by appearances. Had not Jonah found a "ship going to Tarshish," disappointment might have brought with it reflection, and he might have returned to his place and his duty; but finding a ship just ready to start, the wind fair, the sails unfurled, and the anchor up, he pays the fare and goes down into it, and before he has time to reflect, he is far out at sea, "fleeing from the presence of the Lord."

They still point out here the place where, according to tradition, stood "the house of Simon the tanner," in which Peter dwelt, and where he baptized Cornelius, the first Gentile Christian, and opened the door of the Church to the Gentiles. It was impossible to wander through the streets of Joppa, and not to think of Dorcas, that great sister of mercy, who not only during her life, by the "alms-deeds which she did," made a "sunshine in its shady places" of suffering and sorrow, but by her example, and the Institutions which owe their existence to her example, is doing so at this moment throughout the world. Her house is said to have stood about a mile out of the modern town, and its site is pointed out, but I did not visit it.

My first look next morning was to the sea, but the steamer was not in sight. It arrived at ten, and came to anchor nearly a mile from the wharf. It was crowded with pilgrims of all nations, bound for Jerusalem.[1] Nearly two hours were occupied with their landing, during which the wharf was a scene of confusion it is impossible to describe. Among the passengers were some English, who looked on their darker brethren and sisters with evident and undisguised contempt. The confusion, arising from the crowds who were landing and the narrowness of the street, was increased by the clamour of the Arab and Syrian boatmen for their fares, the exorbitance of their charges, and the refusal of the pilgrims to pay them. They spoke at the top of their voices, they stamped with their feet, and shook their fists in each other's faces, down which the perspiration ran in torrents. Amid the roar of words might be heard the name of every coin current in Syria, and every numeral from

[1] See Appendix, No. II.

wahed to *elf*, one to a thousand. It was amusing to observe, that as often as they occurred, the storm of passion which had for a moment lulled, broke out into greater violence. Throwing myself into a boat, and calling out to the boatman "*Shid, shid!*" Pull, pull! and leaving Hassan to follow in the best way he could, I made my escape from that shore of Babel, and in a few minutes was on board of the English steamer.

Jaffa, being built on the face of a conical sand hill, looking to the west, is better seen from the sea than the land; and its dark buildings, contrasted with its bright yellow sands, give it a picturesque, but by no means inviting appearance. Its population is estimated at five or six thousand, though my friend Mr. Churton, on the authority of Dr. Kayat, states it as much higher. Seated on the deck of the steamer, with the ancient and now almost solitary port of Palestine in view, I was naturally led to muse on its past history, and to form conjectures as to what may have been its appearance in the proud and palmy days of its kings. It may have been a crowded and a busy, but at no time could it have been a capacious or a safe harbour. Had it been capable of being made a good harbour, Herod, who did so much for the improvement of Judea, would have made it so. Instead of this, he erected a new one, thirty-five miles farther north, to which and to the city, in honour of his patron the Roman Emperor, he gave the name of Cæsarea. This was the port of Palestine in the days of the Roman Procurators. It was from Cæsarea that Paul sailed into Italy.[1] A fleet in all weathers might ride, and might be seen riding then, in the harbour of Cæsarea: now it is more desolate and deserted than even Joppa. A few small vessels may be seen occasionally in the ruined harbour, but snakes, scorpions, and jackals, are the only inhabitants of the once princely city of the Herods.

Shooting out from that then crowded and cheerful bay, with the fugitive Prophet on board, where and what was the Tarshish to which that ill fated bark was bound, and "the ships of which," perhaps into this very port, "are to bring" the Jews "from far,[2] their silver and their gold with them," to Jerusalem? This is a question which has been frequently put, but to which it is not so easy to give a satisfactory

[1] Acts, xxvii, 1. [2] Isaiah, lx, 9

answer. Some have found it in Tarsus, a city of Cilicia in Asia Minor; others in Tartessus, an ancient and celebrated emporium of the Phenicians, on the south-western coast of Spain. "Spain," says Heeren, "was once the richest land in the world, for silver and gold was found there in great abundance. The silver mountains were in those parts which the Phenicians comprised under the general name of Tartessus, or Tarshish. The immeasurable affluence of precious metals which they found here on their first arrival, so astounded them, and the sight so wrought on the imaginations of the people, that fact called fable to its aid, and the story gained currency, that the first Phenician colonists not only filled their ships with gold, but made thereof their various implements, anchors not excepted." We can see no difficulty in believing that the ship in which Jonah took his passage was bound for this Tarshish, but the Tarshish whose ships are to convey the Jews to Jerusalem it is not so easy to determine. Some have no difficulty in identifying it and its ships with Britain and America, and their fleets; but if they are correct in doing so, the Tarshish of Isaiah must be a different one from that to which Jonah "rose up to flee." Besides, if we understand it figuratively, must we not on the same principle understand Jerusalem figuratively also? The magnificent passage in Isaiah, lx, 9, usually applied to the return of the Jews, is thus not without its difficulties. Of the return of the Jews themselves we have no doubt. What a spectacle will then be witnessed on these waters! Nor will the Jews return to their own land only, the land will return to its former beauty and fertility; for them

> "A latent power
> Of life and glory in its withered soil
> Is buried. It will rise when Judah comes,
> Like music sleeping on a haughty lyre,
> Whose muteness only to the master touch
> Breaks into sound that ravishes a world."

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of

Carmel and Sharon, they [that is, they who witness the change,] shall see,"

"Glory beyond all glory ever seen,"

resting on land or sea before, "the glory of the Lord and the beauty of our God."[1]

Though I was glad to have made my escape from Joppa, when the anchor was weighed and the vessel was on her way, it was with a sad and an aching heart that, till night came down on the waters, I continued to gaze on the shores of a land that had been once, and at perhaps no distant day is to become again,

"The loveliest land of all
That see the Orient wave their morn restore."

Next morning, April 5th, we came to anchor in the new harbour of Alexandria. Here all the passengers, with the exception of Hassan and myself, went into quarantine. As the Lazaretto in the old harbour Eunostos, or Port of Safe Return, is the best and nearest the town, Hassan preferred to perform his quarantine in it. As the steamer was not to move till evening into the old harbour, which is the most commodious, and the only one of the two indeed that is frequented, we passed the day on deck. Opposite to where we lay rose Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. I asked Hassan if he knew who Pompey and Cleopatra were? "Yes," he replied, "Christians." I have remarked, that both among Egyptians and Arabs, every ancient ruin or remain is said to be the work of Christians, so little do they know of their own history or of the glory of their ancestors.

It is said of the celebrated Foster, that he began one of his sermons by telling the congregation of his having waited in a shower, (while on his way to preach to them,) beneath a great oak tree, and of what thoughts had then occupied him as to the things which had heretofore taken place there; changes in the world while that tree had been growing; idol-worship, which might have been performed under a yet more ancient tree near the same spot, but since fallen, of which that was then perhaps an acorn; strokes of death, on young and old, on the lords

[1] Isaiah, xxxv, 1.

of the soil and the tillers of it, since that tree budded as a sapling. In this way what sermons might not be delivered, what books might not be written, on any one of these grand old cities of the east, Nineveh, Damascus, Jerusalem, Alexandria! For hours I sat musing on the vanished glory of the Venice of the East, the fallen city of Iskander. With the names of Alexander, the long line of the Lagidae, the princely Ptolemies, the great Pompey and the greater Cæsar, the beautiful but bloody Cleopatra, thus described by one of our poets,

> "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
> Burned on the waters: the poop was beaten gold;
> Purple its sails, and so perfumed, that
> The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
> Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
> The water which they beat to follow faster,
> As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
> It beggared all description: she did lie
> In her pavilion, (cloth of gold of tissue)
> O'erpicturing that of Venus, where we see
> The Fancy out-work Nature. From the barge,
> A strange invisible perfume hit the sense
> Of the adjacent wharfs: the city cast
> Her people out upon her: O rare Egyptian!"

and of other great historical personages, connected with Alexandria, most readers are familiar. It may not be so well known to some, that the "Seventy," who translated from the Hebrew the Greek version of the Bible called the Septuagint, Euclid the mathematician,[1] Apelles the painter,[2] Apollonius, Theocritus, Callimachus, the poets, and Zoilus the critic, were Alexandrians; that besides being the greatest commercial city in the world, into which the East poured its spices and silks, its pearls, and diamonds, and gold, from which they were again

[1] Ptolemy Soter, having Euclid one day at the royal table, asked him if he could not show him a shorter and easier way to the higher truths of mathematics than that by which he led his pupils at the museum. The philosopher made the well-known answer, "There is no royal road to Geometry."

[2] There was a quarrel between Ptolemy and Apelles. One day somebody maliciously gave the artist an invitation to dine with the king. On appearing at the royal table, the king asked him who gave him the invitation. Apelles did not know his name, but he drew his face on the wall, and the king discovered him by the likeness.

poured into the West, Alexandria was the cradle of geometry, geography, astronomy, and criticism; and that it was the birth-place or residence of the great fathers and doctors of the Church, Clement, Origen, Cyril, John Philoponus, and Athanasius. The conquest of Egypt by the Arabs in 640, and the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope in 1497, reduced Alexandria to what, till within these years it continued to be, a small Arab town. At present, the city that was fifteen miles in circumference, stands on the causeway that joined what was once the island of Pharos to the mainland, and has a population of 30,000. The future fate of Alexandria it would be difficult to conjecture. The steamboat, the sailless ship, that "swift messenger to nations scattered, peeled, meted out and trodden down,"[1] now enters its harbours, and at the moment I am writing, the railway is being laid on its sands. That it should be an exception to the evil that applies to Babylon, Petra, and Tyre, is not impossible. It is the people, however, that makes the place; and if Alexandria, Cairo, and Constantinople, are to rise from the dust and the degradation in which they sit, Mohammedanism must be overthrown. It is the truth that makes cities and countries, as well as individuals, free; it is the "right hand of God that must raise them up;" it is the grace and "the gentleness of God" that must "make them great." At present, notwithstanding the energy of its ruler, and notwithstanding it is the highway of the British to and from India, Alexandria must be ranked with the great cities of the East from which the glory has departed.

In the afternoon we sailed from the new into the old harbour, or Port of Safe Return. It contained several Egyptian battle-ships, and merchant ships from the different countries of Europe. Among others, the Indian steamer was there, waiting the arrival of the mail and passengers from India. Having been permitted by the courtesy of Captain Newbold to remain for the night on board the LEVANT, next morning, April 6th, "a morning without clouds," I went ashore to the Lazaretto. There being no one within its walls, I spent the day on its sunny shore, now talking with Hassan, and now occupied with thoughts of the lands I was leaving, and of that more favoured land, if not so fair, to which I was returning.

[1] Isaiah, xviii, 7.

The following is part of the conversation I had with Hassan.

"Are your children at school, Hassan?" "The boys are."

"What are they taught?" "Taught to read and write."

"What do they read at school?" "First, simple words; then the Koran."

"Do all boys learn to write?" "No, not all."

"Do many?" "No, not many."

"Can every *fikee* (schoolmaster,) himself write?"[1] "Not know, perhaps no."

"What wages do you give the schoolmaster?" "Half a piastre, (little more than a penny) for each boy, every Thursday."

"Why do you pay the fikee on Thursday?" "Boys not go on Friday."

"Do you not send your girls to school?" "No, not girls."

"Why?" "Only girls: girls not need to read; need to sew and work.

"Have you not schools in which girls are taught to sew?" "Yes."

"Does your wife go to the mosque?" "No, women not go to the mosque."

"Do not they need to pray as well as men?" "Yes, need to pray, but pray at home."

[1] LANE says that the schoolmasters in Egypt are mostly persons of very little learning, and tells the following amusing anecdote of one who could neither read nor write. A few days after he had taken upon him the office, a poor woman brought him a letter for him to read to her, from her son, who had gone on pilgrimage. The fikee pretended to read it, but said nothing. The woman, inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him, "Shall I shriek!" He answered, "Yes." "Shall I tear my clothes!" He replied, "Yes." So the poor woman returned to her house, and with her assembled friends, performed the lamentation and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of a death. Not many days after this, her son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean, by causing a letter to be written stating that he was dead. He explained the contents of the letter, and she went to the schoolmaster, and begged him to inform her why he had told her to shriek and tear her clothes since her son was well. Not at all abashed, he said, "Allah alone knows futurity. How could I know your son would arrive in safety? It was better you should think him dead, than be led to expect to see him well, and be disappointed." The fikee was praised for his wisdom!—*Lane's Manners of Modern Egypt.*

I had more conversation with Hassan, but I mention only this much, to show how dark in Egypt and in Mohammedan countries is the lot of woman. Her love may be felt in the harem, but even there she sheds but a dim light, and exerts but a feeble influence in imbuing the minds and forming the character of her children. On society at large she sheds no holy light, and exerts no blessed influence whatever. Judaism has had, and Christianity has had in still greater numbers, its great, gifted, and shining female characters. Of these, the Sarahs, the Deborahs, the Esthers of the one; the Marys, the Dorcases, the Persises, the Frys, the Hemanses of the other, Islamism has none.

It was now five P.M., and the INDUS being ready to start, I shook hands with Hassan, and was rowed on board. A few minutes more and we are on our way, leaving far behind the Land of Egypt. We reached Malta on the 10th, Gibraltar on the 16th, and on the morning of the 21st were in sight of the green fields of England. Many of the passengers had been in India for twenty and even thirty years, and more than one, as they came on deck at the cry of "Land!" seemed ready with the ancient mariner to exclaim, with tears in their eyes,

> "O dream of joy! is this indeed
> The lighthouse top I see?
> Is this the hill, is this the kirk,
> Is this my own countree!"

For myself, now that I have returned to mine, I would say, in the words of the old traveller whom I quoted when I began, "Forasmuch as the land beyond the sea, that is to say, the Holy Land, that men call the Land of Promise, passing all other lands, is the most worthy land, the most excellent, the lady and sovereign of all other lands, in the which it liked our Lord Jesus Christ to take flesh and blood, and to walk on it with his blessed feet; and He that was King of Heaven, of Air, of Earth, and Sea, would only be called King of that Land, and forasmuch as many desire for to hear speak of the Holy Land, and have therein great solace and comfort; I, albeit I be not worthy, having passed the sea and been in it, and many diverse lands, have herein written these things."

Reader! let us not forget that there is a "Better Land" than even the Land of Israel. Tarrying at home or travelling abroad, be it yours and mine

"To meditate the immortal way,
Home to the Source of light, and Everlasting Day."

"Knowest thou it: thither, O thither, come let us go!

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

NOTE I.

THE SITE OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

THEY who hold the present site of the Holy Sepulchre to be the true one, rely mainly on tradition. There was, they say, a Christian church formed at Jerusalem, immediately after our Lord's ascension, to the members of which, the site of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection must have been well known; they would communicate the knowledge of both to their successors, and it is not likely that it would be lost. This seems conclusive. But is it really so? In ordinary circumstances it is not likely that the scene of these events would be forgotten; but the first Christians did not live in ordinary times. Jerusalem was taken and laid in heaps. When rebuilt in A.D. 136, it was under the name of ELIA CAPITOLINA. For more than a hundred years, Jerusalem was a Roman and a Pagan city. The same importance was not attached to the *places* on which these events happened by the early Christians that is attached to them now. "The great apostle of the Gentiles," to use the words of Dr. Robinson, "whose constant theme is the death and resurrection of our Lord, and the glory of his cross, has not in all his writings the slightest allusion to any reverence for the place of these great events, or the instrument of his passion." Besides, unlikely as we may think it, the site of the Sepulchre did cease to be known. "When Helena," says the old historian, "founde the ancient Jerusalem lying allmost in a heape of stones, as it is in the prophet, she searched deligently for the sepulchre of Christ, in the which he was

layd, and out of the which he rose againe; and at length, although with much adoe, through the help of God she founde it. And why it was so hard a matter to finde, I will declare in few words. Even as they which embraced the faith of Christ highly esteemed of that sepulchre, so they of the contrary, such as abhorred the Christian religion, heaped on this place much earth, and raised great hillocks, and buylded there the temple of Venus, and having suppressed the remembrance of the place, they set up her idol: this have we learned of olde to be true." That the testimony of tradition is in favour of the present site, is admitted, but what is the value of this testimony? If it has erred in fixing the site of other events recorded in Scripture, may it not have erred in fixing those of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection? It is not at least above being questioned and tried. Whatever be the alleged site, it must be found to agree with topography and Scripture. Does the present site agree with both or either? Let us see. Our Lord, according to the Scriptures, "suffered without the gate."[1] From them we learn, as Dr. Wilson has remarked, that he suffered "not merely beyond any particular wall of Jerasalem, but beyond any distinct part of the city which might be beyond that wall." This opinion we think is borne out by the words of the evangelist John: "For the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city."[2] In our Lord's days there were on the northern side of the city two walls. If the crucifixion took place on this side of the city, which is the common opinion, but in which, it will be seen, we are not quite free to concur, it must have been the second or more northern of the two, beyond which he suffered. What then was the course of the second wall? On the south of the Jaffa Gate there is an ancient tower, sometimes called the tower of David, and sometimes the tower of Hippicus. It is supposed to be one of the three which Titus, at the destruction of Jerusalem, ordered to be spared, and which were left standing. Near to this tower, according to Josephus, was the Gate of Gennath, and at the Gate of Gennath the second wall began its course from west to east. This gate was to the east of Hippicus. Now, if the wall which began here ran in a straight line directly east, it would leave out, though nothing more, the site of the Sepulchre. Could

[1] Hebrews, xiii, 12. [2] John, xix, 20.

it be shown, then, that the wall did take this direct course, this would settle the controversy. But unfortunately for those who consider it settled, Josephus informs us, "that the course of the wall was circuitous." If we understand him aright, and if he be admitted to be a good authority, this must be held to be conclusive against the present site. A wall of this kind would pass to the *north* of the modern or monkish Calvary, and it cannot therefore be the Calvary of Scripture, "the place where they crucified him," which was not only without the wall, but "without the city." The first in modern times to avow this opinion was Korte, a German, who visited Jerusalem in 1738. In this, singular enough to say, he was followed by Scholz, a Roman Catholic professor at Bonn. "The place of the Crucifixion," says Scholz, "cannot have been where it is now pointed out, because this spot must have been within the ancient city." I have asked several Jews, both in Jerusalem and out of it, their opinion on the genuineness of the site of the Sepulchre, and it has in all cases been given against it. "The modern Jerusalem," says one of them who resided several years in Palestine, "is considerably smaller than the ancient one. The ancient city extended farther to the north than the present. I believe that I may therefore boldly maintain that the alleged grave of Christ is quite wrong, as it must have been indisputably without the city, whereas the so called holy sepulchre is pointed out as being in the city, not far from the ancient temple, exactly opposite to the north-west corner of the temple mount. The idea (namely, that the alleged site is the genuine one,) is so ridiculous, that it deserves no refutation; for Jerusalem must have had in that case a truly wonderful shape and size, for it could not have been more than 150 cubits (300 feet) in breadth from south to north, excluding Zion. It appears from 1 Kings, xviii, 17, that the city wall extended in the time of Hezekiah to the vicinity of the upper pool, since those stationed on the wall could hear the speakers who stood there. Every one therefore must acknowledge that the alleged locality of the Sepulchre rests on an impossible idea, and that the whole matter is a fabulous tradition." One of the ablest assailants of the traditionary site is Dr. Robinson. Since he wrote, a new light has been thrown on the subject by the author of the 'Ancient Topography of Jerusalem.' In his

reasoning against the present site, Dr. Robinson proceeded on the supposition that the tower in the citadel, called the tower of David, is the ancient Hippicus. This opinion Mr. Ferguson controverts, and, apparently at least, with success. "That it is one of the three towers," he thus writes, "that Titus ordered to be spared, is I think almost certain, but its dimensions alone are sufficient to prove it is not the Hippicus; for Josephus says, that the length and breadth of that tower are each 25 cubits, or 37½ feet, while Dr. Robinson's very exact measurements make this one 56 feet 4 inches on its eastern side, and 70 feet 3 inches on its southern one; which, bearing in mind that Josephus never diminishes, but always exaggerates, is almost conclusive. One of the other towers, however, the Phasaelus, was 40 cubits or 60 feet square at the base; and if, from Dr. Robinson's measurements, we deduct the thickness of the walls attached to its northern and southern sides, say 10 or 14 feet, we have a tower so nearly of the dimensions given by Josephus, that allowing him to have exaggerated only 2 cubits in 40, it exactly corresponds, and the first presumption therefore is, that this tower is the Phasaelus, and not the Hippicus." As to the place where the Hippicus stood, he adds: "Perhaps a more attentive search than has yet been made may enable us to answer this question satisfactorily; in the meantime I assume that the fragments of an ancient tower, consisting of at least "three courses of large bevelled stones," at the north-west corner of the present city wall, is in reality the foundation of the Hippicus, at least I am certain that it is the spot which most nearly answers the description of Josephus, of a corner tower from which he could begin the description of the walls. In attempting to describe the course of the Second Wall, a good deal depends on the position of the Gate of Gennath, which from the imperfect data at command, must always, I fear, be more or less a matter of conjecture. But above 200 yards to the eastward of the tower of Hippicus as I have placed it, there is a singular break or return in the wall, which answers so completely to my idea of the position in which the gate should be found from Josephus's description, that, till some better position is discovered, I will assume it to be the place in question. Whether the wall followed the present one or not, is a question of no great importance; but as it is always safer

to follow the existing wall, than to attempt any new theory, I prefer assuming that it did: and proceeding along it for about 400 yards, we come to the Damascus Gate, where there are some old remains, first pointed out by Dr. Robinson, and admitted by Mr. Williams, and which therefore so far tend to confirm the view that the present wall stands in the same position as the old one." If Mr. Ferguson be correct as to the position of the Hippicus, the arguments of the antitraditionists are strengthened, and the improbability, not to say impossibility, of the alleged site being the true one, is the greater.

My able and ingenious friend, Mr. Finlay, the author of 'Greece under the Romans,' gives up the argument from tradition, but contends for the present site on new and original grounds. Having remarked "that in no department of the civil administration was the superiority of the Roman system of government over that of modern States more conspicuous, than in the mass of statistical information in the possession of the Executive power; that so perfect was the Census throughout the wide extent of the Roman Empire, that every private estate was surveyed, maps were constructed, indicating every locality possessing a name, and so detailed that every field was measured;" and after showing that this census had been applied to Palestine, (Luke, ii, 1–5,) he contends that "Constantine, having access to the registers of the Empire, would not fail to consult them, and could not have been mistaken with regard to the position of the Sepulchre and Golgotha." Such, if I remember right, for I am stating it from memory, is Mr. Finlay's argument from the census or Roman registers. I admit and admire its ingenuity, but I have not felt it, in the face of the topographical and other objections which might be stated, to be conclusive. I fear, therefore, the views and the arguments of those who hold the present site to be the real one, must be given up.

But if the alleged site be not the real one, where is the real one? "If this be asked," says Dr. Robinson, "I must reply that probably all such can only be in vain." Such is his recorded opinion in his 'Biblical Researches.' The new and startling theory of Mr. Ferguson may lead this learned traveller, now that he has revisited Palestine, to reconsider the question. Other travellers have not expressed themselves

quite so hopelessly on this subject as Dr. Robinson. "It struck us forcibly," say the authors of the 'Narrative of the Scottish Mission,' "that some place among the tombs on the high ground above Gihon, was likely to have been the real situation." "Were we to take Scripture," says Mr. Hardy, "for our only guide, the scene of the Crucifixion would be placed near the Gate of Stephen." "When Stephen was stoned," says an anonymous writer in the Eclectic Review so far back as 1820, "the Jews were first careful to cast him out of the city. It is by no means improbable that the proto-martyr sealed his testimony in the very 'place' in which his Lord had recently suffered." Mr. Ferguson, in his 'Topography of Jerusalem,' has a chapter on the Site of the Sepulchre, in which he comes to nearly a similar conclusion with these two last mentioned writers, but on new and original grounds. The evidence from Scripture he does not overlook, far less underrates. "The first and great exigence," he thus writes, "of any theory regarding the Holy Sepulchre, is, that it should perfectly accord with the indications of the New Testament. I have marked on the map the spot where I believe the Crucifixion took place, about 150 yards from the north-east angle of the Temple. I do not mean to assert that this is the spot within a few yards, but it is near it. To identify this with the Scriptures, it is necessary to bear in mind that at that time the third wall or the one which runs past the spot just outside it, was not in existence at the date of the crucifixion, and was not built till twelve or thirteen years after that event by Agrippa: the place, therefore, was undoubtedly "without the city." It was also "toward the country," and it was also free from houses, as is easy to see from the narrative of the siege by Josephus, though it is not distinctly said so. If it is suggested that it is improbable that a spot so near the city as the Temple should have been left unoccupied by houses, it is perhaps sufficient to answer, that we know from Josephus that it was so; but I think I can also suggest a reason why it should be so, which is simply, it was Golgotha, the great cemetery of the Jews.[1] But a stronger point of agreement than even this is the proximity of the spot to the Judgment-

[1] "And burned it at the brook Kidron, and stamped it small to powder, and cast the powder thereof upon the graves of the children of the people." 2 Kings, 23, 6.

seat. It is true we cannot prove that the residence of Pilate was in the Tower of Antonia, but there are many passages in Josephus which lead at least to a very strong presumption that he did, and that there at least was the Prætorium, in which Jesus was mocked and crowned with thorns. To have gone towards the present church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jesus must have passed through the streets of the town, which I think I am justified in asserting he did not, but they went at once out of the gate, and met *Simon coming out of the country*, who bore his cross. As far as I can judge, there is not one vestige of a difficulty in the argument as derived from the Bible, as to the place I have assigned to the events of the Passion, which accords in the minutest particulars with the Bible narrative, without one single objection or doubt; while on the other hand, if we assume the present church to be the true site, the difficulties are so great, that though they may be explained away or slurred over, even the most out and out advocates of its authenticity admit, that there still remain difficulties which it is not easy, I would say not possible, to get over." Besides the evidence furnished by the New Testament, he adverts to two circumstances mentioned in the old. The first is the execution of Athaliah, mentioned in 2 Kings, xi, 16, where the priest is represented as saying, "Slay her not in the house of the Lord," and where it is added, "So they laid hands on her, and when she was come to the entering of the horse-gate, by the king's house, they slew her there." "This," says Mr. Ferguson, "I am inclined to think was not accidental, but that it was the regular place of execution, from the second circumstance which I have now to mention, which is, the identification of Goath with Golgotha, or, Golgoatha, which is so strongly insisted upon by Kraft on etymological grounds, of which I am not capable of giving an opinion; but as he appears to be a very perfect Hebrew scholar, and his arguments derived from this source have not been contradicted, I see no reason to doubt their correctness, at least his translation of the word Goath, which he makes the Hill of death, or rather of violent death; the place, in short, where malefactors were executed. The word *Goath* occurs, I believe, only once in the Bible, Jeremiah, xxxi, 38–40, which appears to me most distinctly to place it in the immediate proximity of the horse-gate, and from other

passages it appears quite evident that the horse-gate was near the Temple, and on the north side of it. I think there can be little doubt that Goath was situated where I have placed it, and if it and Golgotha were one and the same place, it is at least a satisfactory collateral evidence, that it was on the eastern side of the city, and near the Temple."

It may be worth mentioning in connection with the above, that not far from this, there is at the present day a Turkish burying-ground; that beneath it are the tombs of Zechariah, James, and Absalom, and the great burial-place of the Hebrew nation. On the supposition that the Crucifixion took place here, we see how easy and how natural a thing it was for the priests to be its spectators. It is not likely, we think, that they would go to a distant part and through the crowded streets of the city, to witness it, but here they could see it from the walls, and join with the multitudes in mocking the Sufferer. "And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads, and saying, Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself."[1] May not this allusion to the temple have been suggested by the sight of the temple? "Likewise also the chief priests, mocking him, with the scribes and elders, said, He saved others; himself he cannot save." And though last, some may even think not least, suppose this to have been the scene of the Crucifixion, and Calvary is identified with Moriah, where God "provided himself with a lamb for a burnt-offering." "And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh, as it is said to this day, In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen."[2]

It is not on this ground only, nor mainly, however, that Mr. Ferguson rests his arguments. It is on architectural grounds; in other words, on evidence derived from the architectural character of the buildings on Moriah. The nature and value of this evidence will best appear from his own words: "It is only recently," he thus writes, "that the value of such a testimony was even suspected by the learned. In England, so far at least as the Gothic styles are concerned, it has so completely superseded all other evidence, that every tyro in archaeology can distinguish between the Norman, early English, Decorative, and Perpendicular styles, and tell at what period the one was

[1] Matthew, xxvii, 39–41. [2] Genesis, xxii, 14.

introduced, or gave place to the other." In a foot-note he adds, "This argument, derived from the stones (the *ipsissima saxa*) themselves, has gradually throughout Europe served to correct and rectify the dates arrived at from other sources, and I think I am safe in asserting, that in almost every instance it is better than the other, and that however distinct the documentary evidence may at first sight appear to be, no sound antiquary would admit it, if contradicted by the known forms of the architecture of a certain epoch." On the strength of this evidence, of which he is indisputably a judge, Mr. Ferguson has shown that the Mosque of Omar, so called from its being supposed to have been built by the Caliph of that name, is a Christian building of the age of Constantine, and the very Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself. This strange and startling conclusion let him state in his own words. "The proposition," he says, "which I have undertaken to prove in this part of my work, which is neither more nor less than that the building so well known among Christians as the Mosque of Omar is the identical Church of the Holy Sepulchre, erected by Constantine, is one that has never, that I am aware of, been broached by any traveller or speculator up to the present day, and is, consequently, at first sight, so manifestly improbable, that many will no doubt, on the simple announcement of such an hypothesis, throw down the book at once. It is not for me to decide on my own case. All I ask is a fair and patient hearing. Whether, however, I am right or wrong, I agree with others in thinking that the idea that the present church contains the Sepulchre of Christ, is too absurd to merit serious refutation; and I do not believe it would be required, but for a hiatus in the arguments of all those who have opposed it, in their not being able to say where the true Sepulchre was." The process by which Mr. Ferguson comes to his conclusion, I am not, I confess, competent to sit in judgment on. With regard to the conclusion itself, it may be given in his own words: "I feel quite certain, that in no Mahometan country, from the mouth of the Ganges to the Guadalquiver, and in no age, did any Mahometan erect a mosque in this form: the thing is an anomaly, an absurdity; it is, to my mind, like talking of a perpendicular pyramid, or a square circle. If we assume it to be a Mahometan building, it is utterly anomalous,

and unlike any thing any Mahometan ever did in any part of the world. If, on the contrary, we assume it to be a Christian building over a sepulchre, of the age of Constantine, all becomes consistent and intelligible; certainly as far as the edifice itself is concerned, there is not a single difficulty in the way." Such is Mr. Ferguson's conclusion respecting the Mosque of Omar, and such the conclusion to which it leads respecting Golgotha, or Calvary; a conclusion to which Scripture itself seems to point, that not on Acra are we to seek for it, but on Mount Moriah.

NOTE II.

PILGRIMAGES TO MECCA AND JERUSALEM.

NEARLY all false religions have had their shrines, or holy places, to which pilgrimages have been prescribed; and if not formally prescribed, at least practised as a peculiarly meritorious duty. The Mohammedans, it is well known, have their *Kaabeh*,[1] or great religious shrine in Mecca, and the Greeks and Romanists, Copts and Armenians, have theirs in Jerusalem. A pilgrimage to Mecca is ranked by Mohammedans with prayer, fasting, and alms-giving. Before setting out, the pilgrims from Egypt assemble at a place called Birket-el-Hagg, or Haj, (the Lake of the Pilgrims) about eleven miles from Cairo, where they remain two days. The pilgrimage occupies thirty-seven days. When a pilgrim takes ill on the road, if he is not able to keep up with the caravan, he is left behind to die. Multitudes in this way perish. The return of the Haj is a great event in Cairo. "An officer," says Lane, "called Shaweesh-el-Hagg, arrives about four or five days before the caravan, having pushed on with two Arabs, mounted on fleet dromedaries, to announce its approach and the expected day

[1] The *Kaabeh* is the sanctuary in the temple of Mecca. During the year it is covered with a black cloth, called the *Kisweh*, which on the yearly arrival of the Haj, or caravan, is cut up and sold to the pilgrims.

of their arrival at the metropolis, and to bring blessings from pilgrims to their friends. He and his two companions exclaim, as they pass along, to the passengers in the way, '*Es salah a-n-nebee!*' 'Blessing on the Prophet!' and every Muslim who hears the exclamation responds, '*Alla-hum*, (for *Alla-humma*) *salee aleyh!*' 'O God, favour him!' Some persons go out two or three days' journey to meet their friends returning from pilgrimage, taking with them fresh provisions, fruits, etc., and clothes for the wearied pilgrims. The poorer classes seldom go farther than the Birket-el-Hagg. It is very affecting to see, at the approach of the caravan, the numerous parties who go out with drums and pipes, to welcome and escort to the city their friends arrived from the holy places, and how many, who went forth in hope, return with lamentation instead of music and rejoicing; for the arduous journey through the desert is fatal to a great number of those pilgrims who cannot afford themselves necessary conveniences. Many of the women who go forth to meet their husbands or sons, receive the melancholy tidings of their having fallen victims to privation and fatigue. The piercing shrieks with which they rend the air as they retrace their steps to the city, are often heard predominant over the noise of the drums, and the shrill notes of the haut-boy, which proclaim the joy of others. The pilgrims on their return are often accosted by passengers with the petition 'Pray for pardon for me;' and utter this short ejaculation, 'God pardon thee;' or, 'O God, pardon him!' This custom owes its origin to a saying of the Prophet: 'God pardoneth the pilgrim, and him for whom the pilgrim implores pardon.' Many of the pilgrims bring with them, as presents from the holy territory, water of the sacred well of 'Zemzem,' in china bottles or tin or copper flasks, pieces of the 'Kisweh,' or covering of the Kaabeh, which is renewed at the season of the pilgrimage; dust from the Prophet's tomb, made into hard cakes; 'liban,' or frankincense, 'leef,' or fibres of the palm tree, used in washing as we employ a sponge; combs of aloes wood, 'sebhahs,' or rosaries of the same or other materials; 'miswaks,' or sticks for cleaning the teeth, which are generally dipped in Zemzem water, to render them more acceptable; 'Kohl,' or black powder, for the eyes, shawls, etc. It is a common custom to ornament the entrance of a pilgrim's house, a

day or two, or three days, before his arrival, painting the door, and colouring the alternate courses of stone on each side, and above it, with a deep dull red and white; often also trees, camels, etc., are painted in a very rude manner, in green, black, and red, and other colours. The pilgrim sometimes writes to order this to be done. On the evening after his arrival, he entertains his friends with a feast which is called the Feast of the Nezleh. Numerous guests come to welcome him, and to say, 'Pray for pardon for me.' "A man," says Mr. Lane, "who has performed the pilgrimage, is generally called 'the hagg,'[1] and a woman who has alike distinguished herself, 'the haggeh.' Many pilgrims, however, prefer the title of Sheykh." I have heard it observed when in Cairo, that the effect of these pilgrimages was to raise those who made them in their own esteem, but to render them less worthy of the esteem and the confidence of others. "If a man," it is sometimes said, "has gone on the pilgrimage once, don't trust him implicitly; if he has gone on it oftener than once, don't trust him at all."

I am not sure if the Greek, Roman, Armenian, and Coptic churches commonly called Christian, enjoin pilgrimage to Jerusalem in the same way that Islamism enjoins it to Mecca. Practically, however, the duty holds nearly the same place in the estimation of the genuine Moslem and the spurious Christian.

To show the extent to which pilgrimage to Jerusalem was carried in this country before the Reformation, I may mention that one of the earliest printed books was on this subject. It has the following title, 'The Informatyon for pylgrymes unto the Holy Lande; that is, to wyte, to Rome, to Jherusalem, and to many other holy places. Imprynted at London, in the Flete strete, at the signe of ye sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde. The yere of God, M.CCCC. and XXIIII.' This is the Work sometimes alluded to as 'Moreson's Travels.' This was not, however, the name of the author, but of the owner of the ship, who, if not a Venetian, is called in the book a merchant of Venice. "In the seven and twenty day of the moneth of June," it says, "there passed fro Venyse under sayle out of the

[1] "This word is thus pronounced by the Cairenes, but in most other countries where Arabic is spoken, 'hajj.' The Turks and Persians use the synonimous Arabic word, 'hajee.'"

haven of Venyse, at the sonne going down certayne pilgrymes toward Jherusalem in a shyppe of a merchante of Venyce, called Johan Moreson. The patrone of the same shyppe was called Luke Mantell. To the nombre of LX and syxe pylgrymes, every man payinge some more, some less, as they might accorde with the patrone. Some that might paye well, payed xxxii ducates, and some xxvi, and xxiii, for mete and drynke and passage to Port Jaffe, and from thens to Venyce agayne." Besides the holy places in Jerusalem, which the pilgrims visited, it mentions different places in the country to which they also went on pilgrimage, and among others, the following: "the vale of Josephat, the mount Olyvete, the vale of Syloe, mount Syon, Bethleem, Bethany, the plaine Jordan, and Nazaret." It contains also "the Pylgrymage of Damascus, of mount Sinai, and the land of Egypt, and concludes with an account of the "Return of the Pilgrims to England."

"The writer of this curious Work," says the editor of the 'Retrospective Review,' "was doubtless one of the pilgrims, of whose motions he gives an account; but concerning his name we have no information. He invariably speaks of the pilgrims as a body, and never deviates into any particular account of what they saw or did. In the times, indeed, when our traveller composed his journal, men did not print to satisfy idle curiosity. The book was not written to save his countrymen at home from the trouble of the voyage, but to serve as a faithful guide to all bound on the meritorious expedition." The following is part of the "Informacyon" it contains "for pylgrymes."

"Also hyre you a cage for halfe a dozen of hennes or chekyns to have with you in the shyppe or galey, for ye shall have need of them many times. And by you halfe a bushell of mele sede at Venyce for them. Also when you come to haven tounes, if she shall tarry there thre days, go by tymes to lande, for than ye may have lodginge before another, it will be take up anone. And when you come to dyvers havens, beware of fruytes, that ye eat none for nothynge, as melons and such colde fruytes, for they be not according to our complexion. Also, when you shall come to Port Jaffe, take with you out of the shyppe unto land two bottelles or two gourdes, one with wyne, another with water, for you shall have none

until you come to Romes, (Ramah,) and that is right feble and dere. And at Jerusalem there is good wyne and dere. Also see that your patrone take charge of your harneys within the shyppe till ye come agayne to the shyppe. Ye shall tarry there xii days. Also take good hede to yoore knyves and other small japes that ye bear upon you, for the Sarasyns wyll go talkynge by you and make good chere, but they will stele from you yf they may. Also when ye take your asse at port Jaffe, be not too long behynde your fellowes, for and ye come betyme, ye may chuse the beste mule or asse that ye can, for ye shall pay no more for the beste than the worste. Also ye must gyve your asse-man (donkey-boy) there of courtesy a grote of Venyse, and be not too muche before nor too muche behynde your fellowes, for because of shrewes."

He thus commences his account of what the pilgrims saw in Jerusalem: "On a Sondaye, in the mornynge, they began theyr pylgrymage. And a freer of mount Syon wente with them, to enfourme the places and the pardons of every place. These be the pylgrymages within the cytee of Jerusalem. The first is before the temple of the Sepylchre dore. There is a four-square stone whyte, whereupon Chryste rested hym with his cross when he wente towarde the mount of Calvary, where is Indulgence vii yeares, and vii lentes. Also the house of the ryche man, whiche denyed Lazare ye crommes of brede," etc.[1]

Pilgrimages are still made to Jerusalem, by members of the Coptic, Roman, Greek, and Armenian churches. "Pilgrimage to Jerusalem," says Lane, "the Copts hold to be incumbent on all who are able to perform it, but few of the poorer classes acquit themselves of this duty. The pilgrims compose a numerous caravan. They pass the passion-week and easter at Jerusalem, and on the third day after the passion-week, proceed to the Jordan, in which they bathe." Two Copts travelled with me from Haifa to Jerusalem. They were very poor, and walked the whole way. How they were to live at Jerusalem I do not know, but they had little or nothing to live upon by the way. Speaking of the members of the Greek church, Mr. Ewald, late chaplain to the Bishop of Jerusalem, says, "I believe it is not generally known how pilgrimages to

[1] For farther accounts of this scarce and curious work, see the Retrospective Review for 1820.

Jerusalem are performed. I shall, therefore, mention what I have learned on that subject. When a member of the Greek Church resolves to perform a pilgrimage to the holy city, he is conducted to the Church of the place where he lives; the priest prays over him, and recommends him to God and all saints. Many people of the town who cannot go, give the pilgrim money to give to the convents or churches at Jerusalem: others send rich and handsome presents to the holy places. It thus happens, that one person frequently represents ten or a dozen others. On the arrival of a pilgrim at Jaffa, he is immediately conducted into the Greek convent, where he remains till the next day. For his entertainment he is obliged to pay twenty-six piastres. The convent also provides, at a fixed price, horses and camels for the pilgrims, to bring them on their way to Jerusalem. They stop again at the convent at Ramlah, where each pilgrim has to pay thirteen piastres. The following day they proceed to Jerusalem. On their arrival here, they proceed to their convent and receive some refreshments; after which their names are entered in a book. This over, they are conducted to the Church, which is within the walls of the convent, where service is performed; after which, a deacon washes the pilgrims' feet. This ceremony having been gone through, they are brought into a room, where they pass the first night. On the following morning a deacon leads them up into the divan, or large room, where the seven Greek bishops residing in Jerusalem are assembled, before whom each pilgrim appears, one at a time. He is then asked on how many persons' behalf he makes the pilgrimage; how many members of his own family are alive, and how many are dead. The pilgrim having answered all these questions, he has to pay 100 piastres for each member of his family who is living, and fifty for each who has died. This is the minimum. Rich people pay more. The pilgrim then has a ticket given him for each member of his family, and is allowed to depart. Outside, another deacon receives the tickets, together with twenty-one piastres from each pilgrim, which gives him permission to visit the Jordan. The same evening, the pilgrim is conducted into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and all the places within it are shown to him: his name is again entered into a book, for which he pays twenty-five piastres, and remains then one night

in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is considered very meritorious. The pilgrim having stayed three days in the Greek convent, must now leave it; but a lodging is provided for him near the convent, for which he has to pay, according to his means and the state of the apartments. The Greek convent possesses several houses here, which are used for this purpose. On the fifth day after the pilgrim's arrival he is taken to Gethsemane, and into the Church of the Virgin Mary, which is situated in that vicinity: here he must pay twenty-five piastres. Afterwards he is in his turn conducted to all the Greek convents and churches in the environs of Jerusalem, to Bethlehem, Mar Elias, Mar Saba, the convents of the Cross and of St. John; and at each place he is expected to pay a sum of not less than twenty-five piastres. Sometimes the pilgrim refuses to pay: the Church is then locked upon him, and he is not permitted to leave it until he has paid. If he tries to get off by saying that his purse is exhausted, he is asked, why did he come to Jerusalem if he had no money. When the pilgrim has visited all the Greek churches and convents, and contributed to each its due, he is allowed to spend his time as he pleases."

Pilgrimage like this, whether made to Jerusalem, or other so called holy places, with the view of doing penance for sin, or procuring its forgiveness, and in some way of recommending ourselves to God, Christianity forbids and condemns. Though it has no local shrines, let it not be thought, however, that it requires us to be dead or indifferent to all local emotions. Jacob had his "Penuel"[1] and his "Ephrath;"[2] places which lived in his memory, and were enshrined in his affections. David too had his "Jordan" and his "Hill Mizar."[3] There may be places too which for the same or similar reasons may, yea, must live, and be enshrined in ours; places which, by some who visited them at the same time with ourselves, will be soon forgotten, but whether with pain or pleasure, by us can be forgotten never. There is a principle in our nature, as has been frequently observed, which leads us to look with deep interest on places that have been the scenes of great and important events. "To abstract the mind," says Dr. Johnson in a passage which has been often quoted, "from all local emotion would be

[1] Gen. xxxii, 30. [2] Gen. xlviii, 7. [3] Psalm xlii, 6.

impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Far from me, and far from my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue; that man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." While a pilgrimage to Palestine may be made, as it often is, subservient to the cause of error and superstition, when made from proper motives it may thus be made tributary to the advancement of true religion. This it may to the Christian, and more especially, for obvious reasons, to the Christian minister, so that no one can have made a pilgrimage thither himself, without wishing that it could be made by others.

NOTE III.

THE EARLY AND THE LATTER RAIN.

BETWEEN the present and former state of the country, as well as of the cities of Judea, there is a great and melancholy difference. "The prophetic malediction," says Dr. Keith, "was addressed to the mountains and the hills, to the rivers and the valleys, and the beauty of them all has been blighted. The plain of Esdraelon, naturally most fertile, bounded by Hermon, Carmel, and Tabor, and so extensive as to cover about 300 square miles, is a solitude almost entirely deserted. From the centre of the neighbouring elevations, (around Jerusalem,) is seen a wild, rugged, and mountainous desert; no herds depasturing on the summits, no forest clothing the acclivities, no waters flowing through the valleys, but one rude scene of savage melancholy waste, in the midst of which the ancient glory of Judea bows her head in widowed desolation: 'The land mourns, and has become a desolate wilderness.'"[1] "The earth," says Volney the infidel, utterly unconscious of the nature of his testimony, "produces only briers and wormwood."

[1] Hosea, x, 4.

"The whole district of Tiberias," says Burckhardt, "is covered with a thorny shrub." "If we compare," says Rabbi Joseph Schwarz, "the present with the former flourishing condition of this holy land, it would appear to us, as though all the powers of nature join unanimously in the complaint of Zion, 'How have we been destroyed!'[1] Of a large portion of the former natural productions, we find no more any trace, and those yet remaining are in a miserable condition." To this testimony of a Jew to the present desolation of his country, it is but proper to add what follows, in the truth of which we also concur. "Still we cannot avoid recognising, judging from these feeble remains, the ancient and blessed Palestine, as much as the magnificent ruins of a destroyed fort give us proof of its former strength." Yes, there are spots, over which even yet linger a gleam of its former loveliness, as if all that had befallen it had been unable,

> "Wholly to do away, I ween,
> The marks of that which once hath been."

These, however, are the exception. Silence, sadness, sterility, and desolateness are the rule. "As I travelled," says Mr. Lowthian, a plain and homely, but shrewd English farmer, "from Jaffa to Jerusalem, over some as fine soil as could be found any where, I did not see so much as one single blade of grass, though I looked for it as one would search for a diamond. This seemed to me strange, for I knew that in England grass will grow where nothing else will; but here, neither among the fine stubble fields, nor even along the roadside, where no plough comes, was not to be found so much as what might, with strict propriety, be called a blade of grass. Upon my arrival in Jerusalem, and perceiving that all the milk that was brought into the city in one day, for about twenty-four thousand inhabitants, did not exceed ten or twelve quarts, and that even that small quantity was only goat's milk, well-watered; and when I could find no honey but a small piece, I could not but exclaim to myself, How completely have God's judgments been executed on this devoted land!" While the sins of the Jews have been the procuring cause of "these long desolations," enquiries have

[1] Jeremiah, ix, 18.

been occasionally started as to their natural or instrumental cause. Dr. Robinson suggests the probability of a change of climate. Mr. Lowthian, and I see that Dr. Kitto, a great authority in such matters, seems to adopt his views, contends that it is to be found in a withholding of the LATTER RAIN. There is at present but one season of rain in Palestine, commencing in November and ending in March, or early in April. The common opinion hitherto has been that this period included both the early and the latter rain, the early falling in November, and following month or months, and the latter in March. Mr. Lowthian contends that this was the period, not of both rains, but of the early rain only: that the latter rain fell at a different and a distinct period, and that this period was some time during the six months of summer. "The former rain," he says, "which I call the winter rain, is so uncertain that it sometimes does not come before January, in consequence of which, water becomes so scarce and dear, that the inhabitants are put to great inconvenience and loss; and as neither planting nor sowing can be proceeded with until the rain makes the earth soft, the harvest is thrown back, for it is mostly in March or April that the crop is gathered in. After that, the latter rain used to come, by which it is more than probable a second crop was produced; but this latter rain is now entirely withheld, and none is ever expected to fall during summer. On this account, the best part of the year is lost, and no vegetable can grow or keep alive, but those plants whose roots penetrate deep into the earth. It is well known to farmers, that if grass seed was carried from England and sown in that land, the very first summer would kill the whole of it: to such a well known fact as this I appeal, as a corroboration of my view respecting the witholding of the latter rain. God has, as it were, turned the key upon the refreshing and fructifying bounties of the skies. He has commanded the clouds that they rain no rain upon the inheritance of his disobedient people; the latter rain is withheld, and with it the grass of the field, which being lost to the cattle, the milk is consequently taken away, neither can the flowers, from which the industrious bee extracts honey, blow and yield their sweets. All these are evils, resulting from the want of sufficient rain. The desolation of the hills and mountains is so striking, that it has caused many a visitor to say,

'It is impossible that these bare rocks could ever have been covered with grass:' but this is not my opinion. The taking away of the latter rain would have the effect of making them what they are. For instance, if one of the high mountains in Cumberland, which are covered with grass from the top to the bottom, were placed under a hot burning sun from April to November, the consequence would be, that all the grass would be killed. The grass being taken away, there would be nothing by which the soil might be bound or kept together, so that when thus pulverized, it would easily be blown away by the high winds. This being repeated year after year, the bare rock would soon become visible, and at last the grass-bearing mountain would be brought into the very state in which the rocky elevations of the Holy Land now are. But as we are taught to believe from the Word of God that these mountains are again to be clothed with grass, it may be a question with some how this is to be brought about, and how they are again to be covered with soil? To this I answer, that it requires no other miracle than the restoration of the rain in its due season; for let these hills and mountains only receive a regular moistening with the rain, and situated as they are, under a fine warm climate, they would soon begin to present signs of vegetation; and that vegetation, taking hold of the rock with its roots, would preserve it from being either blown or washed away, and the blade or leaf, dying or rotting upon the place, would very soon create a rich and fertile soil." Mr. Lowthian quotes two passages from Deuteronomy, xi, in support of his theory; but whether he is justified in the wide and general application he gives to them, I do not feel myself competent to determine. In reading his speculations on the subject, the following passage in the prophecy of Amos will naturally occur to the mind of the reader: "I have withholden the rain from you, when there were yet three months to the harvest: and I caused it to rain upon one city, and caused it not to rain upon another city: one piece was rained upon, and the piece whereupon it rained not *withered*."[1] As God withheld the rain from a part and parts of the country then, may he not be withholding it now? And may it not be in this way that he "has turned a fruitful land into barrenness, for the sins of them that dwelt therein,"[2] of

[1] Amos, iv, 7. [2] Psalm cvii, 34.

which, till they repent and are forgiven, and "the spirit be poured upon them from on high," the "heaven shall be as brass and the earth iron," and "thorns and briers shall come up on the land," as at this day. That repentance, however, and that forgiveness, though long delayed, will at length come; and as surely as they shall come, so surely shall the land be restored to all, and even more than its former beauty and fertility. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt."[1] "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree."[2] "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate: but thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah, and thy land Beulah."[3] Such are some, and only some, of the "glorious things that are spoken" of "thy land, O Immanuel!"[4]

"O thou dejected city! thou forsaken
Land, where the prophet's path was wont to be!
O air, wherein the Psalmist's strings did waken,
Breathing their bold inspired harmony!
Hear, hear the words of pardon! let them win
The smile of rapture from the cheek of woe;
Your warfare is accomplished, and your sin
Is pardoned He ye pierced, shall bestow
Healing; and He your fathers would not know,
Shall wipe the tears for ever from your eyes.
God visiteth his vine, and it shall grow:
The Lord remembereth Israel; let her rise!
Daughter of Zion, smooth thy cheek with smiles;
Put on thy beautiful garments; lift thy brow,
And shout rejoicing to the friendly isles,
That thy Redeemer is thy King; that thou,
Captive with all thy sons, no more mayest bow;
That God restores the people of His choice;
That sorrow flees away for ever now:
O shout it to the nations with glad voice,
For all the exulting earth shall in thy joy rejoice!"

[1] Amos, ix, 13. [2] Isaiah, lv, 13.
[3] Isaiah, lxii, 4. [4] Isaiah, viii, 8.

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OF

TEXTS QUOTED AND ILLUSTRATED.

GENERAL INDEX.

ERRATA.

Page 37, fourth line, for *Trostat*, read *Fostat*.
Page 46, third line, for *Scandera*, read *Scanderia*.
Page 62, fourteenth line, for *Dunga*, read *Dunya*.
Page 93, sixteenth line, after *thrust in*, add *their dark faces*.
Page 183, seventh line, for *monument Mausolus*, read *monument of Mausolus*.
Page 205, twenty-second line, for *Harfa*, read *Haifa*.

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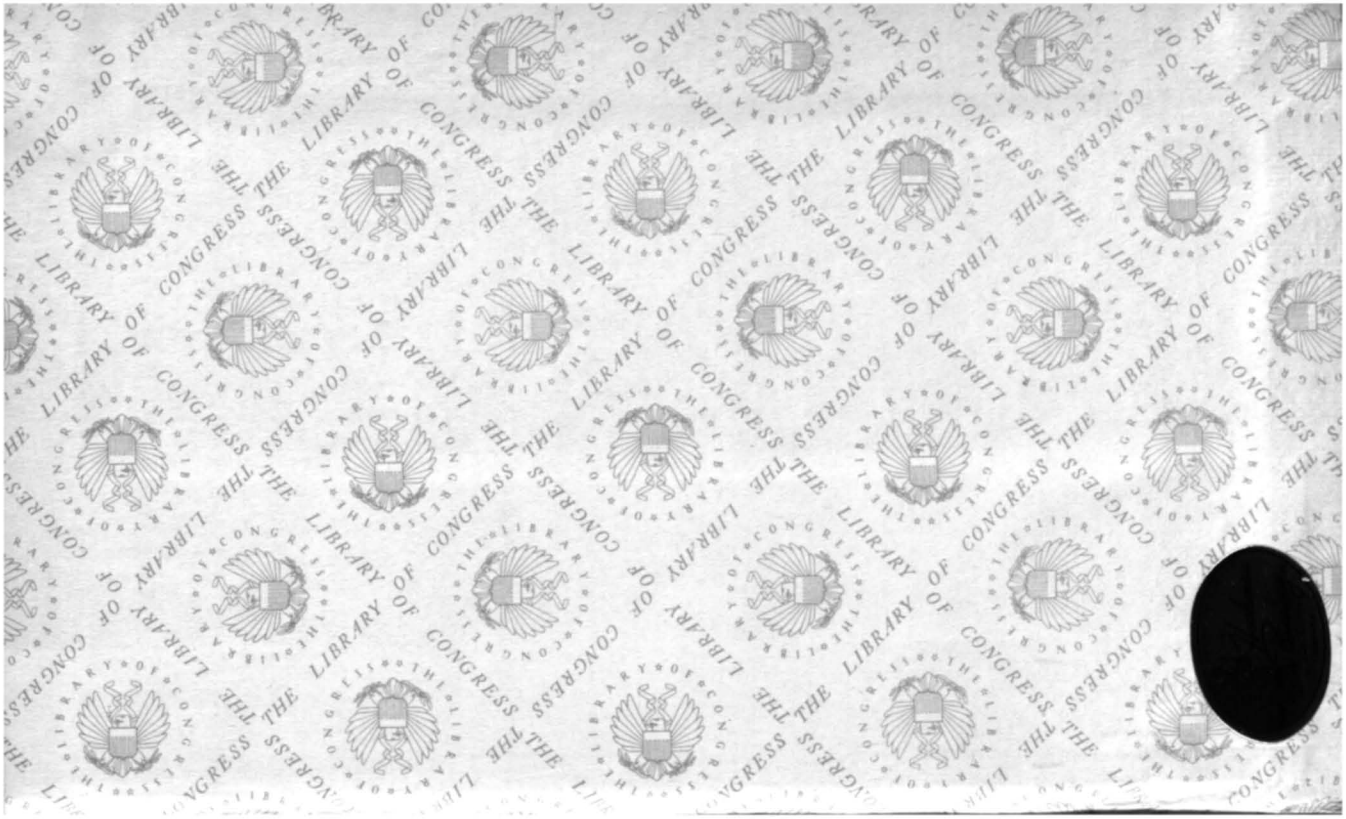
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