

THE  
HOLY LAND AND THE BIBLE.

A BOOK OF SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS GATHERED  
IN PALESTINE.

BY  
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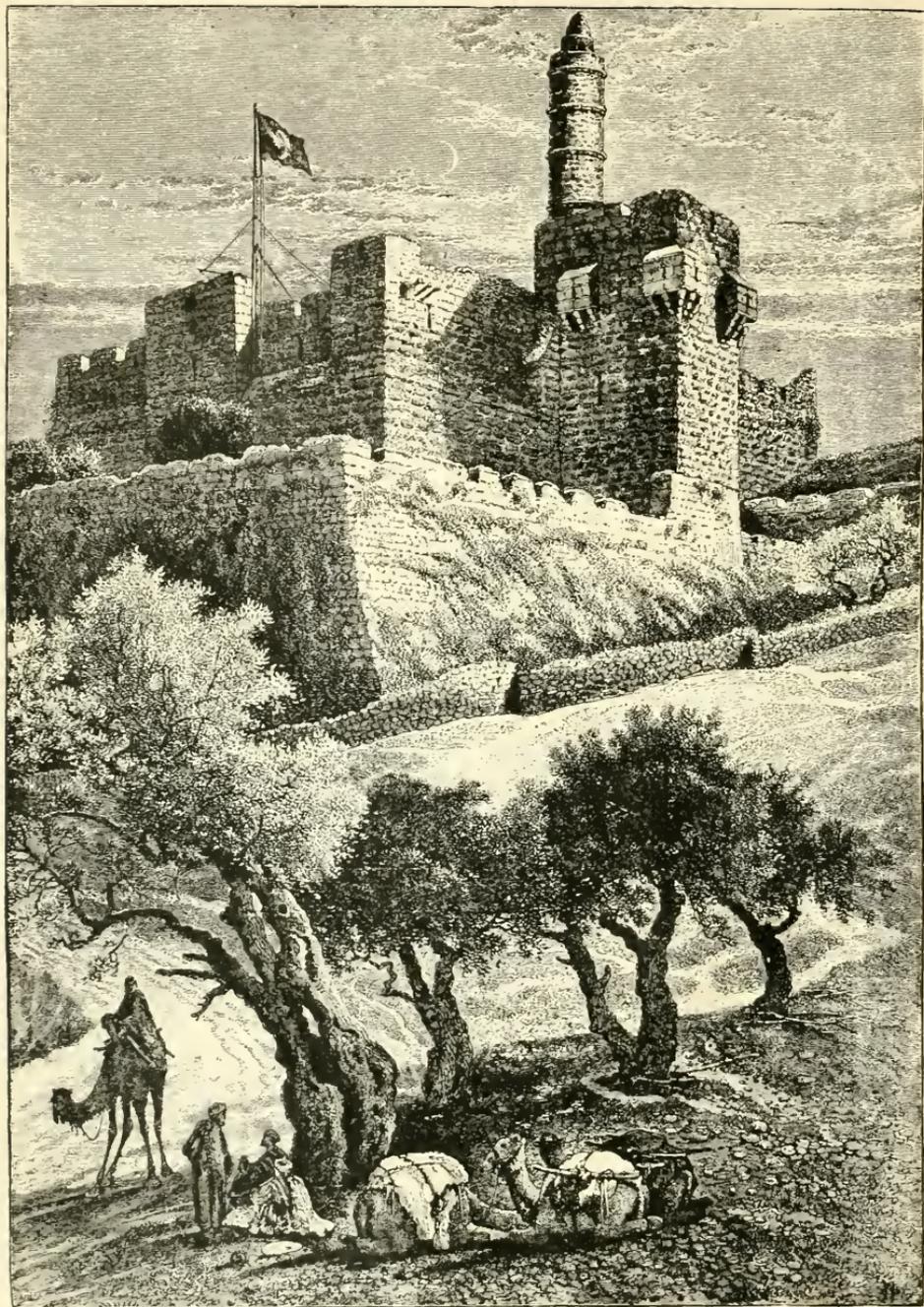
WITH A MAP OF PALESTINE, AND 212 ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM  
THE CELEBRATED GERMAN WORK OF DR. GEORG EBERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

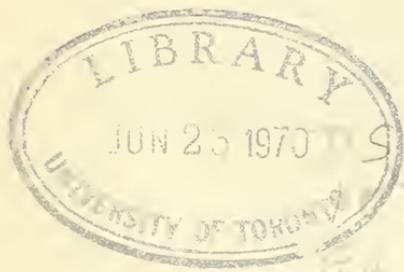
VOL. I. <sup>^</sup> 2

NEW YORK:  
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER.

1883.



The Citadel of Jerusalem. (Seen from the Valley of Hinnon). (See page 335.)



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## P R E F A C E .

I MUST urge it in explanation of my adding to the already copious literature treating, from one aspect or another, of the Holy Land, that the aim I have had in view in writing this book has been different from that of nearly every other work on Palestine, and that, if I have been able to carry it out successfully, the result should unquestionably prove very useful.

I visited Palestine with the intention of gathering illustrations of the sacred writings from its hills and valleys, its rivers and lakes, its plains and uplands, its plants and animals, its skies, its soil, and, above all, from the pictures of ancient times still presented on every side in the daily life of its people. Nothing is more instructive or can be more charming, when reading Scripture, than the illumination of its texts from such sources, throwing light upon its constantly recurring Oriental imagery and local allusions, and revealing the exact meaning of words and phrases which otherwise could not be adequately understood. Its simple narratives, its divine poetry, its prophetic visions, its varied teachings, alike catch additional vividness and force when read with the aid of such knowledge. The Land is, in fact, a natural commentary on the sacred writings which it has given to us, and we study them as if we were amidst the life, the scenery, and the local peculiarities which surrounded those to whom the Scriptures were first addressed.

While describing the various districts of the Holy Land and while noting their ancient sites, their past history, and their

present state, I have sought to gather at every step contributions towards the illustration of the inspired text from every local source. A glance at the Table of Contents will show that all the country is brought before the reader in successive portions, from the extreme south to its northern limits: that is from Beersheba to Damascus, Baalbek, and Beirout—an area including the whole Palestine of the Old and New Testaments.

The numerous Scripture passages quoted have been taken, as seemed most advantageous for the reader, from the Authorized or the Revised Versions, or from the Greek or Hebrew texts; and variations from the ordinary renderings have been made where, in order to express the full meaning of the original, such a course seemed necessary.

C. G.

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#### AMERICAN PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The English edition of this work is not illustrated. To the present edition about 200 illustrations have been added, taken, principally, from the celebrated German work on Palestine by Dr. Georg Ebers.

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# THE HOLY LAND AND THE BIBLE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### JOPPA AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

A BREADTH of apparently level foreground, backed by a range of purple hills, so nearly of equal height that they seem to form a tableland, is the first aspect of Palestine as the voyager coasts along it from Egypt in one of the numerous steamers which now touch at the different ports. Our destination is Joppa—"the Beautiful," or, perhaps, "the High"—one of the oldest cities in the world,<sup>1</sup> and the first possible landing-place as we sail northwards. There it is, at last, rising before us on its sloping hill, a hundred and fifty-three feet high; the flat-roofed houses looking down, terrace after terrace, on the waters. Half a mile out, steam is let off and the anchors slipped, for it is unsafe for large vessels to go any nearer the town. A strong west wind might drive them on the rocks, as there is no breakwater or harbor to offer shelter, and sudden steaming to sea must always be easy.

There is no difficulty, however, in getting ashore, if one have faith in the oarsmen who swarm round as soon as a vessel anchors. Competition reigns at Joppa as elsewhere. Many more boats than can find passengers crowd towards the steps let down to the water from the deck. A Babel of cries, unintelligible to Western ears, fills the air. The motley throng of deck passengers of the most varied nationalities, who have till now littered three-fourths of the deck with their bedding and baggage, fare best in the noisy exodus, for they are virtually at home, knowing the language of the boatmen, and able at once to strike a bargain with them, without a contest about prices. For the last half-hour they have been busy packing. Veiled women who sat apart with their children, in a spot railed off for them, are now on the wing with the rest. Figures in every variety of Eastern costume; Arabs with shawls over their heads, and striped brown-and-white "abbas," or mantles; black Nubians with red fezzes blue cotton jackets and

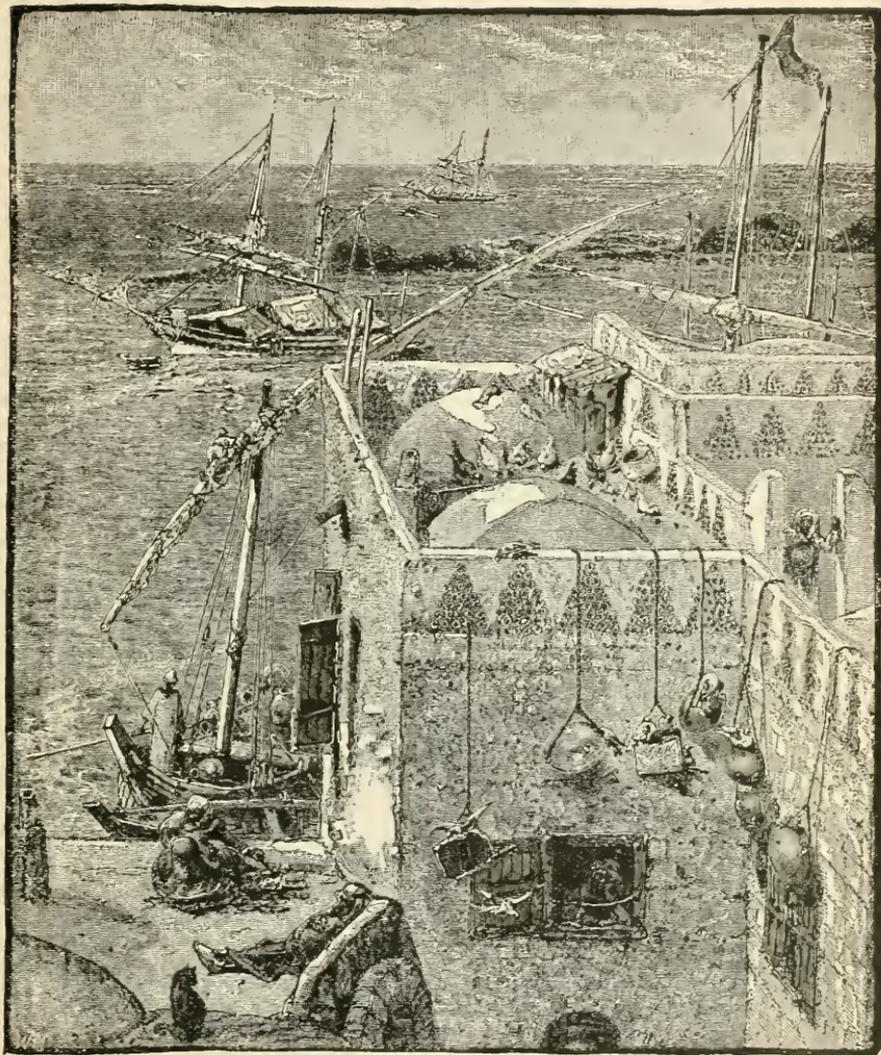
<sup>1</sup> Jaffa is *Jaapu* in Assyrian.

trousers; brown Levantines in European dress; Syrians or Egyptians, in turbans and flowing robes of all shades, press towards the stairs, many of them throwing their softer packages over the ship's side into the boat they have chosen, to facilitate their departure. Bare legs and feet are mingled with French boots and red or yellow slippers; smooth faces, with formidable black beards, or venerable white ones. But the storm is too violent to last. Each minute sees it by degrees subside, as boat after boat shoots off under the oar-strokes of strong-armed rowers, no less strange in their dress than any of their passengers.

The boats for Europeans and those who shrink from the native crowd, have not long to wait, and at last we too are sweeping towards the town. But it needs skill as well as strength to make the voyage safely. The nearly flat-bottomed cibles have to steer through an opening in the reefs only about a hundred feet wide, and the swell which rises with the daily forenoon land breeze may carry them too much to one side or the other. If the sea be rough there is real danger, for boats are occasionally lost, and as sharks are not unknown, they and the water offer two ways out of the world. The rocks stretch north and south before the town, in a semicircle, some of them rising high out of the water; others only indicated by the surf breaking over them; the perilous entrance being known only to the local boatmen. Once through it, however, danger is past, and we find ourselves in a broad but shallow harbor. There is a wider opening to the north, seldom used on account of its distance from the port; and there was once, apparently, a third place of possible landing, at the Moon-pool, to the south, but this has long been closed by silt and sand.

Landing is itself a new sensation for Europeans. Some twenty or thirty yards from the shore you are seized and carried off in the bare arms or on the back of a boatman; the water being too shallow to permit a nearer approach to the old tumble-down quay, built of stones from the ruins of Caesarea; the base or capital of a pillar sticking out here and there, mixed with great bevelled blocks of conjectural antiquity. Strong arms lift and push you up a rough step or two, and you are fairly ashore, to find yourself amidst the houses, streets, and people of a new world.

There has always been the same difficulty in landing, for the rocks have been as formidable from the beginning of time, the water over them as treacherous, and the inside bay as shallow off shore, so that you have fared no worse than bead-eyed Greeks or hook-nosed Romans did thousands of years ago. While Palestine was held by the Christian nations, Venice organized a spring and autumn packet-service to Joppa, and built a mole, of which the remains were still visible last century, to protect the shipping. It appears, however, to have been of little use, and since then, under the Arab and Turk, everything has



VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF JOPPA.



relapsed into a state of nature. On a coast so exposed the beach must always have been strewn with wrecks after great storms, before steam enabled vessels to bear out to sea and escape. About thirty years ago the remains of a galley of great antiquity were dug up, in some excavations on the shore; and Josephus tells us of a terrible loss of life in a gale off the port in the reign of Vespasian.<sup>1</sup> Phœnician, Egyptian, Syrian, Roman, Crusading, and modern fleets have all alike paid their tribute to the angry waters.

But I must mount my donkey and get to the hotel, at the north end of the town. No trouble has been given at the Custom House; indeed, I had nothing to do with it, a dragoman, or guide, who speaks English, managing all, for me and the rest of the European passengers. The road leads along a miserable apology for a street. Once paved, the stones have long ago risen or sunk into the ideal of roughness. No thought of drainage crosses the mind of an Oriental; the space before his door serving for a sewer. Dust-bins are equally a Western innovation, of which the East has not heard, so that every kind of foulness and abomination bestrews the way, or rises in pestilent heaps at its side. The buildings are of stone, with little or no wood in any part, timber being so scarce in Palestine that stone is used instead. The arch is, hence, universal, alike in places of business, houses, piazzas, or offices. As you jog on, you see that no light enters the shops except from the front—that they are, in fact, like miniatures of the gloomy holes made out of railway-arches among us. Still on, till we pass under an arch over which is built the chief mosque of the town, with a six-sided minaret on the right side of it surmounted by a narrow projecting balcony for the muezzin, when he calls the faithful to prayers; a verandah-like roof sheltering him on all sides, with a short, round, dome-topped tower, of smaller diameter than the rest of the minaret, rising as its crown above. Stalls of all kinds abound. Tables of cakes or sweetmeats line the narrow street, which is more or less shaded by rude awnings of mats—often sorely dilapidated—or breadths of tent-cloth, or loose boards, resting on a rickety substructure of poles stuck where the owner pleases. The emptyings of carts of stone would make as good a pavement, and the same rich aroma of sewage from the houses as we have already inhaled follows us all the way. A turbaned water-carrier with a huge skin bottle on his back—a defunct calf, in fact, filled with water instead of veal, and minus head, legs, and tail—forces us to turn to one side, to pass him. A bare-armed and bare-legged apparition in a ragged skull-cap, cotton jacket, and cotton knickerbockers of very simple pattern, is chaffering with a road-side huckster for some delicacy costing a farthing or two, from some of the mat baskets on a table; the bearded vendor, bare-armed and with bare

<sup>1</sup> Jos. *Bell. Jud.*, iii. 9, 3. Even Josephus describes Joppa as not naturally a harbor.

legs, sitting, as he tries to sell, his head swollen out with a white-and-red turban, and his body in striped pink-and-white cotton. Of course there is a lounge at his side looking on. An Arab in his "kefiyeh," or head-shawl, with a band of camels'-hair rope, very soft, round his head, to keep the flowing gear in its place, and a brown-and-white striped "abba" for his outer dress, is trying to cheapen a bridle at a saddler's, who sits cross-legged on a counter running along the street, under a shaky projection of wood and reeds, which gives him much-needed shade. At last we emerge into freer air. There is no longer the pretence of stone under-foot, but, rather, mud beaten hard by traffic, so long as rain does not soften it into a quagmire. Had we gone up the face of the hill, many of the streets would have required us to mount by long flights of steps, while the road along the top of the hill to the south is simply a bed of deep, dry sand. Outside the town on the north, however, after passing through the open space where markets are held on fixed days, a pleasant lane, reminding one of Devonshire by its hedge of brambles, with nettles and grass below, leads to the modest quarters where I was to stay. Intervals of prickly pear, a huge ungainly cactus, bristling with sharp spines, constantly brought one back from the West to the East, and the landscape from my window did so no less. From the sea, Joppa appears to be hemmed in with barren sand-hills, but, on nearer approach, a fringe of green borders it both north and south. These are the famous orange-groves, from which literally millions of the golden fruit are gathered in a good year. They stretch inland about a mile and a half, and extend north and south over a length of two miles. My room looked out on a sea of orangeries, glowing with countless golden globes, which formed a charming contrast to the rich green leaves. Other orchards of pomegranates, lemons, almonds, peaches, apricots, bananas, and citrons, are numerous; for beneath the sand blown in from the sea the soil is rich and fertile. It is no wonder that Joppa has always been a famous summer retreat from Jerusalem. The shady paradise of its groves, and the cool sea-breeze, are a great attraction. Sea-bathing would be another charm for Europeans, but Orientals have curious notions about cleanliness. Hence no use is made of the shore for bathing. Asses and camels, laden with boxes of oranges, pass continually to the port. Great heaps of the fruit lie ready for packing. Each tree has a number of stems, and every twig is heavily laden. White blossoms alternate with yellow fruit on the same branch. Here in Joppa the orange is grafted on the stock of a lemon, the produce being oval instead of round, and incapable of propagation from seeds.

The harvest is everywhere immense, the abundance of water being the secret of this fertility. Wherever a well is sunk in the orchards, it is sure to tap a spring at a very moderate depth. It seems, in fact,

as if a great subterranean stream runs continually from the hills towards the sea, under the whole of the lowlands, from above Joppa to Beersheba in the far south; for water can be had everywhere if a well be dug. The rains which fall on the porous strata of the mountains, or on the soft bosom of the plains, filter downwards till stopped, not far below the surface, by a bed of hard limestone, which turns them off in a vast perennial stream, down its slope, towards the west. Every orchard has thus ample means of irrigation, effected by countless clumsy water-wheels, the creaking of which never ceases. These ingenious contrivances, though rudely enough put together, are at once simple and efficient. An ox, a mule, or an ass, yoked to a long pole, projecting from the side of a thick upright post and driven slowly round, turns this beam, which carries on its top a large horizontal wheel, with numerous wooden teeth, working into another wheel set up and down, and joined by a long wooden axle to a third, revolving, mill fashion, into and out of the well. This lets down and draws up in turn, as it goes round, a series of pottery jars, or wooden buckets, fastened to it at short intervals by two thick, endless ropes of palm-fibre or myrtle-twigs, the roughness of which keeps them from slipping. As the jars or buckets pass over the top of the wheel, full of water, they empty themselves into a large trough, from which the life-giving stream runs into a little canal leading it through the orchard. This is tapped every here and there on its way, and thus furnishes numberless brooklets to moisten the roots of each tree; so that all, in effect, are planted "by the streams of waters."<sup>1</sup>

Modifications of the water-wheel are naturally met with in different parts of Palestine and Syria. Thus, on the Orontes, huge wheels, varying in diameter from fifteen to ninety feet, are set up between strong walls at the edge of the river, so that in revolving, by the force of the current, the rim, armed with a series of wooden buckets, dips into the water and fills each in succession, carrying the whole round with it till, as they begin to descend, after passing the top of the circle, the contents are discharged into a trough leading to a raised tank, from which little canals run off through the neighboring gardens. This, it is said, was the machine by which water was raised from terrace to terrace of the "hanging gardens" of Babylon, to a height, in all, of four hundred feet, though the contriver of these wonderful imitations of a wooded mountain was wise enough to conceal, behind great walls, the means by which he kept it green.<sup>2</sup> In many places, however, very simple wheels are sufficient, when the water is near the surface. Thus, at the Virgin's Tree, near Cairo, and in many parts of the sea-plain of Palestine, a horizontal cog-wheel, fixed on an upright shaft, from which a long pole projects at one side, works directly into an

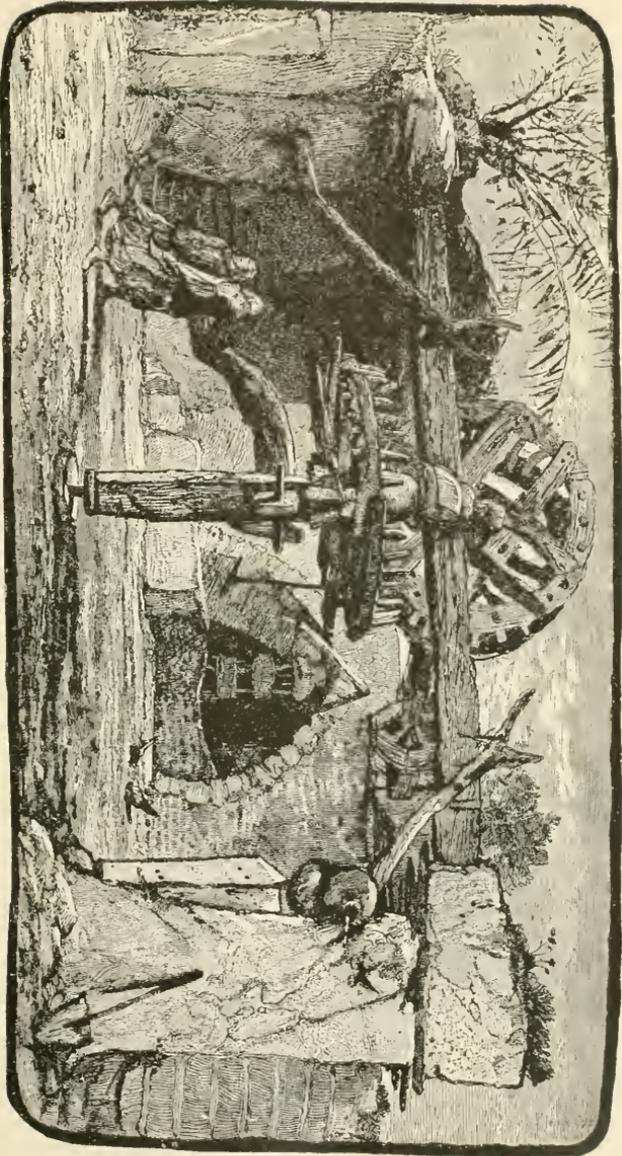
<sup>1</sup> Ps. i. 3 (Revised Version). <sup>2</sup> Diod. Sic., ii. 10.

upright wheel, hung with wooden buckets or earthenware jars, which, in turn, dip under the water, and duly empty their contents, as the wheel revolves, into a trough. A blindfolded ox at the outer end of the pole keeps the whole in motion as it paces round and round.

Flower-beds and gardens of herbs are always made at a little lower level than the surrounding ground, and are divided into small squares; a slight edging of earth banking the whole round on each side. Water is then let in, and floods the entire surface till the soil is thoroughly saturated; after which the moisture is turned off to another bed, by simply closing the opening in the one under water, by a turn of the bare foot of the gardener, and making another in the same way with the foot, in the next bed, and thus the whole garden is in due course watered, though the poor gardener has a miserable task, paddling bare-legged in the mud hour after hour. It is to such a custom, doubtless, that Moses refers when he speaks of Egypt as "a land where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs,"<sup>1</sup> and it is also alluded to in Proverbs, where we read that "the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the water-courses; He turneth it whithersoever He will."<sup>2</sup> Only, in this case, the hand is supposed to make the gap in the clay bank of the streamlet, to divert the current. There used to be a wheel in Egypt worked by a man's feet treading on steps in its circumference, and thus forcing it round: a horizontal support over his head, held by the hands, keeping him up while doing so. But such a literal treadmill is not so likely to be the watering with the foot to which Moses referred, though small wheels of this kind are still to be seen in Palestine.<sup>3</sup>

In front of my window, and on the right, the sand blown from the shore stretched along the coast, as it does everywhere in Palestine. The gardens of Joppa have been won from it by industry and irrigation, which needs only to be extended to increase at pleasure the area of supreme fertility. A palm-tree rose in the yard below, and a few more showed themselves here and there, clumps of other trees, also, brightening the view at different points. To the left, a burial-ground lay among scattered houses, and then came the town, standing out from the shore almost the whole breadth of its hill, up the steep slope of which rose its flat-roofed houses, white, grey, and red, shutting out all beyond. A tank for watering the orangery near the "hotel" filled a yard close at hand, while a set of sheds, built alongside it,

1 Deut. xi. 10. 2 Prov. xxi. 1, 2. 3 Robinson, *Bib. Researches*, i. 542, thinks that the point in the reference of Moses is not to the *distribution* of the water, but rather to the *supply*. He would therefore regard the wheel turned by the foot as the mode of watering referred to by Moses. Niebuhr gives a sketch of such a wheel which he saw in Egypt. The laborer sits on a level with the axis of the wheel, and turns it by pulling the upper part to him with his hands, while he presses the lower part from him with his feet. Robinson saw such a well in the Wady es Sunt, where David killed Goliath. It was sixty feet deep, and the water was drawn up by buckets fixed to a rope passing over the wheel; a man pulling and pushing the wheel round with hands and feet (ii. 351). He saw also another wheel like this in the same district—the sloping uplands leading to the hills of Judah (iii. 21).



Water-wheel in a Garden near Joppa. (See page 11.)



showed the special characteristic of Palestine architecture in a series of massive stone arches, strong enough for a castle. All the houses, or most of them, are equally solid. Stone, as I have said, costs little, and wood is expensive, so that to enable the builder to dispense with timber, everything is arched. Sheds, verandahs, rooms, upstairs or on the ground floor, are all alike a conglomeration of arches, strong enough to bear stone floors, or floors of cement. If no earthquake pay a flying visit to Joppa, its houses, one might think, will stand for ever. In front of all this prodigality of stone and lime, stretched out the blue sea, with some steamers at anchor in the roadstead; the sky above, as I looked, almost equally divided between the deepest blue, and fleecy snow-white clouds.

Joppa is a very busy place, and offers in its one or two streets of shops—for there are very few in the hilly part of the town—a constantly changing picture of Eastern life. These shops, as I have said, are simply arches, open by day, but closed at night, and standing in the sweetest independence of all ideas of regularity of position. At some parts the sides of the street are comparatively near each other, but at one place they bend so far back as to leave a wide space for an open-air market. Everywhere, however, it is the same under-foot. By night you need a lantern, or at least a pilot bearing one before you, to guide you clear of the holes, pools, rivulets of sewage, mounds of rubbish, blocks of stone, and varying uncleanness. Like all other Eastern towns, it is hardly lighted at all: the very few oil lamps hung up at distant intervals by private individuals before their houses serving no really useful purpose. The windows of an Eastern house, as a rule, look into the court at the back, so that none are seen from the street, except when there is a second story. But even in this case little light is gained, as such windows are small, and darkened by lattices. This open woodwork is, indeed, a feature in all Oriental towns. It was through such a lattice that the anxious mother of Sisera looked when her fondly-expected son had been defeated by Deborah and murdered by Jael,<sup>1</sup> and through just such a casement did the thoughtful watcher look out in Solomon's time, to note the doings in the street below.<sup>2</sup>

Little use, however, is made after dark of such latticed chambers, except for sleeping, and thus the streets are not brightened by any light from them, while to add to the terrors of the outer darkness, the town dogs, which own no master, prowl round, noisy and fierce: a hateful yellow race, with long heads, almost like those of hounds. Through the day, in the words of the prophet which vividly describe them, "they are all dumb, they do not bark; dreaming, lying down, loving to slumber;"<sup>3</sup> but after sunset they are astir, swarming through

1 Judg. v. 28. 2. Prov. vii. 6. 3 Isa. lvi. 10.

the streets and disturbing the night by their howling and uproar, as they roam about to eat up the foul offal and waste of the households, which in all Eastern towns is thrown into the public roadway; these canine scavengers thus saving the community from untold horrors of disease. It was in reference to this that our Lord spoke when He said, "Give not that which is holy" ("clean," in the Jewish sense) "to the dogs."<sup>1</sup> One needs a good stick to defend himself if he be abroad after dark. "Dogs have compassed me," says the Psalmist: "deliver my darling from the power of the dog!"<sup>2</sup> "At evening," says another psalm, "let them return, let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city. They shall wander up and down for meat."<sup>3</sup> Sometimes, indeed, the dogs raise a dreadful barking if a stranger in unusual dress approach the village or appear in the streets, so that it was a pleasant assurance which Moses gave the Israelites, that when they set out from Egypt "not a dog should move his tongue against man or beast;"<sup>4</sup> and Judith calmed the fears of Holofernes by telling him she would lead him so safely that he would run no risk of discovery through these pests.<sup>5</sup>

But dogs are not the only dangers of the streets. Any person found in them after nine o'clock without a light is in danger of being arrested by a town watchman, on whom one comes with a sudden start, the sound of feet making him stir in the darkness, where, perhaps, he has been asleep on the ground. This law was doubtless in force at the time when poor Sulamith, the bride in the Canticles, hastening after her beloved in the night, was seized by the watchmen, rudely beaten, and robbed of her mantle.<sup>6</sup>

The bazaar street of Joppa is, as I have said, comparatively broad even in the narrowest parts, but it is very different in the "clefts"<sup>7</sup> that do duty for streets in some other parts of the town. In these, the small windows above almost touch each other, and it is a difficult matter to pass any laden ass or camel plodding on below.

But let us wander on through the chief business street. At the mouth of one small arched shop a number of gold-finches in cages are hung up for sale, as others, no doubt, have been, over the land, for thousands of years back, for the maidens in Job's time toyed with birds kept in captivity.<sup>8</sup> The next arch is a carpenter's shop: the next a smithy. A string of camels, with firewood, passes: mangy-looking brutes, never cleaned, and suffering badly from itch in consequence. The hair is off them in great patches, poor creatures! Arabs, with striped "abbas," or cloaks, and "kefiyehs," or shawls, over their heads and shoulders, two rounds of a camels'-hair rope keeping them in their

<sup>1</sup> Matt. vii. 6. "Throw" would be better than "Give." <sup>2</sup> Ps. xxii. 16-20. <sup>3</sup> Ps. lix. 14, 15. This text may allude to the jackals which prowl round cities and villages in open parts. <sup>4</sup> Ex. xi. 7. <sup>5</sup> Judith xi. 19. <sup>6</sup> Cant. v. 7. <sup>7</sup> This is the meaning of *shuk*, the word in Hebrew for a narrow street (Prov. vii. 8; Eccles. xii. 4, 5). <sup>8</sup> Job xli. 5.

place, sit in the shade, smoking nargilehs, or water-pipes, in sublime indifference to everything but the gossip of the moment. Dreamy idleness is dear to the Oriental. He will sit in the same way in the shade of the orangeries, with fellow-idlers, through whole afternoons, and think it Paradise. Indeed, this idling seems the greatest enjoyment of the Joppa burghers.

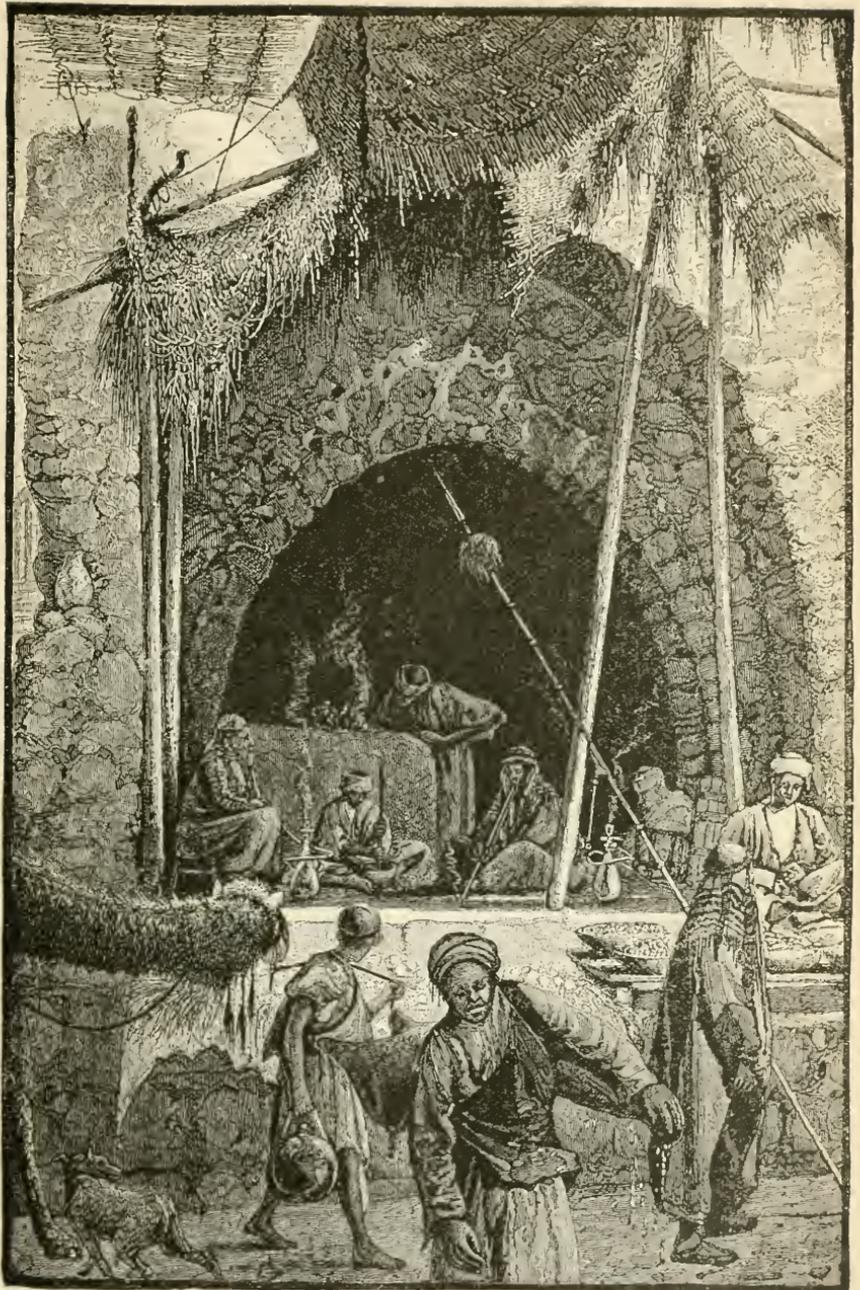
Heaps of common painted pottery in the street invited purchasers a few steps farther on, and near them heaps of grain, in arched stores. A man sat on the ground hard at work grinding lentils into flour: turning the upper stone of the little mill wearily with one hand, as he held the under one with the other. I was glad to see, for once, a man rather than a woman at such work. Large numbers of cocks, hens, and chickens, tied by the legs, lay in the street awaiting purchasers. Eggs were for sale in great abundance. Men in turbans, tarbooshes, "kefiyehs," and striped "abbas," brown-and-white, sat on all sides, cross-legged, on the ground, in the open air, beside goods they offered for sale. An unveiled woman, of course a Christian, passed; a silver ring on one of her fingers, a wristlet of the same metal on her arm, and tattooed marks on her face. The practice of printing indelible marks on the face and body has been common in the East from the earliest ages. "Ye shall not print any marks on you," says Leviticus; though there seems to be a limit of this prohibition in Exodus, where we apparently read of the deliverance from Egypt being kept in memory by signs upon the hand, and a memorial between the eyes; that is, on the forehead.<sup>2</sup> In Isaiah we also read of men subscribing with their hand, or as many translate it, "writing upon their hand," some proof of their loyalty to Jehovah. It would seem, therefore, as if the heathen signs tattooed by many ancient nations, as by some modern ones, on their faces or persons, were condemned, while others which recognized the God of Israel were permitted. Moreover, we read of the seal of the Living God being set on the foreheads of the redeemed,<sup>3</sup> hereafter: a metaphorical expression, indeed, yet one that could hardly have been used by St. John if all religious marks on the person had, in the opinion of his day, been wrong. But whatever may have been the custom among the ancient Jews, the practice of tattooing the hands, feet, face, and bosom is very common now, both in Egypt and Palestine. It is, indeed, universal among the Arabs, and Christian pilgrims submit to it at Jerusalem, as a memorial of having visited the Holy places. In Egypt the practice is very general among women of the lower classes, and even among men. The operation is performed with several needles, generally seven, tied together. With these the skin is pricked in the desired pattern;

<sup>1</sup> Lev. xix. 28. <sup>2</sup> Exod. xiii. 9. The word "sign" is that used for the "mark" on Cain, and for the blood on the houses of the Hebrews before the death of the first-born of the Egyptians. <sup>3</sup> Rev. vii. 5.

smoke-black, of wood or oil, mixed with human milk, is then rubbed in; a paste of pounded fresh leaves of white beet or clover being applied to the punctures, about a week after, before they are healed, to give a blue or greenish colour to the marks. It is generally performed by gipsy women, when a child is five or six years old.<sup>1</sup> Gunpowder is very often used in Palestine, the place tattooed being tightly bound up for some time after. Maundrell<sup>2</sup> describes the mode in which Christian pilgrims in his day—A. D. 1697—had their “arms marked with the usual ensigns of Jerusalem,” powdered charcoal, gunpowder, and ox-gall being the ingredients of the ink used to rub into the punctures. Tattooing has, in truth, been employed in all ages, in well-nigh every country. To-day, the Hindoo has the mark of his God on his forehead, and the English sailor a whole picture gallery on his arms or breast. In Isaiah<sup>3</sup>, there is a wonderful passage, of which such customs are an illustration. “Forget thee, O Jerusalem!” says God, in effect; “how can I? for I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands, so that, as often as I look down at them, thy walls are continually before me.”<sup>4</sup> The mother may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb, but God, thus always reminded of His people, must have them ever in His thoughts.

I am wandering, however, from my ramble through the bazaar. The ordinary dress of the women, of whom few were to be seen, was a long sack of blue cotton-stuff, without any fulness, but reaching from the head to the bare feet, leaving the natural shape unspoiled by artificial outlines. Any quantity of sweets, or garlic, or oranges, can be had from stalls at the doors of the shops, or in the streets; the oranges at two or three for a half-penny. Horse-trappings of all kinds had many sellers. Grocers, proud of their trade, sat amidst their stock spread out in boxes at the mouth of their little arch, or arrayed inside. Here is a humble café; only a dark open arch of no great size, with no furniture, and indeed quite empty, excepting that it has a clay oven, flat-topped, on which an atom of fire is kindled with a few bits of charcoal, to boil coffee when wanted. The turbaned proprietor is intently superintending the operation of getting the fire to light. A man with white turban and bare legs and arms sits pounding coffee-berries in a mortar, which he holds steady with his two feet, a long stick serving for pestle. A Bedouin sits in the middle, smoking a long wooden-stemmed pipe; an elderly apparition occupies a low rush stool and pulls at a nargileh in one corner, and at the other a man is asleep, with his back against the rough stone wall. At another café, farther on, a crowd of men are sitting on the same kind of low rush stools, in the open air, smoking nargilehs, but apparently buying nothing more than the use of the pipe.

<sup>1</sup> Lane, *Mod. Egyptians*, i. 46. <sup>2</sup> *Journey*, p. 100. <sup>3</sup> Isa. xlix. 15, 16. <sup>4</sup> In Ps. x. 14, God appears to be pictured as in the same way marking the sins of men on His hand, to bring them to judgment in due season. Instead of “requite it,” we may read, “to put” or “set it upon Thy hand.”



A BAZAR IN JOPPA.



At one side, a seller of sweetmeats and fruits presides over his boxes and baskets, sitting cross-legged on the projecting front ledge of the café arch in all the glory of turban, flowing robes, and bare legs. Mysterious sausage-meat on tables in the streets, or in cook-shops, awaits customers, for whom a portion of it is squeezed round a skewer as it is wanted, and then laid over a lighted charcoal brazier on the table, till ready for eating. Milk, bread, and vegetables had their own purveyors—turbaned figures of imposing dignity, who seemed to think their dens the most important spots in the world. Leeks, carrots, radishes like Bologna sausages for length and thickness, had numerous buyers. Fish shops were frequent. Cobblers drove a brisk trade in the open air, condescending to mend slippers and sandals which would have been thrown into the dust-bin with us. Veiled women passed frequently. The street was crowded with strange figures, which from time to time had to press closely together to let a drove of mules or asses pass, laden with mysterious cases ready for export, or with huge rough stones, or boxes of oranges; or to make way for a string of silent, all, splay-footed camels, similarly freighted, each tied to the one before it; the driver riding ahead on an ass, which they implicitly followed. Porters with weights which no Englishman would think of carrying trod on through a way readily opened for them, from selfish motives. How is it that men who live so poorly as these Eastern "atals" or "hammals" can manage such loads?

You stand aside to let one "atal" pass with three or four heavy portnanteaus on his back; another follows, with a box much bigger than himself; and a third, with two huge empty barrels, or a load of wheat, or of furniture; the road they have to travel, broken, rough, slippery, and often steep, making the burden additionally hard to support. I once saw half-a-dozen or perhaps eight men carrying a hogshhead of sugar on a thick pole, the ends of which rested on their shoulders. It was in Constantinople, but Eastern porters are the same everywhere. They find constant employment, as there are no carts or wheeled conveyances. Generally wearing only an almost indestructible coat of camels'-hair cloth over their skirt, their whole stock-in-trade consists of a rope about five feet long. Piling their intended load together, they arrange their rope so as to keep it all in its place; then, crouching down with their back against it, rise with a sudden spring to their feet, assisted perhaps; for the moment, by some one near. A loud grunt, to empty their lungs, uniformly marks the terrible strain, but it perhaps saves them from a ruptured blood-vessel. They remind one of the heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, to which our Lord compares the spiritual slavery under which the Pharisees laid the common people. Perhaps the "atals" of Christ's day supplied the illustration; but His burden, let us rejoice to think, is light.

One of the chief sources of profit to the townfolk is the crowd of pilgrims who land at Joppa every spring, on the way to Jerusalem, each of whom must spend some money in the town. A Greek monastery on the quay, and the Franciscan hospice at the top of the hill, offer shelter to a number, but very many seek lodgings among the townspeople.

On the south side of the town, at the edge of the sea, close to the lighthouse, one is reminded of the visit of St. Peter to Joppa by the claim of a paltry mosque to occupy the site of the house of Simon the tanner. The present building is comparatively modern, and cannot be the actual structure in which the apostle lodged. It is, however, regarded by the Mahomedans as sacred, one of the rooms being used as a place of prayer, in commemoration, we are told, of "the Lord Jesus having once asked God, while here, for a meal; on which a table forthwith came down from heaven." Strange variation of the story of St. Peter's vision! The waves beat against the low wall of the court-yard, so that, like the actual house of Simon, it is close "on the sea-shore." Tanning, moreover, in accordance with the unchanging character of the East, is still extensively carried on in this part of the town. In the court there is a large fig-tree, which redeems the bareness of the spot; and a fine well close to the house, from which the water is drawn up by a rope turning on an axle worked by short fixed spokes, one end of it being in the wall, the other in an upright post. The roof is flat, with a parapet round it, but there is a broad arch underneath, the front of which is filled up with square stones, much weatherworn; the doorway, a mere opening in the stonework, without any door or woodwork, at the left corner of the arch; a window-space, half the size of this door, up towards the point of the arch; the stones once over it, to the point of the arch, no longer there; a second smaller doorway on the right side, half-way up the arch, at the turn of the rude stair by which the housetop is reached. In the arch on the right-hand side of the court is the mosque, in which a light is kept perpetually burning.

Let us go up the rough outside staircase, and, like Peter, withdraw for a time to the roof. Part of the building is inhabited, so that we cannot see the interior; but the view from the roof, and the roof itself, well repay a visit. As in Peter's day, it is flat, with the domes of two arches on each side of the court bulging through the level. The parapet is partly built of hollow earthenware pipes, about five inches in diameter and eight or ten inches long, arranged in pyramids close to each other, letting in the cool wind, and enabling any one to look out without being seen. From the top hang numbers of household details, some boxes for pigeons' nests among them. At one angle of the house there is a small square window-hole on the second story, closed at

night by a wooden shutter, now turned to the wall; a larger one, with its shutters open, is on another face, and others also, letting the light into the rooms; but the shutters of all are very rough and old. A pigeon-house is built in one corner against the parapet, the roof offering a promenade for its population. A rain-spout juts out from below the parapet, and there is a small chimney two or three feet high—a mere toy in size—but sufficient for a kitchen in which only a handful of charcoal is burned at a time. Similar flat roofs, with parapets, line the three sides of the hollow square of the court. From such a terrace St. Peter's eyes rested on the wide heaven above, and these shining waters—the highway to the lands of the Gentile. Fishermen were then, perhaps, wading between the rocks of the harbor, or moving over them, as now: a sight recalling long-past days to the old fisherman of Gennesaret. On the roof of a one-storied house below, a man is sleeping in the shade, while another near him is having his head shaved. A high-prowed, large boat lies near, with one mast crossed by a great bending spar fixed atop, raking far above our roof; the cargo of earthenware jars rising high over the gunwales. The parapets round the roofs, by the way, must be a very ancient feature in Eastern houses, for the ancient Jews were told, "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine home, if any man fall from thence."<sup>1</sup>

The site of the house of Dorcas or Tabitha, "the Gazelle," three-quarters of a mile east of the town, is another of the sights of Joppa, but though the tradition respecting it is ancient, no reliance can be placed on it. Assuredly, however, if the state of the poorer classes in the town 2,000 years ago were as bad as it is now, she must have had room enough for her charity. Extreme poverty is a characteristic of large numbers in all Eastern cities, and if we may judge by the appearance of the lower class in Joppa they are no exception to the rule.

Joppa used to be surrounded by a wall, which, however, only dated from the close of last century, at which period the town was rebuilt, after having been almost entirely destroyed in the fifteenth century. The wall was commenced by the English and finished by the Turks; but it has now been levelled and its place occupied by buildings; the ditch being filled up. The original land-gate was a comparatively large structure, and had an open space before it, in which the Governor or Cadi with his suite still occasionally tries cases, with swift Oriental decision, as was the custom with the ancient Jews. Thus, they were not to "oppress the afflicted in the gate"<sup>2</sup> by false witness before the judge, or other means. Job asseverates that he had never lifted up his hand against the fatherless because he saw his help in the gate,<sup>3</sup> as if

1 Deut. xxii. 8. 2 Prov. xxii. 22. 3 Job xxxi. 21.

he deprecated the idea of ever having overawed the judge by the number of his retainers.

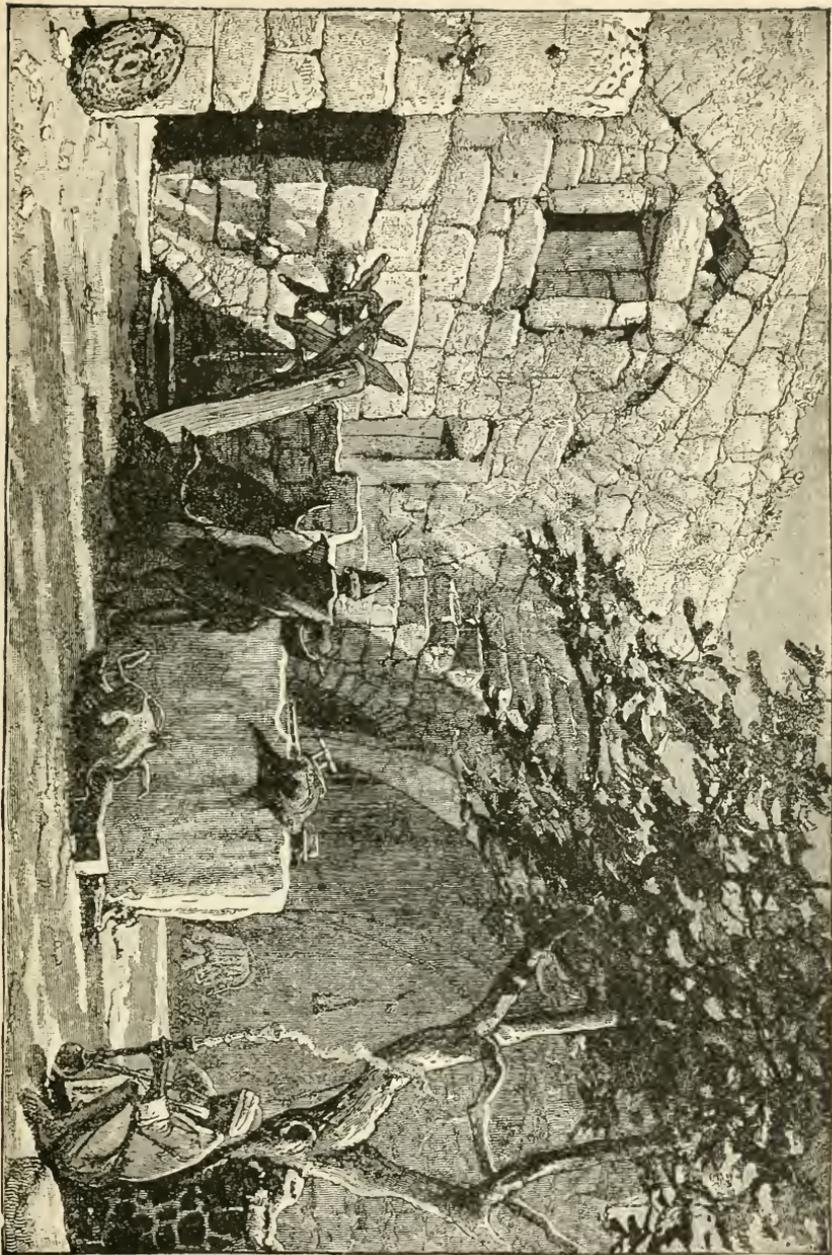
On the south of the town lay formerly "the Moon Pool," where the rafts of cedar and other timber for the Temple at Jerusalem were brought by the Phœnicians<sup>1</sup> in Solomon's day; and afterwards, for the second Temple, in the days of Ezra.<sup>2</sup> Jerusalem is twelve hours' journey from Joppa, at the pace of a horse's walk over rough ground, and it must have been a terrible matter to drag up huge beams over such a track. The enforced labor of thousands, so tyrannically used by the Jewish king, must have been required to get them pulled, step by step, to their destination; the remembrance of the hideous sufferings of such a task probably helping to bring about the revolt of the Ten Tribes under his successor.<sup>3</sup> The Moon Pool at Joppa has, however, long been silted up by the current, which sweeps along the coast of Palestine from the south, carrying with it sand and Nile mud. Pelusium, Joppa, Ascalon, Sidon, and Tyre have all been destroyed as ports, in the course of ages, from this cause, and Alexandria would have shared the same fate had not the genius of its founder guarded against the danger by choosing a site to the west of the mouths of the great Egyptian river.

It was from Joppa that the prophet Jonah sought to flee from his duty by taking passage in a great Phœnician ship bound for Tarshish: apparently the district round Cadiz, in Spain. Strangely, there is a record in Pliny's "Natural History"<sup>4</sup> of bones of a sea-monster sent from Joppa to Rome by Marcus Scaurus, the younger, who was employed in Judæa by Pompey. They measured forty feet in length, and were greater in the span of the ribs than that of the Indian elephant, while the backbone was a foot and a half in diameter. Naturally, in simple eyes, these remains were supposed to be those of the very "fish" mentioned in the story of the prophet, but they at least show that sea-beasts of huge size have not been unknown in the Mediterranean in any age.<sup>5</sup>

The history of Joppa has been stirring enough in past ages. When Joshua had mapped out the land to Israel it was assigned to the tribe of Dan,<sup>6</sup> but they could not wrest it from its Phœnician inhabitants. It first became Jewish under the Maccabees, in the second century before Christ. A number of Hebrews had settled in it, and from some cause had incurred wide-spread popular hatred, which took a terrible way of asserting itself. "The men of Joppa prayed the Jews that dwelt among them to go, with their wives and children, into the boats which they had prepared, as though they had meant them no hurt; but when they were gone forth into the deep, they drowned no less than two hundred

<sup>1</sup> 2 Chron. ii. 16. <sup>2</sup> Ezra iii. 7. <sup>3</sup> 2 Chron. x. 4; 1 Kings v. 13. <sup>4</sup> Plin. *Nat. Hist.*, ix. 5. <sup>5</sup> Sepp. *Jerusalem und das Heilige Land*, vol. 1. 4, gives a number of instances. Many also are quoted by Dr. Pusey in his *Minor Prophets*. <sup>6</sup> Josh. xix. 46.

THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER.





of them."<sup>1</sup> Such an atrocity drew down the speedy vengeance of Judas Maccabæus. "Calling on the righteous Judge, he came against those murderers of his brethren, and burnt the haven by night, and set the boats on fire, and those that flew thither he slew."<sup>2</sup> It was Jonathan, the youngest of the Maccabæan brethren, however, who with the help of his brother Simon, first actually gained the town for the Jews<sup>3</sup>—B. C. 147. Pompey, eighty-four years later, added Joppa to the Roman province of Syria, but Augustus gave it back, after the fall of Antony and Cleopatra—B. C. 30—to Herod the Great, so that it became once more Jewish, and it was held by his son Archelaus till he was deposed and banished, A. D. 6—that is, when our Lord was about ten years of age. Under Vespasian it suffered terribly; its population having largely turned pirates. It was, in fact, virtually destroyed. Since then its fortunes have been various: now Roman, next Saracen, next under the Crusaders, then under the Mamelukes, and next under the Turks, to whom it still, to its misfortune, belongs. The population at this time is given by some authorities at 15,000,<sup>4</sup> by others at only 8,000,<sup>5</sup> of whom 300 are Europeans and 3,000 Jews.

On the south-east of the town a settlement of the Universal Israelitish Alliance has been able to obtain a tract of 780 acres, one-third of which, before unreclaimed, they have turned into fruitful fields and gardens. Their vineyards and those of others skirt the orchards on the south; the vines trailing low over the sand, but yielding large and delicious grapes. On the north there are large gardens owned by the Franciscans, and bordering these, also, are vineyards owned by a German colony. A settlement of Egyptians, brought there fifty years ago by Ibrahim Pasha, live in great wretchedness in low mud cabins along the shore to the north: a herd of poor creatures stranded here, when the tide of war that had swept them from their native land finally ebbed. But war has a still more vivid memento to show, close to the town, for a spot is still pointed out on the sand-hills to the south-east where Napoleon I. caused between two and three thousand Turkish soldiers to be shot down in cold blood, to save him the trouble of taking them with him to Egypt.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Macc. xii. 3, 4. <sup>2</sup> 2 Macc. xii. 6. <sup>3</sup> 1 Macc. x. 76. <sup>4</sup> Riehm, *Handwörterbuch* and *Calver Bibel Lex.* <sup>5</sup> *Palestine Fund Memoirs*, ii. 255; *Pict. Palestine*, ii. 138.

## CHAPTER II.

## LYDDAH—RAMLEH.

IF you like an "omnibus," with its load of passengers, you can drive each day from Joppa to Jerusalem, but I prefer going on horse-back. One can stop when he likes, and can escape the din of a light-hearted set of tourists "doing" the country in a very mechanical way.

The road to Lydda, now called Ludd, leaves Joppa at the north-east corner of the town and runs south-east, along a broad, sandy road, through gardens fenced with prickly pear, which extend nearly two miles back from the sea. On the left, half a mile out, in one of the gardens, is a good-sized pool, a pleasant sight in this thirsty land, and a little further on, at a fork of the road, stands a noble fountain, called after a governor of Joppa who died about the beginning of this century, and left this fine memorial of his kindly nature. It is built of white stone, with an arched recess in the middle, before which, on a line with the walls, is a wide trough, at which some poor donkeys, heavily laden as usual, were slaking their thirst. A wall a little broader than the recess extends on each side of this, with a rounded shaft at each corner, surmounted by a sugar-loafed dome, the sides running back so as to form a parallelogram. In each end is a blank arch, for ornament; and in the front, on each side of the archway, about eight feet up, two long, narrow, arched window-spaces. A number of sugar-loaf domes above complete the ornaments of the structure, which is the finest of its kind in Palestine. The walls are about twenty feet high; the centre cupola perhaps twelve feet higher. Inside lies the generous founder; for the building is at once a fountain and a tomb. No public gift is more appreciated in the East than a fountain, erected in the belief that kindness shown by us in this world will not be forgotten in the next, and hence there is not a town of any size which does not boast of at least one. One at Joppa, which I had forgotten to mention, stands near the old site of the city gate: eight pointed arches, resting on columns rising on a paved square, amidst a thoroughly Oriental surrounding of squalid stalls and dark cells, miscalled shops; some plane-trees growing beside it. At the roadside, in different parts, one often comes on a low plastered cube with an opening in front, and water within, placed there, each day, by women returning from the well, that passers-by may be refreshed by it. The water supply of Palestine, except in favored districts, has in all ages been limited, and of course there has never been any such provision as there is with us for bringing it to each house. Hence, as in Jerusalem at this time, at least one cistern is formed under each dwelling, to collect the

rain-water from the roof. A well in the inner court of a house was in ancient times, as it is still, a mark of wealth,<sup>1</sup> though it might be only a gathering of rain-water—not a spring. Mesa, of Moab, in the famous stone on which he caused his memorial of victory to be engraved, tells us that he had ordered every householder in Korchah Dibon to make a cistern of his own dwelling; and this custom, thus followed in all ages with private houses, has also been that of the whole open country. The ground everywhere is, as it were, honey-combed with ancient cisterns, many, no doubt, dating from the time of the old Canaanites, before Moses, for their wells, or cisterns,<sup>2</sup> are spoken of by him, and in a later day by the Levites, at Ezra's great fast.<sup>3</sup> These reservoirs must sometimes have been of great size, for in the well or cistern made by King Asa at Mizpel there was room for seventy corpses.<sup>4</sup> Even in the very region through which we are passing—the fringe of low hills and the rolling plain of Sharon, stretching from Joppa, north—King Uzziah had to expend much labor in securing sufficient water for his numerous flocks. We read that "he built towers in the pasture country [for his shepherds and flocks] and hewed out many cisterns; for he had much cattle, both in the Shephelah [the low hills sloping to the plains] and in the Mishor" [the smooth grassy pasture-land, free from rocks and stones].<sup>5</sup> Their shape is often that of huge bottles, narrowed at the neck to keep the water cool. Stones were generally laid round the mouth, which itself was covered with a great stone, requiring no little strength to push or roll aside. Thus several men were required to move the one which covered the cistern belonging to Laban.<sup>6</sup> In some places, as we shall see, these cisterns are carefully hewn out of the rock, but they are sometimes walled with blocks of stones, and in all cases they are coated with water-proof cement. Springs rise to the surface only in a few localities in Palestine; indeed, in the south there may be said to be none. In Jerusalem there is but one, although there are at least four wells of living water, more or less sewage-poisoned. Bethlehem, even in Jerome's day, was mainly dependent on cisterns,<sup>7</sup> and the two fortresses, Jotapata and Masada, had only rain-cisterns.<sup>8</sup>

The fountain of Abu Nabât, which has led to this digression, is known by the name of the Tomb of Tabitha or Dorcas, but there is no weight in the tradition which thus distinguishes it. Close to it, among the orchards stretching to the north, M. Clermont Ganneau was fortunate enough to discover, in 1874, the ancient cemetery of Joppa, containing many rock-hewn tombs, all long since empty. Lamps and vases of terra-cotta, and stones with inscriptions, are constantly found in its limits by the peasantry, to whom the larger blocks are quite a treasure for building purposes.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Sam. xvii. 18; Jer. xxxviii. 6; Isa. xxxvi. 16; Prov. v. 15. <sup>2</sup> Deut. vi. 11. <sup>3</sup> Neh. ix. 25. <sup>4</sup> Jer. xli. 9. <sup>5</sup> 2 Chron. xxvi. 10. <sup>6</sup> Gen. xxix. 3. <sup>7</sup> Hieron, on *Amos*, iv. 7. <sup>8</sup> *Jos. Ant.*, xiv. 14, 6.

Branching off to the south-east, through the grounds of the Jewish Agricultural Colony, the road passes the first of a series of four guard-houses on the nine miles between Joppa and Ramleh—a sad evidence of the insecurity of the land under Turkish rule. On the left hand is Yazur, a small mud village standing amidst gardens, and said to have once had a church. The telegraph wire to Jerusalem runs alongside the road, on the right. Behind Yazur, about a mile north-east, lies a similar village, called Ibn Ibrak, thought to be Bene Berak, of the tribe of Dan.<sup>1</sup> Near this, during winter, rain-water stands in pools at different points. Slanting to the left, beyond Yazur, the road leads on towards Ludd, the Lydda of the New Testament, passing on the way, amidst olive-trees round and near it, the village of Beit Dejan, the Beth Dagon of the tribe of Judah,<sup>2</sup> famous, as the name implies, in the days of the Philistines for the local worship of their great fish-god Dagon. That people would seem, therefore, at some time, to have occupied the lowlands as far north as this. A mile and a half farther off, to the north, still on the plain, is Kefr Ana, that is, the village of Ana, a name thought, by Robinson,<sup>3</sup> to show that the triangle of plain between Joppa, Lydda, and a clump of low hills rising to the east of Joppa, like an island in the level round them, was the part known in Scripture as the Plain of Ono,<sup>4</sup> but also, apparently, as “the Craftsmen’s Plain.”<sup>5</sup> Ono itself was a Benjamite town, somewhere near Lydda, and always mentioned in connection with it, so that Ana would suit in this particular, though there is the difficulty that the Talmud says Ono was three miles from Lydda, whereas this place is five. But the site of the present village may have changed to this extent in the troubled history of the country. Two shallow basins, hollowed out in the rock, not built, receive the winter rains, and there are several wells, from which a few gardens on one side of the village are irrigated. You go nowhere in Palestine without meeting ruins, and here, beside the wells, ancient shafts of pillars speak of glory passed away. A mile beyond Ono, or Ana, still to the north-east, is another collection of mud huts—the village of El-Yehudiyeh, thought by Robinson to be Jehud of Dan.<sup>6</sup> It is twice the size of Ana, having a population of from 800 to 1,000, and it boasts of some gardens on its north side. Midway between it and Ana, moreover, there is a tract of gardens, about half a mile broad, and extending more than a mile, to the foot of the isolated low hills on the north. A rain-pond, surrounded by palms, lies a little south of the village, within mud-banks renewed each winter. The patriarch Judah is said by the Samaritans to have been buried here. Two miles still further, in the same line as El Yehudiyeh, the village of Rantieh, a very small place, was visible: a spot noticeable from its having been thought by Dr. Robinson to be

<sup>1</sup> Josh. xix. 46. <sup>2</sup> Josh. xv. 41. <sup>3</sup> *Bib. Res. App.*, pp. 120, 121. <sup>4</sup> 1 Chron. viii. 12; Neh. vi. 2. <sup>5</sup> Neh. xi. 35; 1 Chron. iv. 14. <sup>6</sup> Josh. xix. 45.



AT THE MOSQUE IN ICTRA



the site of Arimathæa, famous in Gospel history. But the identification is very doubtful, for "Arimathæa" is only a variation of Ha Rama, "the Height,"<sup>1</sup> famous as the birth-place, home, and burial-place of the prophet Samuel,<sup>2</sup> and it is thither, rather than to Rantieh, we must look for the home of the illustrious disciple who craved and obtained the body of our Lord from Pilate. About a mile beyond Rantieh the slopes of the hills begin; their base covered with extensive olive-orchards.

As we rode on towards Lydda, the landscape, dotted with these villages, presented in a gradually receding sweep the great physical divisions of the country in this part. First came the broad plain, undulating in low waves towards the hills on the east. These rise in fertile slopes to a height of about 500 feet above the sea, and constitute the second district, known in the Bible as the Shephelah,<sup>3</sup> or "Low Land": a region of soft white lime-stone hills, with broad ribbons of brown quartz running through them here and there. The wide straths leading up to the mountains, which form the third district, are especially fertile; the valleys waving with corn and the hill-sides covered with olive-trees, which flourish better in this district than in any other. Villages also are most frequent in this middle region, where there was some security on account of its elevation above the plain; and springs are found here and there, with wells of all dates. In former times the Shephelah must have been densely populated, for the Palestine Fund Surveyors sometimes discovered in it as many as three ancient sites within two square miles.

But we must hurry on towards Lydda, for its wide gardens now lie before us as we cross the low spur on which stand the mud hovels of another village, with a nice sprinkling of olive trees above it, on the slope to the south. For more than a mile before we reach the town, the road is skirted with orchards and gardens surrounding it on all sides except the east, which is close to the hills. Most of these gardens have wells of their own, which accounts for their vigor and fruitfulness.

Lydda is famous as the reputed place of the birth and burial of the patron saint of England, St. George. He is said to have suffered martyrdom in Nicomedia, the capital of ancient Bithynia, from which his remains were, it is averred, carried to his native town, where his head is still thought to lie below the altar of the church consecrated to him. That he was a real personage there can be no doubt, and that he did noble service in his day can hardly be questioned, from the earliness of

<sup>1</sup> In the Septuagint it is Aramathaim, from Ramathaim, "the Two Heights." In 1 Sam. i. 1, the Septuagint reads "of Ramathaim, a Zuphite." 2 1 Sam. i. 19; vii. 17; xxv. 1. <sup>2</sup> The following are the texts in which it occurs, and its readings in the A. V.:—VALE, VALLEY, or VALLEYS: Deut. i. 7; Josh. ix. 1; x. 40; xi. 2, 16; xii. 8; xv. 33; Judg. i. 9; 1 Kings x. 27; 2 Chron. i. 15. LOW PLAINS: 1 Chron. xxvii. 28; 2 Chron. ix. 27. LOW COUNTRY: 2 Chron. xxvi. 10; xxviii. 18. PLAIN: Jer. xvii. 26; Obad. xix.; Zech. vii. 7.

his fame, and the honor in which he has always been held by both the Eastern and the Western Church. But it is a lesson on the vanity of human greatness to find that, like so many heroes famous in their day, he is now no more than a name to the world at large. A fine church, which dates from about A. D. 1150, still exists in Lydda, with a crypt containing what is called St. George's Tomb. One arch is still complete, and the side of a larger one, but the outer, smoothed stones have either fallen, or been carried off, from the wall connecting these shattered remains of what must once have been a splendid building. The nave and north aisles have, however, been partly rebuilt, and are used as a Greek church; two lines of columns having been restored. The rest of the site is used as the court of a mosque! When perfect, the total length of the church was 150 feet, and it was 79 feet broad. A chapel of St. James, standing to the south of the church, is now the mosque, the court of which covers, moreover, two-thirds of the whole site. But, compared with the splendid building of the Crusaders, the Mahomedan sanctuary is rude and squalid in the extreme: a fit contrast between the creeds they respectively represent. How much may lie buried under the ruins! Twenty years ago thirty coffins and a fine sarcophagus were discovered by some chance digging, but all the bodies were headless!<sup>1</sup> The church is at the south-west of the town, and is built of pale yellow stone, from quarries on the way to Jerusalem.

The population of Lydda in 1851, the date of the last report, was 1,345, but with the villages of the district round, united with it in official arrangements, was 4,400. Its present squalor and decay are a sad contrast to its former prosperity, of which one is often reminded by the remains of fine buildings still seen among its miserable mud hovels. There used to be large soap factories, but they are no longer in existence.

It was perhaps by the Roman road to Lydda that St. Paul was brought on his way to Cæsarea, A. D. 58;<sup>2</sup> but there had been a Christian community there long before he passed through as a prisoner, for St. Peter "came down to the saints that were at Lydda," and healed the paralytic Æneas,<sup>3</sup> and he went from it to Joppa, at the invitation of the Christians in that town, when the generous-hearted Dorcas fell sick and died,<sup>4</sup> soon after the conversion of St. Paul, about the year A. D. 35, nearly six years after the crucifixion of our Lord.<sup>5</sup>

The ride from Lydda to Ramleh is through orchards of olives, pomegranates, apricots, almonds, and other fruit-trees, with mulberries and sycamores varying the picture. The two places are a little more than two miles apart, Ramleh lying to the south-west; but the two oases of

<sup>1</sup> *Paul. Memoirs*, ii, 268. <sup>2</sup> Riehm: art. *Paulus*. <sup>3</sup> Acts ix. 32. <sup>4</sup> Acts ix. 38. <sup>5</sup> It is to be remembered that Christ was born four years before our Anno Domini 1.

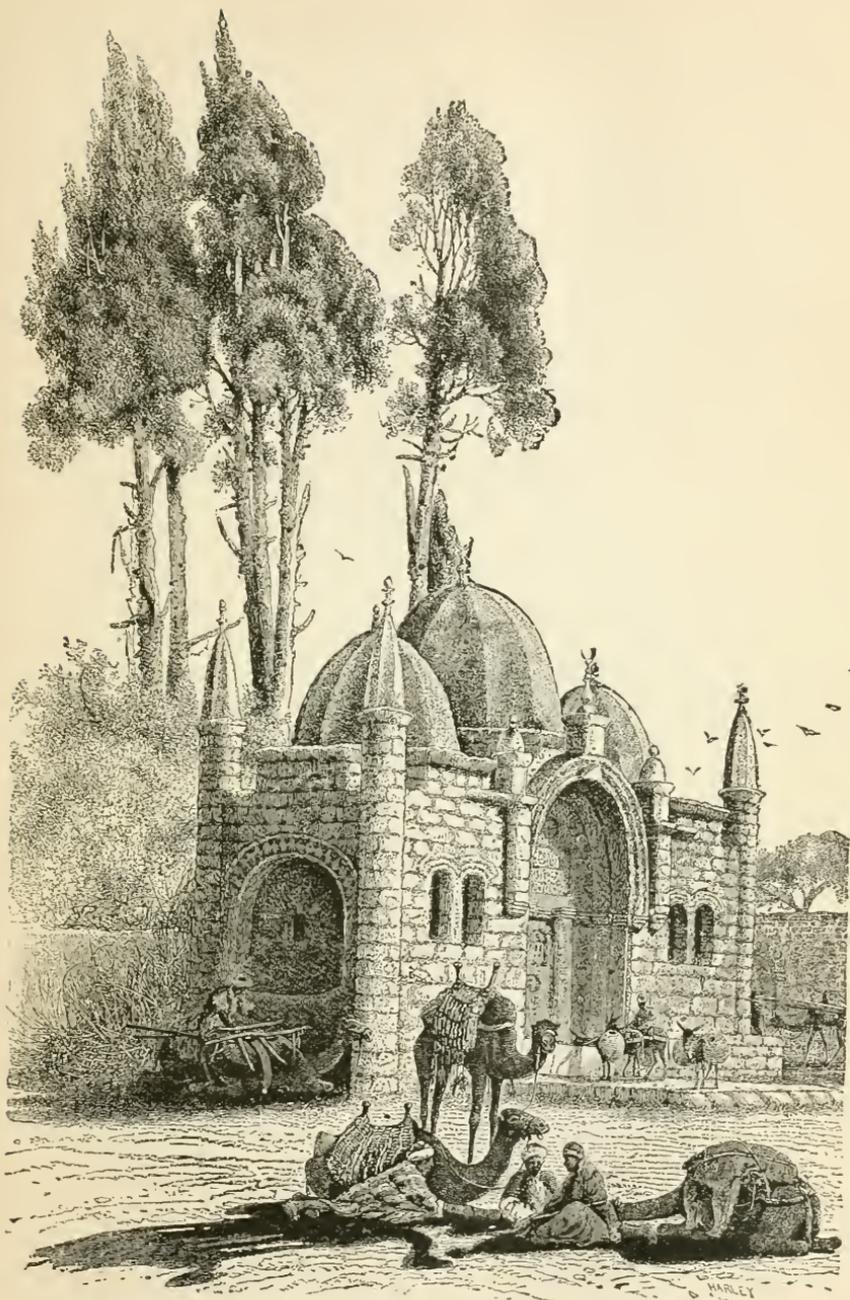
verdure round them, so striking in the great treeless plain, almost meet. In the spring every open space glows with scarlet anemones, intermixed with clouds of ranunculus, saffron, and other wild flowers, tall reeds of long grass fringing every moist hollow. Its name, Ramleh—"the Sandy"—indicates the character of the soil on which it stands; but though sandy, it is fertile. To the south indeed, towards Ekron, the sand is deep, and makes the cultivation difficult, but even there olive-yards and gardens flourish, thanks to irrigation from the numerous wells. Both Ramleh and Lydda are embayed among the low hills of the Shephelah on all sides but the north; Ramleh standing on the east side of a broad, low swell. Though the larger place of the two, it has no such charm of antiquity as its neighbor, since it was founded only in the eighth century, when Lydda had been temporarily destroyed. Many large vaulted cisterns and other remains, on all sides except the south, where the hills are close, show that it must once have been much larger than it is; but it could never have supported a very large community, the only water supply being derived from wells and tanks for rain. Some of these, of great size, but now useless, still show their age by inscriptions on them in Cufic, or early Arabic. Two ruins in the town are its chief attraction: an ancient Crusading church, long ago turned into a Moslem sanctuary, and a lofty tower known as the White Mosque, to the west of the houses. The former, still in comparatively good repair, with what was apparently its original roof, is no less than 150 feet long and 75 feet broad, almost the same size as the Church of St. George at Lydda; but the whole interior has been whitewashed, so that the fine carving of the pillars is in great part concealed. That two churches of such size and splendor should have been built by the Crusaders so near each other is a triumph of Western energy at once emphatic and eloquent. What men they must have been who raised them in such a land, and such an age, far from the aids of civilization! The one at Ramleh is perhaps the finest and best-preserved memorial of Crusading architecture in Palestine.

In a large enclosure, about 300 feet one way and 280 the other, stands the White Tower, twenty-six feet square at its base, and 120 feet high, a marvel of beautiful masonry. It is said to be the minaret of a great mosque, now destroyed; but it looks much more like the gigantic square tower of a ruined church. Yet we have the weighty opinion of the officers of the Palestine Survey that the details show the whole edifice to have been built by Arab workmen, from the designs of a European architect. It seems to date from about the year A. D. 1300. In the enclosure, south of the tower, are four huge vaults, lighted from above, all dry and perfect, the two largest eighty feet from north to south and a little less from east to west; the other two not

much smaller. One of the four is full of stones, the memorials of pilgrims who each add one to the huge mass. The vaults are all about twenty-five feet deep; their roofs being supported by rows of stone columns. Along the east and south of the enclosure are remains of an arcade or colonnade; and traces of chambers, for the officials of the mosque, are visible on the west side. The past history of the spot is, however, unknown. Tall slender buttresses rise at the four corners to more than half the height of the tower, which narrows in size above them in its two succeeding stories; a staircase of 126 steps winding inside the otherwise solid masonry to the gallery at the top. The huge mass has doubtless often been roughly shaken by earthquakes, but it stands unrent as yet. A succession of windows of various shapes but all with pointed arches, relieves the four sides, and opens magnificent views in every direction as you ascend. At one time a round tower and balcony for a muezzin disfigured the summit, but they have now disappeared. Standing on ground 352 feet above the sea, and rising 120 feet higher, the gallery enables one to look out from a height of nearly 500 feet on the panorama around.

Turning to the north, the eye wanders over the cemetery of Ramleh, with its plaster headstones and lowly mounds, scattered without order, and too often in decay—the orchards and cactus-hedges beyond, and then the town of Lydda, with its flat roofs in varied outline, and the high campanile-like minaret, with the ruined aisle of St. George's Church, close by a broad pool. On the further side, edged to the north with reeds and trees, there stretches out the whole length of the plain of Sharon, as far as Carmel, and, from west to east, its whole breadth, from the sea-shore sand-hills to the mountains of Judæa and Samaria. The landscape thus displayed includes by far the largest sweep of open country in Palestine, reaching from the cliffs of Carmel to the wells of Beersheba. Rolling uplands diversify the surface throughout: great breadths of waving pasture or arable land stretching between the low heights which break and beautify the whole. Perennial streams cleave their way to the sea; villages, always picturesque, however wretched, rise on the slopes; in some places there is still a sprinkling of oak; everywhere there are ruins. The red or black tilth, the green or yellow grain, the light-brown uplands, the tawny fringe of sand along the shore, the blue sea, the purple mountains to the east, all seen through the transparent air, make up a scene never to be forgotten.

Such a view as this explains why the Jews could not permanently gain possession of these rich lowlands, but had to content themselves with the comparatively barren hills. The nations of ancient Palestine were strong in iron chariots; the Jews were infantry soldiers, without horses till the days of Solomon. Jabin, the Canaanite potentate in the



FOUNTAIN ABU NABBUT NEAR JOPPA



north of the land, boasted of 900 chariots<sup>1</sup> in the early days of the Judges, and centuries later the King of Damascus explained a defeat by saying that the Hebrew gods "are gods of the mountains, and therefore they are stronger than we; but let us fight against them in the plains, and surely we shall be stronger than they."<sup>2</sup> Roads fit for wheels are even yet unknown in the old Jewish territory. You can only travel at the rate of your horse's walk over the stony tracks through the hills, everywhere in a state of nature. It was on a Roman highway that the Ethiopian eunuch travelled to Gaza, and though there were chariots of the sun in Jerusalem in the times of the Hebrew kings, they were only used for local religious pageants close to the city. Solomon, indeed, had 1,400 chariots, but they were, doubtless, more for show than use, except on the short stretches of road he is said to have made to some distance from the capital. There was, in fact, no plain on which they could be freely used, either for war or for travelling, except Esdraelon, where we find Jehu and Ahab driving in theirs.<sup>3</sup> An Egyptian papyrus, dating from the fourteenth century before Christ, that is, from about the time of Joshua, gives an account of the journey of an officer of the Pharaoh—a "Mohar"—sent in his chariot through Palestine upon official business. As long as he kept to the plains, he tells us, he could move freely, but when he ascended to the hills, the tracks were rocky and overgrown with prickly pear trees, and bushes; and disaster followed disaster. His "limbs were knocked up, his bones broken, his strength gone, so that for very weariness he fell asleep." He had to cross streams by difficult fords; to descend ravines "two thousand cubits deep," full of rocks and rolling stones, with no apparent passage; on one side a precipice, on the other the mountain. His chariot-pole was broken, his chariot injured; his horses refused to go, and at last his chariot was broken to pieces, and could only be repaired by getting the services of different "workmen in wood, and metals, and leather."<sup>4</sup> Such as the roads were then they still continue, and they must have been the same, in the hills, during Bible times, for the fact of Solomon having made travelling easy, by better roads, in the vicinity of Jerusalem, would not have been mentioned had intercommunication generally been even passably good.<sup>5</sup> To face the iron chariots of the plains was impossible for the Hebrew militia. "The Lord was with Judah; and he drave out the inhabitants of the mountains; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley [or plain] because they had chariots of iron."<sup>6</sup> In his mountain campaign at Ai and Gibeon, Joshua had only footmen to resist. On the plains of Merom, in the north, horses and chariots, "very many," appeared for the first time on the scene. A sudden

1 Judg. iv. 3. 2 1 Kings xx. 25. 3 1 Kings xviii. 44; 2 Kings ix. 16. 4 *Records of the Past*, ii. 109—116. 5 *Jos. Ant.*, viii. 7, 4. The roads of Josephus seem to have been made of basalt, the contrast of which with the white hills would be striking. 6 Judg. i. 19; Josh. xvii. 16.

surprise, like that of Deborah when she fell upon Sisera, neutralized this advantage of the enemy, but it was ordered that the horses should be houghed and the chariots burned, to prevent, in future, the peril of such a force as had thus been so wonderfully overcome. Nor was there any desire for such innovations, for horses and chariots were as useless in the simple life of the mountains as they would be to-day; no wheeled vehicle ever being met with in the hills, and horses only as they pass with stray travellers from town to town, or, in numbers, from the Damascus horse-market to that of Egypt, the caravan road between which two points, by the way, passes through Ramleh.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PLAIN OF SHARON.

A MODERN paved road, in very bad repair, leads through Ramleh, from Joppa to Jerusalem, but the ancient road between these cities runs through Lydda; only a broad track, however, without traces of antiquities, being visible as you cross the plain. From Lydda, north, runs an old Roman road through the heart of the country; a side track branching off to Cæsarea. Along this, as has already been said,<sup>1</sup> St. Paul probably travelled, when led to the presence of Felix, the procurator, or governor, of Judæa. Following this course, a short ride brought me through Lydda, which you leave by a Saracenic bridge over a wady, or water-course, dry except after heavy rains. The ground was firm, not like the deep sand through which one has to pass outside Joppa. Sharon spread in soft undulations far and near, with the low hills of the Shephelah on the left, at a short distance; fertile stretches of barley and wheat now, in spring, casting a shimmer of green over the landscape, and alternating with breadths of what, in England, would be called pasturage. Red and yellow flowers—*anemones*, tulips, and the *narcissus*, among other blossoms—abounded. The joyful peasant maiden could say to-day, as of old, "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."<sup>2</sup> What flowers were meant in this verse it is not easy to tell. The Rose of Sharon is thought by Sir George Grove, I know not why, to have been the "tall and graceful squill,"<sup>3</sup> while others have advocated the claims of the *cistus*, or rock rose, but this is found rather in the hills than on the plains. The rose, indeed, is not mentioned till the date of the Apocryphal books, having

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 32. <sup>2</sup> Cant. ii. 1. <sup>3</sup> *Dict. of Bible*: art. "Sharon."

been brought from Persia late in Jewish history.<sup>1</sup> Tristram and Houghton<sup>2</sup> think it was the narcissus, a bulb of which Orientals are passionately fond.<sup>3</sup> While it is in flower it is sold everywhere in the streets, and may be seen in the hands of very many, both men and women, who carry it about to enjoy its perfume. Dr. Thomson thinks a beautiful variety of the marsh mallow, which grows into a stout bush and bears thousands of beautiful flowers, is the "lily" of Scripture. It certainly is found often among thorns, and abounds on Sharon, so that it would, at least in this, suit the comparison that follows the mention of the Rose of Sharon—"As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters."<sup>4</sup> But it hardly meets the conditions implied in other texts, for it is compared with the lips of the Beloved, and therefore, it is to be presumed, was red.<sup>5</sup> It grew quickly, and from the locality in which our Lord contrasted its "glory" with that of Solomon, it should be found abundantly in Galilee. The species mentioned by Dr. Thomson, however, though very beautiful, is dark purple and white in its flower, nor, indeed, is it a lily at all, but an iris. There are, in fact, few true lilies in Palestine, nor is it necessary to suppose that a true lily was intended, for the name Shusan—translated "lily" in Scripture—is used to this day of any bright-colored flower at all like the lily: such, for example, as the tulip, anemone, or ranunculus. Dr. Tristram, therefore, fixes on the scarlet anemone, which colors the ground all over Palestine in spring, as the flower intended, especially as the name Shusan is applied to it among others.<sup>6</sup> Captain Conder thinks the blue iris is meant, while the large yellow water-lily of the Huleh is mentioned by Dean Stanley, only to be set aside.<sup>7</sup> But whatever the case with the lily, there seems no likelihood of agreement as to the "Rose of Sharon." The Hebrew word translated "rose" comes from two roots, meaning "sour" and "bulb," and is used also, in the ancient Syriac version, for an autumnal flower springing from a poisonous bulb, and of a white and violet color; perhaps the meadow saffron.<sup>8</sup> On the other hand, the old Jewish commentaries translate the word by "the narcissus," which is not only of the lily tribe, but very common, as we have seen, in spring, on the plain of Sharon. Roses are not found in Palestine, though they flourish on the cool heights of Hermon, 6,000 feet above the sea. It is not without weight, moreover, that the word used for "rose" in Scripture is still used by the peasantry, with slight variation, for the narcissus.<sup>9</sup>

As we rode on, many peasants were ploughing, with the plough in one hand, and in the other a long wooden god, the sharp iron point of which was used to urge forward the lean, small oxen. It was no

<sup>1</sup> Ecclus. xxiv. 14: xxxix. 13; 1, 8. <sup>2</sup> *Dict. of Bible*: art. "Rose." <sup>3</sup> *Nat. Hist. of Bible*, p. 476. <sup>4</sup> Cant. ii. 2. <sup>5</sup> Cant. v. 13; Hos. xiv. 5. <sup>6</sup> Tristram, *Nat. Hist. of Bible*, p. 464; So, Van Lennep, *Bible Lands*, p. 166. <sup>7</sup> *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 422. <sup>8</sup> Gesenius, *Zu Jes.*, xxxv. 1. The roots given in the text appear in the last edition of Gesenius's *Lexicon*. Capt. Conder gives another, but it is the root of only half of the word. <sup>9</sup> See Capt. Conder *Pal. Fund. Rep.*, 1878, p. 46.

use for them to kick against it;<sup>1</sup> their only safety was to hurry on. The plough used was so light that it could be carried on the shoulder: indeed, asses passed carrying two ploughs and much besides. A rough upright of wood, with a second piece fixed horizontally at the bottom, to hold the flat spear-head-like coulter, formed the whole implement, which could only make furrows a few inches deep. Ravens and wild doves flew hither and thither. Herds of sheep were feeding on the thin pasture, but cattle were rare. The sheep had great broad tails, and thus seemed to be the same breed as that reared by the ancient Jews, for we read that the tail of their variety was burned by the priests on the altar, in thank-offerings. "The whole rump [or tail] shall be taken off, hard by the backbone, and the priests shall burn it upon the altar."<sup>2</sup> On the roofs of many of the mud houses grass had sprung up plentifully, thanks to the winter rain, but in the increasing heat it was doomed to "whither before it grew up."<sup>3</sup> On every side the landscape was delightful. "The winter was past, the rain over and gone: the flowers were appearing on the earth; the time of the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land; the fig-tree was putting forth her green figs, and the vines, now in bloom, gave a good smell."<sup>4</sup> Not that song-birds were to be heard, except the lark; there was not enough woodland for them; nor that the turtle was to be heard on the plain, or the fragrance of vineyards inhaled. These were the attractions of rare and isolated spots, beside the villages, on the hill-slopes. The plain itself is silent, and shows very little life of any kind.

Tibneh, perhaps the burial-place of Joshua, lies among the mountains north-east of Lydda, and as I could never be nearer to it, the heads of our horses had been turned in its direction. At three miles from Lydda we reached the hills, the village of Beit Nebala, probably the Neballat of Nehemiah,<sup>5</sup> lying at the foot of slopes surrounded by wide stretches of olive-trees. The sea, thirteen miles due east, was only 250 feet below us, so slowly does the land rise thus far. Small valleys, each a water-course after rains, converged in all directions on Beit Nebala, and a mile from it we passed an underground cistern. Two miles farther, still ascending between hill-sides beautiful with olives, we passed Kibbieh, a very small hamlet, 840 feet above the sea, perhaps the site of Gibbethon of Dan. Still rising, the roads turns to the south-east, at the small village of Shukba, but, after about a mile, mounts again, up Wady Ortabbah, amidst thousands of olive and other fruit-trees on every slope, but especially on those towards the south-east.

About five miles nearly south of Shukba, across hills rich in olives,

<sup>1</sup> Acts xxvi. 14. <sup>2</sup> Lev. iii. 9, 11. <sup>3</sup> Ps. cxxix. 5; 2 Kings xix. 26; Isa. xxxvii. 27. <sup>4</sup> Cant. ii. 11-13. <sup>5</sup> Neh. xi. 34.



Church of St. George in Lydda. (See page 26.)



we pass the village of Midieh, famous in its day, for it seems beyond question to stand on the site of the ancient Modin,<sup>1</sup> the birth-place of the illustrious brotherhood of Maccabees, and the place where they were buried. Soba, a village lying on a lofty conical hill, west of Jerusalem, twenty-five miles from the sea, and more than fifteen from Lydda, was at one time supposed to be entitled to this double honor; but it meets none of the requirements of the known position of Modin, which may be said also of Latrun, on the road from Ramleh to Jerusalem, a village thought at a later time to have been the Maccabæan cradle.<sup>2</sup> So long ago as the fifteenth century, indeed, it was accepted as the "Town of the Maccabees" by the Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem, and a "Church of the Maccabæan Brothers" was built near it even earlier. In the year 1866, however, a German traveller proposed the small mountain village of Midieh as the true site, and its claims have been very generally recognized from that time. It lies six miles east of Lydda, on the top of a hill, separated from the hills around, on three sides, by valleys. Some mud and stone houses, with a population of about 150 persons in all; their water supplied by rain cisterns; a small olive-grove below the village, on the north; a high conical knoll swelling up from the top of the hill, with traces of ruins, and a small Mahomedan shrine, with a few trees round it; the sides of the knoll sloping as if artificially cut, and showing some rock-hewn tombs; a rain-tank farther down the slope, with cisterns above it, make up the place. On a height over against it lie three mounds of ruins and a number of tombs, but these do not correspond to the requirements of the Maccabæan sepulchre. Guérin, however, found ruins which appear to be those of the famous burial-place, on the top of a hill close to the village, on the north side. Rising more than 700 feet above the plain below, the hill commands a view of the sea, which is one condition required of the true site.<sup>3</sup> The foundation walls of a great rectangular building were, moreover, discovered by digging, with cells for burial inside, hewn in the native rock; some bones being found in them! A German architect, Mauss, has even made out the burial-spaces in these tombs as exactly seven, the number in the Maccabæan sepulchre. Sockets hewn in the rock show, still further, the spots on which pyramids connected with the original structure, mentioned in the First Book of the Maccabees, rested, and there are even fragments of them lying round.

This, then, apparently beyond question, is the spot on which Simon, the last survivor of the glorious brotherhood, raised a grand tomb over the bodies of his father, mother, and four brothers, reserving a space in it for himself—the seventh. A pyramid richly carved was

<sup>1</sup> Schenkel, *Bib. Lex.*, iv. 233; Riehm, p. 1019; 1 Macc. ii. 1. <sup>2</sup> Dr. Porter in Kitto's *Cyclop. Bib. Lit.*: art. "Modin." *Land and Book*, p. 535. Robinson, *Pal.*, iii. 30, thinks that Latrun may possibly be Modin. <sup>3</sup> 1 Macc. xiii. 29.

raised for each of them, on an under-structure of squared polished stone; other great obelisks, covered with carved emblems of the naval and military triumphs of the family, adorning the whole above.<sup>1</sup> Never heroes deserved more truly a grand memorial. Their story still thrills the heart, for valor and genius must ever command the homage of mankind.

The olive-groves on the way to Tibneh must be favorite haunts of the turtle-dove, which comes with the spring,<sup>2</sup> but had not reached Palestine when I was in this neighborhood. Later on, they are found everywhere, and pour out their plaintive cooings in every garden, grove, and wooded hill, from sunrise to sunset; the time of their arrival being so regular that the prophet could speak of it as known to everyone.<sup>3</sup> The turtle-dove is more numerous in the Holy Land than anywhere else, and thus, as well as the "dove," naturally became a source of Scripture metaphor. It is mentioned more than fifty times in the Bible. Alone among birds it could be offered on the altar.<sup>4</sup> Two turtle-doves, or two young pigeons, were enjoined as the offering at the purification of the leper, and they were accepted by the law, from the poor, as a burnt-offering, or sin-offering, in other cases. The Nazarite who had accidentally defiled himself was to be thus purified, and so also were women after the birth of a child<sup>5</sup> if they could not give anything more costly. The offering of the Virgin in the Temple, after the birth of our Lord, was on this ground mentioned by the Evangelist, as a sign of her poverty.<sup>6</sup> A turtle-dove and a young pigeon were among the offerings in the sacrifices of Abraham;<sup>7</sup> so early had these birds been accepted as a symbol of purity. "Turtle-dove" was, indeed, a term of endearment, as when David cries to God, "O deliver not the soul of thy turtle-dove unto the multitude of the wicked."<sup>8</sup> Many of the passages, however, usually supposed to refer to the turtle-dove, are rather to be applied to doves or pigeons at large. I have quoted all the texts specially naming it; elsewhere "doves" includes the many varieties of pigeon found in Palestine, especially the common pigeons of the towns or villages, which, like all their kind, except the turtle-dove, never migrate. Every house, except perhaps the very poorest, has its pigeons. A detached dovecot of mud or brick, roofed over, with wide-mouthed earthen pots inside, as nesting-boxes, is a special mark of wealth; but even the humble peasant has one on a small scale, in his little yard, or even in his house, against the inner wall; the birds flying out and in through the house-door.

<sup>1</sup> 1 Macc. xiii. 27—30. Guérin, *Descr. de la Palestine: Samarie*, ii. 55—64, 404—426. The identification is questioned by the Palestine Surveyors, who think the monument is Christian, dating from the fourth or fifth century. <sup>2</sup> Cant. ii. 11, 12. <sup>3</sup> Jer. viii. 7. <sup>4</sup> Lev. i. 14; xv. 14, 29; xiv. 22; Num. vi. 10. <sup>5</sup> Lev. v. 7; xii. 8. <sup>6</sup> Luke ii. 24. <sup>7</sup> Gen. xv. 9. There are two words in the Old Testament for these birds: one "tor," for the turtle-dove; the other, "jonah," for all the varieties of pigeon which are spoken of as such, or as "doves." <sup>8</sup> Ps. lxxiv. 19.

It was natural, therefore, for our Lord, amidst such familiarity with birds so guileless, to warn His apostles to be "harmless as doves."

Such an allusion vividly reminds us of one great characteristic of the Bible. It is not the production of cloistered ascetics, but breathes in every page a joyous or meditative intercourse with nature and mankind. The fields, the hills, the highway, the valleys, the varying details of country scenes and occupations, are interspersed among pictures of life from the crowded haunts of men. The sower and the seed; the birds of the air; the foxes; the hen and its brood; the lilies and roses; the voice of the turtle; the fragrance of the orchard; the blossom of the almond or vine; the swift deer; the strong eagle; the twittering sparrow; the lonely pelican; the stork returning with spring; planting, pruning, digging, and harvesting; the hiring of laborers; the toil of the fisherman; the playing of children; the sound of the mill; the lord and his servants; the merchantman; the courtier in silken robes; and a thousand other notices of life and nature, utilized to teach the highest lessons, give the sacred writings a perennial freshness and universal interest.

The ruins of Tibneh cover the slopes and crest of a hill surrounded on the north and east by a deep ravine. On the south the hill sinks, in terraces, to a valley formerly covered in part with houses, and marked by a magnificent evergreen oak, one of the finest in Palestine. Following this valley, the last slopes of a hill facing Tibneh are before us; their rocky sides revealing several tombs, the remains of an ancient necropolis. On the top of the height is a small Mussulman village, with several ancient cisterns, and a number of finely-cut stones of ancient masonry, built into the modern houses.

The tombs have been hewn out, at different levels, on the north slopes of the hill, eight being more noticeable than the rest. One, however, is much the most remarkable. Its oblong vestibule, cut in the rock, is supported by four pillars: two, at the side, half separated from the hill; the others, in the centre, entirely so. They have no capitals, and are ornamented at their tops only by a few simple mouldings. Immediately behind them, the face of the rock, forming the front wall of the tomb, is pierced by no fewer than 288 small openings, in eight rows; some square, others triangular, but most half-circles, made in former days as recesses in which to place a burning lamp, in honor of the illustrious dead. At the right of this frontage of rock is the low and narrow entrance to the tomb, leading into a chamber, in the walls of which are fourteen excavations for as many occupants. On the south, facing the door, a broader entrance, cut through the rock, leads to the innermost chamber—the place of honor—and in this there is only a hollow for one corpse. It must have been the last resting-

1 Matt. x. 16. "Guileless," as opposed to the serpent, is rather the meaning.

place of the chief of the pale assembly here gathered in their last home; the outer graves being those of his family.

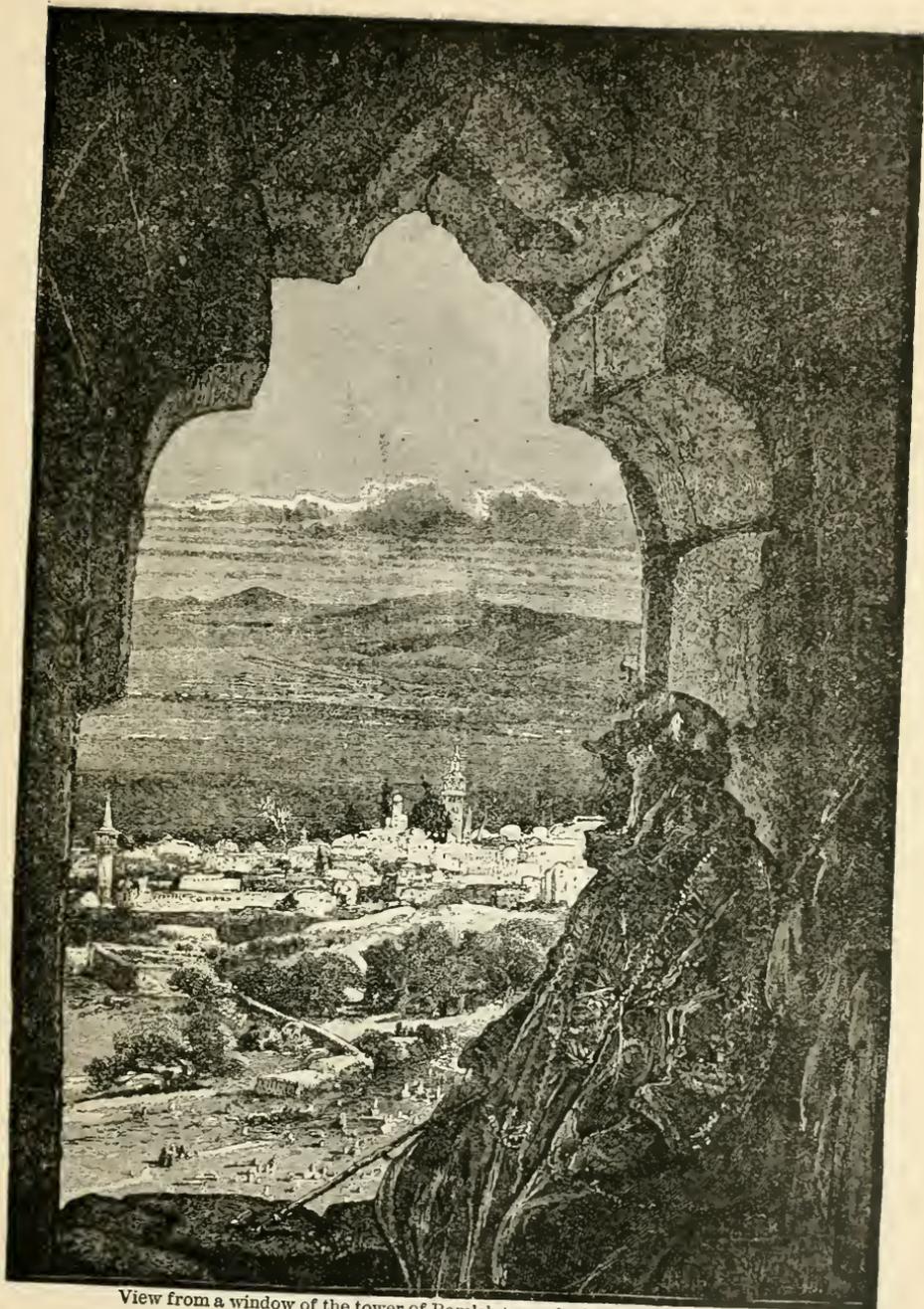
Such a tomb must evidently have been designed for a very illustrious personage: the niches for lamps outside show, moreover, that it was recognized as such by long-past generations. "No one," writes Guérin, "who was not an object of public veneration can be fancied as held in so much honor, and who could this be but Joshua, at what is, seemingly, beyond doubt, Timnath-Serah?"<sup>1</sup>

The tomb shows marks of the highest antiquity, for it is similar to those made by the Canaanites before the arrival of the Hebrews in their country. Still more, the Abbé Richard states that in 1870 he found in the soil of its different sepulchral chambers numbers of flint knives, in agreement with the record that those used at the first circumcision at Gilgal were buried with Joshua.<sup>2</sup>

The identification of this spot with the tomb of Joshua is however disputed by Captain Conder, of the Palestine Survey,<sup>3</sup> who regards the village of Kefr Hâris, nine miles from Nablus, as the true site. We shall visit it at a later period, and leave its description till then. But it is at least striking to find that, besides the similarity of "Tibneh" and "Timnath," there is a village, about three miles to the east, called Kefr Ishua—Joshua's village—while a great oak-tree, near the tomb, is called Sheikh et Teim—"the Chief [who was] the Servant of God."

That a solitary tree, of a height so moderate to Western notions as forty feet, should be thus famous is due, apart from local traditions, to the entire absence of lofty trees in Western Palestine. The country may once have been wooded, as the region beyond the Jordan now is, but, if so, its glory has long departed. The present comparatively waterless condition of the land marked it ages ago, for even before the invasion of the Hebrews wells and underground cisterns are both mentioned. The latter, indeed, are spoken of more than sixty times in the Old Testament, and we meet with the word for a "well" twenty-five times in the Pentateuch. Of the two words, on the other hand, used for "woods," the one much the more frequently found means, rather, the low thorny brushwood or scrub which covers many rocky and barren spots in the uplands of Palestine, known in Bible times as the "jaar." Such places are still called "waar" by the peasantry; the old name thus remaining almost unchanged. A traveller wishing to take a course which would lead him into ground so difficult, is warned from attempting it by the assurance that "waar" is before him,

<sup>1</sup> Josh. xxxiv. 26. M. Guérin goes into details of the identification. <sup>2</sup> Sept. Josh. xxi. 42; xxiv. 30. Guérin. *Descr. de la Palestine: Samarie*, ii. 100—102. Riehm, *Bib. Lex.*: art. "Tibneh." A high authority who disputes Guérin's conclusions, writes:—"The oldest Jewish tombs have no perches like that of Tibneh. It probably dates about the second century B. C. Of Canaanite tombs nothing is known. There is reason to suppose Canaanites did not bury, but burned their dead." <sup>3</sup> *Pal. Fund Reports*, 1878, p. 22.



View from a window of the tower of Ramleh towards the East. (See page 28.)



and happy is he if he accept the warning and avoid the tangle of gnarled undergrowth, often armed with spines or prickles, and made more formidable by the chaos of loose rocks and stones amidst which it grows. It was in a "yaar" that Jonathan found the wild honey<sup>1</sup> oozing from some rocky cleft where the bees had stored it,<sup>2</sup> for the dry recesses of the lime-stone rocks of Palestine everywhere offer fitting places for laying up the comb. The battle in which Absalom was overthrown took place in the "yaar" of Ephraim,<sup>3</sup> and it is not difficult to imagine how, in such a stony, thorny labyrinth as a "yaar" presents, "the wood devoured more people that day than the sword."<sup>3</sup> True, there was at least one tree high enough to catch the hair of the false-hearted prince as he rode under it on his mule, but it is spoken of, each time it is mentioned, as "the" oak, as if it alone rose above the stunted jungle around. God threatens to make the vineyards and fig orchards of apostate Israel into a "yaar"<sup>4</sup> and Micah foretells that "Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house [of God] as the hilly yaar"<sup>5</sup>—a tangle of wilderness brakes.

Still, roots of trees which must have been of a goodly size are found, here and there, even in such stony, stunted, brush-forests, useful now only for charcoal-burning. But I question if ever there was much forest, in our sense, west of the Jordan since the historical period. The other word translated "wood" in Scripture<sup>6</sup> does not help us, for it comes from a root which may refer either to cutting down, or to being entangled or interwoven, which suits a thicket rather than an open forest. It is noteworthy that no trees are spoken of as obtained by Solomon from Palestine, but that cedar and cypress from Lebanon, and sandal-wood from the East, were imported from Phœnicia, or by its help.<sup>7</sup> In any case, the crowded population of Israel, hemmed up in the narrow limits of the hills, soon cleared away whatever wood there was, leaving the slopes free for the terrace cultivation necessary under their circumstances.

A Roman road by which possibly St. Paul was taken to Antipatris, on his way to Caesarea, runs through Tibneh, and offers the easiest route to Sharon, though it is rough enough in its present condition. Olives and fir-trees dot the slopes on the way to Abud, a village 1,240 feet above the sea; but the route grows more wild and desolate as you advance. In six miles the descent is above 700 feet, through a region now very lonely, but marked from point to point with the ruins of ancient towns or villages. It was well to have even the rough track of the old road, for the wady north of us has only a footpath by which to descend a depth of 1,000 feet. As we emerged on the plain, the mud village of El-Yehudiyyeh—perhaps Jehud of Dan<sup>8</sup>—with a rain-

1 1 Sam. xiv. 25—27. 2 Dent. xxxii. 13; Ps. lxxxii. 16. 3 2 Sam. xviii. 6, 8. (East of Jordan.) 4 Hosea ii. 12. 5 Micah iii. 12; Jer. xxvi. 18. 6 "Hôresh." 7 1 Kings v. 15; 2 Chron. ii. 8—18. 8 Josh. xix. 45.

pond and a few palm-trees, lay to the south. Were houses built of as perishable materials, and as meanly, in ancient times in Palestine? The Jews had learned sun-brick-making in Egypt, and would naturally follow in their new country the modes familiar to them on the Nile. Damascus is, even now, mainly built of sun-dried brick, made with chopped straw, which reminds one of the brickfields of Egypt. Wood is used along with this humble material, but stone very rarely. Perhaps ancient Jewish towns and villages, in the same way, may have had more wood used in their construction than would be possible at present, when building-timber is practically unknown in the country; but neither wood nor mud bricks have elements of permanence. The "tells," or mounds, which mark the site of old Jewish communities, have, moreover, precisely the appearance of similar mounds now forming around, or, one might say, beneath, existing mud-brick villages in India and Egypt. The constant decay of the frail cubes and the pulverizing of those spoilt in the making, gradually, in the lapse of generations, raise the whole site of the place so much that, if abandoned, it would very soon be the counterpart of the "tells" of the Palestine lowlands. It is striking to notice that such mementos of long-vanished hamlets, villages, or towns, occur invariably near some spring or running water, or where wells are easily sunk, and also on plains where clay is found, or alluvial earth. In digging into them, moreover, they are found to consist of sun-dried bricks. It is probable, therefore, that the Hebrews, on taking possession of the country, were glad to build towns and villages of the material at once cheapest and most easily obtained, in the place of some of the towns and hamlets of the Canaanites which had been utterly destroyed; but it is quite as likely that the Canaanites themselves, as a rule, lived in houses of sun-dried bricks, since we find "tells" spoken of in Joshua, if Captain Conder's translation be correct.<sup>1</sup>

Sun-dried bricks are made in the spring, by mixing chopped straw with wet mud or clay. This compound is then put into rude frames, about ten inches broad and three inches across, which, when filled, are left in the sun to dry. Houses of such materials need to be often repaired. The walls crumble, and the roofs, which are only layers of mud over a framework of brush, thorns, or reeds, supported by a crooked beam or two, leak badly. A stone roller is, therefore, constantly brought into requisition to close any crack or fill up any hole. If neglected for a single winter the roof would be full of holes before spring, and then the unprotected walls, soaked with the rain, would bulge out and fall into ruin. As in the days of Ecclesiastes, "By slothfulness the roof sinketh in; and through idleness of the hands

<sup>1</sup> The word is "Geliloth." It occurs in Joshua xiii. 2; xxii. 10, 11. But I cannot trace the grounds on which the translation "tells" is based.

the house leaketh."<sup>1</sup> There is no mortar of any kind to give strength, so that the only safety is in keeping the building water-tight by continual oversight. Ezekiel must often have seen similar houses sunk into shapeless heaps for want of this precaution, for a single heavy rain-storm may beat them down, and hence he cries out, "Say unto them who daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall. There shall be an overflowing shower, and ye, O great hail-stones, shall come down, and a stormy wind shall rend it."<sup>2</sup>

A rain-soaked roof is only too well known in Palestine, and has given rise to more than one proverb of great antiquity. "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman," the Book of Proverbs tells us, "are alike."<sup>3</sup> In my own case, at Tiberias, the rain fell through the tent on me in great drops; there was no protection from it. Rest was impossible; the annoyance made the whole night miserable. Could there be a better comparison for a brawling woman than this perpetual splash, splash, when one wished above all things to be quiet? "He that would hold her in," continues the text, "tries to hold in the wind," an impossible task in the draughty houses of the East, whatever one may do to shut it out. Or we may render the words, "which it is idle to hope one can close up in his hand," for she is like "one whose right hand seizes soft fat, which slips through his fingers."<sup>4</sup>

The language of Proverbs, and the mention of "houses of clay" by Job, show how old mud-brick dwellings are in Palestine. Other Scriptural allusions refer to a further evil too often connected with them. Ezekiel dug a hole through the soft wall of his house as a sign to the people, and carried out through it the bundle he was to take with him in his symbolic pilgrimage,<sup>5</sup> and this easy excavation through the side of a dwelling-place is often taken advantage of by thieves, who "in the dark, dig through houses, and steal."<sup>6</sup>

The site of Antipatris, after long misconception, has, within the last few years, been definitely fixed at Ras-el-Ain, on the great Roman road which once stretched from Cæsarea to Jerusalem. It was formerly identified with the village of Kefr Saba, some miles farther north, on the plain, but a careful measurement of the known distance of Antipatris from various points has shown that a mistake had been made in the identification, and that the exact fulfilment by Ras-el-Ain of all the requirements leaves no question as to its superior and, indeed, incontestable claims. We know, for example, that Antipatris, apart from the question of its distance from various places, was on the Roman road, was surrounded by a river, and lay close to a hilly ridge; but this is not the case with Kefr Saba. No Roman roads lead to it

<sup>1</sup> Eccles. x. 18 (R. V.) <sup>2</sup> Ezek. xiii. 11. <sup>3</sup> Prov. xxvii. 15. <sup>4</sup> Prov. xxvii. 15 (Hitzig and Nowack). <sup>5</sup> Ezek. xii. 5. <sup>6</sup> Job xxiv. 16; Matt. vi. 19 (Greek).

from the hills; it has no river, but only a couple of wells and the rain-water which collects in two hollows during the winter; and no trees or ruins of a town exist. Ras-el-Ain, on the contrary, besides being on the precise spot which known data require, stands beside the noble springs of the river Aujeh, which is a perennial stream. The Roman road from Tibneh, down the steep hills, runs direct to it. There is a large mound covered with heaps of stone, old foundations, broken columns, and chiselled blocks, half buried amidst the weeds and flowers which always grow up among ruins. The spring which bursts out from under this mound is one of the largest in all Palestine, and forms, at once, quite a river flowing off towards the sea: no doubt that which Josephus mentions as surrounding the town.<sup>1</sup> The hills which, he says, are near, rise at little more than a mile to the east, and though there are now no trees to meet another detail of his notice of the place, it would be impossible to imagine a spot on the plain more likely to have been covered with them in former times.<sup>2</sup> Herod the Great had, in fact, built Antipatris, named after his father, Antipater, close to the finest springs in the district, as he had rebuilt Jericho, beside the great fountain of the circle of the Jordan. Josephus, indeed, says that it stood at "Capharsaba," but this, it appears, was the name of the district in which Ras-el-Ain is found.

A mediæval castle, the Mirabel of the Crusaders, stands on a great mound at Ras-el-Ain, which measures 1,000 feet east and west, and 950 from north to south. Only the shell of the fortress, however, remains, though the outer walls are very perfect. Beneath, the springs, welling up at different points, but chiefly on the north, form dark blue pools, fringed by willows, rushes, and canes; a fine stream flowing from them with a somewhat rapid current, while the moisture covers the plain with grass, especially to the south, for several hundred yards. About a mile south is the Wady Lejja, which, although only showing pools here and there in summer, bears a strong tributary to the Aujeh in the rainy months; the two uniting about three miles beyond Ras-el-Ain.

Rest after toil is sweet. The descent from Tibneh had been most fatiguing. A Roman road may have been very nice in its day, but after 1,600 or 1,700 years' use, without repair, its condition is distressing enough. Had we been grandees it might have been made somewhat better for us, for it is still the custom, as it was in antiquity, to "prepare the way," to "cast up a highway and clear away the stones,"<sup>3</sup> in anticipation of the passage of any great personage. When one of the Russian Grand Dukes was travelling in the Holy Land lately, the so called road between Jerusalem and Nablus, a distance of

1 Jos. *Ant.*, xvi. 5, 2; *Bell. Jud.*, i. 21, 9. 2 See *Pal. Fund Repts.*, 1874, pp. 185, 193; *Pal Memoir*, II. 280-2. 3 Isa. xl. 3, 4; xlix. 11; lvii. 14; lxii. 10; Mal. iii. 1.



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.—*Jer.* xlix. 16.

A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.—*Matt.* v. 14.



forty miles, usually rough beyond description, was repaired throughout. The stones were gathered out, the sides built up where they had given way, and earth strewn on the bare sheets of rock, over which, till then, the traveller had the greatest difficulty in passing safely. When Consul Rich was travelling through Koordistan, ten or fifteen peasants accompanied him, to act as pioneers in repairing bridges, and smoothing rough places. We can understand from such customs the language of the prophet respecting the triumphal return of the exiles from Babylon, under the guidance of God Himself as their Leader—"Prepare ye the way of Jehovah, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain."

Kefr Saba—that is, the village Saba—lies nearly six miles north of Ras-el-Ain, about half a mile to the west of the Roman road, from which it looks very picturesque: palm-trees rising here and there, and olive-grounds and orchards stretching north and west of it. It stands on a swell of the plain, but, though nine miles from the sea, is only 168 feet above it. Its houses are of mud and small stones, with square rain-pools of mud bricks. Its wells lie to the east. There are said to be 800 inhabitants. On one of the spurs to the east of the road, and about as far from it as Kefr Saba, but 170 feet higher above the sea, lies Kalkilieh, the ancient Galgula or Gilgal, a long straggling village, with cisterns to the north, and a rain-pool south-west of it. The road runs nearly straight north, at the foot of the hills, which are frequently dotted with villages, almost undistinguishable from the soil around, because of the leaden color of the mud huts. Olive-groves clothe many of the slopes, but there are more ruins than villages, and, for one olive grown, there is room for a hundred. Dry channels, worn by the winter torrents from the hills, were numerous, some deep, others comparatively shallow. About a mile off on the left hand, hills, about 300 feet high, rose for a part of the way; then, about six miles north of Kefr Saba, the plain broadened out to a wide sweep. A large part of it lay uncultivated; the only ground under the plough belonging to the people in the villages on the hills to the right, where they are safer than they would be on the low lands. The labor of going to these distant patches of barley or wheat is nothing compared to the danger of plundering Arabs, which is escaped by living in the uplands. Thus the peasant has still to "go forth" to sow, often to a great distance from his home.<sup>1</sup> The breadth of soil tilled depends, each year, on the tranquility of the country.

Zeita, a considerable village, lying 370 feet above the sea, on the edge of the hills, marks a change in the character of the plain. Groups

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xiii. 3.

of fine springs burst from the ground about four miles to the west, and form wide marshy streams, dear to the buffalo; long grass fringing them, and the soft mud offering the coolness in which that creature delights. Two perennial streams, the Iskanderuneh and the Mefjir, are fed from these springs. The hills are of soft white lime, like chalk; but a harder rock, stopping the percolation of surface water, lies below. Caves, tombs, and cisterns, in the rock, are frequent. As the track approached the line of Caesarea it descended once more to the plains, passing between the hills and a region of oak forest. Here the slopes and plain are alike covered with fine trees, growing rather thinly; but it is not a comfortable region for travellers, as it is the haunt of a tribe of Arabs, known as the "Club-bearers," very poor and equally unscrupulous. The white narcissus was to be seen everywhere, but it was too early for the blue iris, which by some authorities has been identified, as we have seen, with the lily of the valley. To the south the trees were thicker than farther north; the scenery everywhere, however, being very charming.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### CÆSAREA—ATHLIT.

THE sand, which elsewhere is generally confined to the coast and a narrow strip inland, has overwhelmed the country for four miles east of Caesarea, to the edge of the oak forest, which, by the way, is the last remnant of the great forests of which Strabo speaks. The ruins of the once famous city lie now, amidst broad dunes of drifted sand, so that they cannot be seen more than a mile off on the land side.

Caesarea must always have a profound interest from its connection with the early history of the Church. The devout centurion Cornelius, whose "prayers and alms had gone up for a memorial before God," was stationed here with his regiment, the Italian cohort, when the vision was granted in which an angel directed him to send to Joppa for Peter. To induce the apostle to set out, however, a vision to him also was needed, enforcing the lesson that "God is no respecter of persons: but that in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."<sup>1</sup> That vision was the proclamation, in unmistakable symbolism, that the Gentile should be fellow-heir with the Jew of the "unsearchable riches of Christ." As the first

<sup>1</sup> Acts x. 34, 35.

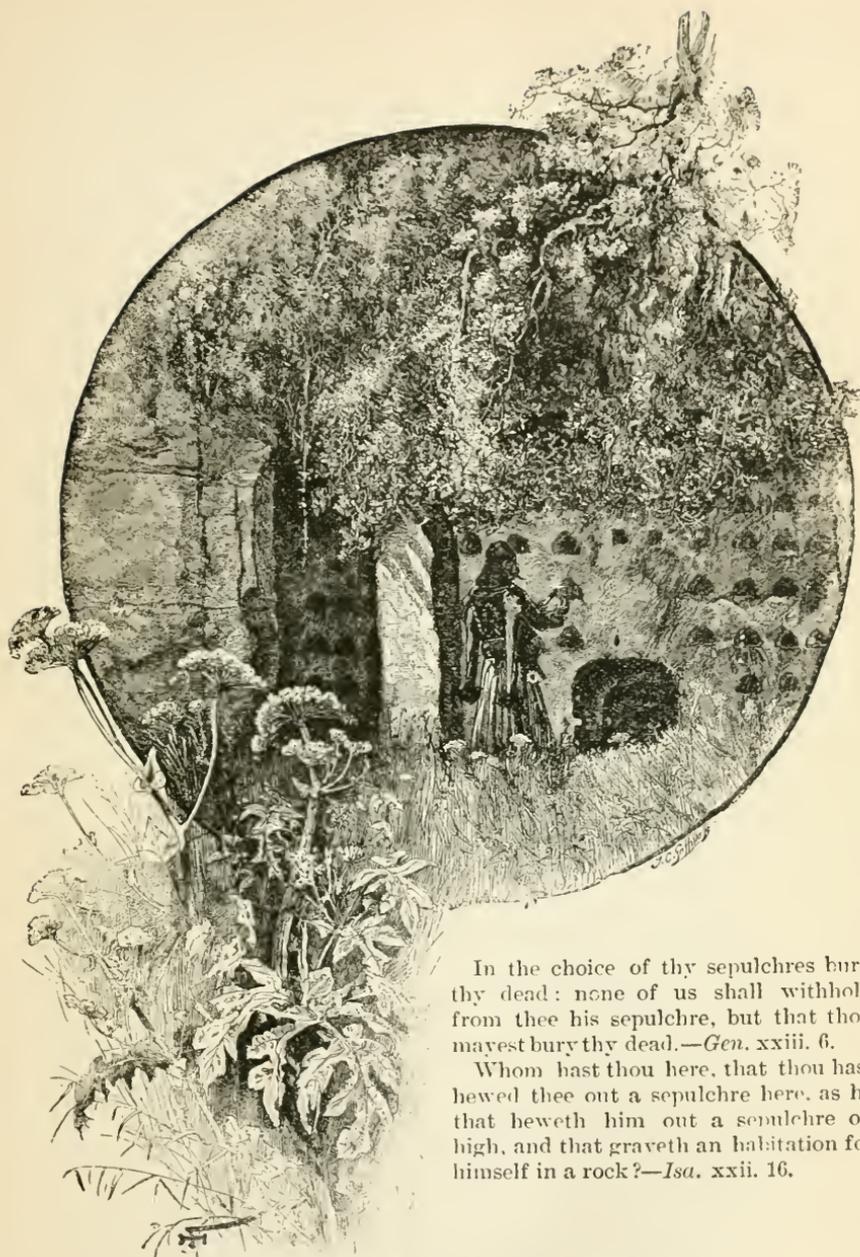
convert from a non-Israelitish race, Cornelius is the representative of all who in every nation have since believed in the Crucified One. In his case the Holy Ghost was first poured out on the heathen, and his baptism was the first outside the chosen people. Henceforth, no man could any longer be called "common or unclean,"<sup>1</sup> and it was made clear that "to the Gentiles also hath God granted repentance unto life."<sup>2</sup> To all the nations beyond the sea which laved the shores of Palestine, Britain among them, the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven were then proclaimed to be standing open. It was at Cæsarea also that the evangelist Philip, with his four daughters, made his home.<sup>3</sup> St. Paul passed through it on his way to Tarsus, and he landed at it from Ephesus and from Ptolemais.<sup>4</sup> In its prison, moreover, two years of his life were spent, before he finally left the East for Rome and Spain.<sup>5</sup> The track by which he had been brought from Antipatris to Cæsarea, under cover of night, had been for the most part ours. In the theatre, built by Herod the Great, his grandfather—Herod Agrippa—in the fourth year of his reign was struck with mortal disease.<sup>6</sup> He had ordered public shows in honor of Cæsar to be exhibited in the theatre facing the sea, on the south of the city, and on the second day of these festivities, the day which had been fixed for his public appearance,<sup>7</sup> presented himself in robes of silver tissue, in the early morning. The sun shone full on the amphitheatre, built as it was for open-air exhibitions, his beams striking back from Agrippa's glittering robes with a splendor that made him seem more than mortal. Nor were flatterers long in using the opportunity to hail him as a god, a form of blasphemous adulation long common towards kings in the East, and latterly introduced towards the Cæsars. Proud to be exalted like them, the king accepted the monstrous homage, but only to his ruin, for there and then a violent pain smote him in his body, so that he had to be carried to his palace, where, after five days, he died, worn out with pain.<sup>8</sup> The Acts of the Apostles adds, "eaten by worms." So, the Jews held, Antiochus Epiphanes, the great persecutor of their religion, had died.<sup>9</sup>

Cæsarea was one of the cities built by Herod the Great, a man of vast energy and ability. The site chosen was that of an old town known as Strato's Tower, the name being changed in honor of the Emperor Augustus: a form of flattery common in that age, when so many cities were rebuilt or founded to undo the havoc of the great civil wars, which had laid so many places in ruins. Samaria, Ascalon, Antipatris, and many other towns, owed much to the magnificent conceptions of Herod. But in Cæsarea his genius displayed itself in results surpassing the architectural triumphs of any of the old Hebrew

<sup>1</sup> Acts x. 28. <sup>2</sup> Acts xi. 18. <sup>3</sup> Acts xxi. 8. <sup>4</sup> Acts xviii. 22; xxi. 8. <sup>5</sup> Acts xxiv. 27. <sup>6</sup> Acts xii. 21; Jos. Ant., xix. 8. 2. <sup>7</sup> Acts xxv. 23. <sup>8</sup> Jos. Ant., xix. 28. <sup>9</sup> 2 Macc. ix. 5-9.

kings, excepting perhaps Solomon, whose great walls at Jerusalem, to prepare a site for his Temple, must have been truly wonderful creations. Till Herod's day the plain of Sharon had been simply a broad tract of pasture, forest, and tillage, with no history, but he raised it to the foremost place in the land. The want of a port to receive the commerce of the West, had always been felt, and the closer relations of all countries, under Rome, had deepened the feeling. The shore offered no natural harbor, but there was a rocky ledge at Strato's Tower, as at Ascalon on the south, and Dor on the north, and this Herod chose as the seat of a projected port. In twelve years a splendid city rose on the ledge and its neighborhood, with broad quays, magnificent bazaars, spacious public buildings and courts, arched sailors' homes, and long avenues of commodious streets. A double harbor had been constructed, of about 200 yards each way, and also a pier, over 130 yards in length, built of stones fifty feet long, eighteen broad, and nine thick. This great structure was raised out of water twenty fathoms deep, and was 200 feet wide, a wall standing on it, and several towers, the largest of which was called Drusus, after the step-son of Augustus. The pier was adorned, moreover, with splendid pillars, and a terraced walk extended round the harbor. On an eminence, beside a temple of polished stone, near the shore, rose a colossal statue of Augustus, as Jupiter Olympus, visible far out at sea, and another at Rome, deified as Juno. A huge open-air theatre was built on the slopes of the hills, some miles north of the city, as well as a great amphitheatre, 560 feet in diameter, and capable of containing 20,000 spectators. A hippodrome, or as we might call it, a circus, over 1,000 feet long, rose in the east of the city; the remains of a goal-post of granite, still seen on its site, showing the magnificence of the whole structure; for the three blocks of which it consists originally formed a conical pillar, seven feet six inches high, standing on a mass of granite proportionately massive, and all resting, apparently, on a base formed of a single granite block, thirty-four feet long, brought from Egypt. The walls of the Herodian city enclosed an area of 400 acres, but gardens and villas, it may be presumed, stretched far beyond them in the centuries of the Roman peace. Besides the theatres, a grand palace, afterwards the residence of the Roman governors, was erected for himself by Herod; and he had the wisdom, so unusual in the East, to provide for the city a complete system of underground sewerage, after the Italian plan. To supply the city with water two aqueducts were built: one, with a double conduit of great size, stretching away, for the most part on arches, but in part through a tunnel,<sup>1</sup> first north, then east, for over eight miles, to the great springs issuing all over this district from the

<sup>1</sup> Long staircases leading down to this are cut in the rock.



In the choice of thy sepulchres bury thy dead: none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead.—*Gen.* xxiii. 6.

Whom hast thou here, that thou hast hewed thee out a sepulchre here, as he that heweth him out a sepulchre on high, and that graveth an habitation for himself in a rock?—*Isa.* xxii. 16.



Carmel hills, which slant down beyond Cæsarea, on the other side of the plain. The second aqueduct, on the level of the ground, ran three miles north, to the perennial stream of the river Zerka.

The ruins now left have seen a strange history. It was in Cæsarea that the conflict arose between Jews and Greeks which led to the last Jewish war, and it was in the circus, which has long since perished, that Titus, after the fall of Jerusalem, celebrated splendid games in which over 2,000 Jewish prisoners were killed, as gladiators, in the arena. Two centuries later Cæsarea was the seat of a Christian bishop. Here the illustrious Father, Origen, found an asylum; and here the Church historian, Eusebius, a native of Palestine, wore the mitre.<sup>1</sup>

With the Crusades a new Cæsarea rose amidst the wreck of that of Herod, but it has long since shared the fate of its predecessor. The shattered skeleton of the mediæval castle rises high above the ancient mole on the south side of the harbor; the ends of rows of marble pillars, from the city of Herod protruding from the walls in which they have been imbedded to give additional strength. Others lie on the strand, the wall into which they were built having perished. Still others, sixty or seventy in number, and from five to nearly twenty feet long, lie side by side, on a reef or ancient mole, once the north side of the harbor, and form a kind of jetty about 200 feet long. Huge masses of granite lying about, tell the same tale of ruin. Of Herod's temple only the foundations remain, the buildings which they adorned having long since disappeared; but the whiteness of these foundations, contrasting strongly with the brown sandstone of later builders, shows that, as Josephus tells us, they were brought from a distance at great expense. The defences of the old Roman city have long since perished, but the sandstone walls of the Cæsarea of the Middle Ages still show massive fragments, some of them from twenty to thirty feet high; their buttresses and moats here and there still perfect. Over the whole site, amidst a wilderness of thistles, wild flowers, and thorny growths, lie scattered fallen pillars and heaps of masonry; the wreck of palaces, temples, churches, mosques, and public buildings. On the top of the hill, in the south part of the Crusading city, are the foundations of the cathedral, and on the north are the ruins of a second church, of much smaller dimensions. Once gay, Cæsarea, which even in the Middle Ages was famous for the running streams in its streets, its date-palms, and oranges, sweet and bitter, has for many generations been at best only a place where the passing shepherd folds his flocks—for the walls and buildings were destroyed by the Sultan Bibars in 1265. But the prosperity of the city has always depended on artificial sources. Since it was without a natural harbor, the destruction of the mole cut off trade by sea, and the breaking of the aqueducts stopped the supply

<sup>1</sup> Consecrated A. D. 315.

of water, for there is only one brackish well within the walls. Man withdrawn, the restless sand was free to spread its shroud over all his works, and create the desolation that now reigns far and near.

North of Cæsarea, the Carmel hills approach within a little more than a mile of the shore, close to which there is a lower range, leaving only a narrow strip of plain between the two. To the east, however, before this narrower strip begins, the hills retire three or four miles, to trend southwards at that distance. At the foot of this bay of heights, steadily rising till they became the central mountains of the land, the whole plain is more or less marshy and unsafe. Treacherous bogs and spongy turf, dotted with bushes and tall reeds, characterized the whole region, which we carefully avoided, as our horses would infallibly have sunk every here and there to their girths, had we ventured to cross it. All the hill-slopes are covered with a sprinkling of oaks, which are like those to the south, on the plain, but that they grow more openly. It is, indeed, a nearly universal feature of trees in Palestine that they stand thus apart; the interval being, as a rule, covered with a tangle of thorns or undergrowth. Scrub is much more prevalent, as I have already said, west of the Jordan, than trees of any height, though there are a good many fairly well-grown oaks and other trees beyond Nazareth and round Cæsarea Philippi, but they always stand like trees in a park rather than in a wood. Tabor is one mass of scrub and stunted growths, and Carmel is much the same; while the hills of Ephraim and Benjamin have scarcely any wood on them at all. Indeed, the whole region east of the watershed at Nablus is very bare, from Gilboa to the wilderness in the south. West and north-west of Hebron, on the other hand, the hills are rough, once more, with scrub. The numerous herds of goats are in great part the cause of this dwarf timbering, but the charcoal burners, who dig out the very roots of the bushes for charcoal, are even more guilty of creating the treeless desolation.

It may be that the Bible word "yaar" once meant woods in our sense, and that the Arab "waar," now used for stunted, scraggy thickets, has come to be so used from the disappearance of trees worthy of the name. It is at least certain that we read of Kirjath Jearim, "the Town in the Woods," or "yaars," and that there was even in the now barren valleys east of Bethel a "yaar" in which bears found shelter.<sup>1</sup> Jeremiah and other prophets<sup>2</sup> speak of lions, boars, and other wild beasts haunting the "yaar" in their day; and the murmur of the leaves in a great wood when stirred by the wind;<sup>3</sup> the stripping of the trees by the violence of a storm;<sup>4</sup> the hewing down with the axe, which is used as a figure of the havoc with which an invader hews down a widespread population,<sup>5</sup> and the grand spectacle of woods on fire, are frequently introduced in prophetic imagery.<sup>6</sup> If not abound-

<sup>1</sup> 2 Kings ii. 24. <sup>2</sup> Ps. i. 10; Isa. lvi. 9; Jer. v. 6; xii. 8; Amos iii. 4; Mic. v. 8. <sup>3</sup> Isa. vii. 2. <sup>4</sup> Ps. xxix. 9. <sup>5</sup> Isa. x. 34. <sup>6</sup> Ps. lxxxiii. 14; Isa. ix. 18; Jer. xxi. 14.

ing with lofty, umbrageous woods like our own, the landscapes of Palestine must have been richer long ago than they are now with some form of scrub, or trees of moderate growth, such as are still seen in some places.

The Zerka in part drains the wide, marshy ground along the foot of the hills, but a dam built about a mile from the sea, to give a full rush of water for mills, has by neglect overflowed a large district north and south till it is a mere swamp, in which, strange to say, it is affirmed that crocodiles are still found, though very rarely. One was, indeed, killed in it some years since and sent to the English missionary at Nazareth, where Furrer saw the preserved skin;<sup>1</sup> but in any case they are exceedingly rare. A huge lizard, measuring from three to five feet, found at times in Palestine, and common in Egypt and the Sinai peninsula, may have passed muster as a crocodile in some cases where these hateful saurians have been supposed to have been seen elsewhere; but in the Zerka at least the prophets could find materials for their introduction of the crocodile as their symbol of Egypt, as so frequently happens.<sup>2</sup> The village of Kefr Saba<sup>3</sup> seems to owe its name to the commonness near it, in old times, of a grass-green lizard, sometimes eighteen inches long, still called "Sab" by the Arabs.

On the heights over the winding course of the Zerka, about three miles from the sea, are copious fountains, now called Ma-mas, which were utilized by Herod to supply the great aqueduct of Cæsarea. Near them, on the slope of a hill, in a wilderness of lusty weeds and grass, amidst what seem to be the ruins of a considerable town, are the remains of an open-air theatre, in which the good folk of Christ's day, no doubt, often gathered from the neighboring city, and from the houses and villas then thickly covering many nearer spots. It is built in the form of a half-circle, the front measuring 166 feet across. The stone seats have long since been carried to Joppa, Jerusalem, or Beirut, as building material, like the wreck of Cæsarea itself; but the vaults beneath and the chambers, from which the horses and other animals introduced in the displays were brought into the arena, are still used as stables and granaries by the peasants. The spectators must have enjoyed varied delights in such a spot, for, apart from the excitement of the games, the beauty of the view over the plain before them, and the mountains and sea, on the one hand and the other, is bewitching even now. From Cæsarea the best road to this outlying country resort of its citizens is along the top of the double high-level aqueduct; but though not, perhaps, actually dangerous, the journey is such as to need steady nerves.

The Zerka, which must have had crocodiles in its marshes in former

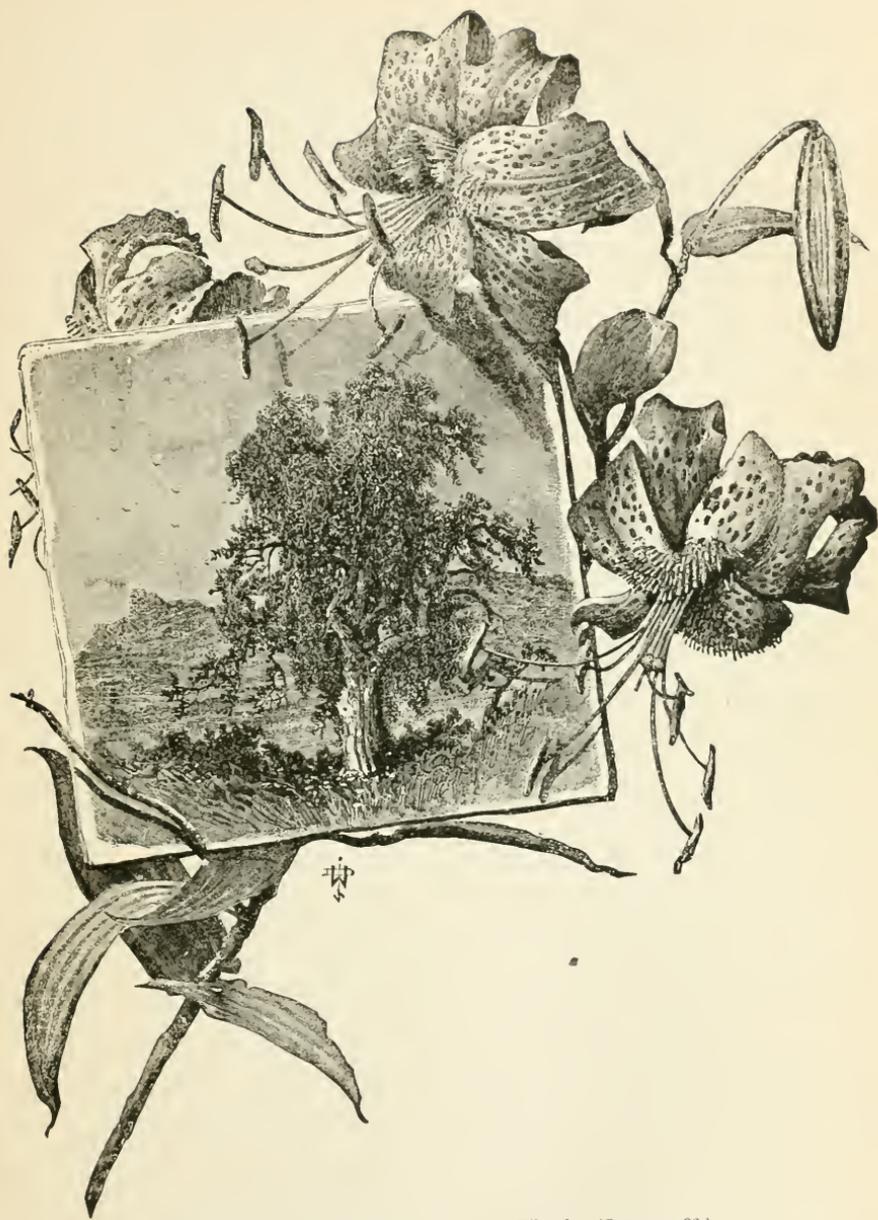
<sup>1</sup> Schenkel, *Bib. Lex.*, iii. 612. <sup>2</sup> Isa. xxvii. 1; li. 9; Ezek. xxix. 3; xxxii. 2. <sup>3</sup> Kefr or Caphar means "village."

times, since its ancient name was the Crocodile River,<sup>1</sup> is mainly fed by the great springs of Ma-mas, and flows into the sea over a stony bed, with a strong current, from five to ten yards across and about two feet deep. The damming back of its waters higher up forms a broad, deep, blue pool, passing into wide marshes, quite impassable on both banks. In these the tamarisk grows luxuriantly, and along the stream below the dam the Syrian papyrus is found; the course, higher up, being hidden in wide stretches of cane-brake and rushes. It can only be crossed by a low foot-bridge at the mill, leading over the dam—unless one be near the sea, where it is generally fordable. Ages long dead are brought back again for the moment by noticing that its mouth is guarded by a narrow Crusading fort, near which are the remains of a bridge of the same date.

From the Zerka, north, there is only a very narrow plain, cultivated, in part, with olive-groves, hanging on the hill-slopes to the east, while a low range of rocks, about sixty feet high, runs parallel with the sea on the west. It is a wearisome ride of about nine hours from Cæsarea to the northern extremity of the plain, at Carmel, but there is at the same time a special interest in the evidences one sees of a long-past prosperity, strikingly in contrast with the present condition of the district. About nine miles from Carmel, to the south, lie the ruins of Athlit, one of the chief landing-places of pilgrims during the thirteenth century. A rocky promontory shooting out a quarter of a mile into the sea was made use of by the Templars in 1218 as the fitting site for a great fortress, which they forthwith raised on the old foundations of some town, of which nothing even then was known. An outer wall, once strongly fortified, can still be traced for 800 yards north and south, and for 300 yards thence to the sea on the west though only a few fragments of the masonry, sufficient to show the huge size of the stones used, have escaped being carried off to Acre as ready-made building materials. Outside this great wall ran a deep ditch, into which the sea flowed, completely surrounding the stronghold.

In the centre of the promontory rises the citadel, with walls of sandy, porous limestone, fifteen feet thick and thirty feet high, now much ruined; the remains of a magnificent church in one corner of the enclosure attesting the fervor of the old champions of the faith, as the citadel itself shows their energetic valor. The eastern wall of one of the old towers of the city still rises proudly to a height of eighty feet, but it stands alone. Huge vaults honeycomb the interior of the citadel; one, which is cemented, being said to be an oil-vat, capable of containing 260,000 gallons. Another has been explored to the distance of 264 feet; a third has a groined roof, with ribbed arches;

<sup>1</sup> Reland, *Pal.*, p. 730.



The Sacred Tree (Schesh et Teim) near Tibneh. (See page 36.)



illustrations, all of them, of the spirit and the lavish expenditure of means and skill which the Crusaders displayed in their structures.

Six or seven miles south of Athlit lie the ruins of Dor, now known as Tanturah; the ancient chariot-road running outside the low coast-hills, near the sea, but separated from it by a strip of land and marsh. A few goat-herds watering their flocks at a clay trough were the only human beings seen most of the way, but along the edges of a tiny stream, oleanders, lupins, grass, and tall bushes relieved the tameness of the view. The tribe of Manasseh was to have had this part of the land, but could not, for centuries, drive out the "Canaanite," though in the end it compelled him to pay tribute.<sup>1</sup> Four miles south of Athlit, near the small village of Sarafend, a pleasant relief from sand and marshes was offered by fields of sesame, millet, and tobacco, as well as by some palm-trees near the shore, and fig-orchards, for which the spot is famous. Indian corn, vegetables, olives, figs, and other fruit are grown here and there in these parts by the industry of the people of one or two villages. Old quarries, tombs, ruins, and bog are, however, more frequent than cultivated fields or gardens, reaching up to the ruins of Tanturah, which stand on a rough promontory, with a tower thirty feet high, showing the site of an old Crusading fortress. The modern village is a little farther south, on the site of the old Canaanite city of Dor,<sup>2</sup> afterwards the Dora of the Romans, memorials of which, in the shape of pillars and sculptured capitals, slabs of marble, and hewn stones, strew the shore. A few mud huts, two or three better than the rest make up the hamlet, which looks miserable enough in its environment of sand and marshy flat. One of the principal houses consisted of a single square room, of good size, plastered with mud, and roofed with branches long since varnished black by the smoke. These hung down roughly over one half of the room; the other half was hidden by a canvas ceiling. The door had no hinges, but was lifted to its place, or from it, and the windows were only square holes in the mud walls. A clay bench, joined to the wall, ran along one side of the room, serving for chairs by day and sleeping-places by night. A rough cooking table of clay and stone, from the ruins, was at one corner, with a little charcoal glowing on the top of it—chiefly, as it seemed, to roast coffee-berries and boil water in which to infuse them, when they had been duly pounded in a stone or wooden mortar.

It cannot be said that this neighborhood is a very inviting one to the traveller, the natives being so savage and rude that their local feuds often give great trouble. Rock-hewn tombs are common, but the only use to which they are now put seems to be to hide away the bodies of men who have been robbed and killed. In one case Captain Conder found in an old Jewish tomb six corpses, belonging appar-

<sup>1</sup> Judg. i. 27, 28. <sup>2</sup> Josh. xvii. 11.

ently to strangers recently murdered. The number of skulls and bones in other tombs, he adds, astonished him, till he found that many of them were fractured, and was told that they had belonged to persons murdered by the villagers.

A little south of Tanturah is another perennial stream, like the rest in the district in being only a few miles long, and fed by the marshes. The road is unspeakably desolate: sand on one side, bog on the other; while the element of danger adds to the eagerness with which it is left behind. A guard is a wise precaution in this part, whether for property or for person.

Recrossing the Zerka, and keeping the coast-road by Cæsarea, the sand stretches inland for miles, a few stunted oaks being the only prominent vegetation. Not a house or living being was to be seen. Passing the harbor of Abu Zabura, at which fragments of broken pottery tell of a village or town once in existence on the spot, the stream Iskanderuneh empties itself into the sea. In a dry season it can be forded at its mouth, but sometimes it needs much trouble to get across. A little way back from the shore it is, indeed, impracticable to approach it, from the danger of quicksands and treacherous marsh. The deep sand on the shore was very fatiguing as we toiled on under the perpendicular cliffs, which shut out all view of the country for the time. It was better, therefore, to take advantage of an opening in the ridge on our left and turn inland to Mukhalid, the first village on our way, lying on the track to the south, about a mile from the cliffs. It is in the heart of the chief melon-growing district of Palestine, and must present a striking scene when the crop is being harvested. Hundreds of camels then wait their turn to be loaded with the huge fruit, or stalk away with a full burden of it. Peasants in their white turbans and shirts, the latter duly girt round them by a leather strap, assiduously gather the different kinds of melon, while the tent of the tax-collectors, pitched in the fields, shows that these oppressors are on the look-out to lay a heavy hand on the produce, for the Government. How is it that great vegetable globes, like these melons, so full of water, thrive thus wonderfully on so hot and sandy a soil? The camel-loads of them taken to the shore fill a thousand boats each summer. Indeed, if it were not for fear of the Bedouins, there need be no limit to the quantity grown.

The secret of this luxuriant fertility lies in the rich supply of moisture afforded by the sea-winds which blow inland each night, and water the face of the whole land. There is no dew, properly so-called, in Palestine, for there is no moisture in the hot summer air to be chilled into dewdrops by the coolness of the night, as in a climate like ours. From May till October rain is unknown, the sun shining with unclouded brightness day after day. The heat becomes intense, the



Reservoir and Aqueduct near Ras-el-'Ain. (See page 39.)



ground hard; and vegetation would perish but for the moist west winds that come each night from the sea. The bright skies cause the heat of the day to radiate very quickly into space, so that the nights are as cold as the day is the reverse: a peculiarity of climate from which poor Jacob suffered, thousands of years ago, for he too speaks of "the drought consuming him by day, and the cold by night."<sup>1</sup> To this coldness of the night-air the indispensable watering of all plant life is due. The winds, loaded with moisture, are robbed of it as they pass over the land, the cold air condensing it into drops of water, which fall in a gracious rain of mist on every thirsty blade. In the morning the fog thus created rests like a sea over the plains, and far up the sides of the hills, which raise their heads above it like so many islands. At sunrise, however, the scene speedily changes. By the kindling light the mist is transformed into vast snow-white clouds, which presently break into separate masses and rise up the mountain-sides, to disappear in the blue above, dissipated by the increasing heat. These are the "morning clouds and the early dew that go away" of which Hosea speaks so touchingly.<sup>2</sup> Any one standing at sunrise on a vantage-ground in Jerusalem, or on the Mount of Olives, and looking down towards the Dead Sea, must have seen how the masses of billowy vapor, filling the valleys during the night, sway and break up when the light streams on them from over the mountains of Moab; their shape and color changing each moment before the kindling warmth as they rose from the hollows of the landscape, and then up the slopes of the hills, till they passed in opal or snowy brightness into the upper air, and at last faded into the unclouded sky.

The amount of moisture thus poured on the thirsty vegetation during the night is very great. Tent coverings are often soaked with it as if there had been a heavy rain, and a bright moon frequently creates the striking spectacle of a lunar rainbow. "Dew" seemed to the Israelites a mysterious gift of Heaven, as indeed it is. "Who has begotten the drops of dew?" is one of the questions put to Job by the Almighty Himself.<sup>3</sup> That the skies should be stayed from yielding it was a special sign of Divine wrath,<sup>4</sup> and there could be no more gracious conception of a loving farewell address to his people than where Moses tells them that his "speech" should "distil as the dew." Gideon's fleece, out of which a bowlful of dew was wrung, was a symbol familiar to the great citizen-soldier; and no imprecation more terrible could be uttered against Mount Gilboa, defiled by the death of Saul and Jonathan, than that no "dew" should fall on it henceforth.<sup>5</sup> Hushai, in his subtle, misleading counsel to Absalom, could suggest no more striking image of the silent surprise of David by irresistible numbers than

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxxi. 40. <sup>2</sup> Hos. vi. 4. Rather, the "dew which early." <sup>3</sup> Job xxxviii. 28. <sup>4</sup> Hagg. i. 10; 1 Kings xvii. 1. <sup>5</sup> 2 Sam. i. 21.

that the gathered multitude of Israel would fall upon him as the "dew" falleth on the ground.<sup>1</sup> Job pictures his hopes of abiding prosperity by the prayer that "his root" would spread out beside the [irrigating] waters, and that the "dew" would lie "all night on his branch."<sup>2</sup> The youths of Israel, as of all nations, were her "dew."<sup>3</sup> The favor of an Oriental monarch could not be more beneficially conceived than by saying that, while "his wrath is like the roaring of a lion, his favor is as dew upon the grass."<sup>4</sup> The "head" of the Beloved "is filled with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night."<sup>5</sup> Isaiah, speaking of the advance of the Assyrians against Jerusalem and Judah, shows that he too had noticed the mists that rest on the wide plains and sweeping valleys during the nights of the hot months, for he says, if we may expand his words so as to give their force more clearly than it appears in the Authorized Version: "I will keep my eyes on them through the whole summer, while the unclouded sunshine ripens the herbs, and the night mists temper the heat of harvest."<sup>6</sup> Any one who has ever watched the white morning fog in harvest-time, in Palestine, when at sunrise it was quite impossible to see any distance round, and the villagers, driving their flocks afield, could only with infinite trouble prevent their being lost in the mist; shouts and uproar rising on all sides, as camels, horses, donkeys, cows, goats, and sheep, were urged off through the hazy sea of vapor; must have felt that, though painfully chilly by night, it tempered the air in the early day, till the fierce sun had drunk up the moisture. "Awake and sing," cries Isaiah, "ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead!"<sup>7</sup> He thinks of the sad condition of Palestine when the exiles return from Babylon, its slaughtered multitudes lying asleep in the dust around them; and in a burst of patriotic fervor, clothed in poetical metaphor, cries out, "O that thy dead bodies could arise! Awake and sing, ye dwellers in the dust of the grave! For thy dew—the favor of Jehovah—gives life, as the dew of herbs revives the glebe, and through its mighty power the earth shall bring to life the dead!" How blessed the assurance, finally, in the precious promise: "I will be as the dew unto Israel!"<sup>8</sup>

The melon district reaches to the stream El-Falik, a short perennial river, little more than a mile in length, issuing from great marshes behind. Just above it a tongue of sand runs two miles inland, the low hills farther east being thinly dotted with oak-trees of good size—the remains of the old Crusading forest of Assur. North of Mukhalid the country belongs to a tribe of Arabs, who, though few in number, claim to have formerly held all the land between Tiberias and Cæsarea, Carmel and Beisan. To the south of the village, however, the Nefeiah,

<sup>1</sup> 2 Sam. xvii. 12. <sup>2</sup> Job xxix. 19. <sup>3</sup> Ps. ex. 3. <sup>4</sup> Prov. xix. 12. <sup>5</sup> Cant. v. 2. <sup>6</sup> Isa. xviii. 4. Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, vol. iv., p. 445. <sup>7</sup> Isa. xxvi. 19. <sup>8</sup> Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, vol. v., p. 44. <sup>8</sup> Hos. xiv. 5.

or Club-bearing Arabs—a rough set—swarm in the marshes and woodlands. The landscape round is a great rolling plain, with low slopes varying its monotony; its height above the sea from 150 to 200 feet, while hills of blown sand stretch all along the shore, to varying distances inland, except where streams force their way through them. At some points, however, the shore rises in bluffs nearly to the level of the plain behind, and these, where they occur, are a great preservative of the soil, preventing the sand from blowing over it. Round the marshes the pasturage is excellent in spring, and hence Sharon was famous in Jewish history as the feeding-ground for the royal flocks and herds. In David's time these were under a head shepherd, himself a Sharon man—one Shitrai.<sup>1</sup> The pastures of Sharon were, indeed, famous from the earliest times, and had a king in Joshua's day,<sup>2</sup> while after the Hebrew invasion they seem for a time to have been in the hands of the tribe of Gad,<sup>3</sup> but the desolation spread over them by the "overflowing flood" of Sennacherib's invasion is bewailed by Isaiah,<sup>4</sup> who, by the way, like all Old Testament writers, always speaks of "the Sharon," meaning the whole plain from Carmel to Joppa. Before this ruin by the Assyrian it must have been specially prosperous, for "the excellency of Carmel and Sharon" is the prophet's ideal of luxuriant fertility,<sup>5</sup> and the full joy of the Messianic kingdom is, in part, imaged by Sharon being so restored that it would become once more "a fold of flocks."<sup>6</sup>

Round the few villages in the plain there are generally patches of corn, vegetables, or olives; but by far the greater part of the soil is uncultivated. El-Falik is approached through a wild tangle of hawthorn, dwarf oak, arbutus, and rue, and its short course is fringed by the Syrian papyrus reed, which looks at a distance like a dwarfed palm-tree, and by thickets of oleanders and other shrubs. The name of the place means "the Cutting," and has been given it from its being only an artificial drain, made to lower the water in the marshes. An uninhabited sandy ground with undulating surface succeeds, stretching nearly five miles south in a treeless and houseless desolation. Reeds and rushes spring beside stagnant pools; patches of thistles and coarse grass are the main growths. Some pines, indeed, are to be seen on the sandy slopes; but they are rare and small. A few mud huts here and there, offering shelter to shepherds from the heat by day and the cold by night, when they chose to take advantage of them, are the only apologies for human habitations.

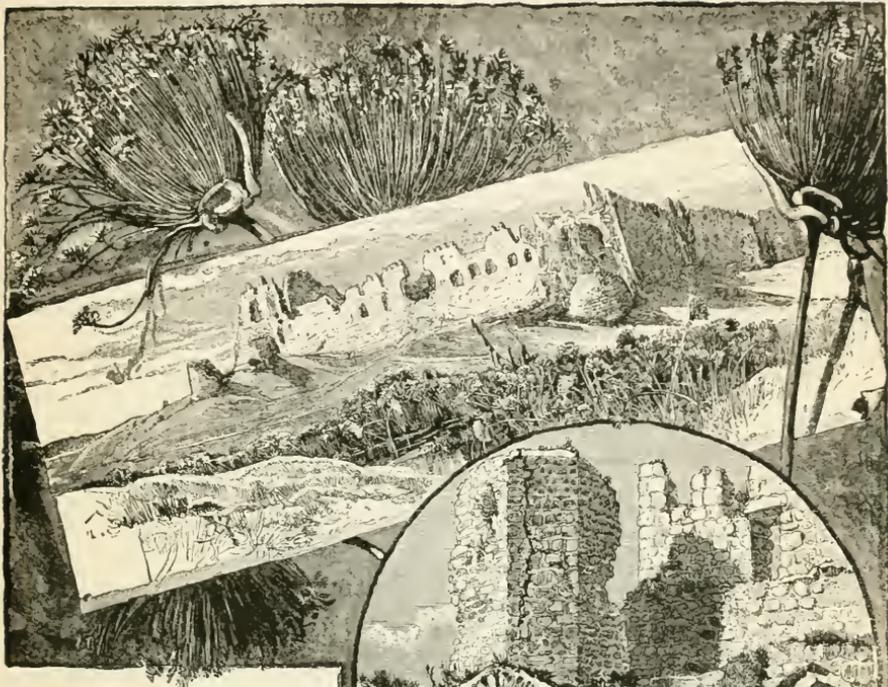
Arsuf, the Apollonia of Josephus,<sup>7</sup> lies on the shore between five and six miles south of El-Falik; but there was nothing to detain us at its ruins except a tunnel near it, cut for 535 feet through the rocks, by

1 1 Chron. xxvii. 29. 2 Josh. xii. 18. 3 1 Chron. v. 16. For "suburbs" read "pastures." 4 Isa. xxxiii. 9. 5 Isa. xxxv. 2. 6 Isa. lxxv. 10. 7 Jos. *Ant.*, xiii, 15, 4.

the Romans, I suppose, with an air-shaft half-way; the object being to drain a great marsh behind. Now, however, it only shows the difference between the past and the present in Sharon, for it has ages ago become useless, the sand having choked it up for centuries. Between this point and the river Aujeh, five or six miles north of Joppa, there was only one small village, a poor place, with a well and a rain-tank, near which stood two or three trees; a carob or locust-tree among them. It was from the pods of this that the Prodigal sought a poor sustenance when feeding his master's swine:<sup>2</sup> the lowest possible occupation for a Jew, since the employer must have been a heathen, and the swine were, in themselves, an abomination to an Israelite. The thick foliage of the tree, of a deep green, with very dark, glossy, evergreen leaves, rising to a height of about twenty or thirty feet, like a large apple-tree, makes it a striking object in the bare landscape of Palestine. In February it is covered with innumerable purple-red pendent blossoms, which ripen in April and May into huge crops of pods from six to ten inches long, flat, brown, narrow, and bent like a horn,<sup>1</sup> with a sweetish taste when still unripe. Enormous quantities of these are gathered for sale in the various towns, and for exportation; England, among other places, taking large consignments; their name in this country being locust beans. I have often seen them on stalls in Eastern cities, where they are used as food by the very poorest, but chiefly to fatten pigs if there be Christians in the neighborhood, or for horses and cattle. That they were eaten as human food, though only by the poorest of the poor, in the time of our Lord, is incidentally proved by their being mentioned by both Horace and Juvenal<sup>3</sup> as thus used. The Prodigal very likely drove his herd below the trees, as is still frequently the custom, to let them eat the pods, which fall off as soon as they are dry. It is curious to remember that the bean found in the pod gave its name to the smallest Hebrew weight—the gerah, twenty of which made a shekel.<sup>4</sup>

The monks in the Middle Ages, unwilling to believe that John the Baptist fed upon locusts, came to the conclusion that this pod<sup>5</sup> was meant, and gave the tree the name of St. John's Bread. There can, however, be no doubt that the well-known insect was really intended, since it is still eaten extensively by the Arabs and others. "The Bedouins eat locusts," says Burckhardt, the greatest of travellers, "which are collected in great quantities in the beginning of April, when the sexes cohabit, and they are easily caught. After having been roasted a little on the iron plate on which bread is baked, they are dried in the sun, and then put into large sacks with the mixture of

<sup>1</sup> Luke xv. 16. <sup>2</sup> Hence the Greek name of the tree, *κεράτια*, from *κεράτιον* "a little horn."  
<sup>3</sup> Horace (born B. C. 65, died B. C. 8), *Epist.*, Bk. II., l. 123; Juvenal (born about A. D. 40, died about A. D. 120), *Sat.*, xi. 58. Bochart in his *Hierozoicon*, i. 708, has a very learned article on the carob. <sup>4</sup> Ex. xxx. 13; Lev. xxvii. 25; Ezek. xlv. 12. <sup>5</sup> Maundrell; 8th edition, Lond. 1810, p. 124.



And the fortress of the high fort of thy walls shall he bring down, lay low, and bring to the ground, even to the dust.—*Isa.* xxv. 12.

Thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls.—*Isa.* xxxiv. 13.

Thou hast broken down all his hedges; thou hast brought his strong holds to ruin.—*Psa.* lxxxix. 40.

RUINS OF A FORTRESS AT RAS-EL-AIN. (See page 40.)



a little salt. They are never served up as a dish, but every one takes a handful of them when hungry. The peasants of Syria do not eat locusts, nor have I myself had an opportunity of tasting them; there are a few poor fellahs in the Haurân, however, who sometimes, pressed by hunger, make a meal of them; but they break off the head and take out the entrails before they dry them in the sun. The Bedouins swallow them entire." Writing elsewhere of the Arabs of other regions, he says, "All the Bedouins of Arabia, and the inhabitants of towns in Nejd and Hedjaz, are accustomed to eat locusts. I have seen, at Medina and Tayf, locust shops, where these animals were sold by measure. In Egypt and Nubia they are only eaten by the poorest beggars. The Arabs, in preparing them for food, throw them alive into boiling water, with which a good deal of salt has been mixed. After a few minutes they are taken out and dried in the sun; the head, feet, and wings are then torn off; the bodies are cleansed from the salt and perfectly dried, after which whole sacks are filled with them by the Bedouin. They are sometimes eaten boiled in butter, and they often contribute materials for a breakfast, when spread over unleavened bread, mixed with butter." Dr. Kitto, who tried locusts, says they taste very much like shrimps. St. John may well have eaten them, since his life in the wilderness left him no source of richer food. Wild honey he could obtain in abundance from trees and clefts in the rocks.

The river Aujeh is the largest stream in the plain of Sharon, winding across it from beneath the mound of Ras-el-Ain—the ancient Antipatris, close to the hills, which are about ten miles off, in a straight line. It is strong enough to have made a permanent opening through the sand-hills, and is never dammed up by them like some weaker streams on the plain, which become marshes in the dry season, though in winter, when swollen by the rains, they gain force enough to break through again to the sea. A dam over the river turns aside a powerful current, which drives twelve pairs of stones, most of them busy when I passed, grinding flour for customers. The splash of the water as it fell in white waves from the restless wheels and rushed to join the main stream was delightful in such a climate. The river is perhaps twenty yards broad, and of a good depth.

A short distance outside Joppa lies the German village of Saron, called after the plain in which it stands. On the way we passed two long strings of camels, one laden with oil in black skin bottles from Nablus; the other with bags of rice from the same town. It was doubtless in similar skin jars, if I may use the word, that King Menahem of Samaria, while professing to be loyal to Assyria, sent gifts of oil to Pharaoh, in Egypt, the hereditary foe of the Assyrian,<sup>2</sup> to secure

1 Burckhardt, *Syria*, 4to, p. 239. 2 Hos. xii. 1. Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, iv. 265.

his support. They are made of the entire skin of a he-goat, the places where the legs and tail have been, being carefully sewn up, and an opening left at the neck, large enough to form a mouth, for filling and emptying. To enable them to resist the heat of the sun, and to keep them soft, they are smeared with oil.

The German colony is now firmly established and prosperous, but as many as fifty poor Teutons died before they could be acclimatized. A "town-house" of wood, a wind-mill used for pumping, a town clock, wheeled vehicles, a forge, European ploughs guided by native peasants but drawn by horses, a factory for all kinds of wooden machinery and implements, from wagons to plough-handles, a manufactory of tiles and of artificial stone, and other forms of Western energy and skill, showed the difference between Europeans and Asiatics.

I rested at the house of one of the chief settlers, a large commodious stone building, with a deep well under a shed close by, supplying abundant water, which was raised by oxen in an endless chain of buckets, set in motion by a horizontal wheel; it is used for household purposes, and for irrigating the garden and contiguous ground. Vines from American plants are extensively grown in the settlement, those of the country being liable to disease. A welcome, simple and hearty, was accorded me, and I left for Joppa not a little refreshed by the home-made bread and butter, both excellent, with milk. My friend had some of the local wine, and pronounced it excellent. The sandy road, nowhere "made," was at times pretty rough, in the hollows washed out by winter storms. Red anemones, bunches of lupins from last year's sowing, and tufts of squills brightened the open ground as we drove on; but Sharon, at its best, is very far from coming up to English ideas of fertility and beauty.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE PHILISTINE PLAIN AND SAMSON'S COUNTRY.

LEAVING Joppa, with its strange crowds, my last reminiscences of it are made up of a confused dream of masons sitting cross-legged, chipping stones from Cæsarea, for the new Christian hospital; stone-breakers squatted in the same way across half the market-place, fracturing obdurate metal in stone mortars, to spread on the road; strings of donkeys and camels moving hither or thither, and a general hub-bub of buyer and seller filling the air. A four-wheeled vehicle had



Kefr Saba from the East. (See page 41.)



been hired for my journey: a rough open affair, screened at the roof and sides with canvas to keep off the sun. The driver wore a felt skull-cap, dignified into a makeshift turban by a pocket-handkerchief twisted round it. His coat, worn over a blue blouse, was of woollen stuff, fancifully ornamented down the back with crimson, while the arms were of one pattern to the elbow, and another below it. Lebanon had the credit of its manufacture, though it would have been very hard to say through how many hands it may have passed before it reached those of our Jehu. Three horses, veritable screws, but wiry withal, drew us; two of them boasting headstalls and collars, made useful if not ornamental by a free application of pieces of rope; the third arrayed in nothing at all but some ropes. Of course each animal had its galls and raw places; no horse used in harness in Palestine is without them, for there is no law against cruelty to animals, and no pity in the native heart towards dumb creatures to supply its place.

South of Joppa, the coast-plain was the country of the Philistines, whose name, the "immigrants," has, curiously, given us that of "Palestine." It was the part of Judæa earliest and best known to the Greeks, who entered the land mainly, at first, from Egypt. Hence, as the Romans gave the name of Asia and Africa, respectively, to the two provinces they first gained on these two continents, and, as the English gave the name of Dutch, though it belongs to the whole German race, to the people of Holland, who lay next their own shores, "Philistia" became the Gentile name of the entire Holy Land, in the form of "Palestine."<sup>1</sup>

The Philistines, as the translation of their name in the Greek Bible<sup>2</sup> shows, were of a different race from the peoples who were in Canaan before their appearance among them. Their territory reached from a little below Joppa, which remained in the hands of the Phœnicians, to a little below Gaza, along the coast, and back to the hills of Judæa: a district hardly fifty miles in its full length, or half that in its extreme breadth. Palestine, as a whole, it must be remembered, is a very small country. The prophet Amos<sup>3</sup> tells us the Philistines came from Caphtor, that is, the island of Crete, and we read elsewhere, respecting "the Avim which dwelt in Hazerim [or villages], even unto Gaza"—that "the Caphtorim, which came out of Caphtor, destroyed them, and dwelt in their stead."<sup>4</sup> The Avim were one of the original peoples of Palestine, who had been driven to the extreme south of the country by the Canaanites. In part enslaving these, in part driving them out, the Philistines took possession of their district. They had not, however, come direct from Crete, but had previously been settled at Cassiotis—the territory of the Casluchim,<sup>5</sup> on the Egyptian coast, whence salt

1. *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 253. 2. Allophyloi—"men of another tribe." 3. Amos ix. 7. 4. Deut. ii. 23. 5. Gen. 13, 14.

was exported for the dry-fish trade from the ports of the Nile Delta.<sup>1</sup> Thence they wandered north to the more fruitful sea-coast plains of Canaan, which, from their position, had great attractions for a keenly commercial people, as it tapped at once the caravan trade with the east and south, and the sea trade with the west. Hence, already in the time of Abraham, their king Abimelech had his seat at Gerar, in the fartherest south of the land, and boasted a chief of his fighting men, and a council bearing strange titles.<sup>2</sup> In a subsequent generation, about the year B. C. 1920,<sup>3</sup> the Hebrews went down into Egypt, from which they only returned after a residence of 430 years. By this time the Philistines had grown so strong that God would not allow His people to go up to Canaan by the direct and easy caravan route, still in use, because it would have brought them into conflict with so warlike a race; but led them by the circuitous route of the desert.<sup>4</sup>

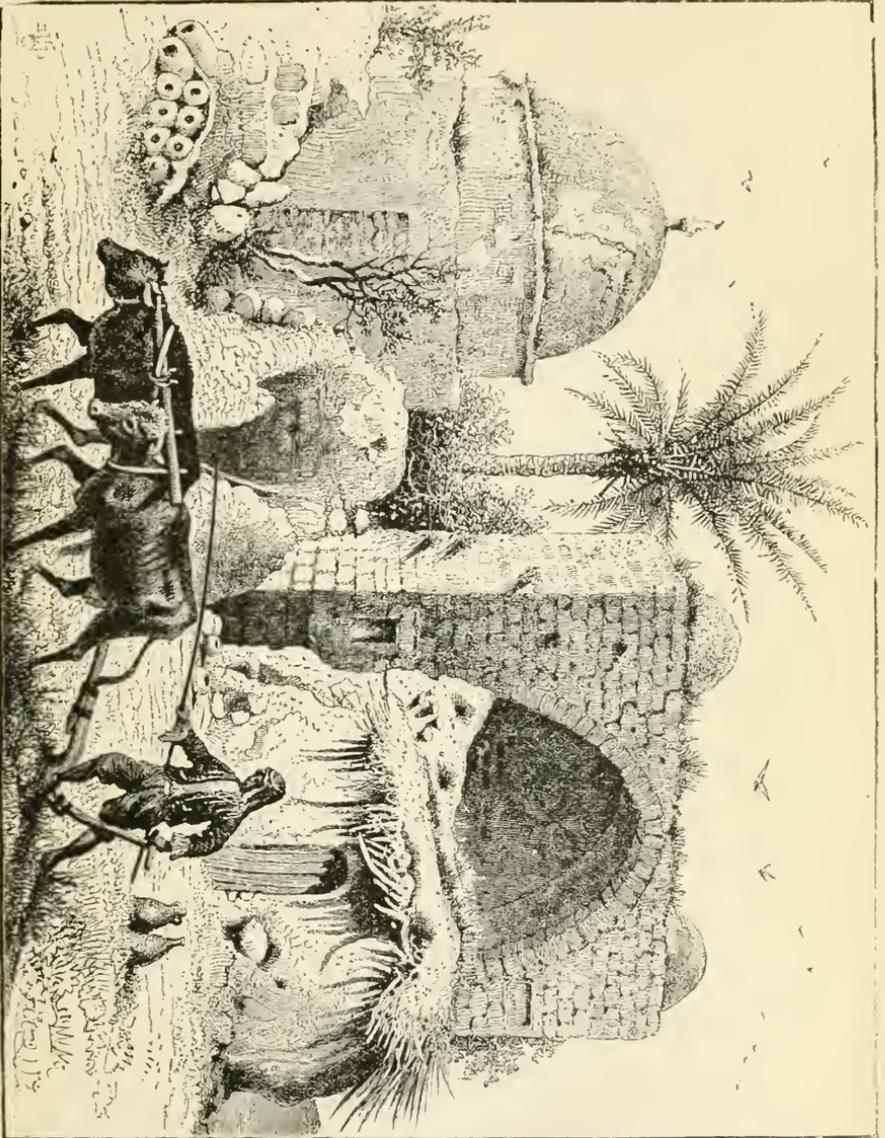
After the Hebrew conquest of Central Palestine, three of the Philistine cities—Ekron, Ascalon, and Gaza—were taken in the first enthusiasm of the invaders, and held for a time by Judah, to whom the sea-coast plain had been assigned by Joshua.<sup>5</sup> They were, however, lost before that leader's death,<sup>6</sup> and henceforth, for 200 years, even the name of the race is seldom mentioned in the Sacred Books.<sup>7</sup>

That there was a hereditary enmity between them and the Hebrews, appears however in the incidental notice of one of the Judges—Shamgar—having slain 600 Philistines with the massive ox-goad, shod with iron, still common in those parts.<sup>8</sup> But towards the end of the period of the Judges,<sup>9</sup> the history of Samson brings the nation into prominence as the most dangerous and dreaded enemies of Israel, which they continued to be till the reign of David, who broke their power so completely that he was able to form an old and young body-guard—known as the Crethi and Plethi—from among them.<sup>10</sup> From this time they were only at intervals independent of the Hebrews, and they finally vanished as a people, under the iron sway of the Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, and Syrians, in succession.

The few remains of their language and religion show that this remarkable people were of Semitic race, though colored to a large extent by Grecian influences, from their temporary residence in Crete. Fierce and fond of war, they had the genius of military organization peculiar to the West; always ready with disciplined battalions for any quarrel. Nor were they less keen as traders; their favorable position on the coast enabling them to become, in some measure, rivals of the Phœnicians. Of their political constitution we know only that their territory was divided into five small districts, respectively under the chiefs of five cities—Ekron, Gath, Ashdod, Ascalon, and Gaza. Of

<sup>1</sup> Ebers, *Ägypten und die Bücher Moses*, p. 121. <sup>2</sup> Gen. xx. 2; xxi. 32; xxvi. 1, 26. <sup>3</sup> Riehm, p. 1196. <sup>4</sup> Exod. xiii. 17. <sup>5</sup> Josh. xv. 45. <sup>6</sup> Josh. xiii. 2. <sup>7</sup> Josh. xiii. 2; xv. 45; Judg. i. 18; iii. 3. <sup>8</sup> Judg. iii. 31. <sup>9</sup> About B. C. 1250. <sup>10</sup> 1 Sam. xxx. 14; Ezek. xxv. 16; Zeph. ii. 5.

Nebi Jamih. Moslem tomb near Keif Saha. (See page 11.)





their religion all that has come down to us is that the god Beelzebub was worshipped at Ekron, Dagon at Gaza and Ashdod,<sup>1</sup> and, at a later period, the goddess Derketo in Ascalon.<sup>2</sup>

The present population of Palestine is, doubtless, largely representative, in the various districts, of the ancient races of the land, so that Philistine blood in the people of the old Philistine country may perhaps, in part, account for their being much more Egyptian, in their ways and dress, than those around them; the Philistines, as we have seen, having originally come from Crete, through Egypt. There were, however, many other nationalities in the land in Joshua's day. The Hittites—possibly a small branch of the mighty Cheta of the Egyptian monuments, whose power, at its highest, reached from the Grecian Archipelago to Carchemish, on the Euphrates—lived in and round Hebron, in the time of Abraham,<sup>3</sup> and, in that of Moses, among the mountains of Judah and Ephraim,<sup>4</sup> and were still in existence in the days of Ezra.<sup>5</sup> The Gergashi, or "dwellers on the clay-land," were a tribe otherwise unknown.<sup>6</sup> The Amorites, or "dwellers on the hills," were, perhaps, the greatest of the Canaanite races, one part of them living on the mountains of Judah,<sup>7</sup> which they divided into five petty kingdoms;<sup>8</sup> another branch, on the east of Jordan, in the northern part of Moab, divided by them into the two "kingdoms" of Heshbon and Bashan.<sup>9</sup> It was of their towns, on the top of the hills, in what was afterwards Judæa, that the Hebrew spies spoke as being "walled up to heaven."<sup>10</sup> Then there were the Canaanites, or "dwellers in the lowlands," that is, the coast, and in the depression of the Jordan. The name was used also, in a wider sense, of the Phœnicians, and from that race being the great business people of the Old World, came afterwards to mean "traders."<sup>11</sup> Besides these, we read of the Perizzites, or "peasants," in contrast to dwellers in towns; the Hivites, or "dwellers in villages;" and the Jebusites, or "threshing-floor people," in allusion, apparently, to the early use of the top of Mount Moriah at Jerusalem as a threshing-floor;<sup>12</sup> this being the one spot on which we find them. These are spoken of, perhaps in the aggregate, as nations "greater and mightier" than the Hebrews at the time of their invasion of Palestine.<sup>13</sup> But since those early days many additional races have occupied portions of the land, and intermarriages in the course of many ages must have united the blood of a great many nationalities in the veins of the present population.

Asses, laden with cabbages for market, passed us as we drove on from Joppa over a track in the hard sand: some veiled women, also, with baskets of lemons on their heads. They carry everything thus,

<sup>1</sup> 2 Kings i. 2; Judg. xvi. 23. 1 Sam. v. 1. 2 2 Macc. xii. 26. 3 Gen. xxiii. 4 Num. xiii. 29; Josh. xi. 3. 5 Ezra ix. 1. 6 Deut. vii. 1. 7 Gen. xiv. 7, 13; Num. xiii. 29. 8 Josh. x. 5. 9 Num. xxi. 13; Deut. iv. 47; Josh. ii. 10; xxiv. 12. 10 Deut. i. 28. 11 Job xli. 6. The word "merchants" is "Canaanites" in the Heb., so in Prov. xxxi. 24. 12 2 Sam. xxiv. 18—23. 13 Deut. vii.

and owe to their doing so an erectness of carriage which their sisters in the West might well envy. More asses, laden with sand, followed; women with black veils, girls with milk, which they carry in jars on their shoulder, as they do water. Married women carry their little children thus, in many cases. Sometimes, indeed, you meet little children, perhaps still unweaned, carried by their mother on her hips, just as Isaiah says, "Thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side."<sup>1</sup> A Bedouin in a striped "abba" and bright "kefiyeh," or head-shawl, kept in its place by the usual circlet of soft camel's-hair rope going twice round the head: his seat, the hump of a camel; with other camels carrying back to their villages loads of empty sacks, in which they had taken grain to Joppa or elsewhere, made us next turn aside. The men of to-day thus still carry their riches on the shoulders of young asses, and their treasures upon the bunches of camels, as in the days of Isaiah;<sup>2</sup> so little have the customs of the East changed, after so many centuries.

Immense mounds of finely broken-up straw for fodder are to be seen everywhere in Egypt, and this fodder is common, also, in Palestine. Strings of camels passed towards Joppa as we went on, with huge bags of it balanced on each side of their humps. It is the only dry food for horses or cattle in Western Asia, and is largely used, also, in the valley of the Nile. The name given to it is "teben"—the same, to-day, as in the days of the patriarchs. When the grain is trampled out on the open-air threshing-floors, by the feet of cattle or by the sharp stone or iron teeth underneath the threshing-sledge,<sup>3</sup> the straw is necessarily broken or cut into very small pieces. These are the "teben" of which we often read in the Bible. Rebekah told Eliezer, Abraham's servant, that her brother had both "teben and provender"<sup>4</sup> for his camels. The children of Israel in Egypt were refused "teben" to mix with the clay of the bricks they had to make.<sup>5</sup> The Levite saw abundance of "teben and provender for his asses" in Gibeah, though so inhospitably received.<sup>6</sup> Barley and "teben" had to be provided by the rural community for the common horses, and also for those of a swifter and finer breed, belonging to Solomon.<sup>7</sup> The wicked, says Job, are "as teben before the wind, and as chaff that the storm carrieth away."<sup>8</sup> Leviathan is said to esteem "iron as teben, and brass as rotten wood."<sup>9</sup> In the days of the Messiah "the lion shall eat teben like the ox."<sup>10</sup> The Word of God by His true prophets, we read in Jeremiah, was as different from the utterances of the false prophets as "teben is from wheat."<sup>11</sup> Thus the camel-loads that made me swerve aside throw light on a good many verses of Scripture.

The drifting sand from the shore is playing sad havoc with the

1. 3 Isa. ix. 4. 2 Isa. xxx. 6. 3 Deut. xxv. 4; Isa. xli. 15. 4 Gen. xxiv. 25. 5 Ex. v. 7. 6 Judg. xix. 19. 7 1 Kings iv. 28. For "dromedaries," read as in the text. 8 Job xxi. 18. 9 Job xli. 27. 10 Isa. xi. 7; lxx. 25. 11 Jer. xxiii. 28.



Fragment of the City Wall of Cæsarea from the Middle Ages. (See page 45.)



Philistine plain. Immediately south of Joppa it reaches a distance of four miles inland. Towards the sea, these dunes or sand-hills present a very gentle slope, but on the land side they are much steeper, so that as the sea-wind blows the loose grains over the crest, they roll, by imperceptible degrees, farther and farther afield, gradually overwhelming gardens, orchards, and ploughed land, and, of course, under the Turk, nothing is done to stay their progress.

The road led straight south, along these yellow desolations; the telegraph wires to Egypt running at its side. Six or seven miles from Joppa I crossed the Rubin, which, when I passed, had a very small stream in its bed, linking together some almost stagnant pools, fed by springs in the wady, near the hills. On the shore, on a line with Ramleh, but out of sight from the road, lay Minet Rubin, the ancient port for Jamnia, with some vines and a few mulberries growing wild in the sand, which here probably is not deep. But there is no longer any harbor at this place, though ancient tombs in the rocks speak of a large resident population in past ages.

Yabneh, the ancient Jamnia, lies on the west side of the Rubin, the course of which I crossed by a low bridge of two arches. Springs in the river-bed cause it to be always in full flow at its mouth; the Palestine Surveyors speaking of it as six or eight yards across near the sea, but fordable in May, 1875. At Jamnia, however, the channel is nearly dry, except after rains, though it has cut quite a ravine across the whole plain, in some parts marshy, with reeds and rushes at the sides. The village has a population of about 2,000, and lies in a conspicuous position on the top of a low green hill, four miles from the shore. Standing apart from the hills around, and bordered by a fringe of gardens, olive-yards, and fields of vetches, it looks from a distance very picturesque. Some wells and a rain-pond within mud banks, duly repaired each year, supply water. It has a small mosque, which was once a Christian church.

Yabneh, like all places in Palestine, is very old. In Joshua's day it was known as Jabneel,<sup>1</sup> and along with Ekron, which was near it, was assigned to the Hebrew tribe of Dan.<sup>2</sup> The Philistines, however, kept possession of it till King Uzziah took it and broke down its walls.<sup>3</sup> At a later date it was again taken, by Simon Maccabæus,<sup>4</sup> and remained in the hands of the Jews till Pompey gave it back to its earlier population.<sup>5</sup> A few years later, a large colony was transferred to it by order of the Roman Governor of Syria, and it was finally handed over by Augustus, thirty years before Christ, to Herod the Great, from whom it passed, by his will, to his sister Salome; she, in turn, leaving it to Livia, the wife of Augustus. So lightly were communities handed over by one royal personage to another in those good

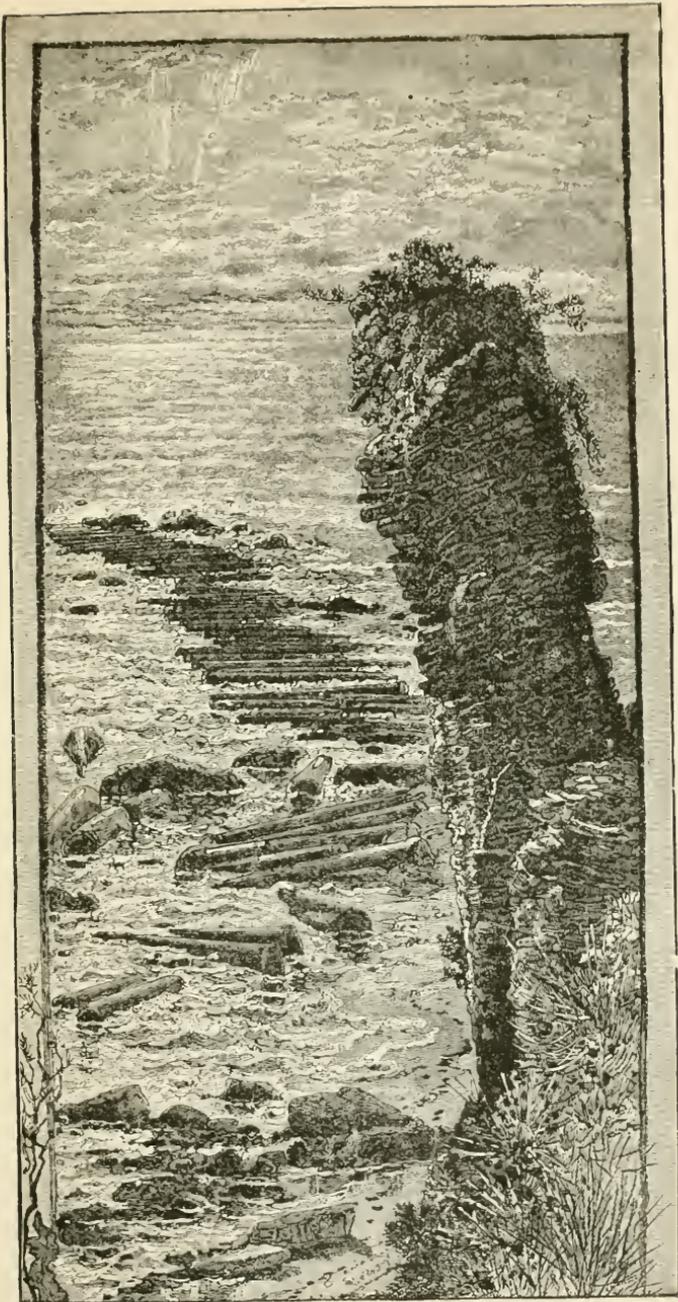
1 Josh. xv. 11. 2 Josh. xix. 43; Jos. *Ant.*, v. 1, 22. 3 2 Chron. xxvi. 6. 4 B. C. 142. 5 B. C. 63.

old days! It had now grown so large that it is said, no doubt with much exaggeration, to have been able to put 40,000 men in the field; but hatred of the Jews, who formed a large part of the community, caused much friction between them and their heathen fellow-citizens.

At the breaking-out of the last Jewish war, Jammia received permission from Titus to give a home to the members of the Rabbinical College of Jerusalem, and it thus became a famous seat of Jewish learning; but it gradually sank in after-times, till it has become the insignificant place it now is.

It was with a strange feeling that one looked on the miserable collection of mud houses of which it at present consists, and thought that here the great insurrection of Barcochba—"the Son of a Star"—was planned by the Rabbis, in their despair at the edict by which Hadrian decreed the suppression of Judaism and took their power from the hands of its teachers. Everywhere throughout the Empire the Jews had been restlessly plotting and rising against the Romans for two generations, till even Hadrian, who had shown them favor at the opening of his reign, grew fierce against them; ordered the site of Jerusalem to receive a heathen name—*Ælia Capitolina*—and drove the ploughshare over the ruins of the Temple, as a sign that it should never be rebuilt; even forbidding any Jew so much as to approach the circuit of the Holy City. But the hope of a Messiah, who should give the victory to the ancient people of God over all their enemies, still burned in the breast of every Israelite, and the hour brought with it the man to kindle these hopes to a flame. Appealing to the prophecy of Balaam, Barcochba, apparently hitherto unknown, gave himself out as the star that was to come from Jacob, "to smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Seth,"<sup>1</sup> and acquired formidable power. Rabbi Akiba, a great name among the Jews, accepted him as the Messiah, and became his armor-bearer. The time predicted by Haggai was supposed to have come, when Jehovah would "shake the heavens and the earth, and overthrow the throne of kingdoms, and destroy the strength of the kingdoms of the heathen."<sup>2</sup> Barcochba was to be the Redeemer of Israel, who should free its sons from the bondage of Rome. Insurrection broke out at once. The new Messiah must have been a fierce fanatic, for he demanded that everyone who wished to follow him should submit to have one of his fingers chopped off as a test of his resolution; that circumcision should be repeated on all who had imperfectly obeyed the rite, and that the Jewish towns should be fortified—the one reasonable measure of the three! According to the Rabbis, 200,000 men, each with a finger hewn off, followed him, and as many more, unwilling to endure this test, agreed that they would drag up by the roots a cedar of Lebanon as a pledge of their spirit. Fifty

<sup>1</sup> Num. xxiv. 17. <sup>2</sup> Hagg. ii. 21.



On the Beach at Caesarea. (See page 45)



strong places, and nearly 1,000 villages, were taken from the Romans, and it took three years and a half for Hadrian to quell the terrible rising. Bether, the chief fortress of the revolted Hebrews, held out for a whole year. The number who perished was reckoned at half a million, and the exasperation at the failure of the movement was so great that Barcochba's name—"the Son of a Star"—was changed by the survivors to Bar Cosiba—"the Son of a Lie."<sup>1</sup>

This terrible narrative shows very forcibly the ideas of the Messiah prevalent in the days of Christ. It was to make Him such a king as Barcochba that the multitude wished to lay hold on the Saviour and put Him at their head,<sup>2</sup> after the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes at the head of the Lake of Galilee, and it was because He would not lead a great rising against Rome that His countrymen finally rejected Him.

Jamnia is only four miles and a half from a famous site—Ekron, one of the chief towns of the Philistines, now called Akir. Near it, among the hills overhanging the plain, is the region of Samson's exploits and of some notable incidents in the life of David, which could not be more conveniently visited than from this point, though horses, not wheels, are required in the uplands.

Ekron is now only a mud hamlet on low rising ground, with gardens hedged with prickly pear, and a well on the north. Cisterns, empty or tenanted by birds, the stones of hand-mills, two marble columns, and a stone press, are the only ancient remains to be seen, for the Ekron of the Bible was probably built, like the present village, of unburnt bricks, which a few years reduce to dust. One of the two marble pillars still visible forms the top of the gateway leading into a very humble village mosque. Many of the inhabitants keep bees; great jars closed up at the mouth with clay, except a little entrance, serving for hives, as, indeed, is the custom generally in Palestine. Sheepskin cloaks, the fleece inside, are worn by a number of the villagers, to protect them from chill in the early morning or through the night, the contrast between the heat of the day and the cold of these hours being very great, as of old with Jacob in Mesopotamia.<sup>3</sup> Ekron means "barren," perhaps because, although the rich cornlands of the plain lie just below, the place itself stands on one of a long series of sandy, uncultivated swells, which, in this part, reach from the hills to the sea-coast.

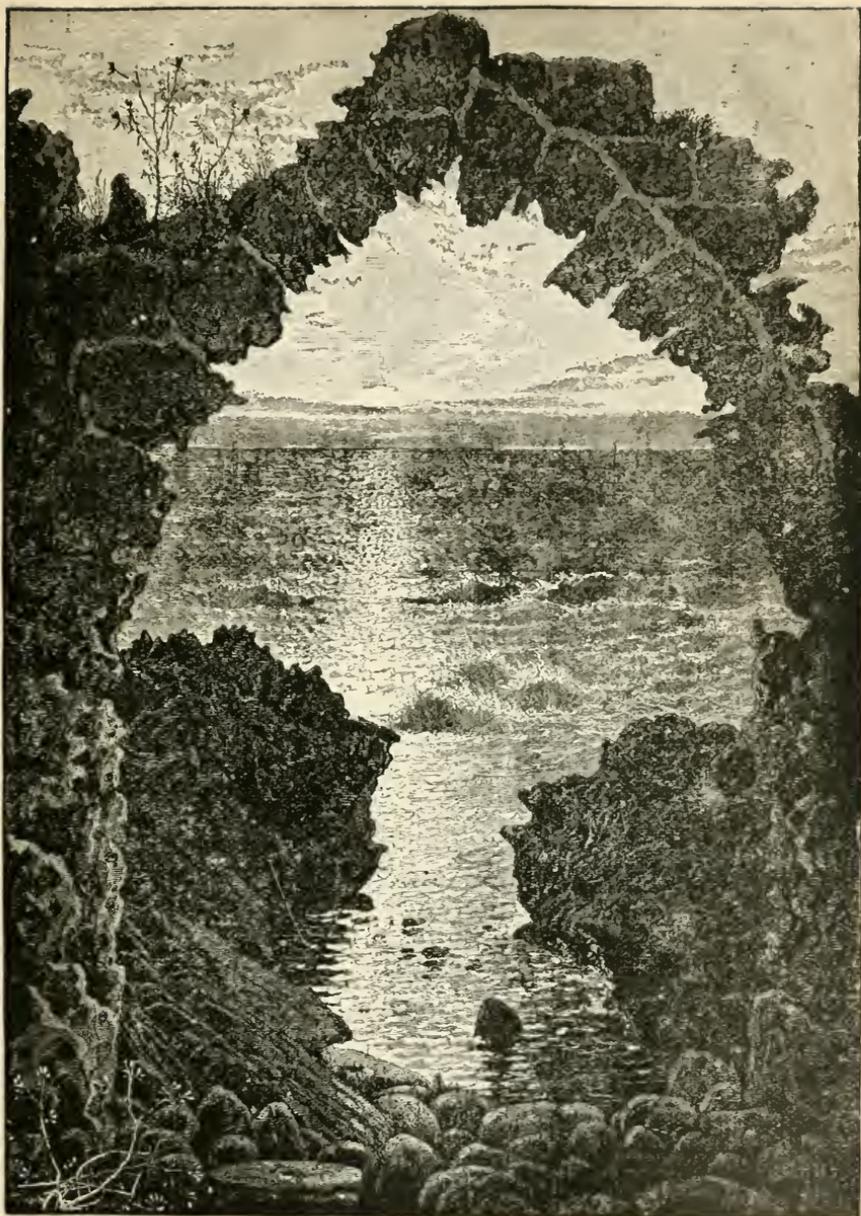
This, the most northern of the five Philistine cities, was assigned by Joshua to the tribe of Judah,<sup>4</sup> but afterwards to that of Dan,<sup>5</sup> though, in the end, Judah took it and for a time held it.<sup>6</sup> At the close of the period of the Judges, however, it was again a Philistine town, and is famous because the Ark, when taken from the Hebrews, rested in it

<sup>1</sup> A very full account of Barcochba's revolt is given from a Jewish point of view in Hamburg-er's *Real Encycl.*, ii. 85 ff. <sup>2</sup> John vi. 15. <sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 72. <sup>4</sup> Josh. xiii. 3; xv. 11, 46. <sup>5</sup> Josh. xix. 43. <sup>6</sup> Judg. i. 18; 1 Sam. vii. 14.

for a time.<sup>1</sup> In connection with this incident it is striking to find that the two plagues inflicted on the Philistines for detaining the sacred chest are still among the number of local visitation; the habits of the people leading very often to the internal tumors called emerods in the Scripture narrative, and armies of field-mice not unfrequently ravaging the crops. The destructiveness of these pests in the East is, indeed, often very great. A friend of Dr. van Lennep<sup>2</sup> informed him that, one year, in Asia Minor, he "saw the depredations committed by an immense army of field-mice, which passed over the ground like an army of young locusts. Fields of standing corn and barley disappeared in an incredibly short time, and as for vines and mulberry-trees, they were gnawed at the roots and speedily prostrated. The annual produce of a farm of 150 acres, which promised to be unusually large, was thus utterly consumed, and the neighboring farms suffered equally." It was in all probability a visitation of these mice by which the Philistines were harassed, though, indeed, there is a choice of creatures of this class in Palestine, which boasts no fewer than twenty-three varieties of the genus.<sup>3</sup>

It is now over 2,700 years since a solemn deputation arrived in Ekron from King Ahaziah of Samaria,<sup>4</sup> son of Ahab, to consult the local god, who bore the ominous name of Beelzebub, or, to write it more correctly, Baal-zebub—the "Lord of Flies"—a title of the sun-god, as controller of the swarming insect world. Flies are at all times a severe trial in the hot months in the East, but occasionally they become almost unendurable. That they were equally troublesome in antiquity is shown by Judith being said to have pulled aside the mosquito curtains on the bed of Holofernes, when she was about to kill him.<sup>5</sup> In the Jordan valley the flocks and cattle are in great dread of a species of blood-sucking horse-flies, to escape from which the shepherds and herdsmen drive them to higher and colder levels, where these plagues are not found. Even the wild animals are equally tormented by these insects, and flee to elevations where they are safe from them. Cases are also known, for example in the region of Nazareth, where immense swarms of small black flies darken the air, and cannot be kept out of the mouth and nostrils; their numbers at times breaking up an Arab encampment, since even smoke and flame are hardly able to drive them away.<sup>6</sup> In the Bible the word "Zebub" is used twice: in the passage, "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor,"<sup>7</sup> and when Isaiah says that "the Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt,"<sup>8</sup> that is, He shall make a sound like that which men use to attract and lead to the hive a swarm of bees; thus bringing from all the canals and waters of Egypt

1 1 Sam. v. 10. 2 Van Lennep, *Bible Lands*, p. 285. 3 Thirstram, *Nat. Hist. of the Bible*: art. "Mouse." 4 B. C. 897—895. 5 Judith xiii. 9. Greek, *κωμωπέτιον*. In Liddell and Scott, "a bed with mosquito curtains." 6 Riehlf, p. 445. 7 Eccles. x. 1. 8 Isa. vii. 18.



The Mediterranean seen through the ruins of a pointed Gothic arch at Athlit. (See page 48.)



the fly which in summer is found near them in such clouds. Both on the Nile and in Palestine the common fly is met with in myriads, and, by carrying infectious matter on its feet, induces, when it lights, as it constantly does, on the corners of the eyes, purulent ophthalmia, the curse of both countries. They also draw blood by their bites, and produce festering sores, and they swarm to such an extent that any article of food not carefully covered is made useless by them in a few minutes. Some authorities even think that the words of Isaiah respecting the country on the Upper Nile, the "land of the shadowing wings,"<sup>1</sup> refer to the vast swarms of flies in those parts.

But poor Ahaziah had more serious matters to trouble him than Eastern fly-swarms, when his embassy appeared in the narrow streets of Ekron, so long ago. He had fallen through an upper lattice of his house and feared he was dying. The god Beelzebub had a great name for revealing the future. Would the sufferer live or die? The fame of the local oracle must have been very high, not only then, but in later times, since Beelzebub had, by Christ's day, come to be recognized as the chief of the heathen gods of Palestine, or, as the Jews put it, the "the prince of the devils:"<sup>2</sup> a use of the name which has, among Christians, made it equivalent to that of the arch-enemy himself.

East of Ekron, which itself is 200 feet above the sea, the land rises in successive ridges to that of Tell Jezer, which stands up in prominent isolation 750 feet above the Mediterranean, at a distance of about fourteen miles from it and six from Ekron. Part of these uplands bears corn, round the small villages of Naaneh and El-Mansurah, the former—once Naamah, near Makkedah—where Joshua put to death the five kings after the rout of Bethhoron.<sup>3</sup> The rest is a barren reach of half-consolidated sand, without water. Below the swelling ground of the low hills the soil is rich, but only partially cultivated, and the rising slopes themselves are the haunts of small encampments of wandering Bedouins. The ancient fertility of the hills has in fact been greatly diminished by the want of population, the terraces on which vineyards and orchards were planted being left to fall into ruin, so that the rich soil has to a large extent been washed away, leaving only the bare rock.

In 1874 the long-lost royal Canaanite city of Gezer was strangely re-discovered by M. Clermont-Ganneau in this hitherto unsuspected region. Finding it stated in an old Arab chronicle, in an account of a petty battle fought in this neighborhood, that the shouts of the combatants were heard both at the village of Khulda and Tell-el-Jezer—"the Hill of Gezer"—he came to this spot, to see if he could justify his idea that the latter was really the site of the long-forgotten city.

1 Isa. xviii. 1. 2 Matt. ix. 34; xii. 24; Mark iii. 22. 3 Josh. x. 10; xv. 41.

Learning from some peasants that a rude inscription was to be seen at one point, cut deeply into the natural rock, he sought it out, and to his delight found that it was in Hebrew, and read "Boundary of Gezer." The letters are supposed to be as old as the Maccabæan age—the second century before Christ—and seem to leave no doubt that Gezer has actually come once more to light. As in many other cases, a Mahomedan tomb crowns the hill, marking it out for a long distance in every direction. The Tell, that is, mound, or hill, is long and irregular in shape, with terraces at the sides, supported by a great wall of large unhewn blocks of stone. Near the eastern end is a raised square platform of earth, about 200 feet each way, containing similar blocks. This is all that is now left of the once populous city. A fine spring on the east must have supplied it abundantly with water, while the plain below stretches out in rich corn-fields to the sand-hills near the sea. If it was hard for the citizens to climb to their lofty home, the view from it well repaid them when it was reached, for the plain of Sharon to the north, with Lydda, and doubtless, in those days, many other towns or villages, and the great Philistine plain to the south, with its varying surface and its busy life, lay at their feet; the purple mountains of Judæa rising behind them to the east, while the view to the west was only closed by the blue horizon of the great sea.<sup>1</sup> Desolate now for many centuries, human life was once varied enough on this airy height; for Gezer, besides being a Levitical city, and, as such, thronged with priests, was so important as to form part of the dowry of Pharaoh's daughter when she became one of Solomon's many queens.

Wady es Surar, which opens on the plain about four miles south-east of Ekron, leads directly into the country of Samson, and also to the scene of David's encounter with Goliath. It stretches up, to the south-east, into the mountains of Judæa, and is watered in its centre by the Rubin; other wadys or valleys running into it on both sides throughout its ascending length, till it loses itself in the numberless branches which pierce the hill-country in all directions. Slowly mounting it from the plain by a rough track which skirts its lower side, a long slow climb at last brings us in sight of Surah, the ancient Zorah, the birth-place of Sampson, on the top of a hill 1,171 feet high, about twelve miles south-east of Ekron. Lying aloft, over the valley, this spot was evidently occupied by the Hebrews as an outpost, from which to watch their enemies, the Philistines; the eye ranging from it over the whole broad glen beneath, as well as the hills on its south side, which in Samson's day were hostile country. The present village is a moderate-sized collection of mud huts<sup>2</sup> on the top of a bare white

<sup>1</sup> Gezer is mentioned in Josh. x. 33; xii. 12; xvi. 3, 10; Judg. i. 29; 2 Sam. v. 25; 1 Kings ix. 15, 16, 17; 1 Chron. vi. 67; vii. 28; xiv. 16; xx. 4. <sup>2</sup> Josh. xv. 33.



And they shall break down thy walls, and destroy thy pleasant houses : and they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water. . .  
How art thou destroyed, that was inhabited of seafaring men, the renowned city, which wast strong in the sea.—*Eze.* xxvi. 12, 17.

RUINS OF ATHLIT. (WEST SIDE.) (See page 48.)



hill, with some olives lower down the slopes to the north and east, and a well in a little valley below; but the villagers do not use this, preferring to get their water from a spring half a mile off, at the foot of the hill. A mukam, or shrine, of a Mussulman saint stands on the south side of the village; a low square building of stone, with a humble dome and a small court, within an old stone wall, at the side. You enter the yard through a small door in this wall, up two or three steps, but beyond the bare walls, and a solitary palm-tree, twice the height of the wall, there is nothing to see. Sheikh Samat, whoever he was, lies solitary enough and well forgotten in his airy sepulchre, but the whitewash covering his resting-place marks a custom which is universal with Mussulman tombs of this kind. In almost every landscape the eye is caught by some whited sepulchre, just as the eye must have been in the Bible times by those to one of which our Lord may have pointed when He denounced the Scribes and Pharisees as having, like such places, outward purity, but the very opposite within.<sup>1</sup> The Jews whitewashed their tombs, however, to warn passers-by of the defiling presence of death, lest too near an approach might make them unclean, and thus unfit them for any religious act, or for partaking of the Pass-over or entering the Temple.

On the airy hill of Surah or Zorah, the border village, a spot now so bleak and uninviting, young Samson grew up, amidst plentiful discourse about border forays, and constant sight and sound of danger from the hated foe: a fit school for such a lad. Many a time must he have gone, as a little child, with his mother to the spring, and walked back up the steep half-mile beside her, as she carried her water-jar on her head, to supply the household; for mothers in Palestine, as elsewhere, like to have their growing boys at their side when they go abroad. It speaks of troublous times that a village should have been perched so high, instead of nestling in the broad, flat valley below; but the landscape may have been eheerier in those days than it is now, for the ruins of ancient towns or villages crown nearly every hill-top round; over thirty being found within a circle of three miles from Zorah. So populous was the country once; so desolate is it to-day.

Three miles off to the south-west, on the south side of the great valley, 800 feet above the sea, and thus nearly 400 feet below Zorah, young Samson had before him the village of Tibnah—then Timnath<sup>2</sup>—which was for a time all the world to him, for the maiden who had won his heart lived there. Ruined walls, caves, wine-presses, and rock-cut cisterns are all that remains of it, unless we count the spring, north of the site, to and from which Samson's betrothed must often have borne her water-jar in those old days. The local and Oriental

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xxiii. 27.   <sup>2</sup> Josh. xv. 10; Judg. xiv. 5.

coloring of the Scripture story of the marriage<sup>1</sup> and its incidents is perfect. Samson, we read, "went down" to Timnath—for it lay lower than Zorah, as we have seen. It was then a Philistine village, and the Philistines had dominion over Israel at that time. As now, the lover could not himself manage the courtship; his father and mother must break the ice, by getting his sweetheart for him: must learn the dowry to be given for her, and consent to pay it. The betrothal arranged, parents and son were free to go together to Timnath, and, for the first time, Samson got leave to talk with his future wife. The incident of the swarm of bees in the dried-up skeleton of the lion is also true to local experience. A dead camel is often found so dried up by the summer heat, before putrefaction has begun, that the mummy remains permanently unaltered, without any corrupt smell.<sup>2</sup> Such a withered and dry shell of a dead beast would offer to wild bees a very fit place for storing their honey, accustomed as they are to use hollow trees, or clefts in the rocks, for hives. Even in England wrens and sparrows have been known to make their nest in the dried body of a crow or hawk nailed up on a barn-door,<sup>3</sup> and instances are recorded of hornets using the skull of a dead camel for their hive.<sup>4</sup> As to the lion: a few years ago the carcass of one was brought into Damascus, and lion-bones have been found in the gravel of the Jordan,<sup>5</sup> while in the Bible there are five different words for the animal at different stages of growth, and of these, three—Laish, Lebaath, and Arie<sup>6</sup>—are used as names of places, apparently from lions haunting the neighborhood.

Marriage feasts still continue for seven days,<sup>7</sup> as Samson's did, amidst songs, dances, and rough jollity, in which putting and answering riddles forms a prominent part. It would seem, further, from Samson's being allowed to see his betrothed before marriage, that the marriage feast was something like that now found among the peasants of the Haurân: its scene, the open-air threshing-floor; the company, made up of "friends of the bridegroom," of whom the parents of Samson's wife provided the feast with as many as thirty;<sup>8</sup> the bride and bridegroom sitting, rudely crowned, as king and queen of the sports, on the threshing-sledge, as a mock throne, till at the close of the week husband and wife find themselves once more poor hard-working peasants.<sup>9</sup> That the whole party at Samson's wedding were little better than peasants is clear from their distress at the thought of losing a shirt and an outer tunic apiece. "Have you invited us," was their taunt to the bride, "only to take from us our property?"<sup>10</sup> Marriage feasts often end now, as they did in this case, in quarrels and even bloodshed.

1 Judg. xiv. 1 ff. 2 Rosenm Her, *A. u. N. Morgenland*, iii. 46. 3 Tristram, *Nat. Hist. Bible*, p. 324.  
4 *Land and Book*, p. 566. 5 Tristram, *Nat. Hist. Bible*, p. 117. 6 Judge. xvii. 4; Josh. xv. 32; xix. 6; 2 Kings xv. 25. 7 Riehm, p. 338. 8 Judge. xiv. 11. 9 Dr. J. G. Wetstein in Delitzsch's *Hohelied*, p. 162 ff. 10 Judges. xiv. 15.



Bedouin from Hauran. (See page 54.)



Samson's revenge for his wife being stolen from him and married to another man took, as we may remember, a form strange to Western ideas, and yet this too, on the spot, must have seemed quite in keeping with local ways and circumstances. The great valley of Sorek, with its broad swells of rich land stretching away, wave on wave, and the slopes of the distant hills at its sides, must have been covered for many miles in every direction with a sea of corn, which in the hot summer, as harvest approached, would be like so much tinder. Any one who has traveled in Palestine at this season must have noticed the rigorous precautions taken against a conflagration, so certain to be widely disastrous where no walls or hedges separate the fields; there being great danger, in fact, of the flames spreading over the whole landscape. It would be easy for Samson to get any number of jackals, by the abundant help he could command as a local hero, if not already "judge." The howls of these animals by night, in every part of Palestine, show how common they are even now, and in Samson's time they must have been much more so, as different places bore different names given from the numbers of these pests in their neighborhood. We have "the Land of Shual"<sup>1</sup>—that is, "the Jackal Country"—apparently near to Bethel; Hazar-shual, or "Jackal Town,"<sup>2</sup> and Shaalabbin—"the City of Jackals"—a town of Dan, Samson's own tribe.<sup>3</sup> For Maralah,<sup>4</sup> in Zebulun, on the north, the Syriac, moreover, reads, "the Hill of Jackals." Indeed, the constant mention of snares, nets, pits, &c., in the Bible, shows that wild creatures of all kinds must have been much more numerous than they now are, though some kinds, jackals among them, still abound.

Looking down to the south from Zorah, the site of Bethshemesh, to which the lowing kine dragged the cart on which had been put the sacred ark of the Hebrews, is in full view. It is two miles from Zorah, and lies about 250 feet lower. Heaps of stones, and ruined walls that seem modern, speak of a former village, while foundations and walls of good masonry, apparently more ancient, mark a low swell to the west. Add to these some rock-cut tombs, half buried; a few olives to the east; a tomb of some unknown Mussulman saint—and you have all that remains of Bethshemesh, unless you include a set of dry stone huts, with roofs of boughs, for shelter to harvestmen in the reaping season. The old name, which means "the House of the Sun," is now changed to "Ain Shems," "the Fountain of the Sun"—living water being found in the valley below. Both point to the Philistine sun-worship, and both names are fitting, for every sun "house" or temple needed, like all other ancient sanctuaries, a fountain near it, to supply water for ablutions and libations. The village looks down the

<sup>1</sup> 1 Sam. xiii. 17. <sup>2</sup> Josh. xv. 28; xix. 3; 1 Chron. iv. 28; Neh. xi. 27. <sup>3</sup> Josh. xix. 42. <sup>4</sup> Josh. xix. 11. See the whole subject treated with wonderful learning in Bochart's *Hierozoicon*, p. 854 ff.

wide valley of Sorek, which trends to the north-east, so that the men of Berthshemesh, then busy reaping their wheat, could see from afar the kine dragging the cart with the ark<sup>1</sup> towards them, up the rough track from Ekron. Their little hill-town, like Zorah, was a frontier settlement of the Hebrews in those days, and right glad must all hearts have been to welcome the national palladium once more among its own people.

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## CHAPTER VI.

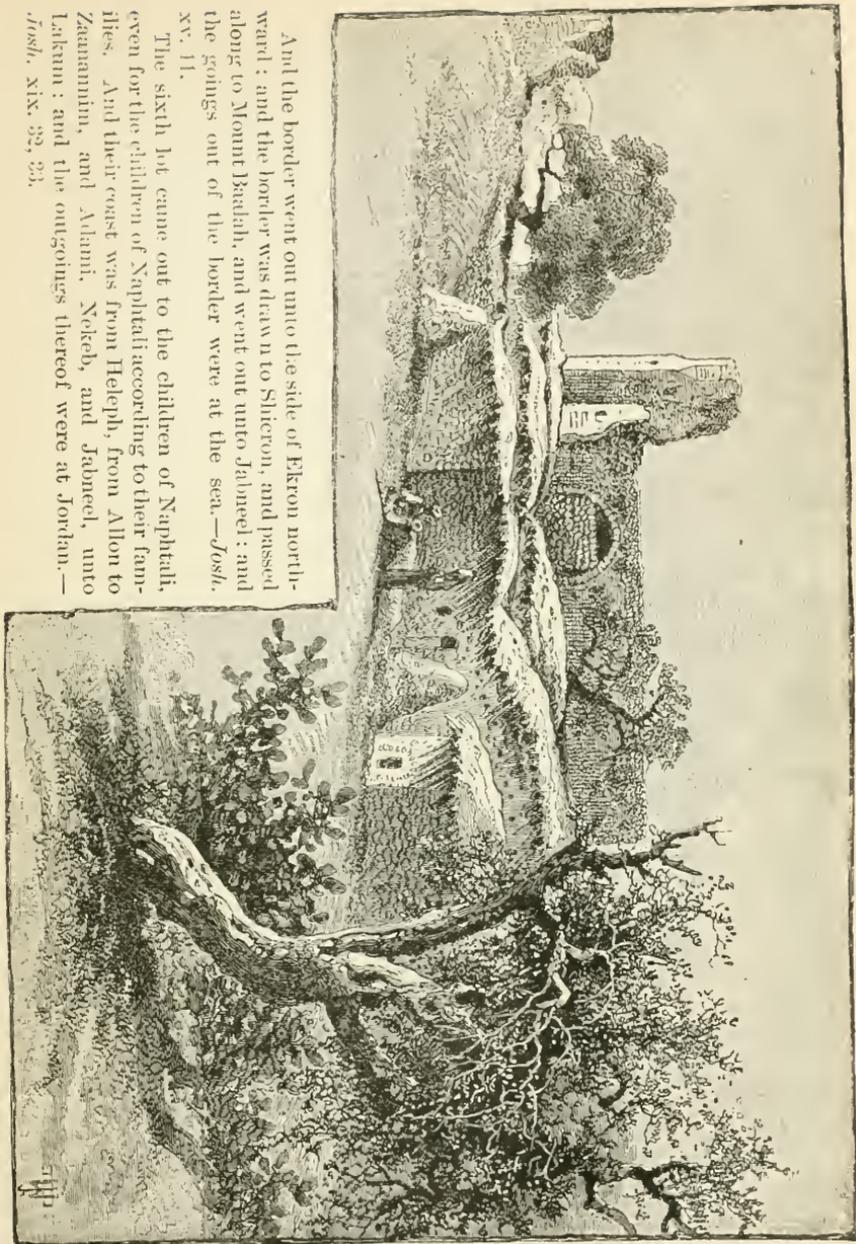
### LOCALITIES FAMOUS IN DAVID'S LIFE.

ABOUT four miles to the south, over the hills, we pass from Samson's country to a district famous in the history of David. An old Roman road leads part of the way; for indeed such roads run in all directions through these hills, as the English roads run through the Scotch Highlands; the first object of the conquerors having been to secure order and quiet in the land. When this faint trace of a road fails, a track leads to the Wady es Sunt, which is no other than the valley of Elah,<sup>2</sup> the scene of David's memorable conflict with the gigantic Goliath.<sup>3</sup> Saul had marched down with his militia from Benjamin, by one of the lines of valleys afterwards utilized for various Roman roads from the mountains to the sea-plain, and had encamped on the low hills bordering the Wady es Sunt—or "the Valley of the Acacia." Meanwhile the Philistines were marshalled at Ephes-Dammin, on the other side of the valley, down the centre of which ran a deep ravine cut by winter torrents, forming a small wady within the greater. The rival armies covered the opposing slopes; the natural trench in the middle forming a barrier between them. For forty days the Philistine champion had advanced from the west side, his huge lance in his hand, his brazen helmet and armour glittering in the sun, and had shouted his challenge to the Hebrews, without anyone venturing to accept it. On the fortieth day, however, a mere stripling, low of stature, but of fine features, and with only the common coat or blouse of a shepherd-boy, made his way towards him from across the valley, with nothing in his hands but a shepherd's staff and a goat's-hair sling. The indignation of the haughty warrior at the approach of such an adversary was unbounded. Was he a dog that a boy should come to him with a stick? Stormy curses on so poor a foe, showered forth in the name of

1 1 Sam. vi. 12 ff. 2 1 Sam. xvii. 2. 3 1 Sam. xvii. 4.

And the border went out unto the side of Ekron northward : and the border was drawn to Shicron, and passed along to Mount Berakah, and went out unto Jabneel : and the goings out of the border were at the sea.—*Josh.* xv. 11.

The sixth lot came out to the children of Naphtali, even for the children of Naphtali according to their families, And their coast was from Heleph, from Allon to Zaanannim, and Adami, Nobei, and Jabneel, unto Lakum : and the outgoings thereof were at Jordan.—*Josh.* xix. 32, 33.





all his gods, relieved his fury. But David knew his own purpose, which was no less than an inspiration of genius. Accustomed, as a shepherd-lad, to the sling, so that he could hit any object with it, never missing, he would stun the Philistine with a pebble hurled full force at his forehead, and then kill him before he recovered consciousness. Slings are still in use among shepherds in Palestine, not only to drive off wild animals but to guide their flocks. A stone cast on this side or that, before or behind, drives the sheep or goats as the shepherd wishes. It was the familiar weapon of hunters,<sup>1</sup> and also of light-armed fighting men,<sup>2</sup> especially among the Benjamites, whose skill was famous.<sup>3</sup> A good slinger could hit at 600 paces,<sup>4</sup> and hence at a short distance the force of the blow given must have been very great. The terrible whiz of a sling-stone, and the distance it flew, have, indeed, made it a symbol of final and wrathful rejection by God. "The souls of thy enemies," said the politic Abigail to David himself, at a later period, "shall Jehovah sling out, as out of the middle of a sling."<sup>5</sup> Trusting in his God, the brave boy picked up five pebbles from the bed of the water-course, when he had made his way down its steep side, and, having crossed the rough stony channel, he clambered up the other bank; then, putting a pebble in his sling, he stood before the Philistine. Furious words, followed by strides towards the lad, seemed ominous of his fate, but a moment more sent the stone into Goliath's forehead, and he sank insensible. The sequel we all know. Seeing their champion fall without any apparent cause, for the design of David could not have been suspected, a panic seized the Philistines, and they fled in wild disorder to the mouth of the valley, where, if Captain Conder be right, Gath stood towering on its white chalk cliff, the frontier fortress of Philistia, commanding the high road to the corn-lands of Judah and the vineyards of Hebron.

All the localities mentioned in this exciting narrative lie very close together. "Socoh, which belonged to Judah," is Shuweikeh, a heap of ruins, about 1,150 feet above the sea, on the south slopes of Wady es Sunt; and Ephes-Dammin, "the Bloody Boundary"—so called, doubtless, from some fierce combat there—may be some ruins a little higher up the wady, now called Beit Fased.

About two miles to the south of the scene of David's triumph the Palestine Surveyors appear to have discovered the Cave of Adullam, so famous in the after-life of the Hebrew king. It lies in a round hill about 500 feet high, pierced with a number of caverns, the hill itself being isolated by several valleys and marked by ancient ruins, tombs, and quarryings. At its foot are two old wells of special antiquity, one measuring eight to ten feet in diameter, not unlike the wells at Beer-

<sup>1</sup> Job xli. 28. <sup>2</sup> 2 Chron. xxvi. 14. <sup>3</sup> Judg. xx. 16; 1 Chron. xii. 2. <sup>4</sup> Riehm, p. 1410. <sup>5</sup> 1 Sam. xxv. 29.

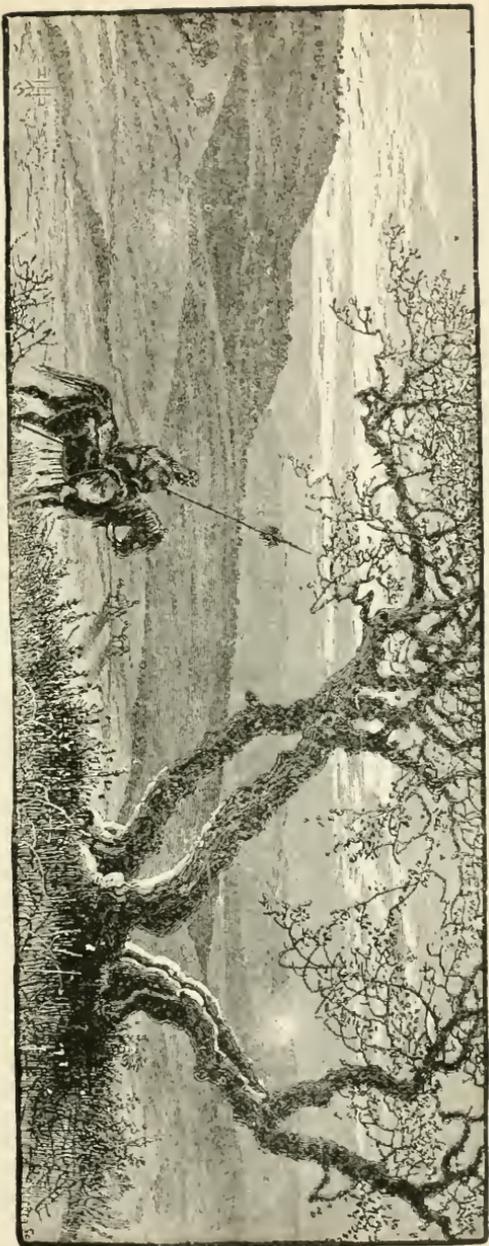
sheba, and surrounded, as those are, by numerous stone water-troughs. Near these wells, under the shadow of the hill which towers aloft, a veritable natural stronghold, are other ruins, to which the peasants give the name of Aid-el-Ma, which is identical with the Hebrew Adullam.<sup>1</sup> Such a verification seems to mark the spot as, beyond question, that in which the famous cave should be found, for it was near the royal city of Adullam, and the ruins on the hill-top may well be those of that place.<sup>2</sup> Here then, apparently, it was that there gathered round David "everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented:"<sup>3</sup> a motley crew out of which to create a reliable force.

The road from Hebron to the plains passes the hill, winding along the valley of Elah, here called Wady es Sir, from the side of which the hill of Adullam rises, the road continuing down the valley, which is called Wady es Sunt from Socoh to the plains. Other roads trend off in different directions, marking Aid-el-Ma as an important centre of communication in former ages.

A cave which completes the identification exists in the hill, which in fact is pierced by many natural caverns. It is not necessary to suppose that the one used by David was of great size, for such spacious recesses are avoided by the peasantry even now, from their dampness and tendency to cause fever. Their darkness, moreover, needs many lights, and they are disliked from the numbers of scorpions and bats frequenting them. The caves used as human habitations, at least in summer, are generally about twenty or thirty paces across, lighted by the sun, and comparatively dry. I have often seen such places with their roofs blackened by smoke: families lodging in one, goats, cattle, and sheep stabled in another, and grain or straw stored in a third. At Adullam there are two such caves on the northern slope of the hill, and another farther south, while the opposite sides of the tributary valley are lined with rows of caves, all smoke-blackened, and mostly inhabited, or used as pens for flocks and herds. The cave on the south of the hill itself was tenanted by a single family when the surveyors visited it, just as it might have been by David and his immediate friends, while his followers housed themselves in those near at hand.<sup>4</sup>

The whole neighborhood, indeed, is intensely interesting. About three miles south-east of Adullam, among hills 1,500 feet high, is Keilah, a town of Judah, which David rescued from an attack of the Philistines, who had fallen upon it at the beginning of the harvest and carried off its cattle, and the corn from the threshing-floors.<sup>5</sup> They had come up the valley of Elah, from the plain, to these highland

<sup>1</sup> *Tent Work in Palestine*, p. 277. <sup>2</sup> *Jos. Ant.*, vi. 12, 3. <sup>3</sup> *1 Sam. xxii. 2.* <sup>4</sup> *Pal. Reports, 1875*, p. 148  
<sup>5</sup> *1 Sam. xxiii. 1*; *Jos. Ant.*, vi. 13, 1.



Wady es-Sunur. (See page 66.)



corn-fields, which lay at their mercy year by year. The broad valley is, for the greater part of its course, over a mile across, and the rich arable ground, watered by brooks and springs, offers in spring-time a wide landscape of green corn-fields and brown furrows, and in harvest a great undulating sea of yellow grain. Of old, as now, the villager lived in the hills for safety; the peasantry coming down to the valley to till their fields. As long as the Philistines held Gath, if Tell es Safieh be that city, they could ascend the great valley to the richest corn-land of Judah; or if they chose to keep on to the east, the road lay open to them to Jerusalem itself, while by turning south just beyond Bethshemesh, up a broad valley running into the valley of Elah, they could reach Keilah.

The Wady es Sunt, or "the Valley of the Acacia," runs east and west from the valley of Elah, Socoh lying at its eastern end; and thus looking, north and south, into Elah, and west, up the Valley of the Acacia. Goliath must have come with the Philistines up the valley running south from Bethshemesh; while the main line of communication between the territory of Benjamin and the Acacia Valley led Saul straight towards them.

The terebinths, from which the valley of Elah takes its name, still cling to their ancient soil. On the west side of the valley, near Socoh, there is a very large and ancient tree of this kind, known as "the Terebinth of Wady Sur," fifty-five feet in height, its trunk seventeen feet in circumference; and the breadth of its shade no less than seventy-five feet. It marks the upper end of the Elah valley, and forms a noted object, being one of the largest terebinths in Palestine, and standing so as to be conspicuous from a long distance. Two or three more still dot the course of the valley, but only at wide intervals. The glory of Elah in this respect is gone.

After the massacre of the priests at Nob, Keilah became the refuge of Abiathar, who brought with him the Sacred Ephod, the oracle constantly consulted by the Hebrew kings. When he retired from Gath, after his first residence there, David had taken his position at Adullam, which was the strongest post in the region specially exposed to Philistine inroads. After a time he fled to Hareth, which seems to have been high up on some lofty hills south from Adullam, and a little over a mile from the lower-lying Keilah. From this point he went down to that village—then a place defended with walls, bars, and gates,<sup>1</sup> and offering the attraction of Abiathar's presence. He soon learned, however, that the bands of Saul were near at hand, and that the townspeople intended to betray him to them. How he escaped from this supreme danger seems to be hinted in the Eighteenth Psalm, in which he thanks God that, by His help, he had run through a troop, and had

<sup>1</sup> 1 Sam. xxiii. 7.

leaped over a wall.<sup>1</sup> But such feats would be comparatively easy to one who could speak, as David does, of his being like a hind for swiftness, and able to break a steel bow with his hands.<sup>2</sup>

Yet the sortie from Keilah must have been a wild affair. The steep sides of the hill on which it stood were in those days terraced and covered with corn; immense labor having been expended to make the huge, step-like walls behind which it grew. There are now no trees; but perhaps, as at Bethlehem, they then rose here and there on the terraces. To break out with such of his troop of 600 men as were quartered in the town, letting themselves down from the wall, and then mustering for a rush through the force hemming them in, must have made strange excitement in the dark night in which, one would suppose, it was carried out. Then came the swift flight in as good order as possible, past the well at the foot of the hill; past another well farther down the narrow valley, and on till the strath broadens into green fields, edged with low scrub-covered hills. They must have fled towards the Valley of the Terebinths—the valley of Elah—thankful to escape, and at last hiding, it may be, in some of the deep gorges into which one looks down from the hill-sides. The “*yaar*,” or wood, of Hareth, overhanging Keilah, would be too close at hand to offer safe shelter.

A fine view of the whole district is to be had from Tell Zakariyah, a round hill about 800 feet high, on the north side of Wady es Sunt. Orchards of olives, figs, and other trees, clothe the slopes, which rise on each side of a network of valleys in every direction. The great wady stretches out at one's feet like a majestic stream, so sharply are its sides bounded by the enclosing hills and mountains, and so proportionately broad throughout is the valley itself. The course of the valley, from the east to the north-west, is visible for a long distance. It is easy to see how readily the Philistines, mounting from the plains, could penetrate where they chose among the upper gleus, and why on this account the Hebrews had so often met them in fierce strife in this neighborhood. The ruins of Socoh, with its huge terebinth, lie about five miles to the east; and the slopes and bare hills on both sides of the wady, on which the opposing forces had stood arrayed, are spread out like a picture, with the deep ravine of the winter torrents between them, in the middle of the valley. The hills west of Tell Zakariyah, and on both sides of the Acacia Valley—Es Sunt—are very desolate; but they seem, from the ruins on them, to have once been inhabited. Ancient caves and broken cisterns are frequent in the lower levels. Wild sage, in its usual abundance, covers large tracts; but a few flocks of goats and a few camels, seeking doubtful pasture on the slopes, are, with their guardians, the only living creatures to be seen.

1 Ps. xviii. 29. 2 Ps. xviii. 33, 34.



Surah. Ancient Zorah, birth-place of Samson. (See page 66.)



From Tell Zakariyah the route lay down the broad Wady Akrabeh, into which we turned from the Wady es Sunt. For more than half an hour the path lay over freshly-ploughed land, very wearisome to cross, but at last we reached the track leading from Ajjur, west, to Tell es Safieh, the goal of our journey for the time. Men on camels and horses passed at times; and a peasant who was ploughing—of course a Mahommedan—hurled curses at us as infidels, but we took no notice.

Fell es Safieh rises proudly to a height of 695 feet above the plain, on its eastern edge: a lofty watch-tower of the land, and a position of fatal importance against the Hebrews when it was held by the Philistines, since it commands the entrance to the great valley of Elah, a broad high-road into the heart of the mountains. It sinks steeply on nearly every side. On the east and north, narrower or wider glens isolate it from the hilly landscape, in which it forms a ridge of some length, with the highest point to the south. On a plateau 300 feet high, the sides nearly precipitous except at one point, and known from their white limestone as the "Shining Cliff," is the village of El Safieh, to which the ascent is made by a slanting spur on the north-east. As usual, we sought out the dwelling of the sheikh, which was humble enough, though he is thought rich and powerful; but it offered us a very grateful shelter.

Towards evening the men at the village assembled at the sheikh's to see the strangers, and, if invited, to join in supper, which followed soon after sunset. We sat down to the meal on the floor, in two long rows; the natives cross-legged, we with our legs out before us. Two dishes were brought in, the one a strongly-spiced preparation of wheat-meal; the other odorous of cut leeks and onions. For spoons we had to use pieces of freshly-baked thin scones, eating the spoon as well as its contents after each mouthful. Four of us dipped into the same dish, reminded me of the words of our Lord, "He that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish, the same shall betray Me."<sup>1</sup> After eating, most of the men went out to pray before the door, with their faces to Mecca; this over, they came in again, and we all drew round a fire of thorns and brush in the middle of the floor: pleasant and needful in the cool night. How abundant thorns or prickly shrubs and trees are in Palestine, may be judged from the fact that there are a dozen words in the Bible for such growths. All hot countries, indeed, abound in thorny vegetation, which is the result of the leaves being left undeveloped through want of water, in such a high temperature; for thorns are only abortive leaves. When dry they are necessarily very inflammable, as in fact everything is in the hot summer or autumn, as the Hebrews knew to their cost from the earliest times.<sup>2</sup> Allusions to their being

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xxvi. 23. <sup>2</sup> Ex. xxii. 6.

used as fuel are frequent in Scripture. "Before your pots can feel the thorns," says the Psalmist, "He shall take them [or whirl them] away as with a whirlwind, both living, and in His wrath,"<sup>1</sup> a verse which apparently means that the whirlwind of God's wrath will carry off the wicked as a storm-wind carries away both the burning and the yet unkindled thorns, before the pots have felt their heat, which, with such swiftly-kindling fuel, they would do almost at once. The fire of thorns, bright for a moment, but speedily sinking and quenched if fresh fuel be not added, is used as a comparison for the fate of the nations who, in one of the Psalms, are said to compass the sacred writer about.<sup>2</sup> The laughter of the fool, says Ecclesiastes, is like the crackling of thorns under a pot.<sup>3</sup> In an Arab tent you are pretty sure to see a pile of thorns in one corner to keep alight the tent-fire. In a country like Palestine, moreover, it is a yearly custom to set fire to the thorns on the plains and hill-sides after the harvest has been secured, just as the furze is burned on our own hill-sides, to clear the ground and enrich the soil with the wood-ashes. A time is chosen when the wind is high and blows from a direction which will not spread the flames dangerously, and then a match kindles a conflagration which soon extends for miles, lighting up the night with a wild brightness. Wherever a tent is pitched in the open wilderness, fires of thorns are speedily ablaze after sunset, at once to give heat, to shed light, of which Easterns are passionately fond, and to scare away thieves and wild animals. It is a terrible picture of swift and helpless destruction when Nahum says of the Assyrians, "While they be folded together as thorns, and while they are drunken as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry."<sup>4</sup> In many parts thorns are so matted and tangled together as to be impenetrable. The Assyrians might boast of being unapproachable, like these; they might boast in their cups that no power could harm them, yet they would be no more before the flames of the wrath of Jehovah than stubble or thorns withered to tinder by the sun.<sup>5</sup>

The enactment of Moses alluded to on the preceding page, that "if fire break out, and catch in thorns, so that the stacks of corn, or the standing corn, or the field, be consumed therewith, he that kindled the fire shall surely make restitution,"<sup>6</sup> refers to other uses of these plants. In ancient times thorns were often made into hedges round gardens near towns, as they still are,<sup>7</sup> and they grow wild, not only round all patches of grain in the open country, but largely, too, among them. Watchmen are kept, as harvest approaches, with the duty of guarding against fire as one of their chief cares. With the thorns, dry, tall weeds and grass are intermingled, and a spark falling on these sweeps

<sup>1</sup> Ps. lviii. 9. <sup>2</sup> Ps. cxviii. 12. <sup>3</sup> Eccles. vii. 6. <sup>4</sup> Nah. i. 10. <sup>5</sup> Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, v. p. 118. <sup>6</sup> Ex. xxii. 6. <sup>7</sup> Eccles. xxviii. 24.

And he came up and told his father and his mother, and said, I have seen a woman in Timnath of the daughters of the Philistines : now therefore get her for me to wife.

Then went Samson down, and his father and his mother, to Timnath : and behold a young lion roared against him. And the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and he had nothing in his hand: but he told not his father or his mother what he had done.—*Judg.* xiv. 2, 5, 6.



TIBNEH. ANCIENT TIMNATH, HOME OF SAMSON'S BRIDE. (See page 67.)



the whole into a flame to which the ripe grain can offer no resistance, being itself inflammable as tinder. Moses required only restitution of the value destroyed, but the Arabs of the present day are not so lenient. "In returning to Tiberias," says Burekhardt, "I was several times reprimanded by my guide for not taking care of the lighted tobacco that fell from my pipe. The whole of the mountain is thickly covered with dry grass, which readily takes fire, and the slightest breath of air instantly spreads the conflagration far over the country, to the great risk of the peasant's harvest. The Arabs who inhabit the valley of the Jordan invariably put to death the person who is known to have been even the innocent cause of firing the grass, and they have made a public law among themselves that even in the height of intestine warfare no one shall attempt to set an enemy's country on fire. One evening while at Tiberias I saw a large fire on the opposite side of the lake, which spread with great velocity for two days, till its progress was checked by the Wady Feik."<sup>1</sup>

The evening passed very pleasantly in conversation, smoking, and drinking coffee. Everyone was friendly, and I felt myself as safe as if I had been in my own house. One could fancy that our Divine Master must often have passed the evening in just such a house: the mud divan or bench along the wall, His seat, as it was ours, and the wood fire crackling as brightly in the centre of the chamber. The goats in the little courtyard had early ascended to the roof, their sleeping-place, by the rude steps outside the house, and the human guests left, one by one, about nine—even the sheikh retiring; so that we remained alone, except for some tired peasants, who stretched themselves out on the mats, and covered themselves with their outer garment. There could be no better comment on the Mosaic law: "If thou at all take thy neighbor's raiment [upper garment] to pledge, thou shalt deliver it unto him by that the sun goeth down: for that is his only covering, it is his outer garment for his skin: wherein shall he sleep?"<sup>2</sup> The law is conceived in the same merciful spirit that prohibited an upper millstone from being taken in pledge.<sup>3</sup>

After a time the fire died out, but a feeble oil-lamp still gave some light. This went out about midnight, but it was our fault. No house, however poor, is left without a light burning in it all night; the housewife rising betimes to secure its continuance by replenishing the lamp with oil. If a lamp go out, it is a fatal omen. "The light of the wicked," says Bildad, "shall be put out . . . . the light shall be dark in his tent, and his lamp, above him, shall be put out."<sup>4</sup> "The light of the righteous rejoices," says the Book of Proverbs, "but the lamp of the wicked shall be put out."<sup>5</sup> "How often is the candle

<sup>1</sup> Burekhardt, pp. 331, 2. <sup>2</sup> Ex. xxii. 26, 27; Deut. xxiv. 13; Job xxii. 6; Job xxiv. 10. <sup>3</sup> Deut. xxiv. 6. <sup>4</sup> Job xviii. 5, 6 (R. V.). <sup>5</sup> Prov. xiii. 9.

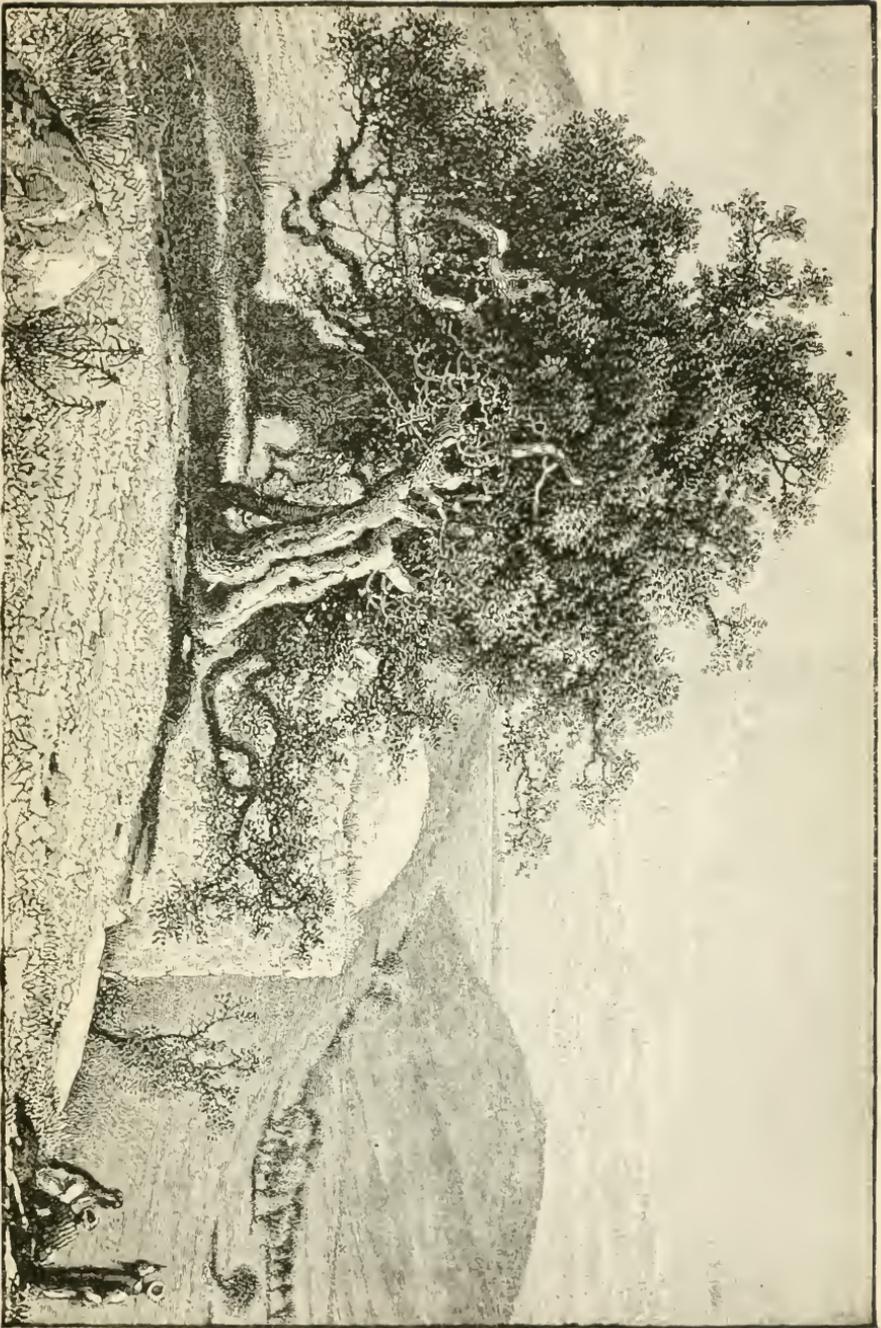
[lamp] of the wicked put out!" cries Job.<sup>1</sup> Jeremiah, painting the ruin impending over his country, can find no more touching metaphor than that God would "take from it the light of the candle" [lamp];<sup>2</sup> and St. John repeats, as part of the doom of the mystical Babylon, that "the light of a candle [lamp] shall shine no more at all in it."<sup>3</sup> The promise to David, implying the permanence of his line, was that Jehovah would give him a lamp for his sons always.<sup>4</sup>

Morning is always interesting in the East. As we walked through the very narrow lanes among the houses, the people were driving their camels, sheep, and goats afield. Here and there a man was on his way to his daily work, with his plough on his shoulder. A strong castle once stood on the highest point of the hill, the Blanche Garde—"the White Guard"—of the Crusaders, built by them in A. D. 1144 as a defence against the inhabitants of Asecalon. Only a few stones of its walls now remain: the rest have been carried off to various towns as building material. The view from the hill-top was magnificent. The mountains of Judah rose grandly, step above step, from north-east to south-west. Nearly straight north, beyond a magnificent expanse of fertile plain, the lofty tower of Ramleh was distinctly visible, and the same vast expanse of plain stretched to the south; while on the west, the deep blue of the Mediterranean reached away to join the rich sapphire of the skies. Over twenty smaller or larger villages and hamlets were within view, but there were no habitations between them; want of security compelling every one to live in some community. Hence, after all, the population was very limited.

As we descended to the plain by the western side, which is partly terraced, many doves flew round us. These rock pigeons are found in considerable numbers in the clefts of the hill-sides of Palestine, and are often alluded to in the Bible. "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rocks," says the Beloved.<sup>5</sup> "O ye that dwell in Moab," cries Jeremiah, "leave the cities, and dwell in the rock, and be like the dove that maketh her nest in the sides of the hole's mouth."<sup>6</sup> There are many large caves on the north side of the hill, and some excavations which are used for storing grain. Water is procured chiefly from a well in a valley to the north. There are no masonry remains on the village table-land.

Tell es Safieh is thought by Capt. Conder and Prof. Porter to be the site of the Philistine city of Gath, and as I looked back at it, with its lofty plateau, now occupied by the village we had left, such a natural fortress seemed wonderfully suited for a strong city. Defended by walls and gates, it must have been almost impregnable in ancient times. It is not, indeed, certain that the identification is correct, for the old

<sup>1</sup> Job xxi. 17. <sup>2</sup> Jer. xxv. 10. <sup>3</sup> Rev. xviii. 23. <sup>4</sup> 2 Kings viii. 19; 1 Kings xv. 4; xi. 36. <sup>5</sup> Cant. ii. 14. <sup>6</sup> Jer. xlviii. 28.



Wady-es-Sunt, The Ancient Valley of Elah, the scene of David's encounter with Goliath. (See page 70.)



name has not been found associated with the spot; but, apart from this, probabilities are very much in its favor. If it be the old Gath, what memories cluster round the spot! Here, and at Gaza and Ashdod, gathered the remnant of the huge race known in the early history of Palestine as the giants. Goliath, a towering man-mountain, nine feet high,<sup>1</sup> once walked through its lanes, then perhaps not unlike those we had left, and so too, it may be, did Ishbibenob—"my seat is at Nob"<sup>2</sup>—the head of whose spear<sup>3</sup> weighed 300 shekels of brass—about eight pounds—only half as heavy, however, as Goliath's—and the other three sons "born to the giant in Gath."<sup>4</sup> These colossal warriors seem to have been the last of their race, which we do not need to conceive of as all gigantic, but only as noted for boasting some extra tall men among a people famous for their stature. The Goths in old times were spoken of in the same way by their contemporaries as a race of giants, but though they were huge compared with the populations they invaded, giants were a very rare exception among them, as among other nations.

It was to Gath that David fled, after Saul had massacred the priests at Nob for giving him food. It lay nearest the mountains of Judah, and was easily reached, down the great Wady Sorek, or Elah, the mouth of which it commanded, if Tell es Safieh be Gath. But his reception, at least by the retainers of Achish, the king of this part of the Philistine territory, was far from encouraging, as indeed was not wonderful, remembering his fame among their enemies the Hebrews, and his triumph over their great champion Goliath. The Fifty-sixth Psalm, ascribed to this period, describes his position as almost desperate. His "enemies were daily like to swallow him up; they wrested his words; they marked his steps; they lay in wait to take his life."<sup>5</sup> Under these circumstances he very naturally had recourse to any stratagem that promised him safety, and hence, knowing the popular reverence for those mentally affected, pretended he was insane. Superstitious awe for such as are so is still common in the East. I myself saw a lunatic, full-fed and bulky, with nothing on but a piece of rough matting round his waist, walking over the bridge of boats at Constantinople, followed by a crowd who treated him with the utmost reverence. Insane persons dangerous to society are kept in confinement in Egypt, but those who are harmless wander about and are regarded as saints.<sup>6</sup> Most of the reputed holy men on the Nile are, indeed, either lunatics, idiots, or impostors. Some of them may be seen eating straw, not unfrequently mixed with broken glass, seeking to attract observation by this and other strange acts, and earning from the ignorant community by these extravagances the title of a "welee," or favorite of

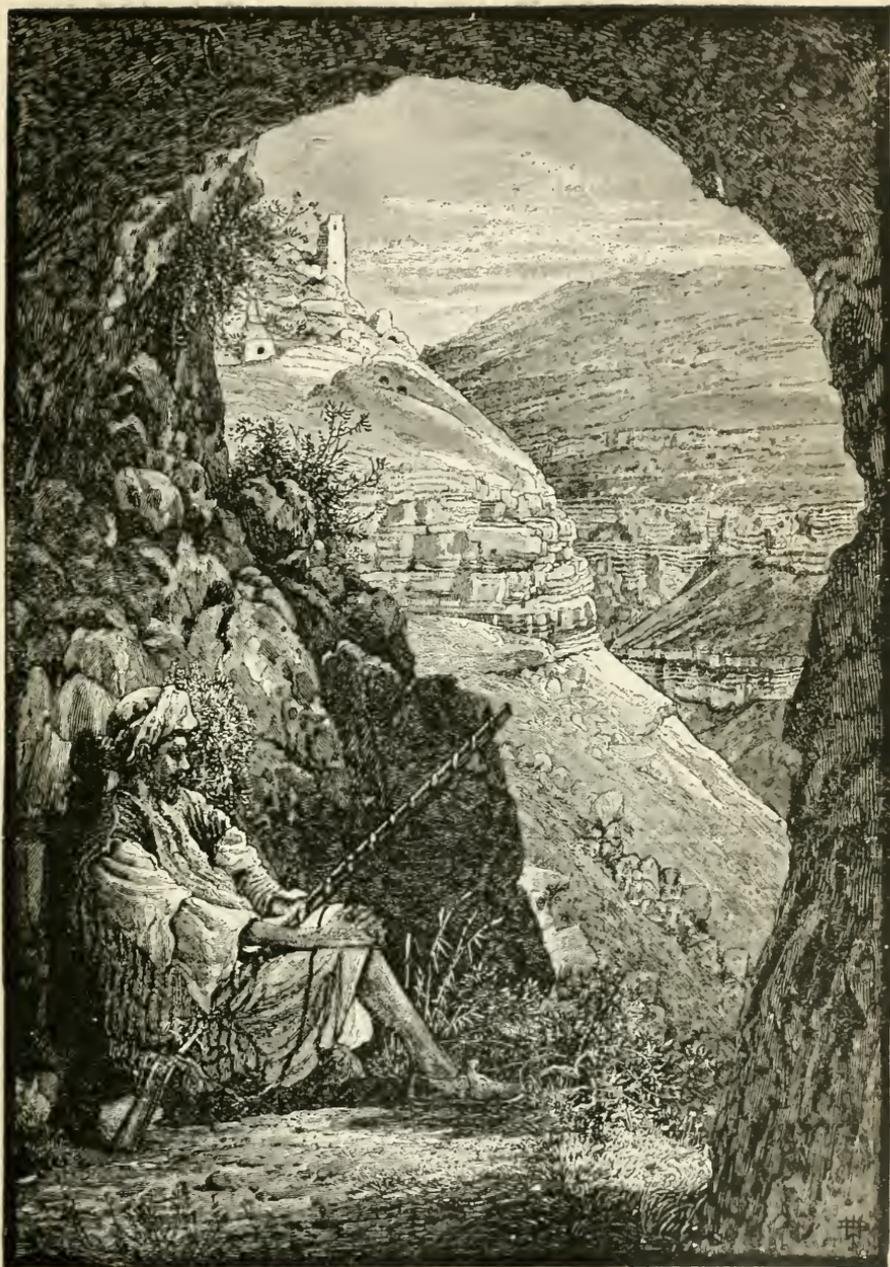
<sup>1</sup> Thenius. <sup>2</sup> Thenius suggests an emendation which would make the name mean—"he who dwells on the height." <sup>3</sup> Vulg., "iron of the spear." <sup>4</sup> 2 Sam. xxi. 22. <sup>5</sup> Ps. lvi. 2, 5. <sup>6</sup> Lane, *Modern Egyptians*, i. 291.

Heaven.<sup>1</sup> David, therefore, had method in the madness which he feigned when driven to extremities in Gath. But after such an experience, and especially after the fatal march to Jezreel, which ended in the death of Saul and Jonathan, it is not wonderful that he set himself determinedly to break down the Philistine power, so as to free Israel from constant peril. While he was carrying out this vital object Gath fell into his hands,<sup>2</sup> and continued to be a Hebrew fortress for some generations.<sup>3</sup> Under Hazael of Damascus, however, we find it added to the Syrian dominions,<sup>4</sup> but Uzziah retook and destroyed it, so that from that time, 2,700 years ago, it vanishes from history, a short allusion to it by the Prophet Micah excepted.<sup>5</sup>

On his second flight to Gath, some years later, David seems to have fared better. Achish appears to have persuaded his people that it was a highly politic step to welcome, as an ally, one so famous in the past as an enemy. In keeping with this, and to remove him from possible collision with the fighting men of Gath, a village was given him—Ziklag—deep in the south country of Judah, where he would at once be useful, as was no doubt thought, in defending the Philistine territory from attacks in that direction, and safely remote from the centre of the little kingdom. Once in his distant exile, he must have found himself committed to a war of defence against the lawless Amalekites—restless, tent-dwelling Bedouins, who lived by plunder, and had always been the enemies of the Hebrews.<sup>6</sup> He may have found these fierce marauders raiding against the south country of Judah and the local Arab tribes related to Israel by blood, and thus it may have been true enough when he told Achish that he had been fighting in those parts; the Philistine at once concluding that he had been attacking the Hebrews.

The plains round Blanche Garde are famous for some of the most romantic deeds of Richard the Lion-hearted, but they are silent enough now. The landscape rises and falls in low swells; fallows alternating with sown fields; the soil nearly black, and evidently very fruitful. These great plains of Philistia and Sharon may yet have a future, if the curse of God, in the form of Turkish rule, be removed. The gardens at Joppa show what glorious vegetation water and industry can create, even where the invading sand has to be fought, and we may imagine what results similar irrigation and industry would create over the wide expanse. The scarcity of wood is the one feature that lessens the general charm, for excepting the orchards and olive-groves, often very small, round isolated villages, there are no trees. So much is this the case indeed that here, as in Egypt, the only fuel in many parts for cooking or heating, if there be no thorns, is dried camel or cow

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, i. 291, 292. <sup>2</sup> 1 Chron. xviii. 1. <sup>3</sup> 2 Chron. xi. 8. <sup>4</sup> 2 Kings xii. 17. <sup>5</sup> Mic. i. 10. <sup>6</sup> 1 Sam. xxvii. 8.



Valley and ruins of Charetun seen from the cave of Adullam. (See page 71.)



dung made into cakes. Children, especially girls, may be seen eagerly gathering the materials for it, wherever found, or kneading them into disks, which are then stuck against a wall, or laid out on the earth to dry.<sup>1</sup> In use, however, this fuel is not at all objectionable, for it emits no disagreeable smell, and communicates no bad taste to food prepared with it. In its burning it is very like peat, as it may well be, since both are really only so much woody fibre.

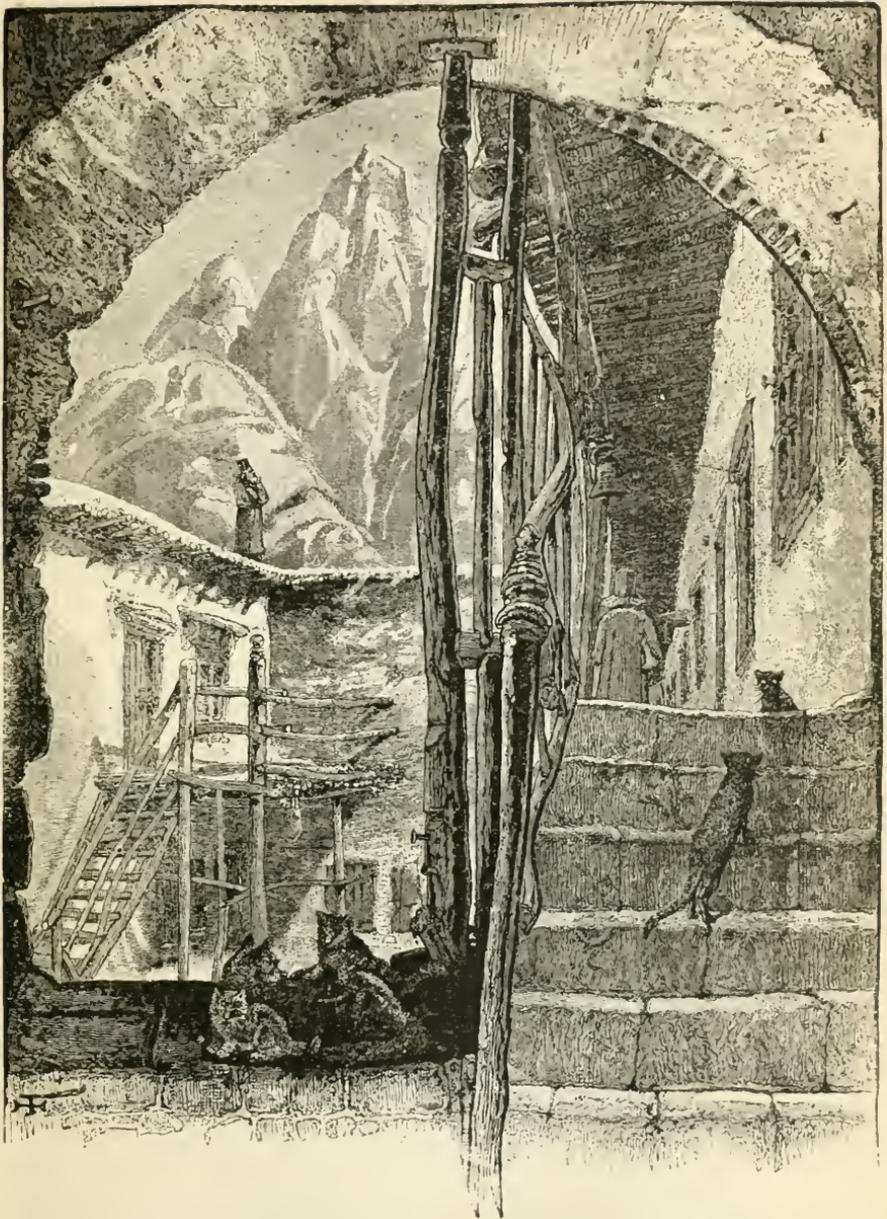
The little village of Tell et Turmus lies about six miles nearly west from Tell es Safieh, on a low rise of ground. Near at hand is a deep, well-built cistern, covered by a low dome; a channel connecting it with a tank close by, about three feet deep, which is filled, to save labor and time in watering the flocks and herds, not very numerous in such a community. The houses were no longer built, as in the hills, of limestone, but of unburnt bricks, made of black earth mixed with stubble. A few men sat about, as usual, idly gossiping, though it was morning—the best time to work.

The road to Ashdod from Tell et Turmus is along the bottom of a series of swelling waves of land, which trend to the north-west, three small villages forming the only population. The plain is scamed with dry watercourses or wadys, worn deep by winter torrents. This is the characteristic of nearly all streams in Palestine. During the winter months, when useless for irrigation, they are often foaming rivers; but in the hot summer, when they would be of priceless value, their dry bed is generally the road from one point to another. The bare sides of the hills, in many cases long ago denuded of all soil, retain very little of the tremendous rain-storms that break at times over them, in winter or even spring. The water rushes over the sheets of rock as it would from the roof of a house, and converging, as it descends, into minor streams in the higher wadys, these sweep on to a common channel in some central valley, and, thus united, swell in an incredibly short time into a deep, troubled, roaring flood, which fills the whole bottom of the wady with an irresistible torrent. Some friends, caught in a storm in Samaria, told me they had to flee from their tents to higher ground, while still half-dressed, to escape the sweep of the stream which they knew would presently overwhelm the spot on which their tents had been pitched. The same thing, on a greater scale, is seen in the Sinai mountains. "I was encamped," says the Rev. F. W. Holland,<sup>2</sup> "in Wady Feiran, near the base of Jebel Serbal, when a tremendous thunderstorm burst upon us. After little more than an hour's rain the water rose so rapidly in the previously dry wady that I had to run for my life, and with great difficulty succeeded in saving my tent and goods; my boots, which I had not time to pick up, being washed away. In less than two hours a dry desert

1 Ezek. iv. 15. 2 *Recovery of Jerusalem*, p. 542.

wady, upwards of 300 yards broad, was turned into a foaming torrent from eight to ten feet deep, roaring and tearing down, and bearing everything before it—tangled masses of tamarisks, hundreds of beautiful palm-trees, scores of sheep and goats, camels and donkeys, and even men, women, and children; for a whole encampment of Arabs was washed away a few miles above me. The storm commenced at five o'clock in the evening; at half-past nine the waters were rapidly subsiding, and it was evident that the flood had spent its force. In the morning a gently-flowing stream, but a few yards broad, and a few inches deep, was all that remained of it. But the whole bed of the valley was changed. Here, great heaps of boulders were piled up where hollows had been the day before; there, holes had taken the place of banks covered with trees. Two miles of tamarisk-wood which was situated above the palm-groves had been completely swept down to the sea." Our Lord must have had such unforeseen and irresistible rain-floods in His mind when He spoke of the foolish man who "built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell;"<sup>1</sup> or as it is repeated in St. Luke, "who, without a foundation, built an house upon the earth; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell."<sup>2</sup> Job, also, must have had such passing floods in his thoughts when he spoke of his three friends as having "dealt deceitfully as a brook, as the channel of brooks that pass away; which are black by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow hideth itself: what time they wax warm [or shrink], they vanish: when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place."<sup>3</sup> The streams from Lebanon, and also from the high mountains which the patriarch could see in the north from the Haurân, where he lived, send down great floods of dark and troubled waters in spring, when the ice and snow of their summits are melting; but they dry up under the heat of summer, and the track of the torrent, with its chaos of boulders, stones, and gravel, seems as if it had not known a stream for ages. So Job's friends had in former times seemed as if they would be true to him for ever, but their friendship had vanished like the rush of the torrent that had passed away. The beautiful figure of the Psalmist, to express his longing after God, is familiar to us all: he panted for Him "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks."<sup>1</sup> Hunted on the mountains, and far from any cooling stream, finding, moreover, when it came to a torrent-bed, that the channel offered nothing but heated stones and rocks, how it would pant for some shady hollow, in which, perchance, water might still be found! The Psalm was evidently written in a hilly region, where the sound of water, dashing down the narrow gorge, could be heard from above. As the wearied and thirsty gazelle

1 Matt. vii. 26. 2 Luke vi. 49. 3 Job vi. 15-17.



Gallery with guest chamber in the Monastery of St. Catherine. (See page 77.)



panted to reach it from the scorching heights, so yearned the soul of the troubled one for its God!

By the way, what does David mean by "deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts: all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me?"<sup>2</sup> Dr. Tristram thinks he alludes to the sound of dashing waters, in such a region as Hermon, where, in times of flood, torrents leap down the hills and resound from the depths.<sup>3</sup> "In winter," writes another, who fancifully imagines the Psalmist a prisoner in the Castle of Baniyas, "and when the snow is melting in the spring, endless masses of water roar down the gorge of Kashabeh, over which the castle rises about 700 feet. Perhaps it was when the sacred poet, confined within its walls, looking into the awful depth below, listened to the raging and foaming waters, that he uttered these words, at the thought of his distant home." Discarding the imaginary imprisonment, the explanation seems correct. David writes in a land of mountain streams, and feels as if all their thundering waves had broken over him.<sup>4</sup> Waterspouts in our sense are not alluded to here, though they are common on the sea-coast; nor are they mentioned in the Bible. The word employed in the Psalm is found in only one passage besides, where David promises the command-in-chief to anyone who will clamber up the water-shaft which opened on the plateau of Jerusalem, then called Jebus: a feat performed by Joab.<sup>5</sup>

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## CHAPTER VII.

### ASHDOD—MEJDEL.

ASHDOD, now Esdud, one of the five cities of the Philistines, is only a village, with a very few stone houses (the rest being of mud), one story high, enclosed in small courts with mud walls. Doors are as a rule a superfluity in Palestine; or at best are represented by ghosts of what may, perhaps, have once been doors. The "town" rises on the slopes of a low swell, itself commanded by one somewhat higher, formerly the site of the castle, but now covered with gardens hedged with tall prickly pear: impenetrable, but hideous, and taking up a great deal of room. This hedge grows over a thick wall of stone, regularly cut and well dressed, beneath which, the peasants aver, they have seen several courses of an ancient wall, of great cut stones. There are,

<sup>1</sup> Ps. xlii. 1. <sup>2</sup> Ps. xlii. 7. <sup>3</sup> Tristram, *Israel*, p. 208. <sup>4</sup> This is the explanation of Tholuck, Hitzig, Riehm, and Delitzsch. <sup>5</sup> 2 Sam. v. 8.

indeed, below and round Ashdod, a number of walls, some of them relics of its old glory. The soil is a half-consolidated sand, light, of course, but fertile; but how long it will remain even as good as at present is a question, since the moving sand-dunes from the sea-coast, two miles and a half off, have come almost to the village, and advance year by year. It is already, indeed, a pitiful sight to notice olives and fig-trees half buried: their owners striving hard, season after season, to shovel away the sand from their trunks, till they stand, in some cases, almost in pits, which would close over them if the efforts to save them were intermitted even for a short time.

In the court before the village mosque lies one last trace of the long past—an ancient sarcophagus, seven feet long, and broad in proportion; its side adorned with sculptured garlands, from which hang bunches of grapes, the emblems of the Promised Land. Long ago some rich Hebrew, doubtless, lay in it; his friends thinking he was safely housed till the last morning. But here stands the coffin—empty for ages! South of the mosque are the ruins of a great mediæval khan, seventy-three steps long on the side, but not so broad; the wall seven feet thick, but not very high. Inside there is an open court, in Arab style, with long galleries, arcades, chambers, and magazines, for a traffic not now existing. Some broken granite pillars lie on the ground, and a marble column serves as threshold at the doorway. The discovery of the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope destroyed the old overland trade from the East, and the Palestine towns on the caravan route fell with it. Beyond this comparatively modern ruin is a large marsh, from the overflowing of the wadys during the winter; so much water being left behind as still to show itself even as late as April. The water supply of the village is obtained from rain-ponds with mud banks, and a well to the east, from which a camel was drawing up water by the help of a water-wheel. Near it there are a few date-palms and some small figs, and beyond them a small grove of remarkably fine olives. The villagers resemble the Egyptian peasantry, both in dress and appearance, much more than they do their Palestine fellow-countrymen; why, who can accurately tell?

Ashdod was<sup>1</sup> one of the towns inhabited by the remnant of the gigantic Anakim, in the days of Joshua,<sup>1</sup> and gloried in a great temple of Dagon, whose worship had here its head-quarters. This god, half man and half fish,<sup>2</sup> was the national god of the Philistines; Derketo, a counterpart of Astarte,<sup>3</sup> or Ashtaroth, being his female complement, with Ascalon for her chief seat. Dagon, however, was a purely Assyrio-Babylonian deity; the Nineveh marbles showing both the name and the fish-man, as described in the Book of Samuel. This union of the human figure and that of a fish apparently arose from the natural asso-

1 Josh. xi. 22. 2 1 Sam. v. 4; see margin. 3 1 Sam. xxxi. 10.

I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding;

And, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.—*Prov.* xxiv. 30, 31.



Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein.—*Psa.* xcvi. 12.

He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread.—*Prov.* xxviii. 19.

He that plougheth should plough in hope.—*1 Cor.* ix. 10.



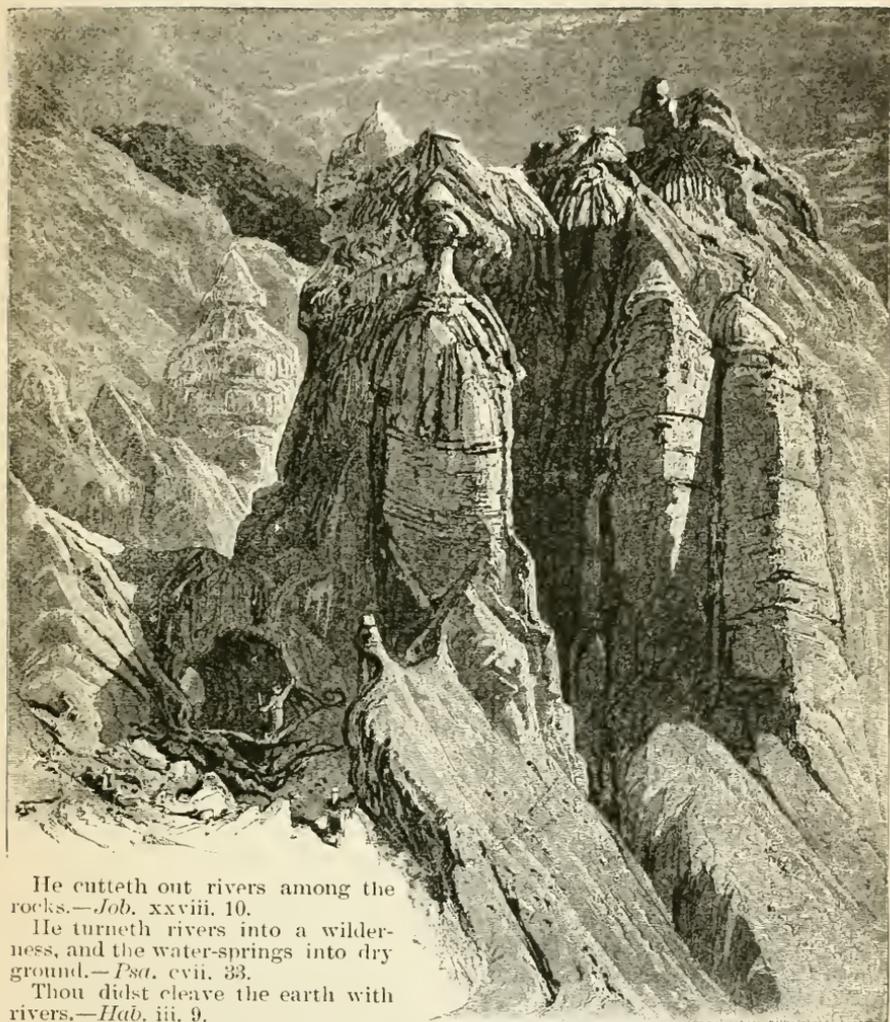
FELLAH PLOUGHING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF TELLE-SAFJEH. (See page 73.)





But as the Hebrews had no idols, the sacred ark, which they evidently regarded as securing the presence of their God, appeared a full equivalent. With this in their hands, the Philistines thought they need fear Israel no longer; they had cut off the source of Divine aid; the Hebrews lay at their mercy, helpless without a God. Priests in their vestments, choirs in their singing robes, players on instruments, in high festival adornment; maidens with their timbrels and graceful dance; the king and his court in their bravest array, went out, we may be sure, through the city gates to meet the fighting men returning with spoil so glorious. The hill, now so quiet under its mantling olives, must have echoed with the shouts of the populace as the ark was borne up to the great temple of Dagon, who had shown himself so much greater than Jehovah by the victory his people had gained, through his help, over the worshippers of the Hebrew God. But we know the sequel; the fallen dishonor of the god of Ashdod on the morrow, prostrate on the earth before the ark, as if to do it homage; the still deeper shame of the following day; the human head and hands of the upper half of the idol cut off and laid on the threshold, as if to profane it, and for ever bar entrance; only the ignominious "fishy-part" left!<sup>1</sup> The cry arose to take the ark to Gath at the foot of the mountains, on the other side of the plain; so off it went, on a rude cart which dragged it thither, across wadys, and round the low hills, and through wide corn-lands. But Gath soon found cause to dread the ominous trophy. The citizens demanded that it should be sent to Ekron, eleven miles to the north, to let that city try what it could do with it. There, also, it was soon a terror. For seven months it wrought woe in the land. Once more the cry arose to send it off; but this time cows, instead of oxen, were yoked to the cart which bore it, and their calves kept at home, that the will of the Philistine gods respecting it might be judged from the action of the dumb creatures that were to bear it away. If the milky mothers turned back to their calves, it would be a sign that the ark was yet to stay in the Philistine plain; if they kept on their way up into the hills to the land of the Hebrews, it would be a proof that the gods wished it to be restored to their people. But the kine went straight south from Ekron, lowly as their calves as they went, yet never turning from their steady way on the road to the great Wady Surar—the valley of Elah, which led to the Hebrew country in the mountains—never stopped to rest, and dragged their awful burden far up to the rounded hills that rise above the sea, on which stands Bethshemesh, distant at a distance of eleven miles from Ekron.

<sup>1</sup> The mice and emerods by which the Philistines had afflicted the ark were taken by the sufferers as votive offerings to



He cutteth out rivers among the rocks.—*Job*, xxviii, 10.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the water-springs into dry ground.—*Psa*, cvii, 33.

Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers.—*Hab*, iii, 9.

ALLUVIAL DEPOSITS IN WADY FEIRAN. (See page 81.)



propitiate the Hebrew God whom they had offended, are the first of the kind recorded. Other ancient nations, however, were in the habit of hanging up in the temples of their gods small "images" of diseased parts of the body which had been healed, in answer to prayer as they believed, and also small models of whatever had caused them danger or suffering, now averted by the same heavenly aid: a practice still observed in Greek and Roman Catholic churches where silver models of eyes, arms, or legs indicate cures supposed to have been effected by the intercession of particular saints, and small models of ships show deliverance from peril at sea.<sup>1</sup> That the Hebrews hung up the votive offerings of the Philistines in the new Tabernacle raised at Gibeon, or Nob, after the destruction of the original "Tent of Meeting" at Shiloh by the Philistines, we have, however, no proof, though gifts offered to the Temple seem in later days to have been displayed on its walls.

Passing a little beyond the town to the shade of a large sycamore, close to the ruins of the old khan, we were glad to halt for mid-day refreshment. There was nice grass round the trunk, open tilled ground on one side, and the road, with hedges of prickly pear ten feet high, on the other. A number of the villagers soon gathered round us, entering into the friendliest conversation with my companion, to whom Arabic was familiar. One of them, taking off his wide camels'-hair "abba," spread it, like a broad sheet, on the ground, as a seat; but we fortunately had shawls and coats of our own, and thus, while acknowledging very sincerely the politeness, were able to escape a possible danger not very pleasant to think of. A little girl was sent for water by our friends, and brought it in one of the small brown unglazed pitchers of the country. Courtesy satisfied, all withdrew a short distance and sat down on the ground, the usual resting place of an Oriental, to look on without rudeness, and, no doubt, to talk about us. Meanwhile we were left in peace to enjoy our lunch—bread, oranges, hard-boiled eggs, and the remains of a chicken—the usual fare in Palestine.

The sycamore under which we sat in delightful shade was a good specimen of a tree very common in Palestine, but only on the lowlands of the coast, the Jordan valley, and lower Galilee. The old name of Haifa, indeed, was Sykaminon, in allusion to the abundance of sycamores in its neighborhood. The tree grows also in the neighborhood

<sup>1</sup> In Herod. i. 105 there is a story about a disease inflicted on the women of Scythia for robbing the temple of Derketo at Ascalon, wonderfully like the plague of emeralds on the Philistines: doubtless a distorted tradition of it. Diod. Sic. (i. 22) tells us that models of the missing members of Osiris were hung up and worshipped in the Egyptian temples. Rosenmüller (*A. und N. Morgenland*, iii. 77) has a very interesting article on this subject. A tablet representing a ship wreck was hung in the temples of Isis and Neptune by those saved from the sea. Models of diseased limbs, &c., are hung up in the temples of India by pilgrims who have journeyed to these sanctuaries to pray for the cure of ailments affecting the parts thus represented. This has been the custom from the immemorial past. Eyes, feet, and hands, in metal, once hung up in Grecian temples, have been found. Juvenal (*Sat.*, x. 55) alludes to the custom as familiar in Rome. See also Horat. *Car.*, i. 6, 13-16, where the clothes of the persons saved are hung up, as well as a picture of the ship.

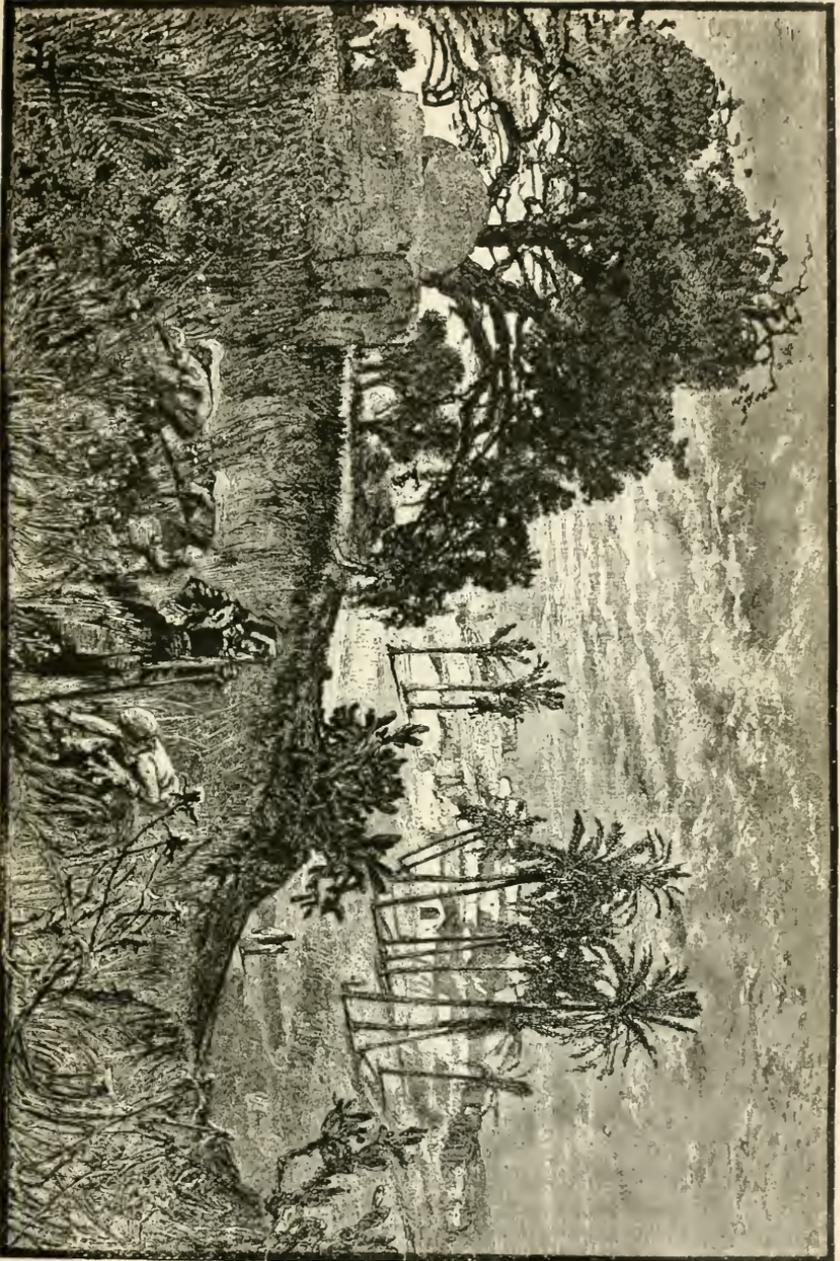
of Jerusalem and Tekoa,<sup>1</sup> and in Egypt it is very common: a circumstance which has led to the opinion that it must have been introduced in ancient times from that country to the Holy Land. It grows from forty to fifty feet high, with a thick gnarled stem, and numerous strong limbs, which, at a short distance from the ground, strike out horizontally, instead of upwards, as with most other trees; so that Zaccheus, at Jericho, when he wished to see our Lord, could easily climb into a vantage-place on a stout branch. Nothing, indeed, is more common than to find the children of a village amusing themselves by getting up for sport into the branches of any sycamore growing near. Its broad crown, often twenty paces across, makes it an admirable shade-tree; many persons being able to enjoy, at the same time, the delicious coolness of its branches. For this reason it was planted, in Christ's day, along much-frequented roads:<sup>2</sup> a public convenience to which Zaccheus was indebted for the opportunity of which he availed himself.

The fruit of the sycamore grows in clusters on the trunk and the wood of the great branches; not on twigs like the ordinary fig. Striped with clouded white and green, and shaped like the fig, it is more woody, less sweet, and otherwise less pleasant to the taste, nor has it the small seeds in its flesh which we see in the fig. To make the fruit agreeable it needs to be cut open, some days before it is ripe, that part of the bitter juice may run out, and the rest undergo a saccharine fermentation, to sweeten the whole. Only the poorest make this cutting an employment, so that when Amos speaks of it as being his calling, he wishes to indicate the lowliness of his social position.<sup>3</sup> The first harvest is gathered about the beginning of June, and from that time till the beginning of winter the tree continues to show both blossoms and fruit, ripe and unripe, so that it is gathered repeatedly in the same season.

The light, but tough and almost imperishable wood of the sycamore caused it to be largely used as building material by the Hebrews, though it was far less prized than the wood of the cedar. That it must have been very plentiful in ancient times is shown by the fact that, to prove the splendor of Solomon's times, he is recorded to have made cedars as the sycamore-trees of the lowlands for abundance.<sup>4</sup> In the same way, the haughty people of Samaria boasted that though the enemy had cut down the sycamores, they would build with cedars.<sup>5</sup> Still, in the general poverty of native timber, the sycamore was of great value to the Hebrews, so that it is natural to read of David's appointing an overseer to take charge of his olive and sycamore woods in the maritime plain.<sup>6</sup>

The track south of Ashdod skirts the edge of the sand-hills, but on

1 1 Kings x. 27. 2 Luke xvii. 6; xix. 4. 3 Amos vii. 14. 4 1 Kings x. 27; 2 Chron. i. 15; ix. 27. 5 Isa. ix. 10. 6 1 Chron. xxvii. 28.



Esdui, Ancient Ashdod (See page 83.)



the inland side the mountains of Judah rise, ten or twelve miles off, beyond a rolling country, half arable and half pasture. Asses laden with bags of wool passed us on the way from Gaza to Joppa: one or two, also, with great loads of a broom-like plant, used to make ropes for water-wheels or wells. The plough was busy in all directions; and where the light soil invited flocks and herds, the slopes of the low hills were often enlivened by them. But they belonged to wandering tent Arabs, not to the peasantry round; for, just as in Abraham's day, these sons of the desert roam through the land as they please, feeding their flocks on the open hill-sides. Our parting at Ashdod had been quite a scene. Venerable greybeards and younger men, all with fine figures and picturesque dress, came to the road and waited till the horses were yoked; bidding us, at last, a friendly farewell, with Western shaking of hands.

As we advanced, the patches of cultivated land increased till as many as twenty ploughs could be seen going at the same time, each drawn by a camel or by small, lean oxen. It reminded one of Elisha, "who was ploughing, with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth,"<sup>1</sup> which means that there were twelve ploughs at work, the twelfth being guided by the prophet himself. Green hills rose in succession, with herds of hundreds of cattle on them—all, still, the property of Arabs, whose black tents were often to be seen in the distance. These nomadic Ishmaelites are in fact immensely rich, according to Eastern ideas; their wealth, like that of the patriarchs, whom they much resemble in their mode of life, consisting of flocks and herds. The plain was seamed, from time to time, with the dry stony beds of winter torrents, in which no water ever flows except after rains. The town of Hamaweh, surrounded by a wide border of gardens, soon came in sight; the white blossom of almond-trees rising like a snowy cloud above the cactus hedges, which stretched onwards till they joined those of the larger town, El-Mejdel.

The latter place is the capital of the district in which it stands, and boasts a population of 1,500 inhabitants. A small mosque with a tall minaret is its only prominent public building, and the houses are nearly all built of mud, like those of the other towns of the plain; a very few of stone being the exception. Deep wells, some of them with the water 120 feet below the surface, provide the means of irrigating the gardens. Camels or oxen raise the fertilizing stream by "Persian wheels," or sakiyehs, like those in other places; the various heads of families providing the animals in turn, as the wells are public property. A large rain-pond lies to the east of the village, and a far-stretching cemetery on the west; for death is as busy in one place as in another. There is a great market held in Mejdel every Friday—

1 1 Kings xix. 19.

the Mahommedan Sunday—attracting buyers and sellers from all parts of the plain.

The olive plantations on all sides of the town were very fine. Looking old, however young, so broken and gnarled is their bark, so twisted their short stems; often hollow; often as if covered only with a lace-work of bark; the light greyish-green of their small pointed leaves so faded, with their white under-sides showing in every breath of wind—they are like no other tree that I know. Olive-growing is largely followed in the southern parts of the plain. From Mejdél onwards, the tree covers the slopes of the low hills and the rich plains, making them one vast orchard, for they are not higher than fruit-trees, and are mostly narrower in their round of foliage than ordinary fruit-trees with us. Casting less shade than our apple or pear-trees, and standing wider apart, the wide groves of them, with the soft green underneath, made the whole landscape at times look as lovely and rich as an English park. If Hosea had in his thoughts such a scene as this south of Mejdél he might well say of Israel, when restored to Divine favor, that its “beauty would be as the olive-tree,”<sup>1</sup> just as Jeremiah, at a later date, was to compare its early glory with that of a green olive-tree, fair and of goodly fruit.<sup>2</sup> Nor could David more vividly picture his future prosperity when delivered from his enemies, according to Hebrew ideas, than by the thought that he would be like one of the green olive-trees which grew in the open court before the House of God—the Tabernacle he had raised in Jerusalem.<sup>3</sup>

The olive was cultivated in Palestine long before the Hebrew invasion, for “olive-trees which thou plantedst not”<sup>4</sup> are enumerated among the good things on which they entered, and it must have been widely cultivated throughout Bible times, from the frequent allusions to it. It is, in fact, and must always have been, in Palestine, as characteristic a feature of the landscape as the date-palm is in Egypt. On the long stretches of bare, stony hill-sides the olive is often the only tree that enlivens the monotony of desolation. Moses and Job hardly used a figure when they spoke of “oil out of the flinty rock,”<sup>5</sup> for olives flourish best on sandy or stony soil, and it is because the Philistine plain consists so largely of consolidated sand that they grow on it so luxuriantly. In ancient times the country must have been dotted everywhere with olive-groves. “Thou shalt have olive-trees,” says Moses, “throughout all thy coasts.”<sup>6</sup> Asher, on its hills, behind Tyre, and southwards to Kartha, on the coast, below Acre, was to “dip his foot in oil,” as it overflowed from the presses.<sup>7</sup> Joel promised that, if the people turned to their God, “the fats should overflow with oil.”<sup>8</sup> The olive harvest was, in fact, as important to the Hebrew peasant as that of the vine or of corn; the three being often

<sup>1</sup> Hos. xiv. 6. <sup>2</sup> Jer. xi. 16. <sup>3</sup> Ps. lli. 8. <sup>4</sup> Deut. vi. 11. <sup>5</sup> Deut. xxxii. 13; Job xxix. 6. <sup>6</sup> Deut. xxviii. 40. <sup>7</sup> Deut. xxiii. 24. <sup>8</sup> Joel ii. 24.

mentioned together as the staples of the national prosperity.<sup>1</sup> It was even so important an element in the royal revenue that David had officers over his stores of oil and his olive-woods. More indeed was raised than could be used for home consumption, whether for cooking, light, worship, or for anointing the person, and hence it was largely exported to Egypt and Phœnicia.<sup>2</sup> "Judah and the land of Israel," says Ezekiel, "traded in thy markets"—those of Tyre—wheat from the Haurân, spices or millet,<sup>3</sup> and honey, and oil, and the resin of the pistachio-tree.<sup>4</sup>

The olive is propagated from shoots or cuttings, which, after they have taken root, are grafted, since otherwise they would grow up "wild olives," and bear inferior fruit. Sometimes, however, a "good" olive from some cause ceases to bear, and in this case a shoot of wild olive—that is, one of the shoots from those which spring up round the trunk—is grafted into the barren tree, with the result that the sap of the good olive turns this wild shoot into a good branch, bearing fruit such as the parent stem should have borne. It is to this practice that St. Paul alludes when he says of the Gentiles, "If some of the branches were broken off, and thou, being a wild olive, wast grafted in among them, and didst become partaker with them of the root and of the fatness of the olive-tree;"<sup>5</sup> and, further, "If thou wast cut out of the olive-tree that is wild by nature, and wast grafted, contrary to nature, into a good olive-tree." He refers to the barrenness of the Jewish Church as the olive of God's own choice, and the grafting on it of the Gentiles, hitherto a wild olive, but, now, through this grafting made to yield fruit, though only from the root and sap of the old noble stem. By the "olive-tree wild by nature" can only be meant the shoots that spring up wild and worthless from the root. There is no wild olive apart from these.

The tree has a long life. For ten years it bears no fruit, and it is not till its fortieth year that it reaches its highest productiveness. In spring the blossoms shoot out in clusters among the leaves, but the harvest does not come till October, when the dark-green, oval berries, somewhat larger than a cherry, are ready for gathering. This is done by women and boys, who climb into the trees and shake them, or stand beneath and beat the branches with a long pole, but there are always a few left in the topmost branches, and these are the perquisite of gleaners. It seems as if we still lived, in this respect, in the days of Moses and the prophets. "When thou beatest thine olive-tree," says Moses,<sup>5</sup> "thou shalt not go over the boughs again; it shall be for the

<sup>1</sup> Deut. xxviii. 40; vii. 13; xi. 14; xii. 17; Joel i. 10; ii. 19, 24; 1 Chron. xxvii. 28; 2 Chron. xxxii. 28. <sup>2</sup> Hos. xii. 1; 1 Kings v. 12; Ezra iii. 7; Ezek. xxvii. 17. "Minnith" was in the Haurân. <sup>3</sup> "Pannag" is thus variously understood. <sup>4</sup> Riehm. This resin was used largely as a salve for wounds, while oil from the leaves, bark, and black berries of the tree, was a noted medicine for both external and internal use. <sup>5</sup> Rom. xi. 17 (R. V.). Art. "Oelbaum," Herzog, 2te Auf., x. 725; Riehm, *Bibel Lex.* 5 Deut. xxiv. 20.

stranger, the fatherless, and the widow." "Gleaning grapes shall be in it," says Isaiah,<sup>1</sup> "as the shaking of an olive-tree: two or three berries in the top of the uppermost bough, four or five in the outer—most fruitful—branches thereof." The poor olive-gleaner may still be seen every year gathering what he can after the trees have been stripped by their owners.

This harvest-time is one of general gladness, as may well be supposed. Some berries fall, by the wind or from other causes, before the general crop is ripe, but they must lie there, guarded by watchmen, till a proclamation is made by the governor that all the trees are to be picked. This is to allow the tax-gatherer to be on the spot to demand his toll; for the Turk foolishly taxes each tree, thus discouraging as much as possible the increase of plantations. The gleanings left, after all efforts, are a boon to the very poor, who manage to gather enough to keep their lamp alight through the winter and to cook their simple fare.

The shoots springing up from the root of each tree long ago furnished a pleasant simile to the Psalmist. "Thy children," says he, "shall be like olive plants round thy table;"<sup>2</sup> that is, they will cluster round it as these suckers cling round the root from which they spring.

It is a striking illustration of the smallness of the population in Palestine that thousands of olive-trees are left uncared for, to be swallowed up by an undergrowth of thorns and weeds. The tax on each tree is, no doubt, in part the cause of this state of things. Fear of its being increased paralyses industry.

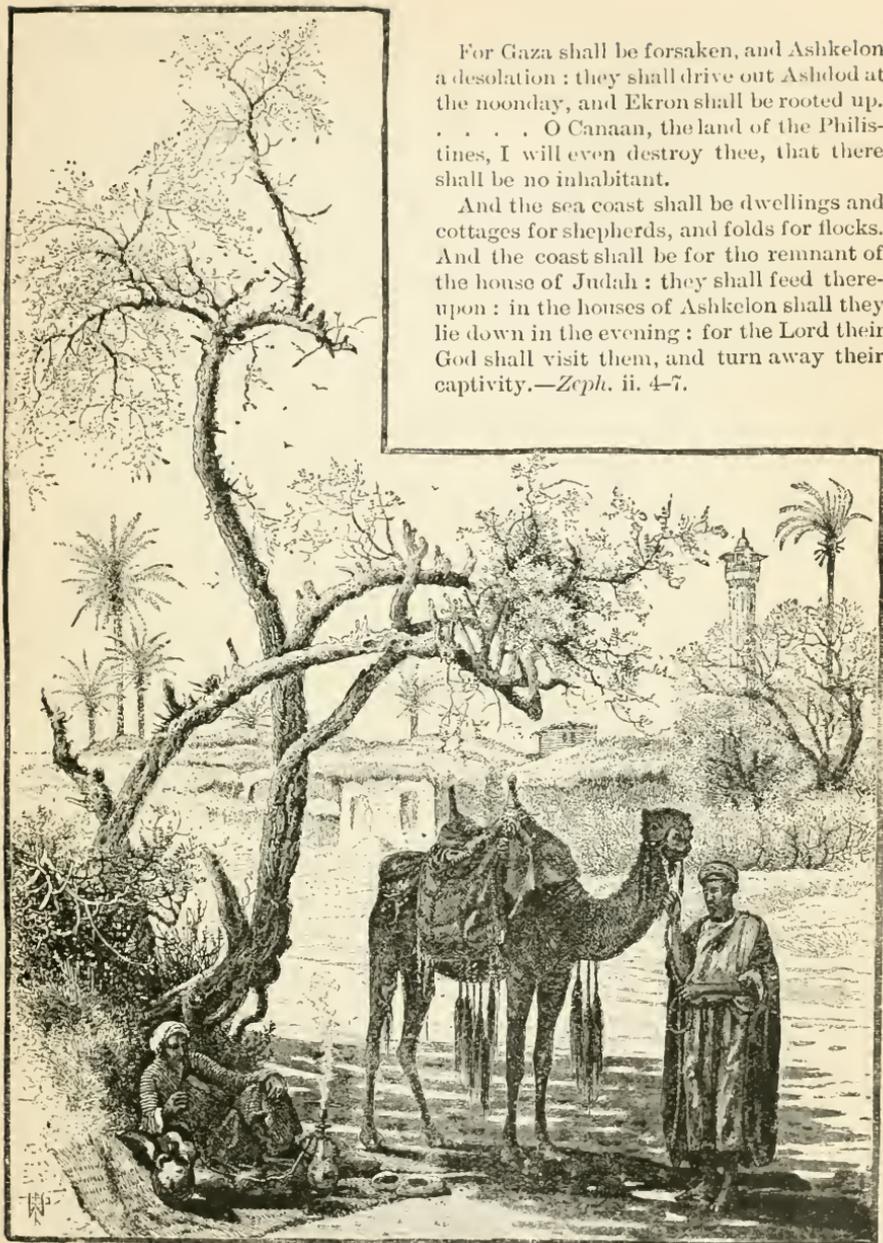
In ancient times the gathered olives were either pressed, or trodden by the feet, in an olive-vat.<sup>3</sup> The finest oil, however, was that which flowed from the berries when they were merely beaten, not from those that were pressed, and hence it was expressly required for religious services.<sup>4</sup> It is also the "fresh oil" of which David speaks.<sup>5</sup> An oil-vat at the foot of the Mount of Olives gave its name to the garden of Gethsemane. Remains of such vats, hewn in the rocks, are found in places where there is now no longer any trace of the olive—as, for instance, in the country south of Hebron; so that the tree formerly grew over a wider region than at present. Along with the vats in which the berries were trodden, presses and even mills were used after a time, the oil being so imperfectly separated by the feet that that custom is now quite discontinued.

Without cultivation the olive soon ceases to yield. Hence the soil underneath it is ploughed each spring, or oftener, so as to admit the air to the roots, and no crop is sown, as under other fruit-trees. The earth, moreover, is drawn round the tree to keep it moist; but neither

<sup>1</sup> Isa. xvii. 6; xxiv. 13. <sup>2</sup> Ps. cxxviii. 3. <sup>3</sup> Mic. vi. 15. <sup>4</sup> Ex. xxvii. 20; xxix. 40; Lev. xxiv. 2. <sup>5</sup> Ps. xcii. 10.

For Gaza shall be forsaken, and Ashkelon a desolation : they shall drive out Ashdod at the noonday, and Ekron shall be rooted up. . . . O Canaan, the land of the Philistines, I will even destroy thee, that there shall be no inhabitant.

And the sea coast shall be dwellings and cottages for shepherds, and folds for flocks. And the coast shall be for the remnant of the house of Judah : they shall feed thereupon : in the houses of Ashkelon shall they lie down in the evening : for the Lord their God shall visit them, and turn away their captivity.—*Zeph. ii. 4-7.*



EL-MEJDEL, ON THE ROAD FROM ASHKELON TO JERUSALEM. (See page 89.)



manuring nor pruning is practised. A full crop is gathered only each second year, from what cause I do not know. One strange fact in connection with this was told me. We are accustomed to regard locusts as only a curse, but it is said that they often prove the reverse, since their greedy jaws virtually prune the trees, and thus double the harvest of the next year.

The mills used in obtaining the oil are of two kinds; the one, worked by hand, consisting simply of a heavy stone wheel, which is rolled over the berries thrown into a stone basin. When crushed, they are taken out as pulp, and put into straw baskets, which are then placed in a screw-press and squeezed. The oil thus obtained is of excellent quality, though inferior to the "beaten;" but a third quality is obtained by subjecting the already pressed pulp to a second squeezing. The other mill is a hollow cylinder, with iron rods projecting at its lower end. It stands upright, and turns on a round framework of stone, the iron rods beating the olives to pulp as they are thrown in. After this maceration they are put under a beam heavily weighted at the end, and thus, one would think, the last possible yield of oil is obtained. But there is still a little left, and a second pressing, after the already sorely squeezed pulp has been heated, secures this final portion.

Beyond Mejdél the country was beautiful. Olive-groves and softly-green fields of barley varied the light-brown of the ploughed land, or the roughness of tracts which there was no one to till. Over these tracts, tufts of large lily-like plants grew in great abundance; great numbers of the bulbs, mostly squills, lying at the roadside, where the light ploughs had torn them out of the patches of soil taken for cultivation. Bands of white limestone cropped up here and there, as the road climbed the low swells; larks sang in the air, or perched on some clod, or ran ahead of us on the track, before taking wing—for there are fifteen species of lark in Palestine; a string of camels kept us in mind of the East, as they stalked on, laden with huge boxes of "hundel," a kind of root used for mysterious combinations by the drug merchants. A low cemented whitewashed structure, like a miniature saint's tomb, with an opening breast-high on one side, stood by the road—a drinking fountain, filled daily by the kindness of women passing with their water-jars, to supply the way-farer with a cup of cold water, than which no gift is more precious in this dry and thirsty land. Kindness of heart, thank God, is limited to no race or country. The experience of Canon Tristram, in one instance, is that of every traveller in any hot climate. Thirsting exceedingly, he asked a drink from a young Arab girl who had her tall water-jar on her shoulder, having just filled it. In a moment it was set down for the freest use. A small present for her courtesy seemed natural, but she would not

take it. Tears filled her eyes; she would have no bakshish; she gave the water freely, for the sake of her mother, lately dead, and for charity and the love of God! So saying, she kissed the hands of the party, and they passed on—anyone can imagine with what thoughts. So, doubtless, it sometimes happened with our blessed Lord and His band of disciples, as they journeyed over the hot, white hills of Galilee or Judæa; the giver who put her water-jar at their service for the love of the Master, in nowise losing her reward.<sup>1</sup> Everywhere, the country outside the town gardens lay unfenced; here, in wild scanty pasture; at another part, broken up into patches of ploughed land, or green with spring crops. What seemed mole-hills were to be seen everywhere, but it appears that they were the mounds of a kind of mole-rat, not of the true mole, which is not found in Palestine; the mole-rat taking its place.<sup>2</sup> This is the creature called a weasel in the English Bible.<sup>3</sup> Unlike our mole, it delights in the ruins scattered so widely over the land; the cavities in them, doubtless, supplying ready-made spots for its nest. It is twice the size of our mole, with no external eyes, and with only faint traces, within, of the rudimentary organ; no apparent ears, but, like the mole, with great internal organs of hearing; a strong bare snout, and large gnawing teeth; its color, a pale slate; its feet, short, and provided with strong nails; its tail, only rudimentary. Isaiah, in his prophecy of the idols being thrown to the moles and to the bats,<sup>4</sup> uses a different word, but its meaning, “thrower up of the soil,” fixes its application. It is a curious illustration of the poverty of the Hebrew language, and the consequent difficulty of quite accurate translation, that a word rendered once in our version, “the mole,”<sup>5</sup> is rendered “swan” in the two other cases in which it is used,<sup>6</sup> the context forming the only clue to its meaning, which, in these two cases, seems to point to its being some bird. Nor do scholars help one very much, for they render it, variously, pelican, horned owl, water-hen, or sea-swallow.

Still other villages!—Nalia and Burberah, embowered in orchards and olive-grounds, which stretch unbroken for four miles south of Mejdal; those of Nalia half-way across the sand-dunes, which must have been kept back from them by infinite labor. West of the Nalia orchards and groves these sand-dunes stretch little more than a mile inland; immediately south of the town they run three miles into the land; the gardens jutting out into them as a verdant peninsula. At Burberah, a mile to the south, they cover a breadth of three miles. On the east of the village, green barley-fields stretched away as far as the eye could reach, hemming round a sea of gardens hedged with the prickly pear, and beautiful with the grey and green of olive-trees, figs,

<sup>1</sup> Matt. x. 42; Mark ix. 41. <sup>2</sup> Tristram, *Land of Israel*, p. 186. <sup>3</sup> Lev. xi. 29. <sup>4</sup> Isa. ii. 20. <sup>5</sup> Lev. xi. 30. <sup>6</sup> Lev. xi. 18; Deut. xiv. 16.

pomegranates, and almonds; the last in all the glory of their white blossom. Vineyards, also fenced, varied the bounteous prospect, and olive-trees, in open groves, clothed the slopes, almost in thousands. Very different would be the landscape a few months later. The olive-groves would then be dull with dust, the mulberry-leaves gone—as food for sheep, no silkworms being cultivated in this part—the soil parched and dry, the very stubble withered to tinder; the sky brass, the earth iron; trees and villages seeming to quiver in the hot air.

Harvest is over on the plains before it begins in the mountains, so that the peasants of Philistia go off to gather the crops of the highlands after their own are secured. The sickle is still in use for reaping, as it was in Bible times; the reaper gathering the grain into his left arm as he cuts it.<sup>1</sup> Following him comes the binder, who makes up into large bundles—not as with us into sheaves—the little heaps of the reaper.<sup>2</sup> During his toil, the peasant refreshes himself with a poor meal of roasted wheat, and pieces of bread dipped in vinegar and water,<sup>3</sup> just as they did of old. The bundles of cut grain are carried on asses or sometimes on camels<sup>4</sup> to the open-air threshing-floor, near the village; one of the huge bundles, nearly as large as the camel itself, being hung on each side of the patient beast, in a rough netting of rope, as he kneels to receive them. Rising and bearing them off, he once more kneels at the threshing-floor, to have them removed, returning forthwith to the reapers to repeat the same round. The harvest in Palestine lasts for weeks; one kind of grain ripening before another, and different levels having a different time for reaping. In the plain of Philistia it begins in April and ends in June, but on the deep-sunk and hot plains of the Jordan the barley harvest begins at the end of March, and that of wheat two or three weeks later. In the mountains it is later, as I have said, than on the sea-coast. Garden fruits and grapes ripen before the autumn, but maize, melons, olives, and dates not till autumn has commenced. It was the same in ancient times. The harvest began legally on the second day of the Passover week, the 16th of Nisan, the month when the grain came to the ear, which corresponded to our April. From that time harvest continued for seven weeks, till the feast of Pentecost.<sup>5</sup> Barley came first, then wheat,<sup>6</sup> which is all reaped in the Jordan valley, in ordinary years, by the middle of May.

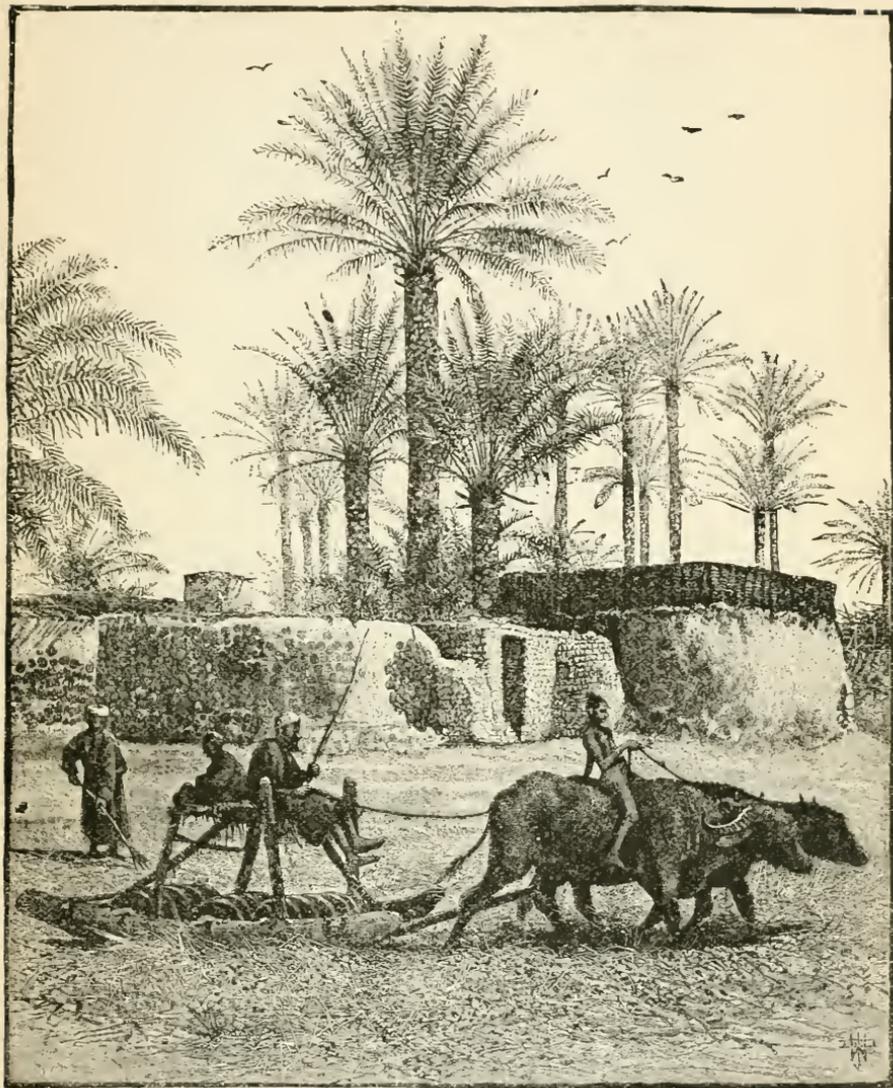
The threshing-floor is always chosen on as exposed and high a spot as can be had, to catch the wind for winnowing; flat spaces on hill-tops being selected in some cases, as in that of Araunah the Jebusite.<sup>7</sup> The ground is prepared by being beaten and trampled smooth and hard.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. cxxix. 7; Isa. xvii. 5. <sup>2</sup> Jer. ix. 22; Ps. cxxix. 7; Gen. xxxvii. 7. <sup>3</sup> 1 Sam. xvii. 17; Ruth ii. 14. <sup>4</sup> Carts were also used anciently. (Amos ii. 13.) <sup>5</sup> Ex. xxiii. 16; Lev. xxiii. 10; Deut. xvi. 9; Jos. Ant. iii. 10. 5. <sup>6</sup> Ruth i. 22; ii. 23; 2 Sam. xxi. 9; Gen. xxx. 14; Judg. xv. 1; 1 Sam. vi. 13; xii. 17. <sup>7</sup> 2 Sam. xxiv. 18.

Heaps of grain laid in circles, with the heads inwards, are piled on the threshing-floor, which is guarded during the night by a watchman in a slight watch-hut on the floor, if, as in the instance of Boaz, the owner himself does not sleep on the sheaves.<sup>1</sup> Like Ruth, the poor gleaner is content to beat out her few armfuls with a stiek.<sup>2</sup> But though need of secrecy forced Gideon to use the flail in the hollow of the wine-press,<sup>3</sup> it is no longer in general use in Palestine; only legumes like fitches, or herbs like cummin, being now beaten, as indeed was the general case in the days of Isaiah.<sup>4</sup>

Where there are no threshing-sledges, oxen are still employed to tread out the grain, over which they walk, round and round, as it lies in huge mounds on the floor, just as I have seen horses driven round on it in Southern Russia. The kindly requirement of the old Mosaic law, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn,"<sup>5</sup> has happily outlived the changes of race in the land, and is still nearly always observed, though here and there a peasant is found who ties up the mouth of the poor creatures that tread out his grain. Usually, however, threshing-sledges are employed to separate the corn from the straw. The commonest of these is a solid wooden sledge, consisting only of a set of thick boards, bolted together by cross-bands, and bent up at the front, to let it pass easily over the straw. In the bottom of the planks are fixed numerous rows of sharp stones, to facilitate the threshing, and also to cut up the straw into the "teben" used for fodder. Oxen yoked to this are driven round over the heaps of grain and straw; a man, with a large wooden fork, turning over the heap as the sledge passes, till the grain is entirely separated and the straw sufficiently broken into small pieces. The "teben," with which a great deal of grain is necessarily mixed, is then thrown into the centre of the floor, where it gradually rises to a huge mound. The chaff and the grain are next swept into a separate heap, to be winnowed when all the harvest is threshed. To make the sledge heavier, the driver usually stands on it, or, as the time is one of general enjoyment, one may see it covered with laughing children, enjoying the slow ride round and round. It was such "threshing instruments" that Araunah presented to David, along with the oxen and the implements of the threshing-floor, that he might have at once a sacrifice and the wood to consume it.<sup>6</sup> The word in Hebrew is "morag," and it is still retained in the form of "mowrej," or, in some parts of the country, "norag," so that there is no doubt as to the "instrument" Araunah was using. When Isaiah paints Israel on its return from captivity as "a new sharp morag having teeth," he refers to the same threshing-sledge as is used to-day, and it is to this that Job compares Leviathan when he says that "his underparts are like sharp potsherds; he spreadeth, as it were,

1 Ruth iii. 7. 2 Ruth ii. 17. 3 Judg. vi. 11. 4 Isa. xxviii. 27. 5 Deut. xxv. 4. 6 2 Sam. xxiv. 22.



Threshing Sledge on a Threshing Floor in the Nile Delta. (See page 96.)



a threshing-wain upon the mire."<sup>1</sup> A more complicated form of threshing-machine, known as a threshing-wagon, is used in some places, consisting of a frame like that of a harrow, with three revolving axles set in it like so many wheels, provided with projecting iron teeth; a chair being fixed over them for the driver, who is protected by their being covered with a wooden case on the side next him. Such a wheeled threshing-sledge was already in use in the days of Isaiah, and even drawn by horses, for the prophet tells us that "fitches are not threshed with a sharp morag; neither is the wheel of a threshing-wagon rolled over the eummin. Bread-corn is threshed out, but yet one does not keep on threshing it for ever, nor does he crush it [the kernel] small with the wheel of his threshing-wagon or with his horses" [which drag the wagon].<sup>2</sup> In Proverbs we are further told that "a wise king winnoweth away the wicked, and bringeth the threshing-wheel over him," an allusion to the dreadful custom of condemning prisoners of war, when especially hated, to be cut into small pieces by driving over them a threshing-wagon, or threshing-sledge, with its rows of iron spikes or sharp stones, till their flesh was torn off in morsels. This was apparently the hideous fate assigned by David to some of the Ammonite prisoners taken after the capture of Rabbah,<sup>3</sup> and, indeed, seems to have been usual in war in those ages, for the Syrians boasted that they had destroyed Israel till they were like the dust caused by threshing—into pieces so small had they cut the prisoners who suffered their fury. Syria indeed appears to have been specially given to this dreadful savagery, for Amos tells us that Damascus—that is, the King of Syria—would suffer the fierce vengeance of Jehovah for having "threshed the people of Gilead with the sharp iron teeth of threshing-wagons."<sup>4</sup> Thank God, infamous though war is still, it does not stoop to this!

To winnow the grain is severe work, and as such, is left to the men. It is mostly done, just as in the days of Ruth, in the evening and during the night, when the night-wind was blowing.<sup>5</sup> The cool breeze which in the summer months comes from the sea in a gentle air in the morning, grows stronger towards sunset, and blows till about ten o'clock, causing the "cool of the day," or, as it is in the Hebrew, "the wind of the day," in which Jehovah walked in Eden;<sup>6</sup> the time till which the Beloved was to feed his flocks among the lilies, when the darkness would leave him free to seek her whom his soul loved, in the pleasant hours when the air was cooled by the night wind.<sup>7</sup> Too strong a wind, however, is avoided, as Jeremias shows was the custom in his day—"A dry [hot] wind [will blow] from the bare places of the wilderness . . . not to fan nor to cleanse, but a stronger wind."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Job xli. 30 (R. V.). The three texts quoted are the only ones in which "morag" occurs in the Old Testament. <sup>2</sup> Isa. xxviii. 27. <sup>3</sup> 2 Sam. xii. 31. <sup>4</sup> Amos i. 3. <sup>5</sup> Ruth iii. 2. <sup>6</sup> Gen. iii. 8. <sup>7</sup> Cant. ii. 17. This is the true reading of the words, "Till the day dawn." <sup>8</sup> Jer. iv. 11.

"Winnow not with every wind," had, indeed, become a proverb as long ago as the days of the son of Sirach.<sup>1</sup> The chaff, grain, and "teben," which have gradually been gathered into a great central mound, are thrown up against the wind with a wooden fork, sometimes of two prongs, but more commonly with five or six; the broken straw being carefully preserved to throw into the centre, while the chaff is allowed to blow away. A sieve is also used now, generally by women: a light, half-oval wooden frame, about a yard across, with a coarse hair or palm-fibre bottom; the winnower holding it by the round side and tossing up the grain from it against the wind.<sup>2</sup> Two winnowings are necessary: the first to separate the "teben" and the chaff; the second to sift out the unthreshed ears and pieces of earth mixed with the grain. The fork, or shovel—for sometimes a wooden shovel is used, like half of a small barrel-lid, the round side towards the handle—finally separates the grain completely, so that it is ready to be put into the garner. Images taken from the threshing-floor are frequent in Scripture. "The wicked," says Job, "are as teben before the wind, and as chaff that the storm carrieth away,"<sup>3</sup> and this terrible figure is often repeated. As in our Lord's day, the chaff and broken straw unavoidably left on the ground, after every care in winnowing and gathering, are burnt, at once to get rid of them and to fertilize the soil by the ashes, a practice that throws a terrible light on the Baptist's words:<sup>4</sup> "Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly cleanse His threshing-floor, and He will gather the wheat into the garner, but the chaff He will burn with an unquenchable fire." Sometimes, indeed, the stubble in the fields is burnt, for the same reasons, as Isaiah must have seen before he wrote the verse, "As the tongue of fire devoureth the stubble, and as the dry grass sinketh down in the flame, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust."<sup>5</sup>

Another passage in the same prophet, alluding in part to the threshing-floor, has often been misunderstood, and, indeed, is mistranslated in the Revised Version<sup>6</sup>—"Moab shall be trodden down under Him [Jehovah], even as straw is trodden down for the dunghill." The Revised Version reads: "even as straw is trodden down in the water of the dunghill"—that is, in the pool of liquid manure connected with a dunghill in our ideas. But there is no such a thing in Palestine as a dunghill, and there is no reason to think there ever was. Gardens are manured chiefly with goats' dung; and in some parts the dung of pigeons, obtained from dove-cots and pigeon-towers in the neighborhood, is used for cucumbers and melons. No manure requiring to be carried is ever used in the grain-fields or pastures. Even the abundant manure accumulated in the cattle-sheds during winter is left undisturbed till the rains wash it away, unless there be gardens at hand. The Hebrew

<sup>1</sup> Ecclus. v. 9. <sup>2</sup> Amos ix. 9. <sup>3</sup> Job xxi. 18; Isa. xli. 15, 16; Ps. i. 4; xxxv. 5. <sup>4</sup> Matt. iii. 12 (R. V.); Luke iii. 17. <sup>5</sup> Isa. v. 24 (R. V.). <sup>6</sup> Isa. xxv. 10.

word "Madmenah," translated "dunghill," is the name of a town in Moab, famous no doubt, for its threshing-floors, but also for the huge mound of all uncleanness—the town dust-heap<sup>1</sup>—found in every Eastern town; "Madmenah" being the word for this Oriental characteristic. Jeremiah uses it in its short form, "Madmen," for the Moabitish town, but there was also a Benjamite place of the same name<sup>2</sup> a little way north of Jerusalem. Isaiah's meaning, therefore, is that Moab will be trodden down by Jehovah as the "teben" is trodden to fragments on the threshing-floors of Madmenah.<sup>3</sup>

The words that follow: "And He [Jehovah] shall spread forth His hands in the midst thereof, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim," need, for their right understanding, that one should have seen Orientals swimming. They never "spread forth" their hands as with us, but strike the water with one hand after the other, from above, beating it down, as it were, and passing triumphantly over it. So would Jehovah do with Moab—He would "lay low his pride."<sup>4</sup>

When the grain is finally winnowed, sifted, and thrown up into a great heap, the owner often takes up his quarters on it for the night, just as Boaz did long ago,<sup>5</sup> to watch it till, on the morrow, he can get it carried to his underground cistern or storehouse, in bags on his beasts, for there are no wheeled vehicles now in Palestine, though there were in antiquity.<sup>6</sup> It is a curious sight to watch the poor donkeys, with their loads of grain, marching along so meekly, or the gaunt camels swaying forwards under their huge bags or baskets. The country is full of underground cisterns, formerly used to store grain; their mouths being carefully hidden with a layer of soil to prevent discovery by a robber or an enemy. It was of such granaries that the men of Shiloh spoke in pleading for their lives with the murderous Ishmael: "Slay us not, for we have treasures in the field, of wheat, and of barley, and of oil, and of honey."<sup>7</sup> Such subterranean storehouses are still very numerous in some parts. Tristram found nearly fifty of them, each about six feet deep, in one village on the Dead Sea, from which a foray of Arabs had plundered the millet, wheat, barley, and indigo previously hidden away in them.<sup>8</sup>

The yield of grain in ancient times in Palestine must have been large, since we find a surplus not needed by the home population exported to Phœnicia: Middle and North Palestine and the districts east of the Jordan especially maintaining this outward trade.<sup>9</sup> The usual return seems to have been about thirty-fold, although sometimes

1 Jer. xlviii. 2. 2 Isa. x. 31. 3 A various reading of the Hebrew would make the sense of the passage "by the waters" of Madmenah. "Madmen" occurs in Jer. xlviii. 2; "Madmenah," Isa. x. 31; "Madmānah," Josh. xv. 31; 1 Chron. ii. 49. 4 Isa. xxv. 10. 5 Ruth iii. 7. 6 1 Sam. vi. 7; 2 Sam. vi. 3; 1 Chron. xiii. 7; Amos. ii. 13. In the Pentateuch the same word is used nine times, and is always translated "waggons"; referring to those brought from Egypt, or used there. 7 Jer. xli. 8. 8 *Land of Israel*, p. 337. 9 1 Kings v. 9, 11; Ezek. xxvii. 17; Ezra iii. 7; Acts xii. 20.

it reached a hundred.<sup>1</sup> At the present day, however, wheat yields only twelve to sixteen-fold, though barley often yields fifty, and dhourra gives a return, not seldom, of from a hundred-and-fifty to two-hundred-fold.

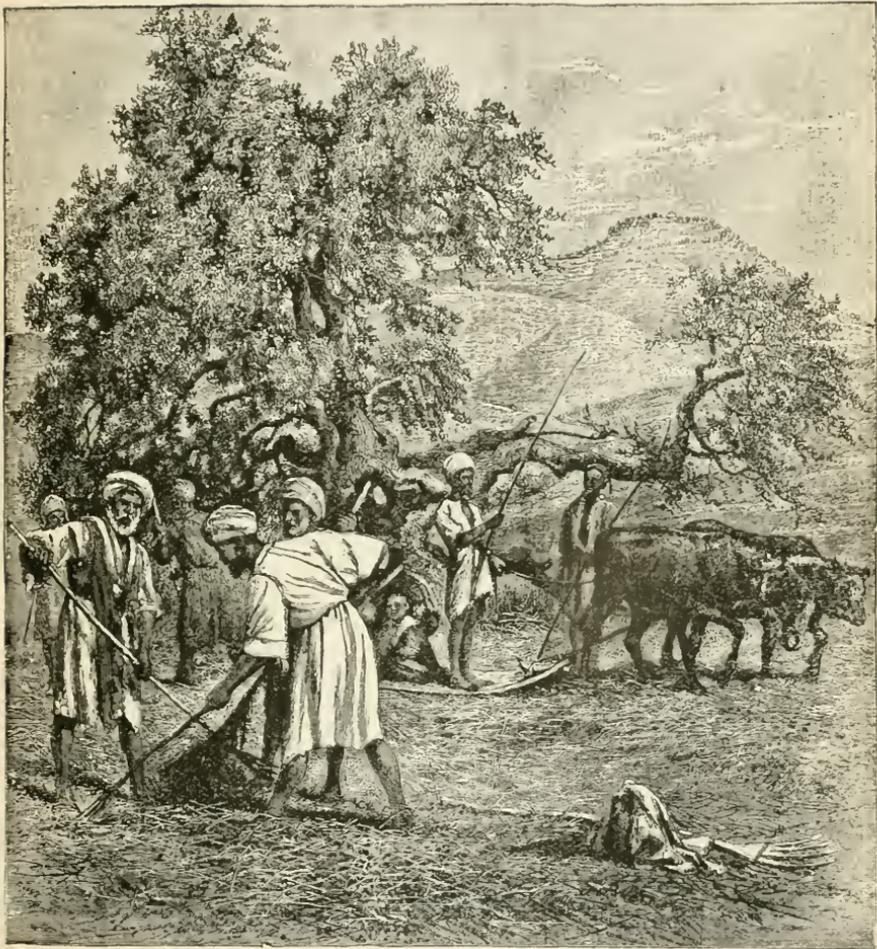
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## CHAPTER VIII.

### GAZA.

OUTSIDE Burberah is a large pond at the roadside, to collect the rain-water for use in summer; the latter and early rains, in the close and opening of the year, filling it. The water was the color of mud, but it seemed to give delight alike to man and beast. Women with their jars on their shoulders were bringing a supply from it for household use, cattle were drinking it, and dirty children were swimming in it, making the water splash up before them as they beat it with each hand alternately.<sup>2</sup> Some of the women had children on their shoulder, and I could not but notice how firmly the little creatures kept their seat. As soon as they are out of their mummy-like swaddling-clothes,<sup>3</sup> which are strips of calico about six inches wide and three yards long, they are taught to perch on their mother's shoulder, holding on to her head, while she supports their back with one hand. Very soon, however, this is unnecessary; the child learning to clasp its mother's shoulder with its knees, so as to need no other help. Mother and child have thus both hands free, while in the one case the mother is made to carry herself erect, which of itself is a great benefit, and in the other the child is trained to be a splendid rider; for the same grip with the knees which keeps it safe on the shoulder makes it afterwards perfectly at home in the saddle. An Oriental will carry a coin all day between his knee and the saddle, while riding, often at full speed, over very rough ground, and show it in the same place in the evening; so perfect is his seat. Boys are more often honored by a place on their mother's shoulder than girls, for there is pride in a man-child, but a daughter counts for very little. It is therefore a mark of a better state of things when Isaiah says of the long procession of the returning exiles from Babylon: "Thy daughters shall be carried upon their shoulders."<sup>4</sup> The mud huts and walls of the little courts were stuck over with cakes of cattle-dung, drying for fuel.

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxvi. 12; Matt. xiii. 8. <sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 152. <sup>3</sup> Luke ii. 7, 12; Ezek. xvi. 4; Job xxxviii. 9. Babies are rubbed with salt before they are put in their swaddling-clothes. <sup>4</sup> Isa. xlix. 22.



A Threshing Floor. (See page 95.)



Outside the village groves there are no trees, and between the villages there is no population. The absence of travel on the road was remarkable, but at last a camel from Gaza passed us, laden with crockery in huge nets on each side of it. Another soon followed, with large bales of something unknown. Then, at intervals, came two companies of men driving horses from Damascus to Egypt for sale, or for the use of pilgrims to Meceah; thus reversing the order of trade in antiquity, for of old Egypt supplied Syria with horses.<sup>1</sup> The sand-hills on the right now came almost up to the road, for a time, but they receded ere long, giving way to arable ground, on which the wheat stood three or four inches high. Flocks of sheep, some of them with black faces; mud cottages, with slightly-rounded mud roofs covered with grass, soon to wither under the growing heat;<sup>2</sup> herds of cattle, asses, and camels, peaceably feeding on the hill-slopes, marked the neighborhood of Deir Sineid, round which peasants in cotton tunics and turbans, with the long sharp-pointed goad in their hand, slowly followed the yoked oxen, small and thin, which dragged their light ploughs. One could not help thinking of the words of the wise Son of Sirach as these poor men stalked patiently along their furrows of a few inches deep—sunk in poverty, and forced to toil from sunrise to sunset, mainly to pay their taxes: "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks; he giveth his mind to make furrows, and is diligent to give the kine fodder."<sup>3</sup>

Deir Sineid, like all the villages of the plain, consists of mere mud hovels. At the entrance to it rose a great dust-heap, as in all Eastern villages and towns; the counterpart of that, doubtless, to which poor Job betook himself in his affliction.<sup>4</sup> The "ashes" "among" which he sat down were the "mezbele," or dust-mound, of a Palestine village, which is very different from the farm "dunghill" of our rural neighborhoods. Manure in the East is not mixed with straw as with us, no litter being used for cattle in so dry and warm a climate, and it is almost entirely that of the ass, for few horses are kept, and cattle, sheep, and goats are generally out of doors, day and night. The ordure is brought from time to time, dry, with every other form of refuse, in baskets, to the assigned place beside the village, and usually burnt every month; care being taken to select a day on which the smoke is driven away from human dwellings. But as the ashes are left untouched, the "mezbele" in an old village often rises high above the houses; the rains having consolidated it into a hill, which is excavated into grain-pits, where corn can be stored through the year, safe from fermentation or vermin. It also serves the villagers as a lookout, and is the favorite lounging-place in the cool of the evening, to

1 1 Kings x. 28; 2 Chron. i. 16; ix. 28. 2 Ps. cxxix. 6. 3 Ecclus. xxxviii. 25, 26. 4 Job ii. 8.

enjoy the air which blows at this comparative elevation. Through the day it is the playground of the children; the sufferer from any loathsome disease, such as the leprosy of Job, shut out from human dwellings, makes his bed on it; and the wandering beggar, after sitting on it by day craving alms, burrows during the night in its ashes, which the sun has heated. The village dogs sun themselves on it, or gnaw at some carcass thrown out on this common receptacle of all vile-ness, for no one thinks of burying a dead animal; it is either left where it falls or dragged to the "mezbele." Many places in the Haurân take their names from the size and number of these hills, just as Madmenah, as we have already seen, did in former ages, and many a modern village is built on a "mezbele" from its healthiness, being elevated as it is above the undrained ground below, and with the view of getting the cool air on its summit.<sup>1</sup>

Passing through these villages in the evening, when the cattle are returning from the field, it is striking to notice how often the poor creatures go directly to their own feeding-place, generally in the yard of their owner's house. They will make their way through the villagers sitting around, perhaps at their evening meal, and open the doors into their own quarters with their horns, without anyone aiding them. Isaiah must have noticed this when he wrote, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."<sup>2</sup>

The last village before entering Gaza is called Beit Hanun—"the House of Grace": a sad misnomer, since its population have the worst name as rogues and thieves. It stands on a hill, with a fair proportion of gardens and barley-patches round it, and, of course, a rain-pond, with its crowd of urchins enjoying themselves in the water. Many cattle and calves were feeding on the slopes. Country people, both men and women, passed by us on their way to the village or to Gaza, many of the women carrying on their heads baskets of eggs, cheese, or, rather, the curd which passes for cheese in Palestine, and vegetables, or great jars of sour goats' milk. I noticed also a mother on an ass, her child in her lap, her husband walking behind: a picture, perhaps, of Mary and her infant Son, with Joseph, as they journeyed from Bethlehem to Egypt, it may be by this very route. A soldier on a swift horse galloped by, and many a thin, scorched peasant wended homewards on a lowly ass, his naked feet almost touching the ground at its sides.

Gaza is embowered in great olive-woods which stretch north-eastwards the whole four miles to Beit Hanun. The sand-dunes directly north of the town, and to the west, are broken by a wide oasis of olive-groves and gardens, which girdle Gaza on nearly all sides, in a

1 See Consul-General, Dr. Wetstein, in Delitzsch's *Job*, p. 62. 2 Isa. i. 3.

wide sweep. The town itself lies on a hill, 100 feet above the plain, and 180 feet above the sea, with some palm-trees rising beneath, amidst, and above it; five minarets breaking the outline of the flat roofs and mud walls which cluster over each other up the slope. A cemented, low-domed fountain of mud bricks stood on the road outside, then came the great rain-pond of the town, which had leaked across the road, making it, for a space, into a quagmire. Six men sat cross-legged on the ground at the roadside, doing nothing; and, beyond them, mud walls, topped by the hideous prickly pear, stretched up the hill, enclosing sadly wild-looking orchards of palms, figs, and other fruit-trees.

No one who has not seen an Oriental town can imagine its filthiness. The mud houses crumble into dust at a given rate daily, and all the garbage, offal, and foulness of daily life are thrown into the narrow lane, when the dust-hill is too far off. Rivulets of abomination soak out from a hole made for their escape at the side of each door. Nor is this the only kind of filth. There are no scavengers, and there is no decency.<sup>1</sup>

I went several times through the chief streets of the town, which were wretched in the extreme, according to Western notions, yet the bazaar was well supplied with some kinds of goods, especially with the different articles of food. Masses of dried figs, dates, heaps of beans, lentils, dried corn and flour, piles of bread, cheese, and vegetables, and much else, were exposed for sale. The market of Jerusalem and other Hebrew towns must have been much the same in the time of David.<sup>2</sup> An extensive trade is driven in supplying the caravans which cross the desert with provisions, and in providing for those returning from it the long-missed enjoyment of fresh food of every kind. The different trades are found, as once was the case in England, in separate streets, so that there is a district quarter for each. In one street tailors sit in open booths on both sides of the way, plying their useful art; in another, cobblers make light slippers of red and yellow leather, or patch up old ones which in England would be thrown out as hopelessly beyond repair. The smiths, also, have their own street, where they carry on their rude industry, with small goat-skin bellows and miniature forges, sitting on the floor to beat the metal on small anvils. As I looked at them I could not help thinking of the day when working in iron was prohibited to the Hebrews, as it was in after-days forbidden to the Romans by Porsena, and the peasants had to come down from their hills to this very town and other Philistine cities of the sea-coast plain for work of this kind, because "there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel; for the Philistines said, Lest

<sup>1</sup> It is to the odious custom of Orientals that Scripture often alludes when it speaks of "dung on the face of the earth": *e.g.*, Ps. lxxxiii. 10; Jer. viii. 2. To remove the evils resulting was the object of the Law of Moses, given in Deut. xxiii. 13. <sup>2</sup> 1 Sam. xxx. 11 ff; 2 Sam. xvii. 28.

the Hebrews make them swords or spears; but all the Israelites went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his [plough-]share, and his spade, and his hoe, and his bill, when the plough-shares, spades, hoes, forks, or bills, or ox-goads had worn blunt."<sup>1</sup> One could not forget, moreover, that in ancient Jerusalem the different trades were confined to separate streets; for we read of the "Bakers' street,"<sup>2</sup> the "Goldsmiths' street," and the "Oilsellers' street," besides which the Talmud speaks of other quarters for different trades.

Everywhere cocks and hens wandered at their will; eggs being now, as they have been for many ages, a principal article of diet, and fowls the staple form of animal food. Already, in Christ's day, these birds were numerous in Jerusalem and Palestine generally,<sup>3</sup> but they were then a comparatively recent innovation. Birds, indeed, were fattened for the table among the ancient Hebrews,<sup>4</sup> for Nehemiah says: "Fowls were prepared for me;" and "fatted fowl" were part of Solomon's "provision," but there is no proof that they were ordinary poultry, Solomon's fowl being apparently geese, ducks, or swans. Doves are the only birds which we know, certainly, to have been bred by the Hebrews for the table.<sup>5</sup> Neither the cock nor the hen is mentioned in the Old Testament, nor are eggs enumerated among the articles of Hebrew food; passages in which they are alluded to, referring to those of wild birds.<sup>6</sup> Nor is it strange that this should be so, for the ancient Egyptians, from whom the Hebrews came out, had no barn-door fowls, the hen never appearing on their monuments, though geese and ducks are constantly introduced. Indeed, the hen was unknown even in Greece till the second half of the sixth century before Christ; Homer and Ilesiod never alluding to it. Originally an Indian bird, it was early known to the Babylonians, for we find it on very ancient gems and cylinders as a symbol of some deity. It appeared in Palestine for the first time after the rise of the Persian Empire, as it did also among the Greeks, who long knew it as the "Persian bird." Hence we find it noticed in the New Testament. The Book of Esdras, also, which was written in the reign of Domitian,<sup>7</sup> in its striking copy of our Lord's beautiful figure, put in the mouth of the "Almighty Lord," introduces it: "I gathered you together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings."

On the hill, almost in the centre of Gaza, stands the chief mosque, originally a Christian church of the twelfth century. No difficulty was made as to my entering—though, in accordance with the primæval custom of the East, it was necessary to take off my boots and replace

1 1 Sam. xiii. 19—21, emended translation, Thenius, De Wette, 2 Jer. xxxvii. 21; Neh. iii. 32; Matt. xxv. 9. 2 Esdras i. 30; Matt. xxiii. 37; xxvi. 34, &c. See Reference Bible. 4 Neh. v. 18; 1 Kings iv. 23. 5 Gen. xv. 9; 2 Kings vi. 25. 6 Deut. xxii. 6; Isa. x. 14. 7 See reference above. Also Reuss, *Gesch. des A. T.*, § 597. Domitian reigned A.D. 81—96. Böttcher is clearly wrong (*Achæntese*, 1397) in ascribing the absence of hens among the Hebrews to their being hated as an Egyptian bird. They were not Egyptian.



Rassa, Ancient Gaza. (See page 102.)



them with slippers before stepping upon holy ground. This rule has even extended to private houses, the sitting-room of which, being at times used for prayer, must not be trodden except with bare or slippered feet. So it was with Moses at the burning bush,<sup>1</sup> and with Joshua before the captain of the Lord's host,<sup>2</sup> and with Isaiah when, in his great vision, he saw the Lord high and lifted up.<sup>3</sup> The dust of common ground must not touch the holy spot.

The mosque has three aisles, which formed part of the ancient church; rows of pillars, with Corinthian capitals, dividing them one from the other. On the south side and east end additions have been made by the Arabs. Of the three, the middle aisle is the highest, the roof being here supported by two rows of pillars, one above the other, each pillar of the lower row having a cluster of small marble pillars round it, for greater strength. The church is built in the old basilica form, but the roof-arches of the side aisles are in the Arab style. A small choir at the south end of the building rests on a number of small pillars without capitals. The west doorway is a beautiful specimen of the Italian Gothic of the twelfth-century churches in Palestine, with delicate clustered shafts and pillars, deeply undercut lily-leaves adorning the capitals. The roof, of groined vaulting, is entire; and on one of the pillars of the upper row is a touching design of the seven-branched candlestick, inside a wreath. Pity that its light should be extinguished by the superstition of Mahomet, but it has been so since about A. D. 1350, as recorded in an inscription on one of the walls. It had shone, however, for many generations since the first church of which we know at Gaza was built, about A. D. 402.<sup>4</sup> In Christ's day there were ten heathen temples in Gaza—to the Sun, Venus, Apollo, Proserpina, Hecate, Fortune, "The Hiereion," and Marnas,<sup>5</sup> the greatest of the gods of Gaza, whose sanctuary, which was round, was believed by the townsmen to be more glorious than any other in the world. All these shrines, however, were pulled down by a decree obtained by the wife of the Emperor Arcadius from her husband, commanding them to be removed, and a church—which was dedicated at Easter, A. D. 406—was built on the site of the temple of the god Marnas. Very curiously, in 1880 a statue of this famous deity, fifteen feet high, was discovered by some peasants in a large natural mound about six miles south of Gaza. It is a human figure in a sitting position, with an arrangement of the hair like that of the classic Jupiter. The peasants had commenced to destroy it as soon as it was found, but it was rescued from them by the English missionary at Gaza, though not before the face had been much injured. Marnas was the great Jupiter, the god of rain and fruitfulness, and was honored, besides, as "the

1 Ex. iii. 5. 2 Josh. v. 15. 3 Isa. xx. 2. 4 *Pal. Fund Memoirs*, iii. 251. 5 There were six temples to heathen gods, and four to goddesses (Schürer, *N. T. Zeitgesch.*, p. 379.)

living, the eternal, the universal, and the everlasting." One arm and both legs appear to have been sawn off, as if some pious heathen had cut the idol in pieces to facilitate his saving it from the fury of the Christians. The statue is now at Constantinople. A register 1,000 years old is said to be preserved in the present church, built in the place of that which stood on the site of the temple of Marnas.

Remains of antiquity are found here and there in the city. A shoemaker in one street, or rather, narrow alley—for there are no streets in our sense—was beating leather on an upturned marble Corinthian capital. The second mosque is built largely of ancient cut stones. Marble pillars lie as doorsteps at the wretched Government offices, and sculptured capitals serve the same use before many private dwellings. Towards the sea are some pieces of granite columns, one of the fragments being fourteen feet long. On the east and south, beyond the houses, are mounds which probably show the position of the ancient, or perhaps the Crusading walls.

The strength of the Philistine city must have lain rather in the arms of its defenders than in its position, but such protection as walls and gates afforded has long since gone. Yet the streets, being very narrow, could be easily barred by chains, as, indeed, some of them, on occasion, are. The heat is much greater than at Jerusalem, but, contrary to the practice there, the streets are never arched over, the only protection being plaited mats, laid out roughly on poles, and extending from the houses and shops. These shops are unspeakably poor; in not a few cases mere holes, open in front, with more dirt than goods. A traditional site of the "House" of Dagon, which Samson pulled down,<sup>1</sup> is, of course, shown. This famous building stood, apparently, at the farther end of an open square, bordered inside by colonnades; the flat roof of the temple—for roofs are nearly all flat in the East—projecting beyond the sanctuary itself, to give shade beneath, while also affording a point of vantage from which to look down on the court below. This great veranda roof rested in its centre, it would appear, on no more than two great pillars, and was crowded by the great ones of Gaza when Samson was brought out to make sport for them in the wide quadrangle below. Some of the large mansions in Barbary, indeed, seem to be built in much the same way; a central structure, of great size, with colonnades and chambers on each side, enclosing an open space, which forms a large hollow square. The palace of the Dey of Algiers, in olden times, was of this kind, and its flat roof was often crowded by favored spectators, assembled to divert themselves by exhibitions in the vacant area. The great platform thus utilized as a "stand" projected a long way in front of the building, and was supported in the middle by two pillars standing near each other.

<sup>1</sup> Judg. xvi. 27—30.

These pulled down, the whole structure above would fall, and it may well be that the "House" of Dagon was somewhat similar.<sup>1</sup>

The Turkish governor of the town happening to be holding his local court while I was at Gaza, I visited it. Ten red-leather chairs stood at one end of an otherwise unfurnished room, with a stone floor in very bad condition; the walls were yellow-washed. There was a small table at one corner, and beside this, on a line with the chairs, sat the governor, in a chair with arms; his cigarette-box on the table, and a nargileh, or water-pipe, at his feet; his dress European, except his fez; his complexion a light brown; his features regular, though the nose had decidedly the command-in-chief, especially in comparison with his somewhat small eyes. An officer in gold epaulets and blue dress sat near; two soldiers in very ancient uniform stood at the door. From time to time local dignitaries entered and took possession of a chair, on what we should call the bench; one, in a black abba of fine cloth, with a striped silk dress below it, a red shawl round his waist, a showy turban, and bright red slippers, being the most noteworthy. A dozen Arabs, in turbans and sheepskin coats, the wool inside, were standing before the kadi, each speaking at the top of his voice and all at once. A few feet square of a public market, when rival salesmen are trying their lungs against each other, might help one to reproduce the scene. After a time the kadi interrupted the hubbub, which subsided into a dead calm as he motioned to speak. His judgment was given in a few words, and as there was no appeal, all went out as quietly as so many children from the dreaded presence of a schoolmaster. Presently a fine old man, the sheikh of the Terabin Arabs, stepped across to one of the chairs, and, sitting down, addressed the bench. A murder had been committed, some time before, in Gaza. Two Arabs, between whom there was a blood-feud, had accidentally met in the house of the English missionary; the second corner of the two turning away instantly, with a scowl, when he saw his intended victim. A few hours later, this unfortunate, while sitting in the town market-place, was shot dead by his enemy, in open day; the murderer fleeing to his tribe in the desert. The slain man had belonged to the tribe of which the present speaker was sheikh, and the governor had ordered him to arrest the man-slayer. But this was no easy matter. War had broken out between the tribes immediately after the murder, and had only been quelled by sending 400 soldiers from Jerusalem, but these were now withdrawn, leaving the author of all the trouble at large. "If you send troops, we shall try to arrest him," said the sheikh, "but if you do not, we shall not obey. There has been fighting already, as you know, and there would be more." Having spoken thus, he rose, and left the court-house, without waiting for a reply.

<sup>1</sup> Shaw, *Barbary*, 1. 392.

Blood-revenge has been a passion among all Semitic people from the earliest ages. It may have arisen, in some degree, as lynch law has sprung up in the frontier states of America, from the imperfect development of society, and the fancied necessity of taking private means to secure justice; but whatever its source, it was early recognized as not only a right but a duty. Among the Bedouins it has, for ages, been made not only a personal matter, but the affair of the whole tribe of a murdered man, on each member of which lies the responsibility of obtaining vengeance. It considers not only the murderer or his next of blood, but every member of his family, or even of his tribe, as legitimate objects of revenge, and thus bloody and long-continued feuds on a large scale often arise. The murder of Abner by Joab, "for the blood of Asahel, his brother,"<sup>1</sup> which nearly led to a war, and the fear of the woman of Tekoah that the avengers of blood would not be content without life for life,<sup>2</sup> shows how deeply and dangerously the custom had rooted itself among the Hebrews. The law was, indeed, written, "He that killeth any man shall surely be put to death";<sup>3</sup> but the avenger of blood was left to be the executioner, due reprisals being regarded as so completely a fulfilment of the Divine will that God Himself is spoken of as the blood-avenger of His people.<sup>4</sup> No money payment could be taken for murder, or even for homicide: to compound such a felony made the land unclean before God.<sup>5</sup> Innocent blood, in the opinion of the Hebrews, as of the Arabs now, cries from the ground to God for revenge.<sup>6</sup> Even the altar, inviolable for any other crime, could give the murderer no protection.<sup>7</sup>

It was manifestly wrong, however, to put deliberate and accidental homicide on the same footing, and hence means of escape were provided for those guilty of only the unintentional offence. Six free towns were provided to which the man-slayer might flee and find a sanctuary, if he proved before the elders his innocence of guilty purpose; the death of the high priest, finally, giving him leave to return home without danger. But even in the case of designed murder, the Law of Moses humanely limited revenge to the actual person of the murderer,<sup>8</sup> forbidding the fierce abuses prevalent among races like the Arabs. It was enacted, moreover, that the murderer should be publicly tried, and that the testimony of at least two witnesses should be necessary to his condemnation;<sup>9</sup> so that the blood-revenge sanctioned by the Bible only amounted to an obligation on the family of the murdered person to prosecute the murderer.

The public offices in Gaza are built of stone, but are old, and in very poor condition. A detached small stone building in the yard, with little windows closely barred, and, of course, with no glass, and two

<sup>1</sup> 2 Sam. iii. 27. <sup>2</sup> 2 Sam. xiv. 11. <sup>3</sup> Lev. xxiv. 17. <sup>4</sup> Ps. ix. 12. See Gen. ix. 5; xlii. 22; Ezek. xxxiii. 6. <sup>5</sup> Num. xxxv. 33. <sup>6</sup> Gen. iv. 10; Isa. xxvi. 21; Ezek. xxiv. 7; Job xvi. 18. <sup>7</sup> Ex. xxi. 14; 1 Kings ii. 28. <sup>8</sup> Deut. xxiv. 16; 2 Kings xiv. 6. <sup>9</sup> Num. xxxv. 12, 30; Deut. xix. 12.

dark and terrible stone arches in the passage to the street, was the goal—a fearful place in such a climate for prisoners heavily ironed. A huge convent, formerly connected with the great church, which is now used as a mosque, serves as a khan or caravanserai; its open court offering room for the beasts; the lower chambers, along the sides of the open space, serving as store-rooms for the loads of the asses or camels; and its upper rooms, quite empty, supplying shelter for the traders, merchants, or wayfarers who may need it. A man in charge of the whole receives a slight gratuity from everyone for his trouble, but there is no provision for either man or beast beyond a well in the centre of the court. It was to such an “inn” that the good Samaritan carried the man who had fallen among thieves; the two pence he gave the host to buy food for the unfortunate creature being the amount fixed by the Emperor Augustus as the monthly allowance to be paid to each poor citizen of Rome for flour. Such also was the “habitation” of Chimham,<sup>1</sup> by Bethlehem, where Jeremiah rested before being taken away to Egypt. The word translated “inn” in St. Luke, as the place in which the mother of our Lord could not find shelter, was not, however, as I have explained, elsewhere,<sup>2</sup> a khan, but a private dwelling, so full of guests at the time that hospitality could not be shown to Mary and her husband.

On the east of the town a marble pillar, lying half buried, across the road, is shown as the traditional site of the city gate carried off by Samson, and near it is a small modern domed tomb, which is said to be his last resting-place, but in both cases faith or disbelief must remain free to everyone.

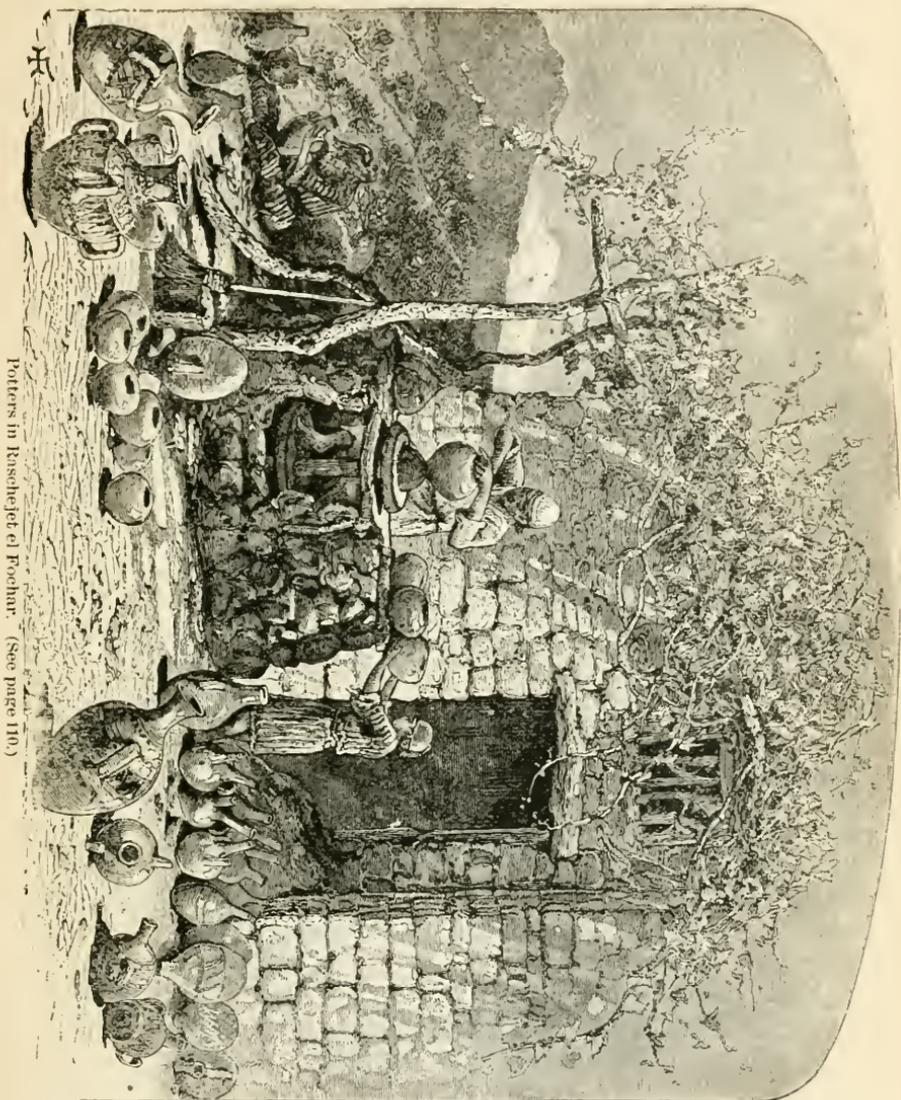
The luxuriance of the gardens and orchards of Gaza is due to the abundance of water, drawn from a great many wells, some of them not less than 150 feet deep. Good water is, indeed, plentiful at greater or less depth over all the district, even on the sea-shore, though the frequency of rubble cisterns to the south and east shows that in ancient times the inhabitants depended largely on artificial supply. The chief manufacture of Gaza is soap, which is carried over the desert to Cairo on the south, and to Joppa on the north. Black pottery is also made, and a good deal of course material for abbas is woven. It is curious to see the weavers in their small, windowless workshops—the only light coming from the open front—plying the shuttle in a loom as primitive as it could well have been 3,000 years ago, when the weaver’s beam was made the comparison for the ponderous shaft of Goliath’s lance.<sup>3</sup> It is interesting to try and realise, from the sights of a town like Gaza, the everyday life of ancient Israel. The Hebrews had trades of many kinds among them, perhaps rudely enough carried out in many cases. In Jerusalem, and other towns of Bible times one

1 Jer. xli. 17. 2 Geikie, *Life and Words of Christ*, i. 113. 3 1 Sam. xvii. 7.

might have seen men at work, just as now in Gaza, or Joppa, or Damascus—making or sharpening ploughshares and all agricultural implements; armourers fashioning swords and spear-heads;<sup>1</sup> copper-smiths beating out water-jugs, trays, and basins;<sup>2</sup> and brassfounders skilful in all kinds of artistic work.<sup>3</sup> Goldsmiths and silversmiths plied their delicate arts, doubtless in open booths, as in Damascus at present,<sup>4</sup> making, as ordered, either an idol, or teraphim, in dark times, or a signet ring like that of Judah, which he gave in pledge to Tamar,<sup>5</sup> or purifying metal from alloy.<sup>6</sup> You could have bought a bright metal mirror, or a brass pot, or a censer,<sup>7</sup> or gold earrings or bracelets,<sup>8</sup> or a lordly dish of copper, like that of Jael.<sup>9</sup> If you had had precious stones, or corals, or pearls, you could have got them mounted in what settings and chasings you liked.<sup>10</sup> The ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, and other stones of price were to be had from the merchant. They could solder or polish, tiinker, overlay with gold, silver, or copper.<sup>11</sup> In the open booths where the craftsmen were at work you could have seen the anvil, hammers, tongs, chisels, bellows, crucibles, and small furnaces.<sup>12</sup>

Stone-cutting and masonry may have been learned by the Hebrews in Egypt; perhaps with additional hints from the Phœnicians after settling in Canaan.<sup>13</sup> Workers in wood, ready to turn their hand to any order, whether as carpenters, cabinet-makers, or wood-carvers, were numerous,<sup>14</sup> and there were also wheelwrights and basket-makers.<sup>15</sup> A spectator watching them would have seen that they plied the axe and hatchet, the gouge, the compasses, the saw, the plumb-line, and the level, and used red chalk for marking.<sup>16</sup> The trades of masons and plasterers were apparently united.<sup>17</sup> Brickmakers, as we find in Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria, mixed their mortar with chopped straw—that is, “teben”—whether for burned bricks or for those simply dried in the sun.<sup>18</sup> The Hebrew potter, sitting at his work, turned the clay, which had first been kneaded with the feet, into all kinds of vessels on his wheel, which was generally of wood.<sup>19</sup> He could also, probably, glaze his ware, since the Egyptians could do so, though the art seems now to be lost in Palestine. Tanners are mentioned only in the New Testament;<sup>20</sup> but as the Pentateuch speaks of red leather of ram’s skin, and of “tahash,” or sealskin leather,<sup>21</sup> the Hebrews must have had tanners and carriers among them from the first. Shoemakers

1 1 Sam. xiii. 19; 2 Kings xxiv. 14; 2 Chron. xxiv. 12. 2 2 Tim. iv. 14. 3 2 Kings xxv. 13; 1 Kings vii. 14. 4 Judg. xvii. 4, 5; Isa. xl. 19; xlii. 7; Jer. x. 14. 5 Gen. xxxviii. 18. 6 Mal. iii. 2. 7 Lev. vi. 28; Num. xvi. 39. 8 Gen. xxiv. 30. 9 Judg. v. 25. 10 Ex. xxviii. 11, 17; Job xxviii. 15—19. 11 Isa. xli. 7; 1 Kings vii. 45; Num. xvii. 4; Isa. xlv. 12; Jer. x. 4; Ex. xxv. 11, 13; 1 Kings vi. 20 ff.; 2 Chron. iii. 5; Isa. xl. 19. 12 Isa. xli. 7; xlv. 12; vi. 6; Ezek. xxii. 18; Ecclus. xxxviii. 28; Ex. xxxii. 4; Jer. vi. 29; Prov. xvii. 3. 13 Ex. xxxviii. 11 ff. 14 2 Sam. v. 11; Isa. xlv. 13; Matt. xiii. 55; Mark vi. 3; Ex. xxxv. 36; xxv. 10 ff.; xxxvii. 1, 10, 15, 25. 15 Num. vi. 15 ff.; Deut. xxvi. 2, 4; Judg. vi. 19. 16 Isa. xlv. 13; x. 15; xxviii. 17; 2 Kings xxi. 13. 17 1 Chron. xiv. 1; 2 Kings xii. 12; Ezek. xlii. 11; Isa. xxxviii. 17; 1 Kings vii. 9. 18 Ex. v. 7; Gen. xi. 3; Nah. iii. 14; 2 Sam. xii. 31; Jer. xliii. 9. 19 1 Chron. iv. 23; Isa. xxix. 16; xlv. 9; lxiv. 8; Dan. ii. 41; Ps. xciv. 9; Job. x. 9; Matt. xxxvii. 7. 20 Isa. xli. 25; Jer. xviii. 3; Ecclus. xxxviii. 29. 21 Acts ix. 43; x. 6, 32. 22 Ex. xxv. 5; xxxvii. 14.



Potters in Karschejet el Fochar. (See page 110.)



and tailors are mentioned only in the Talmud, since in Bible times clothing of all kinds seems to have been made by women.<sup>1</sup>

Weaving and spinning, whether for household use or for sale, were also left for the most part to the women,<sup>2</sup> though we find that men as well "wrought fine linen."<sup>3</sup> Flax was hackled with wooden combs; its coarser fibres made into nets and snares; its finer woven into yarn on the spindle, and this, when wound on reels, was woven on the loom with the shuttle.<sup>4</sup> A coarse stuff, known as "sak," was made of camels' and goats' hair into mourning-ropes, girdles, and tent-covers; the black hair of he-goats being mostly used, as is still the case with the Bedouins.<sup>5</sup> The making of cloth for tent-covers was, indeed, a special trade followed by many, and, among others, by the Apostle Paul.<sup>6</sup> But besides these rougher manufactures, there were then, as now, in these strange-looking towns of Palestine, many others of a higher class. In the days of Amos rich men lay on couches of damask;<sup>7</sup> the clothing of the daughter of Tyre, married to the Israelitish king, was inwrought with threads of gold;<sup>8</sup> and curtains and hangings of mingled blue and purple and crimson, with inwoven figures or choice designs, were to be had for mansions or palaces, as well as for the Temple, while embroidered robes were common among the rich few.<sup>9</sup> Fullers busied themselves with dressing new webs, and cleansing old garments,<sup>10</sup> using natron, lye, wood-ashes, and fuller's earth in their trade,<sup>11</sup> which was carried on outside towns, on account of its malodorous characteristics.<sup>12</sup> Women, and also men, prepared fragrant salves, by mixing olive oil with various perfumes.<sup>13</sup> Bakers are first mentioned by Hosea, the old practice of bread-baking for each household by the women having, in a measure, fallen into disuse, so that there came to be a street of bakers in Jerusalem. 100 years later, when Jeremiah was alive,<sup>14</sup> Barbers make their first appearance during the Captivity,<sup>15</sup> but became numerous after that time, the rich having barbers in their households. Strange to say, dyers are not mentioned in the Bible, nor are glaziers, though the Jews were acquainted with glass through the Phœnicians, and perhaps through the Egyptians.

As in the East now, to work at a trade was no dishonor, though some crafts were in disfavor, and even disqualified men for certain positions. The dignity of high priest, for example, according to the Talmud, could not be granted to a weaver, a fuller, a slave-maker, a tanner, or a barber.

1 1 Sam. ii. 19; Prov. xxxi. 19 ff.; Acts ix. 39. 2 Isa. xix. 9; Ezek. xxvii. 7; Prov. vii. 16; Ex. xxxv. 25; Prov. xxxi. 13, 19, 24; 1 Sam. ii. 19; 2 Kings xxiii. 7, 3 2 Chron. ii. 14; iii. 14. 4 Isa. xix. 9; Judg. xv. 13; xvi. 14; Prov. xxxi. 19; Eccles. iv. 12; 1 Sam. xvii. 7; 2 Sam. xxi. 19; Job vi. 6. 5 2 Sam. iii. 31; Matt. iii. 4; Isa. iii. 24; Ex. xxvi. 7; Cant. i. 5. 6 Acts xviii. 3. 7 Amos iii. 12. This is the proper reading. 8 Ps. xlv. 14. 9 Ex. xxvi. 1, 31, 36; xxvii. 16; xxviii. 6, 39; xxxvii. 8, 37; xxxviii. 18; Judg. v. 30; Ezek. xvi. 10, 13; xxvi. 16; Ex. xxxv. 35; xxxix. 8. 10 Isa. vii. 3; xxxvi. 2; Mark ix. 3. 11 Jer. ii. 2; Mal. iii. 2; Job ix. 30. 12 2 Kings xviii. 17; Isa. vii. 3; xxxvi. 2. 13 Ex. xxx. 25, 35; Sam. viii. 13; Eccles. x. 1; Neh. iii. 8; Eccles. xxxviii. 7, 8. 14 Hos. vii. 4; Jer. xxxvii. 21. 15 Ezek. v. 1.

The grinding at the mill, assigned to Samson as his work in Gaza, must have been galling in the extreme to such a Hercules, since it was the work usually left to women, though, as I have said, I saw one man at Joppa sitting in the street turning a handmill. The blinded hero, however, may have been set to turn a millstone of the larger size, too heavy for men, and commonly turned by an ass; the strength once used so nobly being thus contemptuously degraded.

The women sit or kneel in grinding, and their mills are still, doubtless, the same as those used in the Bible times. Two stones, about eighteen inches or two feet across, rest one on the other, the under one slightly higher towards the centre, and the upper one hollowed out to fit this convexity; a hole through it, in the middle, receiving the grain. Sometimes the under stone is bedded in cement, raised into a border round it, to catch and retain the flour or meal as it falls. A stick fastened into the upper one served as a handle. Occasionally two women sit at the same pair of stones,<sup>1</sup> to lighten the task, one hand only being needed where two work together, whereas a single person needs to use both hands. It was, and continues to be, the same in Egypt: "the maid-servant that is behind the mill" may yet be seen in any village on the Nile, just as her predecessors were before the Exodus.<sup>2</sup> The revolution of the stones makes a rough grating sound, but it is a sign of life and plenty, and as such is pleasant to hear. It has, for this reason, been immemorably a familiar symbol of all that is most joyous in the remembrance of home: its absence marking desolation and sorrow. Hence Jeremiah, when painting the ruin to be brought on the land by the Chaldeans, tells his people that Jehovah will take from them the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride, the sound of the millstones, and the light of the lamp.<sup>3</sup> Hence also "The Preacher" gives it as one mark of old age that the teeth fail, because they are few—taking the figure from women at the mill, so that the passage would read literally, "The women who have ground the meal slacken in their labor, because they are few," "and the sound of the grinding is low."<sup>4</sup> The utter destruction of the mystic Babylon is impressed on the mind by St. John in the statement that, "the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all" in it.<sup>5</sup> No creditor was allowed to take a millstone in pledge, since doing so would mean the wretchedness of a household: a lesson to our law-givers at this time. Some millstones, of a much larger size than those turned by hand, are driven by an ass, as already noticed, and it is to one of these that our Lord refers when He says that it were better that a millstone were hanged about the neck of him who offends one of His little ones, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xxiv. 41; Luke xvii. 35. <sup>2</sup> Ex. xi. 5. <sup>3</sup> Jer. xxv. 10. <sup>4</sup> Eccles. xii. 3, 4. Dr. W. Nowack, *Der Prediger*. <sup>5</sup> Rev. xviii. 21. <sup>6</sup> Matt. xviii. 6; Mark ix. 42; Luke xvii. 1, 2.

The cemetery of Gaza stretches over a wide space on the south of the town; the graves generally covered by a small erection of mud-brick, plastered over and whitewashed. As, however, there is no fence, and man and beast take any liberties they like with the open space sown with the dead, its condition, like that of all Eastern cemeteries, is pitiable in the extreme. Yet, for a time, care of a grave is not neglected by the relatives of the departed. Every Friday men, women, and children come to the cemetery for their outing, which is celebrated near the resting-place of those once dear to them, whom they thus call to remembrance amidst what is, to them, holiday enjoyment. It is very common, also, to see women veiled in white from head to feet sitting on the ground beside a grave, having gone, like Martha and Mary, "to the grave, to weep there."<sup>1</sup> Funerals are melancholy scenes in the East. I have watched them frequently. First come the women of the family and female neighbors, draped entirely in white, often tossing their arms, throwing about their handkerchiefs, and screaming aloud in lament for the departed. In Egypt, and to some extent also in Palestine, hired mourners, whose calling it is to "make an ado and weep,"<sup>2</sup> for so much an hour, swell the noise, for it is a great ambition with Orientals to have an imposing display at a funeral; "a better funeral," as they say, "than their neighbors could afford." Wailing women are an old institution in the Holy Land. We find "the mourners going about the streets" when Ecclesiastes was written.<sup>3</sup> Public demonstrations of grief are natural to Orientals, and have been so from the earliest ages. All Israel "mourned," that is, smote their breasts and wailed aloud, for the death of the son of Jeroboam;<sup>4</sup> and, ages before, Abraham came to Hebron to "mourn for Sarah, and to weep [or wail] for her."<sup>5</sup> "Rend your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn [that is, lift the loud wail] before Abner," said David to Joab, he himself following the bier, lamenting.<sup>6</sup> After the death of Josiah, at Megiddo, the wailing was so grievous through all Israel that the prophet in later days could find no better parallel for the future mourning in Jerusalem over Him "whom they have pierced."<sup>7</sup> Nor were even wailing and rending the clothes, or wearing sackcloth, the only expressions of grief at the death of loved ones. Notwithstanding the prohibition of the law,<sup>8</sup> men cut themselves, in the time of Jeremiah, with knives, and shaved the front of their heads, to honor the departed.<sup>9</sup> But this is not done now. The violence of the wailing may be imagined from the words used in Scripture: "The mourners [that is, the women] howled," says Jeremiah.<sup>10</sup> Their wailing was like "the shrieks and yells of jackals," says Micah,<sup>11</sup> "and they smote on their breasts with voices, sad as that

<sup>1</sup> John xi. 31. <sup>2</sup> Mark v. 39. <sup>3</sup> Eccles. xii. 5. <sup>4</sup> 1 Kings xiv. 13. <sup>5</sup> Gen. xxiii. 2. <sup>6</sup> 2 Sam. iii. 31. <sup>7</sup> Zech. xii. 10, 11. <sup>8</sup> Lev. xix. 28; Deut. xiv. 1. <sup>9</sup> Jer. xvi. 6. <sup>10</sup> Jer. iv. 8. <sup>11</sup> Mic. i. 8.

of the dove,"<sup>1</sup> as our English people did at the news of the death of the Black Prince, when they beat their heads against the pillars of Canterbury Cathedral, and lifted up their voices in loud lamenting, with all the outward manifestations of sorrow once familiar to the Hebrews. The hired women of to-day, as they gather at the house of the dead, shriek out every endearing expression to stimulate the sorrow of those around, just as they did of old: "Ah, my brother!" "Ah, sister!" "Ah, lord!" or, "Ah, his glory!"<sup>2</sup>

Men and boys come after the women, often carrying flags, and chanting, "No God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet," repeating this over and over as they advance; the numbers following the open bier being large in proportion to the respect felt for its pale occupant. Just such a procession met our Lord as it passed through the gate of Nain, the widowed mother going before, and "much people of the city" following the remains of her only son.<sup>3</sup>

On arrival at the grave, a scene very strange to Western eyes takes place, the celebration of a "zîkr," or memorial service, which is repeated, at stated intervals, at the graves of those long dead, if they have left a reputation for holiness. I saw one held at the tomb of a local saint at Gaza. A circle was formed round the grave by the men present, without respect to their social position; a poor beggar taking part on the same footing as a rich trader. About forty men, who had come to the spot with a flag and a drum, stood in the ring; Arabs, jet-black Nubians, peasants; most of them in turbans of green, red, white, or yellow, or striped; some with fezzes; one with the Arab "kefiyeh," or head-shawl; their clothing as vividly contrasted as their head-dresses in shape, color, and material; one wearing the sheepskin coat of a shepherd, with the wool inside. A leader broke the preliminary silence by beginning to chant in a sing-song voice from the Koran, after which the whole body of men broke out into a repetition of the name of God, crying, "Allah, Allah, Allah," as quickly as it could be uttered, for quite a long time; their bodies, meanwhile, swaying up and down, in what was doubtless intended for bowing in reverence; each holding his neighbor's hand. Groans followed, volley after volley, and then the swaying, mingled with loud grunts, began once more. Presently all broke out into a chant praising God, and celebrating the glory of the dead. Clapping of hands followed, and more chanting of the Koran, more violent bowing, groaning, and grunting, till everyone must have been thoroughly tired. The whole ceremony lasted about half an hour, and at its close the procession, which consisted wholly of men, formed behind the flag and drum and marched back to the town, to the beat of the monotonous music. The name given to this act of Divine worship, for such it is, is, as I have

1 Nah. ii. 7. 2 Jer. xxii. 18; xxxiv. 5. 3 Luke vii. 12.

said, "zikr," a word closely connected with the Hebrew word for "a memorial" or "remembrance;" indeed, one may say, identical with it. The Psalmist uses it when he exhorts the righteous to "give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness."<sup>1</sup>

It is a pity to have to think of the wailing at death or at funerals as insincere, but how can that of hired women be anything else? The custom is falling into disfavor, partly on this account, and partly from its expense, but also from the unnatural constraint imposed by the rule that wailing shall be renewed at stated intervals in each week, for forty days.<sup>2</sup> The true mourners have as real sorrow as those of any other land, and many of the white-sheeted forms that go to the grave to weep, or do so in their homes, are those of broken-hearted mothers, sisters, or wives. But to weep, shriek, beat the breast, and tear the hair at so much an hour, is sorrow as artificial as that of our undertakers. Professional mourners are employed simply in obedience to the tyranny of custom, and to stimulate the real grief of others. "Consider ye and call for the mourning women," says Jeremiah, "that they may come; send for the cunning women [skilful in lamenting] that they may come; and 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."<sup>3</sup> Even the funeral processions of Mahommedans are far from being as decorous as those of Christians. The bier, on which the body lies dressed in its best clothes, is followed rather by a straggling and motley crowd than by mourners, for they talk and laugh in the most indifferent way as they go to the grave, where the "zikr," as I have described it, takes place, the women lamenting, and the men repeating with incredible volubility, "There is no God but God," &c., till they often foam at the mouth with their exertions. When they are tired, the body is laid in its shallow grave, which is quickly filled in, a few stones being heaped over it to keep off jackals and hyenas.

I made inquiries in a large fig-orchard at Gaza respecting the time of the ripening of the fruit; hoping to understand better than hitherto the curse of the fig-tree for its barrenness when "the time of figs was not yet."<sup>4</sup> The gardener, a middle-aged man, very thin by labor in the hot sun all his life, was probably not unlike those of ancient times. He wore an old fez, wound round with a colored handkerchief to make it into a turban for protection from the sun. His arms and legs were bare; his dress a white shirt, with a blue cotton sack over it. A steel, for striking fire, hung at his side from a steel chain attached to a belt or girdle of leather round his waist. The earliest figs, it appears, are called "dafour," which means "ripe before the time," and are ready

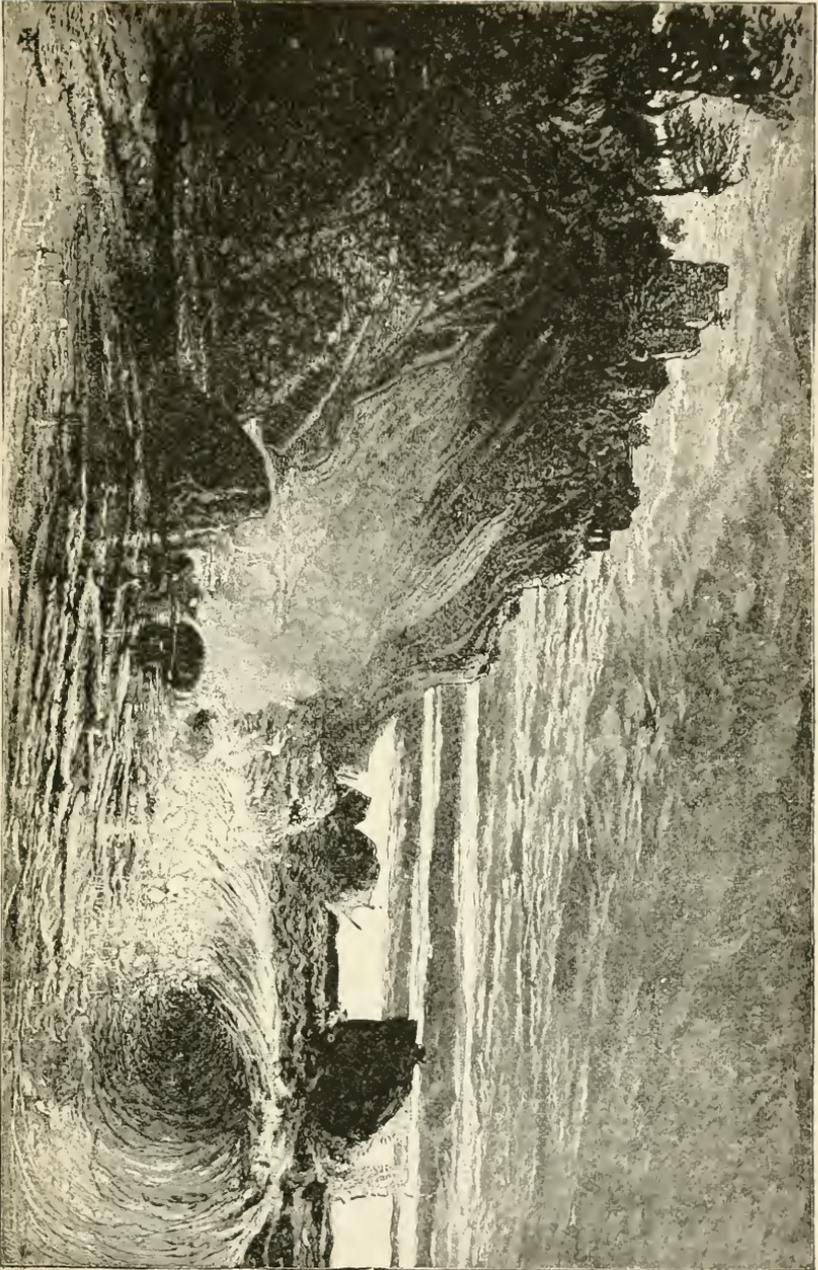
1 Ps. xevii. 12; see also Ps. exi. 4; exii. 6; cxxxv. 13; cxlv. 7; Prov. x. 7. 2 Gen. i. 3. 3 Jer. ix. 17, 18. 4 Mark. xi. 13.

at Gaza about the end of March, before the leaves are well out. Our Lord had a right, then, to expect that a tree rich in leaves should have had some figs on it by the middle of April, when He was passing, and the fact that there were none offered a striking text for a lesson on the worthlessness of profession without performance. It sometimes happens that in autumn—that is about October—some figs put out fresh leaves, and these are followed, it may be, by new figs. But the winter checks the ripening of such untimely growths, where it does not make them fall; the few still clinging to the branches till spring never becoming fit to eat. To show what he meant, the gardener forthwith pulled some of this kind, but they were withered and worthless.

It was on the 2nd of March, in the opening of spring, that I visited the garden. Fig-leaves were coming out on some trees; not, as yet, on others. Large beds of onions were standing a foot high, but they were thin in the stalk. Lettuce was large, and in great abundance; it is often, with bread, the only food of laborers. Tomato-plants were set out between the rows of lettuce; marrows were coming up, and vines were leafing, with rows of tomatoes between them also. The pomegranate was bursting out; beans were about nine inches high; garlic, somewhat shorter. A patch of tobacco, for the future personal use of the gardener, had just shown itself above the ground; and there was a small bed of parsley. The garden did not need watering, I was told; the rainfall and the night mists were sufficient. Indeed, irrigation is little practised in Palestine, except in gardens around towns. On the plain of Sharon, for example, there is none for the fields, which yet give excellent crops.

The "abbas" of the men amused me. They are made of coarser or finer camels'-hair cloth, and are as nearly square as the human figure will allow: three holes being left for the head and arms, and short sleeves being generally added. The garment is open in front, to wrap tightly or wear loosely, as the owner thinks fit. In Gaza the women, besides the blue or white covering over their heads, wear an Egyptian veil: a thing made of cotton cloth, like a gigantic moustache, but hung over the nose, and sweeping down on each side to the bottom of the jaws, with a row of coins at the lower side for ornament; the rest of the face being left exposed. The "izar," or white cloak, worn by not a few of the fair sex, covers the person from head to foot. It was strange to hear that among the families in Gaza one was known as "European." Its members were, in fact, descendants of some Crusader who had remained in Palestine and married a native woman; his posterity still bearing the name of Frangi, or Franks. There are many such households in the Holy Land.

The heads of the children were a constant amusement, for in Gaza, as in Egypt and elsewhere, they are shaved in the most fanciful way.



Ruins of Ascalon from the North. (See page 122.)



One gloried in a tuft on the very top of the skull: another, in a small ring of hair; still others had other designs. There is always, however, some tuft left for the benefit of the resurrection angel, to facilitate extrication from the grave, or, as some say, to help the spirits who, as Moslems believe, raise every dead man to his knees, in his grave, immediately after his burial, till he answers their questions and it is thus determined where his soul is to be till the general judgment. One thing is effected at any rate by the general head-shaving; there is no shelter for vermin. Boys wear no head-covering, running about with their shaved skulls even in Egypt, but men protect themselves by a turban, to take the place of their hair: for their heads are shaved as well as those of boys. Arabs never shave the head or the beard.

The mission house in which I lived while at Gaza offered, in many ways, a curious example of the condition of Palastine. The stones of which it was built were from the ruins of ancient buildings on the sea-shore; some marble pillars over the door and elsewhere were spoil from Ascalon. The rafters were from Cilicia, in Asia Minor; the pine-wood, from Norway; the chairs were Austrian; the dresser was made in Gaza: the locks, hinges, glass, and paint came from England; the nails and tiles, from France; the lime, from the hills of Judæa.

More than a third of the children in Palastine, I was told, die in infancy, which is no wonder:<sup>1</sup> so ignorant are the people, and so dirty and insanitary are their houses. Ophthalmia is epidemic, with blindness as its frequent result.

Mahommedanism allows a man to have four wives, which one would think a liberal allowance, but as the Prophet was a polygamist on a much larger scale, those of his followers who can afford a greater number of wives feel quite at liberty to indulge in a harem. The cost, however, limits this odious practice to a very few cases, the vast majority of men being able to maintain only one partner. Divorce is the general way for getting a change. Indeed, it has become the established custom, since it not only saves expense but avoids the evils of rivalry. To send a woman away is the easiest thing in the world; any excuse suffices. One man was mentioned to me, who had had sixteen wives; and a Gaza woman is, at present, making her seventeenth husband happy. Nor can it be said that people wait till they are old before visiting the marriage altar; boys of twelve are the husbands of girls of eleven. This strange state of affairs does not, however, seem to do permanent injury to either sex in this climate, for old men appear to be as numerous as elsewhere, while I was assured by the missionary that the women, when at their best, are so vigorous that he had known of cases where a matron, going to market with

<sup>1</sup> A lady traveller in Egypt, moralizing on this subject, said to me, "How sad the mortality among children is! I believe more die than are born!"

her eggs or cheese, would step aside on the way to give birth to a child; go on and sell her produce, and return home with her new baby.

I had the honor of a return visit from the kadi to acknowledge my attendance at his court. He came with his son, a boy of twelve, dressed, excepting the inevitable red fez, like a European, and already showing his budding virility, as he no doubt fancied, by puffing at a cigarette. A very shabby servant followed, as the only escort of the two. I found his excellency very gracious. The missionary had beaten him in a lawsuit raised by the Turk to prevent the English from having a mission house—for the authorities harass Protestants in every way—but the defeat was ignored for the time, and the greatest affability reigned. The kadi had kept me waiting a very long time in his wretched court-house, to show me some pieces of a lead coffin just dug up. "Had they any value as antiquities?" Unfortunately there was no inscription on the fragments, but only ornaments, including human heads: a proof that it must have been as old as the Crusading times, if not older, as Mahomedans never introduce likenesses of either man or creatures in their ornamentation, nor such scrolls of leaves. "Why was there no cleansing of the streets in Gaza?" "Ah, how would you get the money for it? Many townsmen are very rich, but they refuse to pay taxes." "But could you, as governor, make no improvements at all, to bring your city more to the front?" "Ah! no one can do anything. I tried very hard to get a harbour made for Gaza, through a company that was willing to construct it, but Turks are jealous of each other. If a clever man rises, all conspire to pull him down. The great men seek only their own interests, not those of the country. I could do nothing. Things must just go on as they are, if I am not to ruin myself. To show any zeal or enterprise would do so." Coffee, the nargileh, and cigarettes enlivened the interview, though the boy felt it so dull that he stole away downstairs to play with the children; the attendant following his charge. A few salaams and gracious assurances of eternal friendship, and the great man withdrew.

On the south-east of the town lies a hill—El-Muntar—to the top of which, it is said, Samson carried the city gates. Riding through the great cemetery, which in some parts was washed into gullies by the rain, and in others dug into great holes for gravel, the brick and plaster cubes or half-circles over older graves fallen, or falling, into decay; no fence or railing anywhere: stones, thorns, weeds, rubbish, choosing their own places without disturbance from any one—we reached the hill by a sandy lane, fringed with gardens and cactus-hedges. The ascent is rather steep from all sides; the slopes only thinly sprinkled with vegetation. A large tomb to some forgotten saint rises on the

summit, where there is also a station, in sickly times, for a quarantine watcher, who signals the approach of caravans from Egypt, the track from which stretches away, alongside the telegraph, straight to the south. The quarantine establishment lay about a mile to the east, among gardens: a stone building in front, with a quadrangle inside, but everywhere falling into decay. It has fine water, however; one of the soldiers kindly brought us a jar of it for a draught. Standing apart, the hill offered a wide landscape on all sides. On the south, the eye ranged over the green uplands, closed in, at a distance, by the low hills of the great desert, which in all ages has been so strong a protection to Palestine against invasion from Africa. Yet the warlike lords of Egypt and Assyria had braved it, as the trade caravans have done during the immemorial past, slowly passing over its desolate breadth on the "ship of the desert." Along this southern road Shishak had emerged from the sandy wilderness, at the head of the columns which humbled Rehoboam.<sup>1</sup> The hosts of Sargon, Sennacherib, Esarhaddon, Assurbanipal, Nebuchadnezzar, and Cambyses had successively sounded their trumpet-blasts round the town, as they marched towards the Nile. Alexander the Great had camped with his glittering staff and steel-clad warriors for five months on the plains beneath, before he could force an entrance into Gaza "the Strong"; and the wailing must have been loud and sore when, on his storming the city, all the men were slain, and the women and children sold as slaves; a new population from a distance being brought to take their place. Pharaoh-Necho had smitten Gaza on his victorious march towards Carhemish,<sup>2</sup> and when afterwards overthrown by the Chaldeans his troops had retreated along this road to Egypt, devastating Philistia as they passed. Men had wailed aloud, women and children had filled the air with their cries "at the noise of the stamping of the hoofs of the war-horses, at the bounding of the chariots, at the rumbling of their wheels"—fathers, in their flight, not looking back to save their children; and thus "baldness," the sign of mourning,<sup>3</sup> "had come on Gaza."<sup>4</sup> But Alexander's victory had been still more destructive. Gaza had bought Jewish captives as slaves, and had sold them as such to the hated Edomites, and now fire had been sent on its wall and had devoured its palaces, as Amos had long before threatened.<sup>5</sup> Destroyed again and again, its situation had always secured its being rebuilt. The Jews had triumphed over it under David, Hezekiah, and the Maccabees, but they had afterwards seen their sons sold in multitudes by Hadrian in its slave-marts. The Greeks and Romans had held it in their time, and now, for 1,400 years, it had been in the hands of the Arabs and Turks. A strange history on which to look down from the

1 1 Kings xiv. 25. 2 Jer. xlvii. 1. 3 Micah i. 16. 4 Jer. xlvii. 2-5. 5 Amos i. 7. See also Zeph. ii. 4; Zech. ix. 5.

hill-top! The haughty armies that had spread their banners beneath—where were they? How was the tumult of ages stilled down! Infinite pity for dying man filled one's heart!

On the south-east lay the track to Beersheba, over the open field; and on the east the mountains of Judæa bounded the view; low tawny hills, with cactus-hedges over their tops, lying close below El-Muntar, and beyond them vast stretches of rolling pasture, ploughed land, wheat, and barley, to the foot of the mountain-range. On the west spread out a vast wood of olive and fig-trees, broken here and there by green fields, and by low, rough hills, reaching to the sand-dunes which were being slowly blown over the cultivated land. Beyond these, the great sea spread out to the horizon, its deep blue contrasting in rich effect with the yellow sand-hills at its edge. North-west lay Gaza, on its long, low hill, embowered in a sea of green, two minarets rising from the town itself, and three from its suburb, Sejiyeh, the quarter of the weavers, a place bearing a very bad name. The sand-hills rose close to the town on the west. Cactus-hedges streamed in all directions, over height and hollow, and palms in numbers waved high in the air among the gardens, but not in groves as in Egypt. On the north-east a track over the wide common showed the way to Hebron.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### ASCALON.

ASCALON lies on the sea-shore, about twelve miles north of Gaza. We had two horses already, and hiring two more, and a man as care-taker, at the cost of eight shillings for the day's service of the three, the commissariat for them included, we set off, after an early breakfast, a cavalcade of four—the missionary, his wife, a Levantine who spoke English, and myself—for the ruins of the great Crusading fortress. You ride out of the town to the west, through orchards shut in by hedges of prickly pear and mud walls, the reverse of picturesque. These, however, soon end, in this direction, and are succeeded by sand-hills, reaching to the sea three miles off, the journey across them being wearisome in the extreme. One could imagine himself travelling over a sand-ocean; long waves of yellow desolation rising in apparently endless succession, though interrupted here and there by reaches of hard soil quite as barren. Some of these looked specially weird, from

the vast quantities of broken pottery—handles, mouths, spouts, and nameless fragments of all sizes and shapes—strewn everywhere over them, like the bones of an old cemetery. They, doubtless, mark the site of former towns or villages, yet not necessarily very ancient ones, since the really old surface of the land must, for the most part, be buried under the sand. How is it that such quantities of potsherds cover the face of so many spots in Palestine? Even at Gerar, on the way to Beersheba, where there has been no settled community for ages, it is the same. At Memphis, in Lower Egypt, the ground is covered for miles with a rain of broken pottery, as if all the broken ware of the region, from the days of Menes, had come to the surface. Their crockery was no doubt as precious to the housewives of the Land of Promise, or of the Nile valley, as to the matrons of other countries, so that there can be only one explanation of the myriads of fragments so often met on ancient sites in the East: they must have accumulated during thousands of years, and the pottery that yielded such a harvest of sherds must have been wondrously brittle.

That it is so at present anyone who has tried to bring home samples must have found by sad experience: and the native women and girls have the same lament. "The pitcher broken at the fountain"<sup>1</sup> is a constant sorrow to the poor mothers and maidens; the least want of care in setting even a large jar down on the ground often sufficing to shiver it into a heap of fragments. Job could have found no difficulty in putting his hand on as many potsherds as he wished, when sitting on the town dust-hill, seeking a rude scraper for his person, in his misery.<sup>2</sup>

The stalks of grass which had bravely shown themselves for a time gradually disappeared, and so did the small flowers which had bordered the lanes at our starting, yet even among these desolate sand-hills there were oases more or less fertile, whether from the old surface being protected by the conformation of the ground, or as a triumph of industry over the restless sand, which stubbornly advances with every breath of wind. Right and left of us, at a distance, were open plantations of olives, and even some gardens: water, no doubt, being found near them. Passing these, and crossing a sandy tract in which the horses sank to the fetlocks, we reached the low bluffs, forty or fifty feet high, near the shore, and, descending, were on the beach. A hill near was pointed out to me by the missionary as that to which General Gordon used to retire three times a day to read his Bible and pray, when he and my friend were living together in a tent on the strand.

As we walked the horses along, some Arab boys on their knees were busy at one spot scooping out holes in the sand, near the water's edge, for the purpose, it appeared, of getting fresh water for some poor

lean cattle, which, at the moment, were scrambling down to it from the bluff as best they could. Such close neighborhood of the sea and drinkable springs seems strange, but it is easily explained: the water, filtering down from the higher ground behind, in seeking its level comes near the surface just at the edge of the waves. It put me in mind of a plan I once saw adopted by an Indian on Lake Huron for filtering river-water which was black with pine-juice, and thus making it drinkable. He simply scooped a hollow in the bank, so low that the black water found its way into it through the sand, which kept back all impurities. Necessity is ever the mother of invention. I tasted the water in the hollows made by the Arab boys, and found it quite sweet.

The low hills or cliffs, varying in height from thirty to sixty feet, ran parallel with the shore as we travelled on; here, only fifty or sixty yards from the water; elsewhere, three or four times as far back: the sand hard and firm near the sea; loose and dry nearer the bluffs. Beds of sea-shells strewed the beach; chiefly those of limpets and clams. Thousands of larger and smaller blue jelly-fish lay near the water, left high and dry by the waves; sand-pipers ran in small flocks along the edge of the shallows, and gulls, in numbers, sailed overhead. There was no sign of vegetation at first, but after a time a sprinkling of wiry grass showed itself, here and there, where the bluffs receded. Two Arabs, leading camels laden with squared stones from the ruins of Ascalon, for use in some building at Gaza, were the only living creatures to be seen, except the birds, and the few starved cattle at the beginning of the ride. Only one stream entered the sea; a very small one when I saw it, but formidable enough, I was assured, after rains. It flowed through a break in the cliffs, after draining a wide stretch of marshy land dotted with flags, beyond which a wady reaches across the plain to the mountains of Judaea, which pour out their torrents, in winter, through this channel.

Ascalon is approached, from the cliffs, over a long waving tract of hard sandy ground, sprinkled with wiry grass. The sea-cliffs retire in a semicircle as you reach the walls, which, indeed, were built on the vantage-ground thus provided, the space within sinking to a rich hollow, famous in all ages for its abundant supply of water. The sand of the beach is invaded, at each end of the arc, by an outerop of low sandy knolls, the edge of a plateau running back into the country; their undulating surface of hard gravelly sand strewn with potsherds, and shimmering with faint green when one looks across it, though nearly bare under-foot. The walls of the grand old fortress rise in a half-circle from the top of the ridge, originally a cliff sixty or seventy feet high, but now a smooth but steep slope of drifted sand, both outside and within. On this stand the massive fragments of the walls,

which stretch round like a deeply-bent bow; the sea being the bow-string. Not a house is to be seen in the space they gird, once noisy with the hum of men. Huge masses of thick wall lie, here and there, on the inner slope, or on the beach, as if thrown down by earthquakes. Looking from the top of the mouldering rampart, the whole amphitheatre once occupied by the town was before me, but it showed only a few confused ruins; yonder, a long wall with a number of Gothic window-spaces, marking where the cathedral had once stood; at another place, an arch, the remains of a Crusading sanctuary. But amidst this wreck, unconquerable forces of nature, left free to display themselves, have vindicated their might; for the whole space within the yellow fringe of sand that slopes down only too far, looks like a mighty emerald set in a broad circlet of gold. One would never suspect, from appearances, that you need only dig a few feet below the rich soil to lay bare the skeleton of the once mighty Ascalon. Gardens and orchards, fenced with rude stone walls or prickly pear, and waving with palms, fig-trees, sycamores, tamarisks, olives, *Johannisbrod* trees, the lemon and the almond, and with patches of barley, flourish over the grave of long-buried generations. It is a sight almost unrivalled in Palestine, and all the more charming from the desolation around. The fig-trees were putting forth their leaves, so that some peasants at work could seek the cool of their shade at noon. Here and there vines—the best in Palestine—were budding, close up to the slope of sand. Two or three peasants in turbans and loose cotton shirts and drawers, bare-legged and with bare brown arms, were sowing or planting cucumbers, beans, and onions. Ascalon has always been famous for the last vegetable; the French word for one kind of them—*ichalotes*, our “shalots”—being only a corruption of *Ascaloniae*, their name in the Middle Age Latin of the Crusades. Abundant water has made the little valley a paradise, for thirty-seven wells dug by the Crusaders, all sweet, and always full, still rejoice the hearts of the fellahs.

Two Arabs—one without a grey hair, though over sixty, with fine features; a pruning-hook scimitar-shaped and toothed, and a wooden pipe, in his hands, his head covered with a turban, a white “*abba*” reaching to his knees; the other still older, in a brown striped “*abba*” and a turban—both bare-legged, and with bare arms; one bare-footed, the other with the roughest of leather slippers, came up the slope of sand inside the walls, to where, thoroughly exhausted, we had thrown ourselves down under the shade of a fragment of wall, to enjoy the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.<sup>1</sup> Full of humor, they chatted and laughed with my friend, who spoke Arabic fluently. The country, they said, was waiting for some of the great nations to come and take it; it could never remain under its present government. The

<sup>1</sup> Isa. xxxii. 2.

two waited about till we left, one of them kindly fetching water to us from a cistern in the valley.

Having rested awhile, I mounted again to ride round the walls, but it proved an impossible task, the way being barred by ruins after I had gone two-thirds of the circle. The fragments of walls that remain are built of small-sized pieces of the sandstone of the ridge below, set in a wondrous mortar, largely composed of sea-shells, and harder than the stones it holds together. Remains of the proud towers that once rose at intervals as flank defences are still to be seen—the Maiden, the Shield, the Bloody Tower, the Admiral's, and the Bedouin's.<sup>1</sup> Looking out from these, the warders of 700 years ago could watch all that approached from the plains; an outstanding fort, still seen in ruins, helping them to have as wide a sweep as possible, and guarding the way to the great fortress from the military road in the interior. The ever-encroaching sands, fine as dust, have blown in through the rifts and fissures in the walls, and at some points have overwhelmed the rich garden-space. To the east, the whole neighborhood lies under a winding-sheet of sand, through which in some places the tops of fences, and olive and fig-trees, still struggle. The great gate stood on this side, towards the land, opening into the town by a side passage through a projecting mass of wall. A smaller gate can also be traced on the south-west. The city inside the walls once stretched five-eighths of a mile from north to south, and three-eighths from west to east; not a very large place, according to Western notions. The bottom of one of the towers, twenty feet across and six feet high, lies overturned, on the east, while fragments still erect seem to defy time and the elements. All along the walls great pillars of Egyptian granite, one of them seventeen feet long and a yard across, are built into the masonry to bind it together, or have fallen to the ground. Herod the Great had brought these from Assouan, at tremendous cost, to beautify the city which boasted of being his birthplace, but the Crusaders, troubled by no reverence for antiquity, utilized them to strengthen the defences. Some indeed may have been much older than the time of Herod, for an inscription on the walls of Karnak informs us that Ascalon was taken by King Rameses the Second, the Egyptian oppressor of Israel. Marble bases and Corinthian capitals of pillars lay among the gardens, and at some points, columns, discovered by digging a slight depth, were waiting to be broken up and carried away as building-stone, or to be burned into lime. I counted twenty deep and beautifully-built cisterns, of hewn stone—each with a well-plastered tank at its side—still in daily use, 700 years after they had been made by the Crusaders. But even these are not safe from mean cupidity; for their carefully-chiselled stones are worth money in Gaza and in the

<sup>1</sup> *Pal. Fund Memoirs*, vol. iii.

villages of the Philistine plain, and are therefore carried off thither on asses, or, as we saw by the way, on camels. Here and there were heaps of small fragments of pillars and cut stones gathered from the surface, even the paths between the gardens being filled deep with them, so that it was not easy to ride through. Larger pieces of marble, often showing traces of fair sculpture, abounded, as did round stones of pillars, apparently broken apart to obtain the lead clamps that bound them together. The ropes at the wells were let down over marble columns laid prostrate, deep grooves in these showing how many centuries they had been in use.

The walls ran along the shore for some distance at each side of the town, keeping to the stony ridge, which maintained an average height of perhaps forty feet above the sea; sinking to it abruptly on the west. At both ends great masses of wall, like rocks, had fallen, and lay in the sea or on the shore. To get to the sands it was necessary to follow one of the paths through the gardens, the cliffs being dangerous from their steepness. A sea-wall had originally run out into the waves, to protect the town where it was most exposed, but it has long since nearly disappeared. Six marble pillars were lying at one spot under the restless play of the waves, and near them were some peasants enjoying a bath in the clear, inviting water, quite indifferent to the imposing view of the fortifications stretching aloft on all sides behind.

Unfortunately for Ascalon, though the line of cliffs recedes in a half-circle from the shore where the city stood, the line of the shore itself had no indentation to form a harbor. The inducement to make it a town therefore lay in the rich soil and the delicious climate of the little bay-of land. No keel or sail now parts or shadows the sea at the spot once so famous, and even in past ages, with sea-walls and breakwaters to shelter them in some measure, ships must always have been very insecure when lying in the so-called port. It could never indeed have been a proper harbor, for there is no sign of a creek or inlet of the sea to shelter vessels. It was in fact so difficult to approach the city by water, in the times of the Crusaders, in spite of the moles and piers which they had constructed, that one of them informs us no craft could enter it for eight days after the army had landed, on January 4th, 1192. Provision boats at last got in, but the storm returned, and the troops began again to be in want before the boats could come back to re-victual the place.

It was touching to stand amidst such ruins and recall the hoary past. Before Israel left Egypt, Ascalon was one of the five cities of the Philistines; indeed, it had been taken, as we have seen, by the great Rameses, the contemporary of Moses. In the time of the Judges, while the Hebrews were urged on by their first enthusiasm, it

fell for a short time into the hands of the tribe of Judah,<sup>1</sup> but only to be soon retaken by its old population, in whose hands it permanently remained. The temple of Derketo, the Phœnician Venus, seems to have stood beside the still flowing stream of the Wady-el-Hesy, of which I have spoken; the waters offering the opportunity of preserving the fish sacred to her, in pools made for their use.<sup>2</sup> It seems strange, with our notions, that an image which was half woman and half fish should be worshipped, but antiquity was the childhood of the world, and symbols were therefore natural to it. Like Dagon, her male complement, Derketo had come to Palestine through the Phœnicians, or, perhaps, had been brought by the Philistines themselves, when they migrated, in pre-historic ages, from the east to the west. In any case, it was in keeping with the position of the people of Ascalon, on the shore of the great sea, that in their worship of the reproductive powers of nature they should select the fish as the emblem of fecundity. For ages, men and women thronged to her altars, the warlike and yet keenly commercial Philistines retaining their existence as a nation—at intervals, indeed, dependent—till Alexander the Great finally crushed them. From that time Egypt and Syria raised their standards, by turns, on the old walls of Ascalon till it fell into the hands of the Jews under the Maccabees.<sup>3</sup> David, in his touching lament over the fall of Saul and Jonathan on Mount Gilboa, had cried, "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."<sup>4</sup> But the sun of the once mighty people had now sunk for ever. Jeremiah had foretold that "he that holdeth the sceptre is cut off from Ascalon; it is a desolation; it is no more inhabited; it is a desolation,"<sup>5</sup> and the curse was beginning to be fulfilled. Its full accomplishment, however, was for a time delayed.

Within the hollow cup now filled with gardens Herod the Great first saw the light, in some long-vanished palace, built among the closely-packed streets; and here, in after-days, he built "baths and costly fountains, and a cloistered court."<sup>6</sup> After his death, Salome, his sister, received the city from Cæsar as part of her dowry; and in her days, as in those of Herod, alongside the worship of Derketo flourished that of a multitude of Greek and Roman gods and goddesses, which were not dethroned till the days of Areadius, 400 years later. In the last great Jewish war, Ascalon suffered terribly; the Hebrews having turned against it, in fierce revenge for its population having massacred 2,500 of their race in an outbreak of anti-Semitism of a very malignant type. But before the Crusades it had risen, once more,

1 Judg. i. 18. 2 Diod. sic. (ii. 4) has a curious legend respecting it. The position of the lake is only conjectural. 3 1 Macc. x. 86; xl. 60. 4 2 Sam. i. 20. The Ascalon noticed in the history of Samson may have been a town of that name near his own country in the hills. He could hardly have ventured into a great place like the sea-side Ascalon, to slay thirty Philistines. 5 Jer. xxv. 20; xlvii. 5-7. 6 Jos. Bell. Jud., i. 21, 11.



Butter-making in Syria. (See page 136.)



under the Arabs, to be a flourishing town, and it was only wrested from them in A. D. 1153, after a seven months' siege, by Baldwin III. Thirty-four years later it was retaken by Saladin, and dismantled, so that the reign of the Crusaders was short. It had, in fact, fallen before Richard the Lion-hearted set foot in the Holy Land. To make its ruin more complete, its miserable harbor was filled up with stones, so that for 700 years no vessels could make it their haven. Pierce and bloody battles between Saracen and Crusader stormed round and within the half-circle of these walls. Merchants of all lands brought their wares to it while it was a Christian city, but from the time that Saladin destroyed it, in 1187, it has been desolate. The Ascalon of the Crusaders now lies under many feet of soil, from which memorials of its greatness in days far earlier than the Middle Ages continue, as we have seen to be dug up. Beside the marble pillars thus recovered, and laid at the edge of each well to ease the drawing of the water, is generally to be found a richly-carved base or capital, of which the only use is that the brown peasant girl may tie the well-ropes to it when she wishes to do so.

A little to the east of the ancient walls, on the other side of a little valley, lies the village of New Ascalon, or El-Jurah, embosomed in rich green; a second small oasis in the sand-wastes around. Beyond it, to the south-east, is the village of Nalia, north and south of which stretches quite a wood of olives, some of them growing in the very midst of sandy desolation. Like the famous avenue of the same tree at Gaza, these are said to be very ancient, though it is hard to tell the age of an olive, for its pierced and rugged stem looks old almost from the first. At Gaza, however, there is no doubt as to the great age of the trees, which seem to justify the local belief that none have been planted since the Moslem conquest, though the idea that those of the great avenue north of the town date from the time of Alexander the Great, gives them an antiquity too vast for ready belief. That they may be many centuries old, however, is not improbable, for the tree seldom dies, shooting out suckers from the root as the trunk fails, till a group of these take its place—the "olive-plants" round the parent stem, to which, as I have noticed,<sup>1</sup> the Psalmist compares a family round the household table.<sup>2</sup> After a time one of these, duly grafted, fills the room formerly occupied by its predecessor, and thus the grove is perpetuated without much trouble to its owners. I like to linger on the story of the olive; its shade is so cool and grateful; its uses so many and beneficent; its very leaves so abiding an emblem of peace and goodwill, from the days of the Flood to our own. The natives do not commonly seek the shade of the fig-tree, believing that it causes ophthalmia, but they delight to sit under the olive.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 141. <sup>2</sup> Ps. cxxviii. 3.

The hope of the peasant at Ascalon, that some of the Frank nations would soon come and take Palestine, is common to the whole population. Turkish government consists simply in collecting the taxes and quelling tumults, which often break out through oppression. The crops are assessed before the harvest, and are frequently left till over-ripe, the owner having to bribe the official with a larger share of them, to secure his coming in time to save what is left, before all the grain falls out of the dry ears. The taxes moreover are fixed without any regard to the amount of the crops, good years and bad having to pay alike, though nothing be left to the poor tiller of the ground. Bashi-Bazouks are sent out to gather the grain or fruit claimed by Government, a fact that helps one to realize the extortion and villainy that follow. The Turk is the king of the locusts, his officials their desolating army. If the "kaimacan," or governor, goes out with the soldiers, he and his followers must be fed and housed in the best style at the cost of the village. The soldiers also live at free quarters, and fleece the unhappy peasants at their will.

It has often been a question whether the word<sup>1</sup> translated "apples" and "apple-tree" in our Bible<sup>2</sup> should be so rendered. Tristram, among others, thinks that this fruit "barely exists in the Holy Land," since, though a few trees are found in the gardens of Joppa, they do not thrive, and have a wretched woody fruit. "He says, moreover, that he scarcely ever saw the apple-tree till he reached Damascus, except on a few very high situations in Lebanon."<sup>3</sup> On the other hand, Dr. Thomson maintains that "Ascalon is especially celebrated for its apples, which are the largest and best I have seen in this country."<sup>4</sup> and Sir Charles Warren specifies apples as amongst the fruits the locality yields.<sup>5</sup> Dr. Otto Delitzsch,<sup>6</sup> also, has no hesitation in thinking the apple is meant, noting how widely it must have been grown in former times from the fact that towns are called after it, as Tappuah, "Apple-town;" Beth-Tappuah, the Home of the apple;" and En-Tappuah, "the Apple Fountains:"<sup>7</sup> and adding that it is still grown in various parts of Palestine. That it does grow at Ascalon and in the country round, is beyond dispute, as my friend at Gaza was invited to rent an apple orchard, and tells me that the fruit is both good and plentiful. It is possible, however, that the Hebrew word may stand for the quince as well as the apple, as *melon*, in Greek, means the apple or the quince, the peach, the orange or citron, or the apricot,<sup>8</sup> though in each case the name of the country from which the particular fruit first came is affixed, to secure exactness. Tristram thinks Dr. Thomson may have mistaken the quince for the apple, and has no hesitation in expressing his conviction that the apricot alone is

1 "Tappuah." 2 Cant. ii. 3, 5; vii. 8; viii. 5; Prov. xxv. 11; Joel i. 12. 3 Tristram, *Nat. Hist. of Bible*, p. 334; *Land of Israel*, p. 604. 4 *Land and Book*, p. 545. 5 *Picturesque Palestine*, iii. 166. 6 Riehm, p. 68. 7 Josh. xii. 17; xv. 34, 53; xvi. 8; xvii. 7. 8 Liddeil and Scott.

the apple of Scripture. Yet Dr. Thompson says that he saw quite a caravan start from Ascalon for Jerusalem laden with apples which would not have disgraced even an American orchard, and I was informed in Jerusalem that the fruit, native-grown, is common in the market in autumn.

How striking is it, when one thinks of the fish-god, Dagon, worshipped in Gaza and elsewhere, and the fish-goddess, Derketo, honoured in Ascalon, to read that the Hebrews were prohibited from making "the likeness of any fish," lest they might corrupt themselves by using it for a graven image!<sup>1</sup> How easily they might have fallen into this idolatry, and how hard any form of worship is to extirpate when once accepted, is seen in the curious fact that sacred fish are still preserved in various pools or fountains in Syria.

In returning we did not reach the sand-hills leading to Gaza till dark: an awkward matter, even with a plain and well-known road, but still more so with the ghastly sand stretching out in the faint moonlight, everywhere alike white. Our guide, who had kept faithfully with us for half the journey back, had been invisible for some time, having very likely taken a short cut to Gaza over the dunes, before sunset. What was to be done? Our lady comrade feared we should have to make the sand our coverlet for the night. The Levantine and the missionary, however, declared they knew the way; only follow them and all would be well. But it was soon clear that they had lost their reckonings, if ever they had any. To make matters worse, the moon hid itself behind clouds. "We wandered east, we wandered west; we wandered many a mile," as the old ballad says, but at last a tree or two could be made out, and we knew that the gardens of Gaza were near. Yet, at what part of them were we, for they stretch along for miles? Moreover, the paths, when we reached them, were far from safe. At one spot I had noticed a deep excavation across almost the whole road; a pit, made, I was told, by the shopkeepers of the town, to get sand to strew in their booths; for, within wide limits, every man, under the indolent rule of the Turk, does what is good in his own eyes. It was now ten o'clock, and the narrow lanes between the gardens seemed a repetition of Rosamond's bower. We might have repeated, like Sterne's starling, "We can't get out." Hope seemed laughing at us. At last the wretched dogs proved our unintentional friends. We had reached their happy hunting-grounds, and they forthwith gave voice from every garden, till in the end they roused a watchman from his slumbers, and brought him to see what had happened. A boy whom he sent soon ended the comedy, and led us safely home, somewhere about eleven o'clock, tired and hungry enough.

<sup>1</sup> Deut. iv. 18. *Boch. Hierozoic* i. 43.

In a town like Gaza the bark of dogs and the call of the muezzin to prayer are almost the only sounds that disturb either day or night. Five times a day a voice is heard from the minarets of the mosques, summoning the faithful to their devotions—at sunset, when it has grown quite dark, at daybreak, at noon, and midway in the afternoon. At sunrise, noon, and sunset, the muezzin lets the exact moment pass before raising his call, the Prophet having wished it to be so, since infidels prayed at these three times, and it would never do for the prayers of his followers to enter heaven along with those of unbelievers. The cry rises solemnly four times, “God is most great.” Then follows, twice, “I testify that there is no God but God;” then comes, also twice, “I testify that Mahomet is the apostle of God;” then twice, again, “Come to prayer;” once more, twice, “Come to security;” then, twice, “God is most great,” and “There is no God but God.” The whole is chanted to a special air, and sounds far better, in my opinion, than the jangle of bells which takes its place with us. Among the Hebrews, the blast of a ram’s-horn trumpet from the Temple served the same purpose, but the Jews seem to have had only three fixed hours of prayer<sup>1</sup>—“evening,” or the ninth hour, that is, three o’clock in the afternoon, when the evening sacrifice was offered;<sup>2</sup> “the morning,” or third hour, the time of the morning sacrifice, that is, nine o’clock; and the sixth our, or noon-day. Some, however, like the author of the 119th Psalm, could not content themselves with this rule, but paid their devotions “seven times a day;” adding their private prayers to those fixed by general custom.

As the Mahommedans turn their faces in worship to their holiest sanctuary at Mecca, so the jews turned towards the Temple at Jerusalem in their devotions;<sup>3</sup> and just as the former, even now, kneel down wherever they happen to be when the proper hour arrives, so the ancient Jews stood and prayed wherever they might be at the appointed times; some of them, of no great worth, taking care that the moment should overtake them when they were in the most public places, such as the corners of the streets.<sup>4</sup> Their descendants still, in their universal dispersion, follow the same practice, turning their faces, wherever they may be, towards their beloved Jerusalem. To enable them to do so in their synagogues, the door is placed, if possible, so that the worshiper as he enters shall face the far-distant sacred spot, just as in mosques there is a niche to indicate the point to which the supplications should be addressed. It has been the same in many religions from the earliest times. The twenty-five apostate elders seen by the prophet in his vision<sup>5</sup> had their backs turned to the Temple and their faces to the east, to worship the rising sun, and it

1 Ps. lv. 17; Dan. vi. 10. 2 Acts iii. 1, 10; Dan. ix. 21. 3 1 Kings viii. 44—48; Dan. vi. 10; Ps. v. 7; xxviii. 2; cxxxviii. 2. 4 Matt. vi. 5. 5 Ezek. viii. 16.

may have been with the intention of preventing this that the Temple entrance was on the east, so that the worshipper looked westward in directing his prayers to the Holy of Holies. Like the Sun-Worshippers, the Greeks and Romans prayed towards the east, so building their temples and placing the statues of the god worshipped in them that everyone should approach in the proper direction.

I hardly know a more touching sight than the hour of prayer in the East. Rich and poor forthwith set their faces to the holy place of their faith, sometimes after spreading their prayer-carpet, often with no such preparation, and begin their devotions in absolute indifference to all around them; now bowing the head, then kneeling and touching the earth repeatedly with their brow; presently rising again, and repeating their homage and prostrations to the Unseen with the utmost fervour. Among the Hebrews, in the same way, the postures of devotion included standing, kneeling, and bending to the earth, the hands being lifted up or spread out before Jehovah;<sup>1</sup> and it will be remembered that in the only instance in which the posture of our Lord in prayer is recorded, He first kneeled, and then fell prostrate on the ground.<sup>2</sup>

At Ascalon and Gaza there are, perhaps, more palm-trees than in any other part of the Holy Land, for Beirut, where they are very numerous, is in Syria. Rising, with slender stem, forty or fifty, at times even eighty feet aloft—its only branches the feathery, sword-like, pale-green fronds, from six to twelve feet long, bending from its top—the palm attracts the eye wherever it is seen. Inside the coronal that bends round the summit, the marrow spear which forms the growing head of the tree is hidden—the promise of a new crown of fronds, which, in its time, will replace the old. The fruit-buds spring from the point where the pendent leaves hang from the trunk, shooting forth in April with a grateful perfume, and gradually enlarging till they hang down in long clusters of whitish yellow flowers, which shine from afar amidst the surrounding green. Twelve thousand blossoms are sometimes counted on a single pollen-bearing tree, those which bear fruit having fewer. Only one of the two kinds yields dates, and that only when the wind, or artificial aid, strews the dust of the other on its flowers. Five months after this has been done great clusters of ripe red fruit glitter below the leaves, supplying to her lover,<sup>3</sup> ages ago, an image for the swelling beauty of the bosom of Sulamith. By piercing the stem immediately under the coronal a kind of drink is obtained, which is known as palm-wine, strongly intoxicating, but soon turning to vinegar. The fibres of the leaf-stalk and fruit-stalk are separated for cords:

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings viii. 54; 2 Chron. vi. 13; Ezra ix. 5; Ps. xcv. 6; Dan. vi. 10; Josh. vii. 6; 1 Kings xviii. 42; Neh. viii. 6; Ps. xxviii. 2; cxxiv. 2; Ex. ix. 33. <sup>2</sup> Luke xvii. 41; Mark xiv. 35. <sup>3</sup> Cant. vii. 8. Date-clusters, not those of grapes, are meant.

the leaves are woven into baskets, mats, and other conveniences, and the stems serve as beams.

Egypt is especially the land of the date-palm, which shuns the zone of rains, and yields its best only in sub-tropical or tropical rainless countries,<sup>1</sup> and such a region the Nile valley supplies. There, groves of palms are at once the beauty and the wealth of extensive districts: great heaps of dates exposed for sale in every street of each town or village inviting the poor to buy what is their chief support, and offering the wanderer in the desert the food he can most conveniently carry. Palms were once abundant in the Sinai peninsula also, for the Hebrews camped there amidst a grove of dates:<sup>2</sup> but the terrible rain-storms of these parts have uprooted all the trees that once clothed the now bare hill-sides.<sup>3</sup>

In Palestine the palm does not ripen farther north than some miles south of Gaza, though it is met with in nearly every part of the land, especially along the sea-coast. Even at Jerusalem, though that city lies 2,500 feet above the Mediterranean, palms grow in the open air, but they yield no fruit. In the same way we find a whole grove of them close to Nazareth, equally beautiful, but they yield only a grateful shade, or branches for yearly festivals. Deborah, the judge, once lived under a palm-tree on Mount Ephraim,<sup>4</sup> and, indeed, the tree was anciently so common as to supply the symbol adopted by Shechem and Sepphoris on coins struck for these towns under the Romans. It appears, moreover, as an emblem of the whole land on the medals which commemorate the victories of Vespasian and Titus. But the Israelite could not enjoy the ripe fruit except in the hot depression of Jericho, once known as "the City of Palms,"<sup>5</sup> at Tamar in the far south, and at Engedi, or Hazezon-Tamar—"the Place of Palm-cutting"—from the villagers there cutting out the sweet central marrowy crown from the head of the tree.<sup>6</sup> Still, the Hebrew delighted in the long, slender beauty of the stem and its hanging fronds, and mothers fondly called their new-born girls by the name of the tree—Tamar—as we see in the case of the daughter-in-law of Judah, and the sister of Absalom;<sup>7</sup> hoping, no doubt, that they might one day grow up to be tall and graceful maidens. The sacred lyrist looked up with a poet's eye to the long, shining, beautiful fronds of the palms growing in the forecourt of the Temple, and sang in his joy that "the righteous would flourish like the palm-tree."<sup>8</sup> The interior of Solomon's Temple was richly adorned with gilded palm-trees, cut out in relief on the walls, and the ideal sanctuary of Ezekiel also was beautified in the same way.<sup>9</sup> Palm-branches have from the remotest ages been the symbol of triumphal rejoicing, ancient Palestine, like other lands, using them to express

<sup>1</sup> Ritter, *Erkunde*, xvi. 3, 41 (Berlin, 1852.) <sup>2</sup> Ex. xv. 27. <sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 123. <sup>4</sup> Judg. iv. 5. <sup>5</sup> Deut. xxxiv. 3; Judg. iii. 13; 2 Chron. xxviii. 15. <sup>6</sup> Knobel. <sup>7</sup> 2 Chron. xx. 2. <sup>8</sup> Gen. xxxviii. 6; 2 Sam. xiii. 1. <sup>9</sup> Ps. xcii. 12, 13. <sup>10</sup> 1 Kings vi. 29; vii. 36; Ezek. xl. 16.

such public gladness. About 140 years before Christ, Simon Maccabæus, having won back Jerusalem for his people, entered it accompanied by a vast multitude, "with thanksgiving, and branches of palm-trees, and with harps and cymbals, and with viols and hymns and songs, because there was destroyed a great enemy out of Israel."<sup>1</sup> And who can forget how a Greater Deliverer passed down the slopes of Olivet and wound up the height of Moriah, attended by a very great multitude, some of them spreading their garments on the way, that as a king He might ride over the tapestry thus made on the moment: others cutting down branches from the trees and throwing them at His feet, to strew His path with all they had for flowers, while crowds took branches of palm and went forth to meet Him, crying, "Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord!"<sup>2</sup>

The palm lent itself readily to sacred imagery. The Psalmist, who daily saw it—"planted in the house of the Lord, and flourishing in the courts of our God, bringing forth fruit in old age, and full of sap and green,"<sup>3</sup> employs it as an emblem of the righteous, than which nothing could be more striking or appropriate. It is still borne by pilgrims on Palm Sunday, in commemoration of Christ's entry into Jerusalem; the bier of His followers is often covered with it, as a symbol of their victory over death, and the great multitude of the redeemed in glory are pictured as standing "before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands."<sup>4</sup>

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## CHAPTER X.

### ON THE WAY TO GERAR.

GERAR, the centre of the district in which Isaac lived during nearly the whole of his quiet, uneventful career, has been identified with Umm-el-Jerrar, a few miles on the way to Beersheba, which is about thirty miles south-east of Gaza. Hiring horses at the rate of about seven shillings a day for three, including the wage of a gaily-dressed guide, we set off in the early morning. Our conductor's appearance was certainly striking: a pink-striped under-tunic covered his cotton leggings and shirt, a blue jacket, with black braid, surmounting it; a red sash set off his waist, with two flint horse-pistols, silver-mounted, but very old, stuck in his girdle; a yellow silk striped "kefiyeh" cov-

1 1 Macc. xii. 51. 2 Matt. xxi. 8; Mark xi. 8; John xii. 13. 3 Ps. xcii. 13. 4 Rev. vii. 9.

ered his head, its golden ends fluttering over his shoulders, with the usual cincture of soft camels'-hair rope round his brow, keeping all in place: a romantic costume with which the decidedly shabby pair of elastic boots that held his lower extremities was hardly in keeping. The horse he rode seemed as fiery as himself, but it had to lament the indignity of a closely-docked tail, the only instance of this I met in the East.

The road lay to the south, through sandy lanes, between orchards concealed by huge cactus-hedges. Women passed, duly veiled, with jars of water, or with bundles of firewood from pruned trees, on their head or shoulder; asses, with stones in each coarse pannier, from some surface quarry or old ruin. Larks sang in the air and on the ground. An Arab stood beside two small cows which were feeding at the roadside; his coat a sheep's skin, with the wool inside, over his "abba." The cold of the mornings and nights, which causes rheumatism to be very general among the fellahin, makes such warm clothing a necessity for those who are exposed. Still more asses, laden with stones, went past; small boys, in blue shirts and old fezzes, driving them. A light plough was being drawn by a camel at one place; by under-sized oxen at another. The telegraph-poles of the line to Egypt ran alongside the track. On the right were the sand-hills, blowing farther inland each year. Donkeys with sour milk in skin bottles;<sup>1</sup> two women planting vegetable marrows, cucumbers, and the like; five dirty peasants on asses, riding into Gaza; Arab shepherds in old brown "abbas" tending their flocks on the slope to the left, after we had reached the open country; their tents, black and low, close at hand, behind; more ploughs, drawn by camels; and an Arab on a camel, riding into Gaza—gave life to the landscape as we rode on; miles, however, intervening between the first and the last of this motley succession.

The dress of Southern Palestine is very much alike for all classes. A turban, fez, or "kefiyeh;" a cotton shirt, with, at times, a colored cotton tunic over it; a cloth jacket in some cases, an "abba" in others, a long blouse of blue cotton in most; cotton drawers, with or without the luxury of colored cotton trousers, short-legged, over them; the blouse hiding the body, even when it is the only garment—form the limited wardrobe of the general population. The sole difference with the richer people is a finer quality of the material. Women seem to have merely one long blue cotton sack, neither tight nor very loose, its sleeves at times tied over the head, its lower part reaching the feet. A veil hangs from their eyes down their breast, though at times a moustache-like nose-veil is thought enough, while at others even the

<sup>1</sup> Homer speaks of skin bottles. The heralds bore the covenant sacrifices of the gods through the city: two lambs, and, in goat-skin bottles, the wine of the field that cheers man (*Iliad*, iii. 247).

brow is hidden as well as the cheeks. Arms and feet are bare in both sexes, only a few persons using leather slippers, without backs or heels—for the boots of our guide were a phenomenon, secured, no doubt, as a gift from some dignified friend, after they had served him faithfully till he was tired of them.

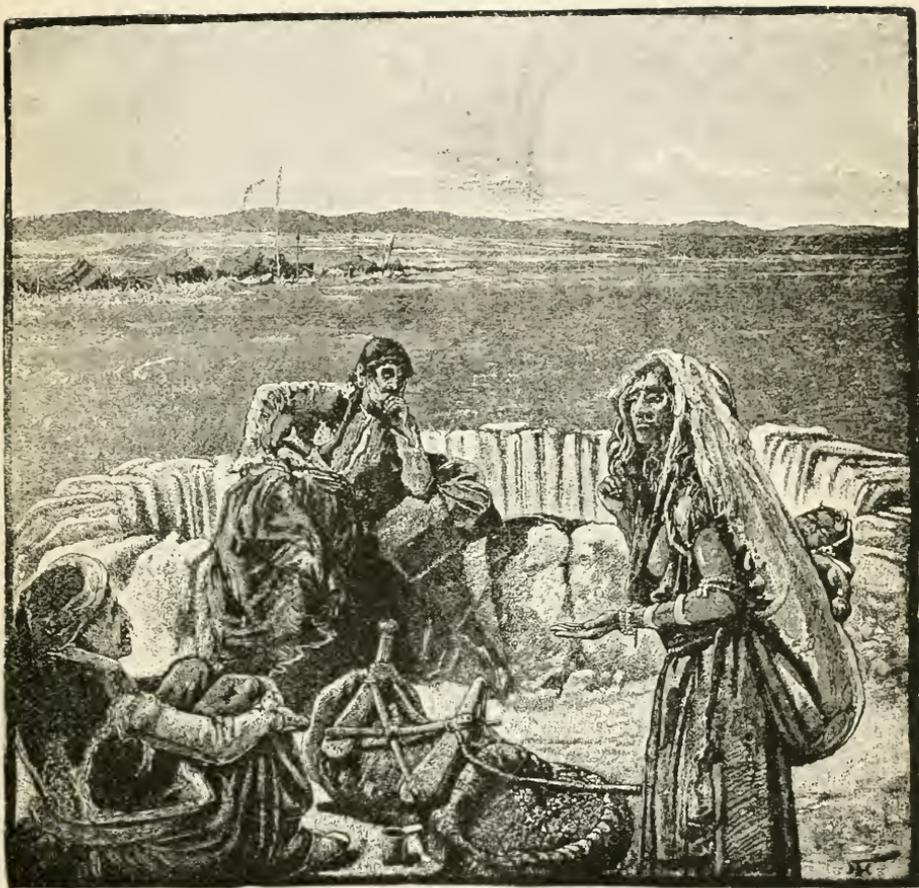
The sour milk which we passed, carried in skin bottles, is dear to the heart of all natives. They call it "leben"—the "halab" known to the Hebrews from the earliest ages. Milk, indeed, in different forms and preparations, was a main article of food among the ancient Jews. Children were not weaned, at least in some cases, till they were three years old, as is expressly stated by a mother in Maccabees;<sup>1</sup> but throughout the whole of life, milk of the herd or flock continued one of the great staples of food; as at this day it constitutes almost the sole nourishment of the Bedouin. "Such of the Arabs of the central portion of the great desert of El-Tih" (on the south of Palestine), says Prof. E. H. Palmer, "as are not fortunate enough to participate in the profits of conveying the pilgrim caravan across the desert to Akabah, on its way from Egypt to Meccah, live almost entirely on the milk of their sheep and camels. In many other parts of the desert milk forms the sole article of diet obtainable by the Bedouin, and I have heard a well-authenticated case of an Arab in the north of Syria, who for three years had not tasted either water or solid food. So long as the flocks and herds can find an abundance of succulent herbage, they can dispense to a great extent with drink. An Arab, therefore, in selecting a spot for his encampment, regards the existence of a good supply of pasturage as of much greater importance than the proximity of water."<sup>2</sup> "The Arabs inhabiting the mountains of Moab are essentially a pastoral people, though they do cultivate the soil to a slight extent. Every other consideration is, therefore, sacrificed to the safety and welfare of their flocks and herds, and the spots selected for their encampments are nearly always the most elevated portions of the plateau, the vicinity of which affords good and extensive pasturage. These are necessarily remote from the streams and water-springs, the small amount of water required for the use of the camp being brought by the women, either upon donkeys' backs or their own. Sour or fresh milk is always plentiful, and placed at the disposal of the visitor, but often, on asking for a drink of water, I have found that such a thing has not been seen for days in the encampment."<sup>3</sup> It was thus natural for Abraham to take the favorite "sour, curdled milk"—"leben"—and sweet milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set them before his guests.<sup>4</sup> It was, in fact, precisely the same welcome as a Bedouin sheikh now gives to strangers he wishes to honor—a calf being the rare sign of high distinction substituted for the more ordi-

1 2 Macc. vii. 27. 2 Palmer, *Desert of the Exodus*, i. 294. 3 *Ibid.*, i. 488. 4 Gen. xviii. 8.

nary male kid.<sup>1</sup> That "the teeth" of Judah should be "white with milk," was just such a blessing as the patriarch Jacob, a "plain man dwelling in tents,"<sup>2</sup> would think best worth giving. "Curdled milk of kine, and milk of sheep,"<sup>3</sup> were declared special glories of the Land in the last song of Moses; and it was exactly what an Arab woman would have done to-day when Jael, on Sisera's asking for "a little water, because he was thirsty," opened a skin of "leben" and gave him drink. Perhaps it was an undesigned aid to her contemplated treachery that this favorite beverage, as I have already noticed, is strongly soporific. A clergyman who drank freely of it in a Bedouin camp, when suffering much from sleeplessness and nervous excitement, brought on by great fatigue, was so overcome by its drowsy effects that, after resting for half an hour, it was only with the greatest difficulty he roused himself to continue his journey.<sup>4</sup> Jael may, however, have had no water to give her unfortunate guest, so that possibly we may acquit her of astute contrivance in this particular. Her craft and falseness are bad enough without any aggravation; glorious, perhaps, in the eyes of a contemporary like Deborah, with elementary ideas of right and wrong, and lauded by the black-eyed women of the tents, who were only rough Arabs of more than 3,000 years ago, but very far from the morality of the New Testament. "The principal things for the whole use of man's life," says the Son of Sirach, "are water, fire, iron, and salt, flour of wheat, honey, milk, the blood of the grape, and oil, and clothing:"<sup>5</sup> so that flour, honey, milk, and oil embraced all the solid food of his Hebrew fellow-countrymen in this wonderfully wise writer's day. Flesh is not even mentioned, nor are vegetables. That the Land should be so often glorified as "flowing with milk and honey" implies the same notions of living.<sup>6</sup>

As it cannot be doubted that milk-farming is conducted still in the same way as for thousands of years past, it is to be assumed that the Hebrews made not only different kinds of cheese, the skimmed and the rich, but also butter, though I hope they took more care in freeing it from hairs and other defilements than is usual with the peasants or Arabs of to-day. No churns, however, are employed, as our version would seem to imply,<sup>7</sup> where it speaks of the "churning of butter." The milk is merely shaken backwards and forwards in a goat-skin bottle hung between poles, or pressed to and fro, first in one direction and then in another, till the globules of fat are separated. The Bedouins make great use of the butter thus obtained, which is rather fat or oil in so warm a climate, pouring it over their bread, or dipping

1 Palmer, *Desert of the Exodus*, i. 489. 2 Gen. xlix. 12; xxv. 27. 3 Deut. xxxii. 14. 4 Neill, *Palestine Explored*, p. 12. 5 Ecclus. xxxix. 26, written about B. C. 199. Riehm, p. 726. 6 Ex. iii. 8, 17; xiii. 5; xxxiii. 3; Cant. iv. 11; v. 1; Joel iii. 18; Num. xiii. 27; xiv. 8; xvi. 13, 14; Deut. vi. 3; xi. 9; xxvi. 15; xxvii. 3; xxxi. 20; Josh. v. 6; Jer. xi. 5; xxxii. 22; Ezek. xx. 6, 15. 7 Prov. xxx. 33.



Site of the Ancient Beersheba. (See page 159.)



the bread in it.<sup>1</sup> Cheese, also, is made by them in large quantities, but it is very inferior; little more, in fact, than curdled milk. A quantity of sour milk, or "leben," is put in a goat-skin bottle, and shaken till the whey separates and can be poured out. Then more sour milk is added, and the shaking and emptying of the whey continue till cheese enough is provided. This, when afterwards dried in the sun, is much used to mix with water as a cooling and strengthening drink on journeys, or is put into flour to make cheese-cakes, in which shape it is a very concentrated form of food, easily carried about.<sup>2</sup> Shaw tells us that in Barbary, "instead of rennet, especially in the summer season, they turn the milk with the flowers of the great-headed thistle, or wild artichoke, and putting the curds afterwards into small baskets made with rushes, or with the dwarf palm, they bind them up close and press them. These cheeses are rarely above two or three pounds in weight, and in shape and size like our penny loaves."<sup>3</sup> May the ten cheeses carried by David to his brothers in Saul's camp have been of this kind?<sup>4</sup> In the unchanging East it is very probable. The making of butter among the Berbers may also help us to realise the mode used in Bible times, as it is identical<sup>5</sup> with the practice of the Arabs in Palestine at the present day.

At about five miles from Gaza we had to cross the torrent-bed known as Wady Ghuzzeh; a veritable dry river-bed, with banks cut deep through the sandy earth, and a broad level channel between. Quite dry when I rode my horse across it, no better illustration of "a deceitful brook" could be imagined, though Job's words more strictly mean, "My brethren have deceived me like a torrent-bed"—Expecting water I have found none; "as the rush of water in torrent-beds, their friendship has passed away."<sup>6</sup> It helped one also to understand the cry of the Psalmist: "Turn again," or rather, "Cause to return again our captivity, as streams of rushing water return to the dry beds of the wadys in the Negeb,"<sup>7</sup> the very region in which I was travelling. The country, without its people, was then like the wady as I saw it; would that they might return to it in tumultuous, multitudinous force, like the torrent that in winter would fill the wady in all its breadth!

We are apt to imagine that "wilderness" in the Bible is the same as desert, but it really means, even etymologically, only a region given up to wild creatures,<sup>8</sup> and although used by our translators as the equivalent of five different Hebrew words, it often stands rather for a pastoral region, such as the district from Gaza south, than for an arid waste. The fact is, all the open country of the plains, the Shephelah, or the Negeb, is pasture and wilderness by turn; spring covering it

<sup>1</sup> The two words in Hebrew for milk, "halab" and "hemah," often leave it doubtful whether sour milk, "leben," or sweet, is intended. <sup>2</sup> Burckhardt, *Travels*, p. 697. Niebuhr, *Reise*, ii. 373. <sup>3</sup> Shaw, *Travels*, i. 308. The first edition was published in 1738, in folio. <sup>4</sup> 1 Sam. xvii. 18. <sup>5</sup> Shaw, *Travels*, i. 308. <sup>6</sup> Job vi. 15. <sup>7</sup> Ps. cxxvi. 4. <sup>8</sup> From A.-S. "wilder"—a wild animal.

with thin grass and a bright tapestry of flowers, but the hot summer burning up one part after another, so that shepherds have ever to lead their flocks to new districts, the wonder being how, in some of these, the creatures find enough to keep them alive.<sup>1</sup> "The pastures of the wilderness,"<sup>2</sup> therefore, included such tracts as those through which I was passing; the very region in which Isaac spent his long shepherd life; flocks of sheep and goats and herds of cattle on every slope showing how rich it is in spring, though in the hot months the Arab tents would be moved to other parts of the country, where, from experience, it was known that herbage would be longer green.

It was delightful to ride on through the fresh air, with the boundless horizon all to one's self but for a stray human figure or a small Arab encampment. I had admirable opportunities for studying the shepherd of Isaac's district, and he certainly was not very poetical. One ragged Arab in an "abba," tending some sheep and goats, told us how one of the latter had been stolen from him by a man of another tribe; how he had traced it, and got back, not only the goat, but its worth in money. But this did not content him, for revenge is sweet even in the wilderness of Gerar. He was on the look-out for a horse or camel of the offending tribesman, or of one of his encampment, and when he found one he would steal it! Another shepherd, armed with two pistols and a long-barrelled gun, stood playing on a reed pipe to a large flock of sheep and goats, which followed the music as he stalked slowly on before. It may have been that the simple reed pipe—one or two lengths of thick reed, pierced with holes, and closed at the top by a piece of smaller diameter, one side of which was cut through to cause vibration—was "the organ" invented by Jubal,<sup>3</sup> but, if so, it had remained exceedingly primitive. Its compass was only a few changes in a higher or deeper drone, simply distressing to unaccustomed ears. It was clearly, however, a delight to the sons of the desert,<sup>4</sup> and formed in ancient times, with the harp<sup>5</sup> and timbrel,<sup>6</sup> the music of the dance before the tents, when the herds and flocks had come home, or of shepherds amusing themselves on the pastures. Each sex, it must be understood, still dances alone. To see the sheep following the shepherd brought back to one's mind the words of our Lord, especially when I found that the he-goat, or ram, which led the flock, and some others that followed the shepherd closely, had a name to which they answered when called by him: "The sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out."<sup>7</sup> As there are no fences, and many flocks, it is necessary that each flock should learn to follow its own shepherd; nor must it wander off to the open patches of wheat or barley, as it would if not thus trained. To go

1 "Midbar," the usual word for wilderness available for pasture, comes from a root, "to drive"—that is, to drive flocks or herds. 2 Ps. lxx. 12; Joel ii. 22. 3 Gen. iv. 21. 4 Job xxi. 12. 5 1 Sam. xvi. 16. 6 Job xxi. 12. 7 John x. 3.

astray in the open plain brings danger, for a lost sheep is a ready prey to some chance wild beast from the mountains. But if it be lost in the desolate hills its destruction is almost certain if it be not found again, for there wolves and jackals abound, while leopards still prowl in the hills of Gilead, in those round the Dead Sea, and about Carmel and the hills of Galilee. Anciently indeed these fierce creatures seem to have been numerous, for we read of a town called Beth Nimra, "the House of the Leopard,"<sup>1</sup> and the stream that runs past it is to this day called "Nahr Nimrin," "the River of the Leopards." There was another, Nimrin, "the Leopards," in Moab,<sup>2</sup> while Canticles speaks of "the Mountains of the Leopard,"<sup>3</sup> and we find a place called "Nimeirah" at the south of the Dead Sea. If the shepherd sees a sheep or goat wandering, he calls it back; but should it still keep on its course, he hurls a stone from his sling, so as to fall just beyond it and frightened it back to the flock.

The fidelity of Eastern shepherds to their flocks is proverbial. Not a few manage to obtain an old long-barelled gun, or a pistol, especially in districts exposed to the Bedouins, as for instance to the south of Gaza; but most of them have, in addition, a strong oaken club or bludgeon, two feet or more in length, its round or oblong head stuck full of heavy iron nails: a terrible weapon in the hands of a strong, brave man. A loop at the handle serves to hang it to the "leathern girdle"<sup>4</sup> universally worn by peasants and the humbler classes, to bind together the unbleached cotton shirt which is their whole dress by day. When it is passed over the wrist, this loop is also a security that the weapon shall not be lost, even if knocked out of the hand in a struggle. I was struck, when encamped on the Hill of Samaria, with the dangerous look of this club. The people around bear an indifferent name, so that watchmen had been appointed, without my knowledge, to protect the tent. That two peasants should be prowling around it in the darkness seemed awkward. Why were they doing so? To settle the matter I rose and went out in the dark to the nearer of the two. In a moment, pushing aside his "abba," his presence was explained by the production of a bludgeon with a head as large as a melon, and rough with iron—a common shepherd's club extemporized into a policeman's bâton! He pointed to it and to the houses near, and I at once understood his office. On the lonely unfenced hills and stony mountains, the danger that wild beasts will attack the flock is always sufficient to make a careful guard necessary. The yell of the hyena and the shriek of the jackal may, even at this day, be heard close to Jerusalem, and venomous snakes are common in the hot season. The limestone rocks and chalky hills afford the serpent tribe the very haunts

<sup>1</sup> Num. xxxii. 3. 36. The same as Bethabara. "the House of the Ford," where John baptized. Nimrin also means "Clear Waters." <sup>2</sup> Isa. xv. 6; Jer. xlviii. 34. <sup>3</sup> Cant. iv. 8. <sup>4</sup> Matt. iii. 4; Mark i. 6.

they love, and in summer they become very dangerous. The deadly cobra—perhaps the “asp” of the Bible; the viper in two varieties, and six other poisonous snakes, are more or less common; one of them, the horned snake, only twelve or eighteen inches long, being so deadly that a man bitten by it dies in half an hour. Besides these, the shepherd has to guard against huge birds of prey, which swoop down on a stray kid or lamb, and need all the vigor of the shepherd to beat them off. But none of these foes terrify the brave protector of the flock, who, if it be small, is generally its owner, or one of the family,—for though “hirelings” are necessary when flocks are large, they cannot always be trusted. “He that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.”<sup>1</sup> “But the good shepherd knows his sheep, and is known by them, and is willing to lay down his life for his sheep.”<sup>2</sup> There are no lions in Palestine now, and bears are only seen in the upper gorges of Lebanon, but the shepherds of to-day are often as manly and faithful as David, long ago, when he went out, single-handed, at one time after a lion, and at another after a bear, and delivered the lambs out of their mouths, catching the lion by the heard when it turned on him, and smiting and slaying it.<sup>3</sup> “The Arabs,” says Thevenot, “fear a lion so little that they often pursue him with only a club in their hand, and kill him.”<sup>4</sup>

But wild beasts are not the only danger to a flock. The hills abound in caves and hiding-places which are often the resort of robbers, and the wandering Bedouins, in their black tents, are always ready to steal goats, sheep, or cattle when opportunity offers. In a country so thinly populated, moreover, the shepherd often can only trust to his single-handed bravery to defend his charge if the thief approach. Indeed, it is necessary in some parts still to pay blackmail to the roving Arabs to keep them from driving off herds and flocks alike. It is so round Kerak, in Moab, the sheepmasters of which give so much a year to the Bedouin sheikhs as a security that these hereditary thieves will not harry the folds: a state of things exactly like that of which David speaks when he reproaches Nabal at Carmel, in the Negeb, for refusing his followers food and refreshment. “I have heard,” says he, “that thou hast shearers: now thy shepherds who were with us, we hurt them not, neither was there ought missing unto them all the while they were in Carmel.”<sup>5</sup> Not to have attacked the shepherds and carried off their sheep was held to entitle the Adullam band that followed David to a liberal recompense. There was, however, a better ground for claiming bounty, for the sturdy claimants had, besides, been “a wall to Nabal’s men, both by night and day,” protecting them from

<sup>1</sup> John x. 12. <sup>2</sup> John x. 14, 15. <sup>3</sup> 1 Sam. xvii. 35. <sup>4</sup> Rosenmüller, *A. u. N. Morgenland*, iii. 45, where various cases of like bravery are given. <sup>5</sup> 1 Sam. xxv. 7.

attack by other hands.<sup>1</sup> Shepherds, even now, tell similar tales of their encounters with beasts or with robbers, or of their protection by friendly encampments, as their predecessors did thousands of years ago. I heard of a case which happened only a short time since, where a poor fellow defended his flock so valiantly against several Bedouin robbers that he died of his wounds in the midst of his sheep. The good shepherd still "giveth his life for the sheep."<sup>2</sup>

Shepherds often, like Jacob, or like the shepherds of Bethlehem, abide in the field, or open country, keeping watch over their flock by night;<sup>3</sup> the parching drought consuming them by day and the frost by night.<sup>4</sup> In the early spring, the best pasturage is on the sea-coast plains; but as the heat increases, the flocks, as I have said, are driven higher and higher, till the hot summer finds them on the tops of the mountains. When no sheep-fold is near, a ring of thorny bushes is heaped up, but the wolf, after all, may leap into the guarded circle, though the dogs of the flock be watching outside. On the lowland plains the ruins of ancient towns and cities supply stones for permanent folds, the walls of which are often protected by a ring of thorns laid above them. A slight shelter near at hand is frequently all the protection through the night for their guardians; indeed, in the highest ridges of Lebanon, far above human habitations, they often have to content themselves with the shelter of some slight bend in the ground, setting stones around it, and strewing rushes within, for a bed. A fire kindled in the centre, so that they can lie with their feet to it, is their only comfort, and their furniture consists of nothing more than a few pots and pans, some sheep-skins and old rugs, under charge of faithful dogs during the day, when the shepherds are, perhaps, miles away. In the south they often sleep in the open air throughout the year.

With the dawn of day the shepherds wake, and each of them "putteth forth" his own sheep, counting them as he lets them pass slowly out under his rod, through the one doorway. To help him in doing so "he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out,"<sup>5</sup> for flocks of different shepherds may have rested through the night in the same fold. Unlike the thief or robber, who stealthily climbs the wall, he goes in through the door to bring out his flock; the shepherd who for the time is acting as gate-keeper gladly opening to him as he approaches. Once outside, he begins his daily march at the head of his goats and sheep, the old he-goats and rams, which, often decked with bells, lead the rest, keeping close behind him, like so many dogs. It is one of the amusements of his monotonous day to play with them at times, for they are his only companions. Pretending to run away, he will soon be overtaken and surrounded by the sheep; setting out to climb the rocks, he is presently followed by the goats, and at last,

1 1 Sam. xxv. 15, 16. 2 John x. 11. 3 Luke ii. 8. 4 Gen. xxxi. 40. 5 John x. 3.

when he rests, all the flock—goats and sheep alike—circle round him, gambolling in delight. Such a picture enables us to read with fresh joy how Jehovah leads His people like a flock, for so He led them once “by the hand of Moses and Aaron.”<sup>1</sup> In the hill-country—and most of Palestine is hilly—the natural caves of the rocks, once the dwellings of the ancient Horites, are the common folds, as they were in the old days when Saul, in pursuing David, “came to the sheepecotes by the way, where was a cave.”<sup>2</sup> Across the Jordan, on the other hand, where caves are not to be had, Reuben determined to “build sheepfolds for their cattle.”<sup>3</sup>

In the mountains, cleft as they often are by narrow, impassable ravines, a sheep may easily wander too near the edge, and be in danger of falling into the gloomy depth below. Dr. Duff noticed an interesting incident associated with such a scene. “When on a narrow bridle-path,” says he, “cut out on the face of a precipitous ridge, I observed a native shepherd with his flock, which, as usual, followed him. He frequently stopped and looked back; and if he saw a sheep creeping up too far, or coming too near the edge, would go back, and, putting the crook round one of its hind legs, would gently pull it to him.”<sup>4</sup> This is the shepherd’s staff; sometimes bent, thus, into a crook, but more commonly a long, stout, straight oak stick, often cased at its lower end in iron, to beat off the thief or wild beast. This staff to help and the club to protect are the staff and the rod with which God comforts His people.<sup>5</sup>

In lambing-time the greatest care of his flock is taken by the shepherd. The ewes are driven slowly, to prevent their being injured,<sup>6</sup> and you will often see the shepherd carrying a lamb under his arm, and others in the bosom of his cotton shirt, the girdle making a pocket of it; just as Highland shepherds carry helpless lambs in the folds of their plaids. So the prophet pictures the Messiah: “He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.”<sup>7</sup> As the shepherd does so, he often calls them, if necessary; but, indeed, they know him so well that they commonly follow close behind of their own accord. It would be idle, however, for one unknown to them to take the shepherd’s place: “A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of a stranger.”<sup>8</sup> Anyone who visits Palestine may readily find with what truth this picture is painted.

It is common to see a shepherd followed by separate flocks, one of goats and the other of sheep, which he has divided one from another to lead them to some part where each will find the pasture it prefers.

1 Ps. lxxvii. 20: lxxx. 1. 2 1 Sam. xxiv. 3. 3 Num. xxxii. 16. 4 *Life of Dr. Duff*, ii. 165. 5 Ps. xxiii. 4. 6 Gen. xxxiii. 13. 7 Isa. xl. 11. 8 John x. 5.

The goat thrives best on rocky slopes, and is so fond of young leaves that he seeks them above all things, sometimes even managing to get up into a tree to obtain them, whereas sheep prefer the fresh grass of the plains or mountains. Hence the west side of Palestine, from Hebron to Hermon, with its bushy and grassless hills, is specially suited for the goat, while the eastern table-land, beyond the Jordan, destitute of trees or underwood, but rich in short grass and herbs, is the paradise of sheep; as the coast-plains of Sharon and Philistia, dotted with spots in which the grass is specially strong and full of sap, have, in all ages, been specially adapted for cattle.<sup>1</sup> But there are many parts where both sheep and goats can be pastured by the same shepherd, so that it is not uncommon to see a flock of black goats feeding in the open scrub, while a flock of white sheep nibble the grass a little way off; the shepherd standing midway between the two to watch both. I could never witness this without thinking how our Lord must have taken note of it in His journeys, as is shown in His awful words respecting the goats being set on the left hand, and the sheep on the right, at the Great Day.<sup>2</sup>

Goats feed all day long, seldom thinking of the heat or seeking shade, and are led into the fold at night, to be brought out again in the morning. It is only in the cool months, on the contrary, that sheep feed through the day. In the greater part of the year they are led out to pasture only towards sunset, returning home in the morning, or if they be led out in the morning they lie during the hot hours in the shade of some tree or rock, or in the rude shelter of bushes prepared for them.<sup>3</sup> They are taken into the warmth of caves or under other cover during the coldest part of winter; the lambs are born between January and the beginning of March, and need to be kept with the ewes in the field, that the mothers may get nutriment enough to support the poor weak creatures, which cannot be taken to and from the pasturage, but must remain on it. That many of them die is inevitable, in spite of the shepherd's utmost care, for snow and frost on the uplands, and heavy rain on the plains, are very fatal to them. Nor is their guardian less to be pitied. He cannot leave them, day or night, and often has no shelter. At times, when on his weary watch, he may be able to gather branches enough to make a comparatively dry spot on which to stand in the wild weather, but this is not always the case. I have heard of the skin peeling completely from a poor man's feet, from continued exposure. By night, as we have seen, he has often, in outlying places, to sleep on whatever brush he may gather; his sheep-skin coat, or an old rug or coverlet, his only protection. Perhaps it fared thus with the shepherds of Bethlehem, eighteen hundred years ago, when they were "abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 2 Kings iii. 4; 2 Chron. xxvi. 10. <sup>2</sup> Matt. xxv. 32, 33. <sup>3</sup> Cant. i. 7. <sup>4</sup> Luke ii. 8-12.

It is at this season, moreover, amidst the storms and rains of winter, that the jackal and the wolf are specially alert, as in old times was the lion, which came up from the thickets of Jordan. The shepherd may have found shelter in some rude mud cabin; his sheep feeding outside, the bells on the necks of their leaders tinkling as they do so. The dogs, drenched and sleepy, seek the shelter of any bush or tree. Thick darkness rests around. Sleep above all things is needed by the shepherd, but he dares not rest.<sup>1</sup> From time to time he anxiously shouts to the dogs, to keep them awake. A rush of sheep takes place; the dogs give angry voice; it may be the wolf. The shepherd is at once out to call back his flock, and to drive off the wild beast, if the alarm has been well founded. The good shepherd has no thought for himself, but only for his trust. In Bible ages towers were often built in the centre of the fold, when it was large, so that the shepherds might offer a better defence, when their flocks were around them, within the guardian wall,<sup>2</sup> and in this case of course they were protected, more or less from the weather; but few could have been thus fortunate.

Yet there is a bright as well as a dark side to the shepherd's life. No occupation could be more delightful to the simple mind to which the flock is the chief concern in the universe, than when he leads forth his sheep or goats to green pastures, and beside still waters as they glide over the stones in some still-flowing brook.<sup>3</sup> The patient sheep follow meekly; even among the lively goats some do so, and the rest follow them. His charge once busy feeding, the shepherd can take his pipe and play artless melodies, or cheer himself by his simple songs. In the rare ease of genius, the glory of the morning or evening may wake higher aspirations, as it once did in the soul of David, calling forth some of his wondrous Psalms, first sung to his own accompaniment on the harp which he had himself invented.<sup>4</sup> In the burning heat of noon, on the treeless plain or hill-side,<sup>5</sup> the shepherd leads the sheep to the shadow of some great rock in the weary land, as I have often seen; the panting creatures pressing close to the cold stone, alike for deeper shadow and to feel its natural coolness.<sup>6</sup> Often, indeed, in these overpowering hours, I have noticed them crowding into the open caves which abound everywhere in the chalky hills. When evening falls they follow their guide to the nearest well, if there be no running water—not unfrequently to find other flocks before them. In such a case strife as to priority often arises, in a land where water is so scarce; as in the old days with the "herdmen of Abram's cattle" and those of the cattle of Lot,<sup>7</sup> or with the Philistine herdsmen of Gerar and those

1 Nah. iii. 18. 2 Isa. i. 8: "a besieged city" is translated by Hitzig, "a shepherd's watch-tower." Gen. xxv. 21: "the tower of Edar" means "a shepherd's tower." See also 2 Kings xvii. 9; xviii. 8; 2 Chron. xxxvi. 10. 3 Ps. xxiii. 2. 4 Ps. xxxiii. 2; 1 Sam. xvi. 18; Amos vi. 5. 5 Gen. xxxi. 40. 6 Isa. xxxii. 2; xxv. 4; xlix. 2; Ps. xci. 1. 7 Gen. xiii. 7.

of Isaac.<sup>1</sup> Sometimes the deep wells are covered by a great stone, so heavy that it can only be moved by the joint strength of several men; thus securing the water against the selfishness of any single shepherd, and forcing him to wait till his brethren who have an equal right to it have arrived.<sup>2</sup> If it be the season for leading them to the fold by night, the sheep are guided thither as evening falls, the shepherd standing at the rude gate with outstretched staff, counting them on entering, as in the morning.<sup>3</sup> Then comes the watch by night, till the next morning brings back the same daily occupation.

An eastern shepherd is responsible for every mishap to his flock, but this responsibility is lightened by the fact that his wages generally depend on its prosperity, being paid by a share of the young lambs, or of the wool, or of both. Apart from the natural sympathy with the only living creatures linked to him by daily companionship, self-interest thus prompts him to unwearying care and brave fidelity in his calling. He will wander for hours after a sheep that has strayed into some waterless hollow in the wilderness, or some gloomy and desolate ravine in the mountains, and when he has found it, will bear the exhausted creature home on his shoulders, rejoicing that it is restored to the flock: a type, as our Saviour tells us, of heavenly love, seeking and saving the human soul.<sup>4</sup> Pity, however, might well be mingled with more common elements in the shepherd, for in old times, as now, the judge might sentence him to make good to his master that which was lost, though by the law of Moses he was not held responsible for sheep destroyed by wild beasts, if he produced some fragment to show that they really had been so destroyed.<sup>5</sup> Yet Jacob had to make good to his covetous uncle, Laban, "the white" Syrian, even such of the flock as beasts of prey had killed.<sup>6</sup> It should be added that along with conscientious shepherds, there have doubtless been some, in all ages, as in the days of Ezekiel and Zechariah, who "ate the milk and butter, and clothed themselves with the wool; who killed the fatted sheep, and did not feed the flock, or strengthen the weak, or heal the sick, or bind up the injured, or lead back the strayed, or seek the lost."<sup>7</sup>

At the best, the calling of the shepherd is a poor one. It required a service of twenty-one years, and all his special astuteness, to give Jacob independence. In a time of famine the prodigal son could only obtain for himself the dry pods of the carob, lying below the tree, the food of the swine he was tending.<sup>8</sup> Amos added to his shepherding the piercing of sycamore figs, to increase his wages, that he might live.<sup>9</sup> The share in the flock allowed as the reward of the herdsman is small, though years may increase it to a flock of his own. Mean-

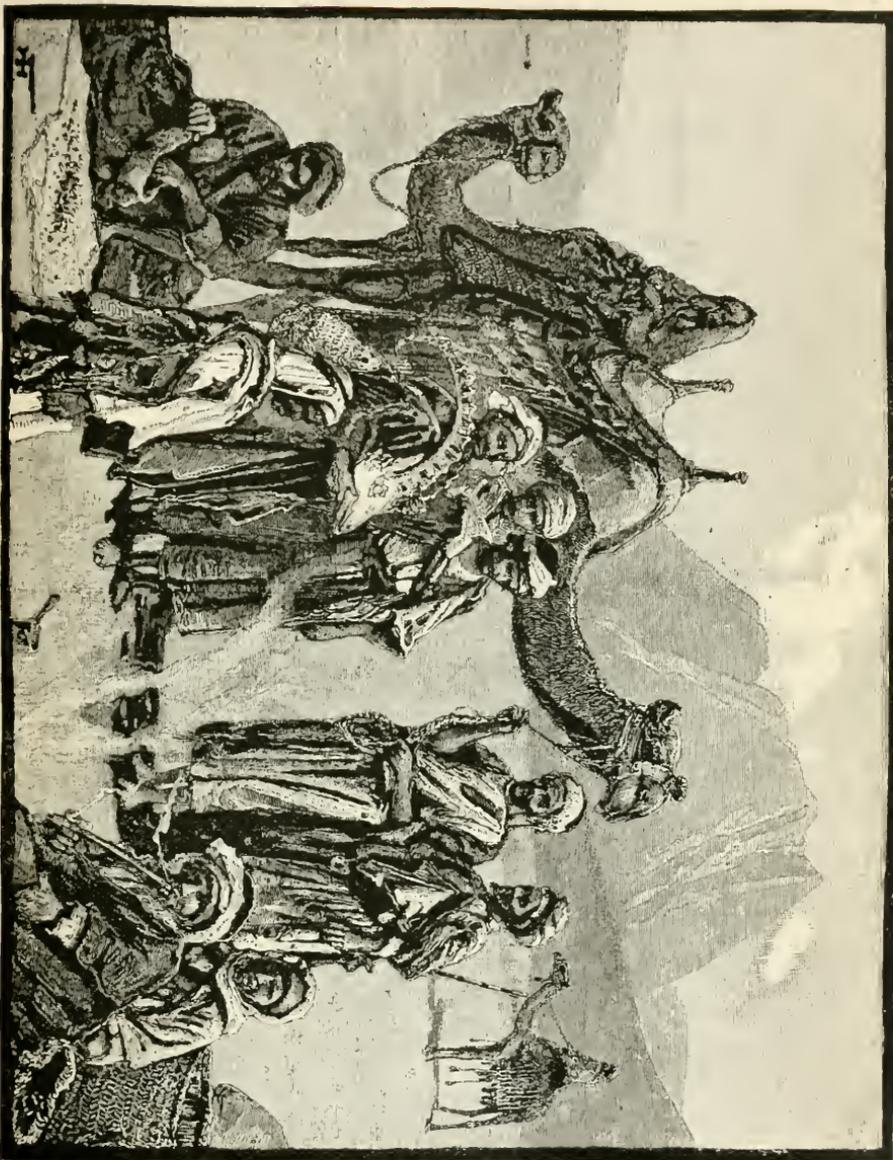
<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxvi. 20. <sup>2</sup> Gen. xxix. 2, 3. <sup>3</sup> Lev. xxvii. 32. Knobel. <sup>4</sup> Luke xv. 4. <sup>5</sup> Ex. xxii. 9-13. <sup>6</sup> Gen. xxxi. 39. <sup>7</sup> Ezek. xxxiv. 3, 4; Zech. xi. 16. See Geikie's *Hours with the Bible*, vi. 218, for translation of the passages. <sup>8</sup> Luke xv. 16. <sup>9</sup> Amos vii. 14.

while he has milk from the goats for his maintenance, and a sheep-skin or two from which to make a coat against the winter's cold, and slowly toils through long poverty to what is to him independence. Few, we may rest assured, have Jacob's wit or opportunity to gain flocks and herds by increasing the number of the spotted and speckled.<sup>1</sup> Still, to tend sheep has always been honourable in a country like Palestine, so that, to-day, we see the daughters of a sheikh, or of the foremost men of a tribe, thinking the work worthy of them, as Rachel did long ago in Haran, and Moses in Midian.<sup>2</sup> There is indeed, in the East, such a sense of the dignity of manhood in itself, apart from all accidents of birth or position, that any calling not obviously dishonourable is dignified by becoming a human vocation. The poorest beggar has a quiet self-respect which commands respect from others.

The sheep of Palestine are longer in the head than ours, and have tails from five inches broad at the narrowest part, to fifteen inches at the widest, the weight being in proportion, and ranging generally from ten to fourteen pounds,<sup>3</sup> but sometimes extending to thirty pounds.<sup>4</sup> The tails are, in fact, huge masses of fat, for which, in some parts, small carts are said to be used, tied behind the animal.<sup>5</sup> Dr. van Lennep, however, ridicules this, though he tells us that the tail, "though usually not more than twenty pounds in weight, is not unfrequently three and even four times as heavy!"<sup>6</sup> This is on a par with the statement of Herodotus, that the tail is three cubits—or four feet and a half—long. Instead of this, it simply reaches to the knees or a little below them, standing out as a great broad mass, its tip coming to a point turned slightly out. This amazing appendage is used as grease, and also for lamps and cooking; the Arabs even eating it as a delicacy, when fried in slices, though it tastes much like fried tallow. With such a tail it is no wonder that the rest of the carcass weighs only from sixty to seventy pounds. The rams alone have horns; the color of the breed is white, but some have brown faces.

The portion of the Holy Land once held by Israel is not rich in pasture suited for cattle, so that it could never have supported great herds. But its dry, chalky soil, growing sparse aromatic plants and salt-containing herbs, its stunted brush, and stretches of light hill-grasses, offered abundant food for sheep and goats. The extent to which these characteristics of their country were utilized by the Hebrews, and the importance of the part which sheep and goats fill in their history, may be judged from the fact that they are mentioned in the Bible more than 500 times. Sheep always come first in the statement of the wealth of the patriarchs,<sup>7</sup> as they do also in the case of

1 Gen. xxx. 32. 2 Gen. xxix. 9; Ex. iii. 1; ii. 16. 3 Tristram, *Nat. Hist. of Bible*, p. 144. 4 Riehman, p. 1384. 5 Rosenmüller, *Bib. Naturgeschichte*, pt. ii. 76. See also Herod., iii. 113. 6 *Bible Lands*, p. 196. 7 Gen. xxvi. 14; xxxiii. 13.



Bedouins of Towarn. (See page 181.)



Job.<sup>1</sup> Nabal's flocks in Carmel, south of Judæa, consisted of 3,000 sheep and 1,000 goats.<sup>2</sup> David's flocks were so large that it was necessary for him to have a special overseer of his shepherds;<sup>3</sup> and Hezekiah thought it worth while to provide "cotes" for his sheep and goats on a royal scale.<sup>4</sup> Solomon offered 120,000 sheep at the dedication of the Temple, and required 36,500 a year for his table;<sup>5</sup> and many thousand sheep are recorded to have been offered as sacrifices on one occasion by various Jewish kings.<sup>6</sup>

But if the Jewish mountains and plains, and the uplands of the Negeb, were thus dotted with flocks, the number of sheep and goats reared in the districts east of the Jordan was much greater, from the smallness of the population in proportion to the extent and riches of the pasturage. Job, in the Haurân, had latterly 14,000 sheep; and King Mesha, of Moab, was laid under a tribute to Ahab of 100,000 lambs a year, and the wool of 100,000 rams.<sup>7</sup> But the wandering Arabs, in those days, were specially wealthy in flocks, rivaling the great sheep-masters of Australia, where, thirty years ago, there were already 16,000,000 sheep.<sup>8</sup> The Israelites, under Moses, we are told, carried off from the Midianites 675,000 sheep,<sup>9</sup> and the tribe of Reuben swept away from the "Hagarites" 250,000.<sup>10</sup> The flocks of Kedar—a wandering tribe of Arabs in Northern Arabia—and the rams of Nebaioth, another great Arab tribe, are noted by Isaiah:<sup>11</sup> the former specially supplying the vast demand of Tyre for "lambs, and rams and goats,"<sup>12</sup> while Damascus was its great market for white wool.<sup>13</sup> That these numbers and statements are by no means exaggerated is strangely corroborated by the Assyrian inscriptions, which often give quite as great numbers of sheep as being carried off from conquered peoples. Indeed, they are sometimes greater, for Sennacherib informs us, in a cylinder discovered in Nineveh, that in the war with Merodach Baladan he carried off, from Babylonian and Syrian tribes, no fewer than 800,600 sheep and goats.<sup>14</sup>

It may be a wonder with some, as it used to be with myself, how such enormous sacrifices of sheep as the Bible records could have been burnt on any number of altars. If we turn, however, to the Law, we shall find that only the internal and external fat, the rump or great tail, the kidneys, and the "caul that is above the liver," were actually consumed; the animal as a whole being reserved as food for the priests and the officers,<sup>15</sup> as we see in the case of the Passover lambs.

Flocks of goats are very numerous in Palestine at this day, as they were in former ages. We see them everywhere on the mountains, in smaller or larger numbers;<sup>16</sup> at times, also, along with sheep, as one

<sup>1</sup> Job i. 3; xlii. 12. <sup>2</sup> 1 Sam. xxv. 2. <sup>3</sup> 1 Chron. xxvii. 31. <sup>4</sup> 2 Chron. xxxii. 28. <sup>5</sup> 1 Kings iv. 23; viii. 63; 2 Chron. vii. 5. <sup>6</sup> 2 Chron. xv. 11; xxx. 24. <sup>7</sup> Job xlii. 12; 2 Kings iii. 4. <sup>8</sup> *Chambers' Encycl.*: art. "Australia." <sup>9</sup> Num. xxxi. 32. <sup>10</sup> 1 Chron. v. 21. <sup>11</sup> Isa. lx. 7. <sup>12</sup> Ezek. xxvii. 21. <sup>13</sup> Ezek. xxvii. 18. <sup>14</sup> Schrader, *A. T. Keilinschriften*, p. 221. <sup>15</sup> Lev. vii. 3-6. <sup>16</sup> 1 Kings xx. 27; Cant. iv. 1; vi. 5.

flock, in which case it is usually a he-goat that is the special leader of the whole,<sup>1</sup> walking before it as gravely as a sexton before the white flock of a church choir. It is from this custom that Isaiah speaks of kings as the "he-goats of the earth;"<sup>2</sup> a name applied to them by Zechariah also,<sup>3</sup> and to Alexander the Great by Daniel, who describes him as a he-goat from the west, with a notable horn between his eyes:<sup>4</sup> a fitting symbol of his irresistible power at the head of the Macedonian army. The quarrelsomeness of the he-goats, often shown in violence towards the patient sheep, supplied, further, an apt symbol of a cruel and oppressive prince,<sup>5</sup> and as these characteristics made it necessary for the shepherd to separate the goats from the sheep in the fold, this may have been the immediate source of the awful picture in our Lord's discourse, of the separation of the goats from the sheep at the Judgment-day.<sup>6</sup> The usual color of the goat in Palestine is black, so that the comparison in Canticles of the locks of the Beloved, hanging in rich abundance over her shoulders, to a flock of long-haired goats, feeding on the slopes of the Gilead hills, one above the other, was as natural to a poet of the country as it is beautiful. The Beloved herself, exposed to the scorching heat, in the vineyards of which her brothers had made her keeper, says, as she thinks of her complexion, burnt black "because the sun hath looked upon her," that she is like the tents of Kedar, "beautiful" in their outline as an encampment, though the tent-coverings, woven of goats' hair, were black, like her own sun-tanned features.<sup>7</sup> One specially useful purpose once served by goats' hair is told us in David's history, when his wife Michal took one of the household images, or teraphim, and having duly laid it on a bed, under the bed-clothes, put on its head an extemporized wig of goats' hair, no doubt like his own in color, so that the counterfeit passed off as the young hero himself, and saved him from the emissaries of Saul, to bless the Church with his glorious Psalms.<sup>8</sup> It must, however, have been the hair of a reddish-brown goat, not of a black one, that Michal used, as David had auburn hair.<sup>9</sup> There is a kind of goat with such brownish-red hair, and there are also goats pied and speckled, like those which Jacob had for his share, though the black ones greatly predominate.

Goats were in much demand among the Hebrews as offerings; a kid eight days old being fit for this use, though the Passover goat, when a lamb was not used, was required to be a yearling.<sup>10</sup> The thrice-repeated command that a kid should not be "seethed [or cooked] in his mother's milk,"<sup>11</sup> may have been given, in part, as a protest against the seeming cruelty of using the milk that should have been the crea-

1 Jer. l. 8; Prov. xxx. 31. 2 Isa. xiv. 9, "chief ones"=he-goats. 3 Zech. x. 3. 4 Dan. viii. 5. 5 Ezek. xxxiv. 17. 6 Matt. xxv. 32. 7 Cant. i. 5. 8 1 Sam. xix. 13-16. 9 1 Sam. xvi. 12; xvii. 42, "ruddy"=red-haired. 10 Lev. xxii. 27; Judg. vi. 19; xiii. 15, 19; Ex. xii. 5. 11 Ex. xxiii. 19; xxxiv. 26; Deut. xiv. 21.

ture's nourishment, as the medium of its preparation for human food; but there were other and deeper grounds. Like all the Mosaic rules about food, it doubtless had a religious basis; perhaps to guard the Hebrew against a practice associated with some heathen superstition prevalent around them. Jewish tradition, reaching back to hoary antiquity, seems to justify this belief, kids being said to have been seethed by the heathen in their mothers' milk, at the fruit harvest, in order to get a blessing on the crop or on the fields over which the milk was sprinkled.<sup>1</sup>

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## CHAPTER XI.

### GERAR.

THE country, as we walked our horses towards Gerar, continued to be a succession of rolling pasture-land, seamed with dry water-courses, some small, others showing that large streams rushed through them in winter. At various points Bedouin tents of black goats'-hair cloth came in view, with herds of fifty or sixty small cattle feeding on the slopes; women, men, or boys tending them. The grass was very thin, and greatly broken by tufts of lily-like plants, not yet come to flower; scarlet anemones shining out between. At last we reached the district in which Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had pitched their tents and dug wells for their flocks, nearly 4,000 years ago. A well on a sandy slope, close by the track, was the first of many which we soon passed, indicating the once comparative populousness of the neighborhood. It was circular, with a domed roof, partly broken in, and this well, like most others, had long ago been filled up. Some of those near at hand were, like this one, filled up nearly to the top; a few, entirely; but others had been left twelve or twenty feet deep, with the rock exposed below the masonry. This first well was built of small stones set in mortar, which was bound with masses of small shells, like that of the walls of Ascalon. Each layer of stones formed a level circle round the whole wall, as seen on the outside: for the inside was cemented, and the stones hidden. Two of the wells were quite close on the knoll behind; others, scattered over the gentle slope which ran back a long way to the east, with low hills behind it. One, which was about twenty feet across, built, like the others, of small stones in regular layers, cemented over inside, with a broken dome above it, had water at a depth of about

<sup>1</sup> Riehm, *Speisegesetze*. p. 1515.

sixty feet, but how deep the water was I could not say. A heap of stones lay at one side; mostly shelly limestone and rough sandstone. In all, I counted about twenty wells, of which eighteen were more or less filled up, only the masonry of the other two being perfect. They stand on the hill-slopes that run down to the wady. The perfect domes had a hole in the centre, to let the drawers get at the water. The reason most of them had been more or less filled up when the population diminished was, apparently, that they might serve as grain-pits for the Bedouin, and it was possibly by them that they had been cemented, since fragments of pottery in the concrete showed it to be comparatively modern. Were these the wells dug by the slaves of Abraham and "stopped and filled with earth" by the subjects of Abimelech, the Philistine, and which Isaac cleared out again?<sup>1</sup> Or were they some of those which Isaac caused to be dug on the slopes of the Wady Ghuzzeh,<sup>2</sup> piercing through the upper porous limestone to the impervious strata below, over which streams of water flow, all the year, from the mountains and uplands behind, giving a constant abundance of "springing" or "living" water? On the great map issued by the Palestine Survey, twenty-four wells are marked within a circle of two miles, nearly all close to the great Wady Ghuzzeh, or to a subordinate torrent-bed called Es Sheriah, which runs into it. The Wady Ghuzzeh drains the whole country in the rainy season for more than thirty miles beyond Beersheba, its course running, below the uplands, in a curve from east to west, towards that site, and great wadys opening into it from the hills to the east. One of these, Wady es Sheriah, indeed, runs back at least eighteen miles from its junction with the Wady Ghuzzeh. The spot particularly known as "the Ruins of Gerar" has about a dozen cisterns on the top of a low swell; their breadth from four to five feet, and their depth, where not filled up, six or eight feet, so that while some of the wells in the neighborhood are very large, two-thirds of the whole number are but small. Near one of the smaller size are the remains of a drinking-trough, into which, it may be, Isaac and Jacob often poured water for their sheep and goats.

That a considerable community existed here in antiquity is beyond question, from the evidence of heaps of broken pottery, found in the sides of the valley to the depth of from six to ten feet, besides much strewn about over the surface of the whole region. Unlike that which is made now at Gaza, it is red, not black; so that it may well be very old. Such beds of potsherds can only be accounted for by the presence of large numbers of households for long periods; nor would even this be sufficient explanation unless we remembered what I have already alluded to—the exceeding fragility of Eastern pottery. Only too often for the poor maiden's peace of mind, the pitcher taken to the fountain

1 Gen. xxvi. 15, 18. Possibly they were even originally grain pits. 2 Gen. xxvi. 19.

breaks into pieces<sup>1</sup> if set down without special care, while on opening my carefully-packed box after reaching England, a thousand fragments were nearly all that remained of the specimens I tried to bring home. The cement with which cisterns are coated in Palestine, to make them water-tight, utilizes part of this wreck of shivered earthenware, so wonderfully common everywhere, but vast beds have been left untouched at Gerar, perhaps for future consumption. In the deep valley of Himon, west and south of Jerusalem, men may be seen every autumn preparing this material. Gathering a heap of potsherds of all sizes and kinds, the cement or "homrah" maker tucks up his blue cotton overshirt below his girdle, and sits down on the ground, with a heavy, round stone, for crushing the broken ware, beside him. Spreading out a small quantity, he rolls the stone over it till the whole is ground to powder, or to very small pieces, and this, mixed with lime, makes the cement. At Jerusalem, traces of an ancient gateway have been discovered, apparently that known in Bible times as "the Gate of the Potters:"<sup>2</sup> the quarter where earthenware was manufactured.<sup>3</sup> Thither Jeremiah was commanded to go and buy "a potter's earthen bottle," and shiver it to pieces before "the elders of the people and the elders of the priests," as a symbol of the utter destruction impending over the city, for its wickedness. Just below the gate thus visited to reach the potters' quarters, there are great heaps of rubbish, made up chiefly of very ancient broken pottery, and it is here that the "homrah" makers obtain most of their raw material. It is striking to think that immediately opposite this former position of the "Potters' Gate" lies the "Potters' Field," still called *Aceklama*—"the Field of Blood"—one of the rare spots in this locality where the soil is of clay deep enough for graves, and for this reason used until very recently for the burial of strangers, as it had been from the time of Judas Iscariot.<sup>4</sup>

Gerar was one of the oldest cities of the Philistines, for it is mentioned in the table of nations, in the tenth chapter of Genesis:<sup>5</sup> the border town, it would seem, of that people on their first coming into Palestine from the south, but after a time left to sink into insignificance, when Gaza and the other Philistine towns were built, farther north. Abimelech, the name of its kings, both in Abraham's lifetime and in Isaac's, seems to have been a title given to its rulers, as Pharaoh was given to all Egyptian kings. We not only find it applied to the chiefs of Gerar at an interval of perhaps eighty years, in the narratives of Abraham and Isaac, but it is used also of King Achish of Gath.<sup>6</sup> It was to the treaty made by Abraham with the ruler thus distinguished, in his day,<sup>7</sup> that the Israelites throughout their history owed the recognition of their title to Beersheba, as being in their territory, of which,

<sup>1</sup> Eccles. xii. 6. <sup>2</sup> Not "potsherds," as in the R. V. The A. V. has "east gate," by a mistranslation. <sup>3</sup> Jer. xix. 1; xviii. 4. <sup>4</sup> Acts i. 18; Matt. xxvii. 7. <sup>5</sup> Gen. x. 19, 26. <sup>6</sup> 1 Sam. xxi. 10 (see margin); title of Ps. xxxiv. (see margin). <sup>7</sup> Gen. xxi. 22-32.

indeed, it formed the southern outpost. The Philistines must therefore have been supreme from Gerar to the limits of the desert, so that their territory extended in one direction, at least, over thirty miles, though only, for the most part, over pasture-land. That so powerful a chief should have treated Abraham as on an equal footing with himself, speaks of the strength of the patriarch's tribe. He was, in fact, a great emir.

I rested for some time in Gerar, taking my seat on a pile of stones beside a cistern, while we enjoyed some home-made brown bread, and hard eggs, washed down with a bottle of water. The scene reminded me of Salisbury Plain: flocks here and there; the country undulating; the chalky soil sprinkled, rather than covered, with grass. To the east the limestone cropped out here and there, as the land rose in long, round-topped waves towards the distant mountains. A good many cattle were grazing at different points, tended by Arab boys, with very Jewish faces, and by brown-skinned women, in blue, close-fitting cotton sacks; their faces veiled; their heads covered with the sleeves of their dress—apparently the only article they wore; not even their naked feet visible. Part of the land was rudely ploughed a few inches deep, but the rank thorns and weeds seemed calculated to choke the good seed.<sup>1</sup> Barley was growing in some places, and melons were being sown in others. Close beside me grew the familiar groundsel, dear to birds here, no doubt, as it is in beloved England! The sea, hidden from sight, lay six miles to the west. Our guide stood by, radiant in his many colors; his pistols shining in his girdle. "Were they loaded?" He flashed up at the question and fired one off, on the moment. Presently a red-and-white snake, perhaps roused by the noise, glided out from the stones on which we were sitting, and disappeared in the thorns near at hand. The shot fired had been the only one our son of Mars could boast. "Ah! had the other pistol been loaded, he would have killed the horrid creature!" I was only thankful it did not try to kill any of us, if it were poisonous.

Serpents are very numerous in Palestine, many kinds remaining undescribed, although over twenty species are already known. Indeed the unknown probably outnumbered those with which European naturalists are acquainted. Nine kinds are more or less venomous; some of them, as I have said before, very deadly; yet few accidents seem to happen from them. What the reptile was that troubled us is a secret it kept to itself. Seven words are used for different kinds of snakes or serpents, but it is very hard to know what species is in each case meant. The difficulty of the English reader is increased by the same Hebrew word being differently translated in different passages: an error slavishly followed by the Revised Version.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xiii. 7. <sup>2</sup> See פתח Pethen.

The word for serpents generally occurs twenty-nine times in the Old Testament,<sup>1</sup> but the distinct members of the ghastly brood are contented with less publicity. Three appear only once; one, thrice; one, four times; and one, six times. Some of these cannot be identified, others can; let us see what light science throws on any of those which the Bible notices.

The word "cockatrice,"<sup>2</sup> used in the Authorized Version as the translation of two Hebrew words, is a mediæval name for a fabulous serpent, supposed to be produced from a *cock's* egg, but originally it was no more than a corruption of the word "crocodile;"<sup>3</sup> its sound leading to the wonderful invention. The serpent to which it refers is not known, but may be the great yellow viper, or "daboia,"<sup>4</sup> the largest of its kind, and more than usually dangerous, since it seeks its prey by night. The Revised Version, most unfortunately, gives as an alternative to "cockatrice," in the margin, the word "basilisk," which was another fabulous serpent, thus illuminating the one unscientific fable by a second quite as fanciful. The basilisk, or "king serpent," was described as only three spans long at the most, with a white spot on its head, frequently compared to a crown, whence its name. Fables abound of its fatal hiss, terrifying all other serpents; of its scorching the grass and stalks of herbs as it glided through them; of its splitting stones with its pestilent breath, and of its advancing upright: dreams which show how much the natural science of past ages owed to the imagination. The great yellow viper, which is, perhaps, the creature really meant when either of these two fabulous creatures is mentioned in Scripture, is very poisonous. Canon Tristram saw one spring at a quail which was feeding. The snake failed to do more than puncture it, in the slightest possible degree, in the flesh of one of its wings. But even this was enough. Having fluttered on a few yards, the birds fell to the ground in the agonies of death. It is to the bite of this creature that in Proverbs is compared the deadly effect of strong drink; it is on its hole that the weaned child is to place its hand in the days of the Messiah; it is to its eggs, then believed to be deadly poison, that the wicked deeds of his contemporaries are compared by Isaiah; and its untamable fierceness is noticed by Jeremiah as defying the efforts of the charmer.

Four Hebrew words are translated "adder" in the Authorized Version, which is duly followed in its confusion by the Revisers: a course pardonable two hundred and fifty years ago, but preposterous now. Of these four words, one, "pethen," is four times rendered "asp," and twice "adder."<sup>5</sup> From the allusions to it, it is shown to be poisonous,

1 נחש Nahush. 2 צפני Tsephah; צפניו Tsiphoni. The R. V. follows the A. V. in the one case in which the second of these words is translated "adder;" in the other cases it gives "basilisk," for cockatrice. 3 Skeat, *English Dictionary*. Müller, *Etymol. Sprachwörterbuch*. 4 Prov. xxiii. 32; Isa. xi. 8; xiv. 29; lix. 5; Jer. viii. 17. 5 Deut. xxxii. 33; Job xx. 14-16; Isa. xi. 8, Ps. lviii. 4, 5; xci. 13.

to live in holes, and to defy the arts of the charmer to subdue it. Perhaps, however, this intractableness refers only to individual snakes, if it be correct that the Egyptian cobra, which is also found in Southern Palestine. is the serpent intended, as is believed by such authorities as Klein, Furrer, and Canon Tristram.<sup>1</sup> I have often seen them in the hands of serpent-charmers in Cairo, by whom they seem to be used, for their strange art, more than any other serpent. Taking them out of a basket, and laying them on the pavement, they speedily irritate them till they rise upright, supported by coils of their lower vertebrae, and dilate their necks as if about to spring. Their tormentors then, catching hold of them, throw them round their arms, necks, or legs, and let them curl at their will; taking them off when they please.

References to serpent-charming are frequent in the Bible,<sup>2</sup> so that it must have been followed in Palestine, as it has been in Egypt, from the remotest ages to the present. The cobra, which is the asp of the Greeks and Romans, measures generally about a yard or four feet in length, though sometimes more. It is often represented in its erect posture on the Egyptian monuments, and a figure of it was worn on the diadem of the Pharaohs as the symbol of their absolute power of life and death. Serpent-charmers gain their livelihood in Egypt at this time, as of old, by luring serpents of different kinds from their holes in the mud walls of houses and other buildings. They belong to orders of dervishes, and thus link their art with religion, which may explain the severity expressed towards their class in the Old Testament, if its members joined their art with heathen, as its present professors do with Mahomedan, superstition. Manasseh is denounced for "using enchantments,"<sup>3</sup> which seem, from the Hebrew word, to have been a kind of divination by sorcerers from the hissing of serpents, and such enchantments are expressly prohibited in Leviticus and Deuteronomy.<sup>4</sup> They were, nevertheless, practised to the latest ages of the Jewish state, for Isaiah speaks of those skilled in enchanting by serpents,<sup>5</sup> and we find these reptiles spoken of in the New Testament as "tamed" or charmed.<sup>6</sup> When the effort of the charmer was unsuccessful, the serpent was said to be "deaf," and to "stop its ears,"<sup>7</sup> though, of course, it was not really insensible to sound, in any case. The charmers in Egypt now travel over every part of the land, and find abundant employment, though their remuneration is very small. They profess to be able to tell whether there are serpents in a house, without seeing them, and to attract them to their persons as a fowler,

<sup>1</sup> Riehm, p. 1404. Tristram, *Nat. Hist. of the Bible*, p. 271. Schenkel, *Bib. Lex.*, v. 223. <sup>2</sup> Ps. lviii. 5; Eccles. x. 11; Jer. viii. 17; Jas. iii. 7; Eccles. x. 8. <sup>3</sup> Kings xxi. 6; <sup>4</sup> 2 Chron. xxxiii. 6. <sup>5</sup> Lev. xix. 26; Deut. xviii. 10. <sup>6</sup> Isa. iii. 3. This is the real meaning of the words translated in the A. V. "the eloquent orator;" in the R. V. "the skilful enchanter." The meaning is, literally, "the skilful hisser." <sup>7</sup> Jer. viii. 7. <sup>8</sup> Ps. lviii. 4.

by the fascination of his voice, allures a bird into his net. Assuming an air of mystery, they strike the walls with a short palm-stick, whistle, make a clucking noise with their tongue, and spit on the ground, generally adding, "I adjure you by God, if ye be above, or if ye be below, that ye come forth; I adjure you by the most great name, if ye be obedient, that ye come forth; and if ye be disobedient, die! die! die!" The serpent is generally dislodged by the stick, or drops from the ceiling of the room, and is secured by the charmer, who extracts the poisonous teeth before venturing to toy with it.<sup>1</sup> Sometimes a flute is used to entice it from its hiding-place, and, when it is made harmless, to cause it to move to the music. Not unfrequently, as I have said, the performer lets the snakes twine round his neck, arms, and breast, and affects to be in a life-and-death struggle with them. In ancient times, moreover, charmers, apparently by pressing a particular part of the neck, were able to mesmerise, or temporarily paralyze them, so that they stretched themselves out at full length, and became for the time perfectly rigid; their activity being restored at pleasure by seizing them by the tail and rolling them briskly between the hands. Was this the way in which the skill of the Egyptian magicians was shown before Pharaoh?<sup>2</sup> It was, and still is, a dangerous art to trifle with creatures so deadly, for their poison-teeth grow again after being pulled out and at times they strike before the teeth can be drawn, and the poor charmer dies. "Who will pity a charmer that is bitten with a serpent?" says the son of Sirach. I do, for one! I, myself, never saw one of these poor creatures showing his art on any special scale, but a missionary in India gives us the following vivid personal testimony.<sup>3</sup> A serpent-charmer, having been sent into his garden, after the most minute and careful precautions against artifice of any kind—"began playing with his pipe, and after proceeding from one part of the garden to another for some minutes, stopped at a part of the wall much injured by age, and intimated that a serpent was within. He then played quicker, and louder, when, almost immediately, a large cobra put forth its hooded head, and the man ran fearlessly to the spot, seized it by the throat and drew it out. He then showed the poison-fangs, and beat them out; afterwards taking it to the room where his baskets were left, and depositing it among the rest." Does this beating out of the poison-fangs explain the words in the verse following that in which the Psalmist says of the wicked, "Their poison is like the poison of a serpent: they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely. Break their teeth, O God, in their mouth"<sup>4</sup>? As to "stopping their ears," it is of course well known that the serpent has no external ears or opening for sound, at all, so that the words are only a figure of

<sup>1</sup> Lane, *Mod. Egypt*, ii. 103. <sup>2</sup> Exod. vii. 9. <sup>3</sup> *Missionary Magazine*, 1837. <sup>4</sup> Ps. lvi. 5, 6.

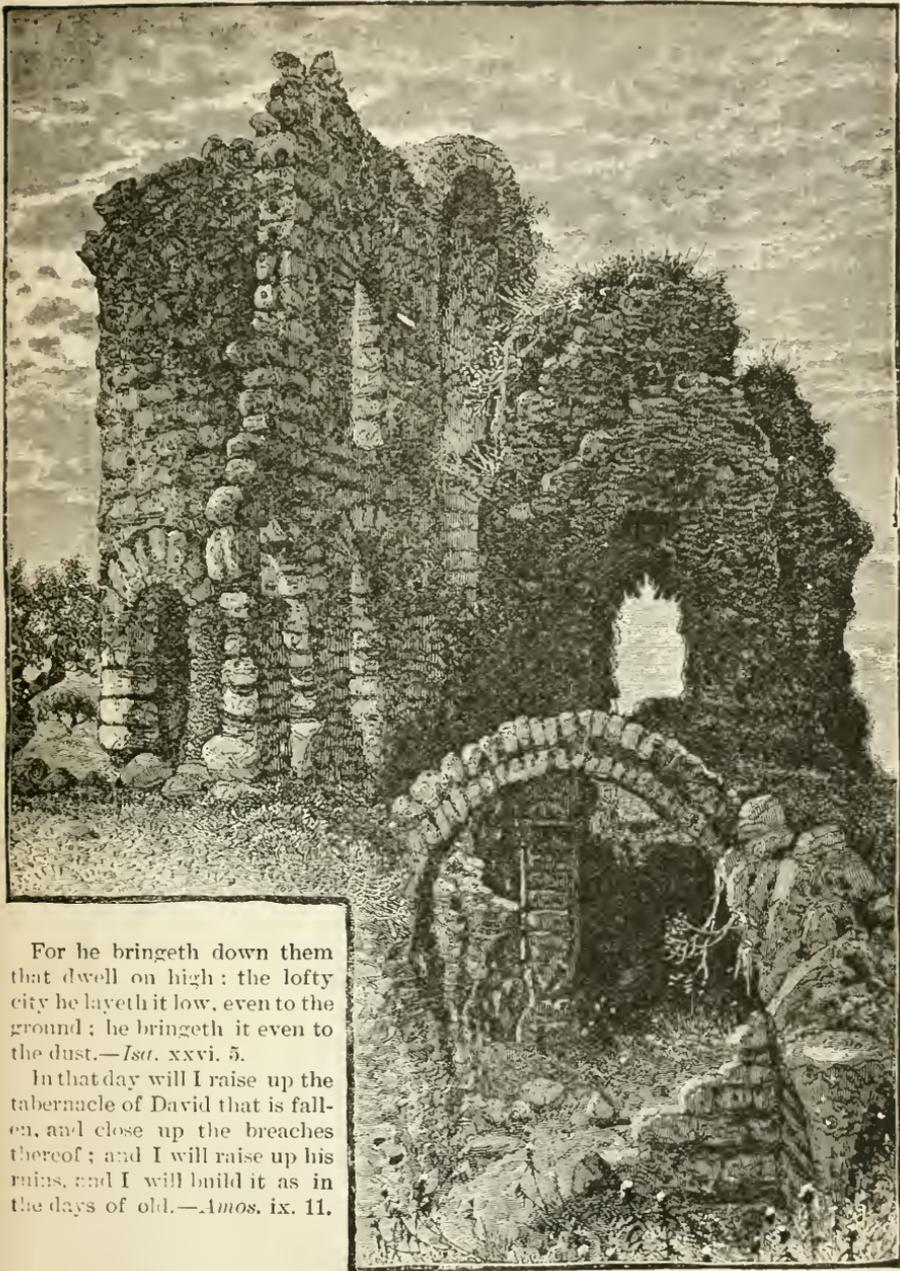
speech for refusing to listen to the voice or music of the charmer. But this did not satisfy the theologians of former days; they actually invented the fancy that serpents stopped their ears with their tail;<sup>1</sup> though, after all, they could only stop one at a time.

The extent to which these reptiles can be tamed is seen more fully in India than elsewhere. Taking out eight or ten different kinds from their baskets, the charmers lay them on the ground, over which the creatures presently begin to glide away in every direction. Their master then puts the pipe to his lips, and plays some of his peculiar notes, at which the serpents stop, as though enchanted, and turning to the musician, approach within two feet of him, raise their heads from the ground, and sway backwards and forwards, in time with the tune, thoroughly under the spell of the sweet sounds. When he ceases playing, they drop their heads and remain quiet on the ground, till replaced in the charmer's baskets.

The Hebrews evidently were very familiar with the serpent. Zophar, in the Book of Job, shared the idea, prevalent still among the common people, that the forked, sharp tongue was that which bit and poisoned a victim, and he knew of the habit the charmers had of sucking out the poison when anyone was bitten;<sup>2</sup> but, generally, the infusion of the venom is correctly attributed to the bite.<sup>3</sup> The habit of the serpent tribe of hiding in walls is noticed in Ecclesiastes: "Whoso breaketh down a gadair, a serpent shall bite him;"<sup>4</sup> the "gadair" being the dry stone wall of a vineyard or orchard, still known in Palestine as a "yedar." So, in Amos, of serpents hiding in the crevices of the mud walls of houses: "As if a man went into the house, and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him."<sup>5</sup> That serpents are produced from eggs was known to Isaiah, who tells us, the wicked "hatch serpents' eggs;"<sup>6</sup> and their wonderful mode of progression on a smooth rock was one of the four things too mysterious for Agar to understand.<sup>7</sup>

A third kind of serpent mentioned in Scripture has been identified with the cerastes or horned snake, a small creature from twelve to eighteen inches long, of a sandy color. Its name, "shephiphon," occurs only once in the Bible, but the fact that the Arabs still call the cerastes "shiphon" leaves no doubt as to the reptile meant. "Dan shall be a serpent by the way," says the dying Jacob, "an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward."<sup>8</sup> It is the habit of the horned snake to coil itself in the sand, where it basks in the foot-print of a camel or other animal, darting out suddenly on any passing beast. "So great is the terror which the sight of it inspires in horses," says Canon Tristram, "that I have known mine,

1 Bythner, *Lyre of David*. Dee's Translation, p. 165. 2 Job xx. 16. 3 Num. xxi. 9; Eccles. x. 8-11; Prov. xxiii. 32. 4 Eccles. x. 8. 5 Amos v. 19. 6 Isa. lix. 5. 7 Prov. xxx. 19. 8 Gen. xlix. 17.



For he bringeth down them that dwell on high : the lofty city he layeth it low, even to the ground ; he bringeth it even to the dust.—*Isa.* xxvi. 5.

In that day will I raise up the tabernacle of David that is fallen, and close up the breaches thereof ; and I will raise up his ruins, and I will build it as in the days of old.—*Amos.* ix. 11.

RUINS OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH NEAR BEIT JIBRIN. (See page 187.)



when I was riding in the Sahara, suddenly start and rear, trembling and perspiring in every limb, and no persuasion would induce him to proceed. I was quite unable to account for his terror till I noticed a cerastes coiled up in a depression, two or three paces in front, with its basilisk eyes steadily fixed on us, and no doubt preparing for a spring as the horse passed."<sup>1</sup> Like the wily snake, Dan was to owe his successes more to stratagem than to open bravery: a trait marked in the history of the tribe.

The snake known in the Authorized Version as the viper seems to have been identified by Canon Tristram with the sand-viper, a reptile about a foot in length.<sup>2</sup> We read also of "vipers" in the New Testament, but the word used is that common, in Greek, for any poisonous snake. The viper that bit St. Paul may have been the ordinary Mediterranean viper, though, owing to the clearing away of forests from Malta, no snake is now found in the island. The Mediterranean viper is fond of lurking among wood, and it will be remembered that the snake which fastened on St. Paul's hand came out of the fagots for the fire.<sup>3</sup>

The "fiery serpents" which troubled Israel in the wilderness have not been identified with any particular species, and seem to owe the name rather to the effects of their bite than to any other peculiarity, especially as we find the Greek Bible speaking of them only as the "deadly serpents."<sup>4</sup>

We might, indeed, with strict exactness, translate the name as "the serpent of the burning bite," though there are poisonous serpents in Arabia with fiery-red spots and marks.<sup>5</sup> The burning heat produced by their bite might well give them the name of "fiery," just as the Greeks called a kind of serpent whose bite made the face fiery-red with its poison, and the limbs swell, "prëstër," the "inflamer," and "kausos," the "burner," and another, whose bite caused mortal thirst, "dipsas," or the thirst-causing serpent. The "fiery flying serpent" of Isaiah<sup>6</sup> evidently does not refer to any serpent with wings, for there are no such creatures, but rather to the swift spring of some especially deadly snake, as we say of even a quadruped that "it flew along the road," when we mean simply that it went so quickly that we could only compare its speed with that of flying.

The dull eyes of the serpent are the very opposite of intelligent, yet its "subtilty" has in all ages been a familiar expression in widely-separate nations. This must be in allusion to its craft in hiding till its victim approaches, or its secrecy in gliding towards it; also, perhaps, to its power, in some cases, of fascinating its prey, and its wariness in avoiding danger. It is in this last sense that our Saviour counsels the

<sup>1</sup> Tristram, *Nat. Hist. of the Bible*, p. 274. <sup>2</sup> Heb. "ephah" (Job xx. 16; Isa. xxx. 6; lix. 5). The Arabic name of the sand-viper is "el ephah." <sup>3</sup> Tristram, p. 277. <sup>4</sup> Num. xxi. 6-8; Deut. viii. 15. <sup>5</sup> *Schubert's Travels*, ii. 406. <sup>6</sup> Isa. xiv. 29.

disciples to be "wise as serpents:"<sup>1</sup> avoiding unnecessary invitation of persecution, and gratuitous incitement to ill-will. In the same figurative sense we must understand the words of Scripture respecting the serpent eating dust,<sup>2</sup> as only a vivid mode of expressing the deepest humiliation, as when the heathen are described as "licking up the dust of the feet" of Israel,<sup>3</sup> or when the Psalmist speaks of "eating ashes like bread."<sup>4</sup> At the same time, the fact that the serpent generally kills its prey on the ground, of course implies that it must swallow dust, but not more than other creatures who also eat their food from the earth; less, in fact, for it does not rend its victim, but swallows it whole. It is a striking and curious fact, in this connection, that we often find on the monuments of Egypt a deity in human shape piercing the head of a serpent with a spear: a remarkable illustration of the wide dissemination of the tradition of the Fall.

The journey from Gerar to Beersheba is over much the same kind of country as that from Gaza to Gerar: low hills, dotted now, in the spring-time, with herds: plains sprinkled with flocks of brown-faced, broad-tailed sheep, and goats, generally in charge of women or children; a few black tents, here and there, with a miserable shepherd, in a sheep-skin coat, with sleeves, the woolly side out; a dagger-handle peering out of his leather belt or girdle, and a long stick in his hand; his club probably hidden under his coat. An Arab passed us on horseback, carrying a spear about twelve feet long, with a cruel-looking iron head, ornamented with a tuft of wool, and, at the other end, a long iron butt, sharp-pointed, to thrust into the ground before the tent, so that the spear might be upright, ready to be snatched, its position also being a token of the owner's authority as sheikh. So, the spear of Saul was "stuck at his bolster,"<sup>5</sup> or, rather, "head." The Arab had, besides, a sword and pistols, and a white head-cloth, or "kefiyeh," with the usual ring of soft camels'-hair rope twice round, to keep it in its place, the tails of the kerchief falling over his breast. His complexion was very black, but his features handsome. A brown-striped "abba," over his inner cotton dress, completed his costume. I asked to look at his spear, and he at once handed it to me, saying that he "gave" it to me; but this was only a formal act of courtesy, meaning nothing, like that of Ephron the son of Heth, four thousand years ago, when he affected to give Abraham the Cave of Machpelah without payment; intending all the while to let him have it only for its full value.<sup>6</sup> Returning him his formidable weapon, therefore, with many thanks, we rode on the one way; he, the other.

1 Matt. x. 16. 2 Gen. iii. 14; Isa. lxxv. 25; Mic. vii. 17. 3 Isa. xlix. 23; Ps. lxxii. 9. 4 Ps. cii. 9. 5 1 Sam. xxvi. 7. 6 Gen. xxiii. 11.

## CHAPTER XII.

## BEERSHEBA.

THE wells of Beersheba are on the edge of the wady, or torrent-bed, Es Seba, which, as I have said, sweeps in a long curve towards the north-west, till it reaches the sea a little south of Gaza. There are now only three wells: two, filled with water; the third, dry: but no traces of the other four, thought once to have been here, are visible. The existing wells are built of fine solid masonry, and are in good condition, according to the Oriental standard. There is no wall round them, so that it would be really dangerous to approach them in the dark, or carelessly, and the stones are worn, far down the sides, into deep furrows by the ropes with which, for many centuries, the Arabs have drawn water from them, for themselves and their flocks and herds. It would be pleasant to think that they are the very wells used by Abraham and the patriarchs, but, although the excavations may be the same, the masonry certainly is not, since, fifteen courses down, on the south side of the large well, Captain Conder discovered a stone with an Arabic inscription, dated 505 A. H.—that is, after Mahomet's flight from Mecca—in other words, in the twelfth century of our era. Rude stone troughs stand round the two wells which have water: nine round the larger one; five round the smaller.

The wady below is about 300 paces broad; its bed filled with stones, some of large size, rolled from the distant hills by the fury of the winter storms. On the low hills bordering the wady on its northern edge can be traced the ruins of what was anciently the town of Beersheba, for there was once a Roman garrison stationed here, and a considerable population. The houses appear to have been scattered over several small hills and the hollows between; traces of them being visible for half a mile along the edge of the wady, and a quarter of a mile back. On the south side of the ravine a wall of hewn stone extends for several hundred feet under the bank, apparently to prevent it from being washed away during the winter rains. The ground, like other ancient sites, is largely covered with fragments of pottery; the direction of the streets can be traced, and there are vestiges of some public buildings; but if it were not for the wells there would be no inducement to visit the spot.

Here, then, amidst dark-skinned Arabs, whose territory extended a few miles northward from the wells, were the remains of Beersheba. The poverty of the Ishmaelites, according to our notions, seemed extreme, though some of them had flocks and herds. The women, in some cases at least, wore no veils, and certainly they could not be called

handsome, if one could judge from a poor creature who came to ask bakshish. Her dress had no sleeves, and showed her bust even a shade more fully than our full-dress at evening parties; in fact, nearly to her waist, round which was wound a cord, the first girdle I ever noticed on one of her sex. Her hair hung down the sides of her head, in confusion; on her left arm, which was bare, were four different metal and glass ornaments, and her left nostril was set off with a ring which passed through the cartilage, as earrings do through the lobe of the ear. From her head a kind of sack hung down her back, part of it filled with a heavy brown child, whose head, which was all that was visible, was carefully done up in a close-fitting cap. The ancient Israelites, like this poor creature, delighted in personal ornaments. They had rings for the arms, for the feet, for the neck, for the nose, and for the ear. Some were only of horn or of ivory, but Rebekah was won for Isaac by two bracelets of gold,<sup>1</sup> and bracelets were among the free-will offerings of Moses, after the sin at Baal-peor.<sup>2</sup> Even the men wore rings on the arm, for the Amalekite brought to David the one he had taken from the arm of Saul.<sup>3</sup> The ladies of Jerusalem gloried in rings on their ankles—Isaiah's "ornaments of the legs"<sup>4</sup>—joined by a chain, which made them mince their steps, and clattered as their wearers moved<sup>5</sup>—"walking and mincing as they went, and making a tinkling with their feet." Strangely enough, we are told that Judith put on these mock fetters when arraying herself to go forth to kill Holofernes.<sup>6</sup> Necklaces are still common among the native women here, and among the Hebrews were worn not only by the fair sex, but by men. The spouse in Canticles boasted of this adornment,<sup>7</sup> and Ezekiel pictures Jerusalem as a maiden with "ear-rings in her ears, and a chain on her neck."<sup>8</sup> But the other sex was as vain, for obedience to a father and mother is compared, in Proverbs, to chains about a son's neck—his special glory.<sup>9</sup> Nose-rings, such as my Bedouin friend wore, are common. At times you see the hole in the side of the nose marked by a mere star of metal, to keep it open; at others, a ring, it may be, an inch and a half wide, sticks out, forming what, to Western eyes, is a hideous disfigurement of the face. Such a ring Rebekah, with bounding heart, allowed Eliezer to put "upon her face," when he met her at the well;<sup>10</sup> and "nose-jewels" were still fashionable in Isaiah's time,<sup>11</sup> nearly 1,400 years later. Jerusalem, under the figure of a maiden, is adorned with a nose-ring in the picture of her given by Ezekiel,<sup>12</sup> and in Proverbs "a fair woman without discretion" is compared to a golden nose-ring in a swine's snout.<sup>12</sup> Strange that such a custom, which makes it necessary for a woman to hold up the ring with one hand

1 Gen. xxiv. 22, 30, 47. 2 Num. xxxi. 50. 3 2 Sam. i. 8, 10. 4 Isa. iiii. 20. 5 Isa. iiii. 16. 6 Judith x. 4. 7 Cant. iv. 9. 8 Ezek. xvi. 11. 9 Prov. i. 9; iii. 3. 10 Gen. xxiv. 47. 11 Isa. iiii. 21. 12 Ezek. xvi. 12. 13 Prov. xi. 22.

during meals, while she raises the food to her mouth with the other, should still be followed, after thousands of years!

Earrings one can easily understand, for the ears lend themselves to vanity in many ways. We see them in the ears of men on the Assyrian tablets, and Gideon's war-cloak could not gather up the mound of golden earrings taken from the Midianite warriors he had slain.<sup>1</sup> Nor could the ladies in Israel boast superiority to the other sex in this respect, for even in the desert of Sinai enough golden earrings were given by the matrons and their sons and daughters to make the golden calf.<sup>2</sup>

The worst feature of this vanity, however, was that too many of these rings and jewels were regarded by the Hebrews not only as ornaments, but as charms and amulets. They wore "little moons," such as even to-day are a favorite female decoration in the East, the new moon being a symbol of good fortune, and small crescents, copied from its shape, being regarded also as a protection against the black arts. The earrings which Jacob took from his people and buried<sup>3</sup> were both ornaments and charms, which the patriarch did well to put out of sight. Nor did belief in these spells and talismans die out in later ages, for Isaiah mentions amulets as a part of female dress in his day, just as they are among Eastern women now.<sup>4</sup> They were either gems, or precious stones, or plates of gold and silver, like our brooches, magical spells being engraved on them, or hidden in them, to guard the wearer from harm when she had hung one round her neck. It is quite probable, indeed, that the old Jews were as superstitious as the present natives of Palestine, of all ranks; these would be very uncomfortable without any amulets or magic charms, not only for their own protection, but for that of their children, houses, herds, flocks, and even fruit-trees. Horses and cattle bear them round their necks; men, women, and children either carry them as we do, in the form of a locket, or hide them in their bosoms; and the very trees of the orchard are guarded by mystic characters marked on them.

These charms are generally scraps from the religious books of the wearer, written after certain rules, perhaps also with mysterious diagrams; the document being sewn up in a small bag, either three-cornered or like a heart, worn next to the skin from infancy to old age, as a Roman Catholic wears his scapulary. Some of these spells are believed to have the most varied power against all enemies, ghostly or bodily, turning aside bullets in war, guarding against robbers, and warding off illness or accidents, the only wonder being that the wearers ever know what trouble is. It is, moreover, very curious to notice that all the sects of all the religions of the country have equal trust in these worthless trifles.

<sup>1</sup> Judg. viii. 25. <sup>2</sup> Ex. xxxii. 3, 4. <sup>3</sup> Gen. xxxv. 4. <sup>4</sup> Isa. iii. 20, "Iehashim"; in A. V. "earrings."

Beersheba, as the Bible tells us, got its name from the treaty made respecting it between Abraham and the Philistines; the two parties to the agreement confirming it with a mutual oath, accompanied by a gift of seven sheep from Abraham to Abimelech, as the formal sign which guaranteed to the patriarch, thenceforward, the possession of the wells which he had dug. In allusion to this, the word means either "the Well of the Oath," or "the Well of the Seven."<sup>1</sup> Herodotus tells us that much in the same way the Arabs marked seven stones with their blood, and kept them for witness respecting contracts made, having first laid them between the parties contracting.<sup>2</sup> Always devout, Abraham, we are informed, planted a grove of tamarisk-trees, or, as some translate it, a single tamarisk, under which to build an altar to Jehovah, the stones lying so plentifully in the torrent-bed below supplying abundant material. Round these wells the Father of the Faithful sojourned for many years, and here Isaac also lingered, the Philistines confirming the possession of the wells to him by a new treaty, sealed, as usual, with an oath.<sup>3</sup> From this spot Jacob set out on his weary journey to Mesopotamia, and hither he returned in his old age, on his way to Joseph, in Egypt.

At the conquest of Canaan, Beersheba was assigned to Judah,<sup>4</sup> but it was afterwards made over to Simeon,<sup>5</sup> and became the southern limit of the possessions of Israel, "from Dan to Beersheba" being recognized as equivalent to the whole country of the Hebrews, from north to south.<sup>6</sup> In later days, when the Ten Tribes seceded, the kingdom of Judah extended from Beersheba to the mountains of Ephraim.<sup>7</sup> At Beersheba, in Samuel's day, a local court was held for the south country, under Abiah, the son of the prophet,<sup>8</sup> so that there must have been some community round the wells even in that early age. Silent and desolate as they now are, they had once the honor of sending a maiden who had grown up beside them, to be Queen of Judah—Zibiah, the wife of Ahaziah, and mother of King Jehoash.<sup>9</sup> A hundred years later, Beersheba had become, with Bethel and Gilgal, a centre of idolatrous worship, to which pilgrimages from the northern kingdom were made by great numbers—a sin denounced vehemently by the brave prophet Amos.<sup>10</sup> Deserted during the Captivity, it became once more a Jewish settlement after the return from Babylon.<sup>11</sup> It was at Beersheba also that Elijah, fleeing to Horeb to escape the vengeance of Jezebel, left his attendant, himself going a day's journey farther south, when "he lay and slept" under a bush of the broom so common in this neighborhood; for it was not, as one version has it, under a "juniper."<sup>12</sup> Glad of any shade in such a weary land, the prophet would be additionally cheered if he passed

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxi. 28, 29; xxvi. 33. <sup>2</sup> Herod., iii. 8. <sup>3</sup> Gen. xxvi. 33. <sup>4</sup> Josh. xv. 28. <sup>5</sup> Josh. xix. 2. <sup>6</sup> Judg. xx. 1; <sup>7</sup> 2 Chron. xxx. 5. <sup>8</sup> 2 Chron. xix. 4. <sup>9</sup> 1 Sam. viii. 2. <sup>10</sup> 2 Kings xii. 1. <sup>11</sup> Amos v. 4, 5; viii. 14. <sup>12</sup> Neh. xi. 30. <sup>13</sup> 1 Kings xix. 4, 5.

on his way in spring, by the white and pink blossom which covers the broom, even before its small leaves have appeared. It is the largest and most noticeable plant in the desert, and it afforded shelter to Dean Stanley in the only storm of rain he encountered in these parts.<sup>1</sup>

Unfortunately, the beauty of the shrub is no protection against the eagerness of the poor Arabs to make any profit that is possible in their wilderness haunts. The roots of the broom have long been famous for yielding the finest charcoal, and this seals the fate of the plant, wherever it is found in any quantity. Digging up the whole bush, the roots of which are much larger than the stem, the natives char as much of it as is fit for burning and carry it to Cairo, where it fetches a high price. The Hebrews, it would seem, did the same, for we read of "coals of juniper"—that is, of broom;<sup>2</sup> and it would even seem that in times of famine, caused by the hideous cruelty of war, fugitives dwelling in "the clefts of the valleys, in holes of the earth and of the rocks," "in the gloom of wasteness and desolation," dug up the roots of this shrub as a kind of food;<sup>3</sup> for, though very bitter, the softer parts might keep them alive, the plant being leguminous, and thus in some measure nourishing.

In the days of St. Jerome—that is, about 400 years after Christ—Beersheba was still a considerable village, with a Roman garrison: a sad enough post for the fashionable officers, and a dismal one for their soldiers. In the early Middle Ages it was the seat of a bishop, but in the fourteenth century<sup>4</sup> it had fallen into solitude.

The country round Beersheba is a rolling plain, broken by deeper or shallower torrent-beds, and covered for miles, in spring, with grass, flowers, and tufts of plants and shrubs. But it is very different in summer. The herbage is then entirely burnt up, and only a bare and desolate waste, as cheerless as the desert itself, is to be seen, unless there have been showers, which are very rare in the hot months. The Bedouins now move off to more attractive spots, and the wells are left solitary. Nowhere, far or near, is there any longer a relic of civilization—all is abandoned to the wandering Arab. Yet it was once very different. Many miles to the south, in the desert of El-Tih, Professor E. H. Palmer<sup>5</sup> found ancient native houses in perfect preservation. They were seven or eight feet in diameter, or even larger, built of stone in a circular shape, with oval tops, and small doors about two feet square, with lintels and door-posts; all the stones used having been so carefully selected as to bear the appearance of having been hewn. Yet they are certainly unhewn, though those set in the doorway may have been rubbed smooth on other stones. In one dwelling

<sup>1</sup> *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 80. <sup>2</sup> Ps. cxx. 4. <sup>3</sup> Job xxx. 4, 6 (R. V.). <sup>4</sup> *Reland, Palästina*, p. 620.  
<sup>5</sup> See *The Desert of the Exodus*, 2 vols. (*passim*), for this and the facts that come immediately after.

a flint arrow-head and some small shells were found. Were these the houses of the old Amalekites? It is quite possible that they were. Close by them were some stone circles. Do these point to the ancient religion of the long-vanished builders? Deep wells with troughs round them, still in use for flocks and herds, speak of the presence of Arabs in numbers, at some seasons of the year, in these thirsty regions. Circular walls of stone, with a defence of prickly bushes over them, provide defence for man and beast.<sup>1</sup> All this is in full sight of the mountains of Sinai. The whole country was at one time inhabited. Nearly every hill has ancient dwellings on its top, or stone circles. Great cairns, also, are frequent; raised, apparently, over the more or less illustrious dead. Whoever built them, whether Amalekites or a later race, seem to have buried their dead in short stone coffins, over which they piled the cairns, surrounding these with a stone circle, and offering sacrifices to the departed within the ring—for charcoal and burnt earth are found inside it. Were these sacrifices the "offerings to the dead," to eat which was so great a sin to the Israelites? The custom still survives in the offering of sacrifices at the tombs of Mahommedan saints.

Spring is varied in these desert regions south of Beersheba by fierce rains, dense sand-storms, and oppressive heat; but even amidst the barest landscape Professor Palmer came upon a herd of 150 milch-camels, which contrived to get food from the stray broom-plants and thorny bushes growing here and there. At one place he found ruins in which beams of acacia-wood were still to be seen, though no trees of the kind now grow in the desert. Could the region have been wooded at some former time? Seventy miles south of Beersheba, remains of large numbers of the primitive stone houses are still numerous. Ravines covered with vegetation are found at intervals. Hills rise on every side; in some cases to a height of 2,000 feet, but broad stretches of plain lie between. In one barren, sunburnt valley are two long low walls, to regulate irrigation during the rains: one 180, the other 240 yards long, both very carefully built; two rows of stones being beautifully set in a straight line, with smaller pebbles between. Other steps or terraces, all faced in the same way with stone walls, had once sent vivifying moisture over both sides of the ravine. The whole country, indeed, though now, from want of care and failure of the water supply, little more than a barren waste, shows signs of very extensive cultivation, even at a comparatively modern period. The actual desert, to the south, was also much more suited to maintain a population in former times than it is now; the remains of houses, the presence of wells, and the traces of terraces showing this. Fertility has, in the course of ages, receded to the north. One of the most strik-

<sup>1</sup> See remarks on sheepfolds, p. 221, *ante*.

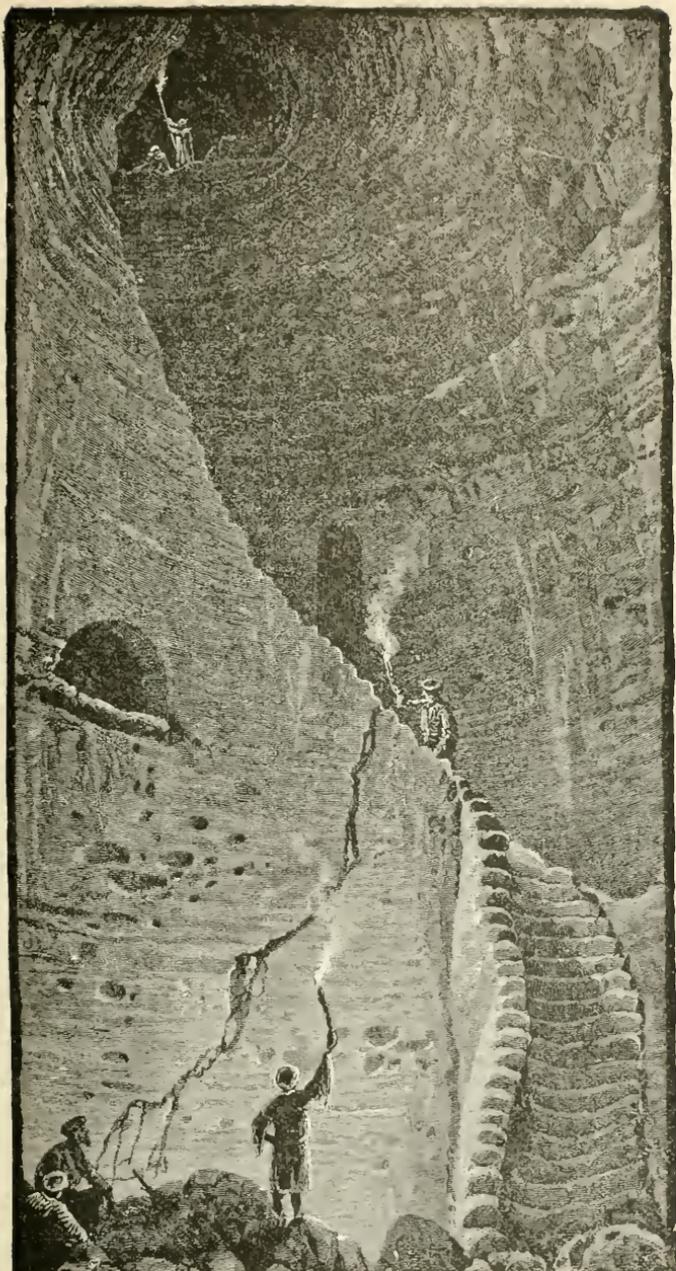
ing characteristics of "the south" is that for miles the hill-sides and valleys are covered with small stone-heaps, in regular swathes, over which grapes were trained, and which still retain the name of "grape-mounds." The valley of Eschol, from which the Jewish spies carried off the great bunch of grapes, may not, therefore, have been near Hebron, as has been supposed, but far south of Beersheba, and near the Hebrew head-quarters at Kadesh.

The number of Christian churches in this far southern region in early times, as shown by their ruins, is one of the strangest features of the district. Fifty miles from Beersheba is a cave cut out in the rock, once used for a church, as may be seen from the crosses and Christian signs on the walls. Near it, on the opposite side of the wady, is a much larger cave, also cut in the hill-side, with a staircase hewn out to lead up to it: the hermitage, it would seem, of some early monks. All the hills round are covered with ruins and stone-heaps, the remains of some primitive people; and the hill-sides are crossed and recrossed by innumerable paths. Perhaps, one of the "cities of the south," or of Negeb, was once here, but if so the country is sadly changed, for no city or village could exist in it now. Nor are the caves confined to one spot. Many hills are pierced with them. Professor Palmer thinks that the "south country," or "Negeb," began about fifty miles below Beersheba, but the signs of former habitation are widely scattered far beyond this point. Thirty-five miles south of it a broad valley opens out, covered with verdure; grass, asphodel, and broom growing in great profusion, flowers carpeting the soil, immense herds of cattle passing to the pastures and to the wells, and great flocks of fat sheep and goats feeding on the neighboring hills. Nine terebinth-trees, very old, spread out their wide branches in the valley, and give it a pleasant aspect. Terraces, to check the rush of winter floods, and distribute them over the whole of the soil, succeed each other along its whole length, just as I saw them afterwards in the great wady leading up from Beit Jibrin to Hebron. A well-built stone aqueduct carries water from the wells to a large reservoir, also built of stone; and there are ruins of some large buildings. All this, however, belongs to the distant past. Other valleys, as we get north, show equal signs of former diligent cultivation. A fort and a church, of which the remains still crown a hill-top near, overlook countless walls and terraces built across the Wady Hanein, formerly a valley of gardens; for though many of the large, flat, strongly-embanked terraces may once have been planted with fruit-trees, and others laid out as kitchen gardens, many miles were still left for the cultivation of grain. The black, flint-covered hill-slopes round the fort are covered with long rows of stones, carefully swept together and piled into numberless black heaps—the mounds on which vines were trained. Yet all is now desert, and has

been so for many centuries. Ruins of forts, churches, towns, terraces, grape-mounds, and aqueducts are, in fact, numerous in all directions. The ruins of Sebaita, twenty-five miles south of Beersheba, cover a space 500 yards long and from 200 to 300 yards wide, and show the remains of three churches, a tower, and two reservoirs. The houses are of stone, undressed near the ground, hewn farther from it; and are all built, in the lower stories, in arches, thick beams of stone being placed across these to form the roof. Nearly every house has its well, about two feet in diameter, and there are many conveniently placed at the street-corners; the streets themselves being distinctly traceable. Many of the house-walls are still from twenty to twenty-five feet high. But all is now stillness and utter desolation. Crosses on the houses and in the churches show that the town was Christian, but how long has it been abandoned? Sebaita is, possibly, the successor of Zephath of the Bible, which Judah and Simeon once took from the Canaanites, so utterly destroying it that they called its name Hormah, or "the Desolated Place."<sup>1</sup> All the way to Beersheba similar long-deserted towns occur: a proof of the great change in the physical condition of the country within the Christian era. Cisterns forty feet square, partly hewn out of the rock, partly built; broken Corinthian capitals; ruins of churches and sites of towns, dot the country, though as we approach Beersheba the stones have, in great measure, been carried away to Gaza and elsewhere, for new buildings. This accounts for the absence of similar remains in the plain of Philistia or elsewhere, within reach of existing communities; but the region beyond them, dry and waste as it now is, shows what the whole land must once have been.

Between Beersheba and Hebron the road, or rather track, lies through the Wady-el Khalil—that is, the Hebron valley, which rises fully 2,000 feet in thirty miles; the whole way being thus a rough climb. On this retired and little-travelled route evidences of dense population, in former times, are no less striking than on the now desert, sand-blown South. Ten miles north-east of the Beersheba wells are the ruins of a town among the hills, so full of ancient wells and reservoirs that Palmer gave it the name of "the City of Cisterns," a whole system of cisterns literally undermining the hills. The houses are still standing, in ruins, along the crest of a triple hill; their walls built of huge blocks of flint conglomerate, many of which measure six feet in length, four in thickness, and two in breadth; the houses formed of them being mostly of one room, about thirty feet by twenty. One large building has the appearance of a temple; and the hills around are still covered with ruins. Another similar town, Sa'awi, lies about ten miles east of Beersheba. Fifteen miles north-east of the latter place, and 1,400 feet above it, are the ruins of Dhahariyeh,<sup>2</sup> at the entrance of Palestine

<sup>1</sup> Judg. i. 17. The identification is very doubtful. <sup>2</sup> Beersheba (level), 781 feet; Dhahariyeh, 2, 180 feet.



Interior of a great cavern near Bet Jibrim. (See page 188.)



proper, among hills covered with vegetation and dotted with the dwarf oak, which first appears here.

The valley is banked up with strong walls and terraces of venerable age, running along where now there is no cultivation. Dhahariyeh itself is surrounded with fields, and there are two fine olive-trees at the foot of the hill on which it stands. Its houses consist chiefly of caves in the natural rock, some of them with rude arches carved over the doorways, and all of the greatest antiquity. Small terraces on the hill-side have been chosen for the excavation of these caves, the level obtained in front being fenced round with a mud wall, as a courtyard before the cave itself; dogs, goats, chickens, children, and other members of the household using it to take the air. These strange dwellings must be exactly like those of the old Horites, or "Cave-men," who, in Abraham's day, lived in Mount Seir,<sup>1</sup> where they were afterwards attacked and virtually exterminated by the children of Esau—that is, the Edomites—who seized their country,<sup>2</sup> with circumstances of horror which are, perhaps, referred to by Job, in verses I have already quoted in part. "Men in whom ripe age is, perished. They are gaunt with want and famine: they flee into the wilderness, into the gloom of wasteness and desolation. They pluck salt-wort by the bushes; and the roots of the broom are their meat. They are driven forth from the midst of men; they cry after them as after a thief. In the clefts of the valleys must they dwell, in holes of the earth and of the rocks."<sup>3</sup> The cave dwellings of Dhahariyeh have been inhabited by generation after generation since the days of this forgotten race. The village evidently occupies an ancient site, the foundations of a building of massive masonry, originally in three arched apartments, still remaining in the centre of it, while old arches and other remains of antiquity appear at every corner.<sup>4</sup> It brings us back, however, to a more prosaic picture of Palestine as it now is, to find, on entering the three-arched ruin, that you are immediately covered with fleas, so countless that you have to sweep and shake them off by hundreds from your arms, legs, and clothing. The women are all unveiled, and all apparently ugly, but eager, poor creatures, to sell their eggs and chickens to strangers, rushing out of their caves as one passes, to cry their wares in loud and almost angry screams.

Tell Arad, once a royal city of the Canaanites,<sup>5</sup> is now only a large white mound, about twenty miles slightly north-east of Beersheba; and six miles south-west of it is a ruined town, Keseifeh, with the same wreck of houses as elsewhere, the remains of a small church, and traces of tessellated pavement. Twelve or thirteen miles east of Beersheba, and about six miles south-east of Keseifeh, are the ruins of the ancient

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xiv. 6. <sup>2</sup> Deut. ii. 12, 22. <sup>3</sup> Job xxx. 2-6 (R. V.). See Ewald, *Gesch.*, i. 301, 305. The lineage of the Horites is given in Gen. xxxvi. 2)-30; 1 Chron. i. 38-42. <sup>4</sup> *Pal. Fund Reports*, 1870, p. 39. <sup>5</sup> Josh. xii. 14.

Moladah,<sup>1</sup> with two finely-built wells at the foot of the hill on which the town stood, one of them dry, but the other containing good water, with marble troughs round it, like those at Beersheba. Belonging first to Judah, Moladah was afterwards handed over to Simeon with whom it remained till the Captivity, after which it became again a Jewish community.<sup>2</sup> Five miles to the south of it are the ruins of Aroer;<sup>3</sup> but the only relics of the ancient city are some wells, two or three of them built up with rude masonry, and only a few containing water. It has been usual to think of the Simeonites as having merely a half-barren range of burnt upland pastures as their territory; but it is clear from the ruins that so plentifully cover the whole country, that while free to follow their pastoral prepossessions, they had also, on every side, all the advantages of a stirring, civilized population, and a region capable of yielding everything they could wish.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### GAZA TO FALUJEH.

I STARTED from Gaza to Hebron on the 2nd of March, with three horses, three donkeys, and four men, the donkeys carrying two tents and other requisites. Of the four men, the first was a black from the Soudan, but he could not tell his birthplace. A red fez; a loose old cloth jacket reaching to his thighs, the elbows showing themselves prominently through the short sleeves; a striped black-and-white petticoat of mixed cotton and wool, and cotton drawers, encased his tall thin figure, which terminated in bare legs, and ancient leather slippers with no backs. He had married in Gaza, was perhaps five-and-twenty, and laughed pleasantly all the time. Hamet, the second donkey-man, who was also young, wore a white cotton skull-cap, with red worsted-work setting it off at the edges: a wide blue cotton jacket reaching to his thighs, with a triangle of striped cotton, edged with red, for an ornament, down the back; a striped cotton petticoat, over a blue one, coming down to his knees; his legs and feet rejoicing in freedom. The third, Redwan, hardly a man, but very manly, had a blue cotton gaberline with sleeves, and over it a sleeveless, close-fitting, old brown-and-white woollen "abba;" a woollen skull-cap, with a handkerchief tied round it, to make it a turban; his brown legs and feet were naked. The fourth, Hajji Iesa—"Pilgrim Jesus!"—a middle-

<sup>1</sup> Josh. xv. 26; xix. 2. <sup>2</sup> 1 Chron. iv. 28; Neh. xi. 26. <sup>3</sup> 1 Sam. xxx. 28.

aged man, who had earned his title of "Hajji" by having been at Mecca, wore a dirty white turban, a white thick cotton sack over his shirt and down to his calves, and a leathern girdle or belt round his waist to keep his clothes together; his legs and feet being bare.

A fifth person joined our cavalcade, to take advantage of our company, a tall, thin man, on a donkey so small that his feet just escaped the ground. He was a colporteur, employed in selling Bibles and Testaments over the country, and he proposed to go with us as far as Beit Jibrin. Of light-brown complexion, with a long face and long Syrian nose, but a pleasant-looking man, with his great black eyes, he was decked out in a fez; a striped blue-and-white cotton, sleeved, sack, reaching to his calves; white cotton trousers; stockings, and elastic-side boots past their best. At the sides of his microscopic ass, underneath him, were too small saddle-bags of old carpet, so far gone that I feared he might distribute part of his stock of the Scriptures on the road instead of among the population. A thick stick in his hand, and a red sash, with a revolver in it, round his waist, finished his outward presentment. The missionary at Gaza, my worthy friend, Mr. Saphir, accompanied me as guide and companion. The hire of a horse and three asses, and of the men who came with us, was £3 13s. 4d.<sup>1</sup> for eight days. We had two tents, one belonging to Mr. Saphir, the other rented from its owner at Gaza for sixpence a day! These wonderful prices, of course, were those of private owners, not of "Tourists' Agencies." At Jersusalem, or Joppa, to hire from an "Agency" a traveller's tent, and a common one for the men, with the attendants and beasts, would have cost from four to five pounds a day.

Out, then, and away—past the Tomb of Samson, a place of pilgrimage for the Moslem; then under the long avenues of ancient olive-trees, the glory of Gaza, towards Beit Hanun. On the roadside sat a counterpart of blind Bartimeus, turbaned, cross-legged, in a blue gaberdine with short sleeves, a stick by his side, his hand out for charity. Blindness is a terribly prevalent curse in the East—the desert alone excepted, for a blind Bedouin is rare. In Egypt, it has been said, one person in twenty is affected in his eyes, and the lowest estimate gives one blind in the hundred, while in England and Norway the proportion is only one in a thousand. It is impossible, indeed, to come upon any number of men, either in Palestine or on the Nile, without finding some of them sightless. The causes of this are not the heat, nor even the dust, so much as the rapid changes of temperature between day and night, which are greatest on the sea-coast, the special seat of this melancholy evil. The inflammation thus occasioned would not, however, lead to a great deal of blindness elsewhere; the neglect of any attempt to check the trouble is the real explanation; and this arises

<sup>1</sup> Twenty-one Medjidieh.

partly from laziness and stupidity, but much more from superstitious prejudices against medical treatment. It is most pitiful to see numbers of children with ulcers on the cornea eating away the sight, without any attempt being made to cure the evil. Wherever you halt, the blind come round you with the other children; and it is no wonder that when the fame of our Lord as the "opener of the eyes" spread abroad, numbers of all ages who were thus afflicted assembled to ask His gracious assistance.<sup>1</sup> It would seem, indeed, from the more frequent mention of blindness in the New Testament than in the Old, as though blindness had increased in the course of ages, though the law of Moses curses "him that maketh the blind to wander out of the way," or "puts a stumbling-block before him."<sup>2</sup> But I had almost forgotten one great local cause of blindness, which everyone visiting the East must have noticed: the spread of eye disease through the medium of flies. These pests carry infection, on their feet and proboscis, from one child to another, numbers of them lighting on the corner of the eye, and never apparently being driven off. Mothers, in fact, allow them to eling in half-dozens round the eyes of their babies, to ward off the "evil eye"; and it is sad to see the young creatures so habituated to what would torture Western children as never to resent it, even by a twitch of the cheek.

We passed Beit Hanun, with its dirty mud hovels and its rain-pond, round which a crowd of ragged children were playing, some naked boys swimming and paddling in it, and the village matrons filling their jars from it for household uses. A little farther on we met some people going to Gaza—one, a soldier, returning from the army, a dagger and pistols in his belt. As he went by the ruffian broke out in curses at us as Christians; but he reckoned without his host, for in a moment my fiery little missionary friend, who knows Arabic as he does English, rode up to him, his riding-stick uplifted, and asked him how he dared to insult strangers, ending by telling him that he was only fit to fight women, not men! I did not know all this till afterwards; but the fellow was cowed, and went off as meekly as a lamb.

The broad plain, or rather rolling land, through which we passed, was here and there green with lentils or barley, elsewhere ploughed for summer crops, but in large parts wild and untilled; offering pasture for flocks of sheep and goats, and herds of cattle. The little village of Nejid, at the foot of a little side-bay in the low hills of the Shephelah, on our right, was the first we passed after leaving Beit Hanun. Numbers of camels, cattle, and calves fed on the green recess before the houses, which were built only of unburnt bricks of black earth. A number of peasants who had put out their right eye or mutilated their thumb, in order to escape the hated conscription for

<sup>1</sup> Luke vii. 21; John v. 3. <sup>2</sup> Lev. xix. 14; Deut. xxvii. 18.

the Turkish army, were met on one occasion by a traveller at this place. Some of the people were now enjoying a meal, in the open air, sitting on mats woven of straw or palm-leaves; and it was noticeable that all had taken off their shoes, as was evidently the custom among the Hebrews in Bible times, since they were told to keep on their sandals at the Passover supper as a thing unusual.<sup>1</sup> One or two of the houses were larger than the rest; the best one being built in a succession of rooms round a large square court, of course unpaved; each separate room with a door for itself. The flat roof rested on rough poles, covered with corn-stalks and branches, over which layers of earth had been trodden and rolled, till the whole was solid. Great corn-bins, made, like the house itself, of mud, leaned against the walls of the rooms, so that the whole was, no doubt, very like the simple chambers in which the peasant-king, Ishbosheth, was taking his mid-day sleep when he was murdered.<sup>2</sup> Two Mahomedans near found it was one of their hours of prayer, and having spread their "abbas" on the ground, they turned their faces to Mecca and began their fervent devotions. In these, the words "Allah is great" were repeated eight times, and then they kneeled down and touched the ground with their foreheads. It must have been much the same with the ancient Israelites, for the word "Selah," which so often stands at the end of a verse, means simply "Bow;" thus giving directions to the supplicant in this particular.<sup>3</sup>

The people are very friendly, and, as a rule, very honest, for I was told of a case where a traveller having paid for some bread which was not yet baked, and having left before he got it, the son of the house rode after him for five or six miles, to give him the piastre's<sup>4</sup> worth he should have had before. A mile north of Nejid we passed through Simsim, which lies pleasantly on a low hill, amidst trees. Large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazed here and there in the little valleys among the hills, or on the slopes. Was it in this rich district that "King Uzziah hewed out many cisterns in the wilderness, for he had much cattle; both on the Shephelah or low hill-land, and in the Mishor," or smooth plains, free from rocks, from which the Shephelah rises?<sup>5</sup> The sun shone very hot from a cloudless sky, though it was only the beginning of March, and the peasants were eagerly awaiting the latter rains, which in the East are necessary, before the long heat of summer, to fill out the ears of the corn, and swell the fruit, and thus have always been held so specially precious that in Proverbs we read of the favor of a king being "as a cloud of the latter rain."<sup>6</sup> Thus, also, Job describes the fervor with which his words had been listened to in the days of his prosperity by saying that his hearers opened their

<sup>1</sup> Ex. xii. 11.    <sup>2</sup> 2 Sam. iv. 5, 6.    <sup>3</sup> Hitzig, Ps. lli. 2.    <sup>4</sup> 2½d.    <sup>5</sup> 2 Chron. xxvi. 10 (Heb).    <sup>6</sup> Prov. xvi. 15.

mouths wide for them, as for the latter rain.<sup>1</sup> If this supreme blessing fail, the earth becomes like copper for hardness, under a sun which shines down as a sphere of molten iron;<sup>2</sup> and the result is that there is little or no harvest. Most justly, the Hebrews regarded such a calamity as a punishment for their sins, and raised their cries to Him "who waters the furrows and moistens the ridges of the field, making it soft with showers, and blessing its fruit."<sup>3</sup> One could realize on broad, treeless uplands, without brooks or springs, the yearning earnestness of the Psalmist after God when he says, "My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land where no water is."<sup>4</sup>

There are three words in Hebrew for the rains of different seasons, and these, very strikingly, are all found in one verse of Hosea.<sup>5</sup> "He will come unto us as the heavy winter rain,<sup>6</sup> as the latter rain<sup>7</sup> and the former rain<sup>8</sup> upon the earth"<sup>9</sup>—come, that is, in fullness of blessing, like the triple rainfall that covers the earth with corn. In Joel, also, the three occur together. "He will cause to come down for you the heavy winter rain,<sup>6</sup> the early rain,<sup>8</sup> and the latter rain,<sup>7</sup> as in former times, and the floors shall be full of wheat."<sup>9</sup> The translation of the beautiful description of spring in Canticles<sup>10</sup> is not true to nature, in either the Revised Version or the Authorized, for the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of the birds comes, at least six weeks before the rain is over and gone. It is when the heavy winter rain<sup>6</sup> ceases, and the warm spring weather begins, that the flowers appear, the birds sing, and the voice of the turtle is heard, but it is precisely during this time that, at intervals, the latter rain<sup>7</sup> falls. It is of the heavy winter rain<sup>6</sup> that Genesis speaks in the story of the Flood, as continuing for forty days and forty nights, though rains alone would not have caused that awful catastrophe. In the same heavy winter storms<sup>6</sup> the people assembled by Ezra to take action respecting the mixed marriages which had prevailed, "sat in the street of the house of God, trembling because of this matter, and for the great rain," so that, at last, they represented to the authorities that it was "a time of much rain, and we are not able to stand without," and on this ground, among others, were allowed to go home.<sup>11</sup>

The first, or early rain moistens the land, fitting it for the reception of seed, and is thus the signal for the commencement of ploughing. It generally begins in October or November, falling at intervals till December. The plentiful winter rains which soak the earth, fill the cisterns and pools, and replenish the springs, come, also at intervals, from the middle of December to March. The latter, or spring rain, which fills out the ears of corn, and enables it to withstand the drought

<sup>1</sup> Job xxix. 23. <sup>2</sup> Lev. xxvi. 19. <sup>3</sup> Ps. lxxv. 9. <sup>4</sup> Ps. lxxiii. 1. <sup>5</sup> Hos. vi. 3. <sup>6</sup> "Geshem," <sup>7</sup> "Malkosh." <sup>8</sup> "Yoreh" or "moreh." <sup>9</sup> Joel ii. 23. <sup>10</sup> Cant. ii. 11. <sup>11</sup> Ezra. x. 9, 13.

before harvest, lasts, with bright days between, from the middle of March till the rains finally cease in April or May. From that time till the first rain of the late autumn, the sky is usually cloudless, and vegetation depends on the fertilizing night-mist, the "dew" of our Bible, borne over the land from the Mediterranean during the night.

At Bureir, 230 feet above the sea, and about twelve miles in a straight line from Gaza, we halted, at one o'clock, for refreshments. The mud houses were built in clumps, if I may so speak, with a large open space between them, in which there was an old square wall round a large and deep well, with marble pillars from some ancient building, now wholly vanished, laid alongside, as a step up to the water, or a rest for water-pitchers, one of the pillars being hollowed out to form a trough. Mounds of grain, thickly covered with kneaded mud bricks, to keep out the rain and the vermin, rose here and there, and small herds of cattle dotted the pasture outside the village. A large mud-banked water-pond, with very muddy-looking contents, supplied the wants of the households, at least to some extent. Close to the houses was an underground cistern inside a wall of round stones, but it was now broken and disused. This abandonment of such water-pits is inevitable, if the cement with which they are lined give way. They are, then, "broken cisterns, that can hold no water."<sup>1</sup> It is wonderful what a number of these subterranean reservoirs there are in the Holy Land. In Upper Galilee they honeycomb the ground in some places, and we have seen how they abound even so far south as below Beer-sheba. They are either hewn in the native rock or dug in the earth, and then built up with masonry; but the rock is often porous, so that the water passes through it and leaves them dry and useless for their original purpose. Narrowed at the top, so as to resemble a huge bottle, they are terrible prisons, if one fall into them, as sometimes happens, for it is impossible to get out unaided. It was in such a dungeon that Joseph was put, at Dothan, where cisterns are still to be seen—his prison, perhaps, among them; and it was in another that Jeremiah sat, amid the mire, in Jerusalem. Some are so large, as at Ramleh, that the roof is supported by pillars. The mouth is now, as of old, covered by one or more stone slabs, with a hole left in the middle for a rope, though when not wanted this hole also is closed with a heavy stone. Anciently, also, as now, full cisterns were often concealed by a covering of earth over the mouth, so that no one but their owner could find them. So, the Spouse, in Canticles, was "a fountain sealed" to all but him whom her soul loved: she was his alone.<sup>2</sup>

A second well, with a water-wheel, shows Bureir to be exceptionally favored, one result being that there is a garden south of the village, while some palms and tamarisks shoot up among the houses. The

<sup>1</sup> Jer. ii. 13. <sup>2</sup> Cant. iv. 12.

slopes near showed, in one direction, rich brown ploughed land, as far as the eye could reach, camels and oxen being still busy adding to the tillage. A great flock of white sheep, belonging to tent Arabs, passed on its way to pasture; and in the circle of the landscape, besides the ploughed land and that which lay wild, thousands of acres were beautiful with the first green of barley and wheat. Spreading a mat below a rough cactus-hedge which gave some shadow, we sat down on the grassy edge of the road opposite the rain-tank, and comforted ourselves with some bread and hard eggs, washed down by a draught of delicious "leben," or sour goats' milk, brought by the Hajji from one of the houses. Some of the villagers were enjoying their midday rest in the shadow of a mud wall on the other side of the open village "green," which, however, was only dusty earth, their heads resting peacefully on stones for pillows, the thick windings of their turbans saving them from feeling the hardness. Just so, doubtless, was it that Jacob slept at Bethel.<sup>1</sup> His turban would help him to forget the stone, and, like the poor fellows before me, it would be nothing new for him to sleep in his clothes, for it is an Oriental custom to do so. All through Palestine the men in attendance on our tents lay down at night in the clothes they always wore, and I have no doubt they looked on me as supremely foolish for undressing. Among the ancient Hebrews a neighbor's raiment was not to be taken in pledge, or, at least, was to be given back by sunset, as that in which he slept.<sup>2</sup> A palm-leaf mat spread on the floor serves for a bed among the poor, or they lie on the bare earth; but, in the better houses, beds are made up on the divan, or seat, which runs along the wall in the best room: a framework of laths of palm, or a solid bank of clay, covered with cushions. Some rich houses have bedsteads, but they are not common. At Beit Jibrin I got thick quilted coverlets, of silk on the one side, in the sheikh's house; but whether they were to cover me, or for me to lie upon, I do not know. I used them for both purposes, as I had to stretch myself on the hard plaster floor.

The broad open plain, insensibly rising to the hills, opened to a great width as we approached Falujeh, in the afternoon. Unenclosed, it offered tempting pasture-ground to the gazelles which abounded in the uplands and kindly allowed me a sight of a small flock of them as I rode on. Graceful and fleet, they lent themselves readily to metaphor among the old Israelites, ever so attentive to the natural objects around them. The Arab word "gazelle" is not met with in our Bible, but there is no doubt that when "roebuck" occurs, the name of this graceful antelope should have been used. It was no use to chase them; the swiftest horse was left hopelessly behind. The Hebrews knew the creature well, and Solomon had it as one of the viands ou

1 Gen. xxviii. 11. 2 Exod. xxii. 27; Deut. xxiv. 13.

his luxurious tables.<sup>1</sup> Asahel's fleetness is compared to that for which it is famous: "He was as light of foot as a gazelle in the open."<sup>2</sup> The men of Gad who swam the Jordan when it was in flood, to join David, are said to have had faces like lions, and to have been as swift as the gazelles on the mountains.<sup>3</sup> Babylon is called by Isaiah "the gazelle of kingdoms"<sup>4</sup> for its beauty; and, indeed, this comparison was a common one in the mouths of the prophets.<sup>5</sup> "My beloved," says Sulamith, in the Canticles, "is like a gazelle, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills."<sup>6</sup> Five times does she introduce this graceful creature in her song of love.<sup>7</sup> It is the commonest of all the large game in Palestine, and, in the south, is sometimes met with in herds of nearly a hundred. Nor is it found only in the lonelier parts. Dr. Tristram saw a little troop feeding on the Mount of Olives, close to Jerusalem.<sup>8</sup>

The village boys were at play in the open centre of Falujeh—busy making dirt pies, and striving at a game of ball, just as Jerusalem, in old times, was full of boys and girls playing in the streets.<sup>9</sup> It is a moderate-sized place, with a rain-pond and two fine wells, at which one always sees women busy drawing water; and there was the usual sprinkling of idlers lying in the sun. It stands on flat ground, and there is a patch of garden on one side; but the people, as everywhere else, seem generally very poor. The flocks and herds, as I have said, belong, as a rule, to the Arabs, and the Government grinds the face of the peasantry with arbitrary taxation till they have barely a subsistence left. I am afraid, however, that it was very little better in Bible times, for there are no fewer than ten words for the poor in the Old Testament, and these occur, in all, about 260 times, while five words, besides, refer to poverty in some way.<sup>10</sup> In Deuteronomy we are told that "the poor shall never cease out of the land;"<sup>11</sup> and now the traveller finds it difficult to believe that there are any who are not poor beyond what Western people can imagine. The depopulation of the land, also, strikes the traveller very much as he passes through it. He frequently comes across an extensive landscape, in which he can only discern, here and there, a small village consisting of a few wretched mud huts.

Close to the village were some Arab tents, to which we turned, my friend proposing that we should visit them. They were of black camels'-hair cloth, which is quite soft, like coarse wool. A rude frame of short poles had been raised, in a very rickety way, and over this had been stretched the tent-cover, hanging down to the ground at the back and ends, and leaving the front open; the cloth which, at the will of the occupants, closed this part also, in storms or at other times, being

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings iv. 23. <sup>2</sup> 2 Sam. ii. 18. <sup>3</sup> 1 Chron. xii. 8. <sup>4</sup> Isa. xlii. 19. <sup>5</sup> Ezek. xx. 6, 15; xxv. 9; Dan. viii. 9; xi. 16, 41 (Heb.). <sup>6</sup> Cant. ii. 8, 9. <sup>7</sup> Cant. ii. 7, 9, 17; iii. 5; viii. 14. <sup>8</sup> Tristram, *Nat. Hist. of the Bible*, p. 130. <sup>9</sup> Zech. viii. 5. <sup>10</sup> See *Englishman's Heb. Concordance*: "poor." <sup>11</sup> Deut. xv. 11.

thrown back on the roof. In shape, this strange dwelling was exactly like an open shed. The earth was its only floor. A small fire of wood smouldered in the centre, the smoke finding its own way out. In one corner—the right—was a pile of dried stalks, &c., for fuel; in the other were some arms—guns, pistols, and swords—hung from the poles, which, by the way, were not all of the same height or length, so that the back of the tent seemed broken. A carpet was brought from the women's apartment, which was simply a third of the tent, divided from the rest by a hanging cloth, and concealed in part by the curtain being let down in front. Just such must have been his mother Sarah's tent, into which Isaac brought Rebekah.<sup>1</sup> There were in all ten men in or about the tent: one was lying all his length on his back, on the ground, fast asleep in his clothes—a saddle his pillow; a black slave, with a gaudy "kefiyeh," was as much at home as anyone, and treated, apparently, on the same footing as the rest; the others were standing, sitting, or lounging about. Coffee-berries were presently brought out, and having been put into a rude stone mortar, were brayed with a piece of wood for a pestle, just as at times, only on a larger scale, wheat is crushed. It reminded me of the words in the Proverbs: "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."<sup>2</sup> The operation was carried out on the ground, for there was neither table, chair, nor stool. It appeared that these Arabs belonged to the tribe a member of which had committed the recent murder in Gaza, of which I have spoken<sup>3</sup> and that they had pitched their tents close to the village in order to have what protection it afforded against a sudden attack from the tribe of the victim. All their flocks and herds were with them, so that they might enjoy the security yielded by the village street. A small cup of coffee, profuse salaams, and a very formal leave-taking, ended the visit, and we remounted our horses for Beit Jibrin.

The Arabs are, as a race, very ignorant and childish. None of them know how old they are, nor can they tell how long ago it may have been since any event in their history occurred, unless they chance to remember the number of harvests between then and now. As we rode slowly on I enjoyed some stories about them, gathered from the wide experience of my friend. A Bedouin, who lived with him in Gaza for a time, came one morning, radiant of countenance. "What has happened?" "Oh, my wife has a son!" By night, however, his happiness had passed into sadness. "What has happened?" "Ah, the boy has turned out to be a girl!" His wife's mother had been so frightened lest he should divorce her daughter for having a girl, that she had pretended it was a son. In another case a husband,

1 Gen. xxiv. 67. 2 Prov. xxvii. 22. 3 See page 166.



View from Belt Jibrin toward the Mediterranean. (See page 193.)



anxious to be the father of a son, solemnly vowed that he would divorce his wife if she had a girl. Unfortunately, she had twin daughters. The poor fellow, however, really loved his wife, and racked his brains to get out of his oath. At last he solved the difficulty. "I said I would divorce her if she had a daughter, but not if she had two;" and so he kept her. How forcibly such incidents remind one of the words of Jeremiah: "Cursed be the man who brought tidings to thy father, saying, A man child is born unto thee; making him very glad;"<sup>1</sup> or those of our Lord: "A woman hath sorrow, but as soon as she is delivered of the child she remembereth the sorrow no more, for joy that a man is born into the world."<sup>2</sup> Indeed, so proud is a husband of a son, that he is henceforth known only as "the father of Mahomet," or whatever be the name given to the child. We may from this imagine the eagerness with which Abraham and Sarah longed for an heir to their great possessions, and how great the trial of the patriarch's faith must have been when he was asked to offer as a sacrifice, with his own hand, the child at last given to him.

On one occasion, my friend and a German savant, travelling in Palestine, came to an Arab encampment, at which they were hospitably received. The German, however, took the notion of photographing the sons of the desert, and proceeded to get ready his apparatus. Knowing the ignorance and superstition of the race, his companion was alarmed, and begged him to desist, since the Bedouins might think he was working a charm for their hurt, in which case they would have no scruple in cutting their throats. Luckily the sheikh's son got them out of the dilemma. "Oh," said he, "that is a far-see-er"—the Arab name for a telescope. "You will be able to look through it and see the mosques at Gaza"—which, by the way, was far below the horizon. Out the whole camp sallied, and sat down, looking at what was going on, so that an excellent photograph was obtained. This achieved, the company were invited to look through the camera. After a time the young wiseacre, who had been at Gaza and Joppa, where he had seen a telescope, came up, with no little fear, and putting his eye to the glass, shouted that he not only saw the mosques, but the muezzin on them, calling the faithful to prayers. Nor did he afterwards flinch. At Gaza he maintained to the governor, when that dignitary called at the house of my friend, that he could recognize the muezzin, for when he looked through the glass he saw his face!

The peasantry and the Bedouins have little love for each other—as little as the lamb and the wolf. The Bedouins, in fact, speak with the greatest contempt of the fellah, and a marriage between the two races is very rare. The desert which surrounds Palestine to the east and south is the true home of the tent tribes; but the temptation to

<sup>1</sup> Jer. xx. 15. <sup>2</sup> John xvi. 21.

seek better pastures lures small encampments to roam over all the outlying parts of the settled land. Thus we find them in many parts of the plains of Philistia and Sharon, and on the hills of the Shephelah. Old sites appear to have a special charm for these fragments of once-powerful tribes. The vales of Sharon are one of their favorite haunts; but on the plains they have learned to use the plough and pay taxes, which, of course, degrades them in the eyes of their brethren of the desert. They do not, however, live in houses, but in tents, and look on the dwellers in the mud cottages as infinitely beneath them. As of old, when the Midianites overran the best of the land, the desert tribes are constantly on the look-out for a chance to invade the country in force, and are only kept back by the presence of Turkish soldiery. When war calls these away, the wave of barbarism at once advances; the commons of the villages are overrun, and blackmail is extorted wherever possible. It is not many years since the whole plain of Esdraelon was covered with the tents of the Eastern Arabs from the desert, who had come to harry the land, and even hold it, if possible, and who were only driven back by a strong Turkish force.

It is striking to see how exactly modern Arab life illustrates that of the patriarchal age. In passing an Arab encampment you may see some elder of the tribe sitting, as Abraham did, in the shade of the open side of his tent, in the heat of the day,<sup>1</sup> and you may very possibly be entreated by him to take advantage of the coolness he is enjoying, and may get water poured over your feet, if you accept the invitation; some quickly-cooked meal being presently ordered to be set before you. The same grave courtesy at meeting will be seen now as then; the slave will pour the water on your feet from much the same kind of long-spouted copper vessel, as you hold them over a metal basin of a pattern that has not, perhaps, changed for millenniums. The sheikh will hurry to his wife in "the woman's tent,"<sup>2</sup> and tell her, as the queen of the encampment, to "make ready, quickly, some measures of fine meal," that is, the finest and purest she has; and she will, herself, take her kneading-trough and prepare the dough, while some slave-girl kindles a fire of grass or stalks, on which to lay the iron plate for baking. Or the mistress may, perhaps, prefer to light the fire over a small bed of stones and heat them, so that her thin cakes may be baked upon them after the fire is swept off, just as the cake of Elijah was "baken on the hot stones;"<sup>3</sup> or in her haste she may cover them with the hot ashes, to quicken the baking, as the Hebrew text seems to imply was done by Sarah. It would, indeed, take very little time, in any case, to prepare such thin "scones" as Arabs still use. You could hardly expect, however, that the same honor would be done you as was shown to guests so illustrious as

1 Gen. xviii. 2-12. 2 Gen. xviii. 6 (Heb.). 3 1 Kings xix. 6 (Heb.).

those of Abraham. An Arab very rarely kills a calf, as the patriarch did; it needs a great occasion to call for such an unusual liberality. You may count on a chicken, or a male kid—for female kids are carefully preserved; but a calf is only for some very eminent guest. Repentant Israel could not more earnestly promise fervent gratitude for the forgiveness they implored than by saying they would render the calves of their lips<sup>1</sup>—the best they could give—the most thankful and heartfelt acknowledgements. Nor could the father of the prodigal son better show the yearning love he felt towards his restored child than by calling aloud to kill even the fatted calf, to greet his return.<sup>2</sup> If special guests arrive, an Arab sheikh will even now kill a calf, as Abraham did, in their honor; himself, like the patriarch, running to the herd to fetch it. The same rapidity in dressing it will be shown: the fowl, the kid, or part of the calf which you have just seen alive, will be served up in, perhaps, half an hour. It has always been the rule, as in the time of St. Peter, that killing and eating<sup>3</sup> follow each other without any considerable interval. You still, like the guests of Abraham,<sup>4</sup> get curdled milk or “leben,” with milk fresh from the goat as the beverage at your meal, and you still sit on the floor and dip your hand into a common dish,<sup>5</sup> set in the middle, between all the company, using pieces of your thin bread for spoons, to raise to the mouth the gravy of the stew, or, it may be, the mixture of meat and rice. Abraham’s tent was always, when possible, pitched under the shade of a tree, just as the tents of the Arabs are now, where trees can be found. At Shechem and at Hebron<sup>6</sup> he sought the shadow of an oak; at Beersheba he planted a tamarisk-grove, to get shade as soon as the plants had grown.<sup>7</sup> And just as Abraham “stood by” his guests under the tree, and waited on them, so the sheikh, your entertainer, stands beside you to-day; his wife, like Sarah, close at hand, but hidden behind the curtain of the women’s part of the tent, watching all that is going on.

When there is no dried grass or other light natural fuel, the Arab uses dried camels’-dung, as the Tartars do, or cakes of cow-dung, made by the women.<sup>8</sup> Abraham’s encampment must have consisted of a great many tents, with a population of from 2,000 to 3,000 persons, young and old, since there were 318 young men trained to arms, belonging, by birth, to the patriarch’s tribe, and the number of his male and female slaves, bought, or born to slave parents, seems to have been large.<sup>9</sup> He would doubtless, therefore, arrange his camp in some special form, for the protection of his flocks, which must have been very great; most probably in a circle, as large Arab encamp-

<sup>1</sup> Hos. xiv. 2; lit. *bullocks*. <sup>2</sup> Luke xv. 23. <sup>3</sup> Acts x. 13. <sup>4</sup> Gen. xviii. 8; for “butter,” read as in text. <sup>5</sup> Matt. xxvi. 23; Mark xiv. 20; John xiii. 26. <sup>6</sup> Gen. xii. 6, xiii. 18; for “plain,” read “oak.” <sup>7</sup> Gen. xxi. 33. <sup>8</sup> See *ante*, pp. 122, 155. <sup>9</sup> Gen. xii. 5; for “gotten,” read “bought;” xii. 16; xiii. 5, 8; xiv. 14.

ments are pitched now, that the herds and flocks may be driven into the central space at night. The Arabs call such camps "dowars," and they are mentioned in the Old Testament under the name of Hazerim, or Hazeroth, though these words are also applied to villages in the usual sense. In many cases, however, they must mean Arab tent encampments, as where we read of the "towns" of the sons of Ishmael, and their "castles," which should really be, their "tent-villages and encampments."<sup>1</sup> "The Avim," a race of aboriginal inhabitants in Palestine, are said to have dwelt in Hazerim, even to Gaza;<sup>2</sup> and we read of the Hazerim that "Kedar [an Arab tribe] doth inhabit."<sup>3</sup>

An Arab tent has no furniture, as I have said, in the men's part; the part sacred to the women is the larder, kitchen, and store-house. A copper pot or two, kettles, and frying-pans; wooden bowls, for milking the flocks and herds, water-jars and skin bottles, a pair or two of handmill-stones, and a wooden mortar, constitute the principal household property. The skin bottles, indeed, are a special domestic treasure, as they serve all purposes. Milk, as we have seen, is churned in them, by pressing and wringing them, a custom to which Proverbs alludes when it says, "Surely the churning [wringing] of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood."<sup>4</sup> These skin bottles are of all sizes, according as they are made from the skin of kids, he-goats, cattle, or camels. When a goat or other animal is killed, its feet and head are cut off, for Orientals never eat a beast's head, and the skin is drawn off without opening the body. The holes where the legs were are duly sewed up, when the skin has been dried or rudely tanned with acacia-bark; the neck being left as the mouth. I have seen huge "bottles" made of an ox-skin; two of them, full of oil, a load for a camel. The outside is laboriously soaked with grease, to keep them soft, and to make them hold their liquid contents. One meets with them constantly in the East. The water-seller carries a huge skin on his back, the mouth below one arm, ready for opening. Milk, water, everything by turns, is carried in them. Hung up in the smoky tent, they get dry, and black with soot; a fit image of a mourner, with face darkened and saddened by affliction or fasting. Hence it was natural for the Psalmist, in a time of great sorrow, to cry out that he was become "like a bottle in the smoke."<sup>5</sup> These bottles have been in use from the earliest times, for Hagar went away with her son from his father's tents bearing a skin of water on her shoulder.<sup>6</sup> And the Gibeonites overreached the plain soldier Joshua, and passed themselves off as ambassadors from some far-away nation, by appearing before him with old sacks on their asses, looking as if worn out in carrying provender from a distant country; with old wine-skins, shrivelled in the sun, rent,

1 Gen. xxv. 16. 2 Deut. ii. 23. 3 Isa. xlii. 11. 4 Prov. xxx. 33. 5 Ps. cxix. 83. 6 Gen. xxi. 14.

patched, and bound up; with dry and mouldy bread in their wallets; and wearing ragged clothes and old clouted sandals.<sup>1</sup> When a skin bottle gets old and rends, the hole is covered with a patch, or sewed together, or even closed by inserting a flat piece of wood; but care must be taken, if it is not ere long to trouble the heart of its owner. An old wine-skin naturally becomes thin and tender, and is unfit to stand the violent fermentation of new wine. Hence, as our Lord says, "Men do not put new wine into old bottles, else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish; but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved."<sup>2</sup> But, at the best, skin bottles are poor substitutes for those of more solid materials. When exposed to the sun on a journey, they must be constantly greased, else the water in them will soon evaporate; and their contents so often turn bad that one name for them comes from this fact.<sup>3</sup> It is a curious illustration of the Oriental character of Bible imagery that these strange-looking things supply Job with a metaphor for the clouds, when he asks, "Who can empty out the skin bottles of heaven?"<sup>4</sup>

As the reader has already seen, the dress of the Bedouins is simple. A long shirt, sometimes white, generally blue, reaches to the ankles, and is kept to the person by a leathern strap or girdle round the waist. As it is partly open above this, a great pocket is thus formed, down to the girdle; and in this pocket is stowed whatever the wearer wishes to carry easily. As, moreover, the dress is very loose, he can easily pull it far enough through the girdle to make an overhanging bag in which to carry grain or anything else he chooses. It is to this that our Saviour refers when He says, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall they give into your bosom. For with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you withal."<sup>5</sup> These words, by the way, need the explanation as to the "measure," &c., which the custom still prevalent in the East affords. When grain is bought after harvest, for winter use, it is delivered in sacks, and the quantity in these is always tested by a professional measurer. Sitting down on the ground, of course crosslegged, this functionary shovels the wheat or barley into the measure, which is called a "timneh," using his hands to do so. When it is quite full, he shakes the "timneh" smartly, that the grain may settle; then fills it to the brim again, and twists it half round, with a swift jerk, as it lies on the ground, repeating both processes till it is once more full to the top. This done, he presses the contents with his hands, to fill up any still vacant space, till at last, when it will hold no more, he raises a cone on the top, stopping when it begins to run over at the sides; and this only is thought to be good measure. A skilful measurer can

<sup>1</sup> Josh. ix. 4. <sup>2</sup> Matt. ix. 17. <sup>3</sup> "Hameth," from "hamath," to be spoiled, foul, rancid, as water, butter, &c. <sup>4</sup> Job xxxvi. i. 37 (Heb.). <sup>5</sup> Luke vi. 38; Matt. vii. 2; Mark. iv. 24.

thus make the "timneh" hold nearly twelve pounds more than it would if simply filled at once, without shaking or pressing.

Among the Arabs neither men nor women wear drawers, and by the villagers among whom they move, they are ridiculed as "going naked." But if we may judge from the strictness of the command that the priests should wear drawers, this seems to have been the practice among the Hebrews also. No priests were to enter the tabernacle without linen drawers, "lest they die."<sup>1</sup> When on a journey, or engaged in shepherding, the Arab generally wears an "abba," loosely hung on his shoulders, and this is commonly his only covering by night.<sup>2</sup> During the burning heat, moreover, it often serves to give welcome shade, when spread out on the top of sticks. A bright silk or cotton kerchief (the "kefiyeh"), square, but folded crosswise, is used to cover the head, and, with a double turn of soft camels'-hair rope round it to keep it in its place, as already described, is the best possible head-gear for such a climate. Many have skull-caps below, but not a few use the "kefiyeh" only. The feet are generally bare, unless a pair of red leather slippers can be stolen from some traveller, or bought in a border town. These are literally made of the same "rams' skins, dyed red," that were used as one of the coverings of the tabernacle.<sup>3</sup> There is no pretence of fitting, and it must be quite an art to keep them on, as they have no backs, and are generally much too large. The poorer Arabs often make themselves sandals of camels' skin—mere soles, secured by thongs passed round the ankle; just such substitutes for shoes as were worn by the ancient Hebrews.<sup>4</sup> Very poor Arabs, however—and they are many—have only one article of clothing, the loose blue-and-white cotton shirt, generally the worse for wear.

Arabs are, as all know, divided into tribes, which, like the Scotch clans, take their names from their earliest head. As there are in North Britain, Macgregors and Macdonalds—that is, sons of Gregor or of Donald—there are, in the desert, Beni Shammar, the sons of Shammar, and many other tribes, similarly called after their first ancestor. The aristocratic families of a tribe marry only in a very limited circle, to keep their wealth and influence in as few hands as possible. But the blue-blooded husbands make up for this by marrying several wives, leaving the supreme rank for the one of purest descent, who has the honor of giving out the provisions of the household, and of preparing the meals for her husband and his guests: a prerogative which was ceded as a matter of course to Sarah, when Abraham entertained the angels, and was proudly accepted by her. If the husband, as is sometimes done, accept from a childless wife the gift of one of her female

<sup>1</sup> Exod. xxviii. 42, 43. <sup>2</sup> Exod. xxii. 26, 27. <sup>3</sup> Exod. xxvi. 14. <sup>4</sup> Exod. iii. 5; Deut. xxv. 9; xxix. 5; Josh. v. 15; Ruth v. 7, 8; 1 Kings ii. 5.

slaves, as a wife of inferior rank, in the hope that the latter may have a child whom her mistress may adopt, the child, until adopted and formally declared free, is, like its mother, a slave, and the property of the wife, and can be sold or driven out as she pleases, the husband, according to Arab custom, being helpless. Hagar and Ishmael were in this way the slaves of Sarah, and she was within her right when she demanded the expulsion of both from the encampment.<sup>1</sup>

The authority of a father is supreme in the desert household. The life and property of all its members are in his hands, though he may rarely exercise his stern prerogatives. But by this immemorial family law Abraham was free to kill his son Isaac, and, had he actually done so, would have felt no sense of guilt, for Isaac was his to kill, if he thought good. The same frightful usage extended, moreover, to neighboring races, for the King of Moab, in the exercise of his right, offered his eldest son on the town wall as a burnt-offering, to obtain the favor of his god; and even two Jewish kings, Abaz and Manasseh, caused, not one child, but several, "to pass through the fire"—that is, burnt them alive, as a sacrifice to Moloch.<sup>2</sup> But this was in distinct contravention of the law of Moses.<sup>3</sup> It was not, however, till almost the last days of the Jewish kingdom that Josiah finally "defiled Topheth, in the valley of the children of Hinnom, that no man might make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Moloch."<sup>4</sup>

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### FALUJEH TO BEIT JIBRIN.—THE ROAD THENCE TO HEBRON.

THE plain east and north of Falujeh stretches unbroken for miles. Half-way to the hills we passed on our right the village of Arak, on the top of a hill 578 feet high, and then reached Zeita, about the same height above the sea, at the entrance to the hill-region. It was only a poor hamlet, as indeed was Arak, but there were no other communities for miles around; the country, rich as it was, lay without population. Relics of better days were to be seen, however, even in such paltry collections of hovels. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, belonging to the Arabs, fed on the common. Finely-built cisterns marked every ancient site or modern hamlet, often with marble pillars lying round, their sides grooved with the well-ropes of hundreds of years. Fragments of tessellated pavements, Corinthian capitals, stone channels con-

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxi. 10. <sup>2</sup> 2 Chron. xxviii. 3; xxxiii. 6. <sup>3</sup> Lev. xviii. 21; Deut. xviii. 10. <sup>4</sup> 2 Kings xxiii. 10.

necting wells with plastered stone tanks—built, who knows how long ago?—spoke of a very different state of things from the present. In one place, a colony of sparrows had taken possession of an ancient dry cistern, and chirped lustily. The sides of a wady, here and there, showed pieces of ancient walls, built strongly across the valley, to check the rush of the winter torrents, and save them for irrigation; but all was now in ruins. Little girls at the village rain-pond, flying about with dirty faces and streaming hair; boys playing round, or bathing in the pond; women drawing water from it for the household; all alike, women and children, with no clothing but a longer or shorter smock; men lounging on the village dust-heap, their favorite place of assembly—were the ever-recurring sights at each widely-separated cluster of mud huts.

Beit Jibrin lies in a valley, approached by a steep track over bare sheets of rock, loose stones, boulders, and every variety of roughness. It had grown quite dark before we reached the beginning of the long descent, so that there was nothing for it but to let my horse have its own way, over, round, or between the stones and bare rocks, as it chose. A false step might have thrown me over the side of the hill, I knew not into what abyss. Such a ride brings before one, as perhaps nothing else could, the force of the Bible promises that the people of God will be kept from sliding and falling; and the terribleness of the threats that the workers of iniquity shall be set in slippery places, and that their feet shall slide in due time.<sup>1</sup> I could realize what Jeremiah said of the wicked of his days, that "their way should be unto them as slippery ways in the darkness."<sup>2</sup> At last, however, we reached Beit Jibrin, a village of 900 or 1,000 inhabitants. But here a new trouble awaited us. The men with the tents had not arrived. We went hither and thither in search of them, but it was of no use; they had evidently taken some other road, and had stayed for the night where darkness overtook them. Nothing was left for us but to seek shelter in the sheikh's house, a huge, rough building, constructed of stones taken from the ruins of the ancient castle of the town, a massive wreck, near which we had alighted from our horses. The way to the house was as dark as midnight, and full of turnings, past dust-heaps, decayed mud hovels, sunken courtyards, and much else, which covered the slope, while fierce dogs barked and snarled on every side, just as they "compassed" the Psalmist long ago.<sup>3</sup> It needed my own stick and that of my friend to protect us from these savage brutes. Quiet by day, they make a fierce noise at night, as in the old Hebrew villages.<sup>4</sup>

At last we reached the sheikh's house, to which a large patched and broken gate, standing open, gave entrance, under a rough arch. An

<sup>1</sup> Prov. iii. 23; Jer. xxxi. 9; Deut. xxxii. 35. <sup>2</sup> Jer. xxiii. 12. See also Ps. xxxv. 6; lxxiii. 18. <sup>3</sup> Ps. xxii. 16. <sup>4</sup> Ps. lix. 6. See *ante*, pp. 11, 12.

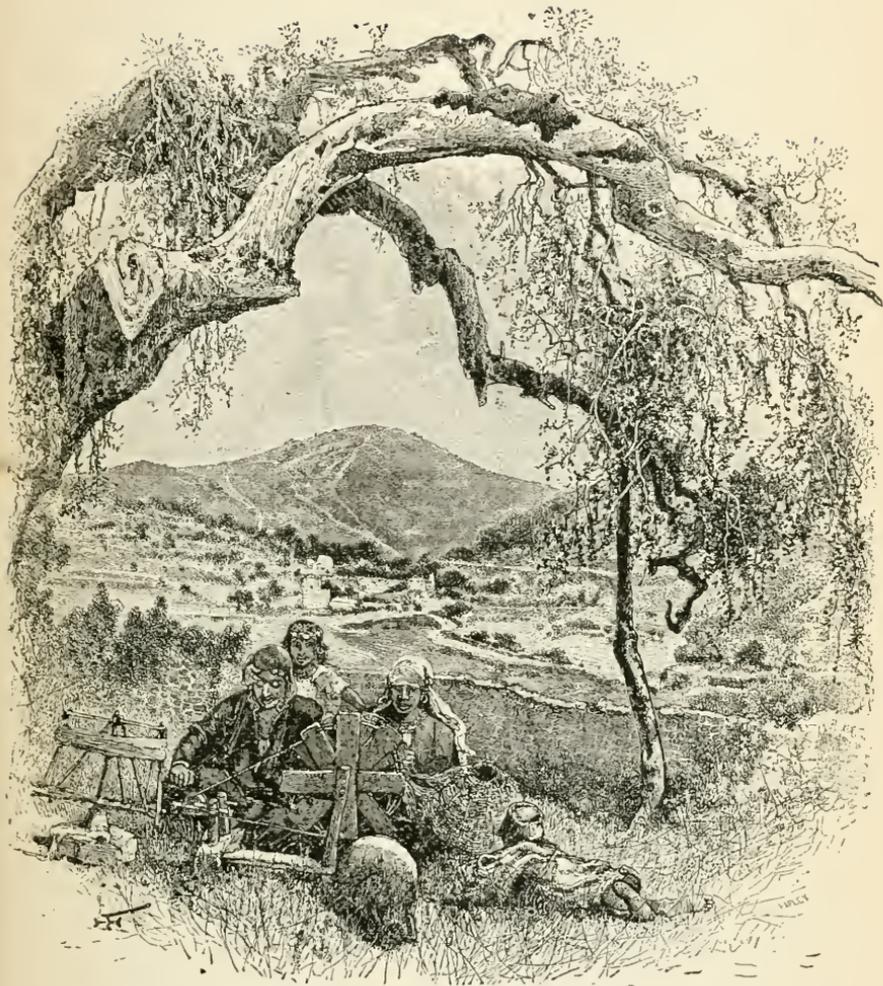
old pillar lay across the threshold, requiring one to make a high step to get over it—a matter all the more difficult as there was no light inside, while the ground was uneven and thick with dry mud and manure. Walking on under the arch for twenty or thirty feet, a chamber, with a wall up to the entrance-arch, opened to the left—a large place, lighted by only one small lamp, high up, at the far end. The floor was raised about two feet, excepting a horse-shoe space, which was unpaved. On the ground in the middle of this glimmered a wood fire, round which sat fifteen or twenty men on rude benches and stones, some smoking, others gazing idly at the embers. On the daïs, at the head of this oblong pit, stood the great man, who, with all the rest, rose to receive us, beckoning to me and my friend to sit down on a small carpet and some cushions, at his side. It was a repetition of the experience of Job in his prosperity. "When I prepared my seat in the street, the aged arose and stood up."<sup>1</sup> When we sat down, they did the same. Opposite me, along the wall of the daïs, sat a number of men, and just before the sheikh squatted a Turkish soldier, in blue and white, with a "kefiyeh" on his head. We had chanced to come on a "town-council" meeting, the subject being worthy of the place. The Governor of Jerusalem had sent two soldiers to arrest one or more offenders at Beit Jibrin, and this gathering of the elders had been summoned to arrange with these military bailiffs what they would accept in the way of bribe to go back and say they could not find the men they sought. My friend found this out as we sat listening.

The town has an evil name, its population of well-grown, muscular men, who are thus very different from the peasants of other parts, being bold and insolent, though industrious, as a whole, and comparatively well-to-do. The father of the sheikh at whose side I sat had been a ruffian of the worst kind, the terror of the neighborhood and of the townsmen. Tales of monstrous crimes committed by him were rife. It is said that if he heard of a man having married a handsome wife, he would invite the two to his house, and if he fancied the girl, would stab the husband on the spot, and make the widow marry him forthwith. Till his death no traveller dared visit Beit Jibrin, and the traders from Hebron could not venture to come near it with their goods. The Turks, however, have brought down the pride of the house since his death, for the family are now much reduced, as the ruinous condition of parts of the rough mansion showed.

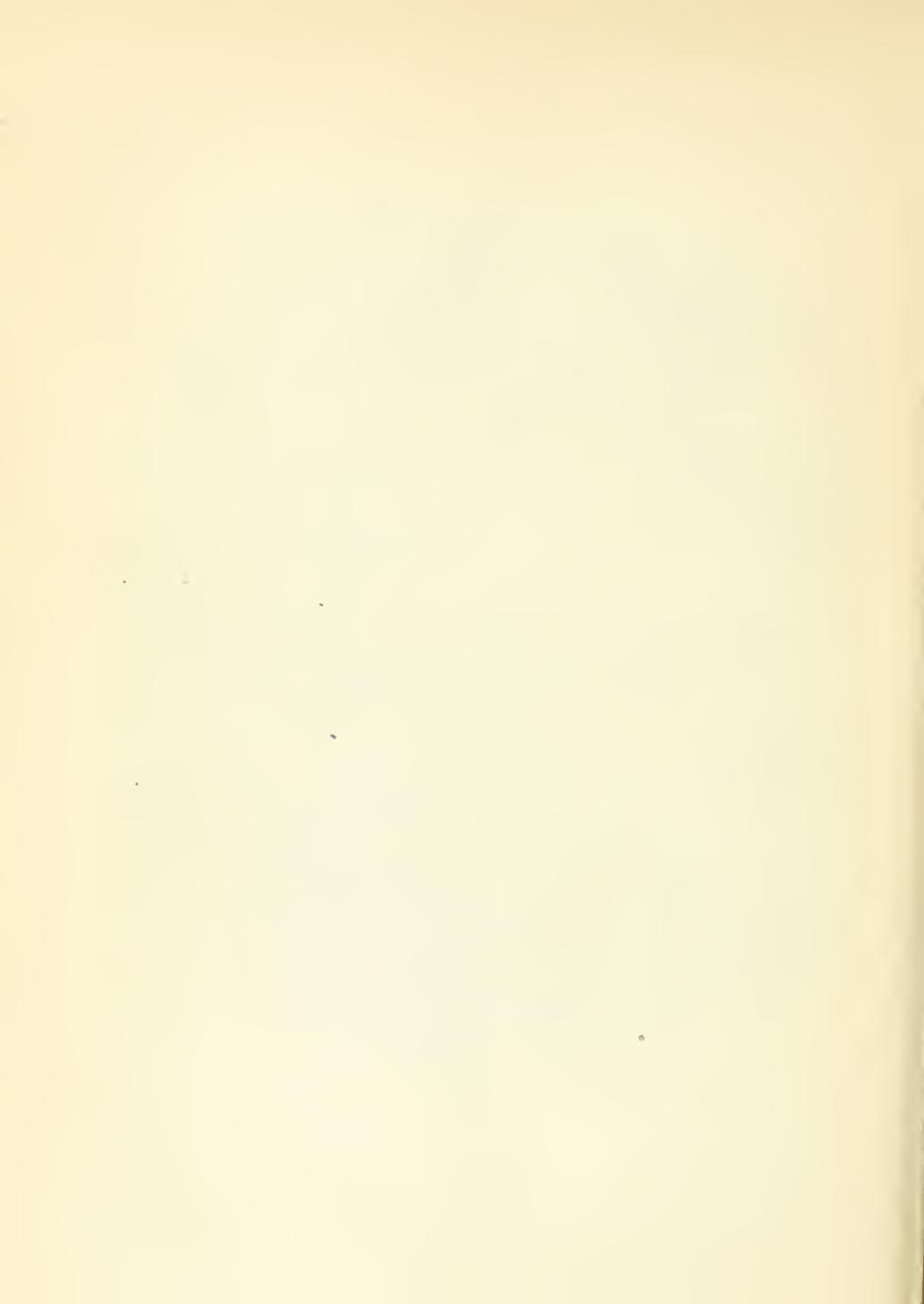
After a while it was time to rest, and we proceeded to our room. Led out to the roofless, earth-floored entrance, we mounted a terribly rickety stair, the carpentry of which may have dated, for its rudeness, from any time since the Flood, to a plaster-floored chamber, with an open hole in one corner, over the yard, large enough to be a peril to

any baby. This was the discharge-gap for refuse from this particular room. On the way up-stairs, I could see into the place I had left, where the men were sitting; the wall next the court being built up only to the spring of the arches on which the second story rested. A high outer wall enclosed the court, making it part of the mansion, and the stair to my dormitory clung, on one side, to this; but, though the wall ran up thus, there was no roof; the court was open to the sky. A narrow passage projecting from the side of our room faced the court: a mere shaky bridge of rough wood, leading to the women's apartments, which looked out on the high wall. Half the space apparently occupied by the house, as seen from the outside, was thus really a yard, only the front and one side having a roof, which, of course, was flat. Our room was arched, or rather, four arches met in the centre, overhead, as in the "council chamber," below us. Two pairs of old mill-stones lay in one corner; one of them, the lower, in a wooden tray with edges as high as the top of the stone, to catch the flour. A thin carpet, the size of a large hearthrug, and a quilted coverlet, large enough to cover one person, were the only furniture. Ere long, however, the colporteur, who seemed quite at home, brought me a pillow of red cloth, on seeing me lie down quite worn out, and this was supplemented a little later by two thick quilts as mattresses, for my companion and myself, and a thin quilt for bedclothes. The door, of sycamore, may have been of any age, so clumsy and primitive was it. One of its hinges was gone, but it could be closed after a fashion, with the help of two men to lift it. To shut it exactly was, however, an impossible feat. The only bolt was a rough cut of a thick branch, which we propped against the door, but only to see it knocked down, soon afterwards, by some intruder. There were two windows, without glass, but with lattices, the openings between the laths being of the size of small panes. The windows were closed by shutters of half-inch wood, one of them kept in its place by a great piece of timber laid against it. As to their fitting the window-spaces, no such idea had troubled the genius who made them. You could see through the gaping chinks in pretty nearly every direction. A small recess in the wall was lighted by a little tin paraffin lamp, with no glass: a dismal affair, giving a light like that of a tallow candle, and spreading a rich perfume round.

To get any supper was the difficulty. Nothing whatever was offered by our host. After a time I managed to secure a little hot water, and infused some compressed tea, in a small tin. We had sugar, but no milk; bread, made at Gaza, in flat "bannocks;" some hard-boiled eggs, and, I believe, the wreck of a cold chicken. There was no table, no chair, no anything; so we sat on the floor and did our best. Then came the almost hopeless attempt to sleep. One of the many wolf-like, long-muzzled, yellow town dogs, prowling through the open gate-



View of Hebron from "Abraham's Oak." (See page 204.)



way, had wandered up to us, and smelling the food, darted into the room, knocking down our ingenious prop behind the gaping door. The colporteur, however, was a match for him. My long-legged friend had composed himself to sleep with his back against the wall, and his lower members stretched out far across the floor, but he gathered them up in a moment, and, with a volley of fierce Arabic, drove the quadruped at a gallop down the rickety outside stair; then settled down at the same right angle as before, for his night's enjoyment. As to myself, sleep danced round my pillow, but would not do me the kindness of mesmerizing my tired brain. Indeed, it would have been hard to get into oblivion, in any case, under the fierce-attacks of regiments, brigades, and army corps of fleas which presently marched or leaped over me, like the myriad Lilliputians over Gulliver. What a night! I never spent such another, I think, except once, twenty-five years ago, when I bivouacked on the shore of Lake Huron, on a missionary visit to the Indians with my excellent friend, now Vicar of Ogbourne St. George's, in Wiltshire. The sand-flies and mosquitoes there were even worse than the hosts of fleas at Beit Jibrin, for they bit Mr. Pync's nose till it was a great deal thicker at the bridge than at the nostrils; inverted it, in fact, as to shape. Morning, however, broke at last; we had no clothes to put on, for we had not undressed; the women were already astir, carrying brushwood to their room, for firing; children came and looked in on us; breakfast was easily made on the scraps of last night's feast, and we gladly sought the open air, to take a survey of the town and neighborhood. Arab hospitality had done very little in our case.

Beit Jibrin is thought by Dr. Tristram to be the successor of ancient Gath; by others, to be that of the old city of Eleutheropolis or Bethogabra, "the House of Gabriel." The ancient name, Beit Jibrin—"the House of Giants"—now restored to it, seems to point to the survivors of the race to which Goliath belonged, a being once settled here, and we know that they lived in Gath. Conder, however, as we have seen, believes Tell es Safieh to have been the ancient Philistine city, but which opinion is right must, I fear, be left to others for future discussion. At the foot of the rising ground on which the sheikh's mansion stood are the remains of a great fortress, with tremendous walls, still cased, in parts, with squared stones, and, in places, thirty-two lengths of my foot thick. There is nothing in Palestine so extensive, and massive, except the substructions of the ancient Temple at Jerusalem, or the Mosque at Hebron. A ruined wall of large squared stones, laid on each other without mortar, encloses the fortress at a good distance; a row of ancient massive vaults, with fine round arches, running along, inside, on the west and north-west, many of them buried in rubbish, but some still serving as houses. The space thus

shut in, to form the ancient castle-yard, is about 600 feet square; the fortress itself being a square 195 feet, and showing the magnificent architecture of the Crusaders. Beyond the enclosure, remains of the town wall, or fortifications, extend, in all, to about 2,000 feet, with a ditch in front: a defence strong enough, in all its parts, one would have thought, to keep out the Saracens for ever, as indeed it would have done had the Crusaders been united among themselves.

Outside the walls are three wells: two with water, one dry: the masonry apparently crusading, though both they and the fortress have been patched up in later times, the last repairs seeming to have been made, if we may judge from an inscription, about 300 years ago. Since then everything has fallen to ruin, the very enclosure of the castle, where the rubbish allows, being used for mud hovels, or for patches of tobacco or vegetables. One of the wells, of great size and probably 100 feet deep, full to overflowing after rain, is of itself enough to show what the place might be made under a good government. Ornaments on the marble capitals found here and there show that Beit Jibrin has had a long, eventful history, one of them exhibiting such purely Jewish devices as the seven-branched candlestick: a relic, probably, of Maccabean times.

The fortifications of Beit Jibrin are not, however, so remarkable as the artificial caverns found in its neighborhood. There are fourteen in all, rudely circular, and connected together; their diameter from twenty to sixty feet, and their height from twenty to thirty. Crosses are cut on the walls of all the caves, and early Arabic inscriptions, of which one is the name of Saladin. In some of the caverns there are also many niches, for lamps; in others, rows, of larger niches probably for urns containing the ashes of the dead after cremation. There are, besides, spaces cut for bodies, marking the change from burning to burial. Altogether, the caverns are very remarkable, but it is hard to form any safe judgment either as to their origin or the purpose for which they were first used. They are about a mile south of the town, in a hill which is completely honeycombed with them. You enter by a perpendicular shaft in the hill-side, into which you have to creep after your guide, letting yourself down as he directs. Candles for light, and a cord to show the way back are necessary. Pressing through the briars and loose pieces of stone at the mouth, you reach the bottom after a time, and then lighting your candles, creep on all fours along a winding passage, to the bottom of a circular dome-shaped cavern, about sixty feet high, and solid at the top. A flight of stone steps winding round the sides leads, about half-way up, by a twisting tunnel, through which it is again necessary to creep, to another cavern; but there are smaller chambers on the way, and passages branch off in all directions in a perfect maze. To visit all

these strange caves would be a difficult, and indeed almost impossible, task; but one or two are a fair sample of all.

In their present size and condition they are of comparatively late origin; but the fact that many Jewish tombs have been more or less destroyed in enlarging them shows that they must, in their earlier state, be at least as old as the time when the Hebrews ruled over this district, in the Maccabean age, or earlier. The entrances are sometimes at the top, sometimes at the bottom; and there is no provision for lighting. Nor are they in any measure on the same level: bottoms and tops alike go up and down without plan or regularity. That they were intended for tombs is impossible: but they may have been a vast system of underground reservoirs of water to provide against the contingencies of a siege, all the caverns being, as I have said, connected. That there are no openings at the top of most of them seems, however, to militate against such a theory in these particular excavations, though there are others to which it may apply. Were they originally caves of the Horites, who lived in such excavations in the rocks as these must originally have been; or are they a counterpart of the subterranean cities still to be found in some regions east of the Jordan? <sup>1</sup> Consul-General Wetzstein and Herr Schumacher are, so far as I know, the only persons who have fully explored one of these subterranean cities and as the narrative of the former is much more vividly written than that of his fellow-countryman, I quote it:

“I visited old Edrei—the subterranean labyrinthine residence of King Og—on the east side of the Zamle hills. Two sons of the shiekh of the village—one fourteen, the other sixteen years of age—accompanied me. We took with us a box of matches and two candles. After we had gone down the slope for some time, we came to a dozen rooms which, at present, are used as goat-stalls and store-rooms for straw. The passage became gradually smaller, until at last we were compelled to lie down flat, and creep along. This extremely difficult and uncomfortable process lasted for about eight minutes, when we were obliged to jump down a steep wall, several feet in height. Here I noticed that the younger of my two attendants had remained behind, being afraid to follow us: but probably it was more from fear of the unknown European than of the dark and winding passages before us.

“We now found ourselves in a broad street, which had dwellings on both sides of it, whose height and width left nothing to be desired. The temperature was mild, the air free from unpleasant odors, and I felt not the smallest difficulty in breathing. Further along there were several cross-streets, and my guide called my attention to a hole in the ceiling for air, like three others which I afterwards saw, (now) closed up

<sup>1</sup> Wetzstein, *Reisebericht über Haurân*, ii. 47, 48; Schumacher, *Across the Jordan*, p. 135.

from above. Soon after, we came to a market-place; where, for a long distance, on both sides of a pretty broad street there were numerous shops in the walls, exactly in the style of the shops that are seen in Syrian cities. After a while we turned into a side street, where a great hall, whose roof was supported by four pillars attracted my attention. The roof, or ceiling, was formed of a single slab of jasper, perfectly smooth, and of immense size, in which I could not perceive the slightest crack. The rooms, for the most part, had no supports; the doors were often made of a single square stone; and here and there I also noticed fallen columns. After we had passed several cross-alleys or streets, and before we had reached the middle of this subterranean city my attendant's light went out. As he was lighting again by mine, it occurred to me that possibly both our lights might be put out, and I asked the boy if he had any matches. 'No,' he replied, 'my brother has them.' 'Could you find your way back if the lights were put out?' 'Impossible,' he replied. For a moment I began to be alarmed at this underworld, and urged an immediate return. Without much difficulty we got back to the market-place, and from there the youngster knew the way well enough. Thus, after a sojourn of more than an hour and a half in this labyrinth, I greeted the light of day."

No wonder that it needed swarms of hornets to drive the population out of such a stronghold as this, and bring them within reach of the swords of the Hebrews.<sup>1</sup>

The caverns of Beit Jibrin are certainly very inferior to such a city, but they may represent a different stage of civilization. A great proportion of the inhabitants of the Haurân still live in caves, and I have already described a cave-village near Beersheba.

Half-way between the caverns and the town is an interesting ruin, the Church of St. Anne, one of the finest Byzantine churches in Palestine. The path to it runs south, across the fine valley from which rises the low hill on which Beit Jibrin stands. Many olive-trees in avenues shade the way towards the gentle acclivity, shutting in the town on the south; the town, by the way, is quite surrounded with hills of sufficient elevation to conceal it from view till their crest is reached. On the road I learned that here also, as in other parts of Southern Judæa, and in most districts of the Turkish Empire, men frequently mutilate themselves, that they may be unfit for military service, which they profoundly dread, from its carrying them so far from home. One man was pointed out to me who had hacked off his thumb to escape conscription, inflicting on himself voluntarily the injury to which, in Joshua's time, seventy local chiefs had been subjected by a ferocious Canaanite kinglet, to make them incapable of

1 Ex. xxiii. 28; Deut. vii. 20; Josh. xxiv. 12.

holding the sword or the spear, and thus quite powerless for war.<sup>1</sup> To strengthen the empire, it is a custom with the Sultan to send recruits to distant countries; Arabs, perhaps, being sent to guard Constantinople, while Turks, or Kurds, garrison Palestine. The soldiers I saw the night before proved to be Kurds. The blinding of an eye is more frequent than the cutting off of a thumb, some burning liquid being used for the purpose; but the sight of both eyes is often lost in the process.

The Church of St. Anne stands half-way up the slope, and at once carries the thoughts back to the old Byzantine times, though it has been restored by the Frank Crusaders in the Gothic style, perhaps when far gone in decay. The east end is still perfect, and there are a few courses above the foundation along the whole nave, which extended to a length of 124 feet, with a width of thirty-two feet, while the breadth of the church, as shown by remains of the walls, was 154 feet; so that the building was, originally, not far from square. Two tiers of windows, five feet broad, ran along the sides, and at the east end was a semi-circular projection, or apse, in which were three windows. The height of the apse had originally been forty-three feet, but a piece of the roof of the nave is ten feet lower, so that a dome or other construction must have been used to join the two. It is touching to see such a ruin in a land now given up to Mahomedanism. The conquests of the Cross have shrunk as well as expanded. Countries once Christian are so no longer. The crescent has taken the place of the Cross all over the East, and along the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Let the West carry back the standard of our faith to these once Christian lands!

Between the Church of St. Anne and Beit Jibrin there are many more caverns, but, unlike the others, all are more or less open at the top. In some cases, a circular hole still exists, about six feet in diameter, such as one might expect in cisterns; and of others portions of the roofs have fallen in. Many Christian symbols cut out of the soft rock on the sides of these strange vaults show that the region was once zealous for the Cross, and carry the date of the caverns back to an age at least earlier than the invasion of the Saracens. But how much earlier, who can tell? The sides have been dressed with picks diagonally, and great pillars of rock have, in some cases, been left to support the roof. It is touching to find that in some cases there are recesses at the east side, as if these subterranean halls, so rude and strange in their lofty circular hollow, had been used as chapels—"caves of the earth," where the friends of the Saviour often met together. They may, however, as Dr. Thomson suggests, have been used in earlier times as reservoirs for water in case of a siege, so that the city, which

<sup>1</sup> Judg. i. 7.

he thinks was identical with Gath, should never be taken because of a failure of the supply. This theory is strengthened by the fact that at Zikrin, six miles north-west of Beit Jibrin, there are vast excavations beneath a platform of hard rock which is pierced by forty openings into the reservoirs below, whence water is even now drawn daily by the villagers. The excavations at Zikrin closely resemble those of Beit Jibrin, both in shape and size, and are all connected by passages, so that the water stands at the same level in each.<sup>1</sup>

Carpet-weaving is followed extensively in Beit Jibrin. On the flat tops of the mud houses, women engaged in this industry were busy at the most primitive looms, with their fingers for shuttles, producing work at once firm and thick in its substance. Wilton and Axminster would be horrified if set to rival them and restricted to the use of such appliances; but the East does wonders under amazing difficulties. Outside the town, long strips of ground beside the paths were used by the yarn-makers and dyers in preparing the threads before handing them to the dusky weavers. There were a good many flocks and herds, and the shepherds were all armed, both with guns and axes, to protect their charge from the wolves, which plunder the folds in the hills, as the Bedouins do those in the plains. One shepherd-boy was lamenting, with tears, that a wolf from one of the caves had just carried off a kid.

The sheikh, as I have remarked, has been so thoroughly humbled by the Turks since his hateful father's death that he is now quite poor. His hereditary authority, however, retains for him great formal respect from those who approach him, which they do kneeling on one knee, and kissing his hand. His equals do not seem to pay this form of homage, but only the humbler people. So, the Son of Sirach tells us "till he hath received, the borrower will kiss a man's hand."<sup>2</sup> Such formal kissing is common in the East. They kiss the beard, the mouth, and even the clothes. Niebuhr, on one occasion, was allowed, as a great honor, to kiss both the back and the palm of an Arab Ymram, and also the hem of his clothing; and kings, in Bible times, required conquered chiefs or princes to kiss their feet, or, as the prophet expresses it, to "lick up the dust from them."<sup>3</sup> It was, therefore, unconsciously, a nobly symbolical acknowledgment of lowly reverence to our Lord, as her King, when the poor sinful but penitent woman came behind Him and kissed His feet, after having washed off the dust with her tears.<sup>4</sup> The sheikh's castle or mansion has apparently belonged for centuries to the same family, which is one of the highest in the country, its chief holding the hereditary dignity of sheikh over sixteen villages of this region, in return for which he is required, if necessary, to supply the Government with 2,000 soldiers ready for war. The brother of our host ruled at Tell es Safieh.

<sup>1</sup> *Land and Book*, p. 566. <sup>2</sup> *Eccles.* xxix. 5. <sup>3</sup> *Isa.* xlix. 23; so in *Ps.* lxxii. 9. <sup>4</sup> *Luke* vii. 45.

The view from the hill, south-west of the Church of St. Anne, was striking. Its top is a flat plain, about 600 feet across; but as it is nearly 1,100 feet above the sea, the great Philistine plain lay spread out at our feet on the west, a blue strip of the Great Sea shutting in the horizon. To the east rose the mountains of Hebron. South-west and east the hills were strewn with ruins of many places, of which the very names have long ago perished. Tombs and cisterns in the white chalk were numerous. Less than half a mile on the south-west a ruined heap, on the top of gently-sloping hills, marks the sight of Marshah, where King Asa defeated Zera, the Ethiopian King, who brought against him an army of a hundred thousand men and three hundred chariots.<sup>1</sup>

As the asses with our tents had not even now come, we were forced to start for Hebron without them. The road lay through a beautiful plain, girt in by gentle hills, here and there stony, elsewhere green with olives or grain, or showing yellow ploughed land. Carved stones lay around; among them a Corinthian capital, half buried in the grass. Pits were open in several places, for digging out dressed stones of ancient buildings. A marble pillar was built into a water-trough; and a mound of earth showed, by a slip of the soil at one part, that it was all masonry underneath. There must have been a great population here in Jewish times, if only from the vast number of Hebrew tombs in the plain and in the hills. The two soldiers who had caused such a commotion in the sheikh's dovecot the night before, were returning to Hebron, and formed our improvised escort. One—the Kurd—had on a blue military jacket, trimmed with orange and blue braid; the other wore an old grey coat, pink-and-blue striped cotton tunic, big boots, and sword. The first had on his head a fez, the second a flowing "kefiyeh." As to the men they were sent to bring back, their answer to the governor was ready: "They won't come, and we can't fetch them;" but their pockets told the true reason.

The valley was lovely as we rode on. Fences of squared stones from the ruins divided the fields of different owners. Rows of beautiful olive-trees, patches of green barley, lentils, beans, and wheat, diversified the plain, through which a small dry water-course, with green slopes, wound its way. The white limestone cropped out at places on the hill-sides, along which were numerous marks of ancient terrace cultivation. Smoke, at more than one point, showed where charcoal-burners were at work, using the stunted bushes and dwarf-trees of some of the hills as material. A poor fellah passed, with his wife and children and all his household goods—some pots and miserable "traps"—on a camel, which he led. They were removing from one part to another.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Chron. xiv. 9.

The road soon began to change as we got higher, for the whole way to Hebron is an ascent. The valley became often very stony and barren, till one wondered, when a plough was seen slowly moving through such fields of ballast, whether the land could be worth the labor of cultivation. As we approached the famous hill of Judæa the slopes were covered with olives, grey stone gleaming out amidst them. Soon, however—not more, indeed, than two hours after the time we started, 8 a. m.—the route became desolate in the extreme. One ravine succeeded another, and the path was a chaos of stones, over which it seemed next to impossible for horses to travel. But by dint of winding about, stepping high, and almost climbing, they did contrive to make way, which they certainly could not have done had they not been born in the land. Only here and there was the semblance of a track to be discerned. The hills on each side of the valley we were ascending were grey as a chalk cliff, but set off with thickets of myrtle, low thorny bushes, and various shrubs. Stone dams ran across the wady and formed terraces, by which the soil brought down by the rains was prevented from being swept away, and spread out into small fields or patches. Dam after dam thus paved successive terraces with fertile earth, which was green with crops. The wady had now shrunk to very narrow limits, being only a stone's-throw across; the hills, grey and barren except for the myrtles and bushes, slanted up steeply, on either side, to their rounded tops. About noon we came, at last, to water, at a spot which seemed the picture of desolation, but for the artificial shelves of verdure secured by dams, which now reappeared, after a long interval of hideous desolation. We were on the old Roman road; but it had not been repaired for 1,500 years. I should think, indeed, that it must have been only a few feet broad at first, and certainly one would not now dream that it had ever been a road, were it not for odd traces at wide intervals.

The soldiers had kept ahead of us up this wild defile, which, by the way, has in all ages been the only high road, awful as it is, between Hebron, Beit Jibrin, and Gaza. Having at last reached a spot where water burst out of the rocks on the left, they stopped, and we gladly did the same. A peasant had raised a miserable house for himself at the side of the wady, above the reach of the torrent that sweeps downward after rain, and had fenced in a few yards with a stone wall, and planted some fig-trees, which were in full leaf. The path was on the other side of the dry water-course, but it needed good management to get across the few yards of rocky shelves and boulders to the spring. Once safely over, the horses were allowed to graze as they could on patches of grass in the wady where the water of the spring reached, and in the shadow of the rocks<sup>1</sup> we sought what shelter was to be had

<sup>1</sup> Isa. xxxii. 2.

from the burning sun. One of the soldiers, meanwhile, betook himself to the very opposite occupation of washing his face and his "abba," of course without soap. We sought what refreshment was procurable from a cup of cold tea, a hard egg, some dry bread, and a little water-cress, gathered below the spring, which leaped out of the bare hill-side like a full stream from a large hose. The road from Jerusalem strikes into this wady at its worst part, and if this be the route taken by St. Philip the Evangelist when he fell in with the eunuch, I don't wonder at the statement that it was "desert."<sup>1</sup>

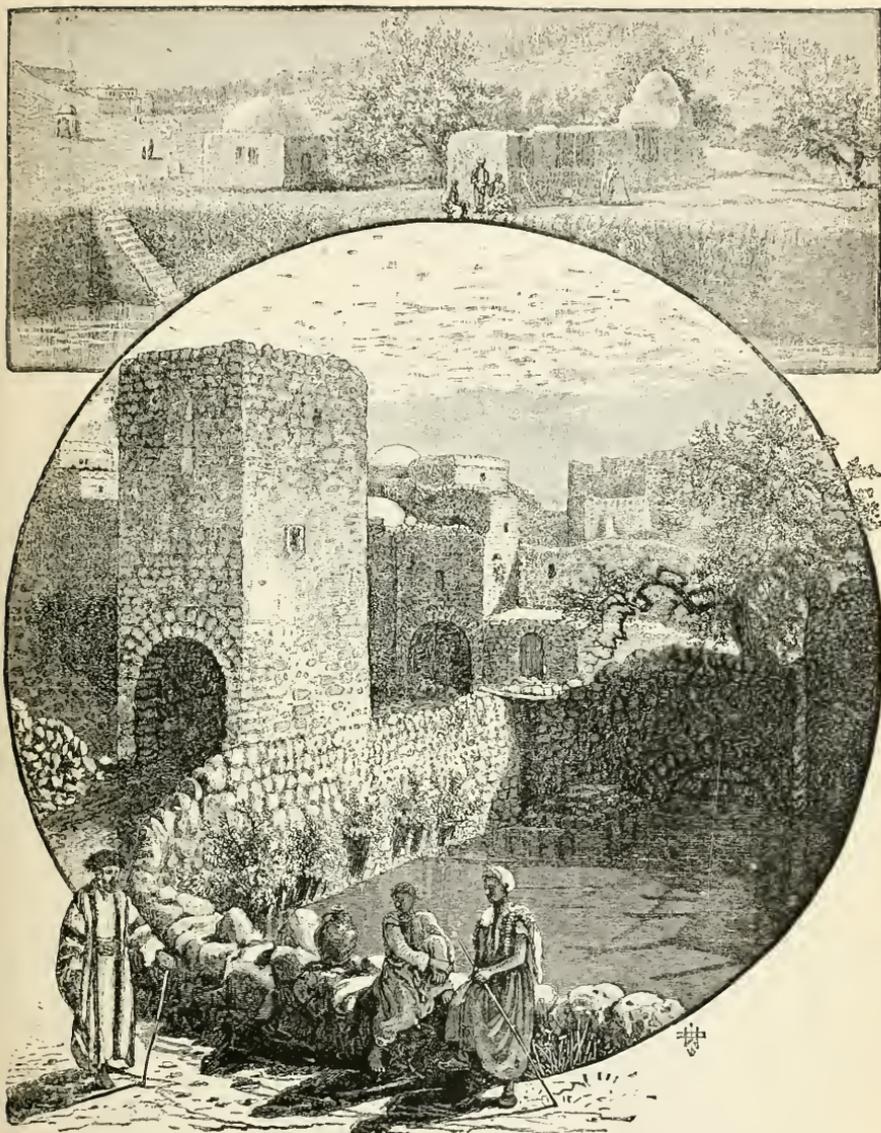
When fairly rested, we set out once more, the road continuing much the same, but the weariness of it relieved by wild songs from the soldiers—the subjects known only to themselves. I was greatly refreshed by a cup of cold water brought me by one of them before starting; its coolness at such a time forcibly reminding me of the value set by the Saviour on such a gift bestowed on His little ones in these very hills of Palestine, so hot and dry in their chalky greyness.<sup>2</sup> At some places there was a little fertility, and we even found some peasants ploughing on an artificial terrace in the wady, while other spots were ploughed at its sides where, for a time, it grew wider. The ploughers had left their overcoats at home, as was noticed of those in His day by our Lord,<sup>3</sup> and they followed their ploughs with eager joy, preparing for summer crops. Two oxen dragged one plough; another was pulled along by an ox and an ass, in vivid contravention of the old Hebrew law.<sup>4</sup> Sometimes even an ass and a camel are yoked together to this task—a union sufficiently comical. Black goats, on the steep sides of the ravine, were feeding on the gnarled dwarf-oak scrub, a few feet high, the dwarf-pistachio and arbutus, with tufts of aromatic herbs, some especially fragrant beds of thyme, myrtle-bushes, and the like, which were springing out of the countless fissures of the rocks. Such a region was, in fact, a paradise for goats, which delight in leaves and twigs, and care little for grass. Their milk in every form—sour, sweet, thick, thin, warm, or cold—forms, with eggs and bread, the main food of the people, a state of things illustrating very strikingly the words of Proverbs: "Thou shalt have goats' milk enough for thy food, for the food of thy household, and for maintenance for their maidens."<sup>5</sup> Shepherds, with long flint-guns, were watching the flocks.

There could be no hunting-ground for robbers more suitable than these lonely hills, and it was well for us that we had the soldiers in our company. As we advanced, the path led over a broad desolate plateau, the watershed of the district; streams moving on one side towards the east, and on the other towards the west. Gradually descending, we reached, at last, the wide skirt of vineyards which borders Hebron for miles. The ground was very stony, but had been cleared partly to get

1 Acts viii. 26. 2 Matt. x. 42; Mark ix. 41. 3 Matt. xxiv. 18. 4 Deut. xxii. 10. 5 Prov. xxvii. 27.

materials for walls five or six feet thick, which were in every direction; and partly to form paths, a few feet broad, between these ramparts. The name for such walls, in Palestine, is "yedars;" the Hebrew counterpart of which, "gadair," often occurs in the Old Testament. Thus Balaam is said to have been riding in just such a narrow "path between vineyards, with a 'gadair' on this side, and a 'gadair' on that side,"<sup>1</sup> so that it was no wonder the ass crushed his foot against one of them. Ezra uses the "gadair" as a symbol of the peaceful enjoyment of the land, when he thanks God for having given his people "a 'gadair' in Judah and Jerusalem."<sup>2</sup> These rough constructions of dry, unmortared stones of all sizes are the fences of gardens, orchards, vineyards, sheepfolds, and all other enclosures, and are therefore employed as a symbol of rural life. Such masses of loose stones, however, are not so stable as they look. Rising gradually, after each clearing of the surface inside, to a height of from four to six feet, they readily give way, more or less, if one attempt to climb them, while the swelling of the ground by rain often throws them off the perpendicular, or they bulge out in the middle from the pressure of the mass of stones against an ill-built portion of the outer coating. At Hebron, I came frequently upon a "gadair" which, from some of these causes, had rushed in promiscuous ruin into the path, and left hardly any space to get past its confused heaps. The Psalmist, therefore, used a telling illustration of the ruin awaiting his enemies when he said, "as a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering 'gadair.'"<sup>3</sup> Of the vineyard of Israel, the Northern Kingdom, the inspired writer of the 80th Psalm cries, "Why hast thou then [O God] broken down her 'gadairs,' so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her? The boar out of the 'yaar' doth waste it, and the wild beast of the open country doth devour it."<sup>4</sup> Ezekiel compares the lying prophets of his day to the foxes or jackals which hid in the gaps of the "gadair" of Israel, helping to throw them down, when it should have been the duty of true men to repair them, that Israel might stand safely behind them in the day of battle.<sup>5</sup> With a like familiar knowledge of these structures, Ecclesiastes tells us that "whoso breaketh a 'gadair,' a serpent shall bite him;"<sup>6</sup> many kinds of serpents delighting in the crevices of such open walls as their lurking-place. The sheepfold of loose stones, so common in many parts of the country, is called a "gadairah," a feminine form of "gadair," so that we can understand what the tribes beyond the Jordan meant when they said, "We will build 'gideroth' for the flocks."<sup>7</sup> They had stone in their territory, while the shepherds of the stoneless plains do not use this word, but substitute for it another.

1 Num. xxii. 24. 2 Ezra ix. 9. 3 Ps. lxi. 3. 4 Ps. lxxx. 13; see also Isa. v. 5. 5 Ezek. xiii. 4, 5; see also xxii. 30. 6 Eccles. x. 8. See *ante*, p. 246. 7 Num. xxxii. 16.



Pools of Hebron. (See page 308.)



## CHAPTER XV.

## HEBRON.

THE vineyards of Palestine disappoint those who have poetical ideas of spreading branches and hanging clusters. The vines are planted in wide rows, and are simply so many single stems, bent at a sharp angle with the ground, and cut off when four or five feet long, the end being supported by a short forked stick, so that the shoots may hang clear of the soil. A vineyard is as prosaic a matter at Hebron as on the Rhine; the vines looking like so many dirty sticks, with a few leaves on the shoots from the top or sides. There are towers for the "keepers of the vineyards;"<sup>1</sup> stone buildings, of no great size, by which a lookout can be kept on all sides; there is also a shelter for the husbandmen, the vineyards in many parts being far from any village. In Canticles, Sulamith has the task of care-taker assigned to her;<sup>2</sup> so that women, at times, did this duty among the ancient Hebrews; but it is a hard and menial task, exposing one to the fierce sun, which, in Sulamith's case, burned her "black."<sup>3</sup> In most cases, the protection for the watcher is only a rude wooden hut, covered with boughs, so that Job could say of the frailness and instability of the hopes of the wicked, "He buildeth his house as a moth, and as a booth that the keeper maketh,"<sup>4</sup> and Isaiah could compare Jerusalem, made desolate by war, to a "booth in a vineyard."<sup>5</sup> The watchmen employed are generally armed with a club, and are very faithful, often risking their lives in the protection of the property they are set to guard. But it is not always easy to get men to undertake the task, since it not only involves danger, but requires wakefulness through the whole night, making even the most loyal weary for the light. It is to this that the Psalmist refers when he says that "his soul looketh out for the Lord, more than watchmen [or keepers] for the morning."<sup>6</sup> To guard against drowsiness and to frighten away thieves, they call out from time to time through the darkness: a practice to which the prophet refers when he describes the Chaldæans as encamped round Jerusalem, and calling out like keepers of a field.<sup>7</sup> Cain insolently asks, "Am I my brother's keeper?"<sup>8</sup> So it is said that "the Lord keepeth all the bones of the righteous, not one of them is broken; He keepeth the souls of His saints; He keepeth the simple;" and, unlike keepers among men, "He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps."<sup>9</sup>

The wine of Hebron is still famous, and is very cheap, a bottle costing about sixpence. On the hill-side, among the vineyards, an ancient

<sup>1</sup> Cant. i. 6. <sup>2</sup> The word for "keeper" in this case is feminine. <sup>3</sup> Cant. i. 6. See *ante*, p. 233  
<sup>4</sup> Job xxvii. 18. <sup>5</sup> Isa. i. 8 (Heb.). <sup>6</sup> Ps. cxxx. 6. <sup>7</sup> Jer. iv. 16. <sup>8</sup> Gen. iv. 9. <sup>9</sup> Ps. xxxiv. 20; xvii. 10; cxvi. 6; cxxi. 4.

wine-press fortunately stood near the road, so that I was able to inspect it at leisure. It consisted of two troughs, hewn out of the rock, one higher than the other, and both well cemented on the sides and at the bottom. The grapes are cast into the upper one, and trodden with the feet, so that the juice flows out into the lower; the old practice, so often introduced in Scripture, being followed at this day. The length of the trough was only about four feet, and it was not quite two feet broad, and very shallow. The treading of the grapes is left to the poor, as in Job's day, when the lawless rich "took away the sheep from the hungry, who make oil within their walls, and tread their wine-presses, and suffer thirst."<sup>1</sup> The vintage, however, was always, as it still is, a time of general gladness, merry songs accompanying it at times, while, as in all joint work among Orientals, the laborers encourage each other by shouts. Hence, even now, a period of national trouble, such as war, could not be more vividly painted than in the words of Isaiah, that "in the vineyards there shall be no singing, neither joyful noise; no treader shall tread out wine in the presses; the vintage shout shall cease."<sup>2</sup> "The shouting," says Jeremiah, in a similar passage, "shall be no shouting;"<sup>3</sup> no shout of joy, but the shout of battle. The jubilant exultation when the ruddy grape was yielding its wine was, in those days, apparently, even more ardent and clamorous than now, for the same prophet compares it to the cry of an attacking host, telling us that Jehovah will give a shout, as they that tread the grapes, against all the inhabitants of the earth.<sup>4</sup> The presses are generally large enough for several treaders to crush the grapes in them at once, and to this circumstance, as will be remembered, there is an indirect allusion in the awful picture of Him who is mighty to save returning from the destruction of His enemies. The treading of them down is like the treading out of the blood of the wine-fat, but He had trodden it alone; He trod them (by Himself) in His "fury," and as the person and clothing of the treaders are stained with the red juice, so, He says, "their life-blood is sprinkled upon My garments, and I have stained all My raiment:"<sup>5</sup> words spoken in answer to the question of the prophet, "Wherefore art Thou red in Thine apparel, and Thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?"<sup>6</sup>

The vine has been cultivated in Palestine from the earliest times, and during the Hebrew period flourished everywhere over the land. Palestine is, indeed; peculiarly fitted for the grape, its sunny limestone slopes, through which the rains quickly percolate, leaving a dry sub-soil. The heat by day and the heavy mists by night make it the very home in which the plant delights. Hence, long before the time of Moses, it was not only a land "flowing with milk and honey," but also

1 Job xxiv. 11. 2 Isa. xvi. 10. 3 Jer. xlviii. 33. 4 Jer. xxv. 30. 5 Isa. lxiii. 2, 3 (R. V.) 6 *Ibid.*

famous for its wine, as we read in the annals of Thothmes III., of Egypt, who reigned 1,600 years before Christ.<sup>1</sup> With the green and silver olive, and the dark-green fig-tree, the vine was the characteristic glory of the hill-country.<sup>2</sup> Every hill-side was covered with vineyards, terrace above terrace, while wine-presses and vats were in great numbers hewn in the rocks. Especially famous were the vineyards of Engedi, "the Fountain of the Kid," by the Dead Sea,<sup>3</sup> where, on the hill-sides north of the spring, the terraces on which they were situated are still as perfect as in Bible times; large rock-hewn, carefully-cemented cisterns, also, still remaining on each terrace, with a network of cemented pipes running from them in all directions, to bear water to the root of each vine. But the grape has long since vanished from that locality. Hebron, still famous above all other parts of the land for its vines, had a great name for them in the earliest times. The men of the valley of Shechem used to go out, in the time of the Judges, and gather their vineyards, and tread the grapes, and hold merry meetings over the vine-harvest.<sup>4</sup> The vineyards of Shiloh were equally flourishing.<sup>5</sup> Uzziah drew part of his revenue from his vines at Carmel;<sup>6</sup> and the vineyard of Naboth, at Jezreel, is only too sadly commemorated.<sup>7</sup> Outside Palestine, Lebanon yielded wine which was greatly praised,<sup>8</sup> and the vines of north Moab, especially those of the now unknown Sibmah, were in very high repute,<sup>9</sup> as were also those of Helbon, near Damascus,<sup>10</sup> which are still highly esteemed. On the Lake of Galilee, Josephus tells us, the plain of Gemesareth, warm as Egypt, yielded grapes for ten months in the year,<sup>11</sup> which one can hardly realize when he looks at it now, bearing nothing more valuable than thistles. So general, indeed, was the diffusion of the vine that, as we have seen, even the now desolate valleys south of Beer-sheba show long swathes of stone heaps, over which vines grew in ancient times. Esheol, from which the spies brought the wonderful cluster, must, in fact, have been in that region: not, as often supposed, near Hebron; for Israel, as has been noticed, was then encamped at Kadesh, and the prize must have been found comparatively near that place, since the spies could not have dared to carry it for any distance through a hostile and alarmed population.<sup>12</sup> Kadesh, however, lay just to the east of the grape-mound region, and could easily be reached with the precious burden without notice being attracted, the desert lying near the valley that yielded it. Yet Esheol does not appear to have grown finer grapes than southern Judæa, to the north of it, if we may judge from the dying blessing of Jacob, which paints Judah as

<sup>1</sup> *Records of the Past*, ii. 44. <sup>2</sup> Gen. xlix. 11; Deut. vi. 11; viii. 8; Num. xvi. 14; Josh. xxiv. 13; 1 Sam. viii. 14; Jer. xxxix. 10; 2 Kings xxv. 12; Neh. v. 3. <sup>3</sup> Cant. i. 14. <sup>4</sup> 4 Judg. ix. 27. <sup>5</sup> Judg. xxi. 20. <sup>6</sup> 2 Chron. xxvi. 10. <sup>7</sup> 1 Kings xxi. 1. <sup>8</sup> Cant. viii. 11; Hos. xiv. 7. <sup>9</sup> Isa. xvi. 8-10; Jer. xlviii. 32, 33. <sup>10</sup> Ezek. xxvii. 18. <sup>11</sup> Jos. *Bell. Jud.*, iii. 10, 8. <sup>12</sup> See *ante*, p. 260.

“washing its garments in wine, and its clothes in the blood of the grape.”<sup>1</sup>

A vineyard needs to be carefully fenced, to keep sheep, goats, or cattle from eating it down; and hence the “gadair,” or loose stone wall, round it, is constantly mentioned, as are the clearing off of the loose surface stones, and the building of a tower in it, and the hewing out of a wine-press,<sup>2</sup> which are still necessary, as of old. Private malignity, in ancient as in modern times, might be tempted to let flocks or herds into an enemy’s vineyard; but against this the law made provision, by enacting that if a man shall cause a vineyard to be eaten, “of the best of his own vineyard shall he make restitution.”<sup>3</sup> After the vintage, however, the owner, even now, turns in his own beasts to browse; and when the vines are pruned, in the spring, the trimmings are carefully gathered as forage. The jackal, which differs from the fox in liking fruit as well as flesh, is a foe to the vine-grower in every part of the country, and in Lebanon the wild boar sometimes breaks through and does much damage—“the boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast doth devour it.”<sup>4</sup> The foxes—that is, the jackals—still need to be “taken,” as much as when the Beloved, in Canticles, longed for their capture.<sup>5</sup>

Though vineyards, as has been said, are prosaic-looking enough, I found at Damascus and elsewhere, trained over lattice-work in the court yards of houses, or against the walls, some vines which were more in keeping with our preconceived ideas, since they covered a broad space or adorned the whole breadth of a dwelling, as it is clear they must have done also, in some cases, in Bible times, from the comparison of the mother of a large and beautiful family to a “fruitful vine by the sides of a house.”<sup>6</sup> In vine-yards, however, the vines are rigorously pruned back each year, only three or four shoots being left at the top of the short black stem, as in the time of our Lord: “Every branch that beareth fruit, the husbandman purgeth”—that is prunes—“that it may bring forth more fruit.”<sup>7</sup>

Grapes are sold in Jerusalem as early as the end of July, but the regular grape-harvest does not begin, even in warm situations, till the opening of September, and in colder positions it continues till the end of October, while the sowing-time for corn is in November. Thus, when there is a rich grape harvest, and an early fall of the first rains, the image of plenty pictured by Amos is realized: “Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed.”<sup>8</sup> It is not uncommon to find a vine trained over a fig-tree in a garden, for the shade it affords, as in old times, when it was a favorite image of peaceful

1 Gen. xlix. 11. 2 Isa. v. 2; Ps. lxxx. 12; Matt. xxi. 33; Mark xii. 1. 3 Ex. xxii. 5. 4 Ps. lxxx. 13. 5 Cant. ii. 15. 6 Ps. cxxviii. 3. 7 John xv. 2; Isa. v. 6. 8 Amos ix. 13.

security that a man should be able to sit "under his vine and under his fig-tree," and no one should make him afraid.<sup>1</sup> This may mean either a trellised vine, shading the court of the house, or a fig-tree growing near, or the two growing together.

Red grapes were grown much more than green, and thus the wine in common use readily supplied our Lord, on the occasion of the Last Supper, with an emblem of His blood shed for the salvation of mankind;<sup>2</sup> hence, too, we so often read of the "blood" of the grape.<sup>3</sup> At present, however, at Hebron and Bethlehem, green grapes are grown almost exclusively, and it may also have been so in olden times. Indeed, it is quite possible that the famous cluster from Eshcol was green, as this variety is still famous for its huge berries and clusters, many of the latter being three pounds in weight, while they occasionally reach from nine to twelve.

Wine-presses cut in the rocks are found in nearly every part of the country, and are the only sure relics we have of the old days of Israel before the Captivity. Between Hebron and Beersheba they are found on all the hill-slopes; they abound in Southern Judæa; they are no less common in the many valleys of Carmel, and they are numerous in Galilee. With such an abundance, it was natural that there should be liberality; and hence the law permitted the traveller to eat at his will as he passed, though he was not to carry off any grapes in a vessel.<sup>4</sup> In the same spirit the right of gleaning was legally reserved to the poor.<sup>5</sup>

The use of wine having been prohibited by Mahomet, the vine is not now much cultivated in Palestine; the products of the grape are, however, to be found in every market. Raisins are still dried, as they were in Southern Judæa when Abigail, among other gifts, carried a hundred bunches of them to make peace with David.<sup>6</sup> They must also have been seen on the fruit-stalls in all the Israelitish cities and towns, as they are frequently mentioned in Scripture<sup>7</sup>—sometimes, indeed, when readers of the English would not suspect it, for the word translated "flagons of wine" in several passages should really be rendered "cakes of raisins."<sup>8</sup> The ancient Hebrews likewise used the syrup of grapes, or "dibs," which, with rasins, is the only product a Mahommedan takes from his vineyard. It is made by boiling down the juice of ripe grapes to a third of its bulk, thus making it like treacle, though of a lighter color. It was, perhaps, used in Bible times, as it is now, either in making sweetmeats, or mixed with water, to be eaten with bread. It is called "honey" in Scripture,<sup>9</sup> so that in many passages it is impossible to tell whether the honey of bees, or

<sup>1</sup> Mic. iv. 4; Zech. iii. 10; 1 Kings iv. 25; 1 Macc. xiv. 12.   <sup>2</sup> Matt. xxvi. 28.   <sup>3</sup> Isa. lxiii. 3, 6; Ecclus. xxxix. 26.   <sup>4</sup> Deut. xxiii. 24.   <sup>5</sup> Lev. xix. 10; Deut. xxiv. 21.   <sup>6</sup> 1 Sam. xxv. 18.   <sup>7</sup> 1 Sam. xxx. 12; 1 Chron. xii. 40; 2 Sam. xvi. 1.   <sup>8</sup> 2 Sam. vi. 19; 1 Chron. xvi. 3; Cant. ii. 5; Hos. iii. 1.   <sup>9</sup> "Debash."

this syrup, is intended. It would seem, however, that that which Jacob sent with spices, &c., to the great man in Egypt was "dibs," and not bees' honey, and that it was "dibs" which Ezekiel speaks of as being sent largely to Tyre.<sup>1</sup>

It was the custom in ancient times, as it still is in the East, to mix spices and other ingredients with wine, to give it a special flavor, or make it stronger, or the reverse. This is the "strong drink" of which Isaiah speaks,<sup>2</sup> and the "spiced wine" of the Canticles,<sup>3</sup> and it is likewise the wine which Wisdom "mingled," and to which she invites the wise; but it is also that "mixed wine" to look on which, the Book of Proverbs tells us, is to bring on one-self woe;<sup>4</sup> and it is to this that the awful verse refers, "In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red; it is *full of mixture.*"<sup>5</sup> Another kind of wine, generally translated "vinegar" in our version, also in the Revised Version, is the common sour wine used by the poor. It was this into which Ruth was to dip her bread as she sat beside the reapers.<sup>6</sup> In all probability, moreover, it was this which was offered to our Saviour on the cross,<sup>7</sup> since it was part of the daily allowance of a Roman soldier, and was given, not in derision, but in pity, to quench His thirst or dull His agony, the soldiers having more sympathy with him than the priests or the Jewish people. When Isaiah speaks of "wine on the lees, well refined" as part of the great feast in the day of the triumph of God's people, he alludes to the custom of leaving new wine for a time on its lees, after fermentation, to improve its strength and color. It being thus left, all impurities settled, and it is drawn off clear and bright.<sup>8</sup> Palestine in our day is a very sober country, a drunken person being very seldom seen; but I fear as much could not be said for olden times, since drunkenness is mentioned, either metaphorically or literally, more than seventy times in the Bible.

The road from Beit Jibrin to Hebron has few places of historical importance in its long, dreary ascent; but it is otherwise with that from Adullam, which lies about fifteen miles north of Hebron, in a straight line—nearly the same distance as the road we came. I have already spoken of the number of ruin-covered sites on the other side of Adullam; they are equally numerous as you ride southward. Indeed, Captain Conder reckons that there are three in every two square miles; so dense was the population in early times. Hebron lies over 2,000 feet higher than Beit Jibrin; but though Adullam is on a higher level than Beit Jibrin, the road from it to Hebron is a continual ascent also. The Hill of Adullam is in a region of caves, which, in some of the valleys, are still inhabited by veritable cave-dwellers, like those in the south. To the north-west, beyond the hills, lie the

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xliii. 11; Ezek. xxvii. 17. <sup>2</sup> Isa. v. 22. <sup>3</sup> Cant. viii. 2. <sup>4</sup> Prov. ix. 5; xxiii. 30. <sup>5</sup> Ps. lxxv. 8. <sup>6</sup> Ruth ii. 14. <sup>7</sup> Matt. xxvii. 48. <sup>8</sup> Isa. xxv. 6.

charming olive-groves through which we passed before. On the other side of these the road winds, roughly enough, up a confusion of small glens—hollows green with corn in spring—though the peasants who have planted it are nowhere to be seen, as they live in distant villages. On every side are stony hills, bright with cyclamen and anemone, but without a human habitation. From Adullam the road leads up the Wady es Sur, which is the upper part of the valley of Elah, consecrated to the memory of Samson and David. Traces of a road older than the Roman period show themselves in the broad valley, as we ascend it, past Keilah and Hareth, where it shrinks into a mere gully, amidst steep, bare hills, through and up which the path is fit for goats rather than for horses. A bare plateau is at last reached, like that met with in coming from Beit Jibrin, and the track soon begins to descend, about 300 feet, to reach Hebron. The hills, in fact, are about that height above the ancient town, by both approaches. Bare rocks, tracts of brushwood, and stretches of meagre pasture gradually give place to vineyards and orchards, and we ride on longing to see Abraham's city, but doomed to be disappointed till the last moment, for only then does it come in sight.

A mile from Hebron, on a slope to the right of the narrow, stony path, between vineyards and their great loose "gadairs," stands the Russian hospice, built to provide accommodation for the pilgrims of the Greek Church, who flock to Hebron in great numbers each year to visit Jutta, the reputed birth-place of St. John the Baptist, which is a few miles off. It is a large, flat-roofed, stone building, and must be a great blessing to the poor wanderers from the wide regions of the Russian Empire. Just before it stands a magnificent old evergreen holm oak, which is venerated as the very tree under which Abraham's tent was pitched at Mamre. But it is easier to make this assertion than to prove it; for it is quite certain that this particular tree, though it has been worshipped for at least 300 years as "Abraham's Oak," is only of yesterday compared with the long ages since the patriarch's day. Moreover, it is not destined to continue very much longer an object of veneration, as it is growing old, and has lost more than half its branches during the last twenty-five years. Still, it looks vigorous in parts, though some of its boughs are apparently dead; and perhaps it may yet weather some generations. At the ground its trunk measures thirty-two feet in circumference, and at the height of about twenty feet it divides into a number of huge limbs—some vigorous, some dry and leafless—spreading out to a distance of about ninety-five steps round. Josephus tells us that the Tree of Abraham stood three-quarters of a mile from Hebron, and was a very great and very ancient terebinth; but in the fourth century a similar tree was shown two miles *north* of Hebron as that of the patriarch. It is hard, therefore,

to decide which is the true spot, though the Russian hospice, I fear, enjoys only an apocryphal glory from its great oak. The vines on the slope were partly lying along the ground, and partly propped on low forked sticks; the soil of one vineyard was well cleared of stones and weeds, while that of another was rough and foul. The stems of the vines were on an average six to eight inches round, with shoots thick enough, at times, for such sceptres as Ezekiel tells us could be made from the "strong rods" of the vine of Israel.<sup>1</sup> From my own experience I could once and again repeat, as my horse stumbled on over the stone-heaped path, the words of Proverbs<sup>2</sup>: "I went by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." This vineyard, indeed, lay well-nigh across the whole path, in a steep slope. A spring ran at the side of the road, from below a small canopy, as we approached Hebron, making the borders of its channel bright with grass and flowers.

At last we rode down a slope between stone walls, interrupted by a few two-story stone houses at the sides of a broader road, figs and olives filling most of the space on either hand, and, turning sharply to the right, were before one of the gates of Kiriath Arba, as the ancient Hebron was once called. This old name probably meant "the City of Arba," some old Canaanite hero: but it was explained by the Jews as meaning "the City of Four"—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Adam, who were all alleged to have been buried here—Arba standing for "four" in Hebrew. The Arabs of to-day call the city El-Khalil—"the Friend"—in memory of the universally-honored patriarch Abraham, "the friend of God."<sup>3</sup> The gate was a solid building, blocking up the street, with an arch for entrance. Loungers sat at the low walls leading to it; women and men were busy drawing water from a stone-covered well with steps, just before it, the stone mouth deeply furrowed by the ropes of centuries; and on the other side of the left wall lay one of the pools of Hebron, over which, perhaps, nearly 3,000 years ago, men saw hung up the hands and feet of the murderers of Ishbosheth, Saul's son, who were slain by order of David.<sup>4</sup> A strip of olive-trees lay behind, on each side, a very suitable spot for pitching our tents upon, but unfortunately they had not come. Happy for us, however, the German medical missionary, who lived close to the gate, kindly invited us to stay with him, so that we had the luxury of a house instead of the wretchedness of canvas. Having rested and taken some refreshment, it was necessary to make inquiries about our missing asses, and for this purpose we had to go to the governor's quarters.

The streets were filthy beyond description, and some of them were

1 Ezek. xix. 11. 2 Prov. xxiv. 30, 31. 3 James ii. 23. 4 2 Sam. iv. 12.

sunk in the middle, for cattle and beasts of burden, as some of those in Jerusalem still are, and as all, probably, once were. At last we reached the house of the commanding officer for Southern Palestine, who is governor of the town. The room into which we were conducted was furnished with a cushioned divan, or sofa, on one side, and a lower seat on another. The German medical man who had come with us sat down on this, cross-legged; the great man motioned my friend and me to the higher seat of honor. First, however, came the salutation of my friend, who, being known to the governor, was kissed by him on both cheeks, his beard stroked, and his knee patted after he had sat down. So Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand, to kiss him,<sup>1</sup> though with treacherous designs not entertained by the governor. The chamber was carpeted, and there was some pretence to neatness in the decoration of the walls; but the approach to the house, and even the entrance, were like a wynd in Sunderland or Edinburgh; indeed, not half so respectable as such places are now, for no slum in the East-End of London can be imagined so offensive. Coffee and cigarettes were of course handed round, and the subject of our visit broached. Nothing could be more courteous than the governor's bearing. "He would instantly send soldiers off after the asses." The man who brought the coffee took the order; a sergeant presently appeared, and the patrol was off on horseback within a few minutes.

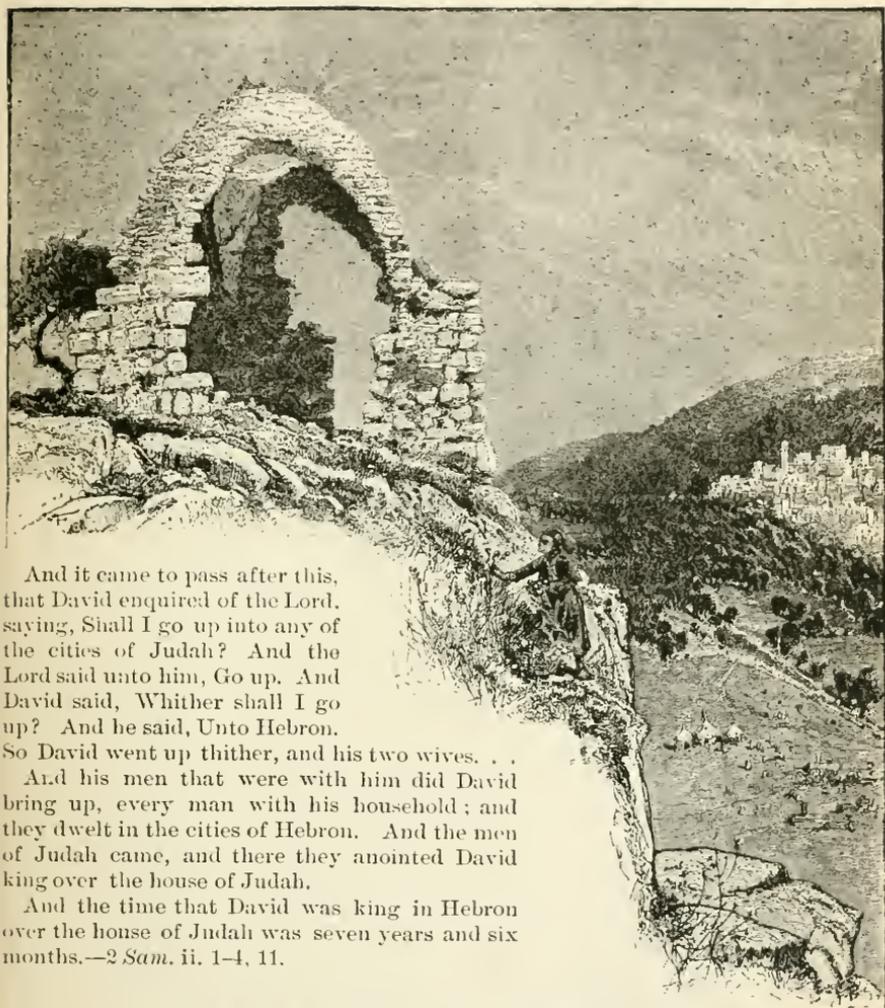
Many of the streets through which we passed are arched like tunnels, with dwellings over them, out of sight, the approaches being through the dens which serve as shops. A wall three feet high and two broad, running in front of these, forms a counter on which the tradesman exposes his goods for sale, he himself often taking his seat, cross-legged, among them. The shops were only small recesses, without any light except from the front, and very little coming even from that direction, for the street in many parts was nothing more than a long stone archway: a delightful place for an unscrupulous shop-keeper, for no one can see defects. The Jewish quarter has gates, which are shut at night, and so with the other parts of the town. In the Jewish district the filth was simply distressing.

Our greeting in the governor's house was only a sample of what was to be seen when any neighbors happened to meet, for the greatest care is taken to observe every detail of conventional good manners. When two men meet they lay the right hand on the heart, then raise it to the brow, or the mouth, and only after this take hold of each other's right hand. Then follows a string of sounding words, expressive of intense mutual interest in each other's fathers, grandfathers, and ancestry generally, with numberless other inquiries before they bid good day and pass on. The insincerity of such protracted greetings,

<sup>1</sup> 2 Sam. xx. 9.

the waste of time, and above all the distraction from the mission of the disciples which would inevitably arise, sufficiently explain our Lord's command to His messengers to "salute no man by the way."<sup>1</sup> An Oriental cannot forbear from a long gossip as often as he stops, and is delighted with nothing so much as mixing himself up with the settlement of any business transaction which he may casually encounter on his journey. The directions not to carry either purse, scrip, shoes, or staff,<sup>2</sup> were as strange to Eastern habits as the forbidding of salutations. When journeying any distance from home, the Oriental puts some of the thin leathery bread of the country, some dried figs, a few olives, and perhaps a little cheese, into his "scrip" or "wallet"—a leather bag made of the whole skin of a kid—which hangs from his shoulders, and with this simple fare, and some water from a fountain, he satisfies his hunger and thirst. In Christ's day, however, an additional motive led the Jews to carry with them this "scrip" filled with eatables legally "clean." On every side they were among heathen—or among Samaritans, which they thought almost worse—and to taste food prepared by persons so utterly "unclean" was defilement. Hence each individual of the thousands whom our Lord twice miraculously fed had a "basket," which was just this scrip, that he might always avoid what had been prepared by anyone who was not a Jew. This "basket," indeed, was so invariable a part of a Jew's outfit, wherever he was found, that Juvenal, the Roman satirist, notices it as familiar in Italy.<sup>1</sup> That the disciples were not to take this inseparable accompaniment of their countrymen with them was a deadly blow at the Levitical purism of the day, only to be compared, in our own times, with an injunction by a Brahmin to his disciples no longer to pay attention to caste, though hitherto it has been their supreme concern. To take no money with them threw these first missionaries directly on the good feeling of those to whom they were sent: a more likely means, surely, of awaking personal interest, and opening a way for the Gospel, than if they had borne themselves independently, as those who made at least their living by their office, and could pay for their sustenance. They were to go forth with empty girdles—that is, penniless, the girdle being still the purse of the Oriental; it was to be their trust that love would beget love, as it always does, and they were to show that they sought the sheep rather than the fleece. Nor were they to encumber themselves in any way. They were to show by their poverty that they believed what they preached when they said that their kingdom was not of this world; and that they were fired by an enthusiasm which threw aside every encumbrance, and trusted to their heavenly Father for daily bread and friendly aid.

<sup>1</sup> Luke x. 4. <sup>2</sup> Matt. x. 9, 10; Mark vi. 8; Luke ix. 3; x. 4; xxii. 35. <sup>3</sup> Juv. *Sat.*, iii. 14; vi. 541; see also Wahl, *Olaris*. 278 b.



And it came to pass after this, that David enquired of the Lord, saying, Shall I go up into any of the cities of Judah? And the Lord said unto him, Go up. And David said, Whither shall I go up? And he said, Unto Hebron. So David went up thither, and his two wives. . .

And his men that were with him did David bring up, every man with his household; and they dwelt in the cities of Hebron. And the men of Judah came, and there they anointed David king over the house of Judah.

And the time that David was king in Hebron over the house of Judah was seven years and six months.—2 *Sam.* ii, 1-4, 11.

RUINS OF A WELL, SOUTH OF HEBRON (See page 216.)



Some of the streets of Hebron were shielded from the sun by straw or palm mats. The fruit market was especially good. There were piles of oranges from Joppa, of dates from Egypt, of raisins and figs grown in Hebron itself, as well as in other places. Besides these, glass-ware formed one of the chief articles for sale; Hebron having once enjoyed almost a monopoly of vitreous productions in the markets of Egypt and Syria, and still filling those of Jerusalem and other towns with them. Many camel-loads of glass bracelets and rings are sent to Jerusalem at Easter, and they seem to be the sole articles sold by some large establishments near the Holy Sepulchre. The glass-works in which these trinkets, so peculiar to Hebron, are made seem strange to Western eyes, for they consist of only a low, miserable, earth-floored room, wretched in every sense, with three or four small furnaces in it, filled with melted glass; primitive bellows being used to raise sufficient heat, with charcoal for fuel. An iron rod thrust into the glowing mass brings out a little of it, which is quickly twisted and bent into a circle, and simply ornamented by the clever use of a long metal blade, like a butcher's knife. Thrust a second time into the furnace, it is then, by means of a second rod, lengthened and finished; the whole time required for the manufacture of a bracelet being only a minute or two. The colors on those seen in Jerusalem and elsewhere are mingled in the furnace, or added by such manipulations as are practiced by the glass-blowers of Venice. Among the other staple industries of Hebron is the manufacture of leather bottles from goats' skins, of earthen pottery, and of light woollen fabrics; while a steady succession of caravans brings to the city, by way of the desert, the produce and manufactures of Egypt. The weavers' quarter is near one of the bazaars, and is very poor, the workshops being only so many halves of cellars, in which the workmen sit on the ground, cross-legged. Nothing could be more primitive than the looms, but the weaving seems no longer to be done by women as it used to be in ancient times,<sup>1</sup> for only men were driving the shuttle, as was the case with the ancient Egyptians.

The houses at Hebron are of stone, many being of two, and some of three, stories; but owing to the scarcity of wood, each floor is really a set of vaults, with arches meeting overhead from the corner of each room, the domes being hidden, on the upper story, by a parapet, within which, round the top of the arch, is a flat space, such as Orientals delight in. Built on the slopes of a hill, the houses rise above each other, terrace over terrace, with a fine effect. The great mosque over the cave of Machpelah stands out above all, as the chief building of the town. Drainage, the lighting of the streets, water supply brought to the houses, any system of cleaning the streets, are of course unknown; indeed, there never seem to have been any such Western

<sup>1</sup> Prov. xxxi. 13; 2 Kings xxiii. 7. See *ante.*, p. 172.

impertinences in an Eastern town or city, except perhaps in Cæsarea, which Herod drained in the Roman manner. The population was said by the German missionary to be 17,000 of whom 2,000 are Jews, and the rest bigoted Mahommedans, there being only five Christians in the whole city.

A part of Hebron, the western, is still called Eshcolah, from Eshcol, the king in Abraham's day, and a small wady near is called Wady Eshcol.<sup>1</sup> There are two pools, with stairs leading down to the water; they are not often full, but sometimes, after long-continued rains, they overflow. One, some distance down the valley, is called "Othniel's Pool," by a mistake as to the scene of Caleb's gift of the upper and lower springs to his daughter.<sup>2</sup> The sides are cemented, but the water was green, and, as Westerns would think, unfit for use. The other pool, which I passed on entering the town, is "Abraham's Pool." Both are of a good size, the lower one 133 feet square, and about twenty-two feet deep; the other, at the town, eighty-five feet by fifty-five, and nineteen feet deep. Men and women are constantly ascending and descending the steps inside, the former with great black skin bottles on their backs, the women with large water-jars. On the open ground round the other pool naked and half-naked Mahommedan children were wrangling and playing—fierce shoots from a fierce stock. Till within a few years a Christian was certain to be insulted, or even stoned, by them; but latterly they have confined their hostility to the Jews, the sight of a boy of this race being a signal for cursing him and his whole people, from his father backwards. The Orientals are, indeed, mighty in cursing, and always have been. They will curse the fathers and mothers, the grandfather, and all the ancestors of anyone with whom they have a dispute, imprecating all kinds of evils on everyone related to the object of their rage. We can see the same custom in different parts of the Old Testament—for it needed Christ to teach men love. An example is offered in David's curse on Joab for the murder of Abner. "Let the dead man's blood rest on the head of Joab, and on all his father's house, and let there not fail from the house of Joab one that hath an issue, or that is a leper, or that leaneth on a staff, or that falleth on a sword, or that lacketh bread."<sup>3</sup> So, too, we read that Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him, "Thou son of the perverse, rebellious woman,"<sup>4</sup> thus cursing his son's mother—his own wife.

The great Mosque of Abraham, built over the Cave of Machpelah, where the patriarchs are supposed to lie buried, is on the eastern edge of the town, with houses of all sizes close around it on every side, so that you come upon it before you are aware. Except a few royal per-

<sup>1</sup> This is a corruption of Ain Kashkaleh, north of the town. <sup>2</sup> Josh. xv. 19; Judg. i. 15. <sup>3</sup> 2 Sam. iii. 29. <sup>4</sup> 1 Sam. xx. 30.

sonages, our Prince of Wales and his sons among them, no one, if not a Mahommedan, has in modern times been allowed to enter it. It is enclosed on three sides by an outer wall of Arab construction. The mosque itself is a quadrangle, of grey stone, 197 feet long by 111 feet broad, and strengthened at intervals by buttresses, the masonry of the walls showing, throughout, a bevel on the four edges of each stone, as in the older masonry of the Haram at Jerusalem. The thickness, apart from the buttresses, is no less than eight and a half feet, which, again, is just the same as that of the Haram walls at Jerusalem. The mosque is built on a hill, so that the paved floor of the inner space between these ancient walls and the modern Saracenic walls enclosing them is about fifteen feet above the street, while the height of the ancient wall, with its simple projecting cornice, is about forty feet; but a modern wall, with battlements, is built on the top of the original one. We were led to the eastern side, which is reached by ascending a filthy lane, and found a door—the only one there is—opening into the court. Through this we were permitted to go and look at the great old wall; but we could only stand inside the door; to go down to the area, and touch the wall, was not permitted. Even for this privilege, moreover, we had to pay a good “bakshish.”

The interior of the mosque, it appears, was used, at least in the time of the Crusades, as a Christian church; a portion at the south end, seventy feet long, being divided into a nave and two aisles, lighted by windows in a clerestory raised from the centre of the roof along its whole length. The roof itself was groined, and nearly flat, with a lead covering outside, and rested within on four great pillars, with capitals set off with thick leaves, in the mediæval style.

The only known entrances to the Cave of Machpelah, which lies underneath the church, are unfortunately covered by the stone floor, and are never opened, to avoid the displacement of the pavement, which would be regarded as a desecration of so sacred a spot. The sheikh of the mosque, however, describes the cave as being double, which agrees with its name Machpelah—“Division in Half”—and also with the uniform tradition which led it, in the Middle Ages, to be spoken of as “the Double Cave.”

Of the spots under which the three entrances to this venerable resting-place of the patriarchs are said to be, one is covered with stone slabs, clamped with iron; the second simply with stone flags, forming part of the floor of the church; while the third, close to the west wall of the church, is a shaft, rising slightly above the level of the church-floor, and covered, like a well, with a stone, the hole in which is more than a foot across. A strong light having been let down through it, the door, walls, floor, and sides of the chamber beneath are seen; but this is not, after all, either of the two caves, but a room which is said

to lead to the western cavern, with a doorway at the south-east of it, very much like the square doorways to ancient rock-cut tombs in Palestine. Strange to say, the floor is thickly covered with written prayers to the patriarchs, thrown down by the Mahommedans through the well-like shaft in the church-floor. From these and other details, Captain Conder, after personal examination, thinks that Machpelah "probably resembles many of the rock-cut sepulchres of Palestine, with a square ante-chamber carefully quarried, and two interior sepulchral chambers, to which access has been made, at a later period, through the roofs."<sup>1</sup> There was, no doubt, an entrance, in Abraham's time, from the "field of Mamre, before the cave," but this has long ago been blocked up by buildings.

The space outside the part of the edifice once used as a church, and anciently forming the courtyard, is now filled up with various Arab structures connected with the mosque. The church itself was outside the ancient end wall of the sanctuary, through which there are two openings, to permit passing from the church to the inner space. In the building as a whole there are six monuments, or mock tombs, to the illustrious dead who are assumed to be below, each being supposed to lie immediately under the cenotaph bearing his or her name. Those of Isaac and Rebekah are in the church half, in the direction of the nave, so that they are not placed as Mahommedan custom requires, for in that case they would be at right angles with their present position; and it is the same with the cenotaphs in the other half of the mosque. The monuments to Isaac and Rebekah are enclosed in oblong walls with gable roofs, rising about twelve feet above the church-floor, the material being alternate bands of yellowish and reddish limestone, from the neighboring hills. At the gable ends are brass crescents, and there are windows in the sides and roofs, with heavy iron bars, through which the imitation tombs are visible, a door of wood ornamented with brass-work giving access to each. The tombs themselves are covered with richly-embroidered silk hangings—green for Isaac, crimson for Rebekah—and have cloths hung as canopies over them, while manuscript copies of the Koran lie open around on low wooden rest. The same colors mark the two sexes in the coverings over the other cenotaphs, which are more or less like these. All claim, as I have said, to be spread over the spots where Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with their wives, Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah, rest. The walls of the church are veneered with marble to the height of six feet, and have a band of Arabic writing running along above, the rest of the wall being whitewashed, as are the great pillars, and the piers corresponding to them in the end walls. The floor is covered with carpets throughout.

<sup>1</sup> *Pal. Fund Reports*, 1882, p. 200.

The cenotaph of Abraham, in the mosque half of the building, is about eight feet long, eight feet high and four feet broad, and is covered with green and white silk, embroidered with Arabic texts in gold thread. Two green banners with gold lettering lean against the tomb, the shrine and walls round which are pierced with open-barred gates, said to be of iron plated with silver; an inscription on one bearing the date of A. D. 1259, and containing an invocation to Abraham. Silver lamps and ostrich egg-shells hang before the cenotaph, and copies of the Koran, on low rests, surround it. The walls of the shrine in which it stands are cased with marble. The shrine of Sarah is much the same, with open-barred gates and a domed roof. Besides the cenotaphs to Jacob and Leah, there is one, outside the inner wall, to Joseph, with a passage from it to a lower one to the same patriarch.

The fullest account of Machpelah as it was in past ages is that of Benjamin of Tudela, by whom it was visited in or about the year 1163, when it was held by the Christians. He speaks of it as "a large place of worship, called St. Abraham," and adds that "the Gentiles or Christians have erected six sepulchres in this place, which they pretend to be those of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah. The pilgrims are told that they are the sepulchres of the fathers, and money is extorted from them. But if any Jew comes, who gives an additional fee to the keeper of the cave, an iron door is opened which dates from the times of their forefathers, who rest in peace, and, with a burning candle in his hands, the visitor descends into a first cave, which is empty, traverses a second which is in the same state, and at last reaches a third which contains six sepulchres—those of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah—one opposite the other."

"All these sepulchres," the writer proceeds, "bear inscriptions, the letters being engraved. Thus, upon that of our father Abraham, we read (in Hebrew), 'This is the tomb of Abraham our father: upon him be peace.' A lamp burns in the cave and upon the sepulchres continually, both night and day, and you there see tubs, filled with the bones of Israelites; for to this day it is a custom of the House of Israel to bring thither the bones of their forefathers, and to leave them there." Such tubs, or arks, of bones, bearing rude Hebrew inscriptions, have repeatedly been found in tombs near Jerusalem.

The stones of the ancient wall of the mosque are marvellously finished and fitted to their places, which was no light task, since one of them is thirty-eight feet long and three and a half feet high. Everywhere the chiselling is very fine, and all, as I have said, have the old Jewish bevel at the edges, broad, shallow, and beautifully cut. Of the age of this noble piece of architecture, various opinions have been

formed, many thinking that it dates from before the captivity, others that it was built by Herod the Great. It certainly existed in the days of Josephus, for he speaks of its being "of beautiful marble and admirably worked," and it has been forcibly said that if it had been one of the creations of Herod, whose magnificence the historian so delighted to extol, it would have been mentioned as one of his works. Tradition assigns it to King Solomon, and it may be as old as the Jewish monarchy.

The entrance to the mosque is by a flight of broad steps, which, in my innocence, I approached, without thinking of the fact that Christians are not allowed to enter the sacred building. I had only got up two or three steps, however, when my ambitious career was brought to a stop, and I had to content myself with looking at a hole in the wall through which the poor Jews are permitted to thrust pieces of paper on which their names are written, in the hope that Abraham may see them and intercede in their behalf. What a strange thing is human faith!

But are the bodies of the patriarchs really at Hebron? St. Stephen, in his defence, tells us that "Jacob went down into Egypt, and he died, himself, and our fathers; and they were carried over into Shechem, and laid in the tomb that Abraham bought for a price, in silver, of the sons of Hamor in Shechem."<sup>1</sup> But as Genesis tells us expressly that the burial-place bought by Abraham was in Hebron, not at Shechem, and also that Joseph and his brethren buried Jacob at Hebron, in the "cave of the field of Machpelah," it is clear that, in the excitement of his position before his judges, Stephen had confused the buying of a sepulchre at Shechem by Joseph, and the burial in it of Joseph and possibly his brethren, with the provision of a cave tomb at Hebron, in which Joseph afterwards laid his father.<sup>2</sup>

It is striking to find how exactly the narrative of Abraham's purchase of the grave and his sorrow at Sarah's death,<sup>3</sup> is in keeping with what would even now follow two such incidents in ordinary life. The patriarch, we are told, "came to mourn" for his dead wife—that is, to hold a public mourning—which, in the case of "the princess" of such a powerful emir as her husband, would even now be a great event. He, himself, would sit for a time in his tent beside the corpse; but the climate made speedy burial necessary, so that he would very soon have to "stand up from before his dead." The mourning women, the dirge music, and the lamentations general in the demonstrative East, must have engrossed all Hebron for the time. Even for one in a much humbler position the loud weeping, the beating of the breast, the cries, and wailing music are well-nigh overpowering; for one so distinguished as Sarah, they must have been irresistibly affecting.

1 Acts vii. 15, 16 (R. V.). 2 Gen. 1. 13; Josh. xxiv. 32; Gen. xxxiii. 19. 3 Gen. xxiii.

The story of the purchase of the tomb is intensely Oriental. It was of the utmost moment to Abraham that no dispute should, at any time, arise as to the right of property in the tomb where his wife was to be laid, and where he, himself, in due time was to rest by her side. He comes before the sons of Heth, therefore, at the gate of the town,<sup>1</sup> and tells them that he is, as they know, only a stranger and a sojourner with them, and therefore owns no ground in Hebron: will any of them sell him a piece suitable for the grave of his dead wife, and others of his family afterwards?—for it was usual with such a man to have a hereditary burial-place.<sup>2</sup> A number of the townsmen were, as usual, in the open space at the gate—the great gossiping haunt of Eastern buyers to-day; and the crowd which the patriarch gathered round were ready to entertain his proposal, though, with true Oriental dexterity, prompt to veil their keenness to sell under an air of courteous liberality. “He was ‘a chief of God’ among them; the choice of their sepulchres was at his disposal: none of them would withhold his sepulchre from him.” But he knew too well what all this meant. He was aware that it was only a flourish preliminary to a keen bargain. He had already fixed his heart on the Cave of Machpelah, and so, after bowing grateful acknowledgments of their politeness, he begged that if they would, indeed, be so good as to help him, they might mediate between him and Ephron, the son of Zohar, for the purchase of Machpelah, which lay in the end of Ephron’s field. Mediators are always employed in such transactions, even at the present day; indeed, no bargain can be made without all the crowd around having something to say to it. Abraham would pay full value for the property; let them intercede for him—that was all he would ask.

Ephron, who all this time was among <sup>3</sup> the good folks gathered to this colloquy, and who were seated, like himself, cross-legged on the ground, instantly responded, just as a Hebron man in a similar case would to-day. Sell it!—that be far from him! He would give it to the great stranger—yes, he would give it! In the same way the Arab at Gaza, as I have already said, gave me his spear;<sup>4</sup> and so Orientals, generally, upon meeting you, might profess to give you their house and all that was in it; the words meaning nothing beyond a recognized form of politeness. Ephron had three times in a breath vowed that he would *give* Abraham the field, calling the “sons of his people” to witness his doing so; but the patriarch knew what the gift was worth, and, gravely bowing his thanks, went on with his proposals to buy it. “If thou wilt indeed show kindness to thy servant, I will give thee money for the field, and I will bury my dead there.” This brought Ephron to the point, and forced him to name his terms. “The land is worth four hundred shekels of silver, but what is *that* betwixt me

1 Gen. xxiii. 10. 2 Winer, i. 444. 3 Hebrew. 4 See *ante*, p. 250.

and thee?" Anyone who wishes to buy a piece of land, or anything else, in Palestine to-day, will hear the very same words. But Abraham was a shrewd man of business; he knew what all these generous professions meant, and forthwith closed the bargain by weighing out the silver to Ephron, there being no coins as yet, although there were traders as keen as their descendants of the nineteenth century. Indeed, Abraham would have needed, even in our time, to weigh the money, for every "merchant" carries scales with him to guard against light weight, coins sometimes being "sweated" or clipped by Jews.

The mere payment of the money was not, however, enough. Then, as now, a formal act was requisite, by which all the details of the purchase—"the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, and that were in all the borders round about"—were recited and duly acknowledged by Ephron. In Abraham's time this legal completion of the sale apparently consisted in a recapitulation of every item before the assembled burghers at the city gate; no document being drawn up. But in our day every particular must be duly stated in a written deed, as prolix and minute as a conveyance by a Western lawyer, so that no possible loophole be left for a future evasion of the bargain.

The hills round Hebron, one of the few towns in Palestine that lie in a hollow, look utterly barren, except the one to the south, which appears covered with olives as one looks up from below. But when you climb to the top of the hills behind the city, on the north-east, the whole valley lies at your feet, with the hills on all sides, and you then receive a very different impression. Behind the town the slopes are, indeed, barren; but towards the south they stretch away in soft outlines, covered with olives, till they fade into a blue mist towards the wilderness of Edon. A small but well-cultivated valley lies behind, on the east, dotted thickly with olives. The hills on which I stood were bare for the most part, but there was a pretence of pasture on some portions. To the west lay the long valley of Hebron and the slopes on its further side, covered with glorious olive-woods and vineyards, and rich olive-grounds and gardens reached away to the south also. On the north, hills rose beyond hills, covered with vineyard above vineyard, on countless terraces, the loose stones carefully built into walls, step above step, to catch all the soil brought down by the winter storms; so that slopes which without this provision would have been bare sheets of rock, were transformed by it into rich fertility.

The famous valley in which the patriarchs fed their flocks in ages long gone by, and in which they now rest in their deep sleep, was all before me.<sup>1</sup> The city at my feet had been a busy hive of men during a period dating back seven years before Zoan-Tanis, the old capital of

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xiii. 18; xxiii. 2; xxxvii. 14.

the Delta, was founded in Egypt, in the grey morning of the world. For seven years and a half David, the Shepherd King and the Psalmist of Israel, had held his rude court before the very gate under my eyes.<sup>1</sup> The pool over which the hands and feet of the murderers of Ishbosheth had been nailed up lay in the afternoon sun. It seemed as if one could see Joab once more stalking through the narrow streets; as if one could hear the wail over the chieftain Abner, foully murdered by him, perhaps in that very gateway.<sup>2</sup> In the country around David had for years led an unsettled life, at the head of a band of men made up of all who were "in distress, or debt, or who were discontented"<sup>3</sup>—a wandering Arab, in fact, living by requisitions on the wealthy, in return for protecting their property from others like himself, and for not taking what he wanted by violence.<sup>4</sup> An outlaw, he had lived as best he could, with his rough followers, in the woods and caves a few miles off.<sup>5</sup> The hills around Hebron are still covered, often for miles together, with scrub of all kinds, and are therefore much frequented by charcoal-burners, who export from this region most of the charcoal used in Jerusalem. The defeat of Saul at Gilboa was the beginning of David's rise. Recognized as king by the elders of Hebron, after he had propitiated them by gifts, the son of Jesse came hither with his braves and was accepted by Judah as ruler.<sup>6</sup> We are apt to forget his long residence at Hebron, on account of the splendor of his subsequent reign in Jerusalem; but his contemporaries regarded the town with the greatest reverence as the home of Abraham, and the cradle of David's empire.

Many years after the latter had been joyfully greeted in it as king, the streets rang with rejoicing over the accession of Absalom, his treacherous son, who here raised the banner of revolt. Idumæans, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, and Turks had since then ruled the destinies of Hebron, in long succession, but the changeless features of the landscape, of the climate, and even of the human life around me, veiled the immense gulf between long-vanished ages and the present, and seemed to bring up again before my eyes the moving life of the distant past.

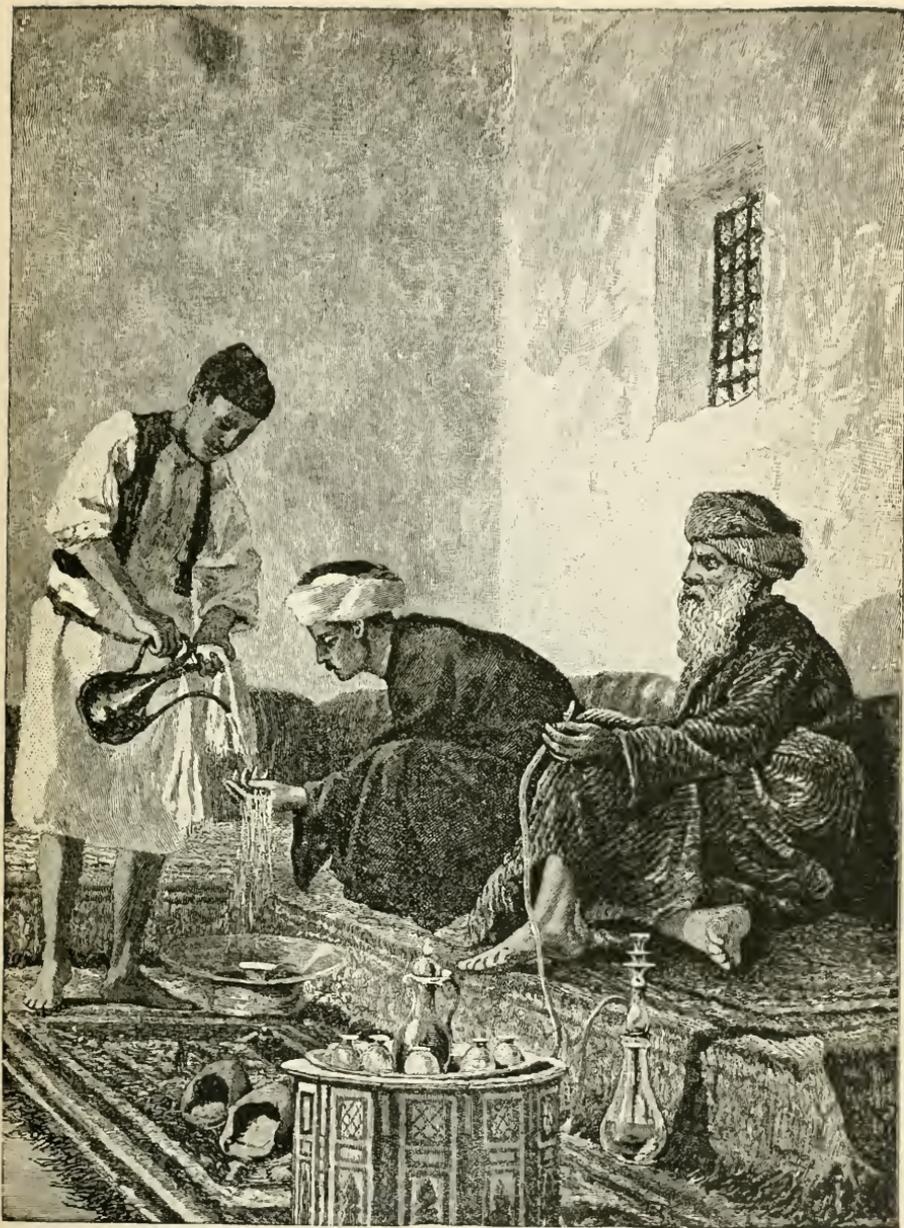
1 2 Sam. v. 5. 2 2 Sam. iii. 27. 3 1 Sam. xxii. 2. 4 See his demand from Nabal of Carmel (1 Sam. xxv. 5). 5 1 Sam. xxii. 1-5; xxiii. 15. 6 1 Sam. xxx. 26, 31; 2 Sam. ii. 1-4.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE COUNTRY SOUTH OF HEBRON.

THE south of Palestine, from the region of Hebron, sinks in a series of gigantic steps to the wilderness of Et Tib, south of Beersheba. In the neighborhood of Juttah, the traditional birth-place of St. John the Baptist, the landscape falls abruptly to a broad plateau, divided into two by the great wady which runs from the north of Hebron to Beersheba, and thence, in a north-west curve, to Gerar and the sea, just below Gaza, after a total course of about sixty-five English miles, in which it descends more than 3,000 feet. The plateau is about 2,600 feet above the sea-level, but it is 900 feet lower than the hills immediately north of Hebron, which are 3,500 feet above the Mediterranean. Juttah itself, on the edge of the plateau, is about 2,800 feet above the sea, so that in five or six miles the country descends 700 feet, and presently sinks, suddenly, 200 feet more. The table-land consists of open downs and arable soil, of soft white chalk, formed since the hard limestone of the Judæan hills. All the rain that falls on this district forthwith filters through the surface deposit—a feature which causes an entire absence of springs; and hence the inhabitants, once numerous, but now very few, have always depended on cemented wells and tanks. The water, however, need not be lost, if there were but skill enough to reach it, for it is soon stopped in its filtration downwards by the dense limestone, and flows over it as a subterranean river towards the sea. A second great land-step, farther south, brings the level at Beersheba to a little under 800 feet above the sea; so that in the twenty miles from Hebron to Beersheba, in a straight line, the descent is nearly 2,700 feet.

There are only two inhabited villages on the Juttah table-land; but ruins on all sides show that it was once thickly peopled, as, indeed, is seen from the same evidence a great part of the way to Beersheba. There are no trees, and in summer the surface is dry and sunburnt; but in spring the rains make it a field of verdure and flowers, and there is always pasture, in one part or another, for great numbers of flocks and herds. Caves, such as are still inhabited in some parts, abound in the countless hills; so that this would seem to have been part of the country once inhabited by the Horites, or "Cave-men." Indeed, their name clings to the locality in the designations of two ruined towns. This is the region known in the Bible as the Negeb, which unfortunately is always translated "the south," though the Revised Version admits the compromise of a capital letter. It comes from a root meaning "to be dry," or "dried up," which accurately



After the meal. (See page 239.)



describes its appearance. It was in this district that Caleb gave his daughter, with her dowry, to the valiant Othniel;<sup>1</sup> and it has an abiding charm as the scene of David's wanderings.

Juttah, an ancient priestly town, is held by the Greek Church to be the birth-place of St. John the Baptist, as has been said, and as such it is the goal of pilgrimage to thousands of Greek Christians each year. Support to this view is believed to be found in the words of St. Luke, which, in our version, speak of the Virgin Mary as journeying "into the hill country with haste, to a city of Judah."<sup>2</sup> This, it is held, should be "to the town Judah," or Juttah, since it would be vague in the extreme to speak merely of "a city of Judah." On this ground, so great authorities as Reland, Robinson, and Riehm<sup>3</sup> think this place was actually the residence of Zacharias and Elizabeth, and the birth-place of the Baptist. It is a large stone village, standing high on a ridge; but some of the population live in tents. Underground cisterns supply water, and on the south there are a few olive-trees, but the hill and its neighborhood are very stony, though the vine must in ancient times have been extensively cultivated, since rock-cut wine-presses are found all round the village. There are, besides, some rock-cut tombs, which also date from antiquity. But, poor though the country looks and is, the population are very rich in flocks, the village owning, it is said, no fewer than 7,000 sheep, besides goats, cows, camels, horses, and donkeys. Its sheikh, indeed, owned a flock of 250 sheep. The hills everywhere are very rugged and stony, consisting of hard crystalline limestone; but the valleys, which are numerous, have good soil in them, some of them being especially fertile. The vineyards and olive plantations on the west, north, and south of Hebron—for the east side of the town has none—appeared like a great oasis in a desert, though the Negeb is very far from being a desert as things are judged in such a land as Palestine. A low scrub covered the rising ground and rounded hill-tops, except on the eastern slopes, which, being quite cut off from the night mists from the west, are bare of vegetation, except after the spring rains. The valleys, in spite of their fertility, are narrow and more or less stony, with steep slopes and occasional cliffs, some of them breaking down very suddenly from the watershed to a depth, in a few cases, of over 500 feet.

From Juttah it is a very short distance south-east—about three miles—to Carmel, now known as Kurmul, famous for the episode in David's history of his dispute with the rough and niggardly Nabal, and his obtaining Abigail, the poor creature's widow, as wife. A great basin between the hills stretches from the north of Juttah to Carmel, rich with fine fields of wheat over its undulating surface, and almost free from rocks, even the loose stones being less abundant than

1 Josh. xv. 16—19. 2 Luke i. 39. 3 Reland, *Palestine*, p. 870; Robinson, ii. 628; Riehm, *Juttah*.

usual. The land belongs to Government, and is rented by men of Hebron.

When Dr. Robinson passed over it the grain was ripening for the sickle, and watchmen were posted at intervals to protect it from cattle and flocks. His Arabs, he tells us, "were an hundred," and freely "plucked the ears of corn, and did eat, rubbing them in their hands,"<sup>1</sup> no one thinking it wrong, but an ancient custom, which even the owners of the fields would recognize. The Jews who challenged the disciples could hardly have done so simply because the corn had been plucked, even though it was the Sabbath. The trouble was that the offenders had rubbed the ears in their hands, which, as a kind of threshing, was doing work on the holy day, and thus a violation of law which these bitter Sabbatarians could not pass by. It is possible, however, that they also reckoned the plucking of the ears as a kind of reaping.

The terror of tent Arabs is so universal among the peasantry of the Holy Land, that a band of countrymen who passed by thought it unsafe, for fear of these plunderers, that we should spend the night at a place so lonely as Carmel, advising us to go on to Maon, where there are sheepfolds among the ruins of that old city, and consequently shepherds, whose presence would secure safety. The land round Carmel was, in David's time, partly the property of Nabal; but there was even then a village of the name, as, indeed, there had been in the days of Joshua.<sup>2</sup> At present the ruins are those of an important town, including remains of a castle and two churches; and there is, besides, a fine reservoir, well built, lying below the ancient site, and measuring no less than 117 feet in length by seventy-four feet in width; a spring, which runs from a cave in an underground rock-cut channel, still serving to fill it. The ruins mark the splendor of the short-lived Christian kingdom in Palestine, for they are all examples of the magnificent architecture of the Crusaders. How old the reservoir may be is unknown, but it was already in existence more than 700 years ago. The walls of the old Crusading fortress, seven feet thick, are still, in parts, twenty-four feet high, but they have to a large extent been carried off for building material. Mailed warriors once clambered the ruined stair still seen in the thickness of the north wall, and watched the Saracen from the flat roof, or sped arrows at his horsemen through the loopholes. Courts, towers, revetments, outside walls, ditches, and much else, were once the busy care of a strong Christian garrison, but for centuries have lain in ruins. Of the two churches, the one is about eighty feet long and forty broad, with carved pillars and sculptured medallions still to be seen. The other is not quite so long, but as broad.

1 Matt. xii. 1; Mark ii, 23; Luke vi. 1. 2 Josh. xv. 55.

As late as 300 years after Christ, a Roman garrison kept watch and ward in Carmel against the Arabs from the south and east; but the city doubtless fell into decay long before the arrival of the Crusaders, of whom King Amalrich had here his head-quarters. The ruins of the town lie round the top and along the two sides of a pleasant and rather deep valley, the head of which is shut in by a half-circle of bare rocky hills. Foundations and broken walls of dwellings lie scattered in dreary confusion and desolation, for, as I have often said, under the Turk the country has become almost depopulated.

It was here that Saul set up the trophy of his victory over the Amalekites, and that the sheep-shearing feast of Nabal was held which led the poor churlish man to so disastrous an end.<sup>1</sup> David and his men, like many tribes of tent Arabs now, depended largely for their support, as we have seen, on contributions from the population in their neighborhood; and having associated in the wilderness pastures with the herdsmen and shepherds of Nabal, protecting them from the plunderers around and doing other good offices for them, they naturally expected, according to Arab usage, a liberal recognition of their services. Nabal, however, had a small soul. To pay black-mail either for volunteered protection of his flocks, or as a reward for the defenders having abstained from helping themselves at his expense, was a sore trouble to him, though he had 3,000 sheep and 1,000 goats. But it was a rough state of things that allowed David, in revenge for such meanness, to order his 400 men to gird on their swords and kill, without mercy, by a sudden night attack, every creature that "pertained to Nabal."<sup>2</sup> Sheep-shearing is always marked by a rude feast to the shearers; and Nabal himself held a banquet like that of a king,<sup>3</sup> so that he might well have been more generous. But David's threatened revenge is that of a wild sheikh of the desert, and shows that the Hebrews must in some respects have been little better than Bedouins, in those ages. It was well that Abigail, a lady of this very place, Carmel, had ready wit and gracious softness, else David would have committed a terrible crime. Maon, where Nabal's house stood, is a conical hill, about a mile south of Carmel, which lies lower, though still 2,700 feet above the sea. From the hill-top you look down towards the Dead Sea, on the north; Hebron is seen in its valley, and, on the west, the ancient Debir, the city of Caleb. Nine places still bearing their ancient names are in sight—Maon, Carmel, Ziph, Juttah, Jattir, Socoh, Anab, Eshtemoa, and Hebron—so close together lie the localities mentioned in Bible history. Only some small foundations of hewn stone, a square enclosure, and several cisterns are now to be seen at Maon: are they the remains of Nabal's great establishment?

Less than three miles west lies Eshtemoa, now called Semua, one of

1 1 Sam. xv. 12; xxv. 2. 2 1 Sam. xxv. 2—38. 3 1 Sam. xxv. 36.

the hill-towns of Judah, allotted, with the land round it, to the priests,<sup>1</sup> and frequented by David in the dark years of his fugitive wilderness life, during which it was so friendly to him that he sent gifts to his elders after his victory over the Amalekites.<sup>2</sup> It is seven miles from Hebron, and is a considerable village, built on a low hill, among broad stony valleys almost unfit for tillage, but yielding tufts of grass and plants, on which sheep and goats thrive in Palestine. Some olive-trees are growing south of the village, and old stones, very large, and bevelled at the edges, in the old Jewish style, some of them ten feet long, occur as the remains of ancient walls. There are also some ruins of a mediæval castle, but it has lain for centuries a ruin amidst ruins. Seven miles straight south, and we are at the limit of Palestine, the hills forming the boundry trending northwards, after passing Beersheba, and thus leaving so much less distance between Hebron and the border. It may here be pointed out how small a country Palestine is, for it is only about thirty-three miles in a straight line from Jerusalem to Tell Arad, a solitary hill facing the desert; the seat in Joshua's time of a petty Canaanite chief.<sup>3</sup> From Hebron, it is less than seventeen English miles off, and yet David never seems to have wandered so far south, for Ziklag, which was given to him by the Philistine king, Achish, lies on a line further north, on the upper side of the Wady es Sheria, eleven English miles east-south-east from Gaza, and nineteen south-west from Beit Jibrin. The name Zubeilika, recovered there by Conder and Kitchener in 1875, fixes the site of Ziklag on one of three low hills from which David was to keep watch for his Philistine patron against the Bedouin hords of the desert.<sup>4</sup> Beersheba lay fifteen miles to the south-east, and yet from it to Dan, the northern boundry of Palestine, is only 139 miles; and the paltry breadth of twenty miles, from the coast to the Jordan on the north, increases slowly to only forty between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea at Gaza on the south. Palestine, in fact, is only about the size of Wales.

So small is the country which was honored by God to be the scene of Divine Revelation. But it has special characteristics, which eminently fitted it for such a dignity. Apart from the religious peculiarities of the Shemitic race—their love of simple, untroubled faith, as opposed to the restless speculation of the Aryan races—the position of the Holy Land, in the centre of the ancient world, was exactly suited to the dissemination of the great doctrines of the true faith among mankind. Its isolation from heathen countries was, however, not less marked, for the sea bounded it on the one side, and the desert on the south and east, while on the north access to it could only be had through the long valley of Lebanon. No land, therefore, could

<sup>1</sup> Josh. xxi. 14; 1 Chron. vi. 57. <sup>2</sup> 1 Sam. xxx. 28. <sup>3</sup> Josh. xii. 14. <sup>4</sup> Riehm, 1837.

have been better fitted to protect Revelation from the contamination of other creeds, or from the influence of foreign manners—then, of course, idolatrous. Yet the physical configuration of the country was such as to save its people from the narrow experience of dwellers in a land where there is less variety of landscape. On the north, the snows of Lebanon presented the scenery of regions where winter triumphs, and brought before the Hebrews the plants, the trees, the animals, and other natural phenomena familiar to cold climates. In the Jordan valley, on the other hand, though still within sight of snowy peaks, they had around them the plants, the birds, the animals, the scenery, and the distinctive features of an Indian province; while in the central hill-country they had every gradation between these great extremes. Hence the Bible, written in a country presenting within its narrow limits the main features of lands widely separated, is a book of the world, notwithstanding its Oriental color. Its imagery and its wealth of spiritual experience adapt it to every region of the earth, and secure it a welcome wherever man is found, making it not only intelligible, but rich in a varied interest.

The "south country," or Negeb, of which Eshtemoa may be regarded as the centre, was the favorite pasture-land of the patriarchs. Over these stony hills the flocks of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob must often have wandered, for they had to go far afield at times, when the drought withered the herbage of the early months. Indeed, we find the sheep and goats of Jacob as far north as Dothan, close to the plain of Esdraclon, about ninety miles in a straight line from Beersheba, where his tents were pitched; and of course the journey, in such a tangle of hills, must have been far longer by the winding routes. Abraham seems to have lived by turns at Beersheba and Hebron; Isaac at Gerar, Lahai-roi, and Beersheba;<sup>1</sup> Jacob mainly at Beersheba, though his early and later life were both spent in foreign countries. Lahai-roi seems, however, if the proposed identification be correct, to have been a wonderful distance for so sedentary a man as Isaac to travel. It appears to have lain on the caravan-road from Beersheba to Egypt, ten hours south of Ruheibeh, the ancient Rehoboth—"the Open Place"—a spring about twenty miles south-west of Beersheba, mentioned by Moses, and recorded in the Nineveh inscriptions as the frontier town of the Assyrian Empire towards Egypt<sup>2</sup>—a very striking "undesigned coincidence," indeed, between Scripture and the tablets of Nineveh! There are, even now, wells at Lahai-roi known as Hagar's Springs, and the wady in which they occur is famous for its abundance of water wherever wells have been sunk for it. The supply over all this region, and, indeed, in the hilly Negeb also, has always to be obtained by tapping the subterranean river of which I

1 Gen. xiii. 18; xxi. 33; xxiv. 62; xxv. 11; xxvi. 1. 33. 2 Muhlau and Volck, p. 783.

have so often spoken as extending under a great breadth of country. Isaac was famous in this way, and perhaps some of the wells still used were originally dug and cased with masonry by his slaves. Nor will anyone who looks at those still found in these districts think lightly of the labor involved in constructing them, or wonder that even so great a man as Uzziah was remembered for the number he dug.<sup>1</sup> I have often asked myself whether some of these filled up at Gerar might have been among the number stopped by the Philistine herdsmen after Abraham and Isaac, with great toil, had opened them.<sup>2</sup> It is quite possible for the destruction of wells has in all ages been a barbarous custom in Eastern quarrels, though it, in effect, reduces a fertile district to a wilderness.

The thirsty Negeb, and still more the sandy region south and east of Palestine, are often mocked by that strange phenomenon of hot and desert regions, the mirage. We meet it also on the coast-plains, and in the Haurân, and always with the same curious imitation of natural objects, and the same illusory appearance of water, though the whole is only the reflection of rays of light on particles of floating vapor. Every tuft is exaggerated into a tree, and the blades of grass, shooting up here and there, become a jungle. You even see them reversed, in what seems a wide lake, along whose shores they rise. The best description of the mirage that I know is that by Major Skinner, in his "Journey Overland to India." He was travelling across the desert between Palestine and the Euphrates, and tells us that—"About noon the most perfect deception that can be conceived exhilarated our spirits, and promised an early resting-place. We had observed a slight mirage two or three times before, but this day it surpassed all I had even fancied. Although aware that these appearances have often led people astray, I could not bring myself to believe that this was unreal. The Arabs were doubtful, and said that as we had found water yesterday, it was not improbable we should find some to-day. The seeming lake was broken in several parts by little islands of sand, which gave strength to the delusion. The dromedaries of the sheikhs at length reached its borders, and appeared to us to have commenced to ford, as they advanced and became more surrounded by the vapor. I thought they had got into deep water, and moved with greater caution. In passing over the sand-banks their figures were reflected in the water. So convinced was Mr. Calmun of its reality, that he dismounted and walked towards the deepest part of it, which was on the right hand. He followed the deceitful lake for a long time, and to our sight was strolling on its bank, his shadow stretching to a great length beyond. There was not a breath of wind; it was a sultry day, and such a one as would have added dreadfully to the disappointment if we had been

1 2 Chron. xxvi. 10. 2 Gen. xxvi. 17 ff.

at any time without water." The Arab word for the mirage is *sērab*, and this we find once in the Bible in the Hebrew form, *sarab*. It is used by Isaiah when he says that "the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water,"<sup>1</sup> before the Tribes ransomed from Babylon, and returning across the desert to Palestine. The correct rendering, however, is, "the *mirage* shall become a pool"—the mock lake in the burning waste, so often the despair of the wanderer, shall become a real lake, the pledge of refreshment and joy.<sup>2</sup>

The story of David's wanderings presents itself with wonderful vividness as we journey from point to point over the great upland plateau of the Negeb. We have seen him in the caves, high up the low slope of the brown rounded Hill of Adullam, at the head of the broad flat corn-valley of Elah, and have followed him to Keilah on its steep hill, a few miles to the south, but still looking down into the same wide glen. "The Forest of Hareth," as we have noticed, was near at hand, supplying, in its dense "yaar" of scrubby contorted trees, a secure hiding-place for the time, on the edge of the heights overlooking the Shephelah. But at last he had to flee from each of these retreats and betake himself still further south, to the country round Ziph, a small town lying on a hill which rises about a hundred feet above the others that surround it. It is only about five miles, almost due south from Hebron, but in such a tangle of hills and glens that even so short a distance would have secured effective concealment had the people been loyal. David must often have looked out from the top of the hill, which offers a clear survey of the wide plains running out from below the town—then very fruitful, but now lying waste, with no man to till them, for Ziph is an uninhabited heap. To the east he must many times have looked over Jeshimon—"the Wilderness"—as the bare hills which stretch away in hideous nakedness, sinking in huge sun-smitten steps towards the Dead Sea, were then called—a region of wild, irreclaimable desolation, seamed with countless ravines, frequently so narrow and precipitous that the sun shines into them only for a very short time in the longest and brightest day—profound clefts, so dark that the Hebrews spoke of one and another as "the Valley of the Shadow of Death"—that is, dark as the subterranean regions of the dead—David himself using their dispiriting and terrifying gloom as an image of the direst affliction.<sup>3</sup> Ziph must have been at one time a considerable town, judging from the ruins that now lie on a low ridge to the east of the Tell; but David would find himself safer on the hills around, which are even now covered with stunted growth of all kinds, and were then, apparently, still better veiled by underwood, though no trees, in our sense, could ever have flourished in this sun-scorched and waterless region. Here the famous meeting betwixt the shepherd-hero and

1 Isa. xxxv. 7. 2 Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, v. 47. 3 Ps. xxij. 4,

Jonathan took place,<sup>1</sup> when the two made a covenant of friendship, faithfully kept before Jehovah; Jonathan strengthening his friend's "hand in God."

In our English Bible we are told that David "abode in the wood," using its "strongholds" as hiding-places;<sup>2</sup> and no doubt he did so for a time; but the discovery by Captain Conder of a site known, even now, as Khoreisa, little more than a mile to the south of Ziph, makes it probable that we should understand Khoresh, the word translated "wood," rather as the name of a village among the brush-covered hills, than as meaning the "yaar" round Ziph. The treachery of the Ziphites drove the fugitive ere long from their neighborhood, to seek refuge in the lonely and forbidding solitudes of the Jeshimon, to the east of their town. Every part of this appalling wilderness would be familiar to the shepherd of Bethlehem, whose flocks must have strayed from time to time down many of its ravines, when the spring rains had brightened them for a few weeks with passing flowers and thinly-sprinkled herbs and grass. Every cave in it would be known to him, for he must often have used them as a fold for his sheep or goats when belated in these wilds, so dangerous from wild beasts and still wilder men. From Khoresh, or Ziph, he doubtless often looked down the rough sea of white peaks and cones, seamed with countless torrent-beds, and worn into deep caverns by the rains of a thousand centuries; and his eye must have frequently rested on the high pointed cliff of Ziz, over Engedi, "the Fountain of the Kid," where precipices 2,000 feet high overhang the Dead Sea, which was about fifteen miles from where he then stood, though in the clear air of Palestine appearing to be much nearer. If forced to do so, he could find a hiding-place in some cave on the steep face of these great crags, among the wild goats, which alone seemed fit for such places. The blue waters of "the Sea" gleamed as if at his feet as he looked down Jeshimon, and beyond it the yellow-pink hills of Moab, torn into deep furrows by the winter torrents, would seem, with their level tops, like a friendly table-land, to which he might make his escape, if even the towering rock-wall of Engedi could not protect him.

First, however, he fled to a solitary hill close at hand, Hachilah, apparently one of the peaks of the ridge El-Kolah, about six miles east of Ziph. But he was still pursued, like the partridge which the fowler chases, from spot to spot, over these hills. On the north side of Kolah—not very different in sound from "Ha-kilah"—is a cave, known still as that of "the Dreamers," perhaps the very scene of David's venture into the camp of Saul, when he took away the king's spear, stuck upright in the ground at his head while he slept, as that of the Arab sheikh is now, and the cruse of water which stood at its

1 1 Sam. xxiii. 16. 2 1 Sam. xxiii. 16, 18, 19,

side, as also is still the Arab custom.<sup>1</sup> Even here, however, the hated one was not safe. A hiding-place farther within the wilderness was needed. This time his refuge was in a ridge known as Hammahlekoth,<sup>2</sup> perhaps the same as that now known as Malaky, which forms the precipitous edge of a wady running east and west about a mile south of Kolah.<sup>3</sup> All Jesaimon is more or less cleft with deep perpendicular chasms, only a few yards across, but often a hundred feet deep, making a circuit of miles necessary to pass from the one side to the other. There is, apparently, however, no other spot in what the Bible calls the wilderness of Maon—the wilderness near that place—except Malaky, where such opposing cliffs occur; and that there were such precipices at Hammahlekoth is shown by the use of the Hebrew word *Selah* in speaking of it. It may well be, therefore, that this was the scene of the memorable interview between Saul and David, when the two stood on “the top of the mountain, afar off, a great space being between them,”<sup>4</sup> that is, the yawning chasm which Saul could not have crossed to get at his enemy, had he wished. Or it may be the scene of David’s escape when the Philistine invasion saved him for the time, and when “Saul went on this side of the mountain,” cleft in two, as it was, by the impassable gulf, “and David and his men on that side of the mountain.”<sup>5</sup>

Not far from Hebron stood, in ancient days, the town Debir, which has been identified, by some, with the village of Dhaheriyeh, by others with El-Dilbeh—the former about twelve miles, the latter a little over four miles, south-west of Hebron.<sup>6</sup> The ancient Debir was first conquered by Joshua, but having passed again from the hands of Israel, was retaken by Othniel, a young hero fighting under Caleb, who, as we have seen,<sup>7</sup> gave him his daughter Achsah in marriage, as the reward of his valor.<sup>8</sup> The young bride’s cleverness in obtaining from her father, for dowry, a valley in which there were springs, known as the Upper and Lower, is delightfully told in Judges. As she was being brought home, she urged her husband to ask her father for a field; but it appears as if he lacked the courage to do so, or perhaps his bride seemed dowry enough in herself. She, however, was not to be balked of a good beginning in married life. Caleb could afford her a handsome gift, and she would have it. Besides, did not so fine a fellow as Othniel deserve it? So, as the cavalcade rode slowly on to Othniel’s home, Achsah dropped behind till she was alongside her father, then, alighting suddenly from her ass—for like everyone, even now, in Palestine, she had an ass for her steed—and laying hold of the grey veteran with soft embrace, and winning looks, she conquered him on the spot. “What wilt thou?” was all he could stammer out.

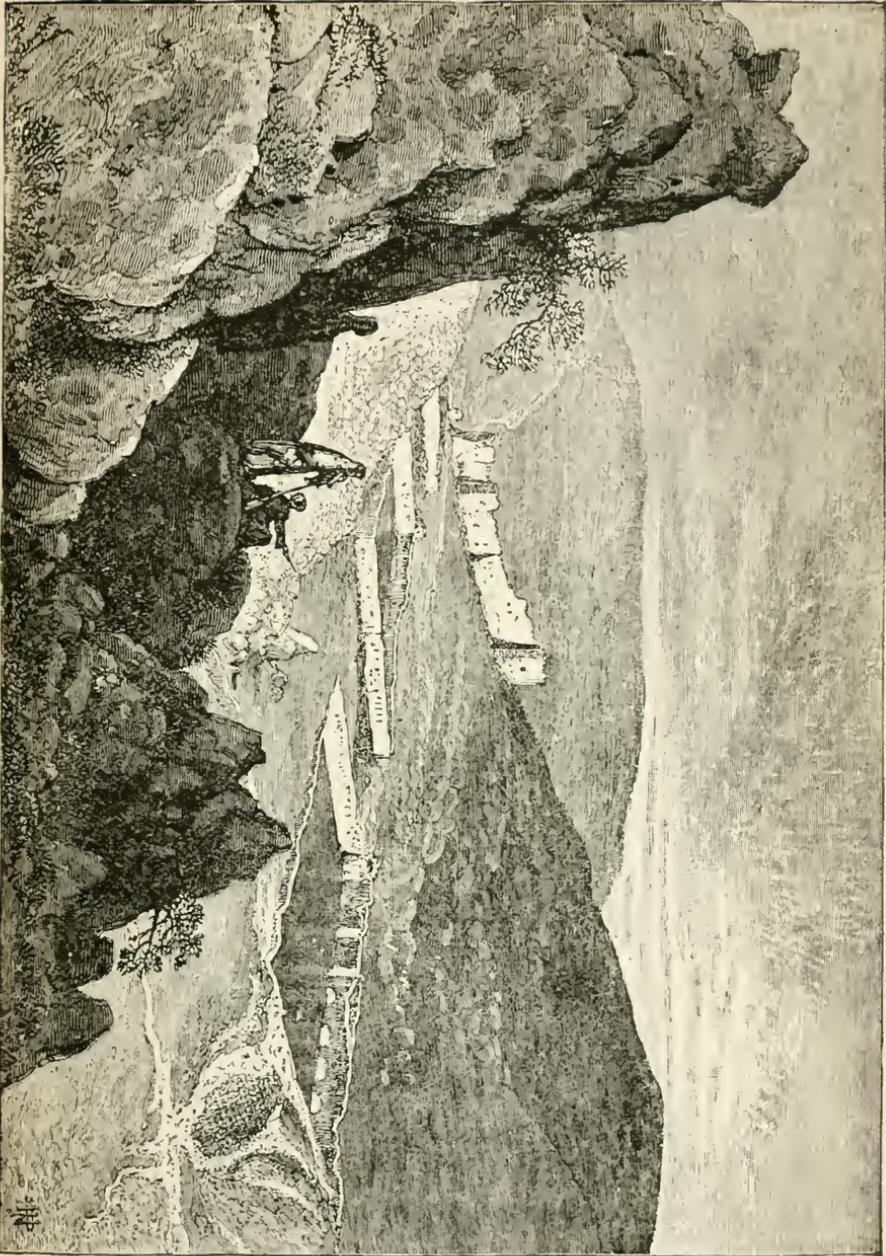
1 1 Sam. xxvi. 12. 2 1 Sam. xxiii. 28. 3 *Tent Work in Palestine*. 4 1 Sam. xxvi. 13 (R. V.).  
5 1 Sam. xxiii. 26 (R. V.). 6 First, Knobel, Couder; second, Van der Velde. 7 See *ante*, p. 346.  
8 Josh. x. 38; xi. 21; xii. 13; xv. 15; Judg. i. 11.

“What do I wish?” said she; “why, father, thou hast given me for dowry a dry, burnt-up tract of ground: pray give me also a piece with springs of water, for what is land without flowing springs in a country like this?” What could he do on the wedding-day? “Well, Achsah, thou shalt have ‘the upper springs and the nether springs:’” a great gift, with the promise of which she went back quickly enough to tell her husband her good fortune. A secluded valley, exactly suiting this incident, is found at El-Dilbeh. Even at the end of October, after the fierce summer heats, Captain Conder found here a considerable brook running down the middle of the glen, and branching off through small gardens for four or five miles. Such a supply of water is a phenomenon in Palestine; but it is still more extraordinary in the Negeb, where no other springs are found. There are, in all, fourteen springs, in three groups, at El-Dilbeh, both upper and lower—higher up the valley and lower down—which bubble forth all the year round, affording water enough, if there were energy to utilize it, to turn the whole valley into a paradise.<sup>1</sup>

Debir must have had a strange history, for its earlier name had been Kiriath Sepher, or “Book-town,” a seat of old Canaanite culture, where scribes diligently recorded and preserved what seemed in their eyes worthy of note. Who can tell how far back this carries the art of writing? But, indeed, among the Accadians on the Euphrates, it had flourished, as the inscriptions in the British Museum prove, for an unknown succession of centuries before Abraham left that region! There was also another name to this strange old town, Kiriath Sanna—“the Town of Learning”—where the priests of the primæval world gathered their students, and taught them the wisdom of the day.

At Dhaheriyeh, one of the claimants for the honor of representing Debir, there is a wine-press of unusual size—nearly eighteen feet long, and over fifteen feet broad—which helps us to understand how Gideon could “thresh wheat by the wine-press, to save it from the Midianites.”<sup>2</sup> Cut out, as it was, in the living rock, and of great size, he could store his grain in it unobserved by those at a distance, which would not have been possible if the “floor” had, as usual, been in the open field, or on the top of a hill. Dhaheriyeh is visible a great way off in every direction, for it lies high, but when it is reached it proves to be only a rude collection of stone hovels, some broken down, others half underground. There are the remains of a square tower, now used as a dwelling, and the arched doorways of many of the hovels are of hewn stone, relics of better days. There seems to have once been a stronghold here: one of the line of “fortified towns” which anciently stood along all the southern border of Palestine. The number of able-bodied men in the village is about a hundred; and it may assist in

<sup>1</sup> *Pal. Reports*, 1874, p. 55. <sup>2</sup> *Judg.* vi. 11.



Solomon's Pools. (See page 235.)



realizing the oppression of their subjects by Eastern governments, when I state that when the Egyptians held the country before 1840, out of this hundred no fewer than thirty-eight were carried off to serve in distant lands, in the army. Ruined as it is, the village is rich in flocks and herds, and has at least a hundred camels. Yet the country around is very barren. The limestone stands out from the sides and tops of the bald hills in huge sheets and rough masses, giving the whole landscape a ghastly white color. There are no trees, nor any grain-patches, except at the bottom of the narrow ravines. Still, the flocks and herds showed that even this dreary and forbidding desolation affords good pasture, for they were both fat and sleek; and this very region has been the haunt of shepherds since the days of the patriarchs.

From Dhaheriyeh to El-Dilbeh the track is, in part, very steep and rocky; then comes a broad wady; then more hills and hollows, the hills, however, gradually beginning to show dwarf-oaks, arbutus, and other scrub. The Wady-el-Dilbeh, with its springs of running water, is a delightful relief to the thirsty traveller. There is no village now; but in summer the caves in the hills on each side are used as dwellings by companies of peasants, who migrate to the spot with their flocks and all their belongings, deserting their villages for the time. As Hebron is approached, the hills become more thickly clothed with bushes, while a kind of thyme fills the air with its sweetness. Then follow the vineyards and olive-grounds of the old city, each with its small house or tower of stone for a keeper, though the people of Hebron themselves go out and live in them during the vintage, to such an extent that the town for the time seems almost deserted. Presently, as you ascend another hill, the city comes in sight, lying low down on the sloping side of its valley, mostly facing the south-east; the houses, as I have said, all of stone, high and well built, with windows and flat roofs, dotted with low domes, of which a single dwelling has sometimes two or three, marking the crown of the arched stone chambers below. Hebron has no walls; but there are gates at the entrance of one or two streets which lead from the country. Besides the great Mosque of Machpelah, there is a castle, not high, but with enormously strong walls, parts of which, however, as is usual with any Turkish building, are in ruins. There is also a large khan, or place of rest for traders and others as they pass through or transact business in Hebron, a stone over the gate stating that it was built in A. D. 1282.

A visit to a tannery in this vicinity showed how the skin bottles of the country are made. On the hill-side north of the mosque was a large tan-yard for the manufacture of water-skins, which, as I have said, are merely the skins of goats, stripped off whole, except at the legs, tail, and neck, the holes of the legs and tail being sewn up, while

the neck is left open as a mouth. The skins are first stuffed to the utmost with oak chips, on which a strong solution of oak-bark is then plentifully poured, and the whole left till the hair becomes fixed and the skin tanned. This is all that is done with them. Quantities of these swollen headless and legless skins lay in rows, to the number of not less than 1,500, presenting a very strange spectacle. The price of a bottle varies from about three shillings to eight in our money.

A last look at the valley impresses one with the strange contradictions to be met in Palestine. The hills all round the town look utterly barren, except the one to the south, which is covered with olives; yet the vineyards, and orchards of pear, quince, fig, pomegranate, apricot, and other fruits, had covered miles as I approached at first, from the west. All the hill-sides had been terraced, and every spot of soil among the rocks utilized. But even where thus made artificially fertile, the slopes seemed, from below, a sheet of bare rock, on account of the stone walls of the terraces rising so closely one over the other. In summer, when the leaves are in their glory, the scene must be more attractive; but at no time can vines grown like those of Hebron be picturesque. The one stem from four to six feet high, erect, or bent almost to the ground, with a longer or shorter prop to keep it from actually touching the earth, and a few shoots from each crown, make only a modest picture.

The threshing-floors of Hebron are on the slopes of the hill, beside the cemetery, on the south-west side of the valley. All who have any grain, of whatever kind, to tread out, make free use of them. Barley, lentils, and vetches, which are grown chiefly for camels, are the first crops ripe, and are laid in heaps till the owners can bring their beasts to pace round over them as they lie spread out in a circle. Nor do they care to finish at once; other calls detain their animals, so that they come to the floor only when it suits them, leaving after two or three hours, since in this climate there is no fear of rain. Sometimes two, or even four beasts are driven round over the grain—donkeys, cattle, or horses, as the owner possesses one or other. None of these animals are muzzled, for it is still against custom to prevent the creatures that tread out the corn from rewarding themselves for their toil by a chance mouthful.<sup>1</sup> The winnowing is done by tossing the trodden straw against the wind with a fork;<sup>2</sup> and the owners of the crops come every night and sleep on their threshing-floors to guard them, just as Boaz did more than three thousand years ago.<sup>3</sup>

The people of Hebron, in their higher and lower classes, are, perhaps, the best representation to be found in Palestine of purely Eastern manners. The poor live in a very humble way indeed, mainly on fruit, bread, and vegetables. The rich are more elaborate in their

1 Deut. xxv. 4; 1 Cor. ix. 9; 1 Tim. v. 18. 2 Matt. iii. 12; Luke iii. 17. 3 Ruth iii. 2-14.

meals. I have described the reception-room of the officer in command of the troops in the south of Palestine, but he was partly Western in his ideas and dress.<sup>1</sup> It is very different with the principal local families. Their mode of living may be illustrated as a whole from the details of one dinner, at which several distinguished personages were present. A very large circular tray of tinned copper, placed on a coarse wooden stool about a foot high, served as the table. In the centre of this stood another big tray, with a mountain of pillau, composed of rice, boiled and buttered, with small pieces of meat strewn through and upon it. This was the chief dish, though there were other smaller dishes, both meat and vegetable. Ten persons sat round the table, or rather squatted on the carpet, with their knees drawn up close to their bodies. Each had before him a plate of tinned copper and a wooden spoon, which some used without the plate. Most, however, preferred to use the fingers of the left hand, several dipping their hands together into the dish, as the apostles did at the Last Supper.<sup>2</sup> As soon as anyone had finished, he rose and went into another room, to have water poured over his hands to wash them, and the vacant place at the table was instantly filled by a new-comer.

Such was the dinner provided for three governors, among other grandees. The bread, I may say, was laid on the mat under the tray, so as to be easily reached; and a jar of water, the only beverage used during the meal, stood within reach. Besides rice, stews of beans or cracked wheat, with thick soup or sauce poured over them, in the great central bowl, are also in fashion. Spoons, though sometimes provided, are often wanting—pieces of the thin bread, doubled, serving instead. Knives and forks are unknown; and as there is no special dining-room, there is no furniture suited for one. Hence tables and chairs are never seen. The meat being always cut up into small pieces, there is no need for a knife, and chickens can easily be torn asunder with the hands. So far, indeed, are Orientals from thinking it strange to dip their fingers into the common dish, that it is a special act of politeness to grope in it for the visitor, and lay nice morsels before him, or even to insist on putting them into his mouth. Chickens are the most common form of animal food met everywhere. A traveller from the West, in fact, gets disgusted with their constant appearance at every meal, especially as he often hears their death-cries only a few minutes before they are served up. "To kill and eat" follows with the same closeness now as in the days of St. Peter,<sup>3</sup> whether it be chickens or anything larger.

1 See *ante*, p. 327. 2 Matt. xxvi. 23; Mark xiv. 20. 3 Acts x. 13.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE COUNTRY NORTH OF HEBRON.

THE road from Hebron to Jerusalem is rough and mountainous, but very direct. Our kind host wished us to stay with him longer, but this being impossible, we sent on our donkeys with the tents, the Turkish soldiers having duly found the wanderers and brought them to Hebron. They had been overtaken by night, they said, at Falujeh, and fearing robbers, had slept there—that is, they had lain down beside their beasts in the dress they wore. A spring runs down from the north side of the hill as you leave Hebron, and makes the track for a time muddy; but this is rather a welcome sight in Palestine. A fringe of grass at the sides, below the broad, low walks of loose stones picked off the small fields, vineyards, &c., which skirted our way, was a lovely green. The path soon after was for a time roughly paved—when, or by whom, is a very hard question to answer; but the stones are now at such angles, and in such heights and hollows, that they would break the legs of any horses not bred in the country. Before long the road became simply fearful, running in the dry bed of a winter torrent strewn with stones of all sizes, in thick masses. Every patch of soil on the bare hill-sides was in some way utilized. Four camels passed us with bags of tallow, then a man with a very primitive gun—a shepherd from the hills. We next came to a well, where there were women in blue cotton, with white cloth over their heads, some drawing water, others pounding household linen with a stone at a small pool by the well-side; the linen, I fear, sadly wanting their kind offices. Not far from Hebron a small valley ran into the one we were climbing, with fine vineyards growing on terraces up the hills. This has been thought to be the valley of Esheol, from which the spies brought back the grapes,<sup>1</sup> but, as I have previously said,<sup>2</sup> the fruit must have been gathered much farther south, near Kadesh.

The road, bad though it was, bore every appearance of having always been the highway between Hebron and Jerusalem, for it is direct, and has evidently been made by human labor in a long-past age. It is certain, however, that it could never have been passable for wheels, for they could not be dragged over such a wilderness of boulders and loose stones of all sizes, or up slopes so steep. Nor, indeed, do we hear of wheeled vehicles in the parts south of Jerusalem, except when Joseph sent wagons to bring down his father Jacob to Egypt; and they only came as far as Hebron, whence Jacob, then very old, travelled in them to Beersheba.<sup>3</sup> As in olden times, the ass is the main

1 Num. xiii. 23. 2 See *ante*, pp. 260, 318. 3 Gen. xlv. 19, 21, 27; xlv. 1.

help for a journey, horses still being few, and mules only used for baggage and other burdens. Big men on diminutive donkeys are seen everywhere, and, at times, a woman and child on the family ass, while the husband walks at the side of his wife. Thus Joseph, it is to be supposed, travelled with the Blessed Virgin from Bethlehem to Egypt, and from Egypt to Nazareth.<sup>1</sup> So, also, rode the ancient kings,<sup>2</sup> and so rode our Lord, as the Son of David, in fulfilment of the words of Zechariah: "Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass;" and we are told that Saul rode to the field spear in hand, as peasants on their asses now carry their clubs or guns, and with a small water-jar tied to his rude saddle, as in our day.<sup>3</sup>

About three miles from Hebron a path runs off towards Tekoa; and on this, about five minutes' ride from the road we were following, are two courses of ancient hewn stones, among which one measured fifteen and a half feet long, and three and a third feet thick. There are two such walls, at right angles to each other, apparently the remains of an enclosure, one side of which measures 200 feet, and the other 160. The Jews of Hebron call this "the House of Abraham," regarding it as the spot where the patriarch pitched his tent, and where his famous terebinth-tree grew. Nor is this really improbable, when we see the extreme age of the walls, as shown by their bevel, and by the size of the stones. Besides, the tradition is at least 1,500 years old. When between four and five miles from Hebron, a ruined mosque was pointed out on the right, about three miles from the road, bearing the name of Neby Yunas—"the Prophet Jonah." There is another with the same name, on the coast below Acre, a place natural enough for it; but why there should be a mosque to Jonah near Hebron is not so easy to understand. It shows, at least, how deep a hold the narrative about the prophet obtained on the popular mind. What kind of fish or creature it was that swallowed him has been discussed a thousand times, some insisting that it must have been a whale, since the English Testament says so.<sup>4</sup> But the words used, both in the Old Testament and the New, speak only of a great fish or other sea-monster, leaving the kind entirely an open question. Bochart, in his wonderful "*Hierozoi-con*,"<sup>5</sup> has long ago shown that huge sharks are found in the Mediterranean, able to swallow a man entire, and Dr. Pusey has quoted instances in his elaborate book on the Minor Prophets;<sup>6</sup> but it is not necessary to trouble ourselves with such details. That a human being should have lived for any time in the body of a voracious animal was itself a miracle so great, that there need be no difficulty as to the monster that was able to contain him.<sup>6</sup>

1 Matt. ii. 14, 21. 2 Zech. ix. 9; Matt. xxi. 5. 3 1 Sam. xxvi. 11. 4 *Land and the Book*, p. 68.  
5 *Hieroz.* ii. 742-746. 6 Pusey, *Minor Prophets*-Jonah.

The prophet's gourd has also been the subject of much controversy. St. Jerome thought the word should be "ivy"; and many have fancied that the castor-oil tree is intended. This certainly reaches a considerable size, being found twelve or fifteen feet high in Palestine; but it has widely open-branches, and is indifferently fitted for giving shade. Dr. Tristram, on this ground among others, thinks that the bottle-gourd is meant—a plant very commonly used in Palestine and elsewhere to cover and give cooling shade to arbors. I have often seen it, both in the Holy Land and in America, trained over such shelters, its rapid growth and large leaves admirably adapting it to such a purpose, while the extreme fragility of its stem exposes it to a striking suddenness of decay, should a storm strike it or a caterpillar gnaw at its root. One day it may be seen in its glory; the next, it hangs withered and dried up. This would exactly suit the narrative. The prophet's frail booth covered with soft green, as it were in a night, might, before another sunset, be left bare as at first by the violence of a passing wind, or a chance injury to the stem, even from a cause so insignificant as the tooth of a "worm."<sup>1</sup> Dr. Thompson<sup>2</sup> agrees with Canon Tristram in rejecting the castor-oil plant for the gourd, and, indeed, the difficulty could only have arisen from the similarity in sound, in the modern languages of Palestine, between the names of the two—"kurah" meaning gourd, and "kurwah" castor-oil plant; while in the Hebrew the gourd is "kikayon;" and in Herodotus the castor-oil plant is "kiki."

Tarshish, to which Jonah's ship was bound, seems to have been the name given originally to the Guadalquivir, in Spain, and to a populous town at its mouth. It is an aboriginal Spanish word rather than a Phœnician; but a Carthaginian—that is, a Phœnician—colony, founded in the neighborhood, adopted it as the name of the port which became famous as the farthest western harbor of Tyrian sailors in the southern seas of Europe. Ships of large size were hence called "Tarshish ships," whether sailing to that port or not;<sup>3</sup> their dimensions and splendid finish seeming to the Hebrew prophets one of the supreme illustrations of human power and pride.<sup>4</sup> Solomon's ships, trading to Ceylon or East Africa, were also called "Tarshish ships;" and so were those of Jehoshaphat, which were built on the Red Sea.<sup>5</sup> But Jonah's ship was apparently about to sail for Tarshish, in Spain, and must have lain out in the roads at Joppa, having only called there for freight or passengers, after starting from the docks at Tyre. The description of such a vessel in Ezekiel<sup>6</sup> helps us to realize the circumstances of the attempted voyage, though the details given by the prophet may have varied in different ships. The deck was of cypress;

<sup>1</sup> Jonah iv. 5—8. <sup>2</sup> *Land and the Book*, p. 70. <sup>3</sup> Isa. ii. 16; lx. 9. <sup>4</sup> Isa. xxiii. 1; Ezek. xxvii. 25.  
<sup>5</sup> 1 Kings x. 22; xxii. 49. <sup>6</sup> Ezek. xxvii.

the mast, a tall cedar; the helm, oak of Bashan; the oar-benches, of the cypress of Cyprus, inlaid with ivory; the sails, of white Egyptian canvas, gaily embroidered; while the awnings over the quarter-deck, to keep the sun from the cabin-passengers, were of blue and purple. The oarsmen were the famed sea-dogs of Sidon and Aradus; the steersmen, from Tyre, had the care of the sails and rigging, and were under the command of a chief steersman, or "master"; the staff of ship carpenters was from Gebal; and there were, besides, traders, soldiers attached to the ship, and passengers. A wonderful picture of an ocean-going ship of three thousand years ago!

At El-Dirweh, about six miles from Hebron, on the right of the track, a fountain was pouring clear, sparkling water into a stone trough, at a short distance from the ruins of a fortress, the scene of brave deeds in the time of the Maccabees, for it is the site of the ancient Bethsur, a tower bearing that name standing on a low height a little way off the road. Only one side of it is left; but some of the stones are drafted, showing that the masonry is at the oldest Byzantine. There are also hewn stones lying around, and foundations of buildings; but there are no marks of a fortified wall round the station. The tower itself is only about twenty feet square, but its position is very strong, and it commanded, in its day, the great road from the south to Jerusalem. Josephus speaks of it as the strongest fortress in Judea.<sup>1</sup> Already existing as a village in the time of Joshua, Bethsur was fortified in that of Rehoboam, and its inhabitants, after the exile, helped to rebuild the long-destroyed walls of Jerusalem.<sup>2</sup> A fierce battle once raged all round these hills and gorges, when Judas Maccabæus defeated the Syrian general, Lysias, and was able to strengthen the tower against the Edomites.<sup>3</sup> Nor was this the last time that these rocks were colored with blood, for the Syrian retook Bethsur, and it was wrested from him once more and made stronger than ever by Simon Maccabæus, the last survivor of the great brothers.<sup>4</sup> The fountain is only seven minutes' walk from this memorable spot, and issues from beneath a wall of large hewn stones, a runnel from it flowing down the road. On the other side of the track is a small tank lined with cement, as well as a larger and rougher one, uncemented. There are marks of an ancient pavement, now broken and terribly rough, but once, no doubt, very different. The ruins of an ancient church lie near the fountain, with remains of the old wall that enclosed its yard. It has been thought that Bethsur was the scene of the baptism of the eunuch by St. Philip when on the way from Jerusalem to Gaza; but it is much more likely that the incident occurred between Beit Jibrin and Gaza,

<sup>1</sup> Jos. *Ant.*, xiii. 5, 6. <sup>2</sup> Josh. xiii. 58; 2 Chron. xi. 7; Neh. iii. 16. <sup>3</sup> 1 Macc. iv. 29, 61; 2 Macc. xi. 5; Jos. *Ant.*, xii. 7, 5. <sup>4</sup> 1 Macc. vi. 31, 50; ix. 52; x. 14; xi. 65, 66; xiv. 7, 33.

especially since St. Philip was afterwards found at Ashdod, on the Philistine plain.<sup>1</sup> Bethsur lies 3,180 feet above the sea.

Just after passing it, a wady on the left, with the name Bereikut, recalled the valley of Berachah,<sup>2</sup> the scene of Jehoshaphat's thanksgiving, which the locality exactly suits, as Tekoa is only about three miles off to the east. On a hill to the left stood the hamlet of Jedur, the ancient Gedor.<sup>3</sup> The road lay mostly through a broad valley, with successive swells and hollows, the level still rising, and, hills, single or together, shutting in the view east and west. The slopes were mostly covered with scrub-trees and herbs, hiding the bare chalks and here and there lime-kilns were to be seen, burning or idle. Ruins crowned most of the hill-tops both right and left, and smoke from the charcoal burners' fires often rose from the bush, but there was nowhere a village on the whole road. Some parts showed ancient terraces, and in one place there were cultivated patches, and even small fields, among the stones; yet, as a whole, the road led through wild desolation. At one point it seemed, indeed, to vanish, leaving only a track, visible perhaps to horses and mules, but beyond my recognition. Climbing the side of a very steep hill, it crept along through a chaos of rocks, with only room enough at some places for my beast to get through without leaving me behind. The valley lay two or three hundred feet below when we reached our highest point; but before us and on both sides the grey barren rocks stretched slowly up, the picture of a desert. To trust the sensible beast I rode was the only security, as it climbed the stony roughness, or dropped its fore-legs over some huge boulder. Not seldom the path was hardly broad enough to let the creature pass along without falling over the side; and there was present to my mind the comfortable reflection that, once off, it would roll to an indefinite depth down the wild steep. The broad glen, far below, was at this part more or less cultivated; and no doubt there was some road through it, but my guide had taken a short cut over the mountains, to his own delight perhaps, but certainly not to mine.

Once more on a safe level, we found ourselves in the midst of a great number of Russian pilgrims on their way to Juttah, the birth-place of St. John the Baptist. There were some priests among them with the strange brimless hat of the Greek Church, and the flowing beard of which its clergy are all so proud. Most of the pilgrims were of middle age, and the two sexes were equally well represented. Fur caps, thick woollen coats, trousers, petticoats, and heavy boots, seemed very ill suited to the climate; but they would at least withstand the wear and tear of the long journey from Russia and back. Many carried pots and cooking vessels; some, bundles of household gear;

1 Acts viii. 38. 2 2 Chron. xx. 26. 3 Josh. xii. 13.

and all were comfortably, if roughly, equipped. They had no doubt come from Constantinople to Joppa in a Russian steamer, enduring what to us would be intolerable hardships, and were now proposing to return to Jerusalem in time for Easter, and then, to go down to the Jordan and dip in its sacred waters, finding their way back to Russia as they best could, after having completed this long pilgrimage. So, in ancient days, had there come to Jerusalem "Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven,"<sup>1</sup> to keep the Passover, the Easter of the Hebrew.

The hills on each side of the valley, beyond this, were covered with bushes, through which the remains of ancient terraces showed themselves; but a ruined village, with olive-trees and some ploughed land round it, and a rainwater pond, were almost the only signs that the land was still in some parts inhabited. A little further on, where a valley crossed our path at right angles, making a wide open space, we reached the famous reservoirs known as Solomon's Pools. The three huge cisterns thus designated are built of squared stones, and bear marks of the highest antiquity. They lie one below the other, at a height of 2,600 feet above the sea, at the west end of the narrow Wady Urtas, which runs east and west across the track by which we had come from Hebron. In a place so lonely, these vast structures fill the mind with wonder. They are separated from one another by only a short interval, and the bottom of each is higher than the top of the one below it. The upper pool has the great length of 380 feet, and is 229 feet broad at the west, and 236 at the east end, while its depth is twenty-five feet. The middle pool, however, is no less than 423 feet long, 160 feet broad at the west, and 250 at the east end, and its depth is thirty-nine feet. But the lowest pool is the largest of the three, measuring 582 feet in length, 148 feet broad at the west, and 207 at the east end, with a depth of fifty feet. The depth, I may say, is in each case that of the lower, or eastern, end. Between the surfaces of the upper and middle pools there is a distance of 160 feet and the lower pool is 248 feet from the middle one, so that this gigantic series of reservoirs extends, in all, to the great distance of 1,793 feet, or more than the third of a mile. The inside and the bed of all three, so far as can be seen, are lined with cement, which, however, has broken away in some places, while in others it has evidently been repaired. Flights of steps at the corners and the middle lead to the water, and huge steps along the sides at the bottom, leave a central channel of extra depth, in which the bare rock shows itself in many places. Water stood in the upper and middle pools, but the lower one was dry. The steps at the sides, along the bottom, are cut in the native rock, but I did not attempt to go down to them, as they

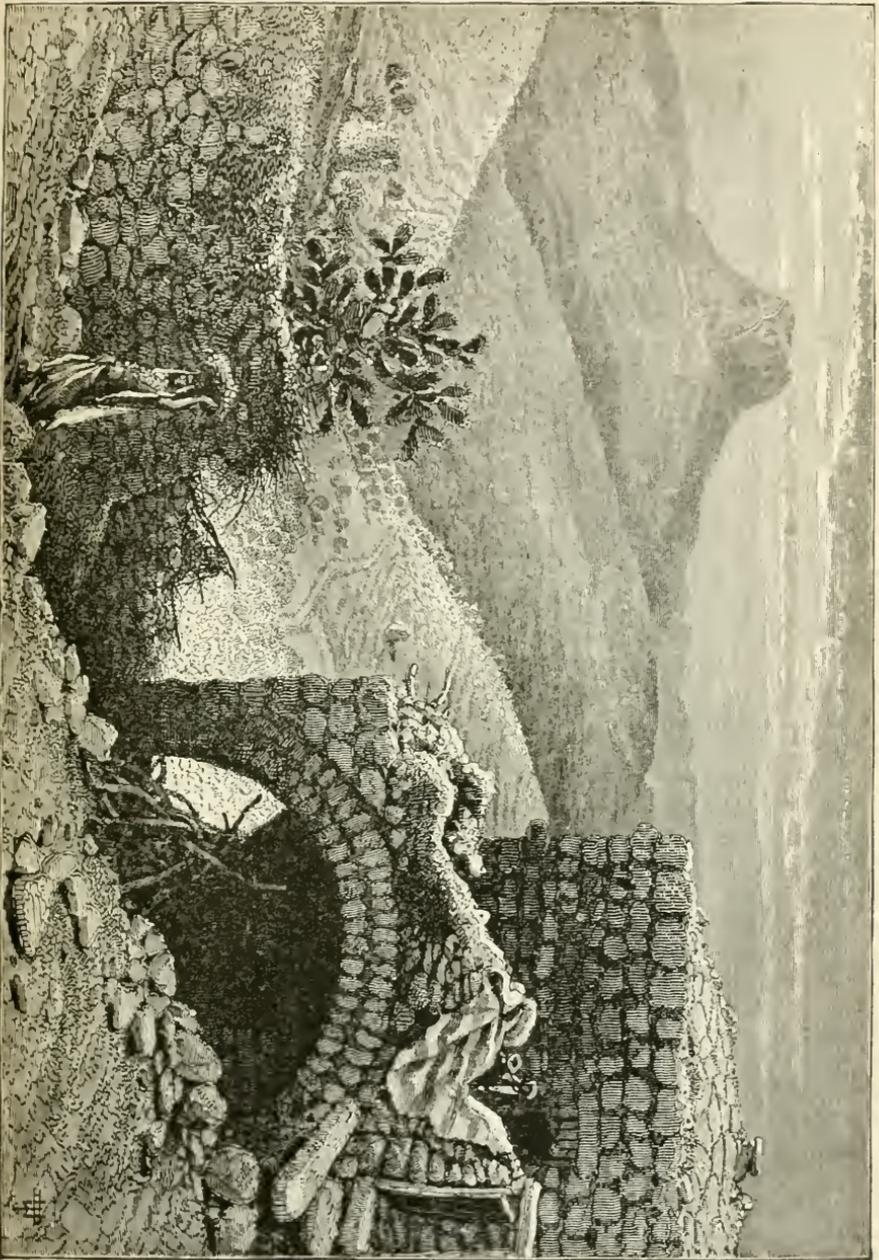
<sup>1</sup> Acts ii. 5.

were largely covered with the jelly of decayed water-weeds, beds of which floated in the pools. The lower pool is connected with the second by a steep channel, through which, however, there was no water running; but a steady flow came into the second pool from an opening connecting it with the first. The walls must be immensely strong to have stood firm for so many centuries; but, of course, they are in reality only a facing to the rock, out of which all the cisterns have been hewn.

Immediately to the north-west of the Pools is an abandoned, straggling fort, built by the Saracens, and known as El-Burak. Two or three men were living in the rude chambers inside the gate, and some poor Arabs had sought temporary shelter in the wide, forsaken interior, which is square and devoid of buildings. Herds and flocks evidently made use of it as a spacious fold. In its day the fort had helped to protect the Pools, but this service is no longer necessary. Grass and flowers sprinkled the ground outside, but the slopes north and south, closing in the valley, were unusually wild and bare: the winter storms, unchecked by trees or shrubs, having washed down all the soil and left the hill-sides strewn with great blocks of stone in the wildest confusion.

The Wady Urtas sinks steeply from west to east, the direction of the Pools; so that, had one pool been made instead of three, the wady must have been dammed by a gigantic wall—if, indeed, any structure could have resisted the weight of such a body of water as would thus have accumulated. But even to hew out the three separate pools must have been a wonderful undertaking, especially in an age when science was so imperfect that it has left one end of each excavation broader than the other, apparently from inability to follow a straight line. Indeed, there are many indications of imperfect engineering, though the effect, as a whole, is so striking. Tradition ascribes the enterprise to Solomon, and we know that he had great gardens near Jerusalem, and a pleasure-palace, to which he drove out in royal pomp. These, it may be, were in Wady Urtas, watered by the abundant streams from the Pools. Perhaps it is of these, and in this very place, that the Beloved sings: "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow out."<sup>1</sup> Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his precious fruits." Perhaps it was in these delicious retreats that he sang of his bride as "a garden barred, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed," and compared her to a paradise-garden of pomegranates and all kinds of noble fruits, henna, with spike-nard plants, spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all kinds of incense-bearing trees, myrrh and aloes, and all the best of spices.<sup>2</sup> The beauty of the Wady Urtas lower down makes it easy

<sup>1</sup> Cant. iv. 16; rather "that its fragrance may spread abroad." <sup>2</sup> Cant. iv. 12—14.



Herodium or Frank Mountains, seen From Bethlehem. (See page 211.)



to think that the famous king enjoyed the glories of spring in its bosom. We read of him, "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and parks; and I planted trees in them, of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water, to water therefrom the fruit where trees were reared."<sup>1</sup> Why may not these pools be those of Urtas? They may well have been the work of that ancient time; their very defects, in some respects, being an indirect evidence of their antiquity, for while the supreme triumphs of Hebrew architecture were carried out by the help of skilled Tyrian architects and masons, those in which only native skill could be employed would naturally be less perfect. We see an illustration of this in the subterranean rock conduit at Siloam, dating, it is thought, from the reign of Hezekiah, for the workmen, beginning at both ends, have missed each other's approach, so as to need a cross-opening to effect a junction. It is quite possible, then, that these huge excavations are a memorial of the labor exacted by Solomon from his people, the bitterness of which led, under Rehoboam, to the revolt of the Ten Tribes.<sup>2</sup>

The supply of these great reservoirs was derived from four springs, one of which flows underground into the west, or upper pool, through a vault; the second is said to bubble up from beneath the bottom of the Pools; the third runs through a small channel, partly of stones, partly of stoneware pipes, from the hill-side south-east of the fort: a clear, bright stream, with which I quenched my thirst, at a gap in the top of its square stone bed. The forth rises inside the old castle. There was, besides, a high-level aqueduct which brought water down a long wady from the south, partly the flow of a spring now dried up, but also the surface drainage of the hills, for provision was made that nothing should be lost. But the chief of all these sources is that which rises on the hill-side, about 200 paces west of the upper pool, and flows into it, as I have said, through a vault; its subterranean course leading to a popular belief that it is the "sealed fountain" of Solomon's Song.

In former times, when the whole water system of which the Pools were the centre was perfect, a great aqueduct, the continuation of that which stretched for nearly ten miles from the south, ran under the Pools, receiving additional supplies from them, and was led on, by a winding course, along the hill-sides, past Bethlehem, to the Temple space in Jerusalem. The portion of this great work which lies south of the Pools is apparently very old, the channel being sometimes cut in the rocks, and at one place tunnelled through them. For the most part, however, it is formed of strong masonry, sometimes six or eight feet high, and faced with ashlar; the waterway varying from eighteen inches to two feet in breadth, and from a foot to two and a half feet in

<sup>1</sup> Eccles. ii. 4 ff. <sup>2</sup> 1 Kings xii.

depth, lined throughout with strong cement, and covered with loose slabs of stone. Under the Pools the water flowed in stoneware pipes, with air-holes at intervals, to relieve the pressure.

There were, moreover, according to Mr. Drake, four other aqueducts connected with the Pools and the Valley of Urtas: one which entered Jerusalem near the Joppa Gate, at a high level; another, now quite ruined, which stretched in the same direction; a third to supply villages to the eastward; while the fourth was led, apparently by Herod, towards his famous fortress and city of Herodium, now the Frank Mountain, to water the gardens with which he beautified the neighborhood. The officers of the Palestine Survey think that all these gigantic works date from the Roman period. Some of them, indeed, are very probably the identical conduits of which Josephus speaks, as built by Pontius Pilate with money taken from the Temple treasury, and therefore sacred, as "corban," or devoted to God. This effort, however, to benefit the city involved Pilate in more hatred than all his other acts, it being regarded as a sacrilegious robbery of Church funds. But, though Roman governors may have added to works they found already in existence, and perhaps repaired dilapidations which may have been extensive, why should Josephus have mentioned Pilate as having made only one aqueduct, which was an undertaking so much less magnificent than the Pools, if they themselves were his work or that of any other Roman? From the roofing of portions of the aqueducts with half-formed arches, and from the look of the fragments of the great one, near Jerusalem, being so much more ancient than the Roman style, I cannot refrain from the belief that though the contemporaries of our Lord may have repaired or added to existing structures, the glory of hewing out the huge Pools belongs to the great Hebrew king, Solomon, and that they form a splendid relic of his peaceful greatness.

Such works for the supply of water to Jerusalem and the country east of Urtas may well excite astonishment in the present condition of Palestine. It has been noticed, however, by Canon Tristram that aqueducts are found not only in a district like this, where nearness to the capital might explain their presence, but in places which have, for ages, been unpeopled and desolate. They span in many places the profound gorges between Jerusalem and Quarantania; we find traces of them at Engedi, on the Dead Sea: they are still visible at different parts of the dismal wilderness of Judæa. Indeed, even in the wadys at the south-west corner of the Dead Sea we find traces of carefully-cemented conduits, once supplying cisterns which are still perfect, and may some day restore fertility, after ages of neglect, to regions which need only water to blossom like the rose.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Pict. Palestine*, i. 141.

The village of Urtas lies near the bottom of the valley, about a mile east of the Pools, clinging, in ruin, to the south slope, which is both steep and bare, like all the scenery around. There are still some inhabitants, who live, for the most part, in hovels on the hill-side, unfit for human dwellings. A few trees grow amidst the houses, which are flat-roofed, and roughly built of stones, but showing every stage of dilapidation. Except for the climate, such a place would, in fact, be uninhabitable. Yet this seems to have been the site of Etam, where Solomon had his royal gardens, with streams running through them. Rehoboam, also, thought Etam worth fortifying, along with Bethlehem and Tekoa.<sup>1</sup> There are still, indeed, the foundations of a square tower—a low, broad wall of large squared stones; and the rocks are in some places hewn and scarped: evidences of a military post, with its defences, in olden days. One attraction yet exists which may account for the importance once attached to a spot now so miserable: a fountain sends forth an abundant supply of fine water, which flows in a bright, murmuring stream, all the year round, down the valley. In such a thirsty land, it may well have delighted both Solomon and his foolish son, and no doubt it might, even now, if utilized as it should be, make Wady Urtas a paradise. It is, however, used to some extent, for along its sides are gardens of citrons, pomegranates, figs, oranges, and even pears, apples, and cherries, intermingled with plots in which grow cauliflowers, turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables. Shut in by steep slopes of grey rock, which are sprinkled at one spot with the dilapidated hovels of the village, this greenery is all the more delightful on that account, and serves to show what the place may have been in Solomon's day.

Insect life was already quickening in the sun, and ants were busy, as always in warm weather, at their multifarious occupations. Was it here that the Wise Man noticed them, and wrote, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider her ways, and be wise; which having no chief,<sup>2</sup> overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest"<sup>3</sup> Modern science has felt a difficulty in these words, since the ant does not live on grain, but on flesh, insects, and the sweet sap or other exudations of trees, which it could not store up for winter use, and since it sleeps during winter, in all but very hot climates. The truth is, we must not look in Scripture for science, which was unknown in early ages, for it is not the purpose of Revelation to teach it, and the sacred writers, in this as in other matters of a similar kind, were left to write according to the popular belief of their day. We find the same idea in another passage of the same book. "There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise: the ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare

<sup>1</sup> 2 Chron. xi. 6. <sup>2</sup> Or "judge." <sup>3</sup> Prov. vi. 6—8.

their meat in the summer.”<sup>1</sup> It was universally believed in antiquity that ants did so, and even Dr. Thomson, in “The Land and the Book,” and Neil, in his “Palestine Explored,” cling to the idea.<sup>2</sup> Ants do, indeed, fill their nests with many things, but it is to pad them warmly, and keep themselves from the damp earth; and hence, though they are undoubtedly assiduous in harvest-time in carrying off grains of corn, chaff, grass, seeds, and vegetable husks of all kinds, they do so to make their underground rooms comfortable, not to lay up food for a season during which, in many parts, they eat nothing. Anyone may see the proof of this for himself by opening an ants’ nest. He will find everything to make it warm, but the supposed “stores” are left quite untouched.

It is not certain, indeed, that in Palestine ants hibernate, for they may be seen—at least in the warm district round the Dead Sea—busy on the tamarisk-trunks, seeking their food, even in January. The mistake is similar to that which prevails very generally, even in our own day, as to ants’ eggs, which is the name popularly given, both in England and Germany, to the *pupæ*, or ants in process of transformation into the perfect insect. They then closely resemble grains of corn, and are carried out daily by their nurses to enjoy the heat of the sun, and taken in again before evening. Who that has broken into an ants’ nest, by accident or intentionally, has not seen the workers rushing off with these white, egg-like bodies, in trembling haste, to bear them to a place of security? But if we nowadays make a popular mistake in thinking these to be eggs, how much more natural was it that erroneous ideas, on another point of ant-life, should obtain three thousand years ago! Mr. Neil’s experience, indeed, shows how easily a mistake might arise. While encamped, about the middle of March, near Tiberias, on the Lake of Galilee, he noticed a line of large, black ants marching towards their nest, each laden with a grain of barley, larger and longer than itself, so that they looked like a moving multitude of barleycorns. This line, he found, extended to a spot where some of the corn for his beasts had been spilt by the mule-drivers, or had fallen from the nosebags, and was now being appropriated by the ants. That they should carry it off, seemed at once to justify the supposition that they were doing so to lay up food for the winter, and yet, as I have said, nothing is more certain than that ants do not eat dried barley or any other dry grain.

1 Prov. xxx. 24, 25. 2 *Land and the Book*, p. 509; *Palestine Explored*, p. 76.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## URTAS.

IN the valley of Urtas, and on the hills, flocks of sheep and goats, mingled together, were feeding, as Laban's flocks used to do long ago under the care of Jacob;<sup>1</sup> the sheep of course, all broad-tailed; that is, with a great mass of fat, in the middle of which the tail runs down like a dividing line, projecting from it at the lower end. There were also a few camels, and some cattle, so that on these apparently barren hill-sides there was nourishment for even the larger animals. The gardens ceased before the pasturage began; the gravelly soil soon drinking up the sweet rivulet which had been brawling over the pebbles and stones.

Tekoa, and also the Frank Mountain, where Herod the Great was buried, could both be visited better from Urtas than from any other point. It is a steady climb from the bottom of the wady to the tableland above; the track leading to the right, and the pleasant companionship of the old aqueducts, still supplying Jerusalem, brightens part of the journey. At one place, a spring pours out through two mouths under a canopy, its waters in part supplying Bethlehem; water-carriers were filling their skins at it, and carrying them to the town. This stream, no doubt, was once connected with the aqueduct that led from Solomon's Pools to the forecourts of the Temple at Jerusalem. The aqueduct is still perfect for some distance; its bed measures about a foot deep and the same in width, with a covering of flat stones, which, however, was gone in some places, giving man and beast a highly-prized opportunity of quenching their thirst. The conduit, was, in fact, exactly like that which I had seen on the north side of the Pools, and from which I had drunk; indeed, it was a continuation of it.

The hills between Urtas and El-Fureidis—a diminutive of the Arabic word for Paradise—are very desolate and scorched, but had once been carefully terraced and cultivated. The mountain honored by Herod as the site of his fortress rises steep and round—300 or 400 feet above the plain—like the cone of a volcano from which the top has been cut away. Yet it is only 190 feet higher than the village of Urtas, so that if the road had ascended for part of the way, there must have been a descent for the rest of it—the beginning of the slope towards the Jordan. This isolated height, Josephus tells us, Herod raised still higher, or, at least, filled up and trimmed to suit his design, erecting on the flat space at the top a great Roman castle, with rounded

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxx. 35.

towers, and providing within it a magnificent palace for himself. The fortress was reached by a wonderful stairway of hewn stone, 200 steps high. At the foot of the hill other grand palaces were built for himself and his friends, and the whole plain around was covered with houses, forming a large town in the Italian style, with all the advantages of Western civilization and refinement; the castle protecting the whole.

The name of "the Little Paradise," which the place still bears, may have arisen from the beauty of the gardens, no less than of the town, for, as I have said, Herod brought a plentiful stream from the Pools of Solomon to irrigate the soil and supply every want of the community, in an age when public and private baths were considered a first necessity of life. He had defended himself bravely against the Parthians at this spot, when pursued by Antigonus, and had been forced to flee from Masada, where his brother Joseph had command, and to seek refuge, first in Egypt and then in Rome. On his triumphant return, however, he resolved to fortify a spot not only dear to him from the memory of his escape from great peril, but also of high importance as commanding the gorges towards the Dead Sea. Here, also, he was at last buried with great pomp,<sup>1</sup> his body being carried to its last resting-place<sup>2</sup> from Jericho, to which he had gone very shortly before his death from the warm baths of Callirrhœ, on the other side of the Dead Sea.

A steep ascent of ten minutes, on foot, brings one to the top of the hill, where the flat surface of the ground forms a space about 750 feet round. The whole of this is enclosed by the ruins of a circular fortress of hewn stones, with four massive round towers, standing, one at each of the cardinal points. Inside, the ground slopes to a hollow in the centre, as if the walls had been built on an artificial mound. There are no escarpments on the hill, as on that of Samaria, for though there are remains of terraces round the lower part of it, they have evidently been rather for cultivation than defense. The tradition of the locality is that Herod was buried at the foot of the hill, beside the great public reservoir; and a mound which may one day repay a search, stands now in the centre of the long-dried pool. After the fall of Jerusalem, the Roman general took Herodium without resistance, and with this incident it passes from history. Since then, however, the legend arose from which it got its present name in Western Europe—the Frank Mountain—the Crusaders being fabled to have held it against the Saracens for forty years after Jerusalem had been wrested from them. But as Irby and Mangles remark,<sup>3</sup> "the place is too small ever to have contained half the number of men which would have been requisite to make any stand in such a country: and the ruins, though they might

1 Geikie, *Life and Words of Christ*, i. 36—48. 2 *Ibid.*, i. 249. 3 *Travels*, p. 340.

be those of a spot once defended by the Franks, appear to have had an earlier origin, as the architecture seems to be Roman."

The view from the top is very wide towards the north, but less so towards the south and west. The Mount of Olives stands out as if close at hand, and on each side of it the eye notes hill beyond hill, each a venerable site. To the east and south the landscape is especially interesting, as that of the region consecrated by the story of David and St. John the Baptist. To the south stretches a desolate succession of earth-waves, sinking towards both south and east; their color dark grey; their outline relieved by no tree or verdure, for the sparse growth to be seen here and there is dried up till it is brown, instead of green. Ruins on the hills add artificial to natural desolation, and the sense of this is deepened by the knowledge that these ridges of forbidding barrenness are, in many cases, the walls of yawning ravines, into whose depths the sunshine falls only in a passing gleam, as it crosses the narrow opening above. To the east, the same desert loneliness and lifeless silence prevail, till the eye rests on the blue waters of the Dead Sea, 3,000 feet below where you stand. Near you, the long undulations of rock, broken into countless gorges and small valleys, are like nothing so much as rudely crumpled, coarse, dark greyish-brown paper. You have immediately before you the home of the viper, the locust, the wild bee, the fox, the jackal, the partridge, and the wild goat; for ages it has been shunned by man. Beyond this foreground, still looking eastwards, light, pinkish-yellow hills succeed, ridge beyond ridge, sinking ever lower and lower, till through their clefts the Dead Sea carries the eye across its deep blue to the light red or purple mountains of Moab, rising some hundreds of feet above the hills on this side, and seamed into wide ravines by the torrents of innumerable winters.

Over this wild, inhospitable region, David wandered when a shepherd, for no landscape in Palestine is so rocky or barren as not to afford pasture to wandering flocks of sheep and goats, either on the slopes or in the ravines. Here, also, he lived with his 400 outlaws, when hunted like a partridge by Saul; hiding in the caves so numerous in every ravine, or in one or other of the countless valleys or gorges which cut up the face of the country into so tangled a network or labyrinth that the whole district has been a favorite haunt, in all ages, of those who, from any cause, desired security from the interference of the outside world. Here, also, St. John the Baptist spent long years of solitary musing on the things of God, till his soul kindled into irresistible ardor, which drove him forth among men to plead with them to prepare for the coming of the Messiah. During the hot months it is a land of scorpions, lizards, and snakes, so that his experience readily supplied him with a comparison for his wicked contemporaries, whom

he denounced as "a generation of vipers."<sup>1</sup> Wild bees make their combs in the hollows of the limestone rocks; the aromatic thymes, mints, and other labiate plants, sprinkled over the face of the wilderness, furnishing them with honey, which is more plentiful in the wilderness of Judæa than in any other part of Palestine. They thus provided for him a main article of his diet, while in one wady or another, or in some cleft, there was always water enough to quench his thirst. Locusts, the other article of his food, are never wanting in this region, and, indeed, are to this day eaten by the Arabs in the south-east of Judæa, the very district where John lived; by those of the Jordan valley, and by some tribes in Gilead. They stew them, as we have seen, with butter, and travellers say—for I myself have never tasted them—that they are very like shrimps in flavor.

Locusts, thus always found in the wilderness of Judæa, multiply sometimes, as every reader of the Bible knows, into vast swarms, and betake themselves to the cultivated parts of the country. Canon Tristram came on such an invading host at the banks of the Jordan, in 1864—5. "The swarms, then in a larva or wingless state," he tells us, "marched steadily up the trees which fringed the river, denuding them of every strip of foliage, and even of the tender bark, not sparing the resinous tamarisk. As they stripped the twigs they marched onwards, pushed by the hordes behind, and fell by myriads into the rapid stream, where they were at once eaten in thousands by the fish."<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Canon Holland also gives us a vivid description of a visitation of locusts which he encountered. "On April 5th, when we were encamped at the fort of Jebel Musa (Mount Sinai)," he says, "the locusts were first seen by us. A light breeze from the north-west was blowing, and they came up, in its face, from the south-east, flying steadily against it, many of them at a great height. They soon increased in number, and as their glazed wings glanced in the sun, they had the appearance of a snow-storm. Many settled on the ground, which was soon, in many places, quite yellow with them, and every blade of green soon disappeared. For two days the flight passed over our heads, undiminished in numbers. They did not appear to be able to fly much against the wind, their wings being blown across if they got their tail to leeward, and then they came spinning down to the ground; when they alighted they always faced the wind. On the third morning, the flight had diminished much in numbers, but many were still passing over, and as we walked along, clouds of them rose before us. They were difficult to catch, except in the early morning, when they seemed benumbed with cold, before the sun had risen. We found them all over the peninsula, wherever we went."

"In vain," says the same writer, "the Arabs in charge of the con-

vent gardens beat iron pans, and shouted, and brushed them away from the beds, with palm-leaves; they swarmed in, till every green thing was eaten."

In Palestine locusts, by means of their ovipositors, lay their eggs, before the rainy season begins, in holes and cracks of the earth; and these, if they have escaped their numerous enemies, are hatched in spring, to the number of one hundred or more for each mother-locust. In April and May the insects are as large as flies, and cover the earth with a black, moving mass of larvæ, such as Canon Tristram describes, even more hurtful than the full-grown insect. In two months they are four times as large as in May, and, having rapidly grown to the size of the common grasshopper, march on in a straight line, crawling at first, but afterwards leaping, as they get older: their path like the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them like a desolate wilderness.<sup>1</sup> It is as if "a fire devoured" everything green as they advanced; and their track, when they have passed, is as if utterly burned up.<sup>2</sup> Fields of standing wheat and barley, vineyards, mulberry orchards, groves of olive, fig, and other trees, are in a few hours stripped of every green blade and leaf, the very bark being often destroyed, so that, as Joel says, "the twigs are made white."<sup>3</sup> They cover the face of the ground, as of old, during the Plagues of Egypt, so that the earth is hidden by them,<sup>4</sup> and, as Canon Holland says, they sweep on in such numbers that they take days to pass. In 1881, 250 tons of locusts were destroyed by the English in Cyprus, each ton containing over 90,000,000 of these pests.<sup>5</sup> When they fly, the light shines like a yellow haze through the swarm. Quiet at night, they weigh down the bushes and hedges till the sun revives them, and then they set forward again on their awful progress.<sup>6</sup> They have no king, as the Book of Proverbs tells us,<sup>7</sup> "yet they go forth, all of them," as in an ordered march. Nothing turns them aside. As in the Egyptian plague, "they fill the houses" of rich and poor alike:<sup>8</sup> "they run up any wall that opposes them, they climb up upon the houses, they enter in at the windows," so that in many cases, as at Nazareth in 1865, the inhabitants have to give up their dwellings to them. Impelled by blind instinct, they do not even seek to avoid any pool or stream in their path, but walk or leap steadily on, and are either entirely swept away, or gradually form a bridge over which those behind may cross in safety. The dead bodies, in such cases, often cause a pestilence, as in the visitation mentioned in Joel.<sup>9</sup>

When they have acquired wings, which they do in June, or the beginning of July,<sup>10</sup> they naturally betake themselves to the air, through

<sup>1</sup> Joel ii. 3. <sup>2</sup> Joel ii. 3. <sup>3</sup> Dent. xxviii. 38, 39, 42; Ps. lxxviii. 46; Joel i. 7. <sup>4</sup> Exod. x. 5. <sup>5</sup> Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, iv. 157. <sup>6</sup> Nah. iii. 17. <sup>7</sup> Prov. xxx. 27. <sup>8</sup> Exod. x. 6; Joel ii. 9. <sup>9</sup> Joel ii. 20. <sup>10</sup> Wetzstein (Dehltzsch, *Hohlt. u. Pred.*, p. 416) says that as a rule the locusts are seen creeping about in Syria in the middle of March, and develop so quickly that they begin to reproduce by the middle of April.

which they pass like a cloud,<sup>1</sup> with a noise which no one can forget who has once heard it.<sup>2</sup>

By the Mosaic Law locusts were reckoned "clean," so that St. John the Baptist, a strict Jew, could lawfully eat them. Winged creatures that go on four legs were forbidden, but the Hebrews might eat such as had two legs rising above the four feet, for the purpose of leaping. "Even these of them ye may eat, the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the *chargol* [another kind of locust] after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind."<sup>3</sup> There are no fewer than nine words in the Bible for the locust in its different stages, or in its different varieties: some of these words, however, are incorrectly translated in our English version. Thus the "beetle" in Leviticus xi.<sup>4</sup> is a kind of locust, and so the "grasshopper" in the same verse. The "palmer-worm"<sup>5</sup> is, perhaps, the migratory locust in its larva state, and so, apparently, are the "cankervorm"<sup>6</sup> and the "caterpillar."<sup>7</sup>

When these terrible destroyers visit a district, great fires are lighted to keep them from the fields or gardens; ditches are dug, into which they walk, and can thus be destroyed, and birds follow and feed on them greedily. They are often finally banished, for the season, by a continuance of cold rainy weather, with moist air, which is fatal both to the eggs in the ground, and to the insects in their various stages. The wind, also, is not unfrequently a deliverer. Flying swarms are powerless against it, becoming an image of helplessness used by the Psalmist when he says, "I am tossed up and down as the locust."<sup>8</sup> Hence they are often carried into the sea, or into rivers, as in the case of the locust plague on the Nile, or the visitation in Joel;<sup>9</sup> their putrefying bodies, as I have said, not seldom causing pestilence.

That David should have roamed as shepherd and outlaw over the region south of the Frank Mountain, led, in the age of the Crusades, to the belief that the Cave of Khureitun, in a wady about a mile south of the site of Herodium, was no other than the famous Cave of Adullam, which, however, as we have seen, has been discovered further to the west.<sup>10</sup> The ride to Khureitun carries us deeper into the utter barrenness of the wilderness of Judæa, unrelieved by a tree or a shrub; the few tufts of dwarf plants showing almost the only visible life in the thousands of white snails which feed on them, and are, in their turn, the food of the larks and other desert birds. The whole country is found to be ploughed by the rains of millenniums into countless gorges running in all directions: occasionally mere precipitous gaps in the soft chalky marl; sometimes white valleys, divided from each other only by towering walls of rock; but altogether a bewildering labyrinth, across which no direct travel is possible.

1 Joel ii. 5, 10; Rev. ix. 9. 2 Joel ii. 5. 3 Lev. xi. 20, 22. 4 Lev. xi. 22. The word occurs only this once, and so also does "the bald locust" in this verse. 5 Joel. i. 4, &c. 6 Joel. i. 4, &c. This is also translated "caterpillar" (Ps. cv. 34, &c.). 7 Ps. lxxviii. 46. 8 Ps. cix. 23. 9 Exod. x. 19; Joel ii. 20. 10 See *ante*, p. 108.



The Dead Sea, seen from the Prank Mountains. (See page 243.)



Khureitun is said to have received its name from a hermit of the fourth century, St. Chariton, who took up his abode in this valley as an anchorite, in gratitude for his having escaped from robbers while travelling through it. It was a wild place in which to choose a home, but in those days of ascetic piety, the more savage a locality, the greater its attractions. Already, in the time of Christ, there were, perhaps, 4,000 such anchorites in Palestine, living in colonies, however; not alone. They had, perhaps, borrowed their idea of an isolated life, devoted to the strict observation of Rabbinical precepts, from the Therapeutæ of Egypt, although the East has always favored such a form of religious zeal. We hear of one Judas who lived as a hermit somewhere in Judæa, about 110 years before Christ, and from his day they multiplied, till after the fall of Jerusalem they were to be found everywhere, but especially to the east.

With such modes of thought prevailing among numbers of the intensely religious, it is not to be wondered at that there were ascetics in the Christian Church from the first, or that it is related of St. James, the brother of our Lord, that throughout his life he followed the self-denying rules of the Nazarites. In the prosecution under Decius—in the middle of the third century—multitudes fled to the deserts and mountains to escape the storm; imitating the example of St. John the Baptist and others of Christ's day, and adding seclusion from the world, for the purposes of religious meditation, to the mortified life then much in favor. Before long this new form of self-sacrifice became almost a craze, so that the deserts bordering on Egypt, and those in or near Palestine, abounded with hermits or monks; the hermits living each in a separate cell, and passing a solitary life; the monks, as members of a settlement who lived in common.<sup>1</sup> The caves which abound in Palestine were used in early ages as dwellings; some parts of the country, as we have seen, showing this rude mode of life even now. They were not, however, very largely employed for this purpose by the Jews, though a cave, used as a store-house or manger, was often connected with the dwelling. They were mostly reserved for tombs, as may be seen from the shelves for the dead hewn out in their sides. There was very little land that was not rocky; burial-grounds were unknown, and everyone could so easily obtain some cave in which to lay his dead, that the cases of Rachel and Joseph are the only ones in which we read of another form of sepulture. But this habit had in great measure ceased when the Jews were driven from their native land, and the caves, so far as shepherds had not appropriated them for folds, were free to hermits who might choose to make them a dreary home. Hence St. Chariton lived and died in the cave now long known by his name.

<sup>1</sup> Bingham, *Christ. Ant.*, iii. 50.

The Wady Khureitun, though comparatively broad towards the north, soon shrinks into a narrow gorge, which might almost be called a fissure in the hills; its sides towering in precipices several hundred feet high. The layers of rock are perfectly level, and have been weathered and worn at the edges till a steep slope of fragments has covered up their face to a good height; their broad bands running along, above, like the walls of terraces. High up, on the southern side, stands a ruined tower, once square, and above and below it are the hovels of the village of Khureitun, which cling to a slope so steep and so entirely unprotected that it is a wonder anyone can live there. That young children, at least, do not roll down the abyss at the very doors of the cabins, shows that they must be able to hold on like flies. The mouth of the cave is beyond the village, and considerably lower; the latter standing on the top of the cliff; the former opening from its surface. There is no approach to the cave, except by a narrow ledge, from which you look down to the bottom of the gorge, far below; and to make matters worse a great rock, turned on edge, almost bars you from finally reaching it. This must be got over as it best can, and then, at last, a narrow, low, and dark passage winds in tediously, with small caves on each side, till the great cave is reached.

You then find yourself in a huge cavern, deep in the hill, 120 feet long, and forty feet wide, rising in great natural arches. Woe to the traveller who has not taken the precaution to bring lanterns to protect his lights, for the bats which make this dark vacuity their home, scared by the brightness, dash wildly hither and thither, in thousands, driving against your face, and especially against the candles, if they are bare. In that case, they are inevitably extinguished in a few moments. From the central cave numerous passages branch out in all directions, to be crossed, very soon, by others at right angles, the whole forming a labyrinth never hitherto fully explored. One of the galleries is 100 feet long, and all are about four feet high, and three feet wide—partly natural, partly artificial—and all on one level. There is, however, in some of the smaller caves, a sloping passage which leads to a series of chambers underneath. Niches are found in many of the inner caverns, and fragments of stone coffins, and funeral urns, show that they have been used as resting-places for the dead, as well as for cells of the living. The air is pure and good.

This vast system of caverns and passages was, doubtless, originally formed by water absorbing the carbonic acid gas in the limestone, and thus setting free the particles of the rock, so that the entire hill was gradually hollowed out into these strange natural excavations. They could never have been used by David and his men as their stronghold, if only on account of the dampness and the want of light. They

swarm, moreover, with scorpions during the hot months; and as to bats, they seem the headquarters of the tribe for this district.

The ruins of Tekoa lie two miles to the south-west, on the top of a hill, about 2,600 feet above the sea. Leaving the gorge of Khureitun, you gradually climb to the plateau of the wilderness, over which, by a track now rising, now sinking, Tekoa is easily reached. Its ruins, which cover the broad top of a gently-sloping hill over an area of four or five acres, consist chiefly of the foundations of houses, once of squared stones, some of them bevelled in the Jewish style. The wreck of a large square castle rises high above all; and there are also some remains of a Greek church, with several fragments of columns, once supporting its roof, and, what is more touching, a baptismal font of rose-colored limestone, which might easily be taken for marble. Numerous cisterns have been hewn out of the rock, and there is a running spring within a short distance.

This was the spot to which Joab sent for the "wise woman" who should inveigle David to recall his worthless son, Absalom.<sup>1</sup> An open village in these earlier days, it was afterwards fortified by Rehoboam, in his anxiety to keep at least the fragment of his father's empire still left him after the defection of the Ten Tribes; and here, in the closing years of the Northern Kingdom, was born the Prophet Amos. That he was a shepherd may be easily realized, for this district is now the territory of a tribe of Arabs whose flocks of sheep and goats are often driven over the seemingly bare hills around, and manage to pick herbage enough to keep them in good condition, though English sheep, I fear, would starve on such pasture. A belt of table-land surrounds Tekoa upon most sides, and is to some extent ploughed and sown; a few patches of grain reappearing each spring. It was to the wilderness stretching away to the west, or rather to the broad hollow lying below it, in that direction—the best pasture-ground near—that Jehoshaphat led forth his fighting men, headed by a chorus of Levites, and found his enemies fled, having quarrelled amongst themselves. It was hither, also, after the death of their magnificent brother Judas Maccabaus, that Jonathan, Simeon, and John fled from Bacchides, the Syrian general before whom Judas had fallen.<sup>2</sup> The unfortunate John, however, was taken prisoner, and all his band were carried off, by a force of Ammonites from Medeba,<sup>3</sup> across the Jordan. He had been sent by his brother to the south of the Dead Sea, to make friendly arrangements with the Nabathæans, when he and his company were thus cut off. But while Simeon and Jonathan still lay round this very Tekoa, they had a romantic and terrible revenge for their brother's fate. Word came to them that a grand marriage had been arranged between the Ammonite leader's daughter and some great man west of

<sup>1</sup> 2 Sam. xiv. 2; 2 Chron. xi. 6; xx. 20; Amos i. 1; 1 Mace. ix. 33. <sup>2</sup> B. C. 159. <sup>3</sup> This is Grimm's emendation, and it seems just.

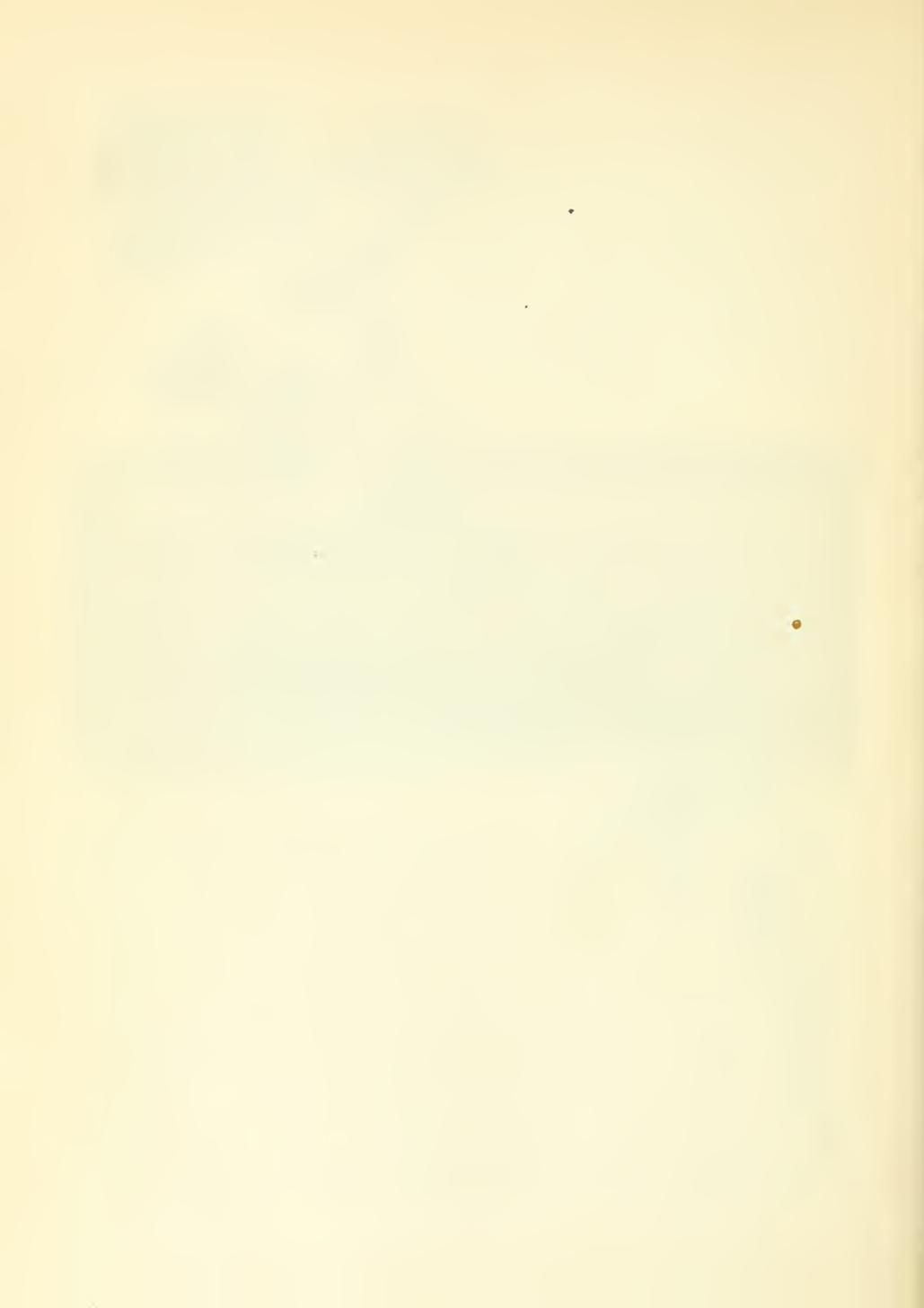
the Jordan, and that the bride was being led from Medeba, with a splendid retinue, befitting "the daughter of one of the great princes of Canaan." "Therefore they remembered John, their brother, and went up [from the valley] and hid themselves under cover of the mountains," to await their prey. And now, as "they lifted up their eyes, and looked, behold, there was much ado," and a long train of camels and other beasts, laden with all that would show the rank and wealth of the bride; "and the bridegroom came forth, and his friends and brethren, to meet them, with timbrels and instruments of music, and many weapons;" and no doubt they had a glad time, as the two parties saluted each other, and joined in one grand cavalcade, to lead the bride home. But meanwhile Jonathan lay in ambush near the path by which they were advancing, and when he had fairly caught them, he called up his men, and set on the procession so fiercely that "many fell down dead, and the rest fled into the mountain, and Jonathan took all their spoils." "Thus was the marriage turned into mourning, and the noise of their melody into lamentation."<sup>1</sup> The merry laughter, the clattering, humming timbrels, the marriage songs, the bridegroom and his well-horsed companions, full of life, and proud of themselves and of the bride, as they pace along under a sky unspecked by cloud; the coy delight of the bride and her maids that the hour and the man have at last arrived, and then, Fate, in the shape of Jonathan and his band, springing with wild cries from behind every rock, and death around instead of the hope that had danced before them—what a strange and tragic story!

The country between Tekoa, El-Fureidis, and Mar Saba, which is six or eight miles off to the north-east, towards the Dead Sea, is sacred to different encampments of Arabs, who pitch their tents as the wants of their flocks require. There are several of these encampments in the district, each with clearly-defined limits of territory, and all much alike. Twenty to thirty long black tents, open in front and sloping downwards at the back, are set up close together, each containing two apartments; the one for the women and children, the other for the men. When you approach you find yourself announced by the loud voices of the hateful dogs, whose barking presently brings out young and old to see the stranger; the children in the most wretched pretence of dress, or without any at all. Now and then, a full-armed sheikh on horseback is met, waking a disagreeable feeling as he passes, with his long spear, and his black eyes shining out from his dark face: as wild as Ishmael. North-east from El-Fureidis the country is less bare than to the east or south; sometimes, indeed, even pleasant to the eye. Fields, here and there, run down the slopes, and peasants are ploughing with oxen and asses. Flowers deck the sides of the path; grass-

<sup>1</sup> 1 Macc. ix. 35—41.



Wilderness of Judea near Engedi. (See page 246.)



hoppers and other insects chirp, leap, and fly about. The grasshopper and locust tribes are among the few bright things one meets, for they are of all colors—scarlet, crimson, bright blue, dark blue, yellow, white, green, and brown, as they well may be if the Rabbis be correct in asserting that there are no fewer than 800 varieties of them. Where the hills permit a wide view, the landscape shows a varied outline, but in this part it is neither precipitous nor wild; the ridges stretching away in soft hues, and the valleys nowhere sinking to great depths. Trees are not to be seen.

The district as a whole between Mar Saba and Urtas is, however, very desolate, the first village seen from a distance being Tekoa, to the south. Three thousand years ago, the valleys and heights may have been more alive with population, but they cannot at any time have been thickly inhabited. Here, as elsewhere in this region, the son of Jesse, strong and brave, led his flocks in his youth. Lions came up to the hills from the “swellings of Jordan,”<sup>1</sup> that is, from the reeds and thickets of its lower course, as, indeed, they did till a few centuries ago; filling the wild gorges of the Kedron with their terrible roar. Perhaps it was among these very hills that there came a lion, or a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, and the lad “went after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth;” and when the fierce creature rose against his assailant, he “caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him.”<sup>2</sup> Yonder, perhaps, on these bare slopes, David wandered before his sheep and goats, sleeping at night in some cave or under some rock, or even in the open, after gathering thorns and kindling a fire to keep off wild beasts; his drink, water from a cleft in the rocks, or from a small pool left in the torrent-bed; his food, some dried figs and bread, stowed in his scrip, or in the bosom of his tunic, the favorite pocket of the common people even now. Here, it may be, morning and night, as his charge came out of some cave used as a fold, or went into it, he made them pass one by one under his shepherd’s staff, counting them, lest even one stray lamb should be wanting; and here, alone with his flock, the silent hills, the shining skies, his own soul, and God, he may often have taken up the harp he had invented, and composed to its notes some of those Psalms which have been the joy of a hundred generations, and are still so unspeakably dear to the heart.<sup>3</sup>

The way to Bethlehem led through Wady Urtas again, and gave another opportunity for seeing the great Pools, from the eastern side. The lowest of the three had no water, the second had some, and the highest had most; the second being about half full. A strong buttressed wall runs across, at the eastern end of each, its strength pro-

<sup>1</sup> Jer. xlix. 19; 1. 44; xii. 5. “Pride,” in R. V.   <sup>2</sup> 1 Sam. xvii. 34 (R. V.).   <sup>3</sup> Lev. xxvii 32; Jer. xxxiii. 13; Isa. xxxii. 2; 1 Sam. xvi. 18; Amos vi, 5

portioned to the weight of water it had to resist, that of the lower pool having a slope of about ten feet, as seen at a spot where the earth, elsewhere banked up nearly to the top of the wall, revealed the structure underneath. There must, therefore, at the bottom of this wall have been a thickness of not less than fifteen feet of masonry. Exquisitely green patches of wheat and barley were growing in the little valley below; their brightness specially attractive because of the desolation on both sides. It is, indeed, a strange characteristic of Palestine that utter barrenness and rich fertility are almost everywhere seen side by side; the limit of moisture drawing a sharp line between them. I noticed overflow ducts in the top of the pool, and conduits to lead off the water, when there was too much. That on the north side, next the old castle, in which the spring was flowing, was of old red pottery pipe, half an inch thick, lying in a square frame of stonework covered with small flat slabs, some of which, as I have said, were missing.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### BETHLEHEM.

THE road to Bethlehem from the old castle El-Burak ran for a time over the shoulder of a low ascent, unfenced, but ploughed and sown, with no walls to protect the ground on the sides of the track, which followed the line of the old aqueduct to Jerusalem, now no longer to be traced except in a few places. We had left a multitude of Russian pilgrims refreshing themselves on the open ground at the castle and the Pools, and had regaled ourselves with some bread and sour goats'-milk—"leben"—bought by our man from the wife of one of the two or three soldiers in the castle. It was very nice indeed, but I was thankful afterwards, when I went inside the castle gate, that I had not seen the matron who supplied it, or her house, for acquaintance with either would inevitably have prevented my indulging in the luxury. Everyone knows that he must swallow an alarming amount of uncleanness in the course of his life, but there is no advantage in absorbing a double dose, though the traveller in Palestine is in constant danger of doing so.

At times, as we rode on, of course at a walk, for you can very rarely go faster in the Holy Land, because of the state of the roads, men passed on asses or horses, which they rode without compunction through the rising grain. The broad valley, running east and then north, from

El-Burak<sup>1</sup> to Bethlehem, soon grew more and more attractive, as we neared the town. Olive and fig groves covered the slopes, intermixed with vineyards, each with its water-tower, reminding one of ancient times.<sup>2</sup> Where the ascent was steep, terraces rose, one over the other, to prevent the soil being washed away by the rains. The path along which we were advancing broadened into a road, with dry stone walls of yellowish-white limestone on each side, while similar walls ran in all directions, above us on the right, and below on the left, netting over the whole basin of the valley. Husbandmen were everywhere busy at spring work. Everything looked fresh and cheerful. The walls were new and well-built; the red soil, cleared of stones,<sup>3</sup> and planted with young orchards, or laid out for vegetables, was pleasant to look upon. Not a foot of ground was lost. For several miles there were no weeds, nor ruins: a very striking experience in Palestine. The industry expended was evident, for not a few vineyards on the higher side of the road, as we came near Bethlehem, seemed like the bottoms of quarries, so covered were they with stones. The secret of this unusual activity and life is easily to be found: the people of the district are Christians.

Passing a road which dipped, on the left, through avenues of olives, and then went across the valley, and up the slopes on the other side to Beit Jala, another Christian village somewhat smaller than Bethlehem, we rode on by mistake over the bare limestone which here forms the track, instead of turning to the right, which would have taken us straight to the town. The Tomb of Rachel, by the roadside, first showed our error, for it stands north of Bethlehem, so we turned and went back by another road which climbed up a steep ascent, with the limestone scarped here and there to widen the track. The hill-side below the houses is terraced into a succession of "hanging gardens," rich with olives and other fruit-trees, great walls running along the ascent to form the level breadths. Down the valley rich groves flourished everywhere, till, as the eye followed them, green fields and ploughed land, in some directions, gradually took their place. Grey rock, however, greatly predominated in the view, so that as a whole the landscape was still very desolate, though this oasis lay in its midst. The purple Moabite hills rose to the east, their tops rising in what seemed a table-land; at their feet lay the deep blue waters of the Dead Sea; then came the great buildings grouped beside the Church of the Nativity—the Latin, Greek, and Armenian convents, which, with the church itself, stretch along the top of the town-ridge, on the south-east; the great buttresses reaching down the sides of the hill with a very imposing effect.

But now we had come to the houses, which were flat-roofed, of yel-

1 See p. 236. 2 Isa. v. 2. 3 Isa. v. 2.

lowish-white limestone; many of two, others of three stories, and a few of one. Some men were enjoying a quiet gossip on the roof of a low building, which had two large arched windows, with olive-trees before the door. A boy leaned idly over the wall, a little below, looking at the green field on the slope beneath. Then came a man astride a donkey, which already carried a sack thrown across it, half on each side, the man sitting above it, his legs thrust out on a level with the donkey's chest; next, some bare-legged peasants in skull-caps, each, of course, with a long stick in his hand; some townsmen in different costumes, and some Bethlehem women also passed, one way or the other.

The female dress is peculiar in this locality. Maidens wear a light frame on the head, covered with a long white linen or cotton veil, which falls over the shoulders to the elbows; they have earrings, and, over the front of the head, showing some of the hair below it, and just under the veil, is a diadem of silver, or silver-gilt, with a band of ornaments of the same material, loosely fastened to it at both ends, so as to rest on the brow immediately under the hair, leaving the forehead only partly visible. Their black hair hangs on their shoulders in heavy plaits, just seen beneath the veil, which always leaves the face exposed—for are they not Christians? Their chief, or indeed, it may be, only garment, is a long blue or striped gown, generally of cotton, loosely tied in at the waist, with open sleeves hanging down to the knees, like those of a surplice; its front, above the waist, always set off, more or less, with red, yellow, or green patches of cloth, embroidered to the wearer's taste. Over this gown, however, the well-to-do are fond of wearing a bright red short-sleeved jacket, reaching, in some cases, to the waist; in others, to the knees.

Matrons have a somewhat different head-dress, the veil resting on the top of a round, brimless felt hat, much like that of a Greek priest, its front ornamented, in most cases, with coins. All wear earrings, and strings of coins glitter round their necks, hanging, at times, down to the breast. The veil is about two yards long, and not quite a yard wide—large and stout enough to hold anything the owner may think fit to carry in it, when she turns it, for the time, to some prosaic use, as when Ruth held out her veil to Boaz while he filled it with six measures of barley and then laid it on her back or head. And very gladly, no doubt, she set out with it, up the steep hill-track, to Naomi's, to show her good fortune.<sup>1</sup> Veils are still used thus by the women of Bethlehem, though the ends are gaudy enough with colored silk to keep it, when new, from such humble service. The whole fortune of maiden or matron alike is often sewn on her head-dress, or hung round her neck, and not a few women have been murdered in past days for

<sup>1</sup> Ruth iii. 15.



Bethlehem seen from the Southwest. (See page 375.)



the sake of the wealth thus changed, in the strictest sense, into vanity. The men, though Christian, generally wear the turban, not a few, however, having only the red Turkish fez; a striped, wide-sleeved dressing-gown, of bright-colored cotton, being thrown over the white or colored under-shirt.

The town is picturesque in the highest degree. Its fortified walls have long vanished, but its position on a long, narrow ridge, has confined it to the limits of three thousand years ago, and its houses, very probably, are just the same in appearance as those of the time of David, or even earlier. In fact, we have before us an old Jewish city such as men inhabited in the Bible ages. But its picturesqueness is the best of it, for the streets are as far from being clean as those of other Eastern towns. Rivulets of abomination run across them or stand in puddles, for scavengers are unknown, and the masterless, dogs cannot eat all the garbage. The main street is largely occupied by workshops, or rather arches, with no window, which is not much loss in such a climate. Looking in, one sees that the floor is covered with men sitting cross-legged, hard at work making carved rosaries from the stones of the Dom palm, or the common date, or olive-wood; crosses from fig-wood, stained black; fancy trifles from the asphalt of the Dead Sea; endless souvenirs of the town in olive-wood; but, above all, cutting medallions from the mother-of-pearl oyster-shells of the Red Sea, or engraving them with the story of our Lord from His birth to His death. In this one art alone there are, perhaps, 500 workmen engaged. The staple industry of the town is in fact the manufacture of endlessly varied mementoes of Bethlehem, to be sold, after they have been blessed by the priests, to the pilgrims. This being a Christian town, the wives and daughters often sit with their husbands or brothers: a strange sight in the East, but one that goes far, by what it suggests, to account for the general prosperity.

The buildings show that no masons could be better than the Bethlehemites, though there are not many good houses except in the front street, and even this has its better and its worse end. Inside, some are, of course, very superior to others, and it is the same with the workshops. Here is one, where men and women are busy making beads for rosaries. All the men are on the ground, cross-legged; the women on low pieces of wood, their bare feet visible outside their dress. Mat baskets, or large wooden bowls, of beads cut from olive rods, are on the ground; one man saws a small piece of wood fixed upright in a vice, another turns the beads at a most primitive lathe, driven by a cord stretched on a bent fiddle-stick arrangement. The work-bench consists of some beams on the ground, but one man has a vice fixed in the earth, and is filing something vigorously; the women have fiddle-bows of their own, but the string is a fine saw to cut the

beads apart. The long stick which they dissect with this tool rests on an upright, and is held straight by the left hand.

The workshop of Joseph at Nazareth could not have been simpler, or, I might say, ruder, for this one seems originally to have been a small cavern in the hill-side, the front being filled in, except the door, with masonry, to fit it for its present purpose. The roof is ceiled with a coating of reed-stalks, which sadly needs repair; the walls are in their natural roughness; the floor is the limestone; the door might have been made by one of Noah's carpenters, so roughly is it put together. A woman outside, with a nearly naked child astride her shoulder, her forehead and neck bright with coins, is looking in, with ourselves, at the busy scene. Turning up one of the short steep side-lanes, I found a second street parallel with the principal one, but dirtier. Careful stepping over pools and rivulets which were not from the heavens, was needed to reach the Protestant School, which I wished to visit. Inside, I need not say, English taste and cleanliness formed a wonderful contrast to the dismal approach. At some points, on the lower side of the main street, houses extend a short way down the hill, with stairs outside. One I noticed with the stone wall built on the edge of the lime stone, so that the view was uninterrupted to the bottom of the valley. A very rickety hand-rail guarded the inner side; such a rail as the whole West could not match; made of natural wood, rough, bent, gaping, set on the steps, and held in its place one knew not how. Two flights led up to the door, over which was a sacred picture, the inmates belonging to the Greek Church. Stairs and house alike were built in arches; the wooded railing alone vindicating the rude backwardness of the East. Two women sat grinding corn on the landing above the first flight; a young woman and a young man were enjoying an interview lower down, and a miserable-looking old woman surveyed the world from above.

Going towards the Church of the Nativity, the scene became livelier. Sellers of vegetables sat on the ground along the walls, their stores at their side, or in front of them; beggars, in long blue gaberdines, silently stretched out their hands for alms; women with their white side veils and bright dresses passed and re-passed; open-air grocers displayed their wares; one turbaned figure sat amidst a show of broken and mended umbrellas; another watched over a collection of mouse-traps, which he very much wished to convert into piastres; a third fondly hoped you would invest in his figs, raisins, or oranges; a fourth had bread or cakes to tempt you. A few shops, faintly trying to look European, presented in the windows a varied collection of local mementos; and, of course, there were one or two places where thirsty souls might drink, though foreigners alone, I doubt not, sought any stronger beverage than coffee.

The entrance to the Church of the Nativity faces an open space; the promenade of older Bethlehemites, and the playground of younger. Old marble pillars lie side by side in one part of it, and serve as a seat for the weary or idle, and a centre of activity for urchins, who must clamber over something, even in the city of David. The old arched gateway into the church has been long ago filled up with heavy square stones, to resist attack, and now the only entrance is by a small door, less than three feet broad, and hardly four feet high;<sup>1</sup> but it is well that the proudest have to stoop in entering a building so venerable. Contemporary evidence proves that it was built by order of Constantine,<sup>2</sup> so that it is the oldest church in Palestine, perhaps in the world. Within, you are in the presence of sixteen centuries, and tread ground hallowed by the footsteps of nearly fifty generations of believers in the Crucified one. You find yourself in a small bare porch, once approached through a spacious quadrangle on the open space outside, with covered ways, lined with rows of pillars, in front and at the sides, and provision for baptism and oblation in the centre. From this, three spacious arched gates led into the ancient porch, which ran along great part of the west end of the church; but two of the gates have been entirely built up, and, as we have seen, only a very small doorway is left in the third, for fear of the Mahommedans. The porch is dark, and is divided by walls into different chambers.

Inside, the venerable simplicity is very impressive. You face the east end, which is 170 feet from the western wall, and, proceeding to the centre, find yourself under a nave which rises in a pointed roof about thirty feet over the capitals of the great pillars, nineteen feet high, which support an aisle on each side. A clerestory, with five arched windows at each side, admits abundant light. The aisles are flat-roofed, supported in the centre by a row of eleven massive pillars, while another row of the same number holds up the straight beams of the lofty nave, the windows over which correspond to the spaces between the columns below. Once elaborately painted, there is now little ornament left on them, except some faint indications of former pictures of saints, and armorial bearings and mottoes, left eight hundred years ago by the Crusaders, with whose greatest chiefs it was a great matter to have their names emblazoned in the Church of the Nativity. The columns, each one mighty whole, are of reddish limestone with white veins, and rest on great square slabs, the capitals being Corinthian, and the architraves very simple. The pointed roof of the nave was once richly painted and gilded, but this glory has long ago departed; and the spaces between the high windows and its sides were formerly covered with marbles and mosaics, but though the marbles remain, the mosaics survive only in fragments. When perfect,

<sup>1</sup> It is thirty-two inches by forty-six. <sup>2</sup> A. D. 306—337.

these represented, on the south side, the seven immediate ancestors of Joseph, the husband of the Holy Virgin. Above them, concealed by curtains, are niches containing altars, on which books of the Gospels rest; and on a line with these is a strange mosaic of colored glass, on a gilded ground, representing a huge plant, the creation of someone's brain, long ago, not the imitation of any natural growth. On the left wall of this aisle, high up, there once were mosaics of ancient churches, but only those of Antioch and Sardis now remain, in very primitive drawing, without perspective. The mosaics were put up by Manuel Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople, about A. D. 1160: but the great pillars and the structure as a whole, with its crosses and Corinthian capitals, admittedly date from the time of Constantine. The beams of the lofty roof of the nave are of plain unpainted cypress, and are not in any way concealed.

A short way down the aisle stands the ancient baptismal font, eight-sided, with an inscription in Greek on a tablet below, over a small sculptured cross, "(Given) as a memorial, before God, and for the peace and forgiveness of the sinners (who presented it), of whom the Lord knows the names." Humble enough! But all the more likely to be noted above. It brings one in mind of the dying request of the once imperious Alfonso de Ojeda, erewhile the haughtiest knight of Castile, yet in the end lowly before his Saviour—that they should bury him at the entrance to the cathedral at Havana, that everyone, as he went in, might tread on the dust of so unworthy a worm. This inscription, and the rude scratchings of their crests on the pillars by old Crusading warriors, gone over to the majority eight hundred years ago, touched me greatly. There are two crowns among them, with the crest rising high above, and the cheek-plates of the helmet below; and four crests and helmets of knights, with legends, now beyond my reading, to tell who it was that each was intended to immortalize. But the wearers have all, long since, gone on a longer journey than that which brought them here.

A wall on the east side of this many-pillared square space runs across aisles and nave alike; the former ending here, though the nave really extends beyond this line to the east end of the church, which is rounded into a projecting half-circle, or apse: the secret chamber of the Greek altar and choir, for in Greek worship both are hidden from the congregation by a screen. This apsidal end, with two similar semicircles at the two ends of the transept, gives the shape of a Latin cross to the whole building. The ends show some remains of very old mosaics, which merit close study as illustrations of ancient Christian ideas. In that at the south side, Christ is entering into Jerusalem, riding on an ass, and accompanied by a disciple, the other figures of His escort being destroyed. People who have come out from the city to meet



Mother of Pearl workers in Bethlehem (making beads for rosaries.) (See page 255.)



Him spread their garments in the way; one man is climbing a tree, to cut off branches with which to do Him honor, and a woman, with a child sitting on her left shoulder,<sup>1</sup> looks on. At the north side, St. Thomas is being invited by our Saviour to examine His wounds, but here, and also in the fragment of another mosaic, he and his fellow-apostles are represented without a nimbus, or ring of glory, round the head. In one part, the Virgin Mary is sitting between two angels.

But these ancient glories are apt to be overlooked in the blaze of comparatively modern splendor with which the Greeks have filled this sacred spot. The pillars, with rich Corinthian capitals, are ornamented with large pictures of saints. Six low steps lead to a raised floor, before the east end of the nave, which is hidden by an elaborate screen about twenty-three feet high, with a decorated cross, some sacred pictures, and small carved angels with wings, rising above it; while there is another row of pictures immediately under the cornice. Behind this screen the Elements are consecrated, and the choir sing. The recess between the pillars of the transept and this gorgeous partition is shut off, at each side, by a screen beautifully panelled, about eight feet high, surmounted, on the left side, by a row of hanging lamps, of which there are altogether fourteen on the two sides facing the nave and the transept. Two huge candlesticks, with a candle in each, rising about twelve feet high, and a row of smaller ones on the edge of the socket, stand before the high screen; and a string of lamps, looped up in the centre into two graceful curves, hang across from the capitals of the corner pillars.

Worshippers are always coming and going; nearly all the men in turbans and striped "abbas;" some resting on the stone steps; others sitting on the floor; yet others praying with their faces to the east, before the great screen. Christ has followers of many nations, and, I feel sure, not a few faithful ones among the ebbing and flowing congregation who lift up their hearts to Him, day by day, in this specially sacred temple. We are apt to regard foreign Churches harshly; to know them better, would lead us to respect them more. At Athens, at Odessa, and at St. Petersburg, the result of inquiries from those likely to be best informed—Bible Society agents, and the head of a great Protestant Missionary School—was to fill my heart with joy, for I learnt that, alike in Greece and in vast Russia, not a few true Christians are everywhere found in the ancient communion.

Descending the steps from the raised floor of the eastern part of the nave, and turning sharply to the left, a half-sunk arched doorway leads you down by thirteen steps to the Chapel of the Nativity; once a rude cave; now paved and walled with marble, and lighted by thirty-two lamps. About forty feet from east to west, it is only sixteen wide,

1 Isa. xlix, 22.

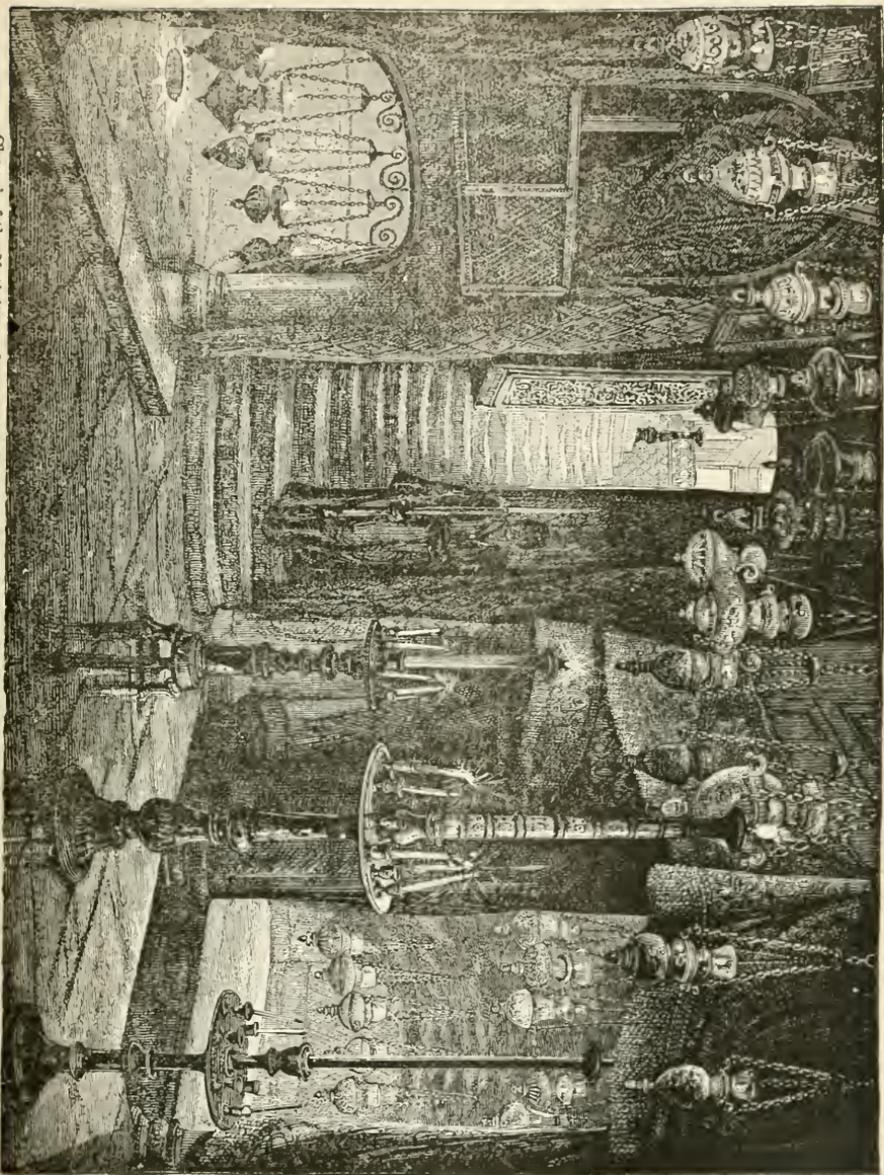
and ten high, and, of course, would be totally dark but for the artificial illumination, for it lies immediately under the great choir, at the very east of the church. The roof is covered with what had once been striped cloth of gold; three huge candlesticks, with candles rising higher than your head, stand at the back; and in front, between two marble pillars, a large picture of the Nativity, and some small ones below it, rest on a projecting shelf of marble, forming the altar.

Below this is a shrine unspeakably sacred to millions of our fellow Christians. It is semicircular, arching outwards above, and at most only four feet high. Fifteen silver lamps burn in it, night and day, lighting up the painted marbles which encrust it; and in the centre of its small floor is a silver star—marking the spot, it is believed, over which the Star of the East once rested—with an inscription, at the sight of which, I frankly confess, I wept like a child: “*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*” (“Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary”). A Turkish soldier, gun in hand, and fez on head, stood a few steps behind, but I forgot his presence. Pilgrims knelt down and kissed the silver which spoke a story so infinitely touching, and I did the same, for I do not believe in indiscriminate scepticism.

As far back as the middle of the second century—that is to say, within less than 120 years of our Lord's death, and within thirty or forty years after that of the last of the apostles, the beloved St. John—Justin Martyr, himself a man of Nablus, speaks of the Saviour's birth as having taken place “in a certain cave very close to the village;” and this particular cave, now honored as the scene of the Saviour's birth, was already so venerated in the days of Hadrian<sup>1</sup> that, to desecrate it, he caused a grove sacred to Adonis to be planted over it, so that the Syrian god might be worshipped on the very spot—a form of idolatry peculiarly abhorrent to the pure morals of Christianity. Origen, in the opening of the third century, speaks of this cave as recognized even by the heathen as the birth-place of their Lord.<sup>2</sup> And to this spot came St. Jerome,<sup>3</sup> making his home for thirty years in a cave close by, that he might be near the birth-place of his Master; Hadrian's grove had been destroyed sixteen years before his birth, to make room for the very church now standing. There is no reason, therefore, so far as I can see, to doubt that in this cave, so hallowed by immemorial veneration, the Great Event associated with it actually took place.

Nor is there any ground for hesitation because it is a cave that is regarded as the sacred spot. Nothing is more common in a Palestine village, built on a hill, than to use as adjuncts of the houses, the caves with which all the limestone rocks of the country abound; making them the store-room, perhaps, or the workshop, or the stable, and

1 A.D. 117—138. 2 A.D. 185—253. 3 A.D. 331—420. 4 *Land of Israel*, p. 72.



Chapel of the Nativity under the Church of Mary at Bethlehem. (The star in the foreground denotes the place of the birth of Jesus; on the right the manger.) (See page 259.)



building the dwellings before them so as to join the two. Canon Tristram<sup>1</sup> speaks of a farm-house he visited, north of Acre, which was a granary and stable below and a dwelling-place above; and many stables in the neighborhood of Bethlehem are still recesses cut in the rock, or mere natural caves.<sup>2</sup> In Egypt I have often seen houses where goats, sheep, cattle, or an ass, were in one part, and the human beings in the other. Had the piety of the monks left the alleged site of the Nativity in its original state there would have been no presumption against it from its being a cave.

As might have been expected, centuries have brought many doubtful accretions to the original simple story. Passing from the Cave of the Nativity, you are led, still underground, past what the Latin Church says is the very manger, to an altar on the spot where, it is alleged, the Magi worshipped the Infant Savior; then to a spring from which the Holy Family was supplied; next to the place where the vision appeared commanding the flight into Egypt; then to the chapel where the Innocents were buried; and finally to the tombs of Eustochium and Paula, the pupils of St. Jerome, and of the great father himself, and to the cave in which he lived so long, preparing his immortal Vulgate Bible; the only light of this gloomy retreat being the opening into the passage of the Latin monastery. That he lived and was buried here, and that Paula was buried near him, is very probable; as to the rest, fiction seems to have run wild.

Joined to the famous church, are the three monasteries of the Greeks, Armenians, and Latins, which have fine orchards, rooms to receive travellers, and charming views from their roofs. In that of the Latins were some fat swine, the only ones I saw in Palestine. In that of the Greeks there is a monkish wonder which at least shows the strength of human credulity. A cave is shown, on the floor of which a drop of the Holy Virgin's milk is said to have fallen, with the result, as is universally believed, of making the pulverized rock highly efficacious for increasing the milk of women and even of animals, for which purpose round cakes, mixed with dust from it, are to this day sold to pilgrims!

Only the portion of the church from the transept eastward is now used for worship, and I must say that the air and behavior of the local clergy and laity, as they walk about in the aisles and nave of the other half, make it hard to realize the sanctity of the place. Sellers obtrude their wares on the visitor, inviting attention to their trays of local keepsakes and "curios," or producing them from their dress; often disturbing the sacred house by noisy haggling and chaffering, till one feels something of the righteous indignation that roused our Lord to drive their predecessors in this sacrilege from the Temple courts.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Land of Israel*, p. 72. <sup>2</sup> *Tel Work in Palestine*, p. 145. <sup>3</sup> Mark xi. 15-18.

The south side of Bethlehem looks down as deep a valley as that on the north, with similar terraces, rich in fruit-trees, sinking in great steps to the hollow below, which is crowded with gardens and orchards. All round Bethlehem, indeed, the eye wanders over scenes beautiful in their natural charms, or hallowed by sacred memories. Directly to the north lies the tomb of Rachel, whom Jacob buried by the wayside, as he tells his sons on his death-bed many long years after!<sup>1</sup> His heart true, even in death, to her whom he had loved at first sight in distant Mesopotamia, and had so early lost but could never forget. The town was called Ephrath then, for the name Bethlehem ("the House of Bread")—now corrupted by the Arabs into Beit-Lahm ("the House of Flesh")—was given to it centuries later. On the slopes down the valley to the east, the beautiful idyl of Ruth had its scene. The fields in which she gleaned are there, of course; and the path by which she and Naomi, two lonely widows, climbed up to the town is still, no doubt, the same as that by which the daughters of Bethlehem come up to the village from the glen. In that Wady Kharubeh, and on the hill-side beyond, lay the fields of Boaz, where he allowed the Moabitess to glean after the reapers, as you may still see girls and women doing in harvest-time. The old man was smitten by the young widow before he knew it, for as soon as he saw her, he must needs beg her not to glean in any other part of the valley but his, and to stay fast by his maidens.<sup>2</sup> Women, it seems, shared the toil of harvesting in those early days, as they do now, no less than the "young men," who, to their shame, needed the warning of Boaz not to touch the poor gleaner. Reapers, even now, come from all parts of the country to work for hire, and are not too much to be trusted in either morals or manners. Harvest is earlier on the sea-coast and plains, and in the Jordan valley, than on the hills, and hence the hill-men are free to go down to help in it without neglecting their own grain, and the lowlanders can come up to the hills because their harvest is over.

The land belonging to Boaz was not fenced off, for there are neither hedges nor fences in Palestine, except round orchards or gardens; but it was marked off by boundary stones, sacredly respected by every one. To remove a neighbor's landmarks was to incur the curse of God; and Job could not picture the unscrupulously wicked more vividly than by charging them with this crime.<sup>3</sup> You see these stones in every part of Palestine; generally a rough block, partly sunk in the ground. On the hills beyond there were none, for no one owned any part of these in private right; they were the "commons," on which each had an equal right to pasture his flock or herd. Harvest in every century is a joyful time, and the heart of Boaz was in keeping with the good nature of all around. As now, the whole village, one may suppose,

1 Gen. xlviii. 7. 2 Ruth ii. 8. 3 Deut. xix. 14; xxvii. 17; Prov. xxii. 28; xxiii. 10; Job xxiv. 2.

had gone out to the fields; the children and aged gleanings; the strong, of both sexes, plying the sickle. It is quite likely, too, that some of the workers from the lowlands, or the Jordan valley, had brought their wives and families with them, that the women and children might get a share of the gleanings, for they do this still, sleeping on the ground at night, under the bright sky. The whole business, indeed, is taken easily, for good weather is certain, and there is so little reason for hurry that you may at times see a whole line of reapers sitting at their task and moving forward to the grain without a thought of rising. Rain in harvest is, in fact, such an unusual occurrence that it will be remembered how, on its falling at the call of Samuel, it was recognized by the people as a miraculous sign.<sup>1</sup>

Boaz saluted the reapers, when he came among them, with the courteous phrase, "The Lord be with you," and received the response, "The Lord bless thee." The owner meets his laborers to-day with the very same words, and the same answer is returned. The evening meal is still the same as that which Ruth was invited to share. A fire of dry grass or stalks of weeds, or stubble or straw, is kindled, and a lapful of ears tossed on it and left till the husks are scorched off. On this sign that they are ready for eating, the whole are cleverly swept from the embers into a cloak spread out to receive them. The grain is then beaten out and winnowed, by being thrown up into the air, and after this is spread out for the hungry mouths around. Sometimes it is roasted in a pan or on an iron plate, or a bunch of wheat is held over the fire till the chaff is burnt off; some liking this method better than throwing the ears on the fire. Women have this task, and it is amusing to see them holding the corn in the flame till the precise moment when the husks are consumed, and then beating out the grain with skilled dexterity, with the help of a short stick. Such "parched corn"<sup>2</sup> is so pleasant to the taste that one cannot wonder at its having kept its ground, as the reaper's food, for over three thousand years. As in those early days, vinegar is still often mixed with water, to make a cooling drink in the warm summer, so that in this, also, modern and ancient customs agree. One can easily, moreover, see the need of Boaz guarding Ruth from the broad and noisy humor so natural in such company after the labor of the day was over. No picture could be more beautiful in its simplicity than that of Ruth sitting beside the reapers, Boaz taking his place among them, near her, and reaching her some of the parched corn, of which he was partaking with his men.<sup>3</sup>

Ruth began her gleanings when the barley ripened, and followed Naomi's sagacious advice, to keep to the field of Boaz till the wheat was reaped; the one crop being often, cut before the other is ripe.<sup>4</sup> Hence, the gift of Boaz was six measures of barley—not wheat, for

1 1 Sam. xii. 17, 18. 2 Ruth ii. 14. 3 Ruth ii. 14. 4 Ruth ii. 22, 23.

though barley is eaten only by the poor, the wheat was not yet ready, and barley bread is excellent when better cannot be had. Nor are we to suppose that she carried home all the straw of her gleanings, for we are told that "she beat out what she had gleaned,"<sup>1</sup> just as the women do now, after the day's gleaning is over; sitting down by the roadside and beating out the grain with a stone or stick into her stout linen veil, and throwing away the straw; then climbing the hill with her ephah of barley<sup>2</sup>—four gallons, says Josephus; eight, say the Rabbis—safely tied up, and poised on her head. The law gave the right of gleaning to the poor, for whom, in Israel, there was no more formal provision; and this custom has become so deeply rooted that one sees, at the present day, well-nigh as many gleaners as reapers, when a valley is being harvested. That Ruth and Naomi should have taken advantage of this kindly system shows that they must have been poor. But this was no bar to Ruth's marriage with Boaz, though he was rich; for society in the East is not divided by difference of culture, as it is with us; the poorest bear themselves with a natural self-respect which brings them closer to the rich than is the case with the same class in the West. The humblest man in a village comes in at the open door of a rich man's house, to enjoy the spectacle of a merry-making, without a thought of impropriety on either side. And there is no distinction of caste in Eastern worship. The merchant, the herdsman, the slave, and the beggar, kneel promiscuously on the floor of the mosque, or join hands in the ring formed round a saint's tomb, at a "zikr;"<sup>3</sup> and a man in the very meanest garment walks into the presence of a governor to speak with him, without the slightest constraint on the one side or feeling of intrusion on the other.

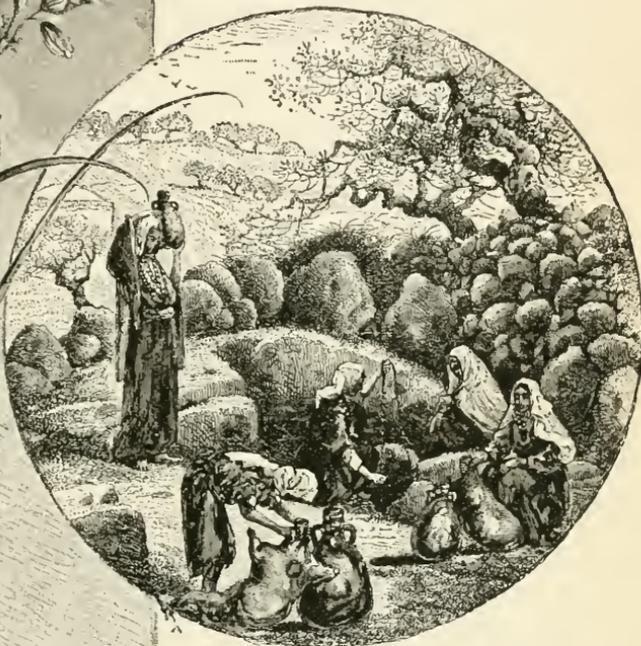
Besides inviting Ruth to a share of the "parched corn" and the "vinegar," Boaz also told her that she was free to drink from the water-jars, or water-skins, when she felt thirsty,<sup>4</sup> just as a modern farmer might show a similar courtesy to a modern gleaner, water being a necessary in the field, in such a climate. Indeed, we see in the tomb-paintings of Egypt a similar provision of water in skins and jars, from which reapers and gleaners alike quench their thirst. But it seems as if the refreshments of the field were not confined to water, vinegar, and parched corn, for we read that Boaz "had eaten and drunk, and his heart was merry," before he went to lie down at the end of the mound of threshed grain;<sup>5</sup> and in the story of the churlish Nabal we have an instance of a harvest-feast on a very liberal scale; while Abigail carried to David, as his share of the bounties dispensed at the harvest-home, not only parched corn, but loaves of bread, skins of wine, roasted sheep, clusters of raisins, and cakes of figs.<sup>6</sup> It is not, indeed, to be supposed that this was the everyday fare of either reapers or master,

1 Ruth ii. 17. 2 Ruth ii. 17. 3 See *ante*, p. 177. 4 Ruth ii. 9. 5 Ruth iii. 7. 6 Sam. xxv. 18—36.



And David was then in an hold, and the garrison of the Philistines was then in Beth-lehem. And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Beth-lehem, which is by the gate.

And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water



out of the well of Beth-lehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David: nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord.

And he said, Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives? therefore he would not drink it.—  
2 Sam. xxiii. 14-17.

DAVID'S WELL AT BETHLEHEM. (See page 267.)



for the habits of the East are very simple; but it marked, at any rate, the finishing of the year's work. Homer's description of the harvest-field closes the labors of the day with a substantial repast:—

“ A field  
 Crowded with corn, in which the reapers toiled,  
 Each with a sharp-tooth'd sickle in his hand.  
 Along the furrow here, the harvest fell  
 In frequent handfuls; there, they bound the sheaves.  
 Three binders of the sheaves their sultry task  
 All plied industrious, and, behind them, boys  
 Attended, filling with the corn their arms,  
 And offering still their bundles to be bound.  
 Amid them, staff in hand, the master stood  
 Silent exulting, while, beneath an oak  
 Apart, his heralds busily prepared  
 The banquet, dressing a well-thriven ox,  
 New slain, and the attendant maidens mixed  
 Large supper for the hinds, of whitest flour.”<sup>1</sup>

Yet the parched corn and vinegar would be the usual fare, as it is now; a feast like that of Nabal's men, or the one depicted by Homer, would be the great event when all was over. I certainly never heard of such a thing, and the manners of the East do not change.

Ruth's mode of calling the attention of Boaz to her claims on him as her next-of-kin, or “goel,” bound to “redeem” her from the calamity of widowhood by honorable marriage, seems strange to us, but is quite in keeping with the everyday life of Eastern countries. Boaz himself praises her for it, finding a proof of special worth in her having sought him, an old man, for a husband, instead of “following young men, whether rich or poor.”<sup>2</sup> Naomi, however, had made a mistake in sending her to Boaz, as there was a still nearer kinsman; so that Boaz, however love-sick, could not marry her till the other had refused to do so.

Orientalists cover their head and their feet when they go to sleep, but both sexes lie down in the clothes worn through the day, so that they can easily rest in the warm months wherever night overtakes them, without any preparation. Nor was there anything in Ruth's action to shock conventional propriety, for she followed the advice of the pure and godly Naomi, and was commended by Boaz himself as a woman known by all the town for her virtuous character.<sup>3</sup>

The refusal of a next-of-kin to do his duty, by marrying the widow of his brother or other relative, was the occasion of a curious custom in ancient Israel. “If the man likes not to take his brother's [or kins-

<sup>1</sup> *Iliad*, bk. xviii. (Cowper). <sup>2</sup> Ruth iii. 10. <sup>3</sup> Ruth iii. 11.

man's] widow," says Deuteronomy, "then let the widow go up to the gate [of the town or village, where all public business is transacted] unto the elders, and say, My husband's brother or [kinsman] refuseth to raise up to his brother a name in Israel; he will not perform the duty of my husband's brother [or kinsman]. Then the elders of the city shall call him and speak unto him, and if he stand to it, and say, I like not to take her; then shall his brother's widow come unto him in the presence of the elders, and loose his shoe from off his foot, and spit in his face, and shall answer and say, "So shall it be done unto that man that will not build up his brother's house. And his name shall be called in Israel, The house of him that hath his shoe loosed."<sup>1</sup> In Ruth's case, however, it would seem that the refractory kinsman drew off his own shoe, and handed it to Boaz as a sign of the transference of his rights over Ruth.<sup>2</sup> May we see an explanation of this, though a very prosaic one, in a custom which is still observed by the Jews of Barbary in a marriage? "When the bride enters the room where the bridegroom awaits her, as she crosses the threshold, he stoops down, and, slipping off his shoe, strikes her with the heel of it on the nape of the neck,"<sup>3</sup> as a sign and public acknowledgment that she is his wife; a husband only having the right he has thus exercised. So the ungracious kinsman, in handing over his shoe to Boaz, gave up to him his matrimonial rights, of which the use of the slipper in a summary way, should discipline require it, was the acknowledged symbol. I have no doubt that Boaz, a respectable, formal, elderly man, was careful to assert his supremacy and the obedience due by Ruth in the usual way; but we may be very sure that the tap on her shoulders on the marriage-day was the first and last occasion of his needing to use this mild substitute for the modern hob-nailed boot.

The marriage thus strangely brought about, and as strangely celebrated by the transference of the masterful sandal, was, as all know, most happy in its results. It gave Ruth, as her husband, the representative of one of the oldest families of Bethlehem, for Boaz was descended from the greatest house of Judah, that of Pharez:<sup>4</sup> a line which, from David's time, was famous for the illustrious warriors it gave the State,<sup>5</sup> the royal house itself being its head; a line, too, which became so numerous that 468 sons of "Perez" came back with Zerubbabel from Babylon. Zerubbabel himself being one of the stock.<sup>6</sup> Ibzan, the Bethlehemite, who judged Israel for seven years after Jephthah,<sup>7</sup> and who had thirty sons and thirty daughters, is asserted in the Talmud to have been no other than Boaz himself: a point difficult to settle. But it is through his grandson Jesse that the husband of Ruth is most illustrious, for the youngest of Jesse's sons, as every one knows, was

1 Deut. xxv. 7-10. 2 Ruth iv. 8. 3 *Pillars of Hercules*, i. 305. 4 Or "Perez" (Gen. xxxviii. 29; Ruth iv. 12; Matt. i. 3.). 5 1 Chron. xxvii. 2, 3; xi. 11; 2 Sam. xxiii. 8. 6 1 Chron. ix. 4; Neh. xi. 4-6; 1 Esdr. v. 5. 7 Judg. xii. 8-10.

no other than David. Tradition reports that Jesse spent his days in Bethlehem, a weaver of veils for the Temple, though, so far as we know, his wealth consisted mainly in some sheep and goats which David tended.<sup>1</sup> But he must have been a village dignitary as well as a worthy man, to have his name so persistently given in connection with his greatest son, who is constantly mentioned as "the son of Jesse," while the Saviour Himself is proclaimed as a "shoot out of the stock of Jesse," and "the root of Jesse which should stand as an ensign to the people."<sup>2</sup> Jesse must have owned land in Bethlehem, perhaps the fields of his grandfather Boaz, for David gave away ground near the village;<sup>3</sup> and, indeed, if Jesse had not been the leading man of the place, he could hardly have presided with the village elders at the sacrificial feast of the community, held on the first moon of each year, as we find him doing when the Prophet Samuel came to anoint his shepherd-son.<sup>4</sup>

There are not many incidents connecting David with Bethlehem, though he lived in it till after his victory over Goliath.<sup>5</sup> We learn, however, that even while in the court of Saul, he continued to visit the place at the yearly sacrificial feast of the family.<sup>6</sup> Just before you reach the town, on the flat sheet of rock on which our tents were pitched, were three round walls,<sup>7</sup> or rather well-shafts, to the largest of which the name of David's Well is given, though on what authority it is hard to tell. The largest of the three openings proved to be twenty-six feet deep, but it is partly filled with stones, so that the original depth cannot be known. Between two and three feet of water stood at the bottom; but the other openings, which were about twelve feet deep, were dry. The water in the first pit was fresh and good, like that of a spring, and it is likely that it flows from one, though most of the water seems to find some escape through the rocks. In David's time it may have risen much higher in the shaft. Situated at the only spot where "a gate" could have been built—the north end of the town, which alone joins the country without an intervening valley—this well seems fairly entitled to be regarded as that from which the precious draught was brought to the shepherd-king. It is, by the way, the only spring in Bethlehem, the town depending entirely on cisterns.

As the shafts are entirely unprotected, they were a terror to me in the night, notwithstanding their venerable associations; for a sudden disappearance into one of them would have left little hope of escape. There is another well, however, which the monks honor with the name of David, about three-quarters of a mile north-east of Bethlehem, beyond the valley beneath the town; but it is much more probable

1 1 Sam. xvi. 11; xvii. 34, 35. 2 Isa. xi. 1, 10. 3 2 Sam. xix. 37, 38; Jer. xli. 17. 4 1 Sam. xvi. 3—5.  
5 1 Sam. xvii. 12, ff. 6 1 Sam. xx. 6. 7 It is said that there are five shafts, but I saw only three.

that the one at my tent-side was that from which he longed for a draught of water: a gratification obtained for him at the risk of their lives by three mighty men of his band.<sup>1</sup> Somewhere, also, in Bethlehem, in his father's sepulchre, lies the stripling Asahel, David's cousin, so swift of foot, and who was slain by Abner in self-defence.<sup>2</sup> In times far earlier, the village had been the home of Jonathan, the son or descendant of Gershom the son of Moses, and whose name has been changed by the rabbis into Manasseh, to screen the memory of the great lawgiver from the stain of having so unworthy an apostate among his near posterity. For it was this Jonathan who wandered to the north, and, after serving as priest in the idol-house of Micah the Ephraimite, became priest of the graven image at Dan: an office which continued in his family till the Captivity.<sup>3</sup> Yet the greatest honor of Bethlehem, unique in the history of the world, and, indeed, of the universe, was that foretold by Micah:—"But thou, Bethlehem-Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."<sup>4</sup> For in this small village was born the Saviour of the world.

Looking along the sweeping valley to the south-east, beyond the fields to which Ruth "went down," the eye rests on softly-rising hills, to the south of which she could see those of Moab, so sadly dear to her, rising purple beyond the Dead Sea. The slopes of the hills close at hand are those, as tradition maintains, on which the shepherds were watching by night, when the angel and the heavenly choir appeared, to announce the birth of Him who was "Christ, the Lord." The grey, barren wilderness of Judæa creeps up to them, but they are, themselves, comparatively green. A clump of olive-trees surrounds a ruin fancifully supposed to be that of the shepherds' tower. The wall still seen is of good-sized stones, left there because building material is abundant in the neighborhood. Old gnarled olives, their trunks riven, twisted, pierced by age, and disproportionately large for their crown of silver-green leaves, give a touch of beauty to the baldness of the landscape, and afford shade to the peasant while tending the long-eared, broad-tailed sheep, and lively black goats, that browse among them. Bare-legged, bare-armed, with huge slippers, it may be, and a white or colored kerchief, old and faded, round his close-fitting skull-cap; over his blue shirt, which reaches to his calves, a striped abba, rude enough in its tailoring, rather a square bag than a coat, a leather belt keeping it tight round him,—he sits there in the spring time, among the red anemones, tulips, and poppies, the short-lived glories of the pastures of Palestine, and looks the picture of vacancy, his staff on the ground beside him, and his club tied to his girdle.

1 2 Sam. xxiii. 14; 1 Chron. xi. 17. 2 2 Sam. ii. 32. 3 Judg. xviii. 30. 4 Micah v. 2.



Pasture near Bethlehem; faint outlines of the mountains of Moab in the distance. (See page 218.)



Born of hereditary ignorance, his intelligence is little superior to that of the sheep he watches.

Bethlehem stands 100 feet higher than Jerusalem, being 2,550 feet above the sea at its highest point. But the neighboring hills are lower than those round the Holy City, and there is more cultivation; Bethlehem looks slightly down on its surrounding heights, while Jerusalem is commanded by its girdle of hills. The population of David's city consists of Latin, Greek, and Armenian Christians, through the influence of the triple, fortress-like convent round the ancient church, but they are on good terms with each other, and even intermarry, which these rival sects seldom do in Jerusalem. The Roman Catholics have splendid school-buildings, much larger and finer than any others, and I have no doubt they do much good.

I did not see any tattooing among the women, and, indeed, throughout Palestine there is little of it, compared with the fashion in Egypt, where the features and arms are often quite disfigured. The peasant-women of the Holy Land, with better taste, confine themselves to a mark on the palms of their hands, between the eyes, and on the chin, with a row of small points along the lower lip, producing an effect something like that of the patches worn last century by English ladies. But the women of Bethlehem are superior to these rude follies. Thanks, perhaps, to the blood of the Crusaders, of a share of which they boast, they are altogether finer than any women I saw elsewhere in Palestine, with the exception, perhaps, of those of Nazareth. The population is said to be about 4,000.

Though the town was walled in the time of Boaz, when the elders "sat in the gate," and when Rehoboam fortified it,<sup>1</sup> there are no walls now. The flat roofs join each other in many cases, and thus afford an easy passage from one house to another, which is often used. This explains our Lord's counsel to His disciples<sup>2</sup> not to think, when troubles burst on the land, of coming down to take anything out of the house, if they chanced to be on the housetop at the moment the news reached them. They were rather to flee along the roofs, and thus escape. The local tradesmen sometimes press one to come into their dwellings to inspect their wares, and an opportunity is thus given of seeing the inside of a Bethlehem establishment. The room is of arched stone, without furniture, except the inevitable divan, or broad seat along the wall; and the women have no timidity at your entrance. Squatted on the floor, one, it may be, is busy sewing while she watches her baby in the cradle, another is preparing to bake, and a third will bring you a water-pipe and a glass of water, while you look over the crucifixes, rosaries, olive-wood boxes, mother-of-pearl carved shells, and little jars and cups of asphalt, or red stone.

1 Ruth iv. 1; 2 Chron. xi. 5, 6. 2 Matt. xxiv. 17; Mark xiii. 15; Luke xvii. 31.

Talking of housetops reminds one of the variety of allusions to them in the Bible. Samuel communed with Saul on the housetop,<sup>1</sup> for privacy, so that his dwelling must have been flat-roofed. Absalom spread a tent on the top of David's house for his father's wives, that it might be seen by all Israel that he had assumed the throne, by his taking them as his own.<sup>2</sup> "It is better," says the Book of Proverbs, "to dwell in a corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house;"<sup>3</sup> nor would it be any great hardship to do so in Palestine in the hot weather, for in the summer months the roof is the best sleeping-place. The text, however, doubtless means that even in the colder season any wretched spot, though exposed alike to rain and wind, is better than the best room with the company of a scold. Who would have thought that old Hebrew families were ever thus miserable?

When the paralytic was brought to Jesus, his bearers took him up the outside stairs, so common still in the court or yard, and carried him to the housetop. Many roofs have a hatchway opening into the room below, but closed in the cold months; and this having been lifted, it was easy to let the man down at the feet of the Saviour.<sup>4</sup> His couch, we may be sure, was simply a hammock, offering no difficulty to his entrance through the opening. To think of his bearers breaking up the roof, is out of the question. If cemented, it would be quite a task to do so, and the house would have been spoiled; nor would it have been much better had it been necessary to tear or break a way through a thick bedding of earth and boughs, such as we find in some places. The crowd below would have been very soon scattered by such a rain of dust and clods—not to speak of broken sticks or stalks—as would have come down on them. There was just such a hatchway as I have described on the top of the schoolhouse of the American Mission at Assiout, in Egypt, and they are common in Palestine. Isaiah speaks of the people of Moab assembling on their housetops, "howling and weeping abundantly" at the news of the taking of their capital by the foe,<sup>5</sup> and of the population of Jerusalem as "wholly gone up to the housetops"<sup>6</sup> to look out for the Assyrians coming to attack them, or at the country people streaming through the gates for protection, or in hopes of catching sight of the standards of Tirhakah advancing to their deliverance.<sup>7</sup> Jeremiah, like Isaiah, predicted that there would be "lamentation upon all the housetops of Moab."<sup>8</sup> The Jews, in their apostasy, copied the evil example of Ahaz in erecting altars to the host of heaven on the top of his house,<sup>9</sup> for they built private ones for the same idolatry on their own roofs, and burnt incense upon them.<sup>10</sup> And Christ, again, tells His disciples to use the low housetops for a pulpit from which to proclaim the glad news He had told them.<sup>11</sup>

1 1 Sam. ix. 25. 2 2 Sam. xvi. 22. 3 Prov. xxi. 9. 4 Luke v. 19. 5 Isa. xv. 3. 6 Isa. xxii. 1. 7 Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, iv. 440. 8 Jer. xviii. 38. 9 2 Kings xxii. 12. 10 Zeph. i. 5; Jer. xix. 13. 11 Matt. x. 27.



Pasture near Bethlehem. (See page 268.)



## CHAPTER XX.

## BETHLEHEM TO JERUSALEM.

It brings very forcibly before the mind how small a country Palestine is, to find that the chief scenes of David's life, before he reigned in Jerusalem, lie within a circle of not more than twelve or fifteen miles round his native village. It was only a three or four hours' journey for the boy from Bethlehem to Saul's camp at Socoh; and by starting early, as he would, he could readily have been among the fighting men in the beginning of the forenoon, so as to leave abundant time for his magnificent duel with Goliath. It would be little for one so strong and active, to go on his venturesome challenge down the stony, brush-wood-covered hill on which his brothers and the other Hebrews stood drawn up, across the half-mile of broad, flat valley, now covered every season with grain, then over the narrow trench in the middle full of white pebbles worn by the rain; nor would it have been more than a youth could do without special effort, to return again the same night to his father's house in Bethlehem. Adullam, Keilah, Carmel, Ziph, all lie within a small circle: David's adventures, indeed, during several years, may all be followed in a space smaller almost than any of our English counties.

But it was time to leave this most interesting spot, where, in David's own words—called forth, it may be, by the scenery round his native town—"the little hills rejoice on every side: the pastures are clothed with flocks, and the valleys are covered over with corn."<sup>1</sup> It takes but a few minutes to strike a tent, and a very short time to pack it on the backs of the patient donkeys, so that we were soon on the way to Jerusalem. The road was thronged with town and country people, going to their gardens, or bringing loads from them. Asses quietly pattered on beneath huge burdens of cauliflowers large enough to rejoice the heart of an English gardener. Camels stalked up the hill with loads of building stone: their drivers with clubs in their girdles. Men and women, in picturesque dress, passed this way and that as we jogged down towards Pilate's Aqueduct, which runs level with the ground, or nearly so, is covered with flat unhewn stones, and would be overlooked as only a common wall but for openings at intervals through which the running water is seen. The road turns straight to the north, with stony fields on the right, and a narrow open hollow of olives on the left, the ground slowly rising on this side, however, till at Rachel's grave, about a mile from Bethlehem, there is for the time a level space, well strewn, as usual, with stones of all sizes.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. lxx. 13.

The place where the mother of Joseph and Benjamin, the patriarch Jacob's early and abiding love, is buried, is one of the few spots respecting which Christian, Jew, and Mahomedan agree. The present building consists of four square walls, each twenty-three feet long, and about twenty feet high, with a flat roof, from which a dome, with the plaster over it in sad disrepair, rises for about ten feet more. The masonry is rough: the stones set in rows, with no attempt at finish, or even exact regularity. Originally there was a large arch in each of the walls, which between them enclose an open space, but these arches have at some time been built up. The building dates, perhaps, from the twelfth century, though the earliest notice we have of it is a sketch in an old Jewish book of the year A. D. 1537. Joined to the back of it is another building consisting of four stone walls coarsely built, and about thirteen feet high, the space enclosed being thirteen feet deep and twenty-three feet broad—that is, as broad as the domed building; with a flat roof. Behind this again, the walls are continued, at the same height, for twenty-three feet more each way, forming a covered court, used for prayer by the Mahomedans. Under the dome stands an empty tomb of modern appearance, but entrance to this part, and also to the second chamber, is in the hands of the Jews, who visit it on Fridays. The pillar erected by Jacob has long since disappeared, having apparently been replaced at various times by different constructions. No part of the present building, I may say, except the high domed part, is older, apparently, than the present century.

The stone raised by Jacob in memory of his much-loved wife has been turned to wonderful account by recent "advanced critics" of the Old Testament, who have founded on this simple act the astounding assertion that Jacob and the patriarchs were sun-worshippers, and this poor headstone an idolatrous sun-pillar, such as were set up in the temples of Baal and Astarte, the foul gods of Canaan.<sup>1</sup> This amazing theory rests, like a pyramid on its sharp end, on the minute fact that the word for the obelisks raised to the sun-god was used also for such memorials as this tombstone to Rachel, or that erected in attestation of the covenant between Jacob and Laban, or for the stone set up by Jacob himself at Bethel on his return to Canaan, as a witness to the second covenant made with him there by Jehovah.<sup>2</sup> Twelve similar stones, described by the same word, were erected by Moses when the Twelve Tribes accepted the covenant made with them by God:<sup>3</sup> to remain a permanent proof of their having done so, and a silent plea for their fidelity. Did the great law-giver who proclaimed, "Hear, O Israel, Jehovah, our God, is one Jehovah,"<sup>4</sup> and commanded that Israel should have no other gods before Him, or make any graven image, or

<sup>1</sup> Robertson Smith, *Old Test. in the Jewish Church*, pp. 226, 353. <sup>2</sup> Gen. xxviii. 18, 22; xxxi. 13, 45, 51, 52; xxxv. 14. <sup>3</sup> Exod. xxiv. 4-7. <sup>4</sup> Deut. vi. 4 (Heb.).



Tomb of Rachel. (See page 271.)



likeness of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth<sup>1</sup>—did this earnest and lofty soul, filled with loyalty to the one living and true God, set up twelve sun-pillars in honor of Baal? Credulity has gone a great way when it can believe this, nor can much be said for the modesty which would suggest it.

I own to a specially kindly feeling to Jacob from the story of his affection for his first love. How tender it was, is seen, as has been noticed already, by his going back to the scene of her death in his dying conversation with Joseph, more than forty years after he had lost her.<sup>2</sup> The headstone at Bethlehem was still before his eyes, in these last hours of his life, and she was as precious to him then as when she first won his heart, seventy years before. He had faults, and great ones, but the man who is capable of an unchanging love has a great deal in him to respect.

It is striking how much there is in the story of the patriarchs which the manners of the East even yet illustrate. The sending of Eliezer to Mesopotamia to get a wife for Isaac is exactly what the sheikh of an Arab tribe would do to-day. A Bedouin always marries in his own clan, and will take any trouble to do so, and the same custom prevails among the Hindoos;<sup>3</sup> while there was a strong religious motive in the directions of Abraham on this point—to keep his descendants from going over to the idolatry of Canaan.<sup>4</sup> What Isaac was doing when Rebekah came in sight has been vigorously disputed. Our Bible tells us he had gone out to meditate,<sup>5</sup> but a great German scholar maintains that he had gone out to collect dry stalks and weeds for the evening fire,<sup>6</sup> showing no little ingenuity in defence of his novel interpretation, which, indeed, had already been suggested by some of the rabbis. He could, to be sure, meditate while at his task, for one need not be idle to turn his thoughts in a serious direction, and in the East no detail of tent life is beneath a sheikh's personal attention; for we are told that even the great Abraham ran to the herd and, himself, "fetched a calf, and gave it to a young man, to kill and dress for his visitors."<sup>7</sup> Just as an Arab bride would do now in being brought to her future husband, Rebekah "lighted off the camel" and veiled herself,<sup>8</sup> because she would not ride while he was on foot, and she could not allow her face to be seen till she was his wife.

Isaac had been brought up, in childhood, in his mother Sarah's part of the tent, shut off from the men's part, and thither he took his bride, fortunately "loving her" when now for the first time he saw her. She would be led to it by her nurse and her maids who had come with her, but, one by one, these would leave her, till she was all alone with the nurse, wondering whether she would please Isaac when he came.

<sup>1</sup> Exod. xx. 3, 4. <sup>2</sup> Gen. xlviii. 7. <sup>3</sup> Rosenmüller, *A. u. N. Morgenland*, i. 102. <sup>4</sup> Gen. xxiv. 6. <sup>5</sup> Gen. xxiv. 63. <sup>6</sup> Bottcher, *Aehrenlese*, i. 19. <sup>7</sup> Gen. xviii. 7. <sup>8</sup> Gen. xxiv. 64, 65.

After a time, the nurse would throw a shawl over her head, and, a signal having been given, the curtain would be pushed aside for a moment, and the bridegroom would enter, and the nurse withdraw. Man and wife would thus for the first time be face to face. Now came the moment for removing the veil, or shawl, that hid the bride's face. If he had been a modern Oriental, Isaac would have said, "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful." and, then, raising the shawl, would greet his wife with the words, "Blessed be this night," to which her answer would be, "God bless thee." This was the first time Isaac had seen Rebekah unveiled, and it would be an anxious matter for the nurse and the maids, and, above all, for Rebekah herself, whether she pleased or disappointed her husband, for there might have been an anticipation of Jacob's trouble, by finding a Leah instead of a Rachel. But Rebekah's face pleased her future lord, as, indeed, the face of the bride generally does a bridegroom, and he would announce this fact to the anxious women outside, who, forthwith, no doubt, set up a shrill cry of delight, just as their sisters who stand in the same relation to a young wife do now. To the Semitic races this shout of the triumphant and satisfied bridegroom is one of the most delightful sounds that can be uttered, and has been so for immemorial ages; and it is to this our Saviour alludes when He says, "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom; but the friend of the bridegroom, who standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice."<sup>1</sup>

The character of Jacob was a duplicate of that of his mother. As her pet, she trained him, perhaps unconsciously, in her own faults, and he was clearly an apt scholar. The sister of Laban, a man full of craft and deceit like most Arabs, was not likely to be very open or straightforward. To make a favorite of one of a family, at least so as to show preference, is a sign of narrow, though perhaps deep, affection; but to overreach a husband like Isaac, for the injury of one of her two sons, was as heartless as it was ignoble. The wonder is that, with such a mother, Jacob was, in the end, even as worthy as he proved himself. His being a plain man, living in tents,<sup>2</sup> points to the contrast between the wild unsettledness of his brother and his own quiet, or, we might say, "domesticated" nature, and so does his life as a shepherd, roving about with his flocks and tents—a life greatly honored among the Hebrews—while Esau spent his days in what they thought the rough, savage pursuits of a hunter. The red pottage of lentils for which Jacob bought the birthright,<sup>3</sup> is still a favorite dish among the poorer classes in the East; the lentils being first boiled, and then made tasty by mixing some fat with them,<sup>4</sup> or olive-oil and pepper. Barzillai, it will be remembered, brought a quantity of them, among other things, with him to Mahanaim, as a gift to David, during the rebellion of

1 Ebers, *Egypt*, ii. 96. 2 Gen. xxv. 27. 3 Gen. xxv. 30. 4 Robinson, *Bib. Res.*, i. 246.

Absalom; and we find that in times of scarcity in the days of Ezekiel they were mixed with wheat and other grain, including spelt, to make bread.<sup>1</sup> Lentils are still grown in great quantities in Egypt, and largely in Palestine, where one might think them peas, at an early stage of their growth, for they rise only to a height of six or eight inches, and have tendrils and pods like the pea, though purple, not green. In England and Wales they are grown as food for cattle, though it would be a blessing for the peasantry if they recognized their rich nutritiousness, and used them for themselves. European children born in Palestine are passionately fond of lentil porridge; nature unchecked by prejudice, turning eagerly to that which it finds best suited to its wants. Two kinds of the plant are grown, the brown and the red; the latter being the better.

The deceit of Rebekah and Jacob was sorely visited on both. It must have been a great trial to the mother to lose her favorite son for ever, for Jacob not only never saw his mother again, but lost all the fruit of his years of toil under his father, and had to begin the world again in Mesopotamia, with a very hard master; spending more than twenty years before he had flocks enough to be independent of him. But Isaac was not free from blame, for a father should not show favoritism in his family, especially if it rest to a large extent on so poor a basis as the love of savory meat.<sup>2</sup> The gazelles which Esau hunted still abound in the Negeb, where Isaac had his tents; and it must have taxed Rebekah's skill to disguise a young kid so as to give it the flavor of the wild creature. It may seem strange to read that Isaac "smelled" Jacob's clothes,<sup>3</sup> but in India, to this day, a similar custom prevails; so that parents will compare the smell of a child to that of a fragrant plant, and a good man will be spoken of as having a sweet smell.<sup>4</sup>

The stone at Bethel<sup>5</sup> would have been a hard pillow for a European, but the thick turban of the Oriental, and the habit of covering the head with the outer garment during sleep, would make a cushion. The meeting with Rachel, like that of Eliezer with Rebekah, is true, in the minutest touches, to Eastern life. Abraham's deputy makes his camels kneel down, without the city, "by a well of water, at the time of evening: the time that women go out to draw water;" and so would an Arab now. Wells are commonly, though not always, just outside the towns; and it is not only correct that evening is the time for drawing water, but that the task falls to the women. The peasant is then returning from his labor in the field, or driving home his small flock, and his wife and daughters have the evening meal to prepare, for which water is needed. It is, moreover, the cool of the day. At any Eastern village you meet long files of women thus occupied. That

1 Ezek. iv. 9. 2 Gen. xxvii. 4. 3 Gen. xxvii. 27. 4 Roberts, *Indian Illustrations*. 5 Gen. xxviii. 11.

Rebekah should have carried her water-jar on her shoulder is another touch of exactness, for Syrian women still carry the jar thus, while their Egyptian sisters balance it on their heads.

It is striking, when we think of the place of our Saviour's birth, to read of the camels being brought into Laban's house.<sup>1</sup> I have often seen beasts thus put up with the household. In the same way we can restore the whole narrative of Jacob's meeting with Rachel,<sup>2</sup> from everyday life in the East at the present time. The well is in the field; that is, in the open pasture-land. Water being scarce, all the flocks, for miles round, meet at it to be watered. The heavy stone rolled over its mouth may be seen by any traveller in many parts of Palestine. The daughters of the flock-masters still go, in many places, to tend and water the flocks. You may see them thus engaged near almost any Arab tents in the plain of Sharon or of Philistia. That Laban kissed Jacob effusively is only what one sees Orientals doing every day, on meeting a neighbor or friend. The wily Syrian, in admitting that it is better to give Rachel to the son of Isaac than to another man, acted simply on the Bedouin law that a suitor has the exclusive right to the hand of his first cousin, so that even if he do not himself wish to marry her, she cannot be married without his consent. To give a female slave to a daughter, as part of her dowry, is usual now, where means permit, so that Zilpah's being given to Leah at her marriage is another proof of the unchanging sameness of Eastern life in all ages. Excuses for sending home an elder daughter, instead of a younger, to the bridegroom, need still to be made in not a few cases, and are exactly the same as those with which Laban palliated the substitution of Leah for Rachel. The mandrakes found by Reuben, and craved by Rachel, are still in demand among Eastern women, in the same belief that they quicken love, and have other related uses. The plant is not rare in Palestine, and ripens in April or May. It has long, sharp-pointed, hairy leaves, of a deep green, springing from the ground, with dingy white flowers splashed with purple, and fruit which the Greeks called "love-apples," about the size of a nutmeg, and of a pale orange color; the root striking down like a forked carrot. It is closely allied to the deadly nightshade, and has in all ages been famed, not only among women, but among men, in the latter case for its qualities as an intoxicant. From Leah and Rachel the interest in the mandrake passed down through each generation of their Hebrew descendants, so that we find its smell very appropriately introduced in the Song of Songs by the lovesick maiden, as awaiting her beloved if he go out with her to the vineyard.<sup>3</sup> The wish of a wife for a son, as a surety that her husband will not divorce her, is as much a characteristic of Eastern women to-day as it was in the time

1 Gen. xxiv. 31, 32. 2 Gen. xxix. 3 Cant. vii. 13.



A Jewish cotton cleaner removing the seeds with the "bow."



of the patriarch, as has been already noticed. So great an event is a son's birth that, as I have said, a father is no longer known by his own name after the son is born, but as the father of Abdallah, or Ibrahim, or whatever name the child receives.

The teraphim of Laban, carried off by Rachel, open a curious chapter in the history of old Jewish religion. They were images, small enough to be stored in the large saddle-bags, or panniers, of Rachel's camel, and thus evidently much below the human size, and were regarded by Laban as his gods, the possession of which was of vital importance. Rachel, no doubt, shared in his opinion of their supernatural power, and had taken them, we may well suppose, that they might transfer to her husband some of the advantages of which he had been unjustly defrauded by her father. By Josephus they are called household gods,<sup>1</sup> which it was usual for the owner to carry with him for good fortune, if he went to a distance from home. How Laban made use of them is not told, though he speaks in one place of "divining,"<sup>2</sup> and probably did so by consulting them as oracles; just as we find Joseph, in Egypt, divining by a cup,<sup>3</sup> perhaps by the movements of water in it or of substances put into the water; the fondness for such superstition clinging to him through his mother. If we may judge from later instances, Laban's teraphim were decked with an ephod, as a medium for divine communications—a broad ornamented belt round the body, reaching from the armpits to the lower ribs; held in place by a strap or girdle of the same material, and also by cords from a broad collar or cape of the same stuff covering the shoulders.<sup>4</sup> It was on the front of such an ephod that the Jewish high priest, in later times, wore the oracular Urim and Thummim. Thus Micah, in Mount Ephraim, "had an house of gods, and made an ephod and teraphim," which Jonathan, the apostate descendant of Moses, whom Micah had made his priest, carried off to Dan, and used there for idolatrous worship.<sup>5</sup> The ephod, indeed, is mentioned in connection with teraphim as late as the time of Hosea, just before the overthrow of the Ten Tribes.<sup>6</sup> The Danites evidently believed in the oracular power of such a combination, since the discovery of it in Micah's possession led them at once to the conclusion that they could use it to see what they were to do next, in their adventurous journey on the war-path in search of a new home.<sup>7</sup> House-gods, in various form, have always, indeed, been a great feature in idolatrous systems. Thus in the ruins of the great palace of Khorsabad, at Nineveh, Botta discovered under the threshold of the gates a number of statuettes in baked clay; images of Bel, Nergal, and Nebo, placed there, as an inscription tells us, "to keep away the wicked, and all enemies, by

1. *Ios. Ant.*, xviii. 9, 5. 2 *Gen.* xxx. 27 (Heb.). 3 *Gen.* xlv. 5. 4 *Riehm*, p. 387. 5 *Judg.* xvii. 5; xviii. 18—20. 6 *Hos.* iii. 4. 7 *Judg.* xviii. 4, 5.

the terror of death.”<sup>1</sup> Different parts of a house were placed under the protection of separate divinities; and a magic formula, which has been discovered, directs that a small image of one god ought to be placed at the court-gate of a house; of another, in the ground near the bed; of a third, inside the door; of a fourth, under the threshold of the door, at each side. We do not know of the Hebrews carrying their superstition so far as this, but the protection sought by means of the teraphim is closely allied to it, and the Israelites certainly sprang from an idolatrous stock, for Joshua states that their fathers, who dwelt on the other side of the Euphrates, served other gods than Jehovah.<sup>2</sup> Indeed, this ancestral tendency lingered among them till extirpated by the sharp discipline of the Captivity, and even after their return they could not wean themselves from dabbling in some forms of the black art.

The presence of such images, and also of magic charms and amulets implying faith in “strange gods,” seemed, however, to Jacob, incompatible with his appearing as he ought before Jehovah at Bethel, on his return to Western Palestine, and they were consequently buried under “the terebinth which was by Shechem,” known apparently from that time as “the Terebinth of the Diviners.”<sup>3</sup> But though it was thrust out from his own encampment, the patriarch could not uproot from his race the belief in their power. We have seen how Micah turned to them during the anarchy of the period of the Judges, and that his images continued to be revered and consulted at Dan till the Captivity. They must, moreover, have been very general even in later times, for we find David’s wife, Michal, taking the household teraphim and laying it on the bed, with goat’s hair over the brow, to imitate that of her husband—if, indeed, the hair of a common fly-net be not meant<sup>4</sup>—thus enabling him to escape from her father’s messengers.<sup>5</sup> David’s house could hardly be exceptional in such a matter, even apart from the fact that he moved in the front rank of “society,” and would find abundant imitation on this ground alone, for fashion is set by royalty or position in all ages. Even so late as the fifth century before Christ, indeed, we find the Prophet Zechariah affirming that “the teraphim have spoken vanity, and the diviners have seen a lie, and have told false dreams:”<sup>6</sup> words which conclusively prove that teraphim were in his day consulted as oracles. The earnest-souled Josiah first made a raid on these images, and swept them away for the time,<sup>7</sup> though, we fear, hardly for a permanence, for we find that they were honored by the Babylonians among whom the Captivity carried Israel; Ezekiel describing Nebuchadnezzar as standing where the roads parted, on one hand to Rabbath of Ammon, and to Jerusalem on the other, consulting his teraphim as to which route he should take.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lenormant, *La Magie*, p. 45. <sup>2</sup> Josh. xxiv. 2. <sup>3</sup> Judg. ix. 37 (Heb.). <sup>4</sup> Herzog, *Real. Encycl.*, xv. 551, 2te Auf. <sup>5</sup> 1 Sam. xix. 13, 14. <sup>6</sup> Zech. x. 2. <sup>7</sup> 2 Kings xxlii. 24. <sup>8</sup> Ezek. xxi. 21.

The best account of this interesting feature in old Jewish religious life is that of Ewald.<sup>1</sup> "An image of this kind," he says, "did not consist of a single piece, but of several parts, at least when the owner cared to have one of the more elaborate and complete form. The simple image, made of stone or wood, was always that of a god in human form, sometimes as large as a man, but even in early times the bare image seemed too plain. It was, therefore, as a rule, plated with gold or silver, partly or as a whole, and hence the bitter words of the stricter worshippers of Jehovah, who abhorred all image-worship, and spoke of it contemptuously as the work of the carver or the metal-founder, whose arts united in the production of the idol. Where the precious metals were plentiful enough, however, the image might be formed entirely of them. To this point, therefore, a house-god, apart from its particular form, was prepared exactly like every other idol; something added to it formed the special characteristic of the primitive house-god of Israel. To understand this, it must particularly be remembered that these house-gods were used, from the earliest times, as means for obtaining oracles, or communications from above, so that the teraphim were, in fact, strictly identical with the idols which performed oracles. To equip them for this purpose, an ephod was put on the image; an elaborate tippet round the shoulders, to which was fixed a pouch, containing the pebbles or other lots used for determining oracles, as the Urim and Thummim were hung on the breast of the high priest. A kind of mask was next set on the head of the idol, from which, apparently, the priest seeking an oracle decided by some sign whether or not the god would give a response at the time. These masks were needed to complete the image, and hence they got from them the name teraphim, a nodding countenance or living mask. At the same time, we can understand how the teraphim are described, now as of human size and form, and elsewhere as so small and light that they could be hidden under a camel-saddle; for the two chief oracular details—the ephod and the mask—were the main things, especially in a house-god, long and tenderly preserved and loved. Such, one cannot doubt, were the primitive house-gods of Israel, and if we consider the extraordinary tenacity with which everything of a domestic character held its ground, with little change, in spite of the fundamentally opposed principles of the religion of Jehovah, it is not surprising that many sought protection and oracular communications from these family idols, through centuries, and fancying, however, that it was Jehovah Himself who spoke through them."

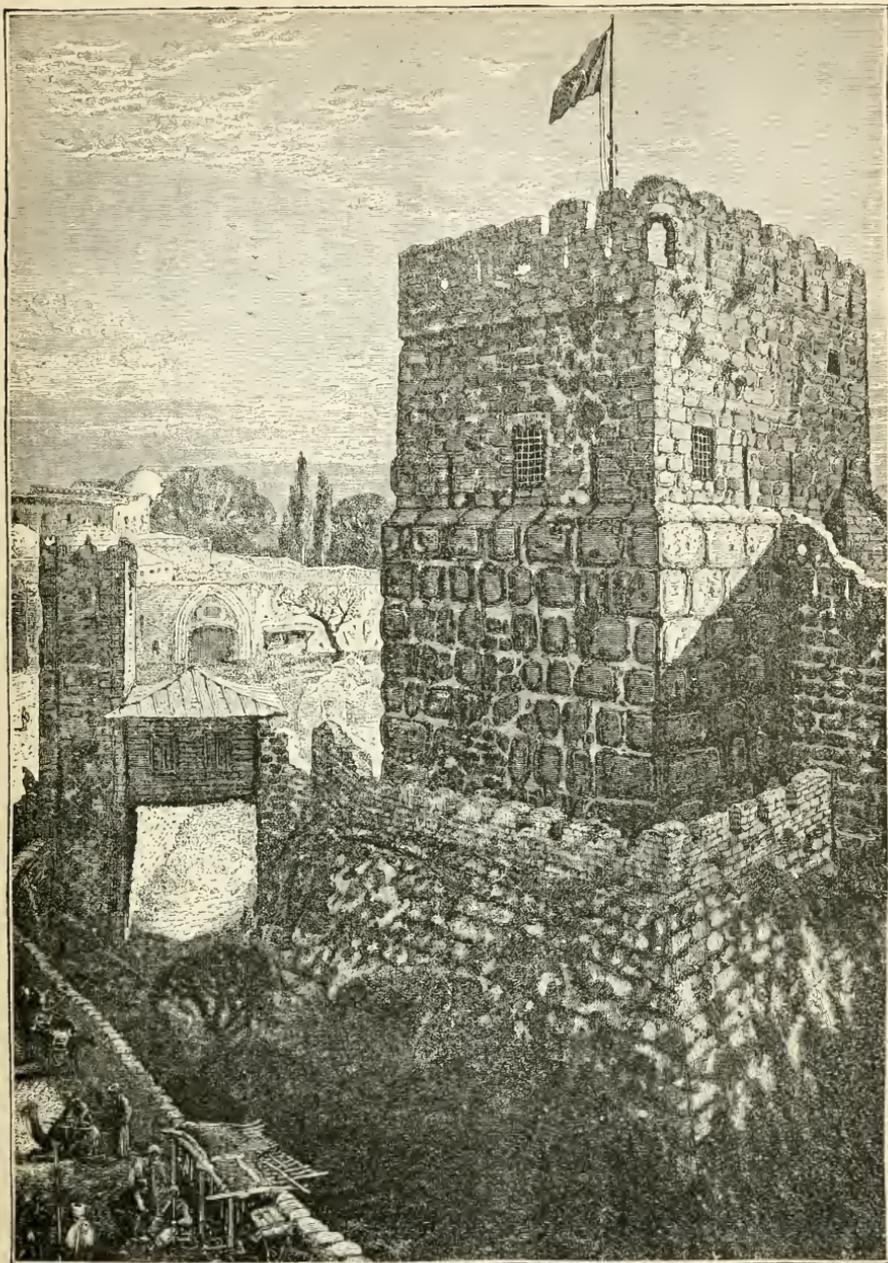
From the sad spot where he buried his well-loved Rachel, Jacob wandered on towards the south, with his tents and his motherless babe—a son of sorrow to her who was gone, but the son of his right hand<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ewald, *Alterthümer*, p. 297. <sup>2</sup> Gen. xxxv. 18.

to the broken-hearted father—and encamped on the way to Hebron near a tower built for the protection of shepherds and their flocks;<sup>1</sup> folds, of dry stone, with prickly bushes laid on the top of the walls, as is the custom now, being, no doubt, connected with it. Hebron and its neighborhood seems to have been the permanent home of the patriarch, so far as his black tents, pitched on one of the slopes near, could be called home, till he went down to Egypt on Joseph's invitation.<sup>2</sup> He and his tribe differed, however, in one point from modern Arabs—they had no horses, so far as we know, though the horse was so abundant in Palestine in the time of Thothmes III., who reigned from B. C. 1610 to B. C. 1556,<sup>3</sup> that he captured 2,041 mares and 191 fillies at the battle of Megiddo, which was fought about 250 years after the death of Jacob. The Hebrews, as "plain men living in tents" in their earlier history, and as simple hill-men after their successful invasion of Canaan, never adopted the horse till Solomon introduced it from Egypt to gratify his inordinate love of display and self-indulgent extravagance. Hence they were known, among the people who boasted of cavalry, for their use of the ass instead of the nobler animal. There is, in accordance with this, a painting on the walls of a tomb at Benihasan, on the Nile, of the arrival, about the time of Abraham's visit to Egypt, of a Semitic family desiring leave to settle in the Nile valley: their goods being carried on asses, the only beast of burden they appear to have. It was alleged, indeed, in later ages, so identified with the ass did the Hebrews become, that, having been driven from Egypt as lepers, they were guided to a supply of water by an ass in their journey thence, and, in consequence, they worshipped the race of their four-footed benefactor. It was said, also, that when Antiochus Epiphanes forced his way into the Holy of Holies in Jerusalem, he found there the stone likeness of a long-bearded man, who sat on an ass, and whom he took for Moses. From this, the rumor spread that the Jews worshipped an ass's head of gold in their Holy of Holies. The slander, doubtless, arose, at first, from the worship of the ass by the Egyptians, as the symbol of their god Typhon, who was said to have fled through the wilderness on one of these animals.<sup>4</sup> It is striking, however, to notice how easily the story might arise, for Abraham's ass is mentioned more than once in the Bible; Issachar was compared by Jacob to a strong ass; Achsah rode on an ass; the princes and nobles rode on asses; the asses of Kish are famous; Moses set his wife and his sons on an ass which the Rabbis have honored with the most astounding fables; and the sons of Jacob took asses for the corn they were to bring back from Egypt.<sup>5</sup>

That such comparatively feeble creatures can stand a journey across

<sup>1</sup> This is the meaning of "the tower of Edar" (Gen. xxxv. 21). <sup>2</sup> Gen. xxxv. 27; xlv. 1. <sup>3</sup> Ebers, in *Reichm.* <sup>4</sup> J. G. Müller, in *Studien und Kritiken*, 1843, pp. 906–912, 930–935. <sup>5</sup> Gen. xxii. 3, 5; xlix. 14; Ex. iv. 20; Josh. xv. 18; Judg. v. 10; Zech. ix. 9; Gen. xlv. 3.



Tower of David, Jerusalem. (See page 288.)



the desert, is known to every traveller in the East. Camels are employed for the most part, but donkeys are always found as part of a caravan; and I have seen large droves of horses on the way to Egypt from Damascus. The fact is that water, the want of which is thought to make travelling over the desert wastes practicable only for camels, is found in almost any direction, in quantities sufficient for either horses or asses. Camels can bear thirst for days together, and other animals can do with far less drinking than is supposed. Only one day's journey between Palestine and Cairo is quite waterless, and any muddy brackish supply found in some desert hollow on the second day suffices. Water for human beings is sometimes carried in skins, but this provision is not needed for animals.

The sky over Bethlehem, the night before leaving it, brought forcibly to my mind the promise given to Abraham,<sup>1</sup> when he was "brought forth abroad" from his tent and told to look up to the stars, which, innumerable as they seemed, his posterity was to outnumber. The spectacle of the heavens at night is at all times magnificent in Palestine, for the heavenly bodies, instead of merely shining afar, like gems inlaid in the firmament, hang down like resplendent lamps, beyond which one looks away into the infinite. That the patriarch should have risen so far above his contemporaries as to regard these moving orbs as the work of an invisible Creator, is assuredly to be explained only on the hypothesis of a revelation granted to him. For, even now, how inscrutable is the mystery of nature, after all our science; how complicated the theories of its origin and continuance; how profound the ignorance implied in the latest attitude of science—the simple acceptance of facts as they stand, without an attempt to rise to any intelligent first cause! That the heavenly bodies should be worshipped in such a climate as that of Syria or Mesopotamia in ages when science was as yet unborn, and motion, or impulse of any kind, seemed to indicate life, was as inevitable as the fancies of a child at the whirl of a leaf or the flow of water. Mankind were children in the infancy of the world, and their religions the religions of children. How wonderful that Abraham, bred amidst such mental simplicity, should have risen, not only above his own age, but above all ages since, outside the teaching of the Bible! It was intensely interesting, moreover, to look up, in David's own village, on the skies which he had watched with the eyes of a poet, and whose glory, as a tribute to that of Jehovah, he had sung, perhaps on the very hills lying asleep in the moonlight round me, in the hallowed strains—

"O Jehovah, our God,  
How excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xv. 5.

Who hast set Thy glory upon the heavens,  
When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers  
The moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained,  
What is man, that Thou art mindful of him,  
And the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"<sup>1</sup>

A little north of the grave of Rachel, part of the soil is thickly covered with stones, about the size of peas. Christ, says the legend, was once passing here, when a peasant was sowing peas on this spot, and, being asked what he sowed, churlishly answered, "Stones." "For this answer," said Christ, "you will reap stones," and from that time the ground was barren, and covered with the pea-like stones we see. Many pilgrims, travellers, and country people were passing to Bethlehem, or going from it to the capital, some on horses, others on asses, but most on foot. A band of Americans of both sexes, young and old, rode on together to David's city in high spirits; some Englishmen were forcing their beasts into a gallop northwards; a Greek woman with a child was moving slowly forward on an ass, the husband walking at the creature's side and quickening its tired pace by rough words. Peasant-women were returning from Jerusalem, each with an empty basket on her head, stepping on bravely in their narrow blue dresses, without any thought of hiding their natural shape by any tricks of fashion, and shortening the way with loud, cheerful banter and gossip. Lines of camels, laden or without burdens, stalked with awkward, slow steps towards Hebron. The ground sinks a little after we pass Rachel's grave, then rises again as we approach the large building known as the Monastery of Elias, which is inhabited by a few Greek monks who fondly believe that the prophet Elijah rested here in his flight from Jezebel,<sup>2</sup> leaving his footprint in the rock as a memorial. Unfortunately, it is known that the original building was erected by a Bishop Elias, at an early date, so that the claim on behalf of the prophet is more than usually apocryphal. A comparatively fruitful valley lies below the monastery, running to the east, but the hills in every direction are as rough and bare as the most barren parts of the Scotch Highlands. The view from the monastery hill, however, is remarkably fine. To the south stand the white houses of Bethlehem on their height; on the north, beyond a broad plain, rise the walls and buildings of Jerusalem—the high, sloping top of Neby Samwil closing the view on the distant horizon; on the east the eye wanders over hills, sinking, wave after wave, towards the Dead Sea, of which part lies, in deepest azure, between these and the yellow-red table-land of Moab, which seems, in the transparent air, only a few miles distant. On the west the landscape is shut in by high ridges of hills. This spot, from

<sup>1</sup> Ps. viii. 1-4. <sup>2</sup> 1 Kings xix. 3.

which the traveller coming from the south first sees Mount Moriah, the site of the Jewish Temple, wakes the tenderest recollections in every heart that reverences the Father of the Faithful. Here Abraham, on his sad journey from Beersheba, at God's command that he should offer his only and well-loved son Isaac on Moriah, first came in sight of the hill. It was on the third day of his torturing ride from the south that, lifting up his eyes, he saw the place afar off. "Then Abraham said to his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you."<sup>1</sup> This must have been spoken just about where the Monastery of Elias now stands, and yet, strange to say, the monks have thought only of fables respecting Elijah, and have never realized the peculiar interest of their dwelling in connection with Abraham and his son. The land round the monastery is carefully tilled, and fenced with strong walls of dry stone, gathered with heavy labor from the surface of the ground to make it fit for cultivation. The monks have also planted fine olive-groves, and show the real benefit such a colony may be in a wild region, when industrious and intelligent. The building itself is strong enough to resist a Bedouin attack should one at any time be made.

The road sank very gently from Mar Elias towards the north, and presented the very unusual sight, in Palestine, of gangs of men at work to make it passable for carriages. Levelling, filling up, smoothing, were all in progress; the laborers swarming, in turbans, fezzes, wide "abbas," or close cotton shirts, and bare-legged, in all directions. Such a phenomenon, in any part of the Turkish Empire, well deserves notice. How long the spurt of activity will last, who gave the money, and who will get it finally, are all questions more easily asked than answered. Still sinking, the road leads gradually to the Valley of Hinnom, through stony slopes, sprinkled, as I passed, with the green of rising crops; but very different from English land, for there were, as it seemed, more stones than grain. It was the Valley of Rephaim, and promised what in Palestine is thought a rich harvest, such as it yielded when Isaiah, passing perhaps along this very track in the summer, saw "the harvest-man gathering the corn, and reaping the ears with his arm."<sup>2</sup> But one might look in vain for the wood of mulberry-trees behind which David, thanks in part to the rustling of the leaves in the wind,<sup>3</sup> was able to steal, unperceived, upon the Philistines when encamped in this valley. It was here, also, that at another time these foes of Israel were gathered when the three braves broke through their host and brought David the water from the well at the Gate of Bethlehem.<sup>4</sup> The wide plain it offers for nearly two miles before one reaches Jerusalem made Rephaim, in fact, the scene of many a fierce onslaught in ancient times between the Hebrews and their invaders.

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxii. 4, 5. <sup>2</sup> Isa. xvii. 5. <sup>3</sup> 2 Sam. v. 22—25. <sup>4</sup> 2 Sam. xxi. i. 13—16.

The road now crosses the Valley of Hinnom, over which the walls of Jerusalem look down, at this part, across a pleasant slope dotted with olive and other trees. The aqueduct from Solomon's Pools passes to the side of the valley next the city, just above the Lower Pool of Gihon; and our path crossed close below it, after passing a row of cottages built on the hill-side for his fellow Israelites by the late Sir Moses Montefiore. To the left, as we rose out of the Valley of Rephaim, the long upward slope of the hill, facing the west side of the city, was covered with olives; and there was also a windmill. Passing along the east side of the pool the road kept straight north, on the east side of the valley, which was not broad; a steady rise of nearly 200 feet in all bringing us at last to the Joppa Gate, past the gardens of the Armenian monastery within the walls, and past the mossy citadel with its great slanting foundations, cut off from the road by a deep fosse, into which it jutted out in grim strength, one of the few relics of the great Herod. My feet stood at last within the gates of Jerusalem!

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### JERUSALEM.

THE Joppa Gate, by which I entered the Holy City, stands near the north-west angle of the walls, rising on the south side from a deep hollow inside the wall, but standing on ground level with the road in all other directions. It is a castle-like building about fifty feet high, with battlemented top, very unfit now, however, to bear guns of even the lightest calibre, for the stones are but slightly held together by the rotten mortar, and, indeed, have fallen down at some spots. Grass grows where the watchman once looked out, and time has for centuries been allowed to play what freaks it pleased. As in many other gates, there is a turn at right angles before you get through: a plan adopted in olden days to help the defence. The front is, perhaps, forty feet across in all; the sides, about eighteen feet deep; the entrance, from the city side, is through a comparatively narrow gate, which fits roughly into the lower part of a high pointed arch, filled in with masonry above and at the sides to suit the rickety door. In the bow of the arch, about twenty feet above the ground, is an inscription in Arabic, and on the door itself are a very rude star and crescent, the emblems of Turkish rule. Outside, the Joppa road stretches up a slope, lined for a short distance on the upper side by some shops and

houses, including the British Consul's office; an open space spreading out on the other side, covered more or less with the booths of small dealers, donkeys waiting for hire, and a native café, of wood, before which numbers of laborers and workmen sit on low stools, smoking water-pipes, at all hours. Eating or drinking they do not indulge in; water-pipes seeming to be all that the café supplies.

A long wall, rising from the ditch and overgrown with leaves and stalks, runs along, inside the gate, on the right hand of the Tower of David. On the left the first sample of the domestic architecture of Jerusalem that one meets is a wretched house, about twelve feet high and eight broad, on a line with the left side of the gate; its front showing only decaying plaster, a rough door, and a small window, so high that no one can see through it; the tiled roof broken and moulting. One or two other hovels and a higher serpentine wall, turning hither and thither on its private account, to shut in some wretchedness or other, complete the picture. Camels passing through the gate took up for the moment all its available space as they stalked on, looking, as these creatures always do, straight before them, and meekly following a dark-skinned Arab who strode on in front, in white "kefiyeh" and cotton shirt, with bare legs; a water-bottle in one hand, a cord from the nose of the foremost camel in the other, and a bundle on his back. A gentleman in a fez and stripped "abba" sat on the ground, with his back to the gate, behind a modest display of fruit, chiefly oranges, set out on flat dishes and extemporized trays made from old boxes. Besides him stood a brother Jerusalemite, enjoying the shade of the gate, and looking quite dignified in a turban and flowing brown-and-white "abba" as he indulged in a quiet gossip with the fruit merchant at his feet. Three or four donkeys, unemployed for the moment, were smelling the low limestone wall, or biting each other; a less fortunate member of their race pattered on under a baggy-breeched figure; a donkey-boy was looking at a turbaned purchaser who had sat down on nothing, as only Orientals can, and was resting on his feet, his knees at his mouth, as he cheapened the terms on which a lady, sitting in the same attitude on the other side of some native brown unglazed earthenware dishes and jars, was willing to part with these treasures; both carefully using the scanty shadow of the wall during their solemn and protracted negotiations. Two grave turbaned figures stood behind, resting against the parapet in all the delight of idleness. The donkeys, and some pedestrians who had buttonholed each other for a chat, filled up, in a loose way, the space between this side of the street and the opposite, where another fruit merchant had extemporized a rude shade of old matting and branches, propped on a few sticks of all sizes, and dipping sadly in the middle. Under this, sat a man on the ground, with a water-bottle at his lips, as I passed, and open

palm baskets of fruit on all sides. Near him, and connected with the same establishment, an old man sat on the ground, with his legs, for a wonder, straight out in front, bargaining with a donkey-boy as to how many oranges he could afford to give for a farthing: a transaction which two bearded, turbaned citizens, in flowing robes, were following with rapt attention. Two camels went by, one tied to the other's coarse wooden pack-saddle, both with a large bag on each side, and surmounted by two human figures in "kefiyehs," with stout sticks, and faded linen, seated on the humps of the animals, with their legs crossed above the neck, as the brutes swayed slowly onwards. At every step such Oriental phenomena, human and four-footed, filled the way more numerous, as my horse paced wearily on, past the citadel, down the slope to the hotel where I was to put up.

The population of the city is one of its great attractions; one can never weary of looking at the endless variety of dress and occupation. An open space before the hotel was delightful for the human kaleidoscope it offered. Day by day you could watch kneeling camels waiting to be hired or to receive their loads, and waving lines of men and women, the one in "abbas," the other in the female counterpart, the "izar," sitting on the stones, or on a sack, with their knees on a level with their chins, behind heaps of cauliflowers, lemons, onions, radishes, oranges, and other fruit or vegetables, hoping for customers who seemed never to come. The wall towards the Joppa Gate, and in front of the citadel, which occupied the corner of the open space, was a favorite haunt of lowly tradesfolk. A few short poles resting on the ground and on the top of the low wall formed a frame over which to spread an old mat, laid on a shaky roof of sticks, nailed or tied together, the horizontal poles serving to display all kinds of wares, dangling from them; a few box-tops, or mat baskets, or sacks spread on the ground, letting the public into the secret of the extra stores awaiting their coin. A tempting display of wire, a wooden mousetrap, a sheaf of ancient umbrellas in various stages of decay, but about to be resuscitated, filled up some yards of wall. An old man, with his back resting against the stones, and a few rags below him for cushion, a white turban on his head, an old brown striped "abba" over some unknown under-garment, and a long pipe in his hand, sat with the gravity of a pasha at the side of three small baskets of lemons, raisins, and figs: his whole stock-in-trade, worth in all, perhaps, a shilling. A low rush stool at his side was set for any chance purchaser.

As I passed, a filthy camel swung slowly down the rough stones of the street, with a huge barrel balanced on each side. Jews were numerous in wideawakes, or in flat cloth caps with fur round them, a lovelock hanging at each ear; their dress a long black gown over a

yellow tunic fitting the body and reaching the feet. A bread-seller displayed some questionable brown "scones" on a board, laid on two small boxes; himself seated on a bag on the ground; his outfit, a large white turban, a striped cotton tunic extending to his ankles, and a patched black stuff jacket; all, like himself, the worse for wear. A bead and trinket seller had his wares spread out on a bit of brown sacking, alongside the wall, with a small packing-box before him—his counter by day, and his safe at night. Each morning fresh cauliflowers rose in banks and mounds, on the two stone steps opposite the hotel, with a passage left in the middle of the street for traffic. A venerable figure with a great white beard, surmounted by a white turban, and set off with a striped "abba," sat near by, cross-legged, on some rags, beside a few fly-blown figs of the year before, not larger than nuts; his scales beside him, as if anyone would ever think of investing in his poor display! Near at hand, another cross-legged patriarch presided over some oranges and lemons, in all the dignity of a white turban, a blue cotton coat reaching to his calves, and an old colored sash round his waist. Passing in front of him was a knife-grinder, carrying his wheel on his back, ready to set it down when a job offered, and shouting his presence, to attract customers. Water-carriers, in skull-caps or turbans, bare-armed and bare-legged, moved about with black skins full of the precious fluid, which they were taking to houses to empty into the domestic water-jars, sometimes through a hole in the wall; for it is not always reckoned safe to allow a man to enter the kitchen and thus see the other sex in the household.

Well-to-do men occasionally brightened the general air of poverty; one, for example, in a long blue cloth coat lined with fur, a white turban, yellow baggy breeches, a white vest, and a bright-colored sash. Women with bundles of fagots upon their heads for fuel; ridiculous-looking Armenian females with baggy breeches instead of petticoats; Turkish soldiers in shabby blue uniform; an occasional American, Englishman, or Continental European; a woman with a child astride her shoulders; some Russian pilgrims, who had, perhaps, walked from Archangel to Constantinople, with fine manly beards, fur, mortar-board-like caps, long warm great-coats, thick boots, or shoes, their legs, where they had not boots over their trousers, tied up with cross-straps, over warm wrappings which served for stockings; beggars with long sticks in their hands, and the oddest mockery of cotton clothing; a peasant with his plough on his shoulder, taking it to the smith to mend or sharpen; camels with huge loads of olive-cuttings, or fagots, for fuel, the driver in a "kefiyeh" sitting aloft over all, with the guiding-rope in one hand and a long pipe in the other—all this was only a sample of the ever-changing spectacle of the street.

The citadel, which rose almost opposite my hotel, is one of the most striking features of the Holy City. It stands on Mount Zion, in the middle of the western side, occupying, with its ditch and walls, about 150 yards from north to south, and about 125 from east to west; another space, seventy-five yards square, being taken up on the south side by the Turkish barracks. Beyond these the splendid garden of the Armenian monastery runs, for another 250 yards, inside the wall; the fortress, barracks, and garden occupying a continuous strip within the wall, a little less than 500 yards in length; the west side, in fact, of Mount Zion. How great a piece this is of the city may be judged by the size of the whole town, omitting the great Temple grounds to the east, now those of the Mosque of Omar. From north to south, it is about 1,200 yards from the Damascus Gate to the Zion Gate, and it is about 700 yards from the Joppa Gate, on the west, to the Temple grounds on the east. Add to this a square of less than 400 yards, joining the north end of the Temple space, and you have the entire city; the area once sacred to the Temple, which also is within the walls, filling up an extra 300 yards or so of breadth, and a length of about 500 yards. The walk round the walls, which, of course, enclose everything—monasteries, gardens, Temple space, citadel, streets, and churches—is about two miles and a half. But it is about three miles and a half round Hyde Park, including Kensington Gardens.<sup>1</sup>

The western side of the city is slightly higher than the eastern: the ground near the Joppa Gate and on Mount Zion, to the south of it, lying about 2,550 feet above the sea, while the Temple space is 110 feet lower. There is thus a slope to the east in all the streets running thence from the west, although the levels of the ancient city have been greatly modified by the rubbish of war and peace during three thousand years. The Jerusalem of Christ's day lies many feet beneath the present surface, as the London of Roman times is buried well-nigh twenty feet below the streets of to-day. The citadel stands at nearly the highest point of the town, and as it was thus connected originally with the great palace and gardens which Herod created for himself at this point, it is only necessary to imagine the space now covered by the barracks and the Armenian garden as once more occupied by a magnificent pile of buildings and pleasure-grounds, to bring back the aspect of this portion, at least, of the Jerusalem of our Lord's day. All remains of Herod's grand structure are buried, however, beneath more than thirty feet of rubbish, with the exception of portions of two of the three great towers which he built on the north side of his grounds. "These huge fortresses," says Josephus, "were formed of great blocks of white stone, so exactly joined that each tower seemed a solid rock."

<sup>1</sup> Measured on Baedeker's plan of Jerusalem, and the plan in Murray's Handbook of London, of course only approximately. Robinson makes the circumference of Jerusalem the same as I do.

One of them, named after his best-loved but murdered wife, Mariamne, has entirely vanished, but Phasaelus and Hippicus still in part survive. When they guarded the wall, thirty cubits high, which entirely surrounded Herod's palace, with its decorated towers at intervals rising still higher, they must have been imposing in their strength, to judge from the noblest relic they offer—the so-called Tower of David, which seems to have been part of the Phasaelus Tower, or perhaps of Hippicus, for authorities differ upon the subject. It stands on a great substructure rising, at a slope of about  $45^{\circ}$ , from the ditch below, with a pathway along the four sides at the top. Above this, the tower itself, for twenty-nine feet, is one solid mass of stone, and then follows the superstructure, formed of various chambers. The masonry of the substructure is of large drafted blocks, many of them ten feet long, with a smooth surface; that of the solid part of the tower has been left without smoothing. Time has dealt hardly with the stone of the superstructure, which is comparatively modern, but even that of the solid base and the substructure is rough with lichens and a waving tangle of all kinds of wall-plants. Still, as one looks up from the street, it seems as if the shock of a battering-ram could have had little effect on the sloping escarpment, or the solid mass over it. Nor would escalate have been easy, if possible, when the masonry was new, so smooth and finely jointed is the whole. Besides other buildings, there are in the citadel grounds five towers, once surrounded by a moat, which is now filled up. The outer side of one of these, the second of Herod's three, rises from a deep fosse at the side of the road below the Joppa Gate, as you go down the Valley of Hinnom, and helps one to realize still more forcibly the amazing strength of the ancient portions of these structures.

Desirous to have a view of Jerusalem from a height, I ascended to the top of the Tower of David. The entrance from the open space before it is through a strong but time-eaten and neglected archway, surmounted by pinnacles, the fleurs-de-lis on the top of which, half grown over by grass and rank weeds, show the work of those wondrous builders, the Crusading princes. Half the central archway is built up, leaving open a pointed gate, over which a clumsy wooden ornament represents two crescent moons. On the right is a recess in the wall for the sentries; on the left a side gate; the recess and side gate, alike, arched and small. A rough platform of three rows of stone, ascended by steps, juts out before the recess, and on this a sentinel stands, scimitar or gun in hand—another standing at the centre gate: strong men from some distant part of the empire, perhaps from Kurdistan, perhaps from Asia Minor. Some town dogs lay below the rude bank of stone at the guard-house door, asleep by day, noisy enough by night. A man sat on a rush stool beside the low wall,

smoking his water-pipe; a second lay on the ground; a third had a small, low, round table before him, with a few oranges for sale; pending the arrival of a customer, he was gravely sucking the long coiled tube of a water-pipe, or hubble-bubble, holding discourse, in the intervals of breath-taking, with the two gentlemen on the ground near him, or with a fourth who stood, in flowing robes, slipped feet, and turban, propping himself against his stick, a fierce club-like affair. Of course he was bare-legged. In Europe, all four would have been tattered beggars; but they looked quite dignified in Eastern costume. A causeway, slightly raised above the rough cobble stones of the open square, led through the gateway, over the ditch, by a wooden bridge in very poor condition, and originally of carpentry so primitive that it might have been antediluvian, though really Turkish and modern. Stairs on the outside of the great tower led half-way up its height, beyond the solid base, and the rest was sealed by other stairs inside, by no means safe, for the Turk never repairs anything. Round the top is a parapet, through the embrasures of which cannon might be turned on the city, which the position commands. But though there were some guns on the cemented roof, it is a question whether any of them were in a condition to be used, for, like everything else, they were far gone in decay.

The view from this point was very striking. Close at hand to the south, beyond the barracks, were the noble gardens of the Armenian monastery, not only part of the grounds of Herod's palace nearly two thousand years ago, but perhaps of those of David and Solomon's gardens, for these also covered the western top of Mount Zion. One could understand how difficult the victory of Titus must have been, with three such castles to take, for, looking down into the ditch, it seemed as if this one, at least, must have been impregnable before the discovery of gun-powder. It was easy, moreover, to understand how the Egyptian warriors so long withstood, within these strongholds, the Crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon and his companions. Looking over the houses of the city, the eye was bewildered by the multitude of small domes rising from the flat roofs, to protect the tops of the stone arches below, for the houses are all built arch above arch, wood being scarce and stone plentiful. Of course, everything was old and weatherbeaten; every wall-top feathered with grass and weeds; the walls unspeakably rude in their masonry; the one or two sloping roofs that showed themselves, very woe-begone; everything indeed marking a city far sunk in decay, and at best only holding together while it could, with no prospect of returning to vigorous life. A party of men were on a flat roof near, smoking; a poor little child, very likely a slave, standing on one side of the low dome with a tray and coffee-cups on the ground beside him, and a man leaning against the other side of

the dome, as he played with his water-pipe. A slight puff of kitchen-smoke here and there showed where the small fires used for Oriental cookery were alight. Several parapets had triangles of open clay cylinders in them, for look-out holes and air, as is common in Eastern towns. On one roof some clothes were drying. A solitary palm-tree rose aloft out of a court. On one house-top a flat awning of mats had been raised on poles, and under this were a group of idlers. Windows seemed almost absent, for the Oriental has no idea of ventilation. He never has windows on the ground-floor, and even those higher up are either miserably small openings in the wall, or rough projecting wood-work, which leaves only a small place for lattices. There were, of course, some better houses; but, as a whole, one might fancy himself to be looking down on an East End district of London. Few houses were more than two stories high.

Beyond the city, nature redeems the sordid outlook over these miserable human abodes. The hills rise on every side, recalling the words of the Psalmist, who, from some such eminence as that on which I stood, had cried out, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for ever."<sup>1</sup> On some such point of vantage, also, the prophet had imagined himself set as a warder, when he saw with the eye of the spirit, as if before him, the restoration of the city, after it had been laid desolate by the Chaldeans, and cried aloud at the prophetic sight of the herald bringing the announcement that Jehovah was returning to Zion, Himself the leader of Israel from captivity, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! The voice of thy watchmen! they lift up the voice, together do they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, now the Lord returneth to Zion."<sup>2</sup>

The four hills, north, east, and south, on which the city is built, could, more or less, be traced beneath by deeper or slighter depressions of the view. The hill on the north, on which the huge copper dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre rises between two Mahomedan minarets, continues to mount with a very gradual ascent beyond the walls, presenting the only easy approach to Jerusalem from any side, and hence offering the point from which hostile armies have always assailed it. It was from this plateau that Godfrey de Bouillon stormed the city, and on the height 600 yards north-west of the Joppa Gate, where now rise the buildings of the Russian Hospice, the tents of Titus once stood.

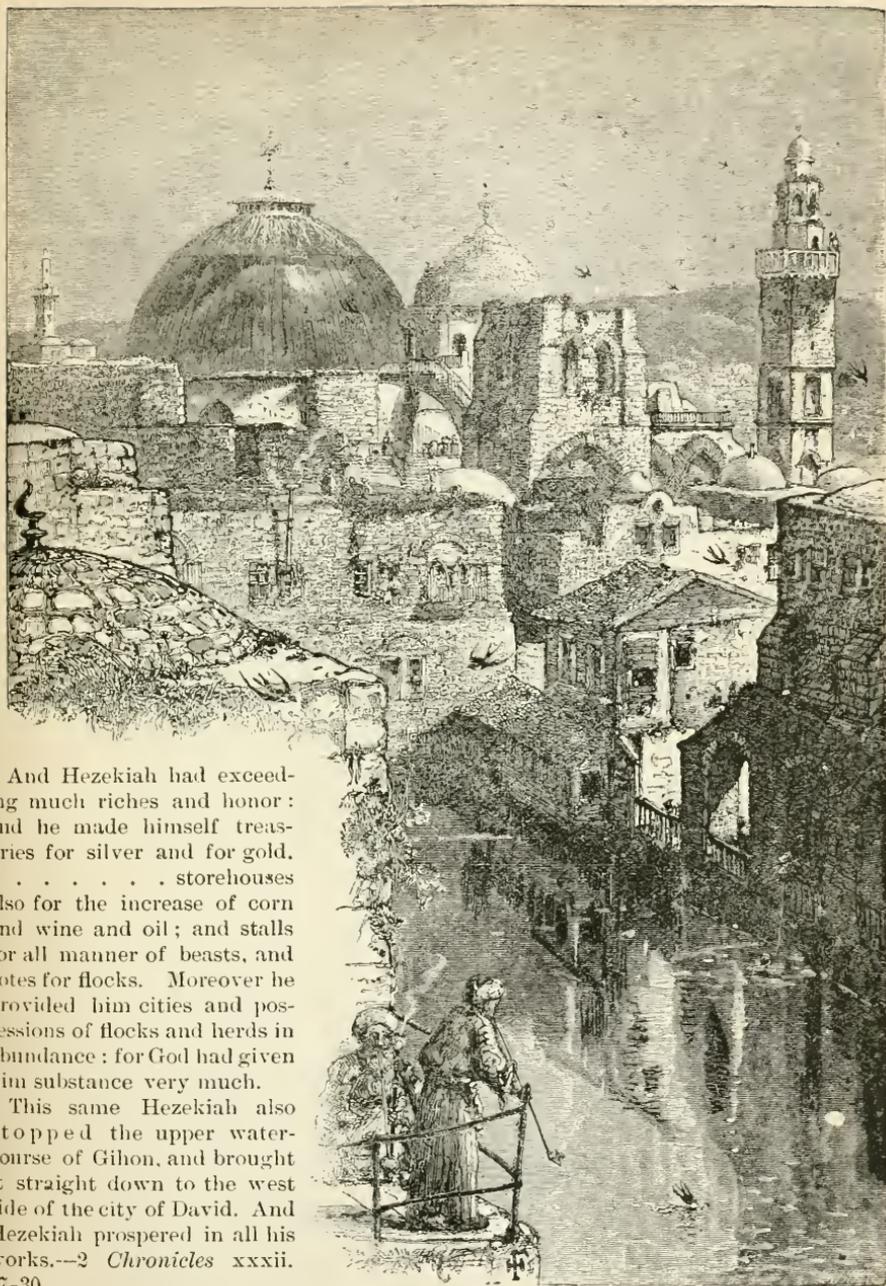
On the north of the Temple grounds, and thus at the north-east corner of the city, lies the hill Bezetha, part of the Mahomedan quarter

<sup>1</sup> Ps. cxxv. 2. <sup>2</sup> Isa. lxx. 7, 8.

of Jerusalem, the rest of which extends, on the north, to the Damascus Gate, and, thence, down to the street which runs east from the Joppa Gate. The Temple space is thus guarded by Mahommedans at its different entrances. The corner between the Damascus Gate and the Joppa Gate, on the north-west, is assigned to the Roman Catholics and the Greeks, and the rest, from the south side of the street, running east from the Joppa Gate, is divided between the Armenians and the Jews, these latter having the consolation of knowing that their district borders, in part, the wall of their deeply-loved Mount Moriah. Directly east, and slightly lower, lay the wide open area, of somewhat less than thirty-five acres, where once stood the Temple.<sup>1</sup> On the south-west stretched out Mount Zion, the highest and oldest part of the city; that part which David wrested from the Jebusites, and made his capital. The city wall at one time enclosed the whole of the hill, but it now runs, south-west, across it, leaving on the spot where, perhaps, once stood the palace of Solomon, an open space, on which are the Christian cemetery and the Protestant schools. Part, however, is still open ground, where the peasant drives his plough over the wreck of the City of David, fulfilling, even to this day, the words of Micah, that Zion would be ploughed as a field.<sup>2</sup> But the most extensive view was to the south-east, where the deep blue of the Dead Sea, the pinkish-yellow hills of Moab, and the sea of hills in the wilderness of Judæa and beyond it, lay within the horizon. Most noticeable of all, just outside Jerusalem, sloping upwards to the east, the noble form of the Mount of Olives rose more than 200 feet above the Temple enclosure<sup>3</sup>—that is, above the summit of the ancient hill of Moriah.

The back windows of the hotel looked down into a great pool 144 feet broad, and 240 feet long, but not deep; the bottom, of rock, covered with cement. It was well filled with water, which comes, during the rainy season only, by the surface drain, or gutter, leading from the "Upper Pool" in the Mahommedan cemetery, on the high ground about 600 yards west of the Joppa Gate, from which point it runs underground. This seems to be the reservoir which Hezekiah constructed when he "made a pool and a conduit, and stopped the upper water-course of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David,"<sup>4</sup> and "dugged the hard rock with iron, and made wells for water."<sup>5</sup> Its south side is separated only by a line of houses from the street; the Coptic monastery is at its northern end, and at a little distance to the north-west is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its high dome and its unfinished tower. The houses bordering the pool are of all heights; one with a sloping roof and a projecting rickety balcony, just above the water; another, roofed in

<sup>1</sup> It is an irregular parallelogram, measuring on the west 536 yards; on the east, 512 yards; on the north, 348 yards; on the south, 309 yards. <sup>2</sup> Micah iii. 12. <sup>3</sup> The respective heights are 2,440 feet and 2,663 feet. <sup>4</sup> 2 Kings xx. 20; <sup>5</sup> 2 Chron. xxxii. 30. <sup>5</sup> Ecclus. xlviii. 17.



And Hezekiah had exceeding much riches and honor: and he made himself treasuries for silver and for gold, . . . . . storehouses also for the increase of corn and wine and oil; and stalls for all manner of beasts, and cotes for flocks. Moreover he provided him cities and possessions of flocks and herds in abundance: for God had given him substance very much.

This same Hezekiah also stopped the upper water-course of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David. And Hezekiah prospered in all his works.—2 *Chronicles* xxxii. 27-30.

HEZEKIAH'S POOL. (See page 297.)



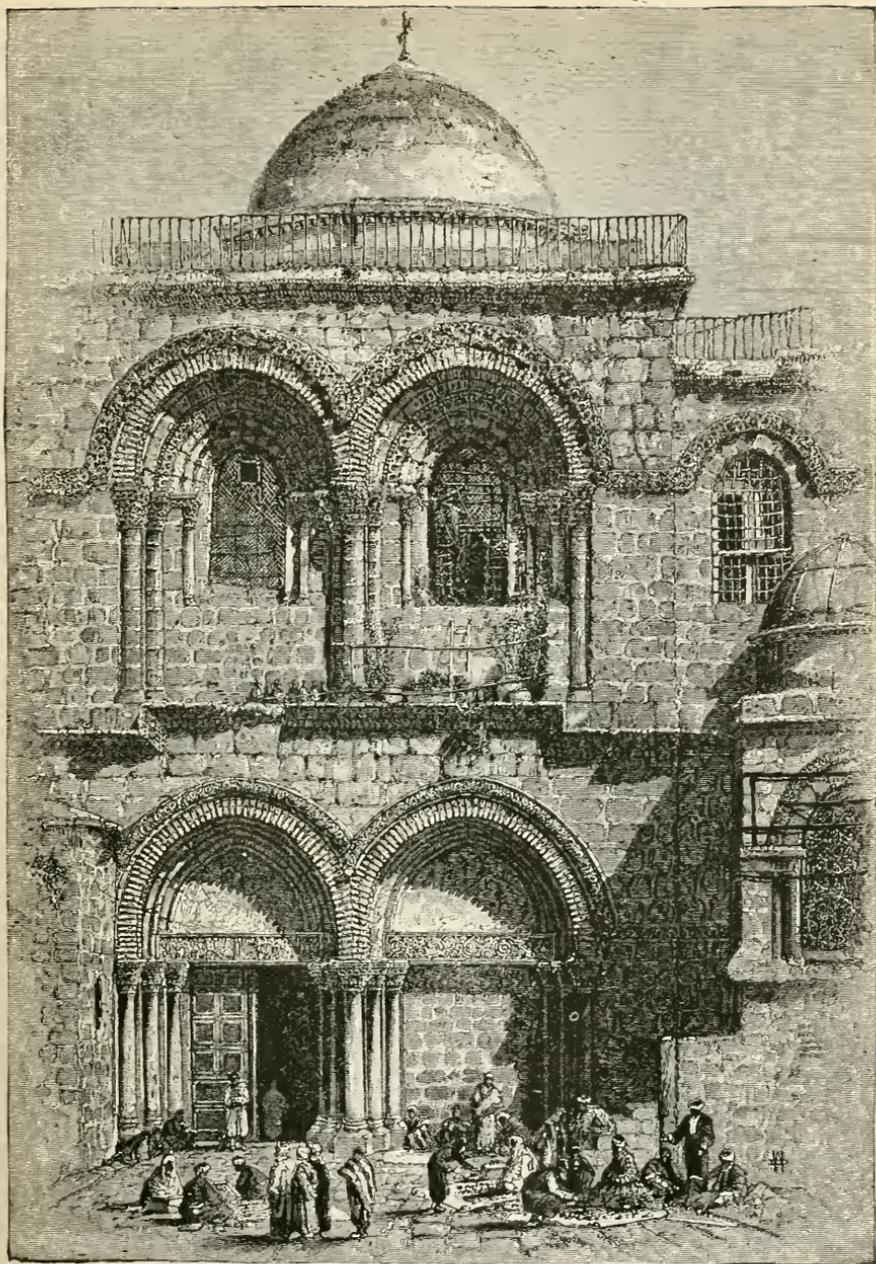
the same way, but more than a story higher, with a square wooden chamber, supported by slanting beams, built out, partly, it would seem, to let the inmates drop a bucket through a hole in the floor, to the water. A frame of poles covered one flat roof, to serve as support for a mat awning in the hot months, a wooden railing acting as parapet on the pool side; projecting windows, larger or smaller, were frequent, one with boxes of flowers outside; and, of course, the roofs had their usual proportion of men idling over their pipes. As everywhere else, the walls round the pool were thick with naturally-sown wall-plants, the very emblem of a neglect which extended, perhaps, over centuries. The pool is capable of containing about 3,000,000 gallons of water, but it is in very bad repair. As to cleaning it out, nothing so revolutionary ever entered the brain of a Jerusalemite. The bottom is deep with the black mud of decayed leaves and vegetation, and one corner is a cesspool of the worst description. The water is said to be used only for household washing, but the poorer people frequently drink it in summer, when water is scarce, though it is then in its worst condition, having lain stagnant, perhaps for months, since the rains.

A few steps down David Street—the lane leading east and west from the Joppa Gate to the Temple enclosure—brings you to Christian Street, which runs north; and close to this, on the under side, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But what would anyone think of the street called after the hero-king of Israel, if suddenly set down at the end of it! It is a lane rather than a street, with houses, for the most part only two stories high, on each side, the lower one being given up to shops, if you can call such dens by so respectable a name. Over the doors a continuous narrow verandah of wood, built at a slant into the houses, gives shade to the goods, but when it was put up or repaired in any way is an insolvable historical problem. Its condition, therefore, may be easily fancied. The causeway of the street is equally astonishing, for even a donkey, most sure-footed of animals, stops, puts its nose to the ground, and makes careful calculations as to the safe disposition of its feet, before it will trust them to an advance. No wonder there are no people in the streets after dark; without a lantern they would infallibly sprain their ankles, or break a leg, each time they were rash enough to venture out. But during the day the stream of many-colored life flows through this central artery of the Holy City in a variety to be found, perhaps, nowhere else. The open space at the head of it, before the Tower of David, is always thronged, as I have tried to describe, but every time you look at it, or look from it down the Street of David, the scene is different. As soon as light breaks, strings of camels, led and ridden by dark-faced Bedouins, begin to swing through the Joppa Gate to this common centre—the largest open space in the city. Women from Bethlehem, with dresses set off with

blue, red, or yellow, and unveiled faces, though they have veils over their shoulders; Mahommedan women in blue gowns, which might be called by a humbler name if they were white: their eyes, the only part of their faces to be seen, looking larger than they are from the black pigment with which the edges of the eyelids are darkened; soldiers in a variety of strange uniforms; trains of donkeys with vegetables; a stray Arab, in wild desert costume, with red boots, on a horse with a red saddle—his spear, more than twelve feet long, in his hand; women in white "izars," which are coverings put on over the dress from head to foot, puffing out like balloons as the wearer advances; a half-naked dervish holding out his tin pan for alms, which he asks in the name of the All-merciful; a company of Turkish soldiers, in poverty-stricken uniforms, but strong fellows all, following their band, which plays only short, unmeaning flourishes, in the French style; Russian pilgrims; Jews of every nationality; residents from all Occidental climes;—all these, with many others, pour on through the narrow gullet of David Street, or rest for a time in the market space. You may even see a family of gypsies encamped there, under their low black tent; for, within wide limits, everyone does as he likes in the East.

Christian Street is specially the quarter of the Christian tailors, shoemakers, and other craftsmen. Passing about 200 steps along it, we come to a very narrow street on the right, running downhill, with a frightful causeway. Turning into this, you presently come to a few steps on the left, which your donkey, if you have one, makes no difficulty in descending, and are in the open paved space before the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is a favorite haunt of Bethlehemite sellers of mementoes in mother-of-pearl and olive-wood, which, with other trifles, are exposed on the pavement. At festival times the throng in this spot is curious in the extreme. Men and women, children and the very old, priests and laymen from every country, repeat the spectacle and the Babel-like confusion of tongues seen and heard of old in this very city on the day of Pentecost.<sup>1</sup> The only entrance to the church is on the southern side, and it was shut when I reached it, but a gift to the doorkeeper having turned the key, I entered. On each side of the quadrangle are chapels, Armenian, Coptic, and Greek, the last pretending to be the place where Abraham was about to offer up Isaac. The front of the great church itself is impressive from its evident antiquity. There were originally two round-arched gate-ways, but that on the right is built up, as is also the upper part of the other. Above these gateways are two arches of the same size and style, deeply sunk, in which, within receding masonry, once elegantly carved, are two round-topped windows of comparatively small size.<sup>2</sup> On a ledge

<sup>1</sup> Acts ii. 8—11. <sup>2</sup> About ten feet by six.



Entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. (See page 234.)



below them, where the pillars of the arches begin, some tasteful monk had put various pots of flowers, the short, rough ladder by which he had descended from the window-sill remaining where he left it. He had forgotten the poor blossoms, however, and want of water had told sadly on them. Over the two window-arches, which, with their ornamentation, reach nearly to the top of the church wall, is a square railing, enclosing the dome, which, itself, may well be regarded as worth looking at, since a dispute as to its repair was the ostensible cause of the Crimean War, and, thus, of the death of many thousands of men who never heard of the church in their lives. A window, as large as the others and on the same line, but without the imposing arch, disfigured moreover by a frame of thick iron cross-bars, stands at the right, outside the central façade; these three, about forty feet above the ground, being the only windows in front of the church, so far as is seen from the forecourt. The whole front dates from the twelfth century, when the Crusaders remodelled the building. The influence of the French art of that day is seen in the close resemblance of the ornamentation to that of some churches in Normandy. Indeed, a fine carving over one of the doors, representing Christ's entry into Jerusalem, was probably sent from France.

Just inside the door a guard of Turkish soldiers, kept there to secure peace between the rival Christian sects, jars on the feelings, as being sadly out of place amid such surroundings, however necessary. To see them lying or sitting on their mats, smoking or sipping coffee, is by no means pleasant, but after all it is better to have quiet at even this price than such riots and bloodshed as have disgraced the church at various times. Immediately before you is a stone, said to mark the spot on which our Lord's body was laid in preparation for burial, after being anointed. It is a large slab of limestone, and has at least the merit of having lain there for seven or eight hundred years, as an object of veneration to poor simple pilgrims. A few steps to the left is the place where, as they tell us, the women stood during the anointing, and from this you pass at once, still keeping to the left, into the great round western end of the church—the model of all the circular churches of Europe—under the famous dome, which rests on eighteen pillars, with windows round the circle from which the dome springs. In the centre of this space, which is sixty-seven feet across, is the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, about twenty-six feet long and eighteen feet wide, a tasteless structure of reddish limestone, like marble, decorated all along the top with gilt nosegays and modern pictures, and its front ablaze with countless lamps. Inside, it is divided into two parts: the one marking, as is maintained, the spot where the angels stood at the Resurrection; the other believed to contain the sepulchre of Christ. Huge marble candlesticks, with gigantic wax

candles, lighted only on high-days, stand before the Chapel of the Angels, on entering which pilgrims take off their shoes, before treading on ground so sacred. A hole on each side of the entrance shows the scene of one of the few mock-miracles still played off on human credulity, for through them the "Holy Fire," said to be sent from heaven, is given out, every Greek Easter, amidst a tumult and pressure of the outside crowd which seems to threaten numerous deaths. On the evening before the day of the Fire, every spot inside the church is densely packed with worshippers, sleeping as they stand, in weary expectation of the approaching event, or if awake, crossing their breasts, sighing aloud, and, if possible, prostrating themselves on the floor. The next forenoon, a Turkish guard, in double line, opens a passage round the sepulchre, broad enough for three men to pass through abreast, and outside this armed wall the crowd, pressed into the smallest possible space, extends from the wall of the Rotunda to that of the Sepulchre Chapel. How so many human beings get into so small a standing-ground seems, itself, miraculous. Captain Conder's description of what follows is so vivid that I follow it.<sup>1</sup> "The sunlight came down from above, on the north side, where the Greeks were gathered, while on the south all was in shadow," though it was noon. "The mellow grey of the marble was lit up, and a white centre of light was formed by the caps, shirts, and veils of the native Christians. A narrow cross-lane was made at the Fire-hole on the north side," where "six herculean guardians, in jerseys, and with handkerchiefs round their heads, kept watch—the only figures plainly distinguishable among the masses."

The pilgrims, who represent every country of Eastern Christendom—Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, Russians, Syrians, Arabs, each race by itself, in its national dress, marked by its colors as well as its style; not a few women among them, some with small babies in their arms, wailing above the hubbub of multitudinous tongues in many languages—had been standing in their places for at least ten hours, yet they showed no signs of weariness. Every face was turned to the Fire-hole; the only distraction rising when great pewter cans of water were brought round by the charity of the priests. Patient and stolid, the Russians and Armenians stood quietly, each pilgrim holding aloft in his hand, to keep them safe, a bunch of, perhaps, a dozen candles, to light at the "Fire" when it should appear. The Egyptians sat silent and motionless. The Greek Christians, mostly Syrians by birth, were restless, on the other hand, with hysterical excitement. Occasionally, one of them would struggle up to the shoulders of his neighbors, and be pushed over the heads of the crowd, towards the front. Chants repeated by hundreds of voices, in perfect tune, were frequently raised

<sup>1</sup> *Tent Work in Palestine*, p. 175.

by individual leaders; among them—"This is the Tomb of our Lord;" "God help the Sultan;" "O Jews, O Jews, your feast is a feast of apes;" "The Christ is given us; with his blood he bought us. We celebrate the day, and the Jews bewail;" "The seventh is the Fire and our feast, and this is the Tomb of our Lord."

Amidst all the wild confusion the patience of the soldiery was admirable, though at times there seemed danger. A lash from a thick hippopotamus-hide whip carried by the colonel, however, instantly administered where there seemed risk of disturbance, restored peace as by magic. About one o'clock the natives of Jerusalem arrived, bursting in suddenly, and surging along the narrow lane; many of them stripped to their vest and drawers. To clear the line once more, after this irruption of a second crowd, was difficult, but it was at last done, amidst loud shouts of "This is the Tomb of our Lord," repeated over and over with wondrous rapidity. The Rotunda now contained in its little circle of sixty-seven feet diameter, from which the space occupied by the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre must be deducted, about 2,000 persons; and the whole church, perhaps, 10,000; but at last the chant of the priests was heard in the Greek church, and the procession had begun. First came very shabby banners; the crosses above them, bent on one side. The old Patriarch looked frightened, and shuffled along, with a dignitary on both sides carrying each a great silver globe, with holes in it, for the Fire which was to be put inside. Now rose a chorus of voices from the men, and shrill cries from the women; then all was still. Two priests stood, bare-headed, by the Fire-hole, protected by the gigantic guardians at their side.

Suddenly a great lighted torch was in their hands, passed from the Patriarch within, and with this, the two gigantic men turned to the crowd; they and their guard trampling like furies through it. In a moment the thin line of soldiers was lost in the two great waves of human beings, who pressed from each side to the torch, which blazed over them, now high, now low, as it slowly made its way to the outside of the church, where a horseman sat, ready to rush off with it to Bethlehem. In its slow and troubled advance, hundreds of hands, with candles, were thrust out towards it, but none could be lighted in such a rocking commotion. Presently, however, other lighted torches were passed out of the Fire-hole, and from these the pilgrims, in eager excitement, more and more widely succeeded in kindling their tapers, but woe to the owner of the one first lit! it was snatched from him, and extinguished by a dozen others, thrust into it. Delicate women and old men fought like furies; long black turbans flew off uncoiled, and what became of the babies who can tell? A wild storm of excitement raged, as the lights spread over the whole church, like a sea of fire, extending to the galleries and choir. A stalwart negro, struggling and

charging like a mad bull, ran round the church, followed by writhing arms seeking to light their tapers from his; then, as they succeeded in doing so, some might be seen bathing in the flame, and singeing their clothes in it, or dropping wax over themselves as a memorial, or even eating it. A gorgeous procession closed the whole ceremony; all the splendor of jewelled crosses, magnificent vestments, and every accessory of ecclesiastical pomp, contributing to its effect.

A religious phenomenon so strange as this yearly spectacle is nowhere else to be found. Dean Stanley's account of it supplies some additional touches, and brings it not less vividly before us. "The Chapel of the Sepulchre,"<sup>1</sup> he says, "rises from a dense mass of pilgrims, who sit or stand, wedged round it; whilst round them, and beneath another equally dense mass, which goes round the walls of the church itself, a lane is formed by two lines, or rather two circles, of Turkish soldiers, stationed to keep order. . . . About noon this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group, rushing violently round, till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that unless they run round the sepulchre a certain number of times, the Fire will not come. Possibly, also, there is some strange reminiscence of the funeral games and races round the tomb of an ancient chief. Accordingly, the night before, and from this time forward, for two hours, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leapfrog, round and round the Holy Sepulchre. First, he sees these tangled masses of twenty, thirty, fifty men, starting in a run, catching hold of each other, lifting one of themselves on their shoulders, sometimes on their heads, and rushing on with him till he leaps off, and some one else succeeds; some of them dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked; one usually preceding the rest, as a fugleman, clapping his hands, to which they respond in like manner, adding also wild howls, of which the chief burden is, 'This is the Tomb of Jesus Christ—God save the Sultan;' 'Jesus Christ has redeemed us.' What begins in the lesser group, soon grows in magnitude and extent, till, at last, the whole of the circle between the troops is continuously occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent, of these wild figures, wheeling round the sepulchre. Gradually the frenzy subsides or is checked; the course is cleared, and out of the Greek Church, on the east of the Rotunda, a long procession with embroidered banners, supplying in their ritual the want of images, begins to defile round the sepulchre.

"From this moment the excitement, which has before been confined to the runners and dancers, becomes universal. Hedged in by the soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims still remain in their places,

<sup>1</sup> *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 460.

all joining, however, in a wild succession of yells, through which are caught, from time to time, strangely, almost affectingly mingled, the chants of the procession. Thrice the procession paces round; at the third time, the two lines of Turkish soldiers join and fall in behind. One great movement sways the multitude from side to side. "The crisis of the day is now approaching. The presence of the Turks is believed to prevent the descent of the Fire, and at this point they are driven, or consent to be driven, out of the church. In a moment, the confusion, as of a battle and a victory, pervades the church. In every direction the raging mob bursts in upon the troops, who pour out of the church at the south-east corner—the procession is broken through, the banners stagger and waver. They stagger, and waver, and fall, amidst the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers, hither and thither, before the tremendous rush. In one small but compact band, the Bishop, who represents the Patriarch, is hurried to the Chapel of the Sepulchre, and the door is closed behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads, resounding with an uproar which can be compared to nothing less than that of the Guildhall of London, at a nomination for the City. One vacant space alone is left: a narrow lane from the aperture on the north side of the chapel, to the wall of the church. By the aperture itself stands a priest, to catch the Fire; on each side of the lane, as far as the eye can reach, hundreds of bare arms are stretched out like the branches of a leafless forest—like the branches of a forest quivering in some violent tempest.

"In earlier and bolder times the expectation of the Divine Presence was, at this juncture, raised to a still higher pitch by the appearance of a dove, hovering above the cupola of the chapel, to indicate the visible descent of the Holy Ghost. This has now been discontinued, but the belief still continues. Silent—awfully silent—in the midst of this frantic uproar, stands the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. At last the moment comes. A bright flame, as of burning wood, appears within the hole, kindled by the Bishop within—but, as every pilgrim believes, the light of the descent of God Himself upon the Holy Tomb. Any distinct feature or incident is lost in the universal whirl of excitement which envelops the church, as, slowly, gradually, the fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, through that vast multitude—till, at last, the whole edifice, from gallery to gallery, and through the area below, is one wide blaze of thousands of burning candles. . . . It is now that a mounted horseman, stationed at the gates of the church, gallops off with a lighted taper, to communicate the Sacred Fire to the lamps of the Greek Church in the convent at Bethlehem. It is now that the great rush, to escape from the rolling smoke and the suffocating heat, and to carry the lighted tapers into the streets and houses of Jerusalem, through the one entrance to the church, leads

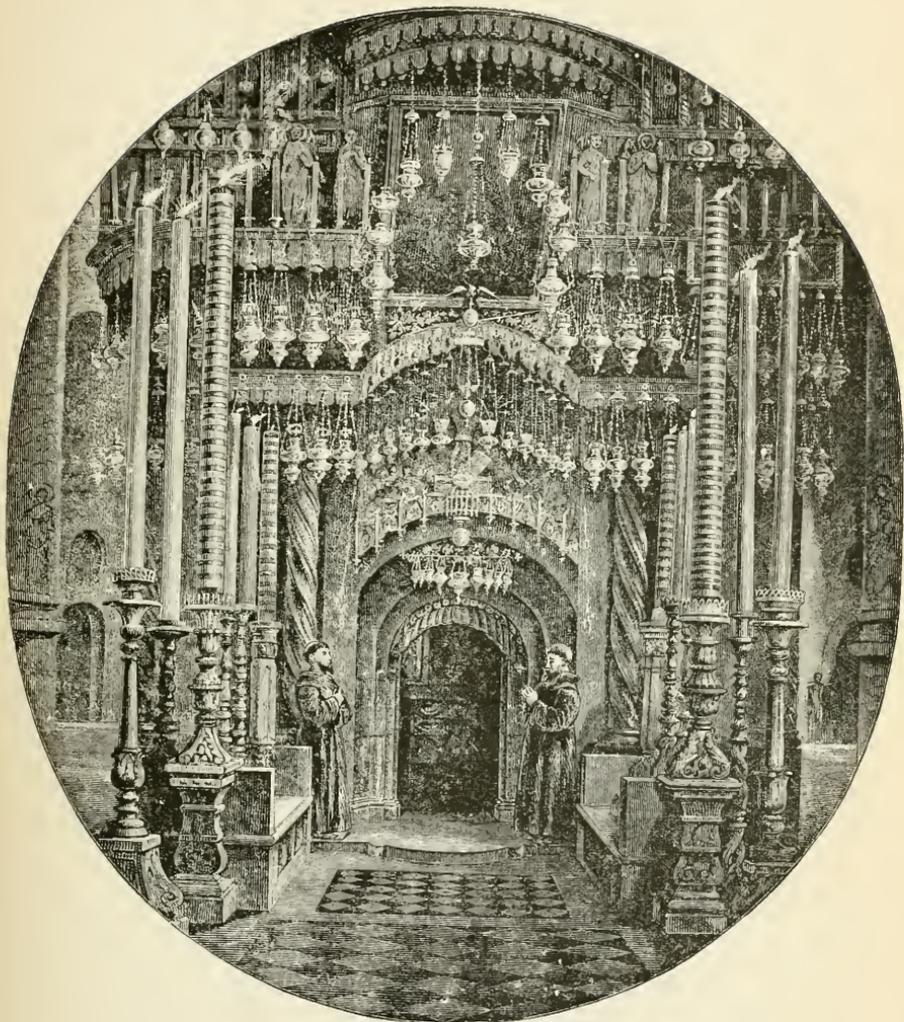
at times to the violent pressure which, in 1834, cost the lives of hundreds. For a short time, the pilgrims run to and fro, rubbing their faces and breasts against the fire, to attest its supposed harmlessness. But the wild enthusiasm terminates from the moment that the fire is communicated. Such is the Greek Easter."

But we must return to the chapel. In the centre, cased in marble, stands what is called a piece of the stone rolled away by the angels; and at the western end, entered by a low doorway, is the reputed tomb-chamber of our Lord, a very small spot, for it is only six feet wide, a few inches longer, and very low. It seems to belie its claim to be a burial-place by the glittering marble with which it is cased, but it is solemnly beautiful in the soft light of forty-three gold and silver lamps, hung from chains and shining through red, yellow, and green glass; the colors marking the sects to which the lamps belong: thirteen each for Franciscans, Greeks, and Armenians, and four for the Copts. The tomb itself is a raised table, two feet high, three feet wide, and over six feet long, the top of it serving as an altar, over which the darkness is only relieved by the dim lamps. Due east from the Rotunda is the Greek nave, closed, at the far end, by a magnificent screen. A short column in the floor, which is otherwise unoccupied, marks what was anciently believed to be "the centre of the world;" for has not Ezekiel said, "This is Jerusalem: I have set it in the midst of the nations and countries, that are round about her"?<sup>1</sup> Garlands of lamps, gilded thrones for the Bishop and Patriarch, and the lofty screen, towering up to the roof, carved with figures in low relief, row above row; the side walls set off with panels, in which dark pictures are framed; huge marble candlesticks, two of them eight feet high,—all this, seen in the rich light of purple and other colored lamps, makes up an effect which is very imposing.

At the western extremity of the so-called sepulchre, but attached to it from the outside, is a little wooden chapel, the only part of the church allotted to the poor Copts; and further west, but part of the sepulchre itself, is the still poorer chapel of the still poorer Syrians, happy in their poverty, however, from its having probably been the means of saving from marble and decoration the so-called tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus, which lie in their precincts, and in which rests the chief evidence of the genuineness of the whole site,<sup>2</sup> for it is certain that they, at least, are natural caves in the rock.

It would be idle to dwell on the multitudinous sacred places gathered by monkish ingenuity under the one roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and which must weary the patience of the pilgrims, however fervent. Two spots only deserve special notice. On the east of the whole building, from behind the Greek choir, a staircase

1 Ezek. v. 5. 2 *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 460.



Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher. (See page 300.)



of twenty-nine steps leads down to the Chapel of St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, who in the year A.D. 326, at the age of nearly eighty, visited Palestine, and caused churches to be erected at Bethlehem, where Christ was born, and on the Mount of Olives, from some part of which He ascended to heaven. Nothing is said till the century after her death about her discovering the Holy Sepulchre, or building a church on the spot, but legend and pious fraud had by that time created the story of the "Invention (or Finding) of the Cross." In a simpler form, the chapel has been ascribed to Constantine himself, who, it is affirmed by a contemporary,<sup>1</sup> caused the earth under which the enemies of Christianity were said to have buried the Holy Sepulchre to be removed, and built a church over it. Robinson, who gives a full quotation of the authorities on the subject,<sup>2</sup> thinks there is hardly any fact of history better accredited than the alleged discovery of what is called the true cross. Thus, Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem from A.D. 348 onwards, only about twenty years after the event, frequently speaks of his preaching in the church raised by Constantine to commemorate it, and expressly mentions the finding of the cross, under that emperor, and its existence in his own day. Jerome also, in A.D. 385, relates that in Jerusalem, Paula, his disciple, not only performed her devotions in the Holy Sepulchre, but prostrated herself before the cross in adoration. But, though a cross seems to have really existed, and is said to have been found underground, how easy would deception have been in such a case, and how improbable that any cross should have lain buried for 300 years! The upright beam of such instruments of death, moreover, was a fixture on which fresh cross-pieces were nailed for each sufferer, so that identification of a whole cross as that on which Christ died seems beyond possibility. Besides, the crucifixion is expressly said to have taken place outside the city,<sup>3</sup> and this the present site never was. The Chapel of St. Helena, therefore, and the other holy places connected with it, however venerable, are in no degree vouchers for the amazing incidents associated with them.

It is very striking to come upon a vaulted church, with high arches, carved pillars, glittering strings of lamps, exquisite screens, and large sacred pillars, so far underground. But there is still another below it. Thirteen steps more lead to the "Chapel of the Finding of the Cross," which is either a cavern in the rock artificially enlarged, or an ancient cistern, about twenty-four feet long, nearly as wide, and sixteen feet high, paved with stone. It contains an altar, and a large portrait of the Empress Helena, but is so dark that candles must be lighted to see either. This was the place, says tradition, where the three crosses of

<sup>1</sup> Eusebius, *Vit. Const.*, iii. 25—40. <sup>2</sup> *Bib. Researches*, ii. 12—16. <sup>3</sup> John xix. 17, 20; Mark xv. 20; Heb. xiii. 12, 13.

Calvary were found; the one on which our Saviour died being discovered by taking the three to the bedside of a noble lady afflicted with incurable illness, which resisted the touch of two, but left her at once when the third was brought near.

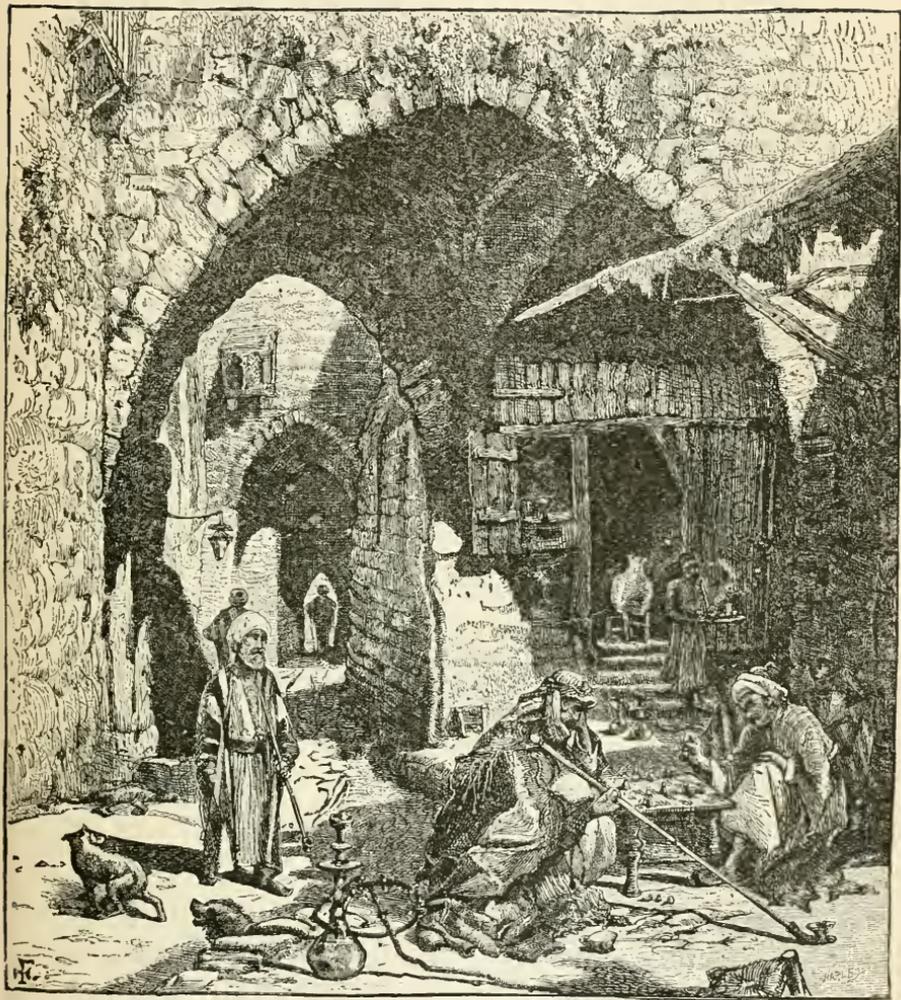
Remounting the steps, you are led by a stair from the Greek choir to what is said to be Golgotha, or Mount Calvary, now consecrated by three chapels of different sects, the floor being fourteen and a half feet above that of the church below. An opening, faced with silver, shows the spot where the cross is said to have been sunk in the rock, and less than five feet from it is a long brass open-work slide, over a cleft in the rock which is about six inches deep, but is supposed by the pilgrims to reach to the centre of the earth. This is said to mark the rending of the rocks at the Crucifixion. But there is an air of unreality over the whole scene, with its gorgeous decorations of lamps, mosaics, pictures, and gilding; nor could I feel more than the gratification of my curiosity in the midst of such a monstrous aggregation of wonders. Faith evaporates when it finds so many demands made upon it—when it is assured that within a few yards of each other are the scene of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac, that of the appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalene; the stone of anointing; the spot where the woman stood at the solemn preparation for the tomb; the place where the angels stood at the Resurrection; the very tomb of our Lord; the tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus; the column to which Christ was bound when he was scourged; His prison; the scene of the parting of the raiment; of the crowning with thorns; of the actual crucifixion; of the rending of the rocks; of the finding of the true cross; of the burial-place of Adam, under the spot where the cross afterwards rose, the tree in which the *goat* offered instead of Isaac was caught, and much else.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### JERUSALEM—(*Continued.*)

CLOSE to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre are the ruins of the Muristan or Hospice of the Knights of St. John—"muristan" being the Arabic word for a hospital, to which part of the great pile of buildings that once covered the site was devoted. A few paces lead one to a fine old gateway, over which is the Prussian eagle, half of the site having been given to Prussia, in 1869. The whole space, once



Street Café in Jerusalem. (See page 302.)



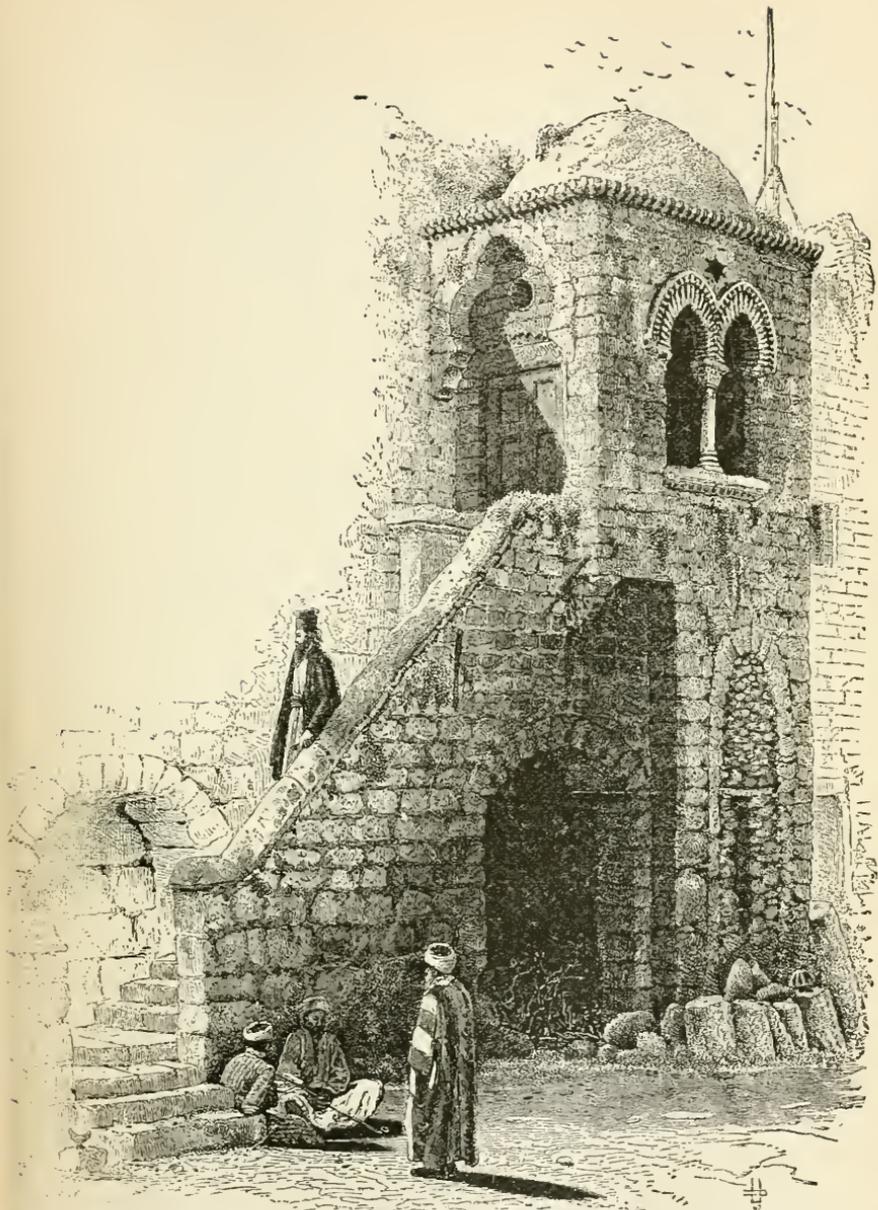
filled up with courts, halls, chambers, a church, and a hospital, is over 500 feet square, and now lies, for the most part, in desolation. The arch by which you enter is semicircular, and was adorned 700 years ago with a series of figures illustrating the months—men pruning, sowing, reaping, threshing, and the like; but the carvings are now very much mutilated. Within, a large space has been cleared of rubbish and abomination by the German Government, the ruins being left to tell their story with silent eloquence. Already, in A. D. 1048, a church had been built in Jerusalem by Italian merchants, and a hospital attached to it, close to a chapel consecrated to John, at that time Patriarch of Alexandria. From him, the monks, who had undertaken to nurse and care for sick and poor pilgrims, took the name of Johnites, or Brethren of the Hospital. Raised to the dignity of a separate Order in A. D. 1113, they received great possessions from Godfrey de Bouillon and others. A little later in the twelfth century they were further changed into an Order of clerical monks, some of whom were set apart for military service, others for spiritual service, as chaplains, and the rest as Serving Brothers, to care for the sick, and escort pilgrims to the holy places. Gradually extending itself, the Order gained vast possessions in nearly every part of Christendom, and had a corresponding influence, which secured for it the hearty support of the Papacy, and especial privileges. Their splendid history in Palestine, Cyprus, Rhodes, and Malta lies outside my limits; but it is pleasant to recall their humbler services to successive generations of poor and sick pilgrims in the once busy halls and chambers of the Muristan. Hundreds of these forlorn wanderers could be received into the great hospital and hospice at once, and who can doubt the devotion on one side, and the gratitude on the other, that must, a thousand times, have made these now ruined walls sacred? *He* remembers, with whom no good deed done in His name, no tear ever shed in lowly thanksgiving, is ever overlooked! A hundred and twenty-four stone pillars once supported the arched halls of the palace, but now in the very midst of the city there are only, where the ruins have not been cleared, heaps of rubbish, patches of flowering field-beans, straggling arms of the prickly pear, rising forbiddingly aloft, and here and there a fig-tree. Outside the gate, there is nothing offensive, as there used to be, but simple stalls, where parti-colored glass rings from Hebron, and other trifles, are sold. The German Government have made the space given to them within, a centre for the German Protestants of Jerusalem; erecting on it a church for them, and other buildings.

The bazaars of the city, which are probably much the same as the business part of Jerusalem was in the days of Christ, stretch along the east side of the Muristan, southwards, to David Street. They consist of three arched lanes, lighted only by holes in the roof, and hence

very dark, even at noon. The western one is the flesh-market, but displays only parts of sheep and goats, for very few oxen and calves are used for food. In the other lanes, tradesmen of different kinds—fruiterers, oil, grain, and leather sellers—sit, cross-legged, in dark holes in the arched sides, or in front of these, waiting for business. Here you see a row of shoemakers, yonder a range of pipe-stem borers. More than one of the tradesmen, in the intervals of business, sits at the mouth of his den with the Koran open before him, his left hand holding paper on which to write his comments, his right holding the pen, dipped from time to time in the brass “inkhorn” stuck in his girdle.<sup>1</sup> At a recess in the side, on which light falls, sits a bearded old man, duly turbaned, with flowing robes, a broad sash round his waist inside his light “abba,” his slippers on the ground before him, his feet bent up beneath him, his long pipe resting against the bench at his side, it being impossible that he should use it for the moment, as he is busy writing a letter for a woman who stands veiled, behind, giving him instructions what to say. He is a professional letter-writer: a class of which one may see representatives in any Oriental city, just as they could be seen in olden times in English towns, before education was so widely spread as it is now. The paper is held in the left hand, not laid on a desk, and the scribe writes from the right hand to the left, with a piece of reed, pointed like a pen, but without a split: the same instrument, apparently, as was used in Christ’s day, for in the New Testament a pen is called *kalamos*, a reed, and its name is still, in Arabic, *kalem*, which has the same meaning. The pens and ink are held in a brass case, which is thrust into the girdle when not in use; the hollow shaft containing the pens, and a small brass box which rises on one side at the end, the ink, poured into cotton wadding or on palm threads, to keep it from spilling. A few hints given him are enough: off he goes, with all manner of Oriental salaams and compliments, setting forth, in the fashionable, high-flown style natural to the East, what the poor girl wishes to say.

There are two words in the Old Testament for a pen; one of these occurs only twice, and is translated differently each time. Aaron is said to have “fashioned” the golden calf with “a graving tool,”<sup>2</sup> but the same word is used by Isaiah for a pen—“Take thee a great tablet and write upon it with the pen of a man.”<sup>3</sup> This shows that *heret*, at least, meant a metal stylus, or sharp pointed instrument, with which surfaces like that of wax, spread on tablets, or even the surface of metal plates, might be marked with written characters. The other word, *et*, occurs four times, and in two of these the implement is said to be of iron,<sup>4</sup> so that, so far as the Old Testament indicates, reed pens had not come into use till its books had all been written. The

1 Ezek. ix. 2, 3, 11. 2 Ex. xxxii. 4. 3 Isa. viii. 1. 4 Job xix. 24; Jer. xvii. 1.



Stairway leading to Church of St. John, Patriarch of Alexandria. (See page 302.)



word translated "inkhorn" is found only in Ezekiel,<sup>1</sup> and owes its English rendering to our ancestors having horns for ink, the Hebrew word meaning simply a round vessel or cup, large or small, and, as we see in the case of the prophet, worn, at least sometimes, in the girdle. It may, therefore, have been similar to the "inkhorns" at present universal in the East.

Writing was known in Palestine long before the invasion of the Hebrews, as we see in the name of Kirjath Sepher—"Book Town"<sup>2</sup>—but was brought by them from Egypt, for, while there, they had *shoterim* among them: the class known in our Bible as "scribes" or "writers."<sup>3</sup> It is not surprising, therefore, to read of Moses "writing in the book,"<sup>4</sup> or that the priests could write,<sup>5</sup> or that the people generally could do so, more or less. They were to write parts of the law on their door-posts and gates;<sup>6</sup> a husband, in divorcing his wife, was to "write her a bill, or book, of divorcement,"<sup>7</sup> and the king was to write out the Book of the Law.<sup>8</sup> Letters were written by Jezebel, in the name of Ahab, and sealed with his seal; by Jehu, Hezekiah, Rabshakeh, and many others.

The seal is a very important matter, as the name of the wearer is engraved on it, to be affixed by him to all letters and documents. It is, therefore, constantly carried on the person, and when trusted to another, virtually empowers him to act in its owner's place. Even Judah had his signet,<sup>9</sup> which he perhaps wore as the bridegroom in Canticles wore his, on the breast, suspended by a string.<sup>10</sup> The seal is used in the East in ways peculiar to those regions—to seal up doors, gates, fountains, and tombs. The entrance to the den of lions was sealed upon Daniel with the signet of the king and of his lords; the bride in Canticles, as we already know, is compared for her purity to a fountain sealed; and we all remember how the guard made the sepulchre of our Lord "sure, sealing the stone."<sup>11</sup> A letter *must* be sealed, if an insult be not actually intended, so that when Sanballat sent his servant to Nehemiah with an open letter in his hand, he offered the great man a deliberate affront.<sup>12</sup> The ink now used is made of gum, lampblack, and water, and is said never to fade. Small horns are still used in some parts, of Egypt to hold it. In sealing a letter or document, a little ink is rubbed over the face of the seal, a spot damped on the paper, and the seal pressed down; but when doors or the like are spoken of as sealed, it was done by impressing the seal on pieces of clay<sup>13</sup> or other substances. When Pharaoh "took off his ring from his hand and put it on Joseph's hand,"<sup>14</sup> it was the sign of his appointment to the Viceroyship of Egypt, just as a similar act in Turkey, now, installs a dignitary as Grand Vizier of the empire.

1 Ezek. ix. 2, 3, 11. 2 Josh. xv. 15. 3 Ex. v. 6. Translated wrongly "officers." The R. V., as in so many other cases, retains this mistranslation. 4 Ex. xvii. 14; xxiv. 4. 5 Num. v. 23. 6 Deut. vi. 9; xi. 20. 7 Deut. xxiv. 1, 3. 8 Deut. xvii. 18. 9 Gen. xxxviii. 18. 10 Cant. viii. 6. 11 Cant. iv. 12; Dan. vi. 17; Matt. xxvii. 66. 12 Neh. vi. 5. 13 Job xxxviii. 14. 14 Gen. xli. 42.

The display in the stalls of Jerusalem, for they hardly deserve to be called by a name so respectable as "shops," varies of course with the season. In the market before the citadel, cauliflowers, and vegetables generally, are the main features in March, but as the year advances, cucumbers, tomatoes, grapes, figs, prickly pears, pomegranates, from the neighborhood, and oranges, lemons, and melons from Joppa and the plain of Sharon, are abundant. Roses are so plentiful in the early summer that they are sold by weight for conserves and attar of roses, and every window and table has its bunch of them. In the streets and bazaars, during the busy part of the day, all is confusion on the horrible causeway, and image-like stolidity on the part of many of the sellers. The butchers, however, like members of the trade elsewhere, shout out their invitations to come and buy, and the fruit-sellers in their quarter rival or even outdo them by very doubtful assurances that they are parting with their stock for nothing! Women from Bethany or Siloam, in long blue cotton gowns, or rather sacks, loosely fitting the body, without any attempt at a waist, sit here and there on the side of the street, at any vacant spot, selling eggs, olives, cucumbers, tomatoes, onions, and other rural produce. Bright-colored kerchiefs tied round the head distinguish them from their sisters of Bethlehem, who have white veils over their shoulders and bright parti-colored dresses, and are seen here and there trying their best to turn the growth of the garden or orchard into coin. Young lads wander about offering for sale flat round "scones" and sour milk. The grocer sits in his primitive stall, behind baskets of raisins, dates, sugar, and other wares, pipe in mouth. No such tumble-down establishment could be found in the worst lane of the slums of London. The two half-doors—hanging awry—which close it at night, would disgrace a barn; the lock is a wooden affair, of huge size; a rough beam set in the wall, perhaps seven feet from the ground, supports the house overhead, while some short poles resting on it bear up a narrow coping of slabs, old and broken, to keep off, in some measure, the sun and rain. The doors, when closed, do not fit against this beam by a good many inches; and there is the same roughness inside. Rafters, coarse, unpainted, twisted, run across; a few shelves cling, as they best can, to the walls; hooks here and there, or nails, bear up part of the stock, but the whole is a picture of utter untidiness and poverty which would ruin the humblest shop in any English village. A cobbler's shop, yonder, next to an old arch, is simply the remains of a house long since fallen down, except its ground arch, which is too low for a tall man to stand in it. The prickly pear is shooting out its great deformed hands overhead; grass and weeds cover the tumbling wall. Beams, never planed but only rough-hewn, no one could tell how long ago, form the door-post, sill, and lintel, against which a wooden gate, that looks as if it were



Grocer's Stall in Jerusalem. (See page 305.)



never intended to be moved, is dragged after dark. A low butcher's block serves as anvil on which to beat the sole-leather; over the cave-mouth a narrow shelf holds a row of bright red and yellow slippers with turned-up toes, and there are two other and shorter shelves with a similar display. The master is at work on one side, and his starved servant on the other, close to the entrance, for there is no light except from the street. The slippers of the two lie outside, close to them, and a jar of water rests near, from which they can drink when they wish. A few old, short boards jut out a foot or two over the shelf of slippers above, to give a trifle of shade. There is no paint; no one in the East thinks of such a thing; indeed, such dog-holes as most shops are defy the house-painter. Arabs and peasants, on low rush stools, sit in the open air, before a Mahomedan café, engrossed in a game like chess or draughts, played on a low chequered table; the stock of the establishment consisting of the table, a small fire to light the pipes and prepare coffee, some coffee-cups, water-pipes, and a venerable collection of red clay pipe-heads with long wooden stems. Grave men sit silently hour after hour before such a house of entertainment, amusing themselves with an occasional whiff of the pipe, or a sip of coffee. But all the shops are not so poor as the cobbler's, though wretched enough to Western eyes. David Street, with its dreadful causeway, can boast of the goods of Constantinople, Damascus, Manchester, and Aleppo, but only in small quantities and at fabulous prices. Towards the Jewish quarter, most of the tradesmen are shoemakers, tinsmiths, and tailors, all of them working in dark arches or cupboards, very strange to see. Only in Christian Street, and towards the top of David Street, can some watery reflections of Western ideas as to shopkeeping be seen.

To walk through the sloping, roughly-paved, narrow streets of the modern Jerusalem, seemed, in the unchanging East, to bring back again those of the old Bible city. One could notice the characteristics of rich and poor, old and young, townspeople and country folks, of both sexes, as they streamed in many-colored confusion through the bazaars and the lane-like streets. The well-to-do townspeople delight to wear as great a variety of clothes as they can afford, and as costly as their purse allows. Besides their under-linen and several light jackets and vests, they have two robes reaching the ankles, one of cloth, the other of cotton or silk. A costly girdle holds the inner long robe together, and in it merchants always stick the brass or silver pen and ink case.<sup>1</sup> A great signet ring is indispensable, as it was already in the days of Judah.<sup>2</sup> Many also carry a bunch of flowers, with which to occupy their idle fingers when they sit down or loiter about. The head is covered with a red or white cap, round which a long cotton cloth is wound, forming the whole into a turban.

<sup>1</sup> Ezek. ix. 2. <sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 490.

The peasant is clad much more simply. Over his shirt he draws only an "abba" of camels' or goats'-hair cloth, with sleeves or without, striped white and brown, or white and black. It was, one may think, just such a coat which Christ referred to when He told the Apostles not to carry a second.<sup>1</sup> Many peasants have not even an abba, but content themselves with the blue shirt, reaching their calves, and this they gird round them with a leather strap, or a sash, as the fishermen did in the time of St. Peter.<sup>2</sup> If he has any money, the peasant carries it in the lining of his girdle; and hence the command to the Apostles, who were to go forth penniless, that they were to take no money in their *girdles*.<sup>3</sup> Elijah and John the Baptist wore leathern girdles; Jeremiah had one of linen.<sup>4</sup> It is thus still with the country people, but the townsfolk indulge themselves in costly sashes. The water-carriers, who bend under their huge goat-skin bags of the precious fluid, selling it to any customers in the streets whom they may attract by their cry or by the ringing of a small bell, or taking it to houses, are the most meanly clad of any citizens. A shirt, reaching to the knees, is their only garment. Their calling, and that of the hewers of wood, is still the humblest in the community, just as in the days when Moses addressed Israel before his death, for he puts the heads of the tribes at the top, and the hewers of wood and drawers of water at the bottom, of his enumeration of classes; setting even the foreigner who might be in their midst above these latter.<sup>5</sup> The Gibeonites, whom Joshua was compelled by his oath to spare, were thus doomed to the hardest fate, next to death, that could be assigned them, when sentenced to perpetual slavery, with the special task of hewing wood and drawing water for the community.<sup>6</sup> It is in allusion to water being borne about in skins like those of to-day that the Psalmist in his affliction prays God to "put his tears into His bottle,"<sup>7</sup> that they might not run away unmarked.

Female dress is strangely like that of the men, but while the poor peasant-woman or girl has often only a long blue shirt, without a girdle, her sisters of the town, where they are able to do so, draw a great veil over various longer and shorter garments, which covers them before and behind, from head to foot, so that they are entirely concealed. It is this which puffs out, balloon-like, as I have already noticed, when they pass by: but it is not probable that Hebrew women wore such a thing, as they seem to have appeared in public, both before and after marriage, with their faces exposed. Hence, the Egyptians could see the beauty of Sarah, and Eliezer noticed that of Rebekah, while Eli saw the lips of Hannah moving in silent prayer.<sup>8</sup> The veil, in fact, seems to have been worn only as an occasional ornament, as

1 Matt. x. 10. 2 John xxi. 7. 3 Mark vi. 8 (Greek). 4 2 Kings i. 8; Matt. iii. 4; Jer. xiii. 1-5 Deut. xxix. 10, 11. 6 Josh. ix. 3, 27. 7 Ps. lvi. 8. 8 Gen. xii. 14; xxiv. 16; xxix. 10; 1 Sam. i. 12-

Put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.—*Ec.* iii. 5.

And I have led you forty years in the wilderness: your clothes are not waxen old upon you, and thy shoe is not waxen old upon thy foot.—*Deut.* xxix. 5.

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!—*Cant.* vii. 1.

None shall be weary nor stumble among them; none shall slumber nor sleep; neither shall the girdle of their bins be loosed, nor the latchet of their shoes be broken.—*Isa.* v. 27.

Thus saith the Lord; for three transgressions of Israel, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof; because they sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes.—*Amos* ii. 6.



SHOEMAKER'S-SHOP IN JERUSALEM. (See page 103.)



when the loved one, in Canticles, is said to have behind her veil eyes like dove's eyes, and temples delicate in tint as the pomegranate;<sup>1</sup> or by betrothed maidens before their future husbands, as Rebekah took a veil and covered herself before Isaac met her;<sup>2</sup> or when concealment of the features was specially desired for questionable ends.<sup>3</sup>

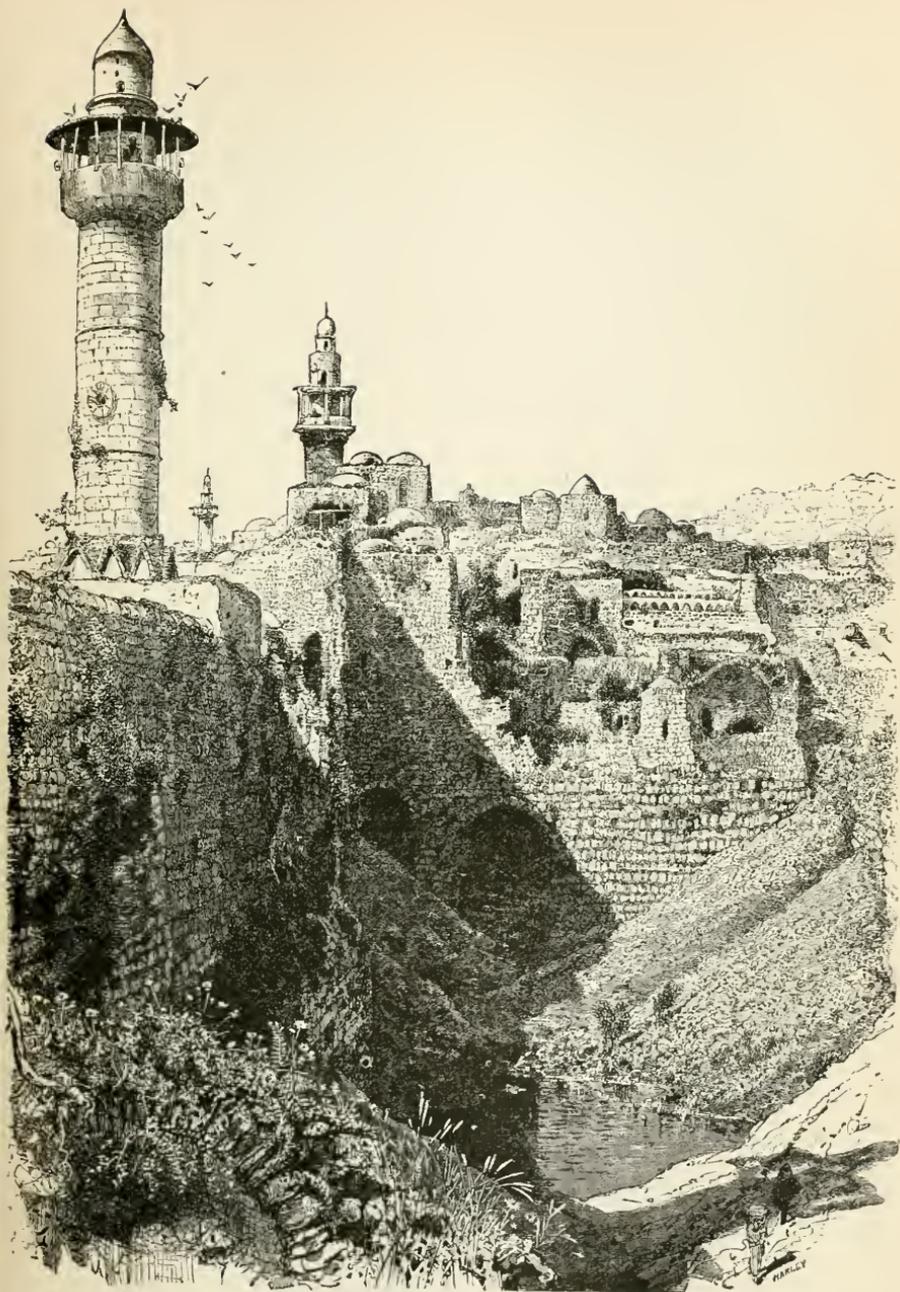
A natural and earnest wish of a poor girl of Jerusalem is to be able to hang a line of coins along her brow and down her cheeks, as is common elsewhere, for she sees rich women round her with a great display of such adornment on their hair, and notices that even the children of the wealthy have numbers of small gold coins tied to the numerous plaits which hang down their shoulders; indeed, some children have them tied round their ankles also. The double veil, falling both before and behind, is not so frequent as in Egypt, but it would appear to have been more common among Jewish women anciently, at least in worship, if we may judge from the command of St. Paul that the women should never appear in the congregation at Corinth without having their heads covered.<sup>4</sup> Among the poorer classes in Jerusalem, as elsewhere in Palestine, both men and women tattoo themselves. The women darken their eyelids, to brighten the eyes and make them seem larger, and often puncture their arms fancifully, as a substitute for arm-rings. Among the peasant-women the chin and cheeks, also, are often seen with blue punctured marks, and the nails are very generally dyed red.

From the bazaars, the street running almost directly north brought me to the Damascus Gate: the entrance to the city from Samaria and all the northern country. The slope of the ground here shows very clearly the line dividing the eastern from the western hill—Moriah from Zion—a depression once known as the Cheese-makers' Valley, still running towards the ancient temple enclosure. Originally this was a deep gully opening into the Valley of Jehoshaphat at its junction with that of the Sons of Himmom, on the south-east corner of the city; but it is now well nigh filled up with the rubbish of many centuries, so that it can only be detected near the Damascus Gate. No more thoroughly Oriental scene can be imagined than that offered when, standing at this gate, you look at the two streets which branch off from it, south-west and south-east. The houses are very old, with a thick growth of wall-vegetation wherever it can get a footing; no one thinking of repairs, or even of preventing decay, in whatever form it may come. Flat roofs one cannot see, but only the low domes covering the tops of arches; the house-corners, the few pieces of sloping roof, the ledges jutting out here and there, the awnings of mats stretched on epileptic poles, and projecting over the street, the woodwork filling in the round of arches used as cafés or for business, and even the time-

1 Cant. iv. 1, 3; vi. 7 (Heb.). 2 Gen. xxiv. 65. 3 Gen. xxxviii. 14. 4 1 Cor. xi. 5.

worn stones of the buildings as a whole, form a picture of dilapidation which must be seen to be realized.

A nondescript building of one story faces you, on the left hand; the dome of the arch which constitutes the structure rising through the flat roof. Another house of two stories joins it on the right, the upper story rising like a piece of a tower, slanting inwards on all sides, with a parapet on the top, through which a row of triangles of clay pipes supply ornament and peep-holes. One very small window in the tower is the only opening for light, except two low arches, the semi-circles of which are filled up with rough old woodwork. The causeway is, of course, antediluvian. Figures, in all kinds of strange dress, sit on low rush stools in the street along the front of this building, some of them enjoying the delicacies of a street-cook, whose brazier is alight to provide whatever in his art any customer may demand. Some sit cross-legged on the stones; others literally on nothing, their feet supporting them without their body touching the ground: a feat which no Occidental could possibly perform for more than a few minutes together. Camels stalk leisurely towards the Gate; a man on the hump of the foremost, with his feet out towards its neck. Long-muzzled yellow street-dogs lie about, or prowl after scraps. On the right a two-leaved door which would disfigure a respectable barn, hangs open, askew, and reveals the treasures of some shopkeeper; grave personages sit along the wall beside deep baskets of fruit; a turbaned figure passes with his worldly all, in the shape of some sweetmeats on a tray, seeking to decrease his stock by profitable sale. A wretched arch admits to the street beyond, but into this with its stream of passengers, I did not enter. At the head of the street on the left hand, leading to the south-east, a group of Bedouins were enjoying their pipes in the open air, and of course there were idlers about; but the rest of the street was almost deserted. It leads to the Austrian Hospice, a well-built modern Home for Pilgrims, where, for a gratuity of five francs a day, one may forget, in the midst of Western comfort, that he is in the East. From this point you enter a street famous in later monkish tradition as the Via Dolorosa—the way by which our Saviour went from the judgment-seat of Pilate to His crucifixion. That no reliance can be placed on this is, however, clear from the self-evident fact that the route taken must depend on the situation of Pilate's Hall, of which nothing is known, though it seems natural that it should have been on the high ground of Zion, the site of the palace of Herod, rather than in the confined and sordid lanes of the city. We may, moreover, feel confident that the Jerusalem of Christ's day perished, for the most part, in the siege of Titus, so that even the lines of the ancient streets, traced over the deep beds of rubbish left by the Romans, must be very different, in many cases, from those of the earlier city.



Pool of Bethesda. (See page 311.)



This, however, has in no degree fettered monkish invention, for there are fourteen stations for prayer in the Via Dolorosa, at which different incidents in the story of the Gospels are said to have taken place. The street rises gently to an arch apparently of the time of Hadrian, and originally an arch of triumph, now said to mark the spot where Pilate, pointing to the bruised and stricken Saviour said, "Behold the Man!"<sup>1</sup> There were once, it would seem, two side arches, with a larger one in the middle, but only the central one, and that on one side, are now standing; the other, and even part of the centre span, being built into the Church of the sisters of Zion. Before reaching this you pass the place at which Simon of Cyrene is said to have taken up the cross, and that where Christ fell under its weight. The house where Lazarus of Bethany dwelt after being raised from the dead and the mansion of Dives, are also shown.

Pilate's Judgment-hall is affirmed to be identical with the mansion of the Pasha of Jerusalem, at the Turkish barracks on the north-west corner of the Temple enclosure. This building is said to be the old tower called Antonia by the Romans, and used by them to control the worshippers at the passover season; but the main structure is comparatively modern, though some old stones remain at the gateway. On these rises, to a height of about forty feet, a square tower of slight dimensions, from which an archway twelve or fourteen feet high bends over the street. A mass of old wall surmounts this and fills in what was once a second lofty arch, surmounted by a great window, only the bottom of which now remains. A huge growth of prickly pear leans over the broken street-wall below, the side of the tower is partly fallen, and wild vegetation flourishes wherever it has been able to get a foothold. Passing on a short distance, we come to a pool on the right, which claims to be that of Bethesda,<sup>2</sup> where Christ healed the blind man. This huge basin, in great part excavated in the living rock, is 360 feet long, 126 feet wide, and eighty feet deep; but it is so filled with a mass of rubbish, rising thirty-five feet above a great part of the bottom, that it is difficult to realize the full size or depth. I got access to the surface through a hole in a wall, but had to take the greatest care to avoid the pollutions which covered nearly every step of my way through weeds and bushes to the edge. Such a work speaks for the grand ideas of its originator, who is unknown, but was perhaps one of the old Jewish kings. The north wall of the Temple enclosure rises high over the pool to the south, and deepens the impression of its hugeness. Steps, very irregular, lead down to the bottom at the west end, and the pressure of the water is provided against at the east end, where the hill rapidly descends, by a dam forty-five feet thick, which

<sup>1</sup> John xix, 5. <sup>2</sup> John v. 2. A smaller pool, once called "Struthion," north-west of Bethesda, but now built over, is thought by some to have been Bethesda.

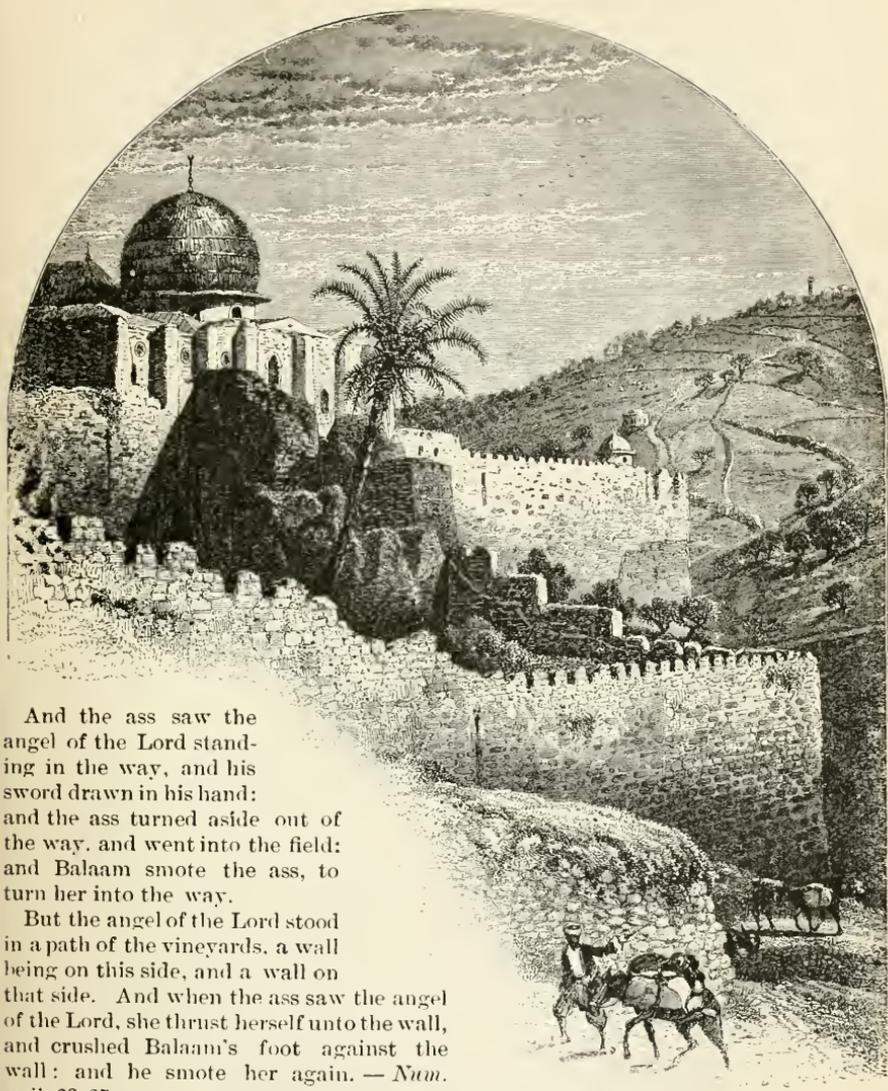
serves also as part of the city wall. Whether this was really Bethesda, has been warmly disputed, Sir Charles Warren thinking that two pools, once near the Church of St. Anne, close by, were "the Twin Pools" which were believed in the early Christian centuries to be Bethesda,<sup>1</sup> while Captain Conder says that the present pool is not clearly mentioned before the tenth century, and may have been built by the Romans or early Arabs.<sup>2</sup> The wonderful perfection of the cement of lime and broken pottery over the bottom, which needed to be blasted before it could be broken up, and the immense care with which the stone under it had been prepared, certainly seem to point to an origin in the palmy days of Israel, when vast works could be carried out at leisure.

About seventy-five yards north of this great pool is a fine specimen of Crusading architecture—the triple-naved pure Gothic Church of St. Anne, formerly used as a mosque, but after many centuries given back to the Christians, as a gift of the Sultan to Napoleon III., at the close of the Crimean War. A huge cistern excavated in the rock below it and carefully cemented is actually claimed to have been the home of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary.

West of the great pool, three gates open into the Temple enclosure, now the Harem esh Sherif, but entrance by these is strictly prohibited to any save Mahomedans. Indeed, it is only a few years since that unbelievers were permitted to enter at all, and many a rash intruder, ignorant of the danger, has in former days been killed for daring to intrude on such holy ground. The bitter fanaticism of the past has, however, yielded so far that a fee, paid through one of the consulates, enables strangers to enter, if duly attended by one of the richly-bedizened "cavasses," or servants of such an office. I was thus enabled, in company with a party of Americans, to go over the mysterious space, which, indeed, has sights one cannot well forget. The great Silseleh Gate, at the foot of David Street and thus almost in the centre of the western side of the enclosure, admits you by two or three steps upwards to the sacred precincts, which offer in their wide open space of thirty-five acres, the circumference nearly equal to a mile,<sup>3</sup> a delightful relief, after toiling through the narrow and filthy streets. Lying about 2,420 feet above the Mediterranean, this spot is comparatively cool, even in summer. The surface was once a rough hill sloping or swelling irregularly, but a vast level platform has been formed, originally under Solomon, by cutting away the rock in some places, raising huge arched vaults at others, and elsewhere by filling up the hollows with rubbish and stones.

Near the north-west corner the natural rock appears on the surface,

<sup>1</sup> *Recovery of Jerusalem*, p. 198. <sup>2</sup> *Tent Work in Palestine*, p. 185. <sup>3</sup> On the map in *The Recovery of Jerusalem*, the entire space is about 4,800 feet round, about 500 feet less than a mile.



And the ass saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and the ass turned aside out of the way, and went into the field: and Balaam smote the ass, to turn her into the way.

But the angel of the Lord stood in a path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side. And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she thrust herself unto the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall: and he smote her again. — *Num.* xxii. 23-25.

SOUTH WALL OF THE HAREM ESH-SHERIF. (See page 311.)



or is only slightly covered, but it was originally much higher. The whole hill, however, has been cut away at this part, except a mass at the angle of the wall, rising with a perpendicular face, north and south, forty feet above the platform. On this, it seems certain, the Roman Fort Antonia was built, for Josephus speaks of it as standing at this corner on a rock fifty cubits high.<sup>1</sup> This platform is, moreover, separated from the north-eastern hill by a deep trench, fifty-yards broad, now occupied in part by "the Pool of Bethesda," and this, also, agrees with what the Jewish historian says of Antonia. The north-east corner has been "made" by filling up a steep slope with earth and stones, but the chief triumph of architecture was seen on the south, where the wall rose from the valley to a height almost equal to that of the tallest of our church-spires, while above this, in the days of Herod's Temple, rose the royal porch, a triple cloister, higher and longer than York Cathedral, when seen from the valley outside; the whole, when fresh, glittering with a marble-like whiteness. The vast space thus obtained within was utilized in many ways.

Level as is the surface thus secured by almost incredible labor, it covers wonders unsuspected, for the ground is perfectly honeycombed with cisterns hewn in the rock: the largest being south of the central height. All appear to have been connected together by rock-cut channels, though their size was so great in some cases that, as a whole, they could probably store more than 10,000,000 gallons of water; one cistern—known as the Great Sea—holding no less than 2,000,000 gallons. The supply for this vast system of reservoirs seems to have been obtained from springs, wells, rain, and aqueducts at a distance. It is, indeed, a question whether any natural springs existed in or near Jerusalem, except the Fountain of the Virgin in the Kedron valley.

Nearly in the centre of the great open area is a raised platform of marble, about sixteen feet high, reached by broad steps, and on this stands the so-called Mosque of Omar, built over the naked top of Mount Moriah, whence Mahomet is fabled to have ascended to heaven. Dated inscriptions from the Koran represent that it was built between the years A.D. 688 and A.D. 693, under the reign of the Caliph Abd-el-Melek. It has eight sides, each sixty-six feet in length, so that it is over 500 feet in circumference. Inside, it is 152 feet across. A screen, divided by piers and columns of great beauty, follows the lines of the eight sides, at a distance of thirteen feet from them, and, then, within this, at a further distance of thirty feet, is a second screen, round the sacred top of the mountain, relieved in the same way with pillars, which support aloft the beautiful dome, sixty-six feet wide at its base. Outside, the height of the wall is thirty-six feet, and it is pierced

<sup>1</sup> *Jos. Bell. Jud.*, v. 5, 8.

below by four doors. For sixteen feet from the platform it is cased in different-colored marbles, but at that height there is an exquisite series of round arches, seven on each face, two-thirds of them pierced for windows; the rest with only blind panels. The upper part was at one time inlaid with mosaics of colored and gilt glass, but these are now gone. The whole wall, above the marble casing, is covered with enamelled tiles, showing elaborate designs in various colors; a row in blue and white on which are verses of the Koran in interlaced characters running round the top. Within, the piers of the screens are cased in marble, and their capitals gilded; the screens themselves, which are of fine wrought iron, being very elaborate, while the arches under the dome are ornamented with rich mosaic, bordered above by verses from the Koran, and an inscription stating when the mosque was built, the whole in letters of gold. The walls and dome glitter with the richest colors, in part those of mosaics, and the stained glass in the windows exceeds, for beauty, any I have seen elsewhere. There could, indeed, I should suppose, be no building more perfectly lovely than the Mosque of Omar, more correctly known as the Dome of the Rock.

All this exquisite taste and lavish munificence is strangely expended in honor of a hump of rock, the ancient top of Moriah, which rises in the centre of the building, within the second screen, nearly five feet at its highest point, and a foot at its lowest, above the marble pavement, and measures fifty-six feet from north to south, and forty-two feet from east to west. Had the Mosque been raised in honor of the wondrous incidents connected with the spot in sacred history, it would have had a worthy aim; but to the Mahomedan it is sacred, almost entirely, because he believes that this vast rock bore the Prophet up, like a chariot, to Paradise; the finger-marks of the angel who steadied it in its amazing flight being still shown to the credulous. Yet, foolish legend discarded, this rough mountain-top has an absorbing interest to the Jew and the Christian alike. It was here that the Jebusite, Araunah, once had his threshing-floor.<sup>1</sup> It is, as I have said, the highest point of Mount Moriah, which sinks steeply to the valley of the Kedron, on the east, and more gently in other directions. On that yellow stretch of rock the heathen subject of King David heaped up his sheaves and cleansed with his shovel or fork the grain which his threshing-sledge had separated from the straw; throwing it up against the wind, before which the chaff flew afar, as is so often brought before us in the imagery of the sacred writers.<sup>2</sup> The royal palace on Zion must have looked down on this threshing-floor, and it may thus have already occurred to David's mind as a site for his Temple, before the awful incident which finally decided his choice.<sup>3</sup> Nor could any place so suitable have been found near Jerusalem; and it appears, besides, to

1 2 Sam. xxiv. 18, 22; 1 Chron. xxi. 18. 2 Ps. i. 4; xxxv. 5; Job xxi. 18. 3 2 Chron. iii. 1.



Northwest corner of the Harem esh Sherif. (See page 312.)



have had the special sacredness of having been the scene, in far earlier times, of the offering of Isaac by the Father of the Faithful, though Araunah's use of it shows that it had not on that account been set apart from common ground. In later days, also, a special sanctity is associated with this spot as that on which, in all probability, the great altar of the Jewish Temple stood. Sir Charles Warren found that huge vaults exist on the north side of the Temple area, and that if these, and the loose earth over them, were removed, that end of the rock would show a perpendicular face, part of it having in ancient times been cut away, while in another direction a gutter cut in the rock has been found, perhaps to drain off the blood from the sacrifices on the altar.<sup>1</sup>

Underneath the rock, reached by a flight of steps, is a large cave, the roof of which is about six feet high, with a circular opening in it, through which light enters. The floor sounds hollow, and so do the rough sides: a proof, say the Mahommedans, that this mountain is hung in the air. There is, however, probably, a lower cave, or possibly a well, but no one is allowed to find this out. Fantastic legends, connected with every part of the whole summit, are repeated to the visitor; but to the Christian the place is too sacred to pay much heed to them.—To the Mahommedan world it is "the Rock of Paradise, the Source of the Rivers of Paradise, the Place of Prayer of all Prophets, and the Foundation Stone of the World."

Though these religionists claim with perfect justice that the mosque was built by Caliph Abd-el-Melek, it is by no means certain that there were not various predecessors of this beautiful building. Mr. James Fergusson believed that it, rather than the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is, in all essential particulars, the very Church of the Resurrection, built by Constantine over the place where our Lord was believed to have been buried, which, in his opinion, was the cave under this rock. Other experts have thought that a church stood here between the reigns of Constantine and Justinian—some say, in the first third of the sixth century. It was, at any rate, for generations a Christian church under the Crusaders, and Frankish kings offered up their crowns to Christ before the rock on the day of their coronation.

The Mosque el-Aksa, which stands at the south end of the great enclosure, was originally a basilica or church built by Justinian in the sixth century in honor of the Virgin. The noble façade of arches, surmounted by a long range of pinnacles, is, however, Gothic, and appears to have been the work of the Crusaders. Within there are seven aisles, of various dates, pillars a yard thick, dividing the nave from the side aisles, and a dome rising over the centre of the transept; but the effect of the whole is poor, for the building, though 190 feet

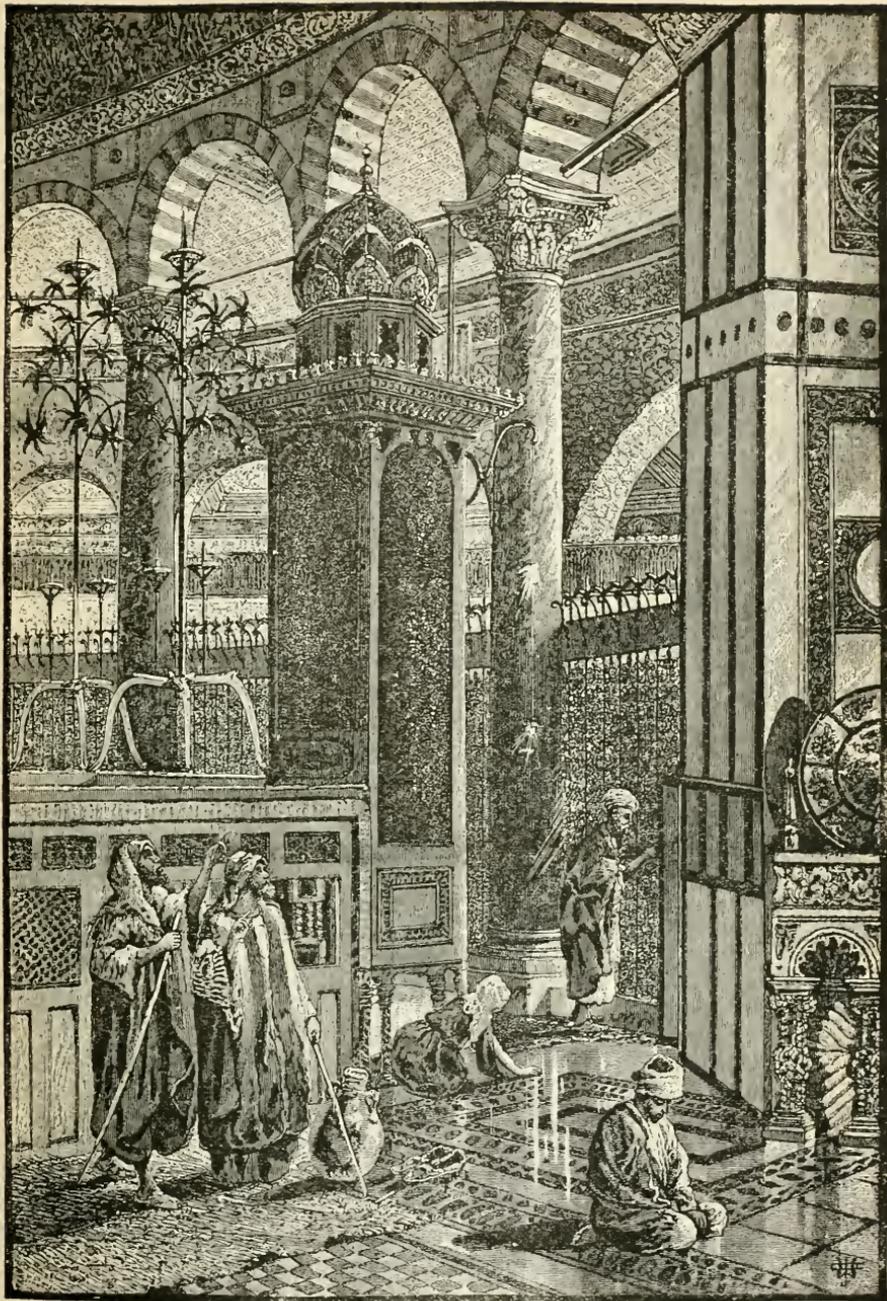
<sup>1</sup> *Recovery of Jerusalem*, pp. 219—222.

wide, and 270 feet broad, is whitewashed and coarsely painted. By this church the Templars once had their residence; and the twisted columns of their dining-hall still remain. The struggle between Moslems and Christians, at the capture of Jerusalem, was especially fierce in this building, the greater part of the ten thousand who perished by the sword of the Christian warriors falling inside and round these walls. A flight of steps outside the principal entrance leads down to a wonderful series of arched vaults, which, with the great sculptured pillars, help one to realize vividly the vast substructures needed to bring this part of the hill to the general level. When they were built, however, is a question as yet undecided; only a small portion here and there is very old.

You could wander day after day through one part or another of the strange sights of the Temple enclosure, and never tire. In one place is a Mahommedan pulpit, with its straight stair, and a beautiful canopy resting on light pillars: a work of special beauty. Minarets rise at different points around, enhancing the picturesque effect. Fountains, venerable oratories, and tombs dot the surface. The massive Golden Gate still stands towards the centre of the eastern wall, though long since built up, from a tradition that the Christians would one day re-enter it in triumph. Seen from the inside it is a massy structure, with a flat low-domed roof, carved pilasters, and numerous small arches, slowly sinking into decay. It was always the chief entrance to the Temple from the east, but, apart from later tradition, would seem to have been kept closed from a very early period.<sup>1</sup> In its present form, the gateway dates from the third or, perhaps, the sixth century after Christ, and till A.D. 810 there was a flight of steps from it down to the Kedron valley. During the time of the Crusaders the gate was opened on Palm Sunday, to allow the Patriarch to ride in upon an ass, amidst a great procession bearing palm-branches, and strewing the ground before him with their clothes, in imitation of the entry of Christ. But it will, I fear, be long before a representative of the true Messiah rides through it again.

The view of the Mount of Olives from the Temple area is very fine, for only the Kedron valley, which is quite narrow, lies between the Mount and Moriah. Mount Zion rises on the south-west, but it is only by the houses and citadel that you notice the greater elevation. The Crescent flag is seen waving over the old Tower of David. On the south-east the eye follows the windings of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which is the name given to the upper part of that of the Kedron. Into it were, one day, to fall the streams which Ezekiel describes in his vision of the restored sanctuary, as destined to pour forth from under the door-sill of the Temple, and gather to such a body as will

<sup>1</sup> Ezek. xlv. 1, 2.



Interior of the Mosque of Omar. (See page 313.)



reach the Dead Sea, deep down in its bed to the east, changing its life-destroying water to healing floods.<sup>1</sup> From south-west to north-west the city rises like an amphitheatre round the sacred area, as Josephus noticed in his day.<sup>2</sup> Part of this wide space is paved with slabs of limestone, feathered with grass at every chink, much of this being green, and sprinkled, in springtime, with thousands of bright flowers. Olive-trees and cypresses flourish here and there, and give most welcome shade.

It was much the same thousands of years ago on this very spot. The Psalmist could then cry out, "I am like a green olive-tree in the house of God." "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing."<sup>3</sup> Here, protected by high walls, reclining under the peaceful shade of some tree, the pious Israelite realized his deepest joy, as he meditated on God, or bowed in prayer toward the Holy of Holies, within which Jehovah dwelt over the Mercy-seat.<sup>4</sup> Now in soft murmurs, now in loud exclamations of rapture, now in tones of sadness, now in triumphant singing, his heart uttered all its moods. It was his highest conception of perfect felicity that he "should dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."<sup>5</sup> Hither, from Dan to Beersheba, streamed the multitude that kept holy-day, ascending with the music of pipes and with loud rejoicings to the holy hill, bringing rich offerings of cattle, sheep, goats, and produce and fruit of all kinds, to the King of kings.<sup>6</sup> Here the choirs of Levites sang the sacred chants; here the high priest blessed the people, year by year, as he came forth from the Holy of Holies, into which he had entered with the atoning blood, his reappearance showing that his mediation had been accepted, and their sins forgiven. And so Christ, now within the holy place in the heavens pleading the merits of His own blood, will one day come forth again, and "appear to them that look for Him, without a sin-offering, unto salvation."<sup>7</sup> Here, as we are told by the Son of Sirach,<sup>8</sup> thousands on thousands cast themselves on the ground, at the sight of their priestly mediator, fresh from the presence of the holy and exalted Lord of Hosts. "Then shouted the sons of Aaron, and sounded the silver trumpets, and made a great noise to be heard, for a remembrance before the Most High. Then all the people hasted, and fell down to the earth upon their faces, to worship the Lord God Almighty, the Most High. Then he went down, and lifted up his hands over the whole congregation of the children of Israel, to give the blessing of the Lord with his lips, and to rejoice in His name." And at an earlier time it was here, upon the entrance of the ark into the newly-built Holy of Holies, at the Temple

<sup>1</sup> Ezek. xlvii. 1-8. <sup>2</sup> Jos. *Ant.*, xv. 11. 5. <sup>3</sup> Ps. lli. 8; xcii. 13, 14. <sup>4</sup> Ex. xxv. 22; Ps. xcix. 1-5 Ps. xxiii. 6. <sup>5</sup> 2 Chron. xxx. 5, 24; Deut. xii. 5; 2 Chron. xxxv. 7. <sup>6</sup> Heb. ix. 28. <sup>7</sup> Ecclus. i. 16, 17, 20.

dedication under Solomon, "it came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers, as one, made one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."<sup>1</sup> The heavenly and earthly Fatherland of the Israelite thus seemed here to fade into each other. Who does not remember the touching cry of the Jewish prisoner from the sources of the Jordan, on his way to exile? "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. . . . For I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday."<sup>2</sup> But peaceful as this place is now, and sacred as it was in its earlier days, how often has it been the scene of the most embittered strife, since the times of Solomon! The first Temple, with all its glory, had gone up in smoke and flames, amidst the shouts of Nebuchadnezzar's troops, after a defence which steeped the wide area in blood; and at the conquest of the city by Titus, thousands fell, within its bounds, by the weapons of the Roman soldiers, or perished in the flames of the third Temple, amidst shrieks from the crowds on Zion, heard even above the roar of strife and of the conflagration.

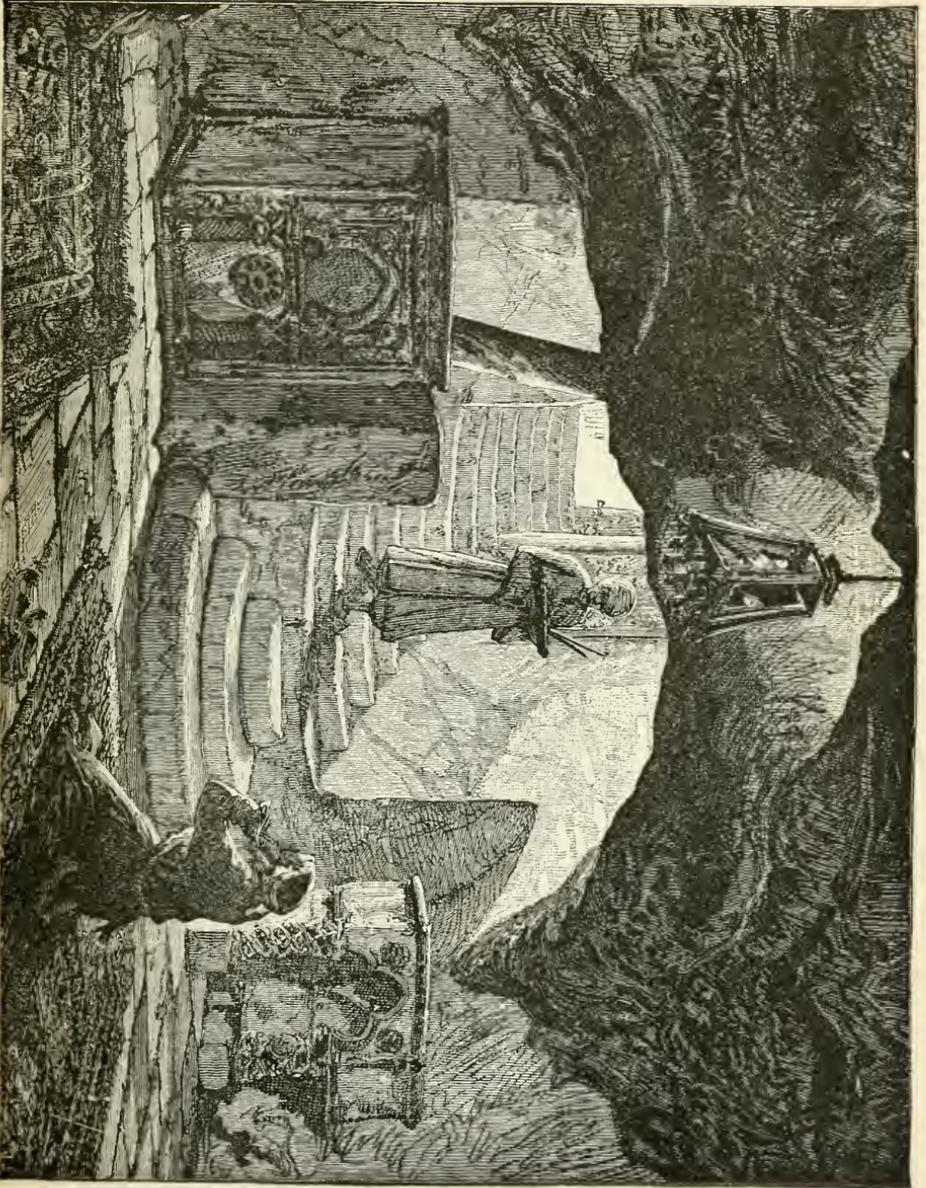
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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### JERUSALEM—(*Continued.*)

It is not easy to restore in imagination the appearance presented by the Temple in its most glorious days, but it must have been very magnificent. Even from what still remains, we cannot wonder that the disciples should have called the attention of their Master to the architecture around: "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here!"<sup>3</sup> The solid wall, at one corner, still rises to a height of 180 feet above the ancient level of the ground—now buried thus deep under rubbish; at another place it is 138 feet above it; and in one spot you may see, at a height of eighty-five feet above the original surface, a stone nearly thirty-nine feet long, four feet high, and ten feet deep, which was lifted into the air and put in its place while the wall was being built. The rubbish which now lies from sixty to nearly 100

1 2 Chron. v. 13, 14. 2 Ps. xlii. 1, 4. 3 Mark xiii. 1.



Cave under the Great Rock on Mt. Moriah. (See page 315.)



feet deep, against different parts of the walls, hides their originally grand effect; but they were bare, and in all the dazzling whiteness of recent erection, when Christ and His disciples stood to admire them.

These amazing walls were surrounded by magnificent cloisters, which were double on the north, east, and west sides; columns, of a single piece of white marble, supporting roofs of carved cedar. The royal cloisters on the south wall were still grander, for they consisted of three aisles, the roofs of which were borne up by 162 huge pillars with Corinthian capitals, distributed in four rows. The centre arch, which was higher than the two others, rose forty-five feet aloft—twenty feet above its neighbors—and the roofs of the whole, like those of the other cloisters, were of carved cedar. The front was of polished stone, joined together with incredible exactness and beauty. On all sides of the Temple, a space varying from about thirty-six to forty-five feet formed the cloisters into which, as into the Court of the Gentiles, proselytes might enter; whence its name. This was the part where the changers of provincial coins into the shekel of the sanctuary, which alone could be put into the Temple treasury, had their tables in Christ's day, and here doves were sold for offerings, and beasts for sacrifice, and salt for the altar, with whatever else was needed by worshippers: the whole a mart so unholy that our Lord, as He drove the intruders forth, declared it to be a den of thieves.<sup>1</sup> The magnificent cloister on the east side was called Solomon's Porch; its cool shade offered, at all times, attractions to crowds whom the Rabbis, and also our Lord, took occasion to gather round them from time to time.<sup>2</sup> Hither also the multitude ran after St. Peter and St. John, when they had cured the lame man at the Beautiful, or Nicanor, Gate,<sup>3</sup> on the east of the Court of the Priests.

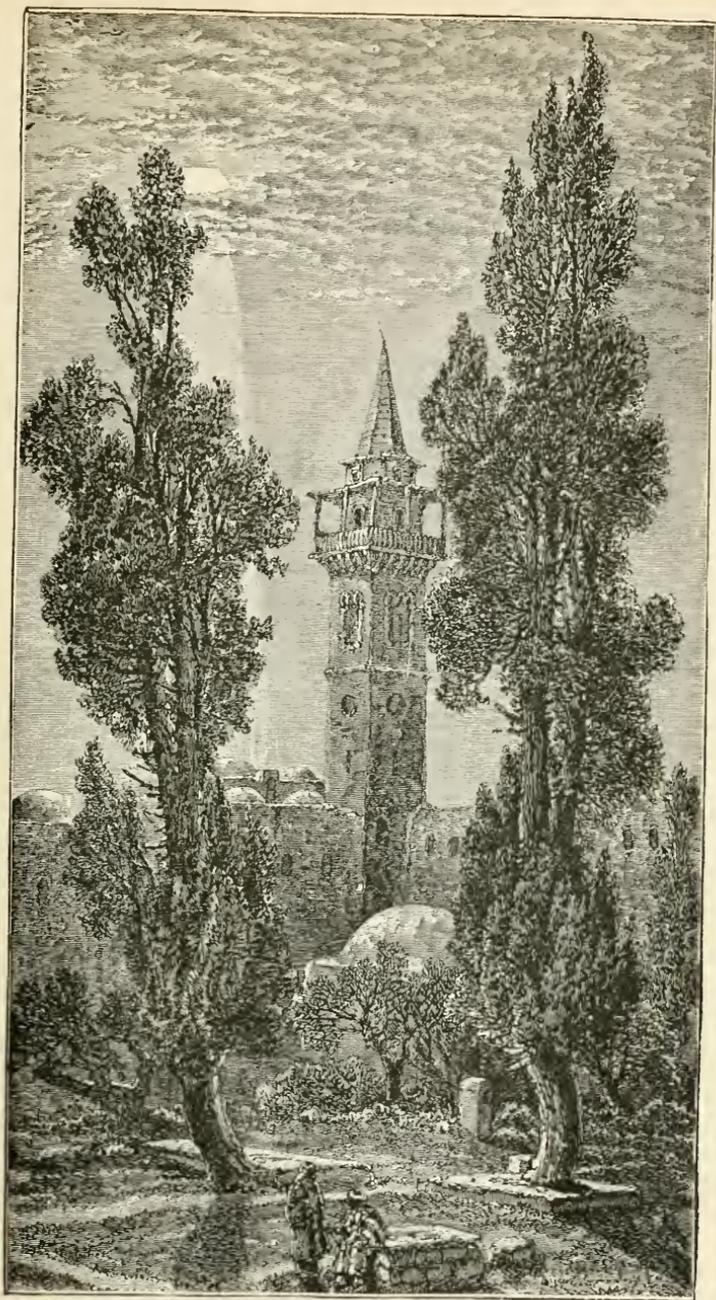
A few steps upwards led from the Court of the Gentiles to a flat terrace, about twenty feet broad on the south side, and about fifteen feet on the others, its outer limit being guarded by a stone screen over four feet high, upon which, at fixed distances apart, hung notices, a cast from one of which is now in the Louvre, threatening death to any foreigner who should pass within. The inscription reads: "No stranger is to enter within the balustrade round the Temple enclosure. Whoever is caught will be responsible to himself for his death, which will ensue." It was for being supposed to have taken Trophimus, an Ephesian proselyte, inside these prohibitory warnings, that the Jews rose in wild excitement against St. Paul, and would have torn him in pieces had not the commandant of the fortress Antonia, on the north-west corner of the Temple grounds, hurried to his aid with a band of soldiers.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xxi. 13; Mark xi. 17; Luke xix. 46. The Court of the Gentiles was nearly 150 feet in extent on the north and east, 100 on the west, and 300 on the south. <sup>2</sup> John x. 23. <sup>3</sup> Acts. iii. 2. <sup>4</sup> Acts xxi. 26.

A part of the inside space formed the Court of the Women, who were allowed to walk or worship here, if ceremonially clean, but not to go nearer the sanctuary. The Inner Temple stood on a platform, reached by another flight of steps through gates from below, but by the worshippers there, and in the still lower Court of the Gentiles, only so much of the Temple itself was seen as rose above a platform nearly forty feet high, forming a square more than 300 feet long on each face, on which the sacred building stood. Seven gates opened from this into the Courts of the Men of Israel and of the Priests, and three more led into the Court of the Women. One of these, the Beautiful, was also called the Nicanor Gate, because the hands of the Syrian general of that name were nailed over it, when he fell before the host of Judas Maccabæus; report alleging that he had lifted these hands, in contempt, towards the Holy Place, and sworn to destroy it. The name "Beautiful" was fitly given to this gate from its being made of almost priceless Corinthian brass, and covered with specially rich plates of gold. The other nine gates, and even their side-posts and lintels, shone resplendent with a covering of gold and silver. Within them rose the Temple, reached by passing through the Court of the Israelites and that of the Priests, one above the other, with flights of steps between. Beyond and above them, on the highest terrace of all, stood the Temple; its front about 150 feet long, though the Holy Place, or Temple proper, behind this, was only about sixty feet from east to west, forty feet across, and about forty-five feet high, while the Holy of Holies was a small dark chamber, not more than thirty feet square. In front of the Temple ran a porch, about sixteen feet deep, extending, apparently, to within forty feet of each side, and shut off from the Holy Place by a wall nine feet thick. Through this that awful chamber was entered by a door, before which hung a heavy veil; another of the finest texture, from the looms of Babylon, adorned "with blue and fine linen, and scarlet, and purple," hanging before the sacred solitude of the Holy of Holies. A screen, in front of the porch, was surmounted by a great golden vine, which, it may be, our Lord had in mind when He spoke of Himself as the True Vine.<sup>1</sup>

Thirty-eight small chambers, in two stories on the north and south, and three on the west, clung to the Temple on these three sides. The entrance was from the east, perhaps so that worshippers, while praying before Jehovah, might turn their backs on the sun, so universally honored as the Supreme God by the heathen nations of Western Asia. Thus the men seen in Ezekiel's vision praying in "the inner court of the Lord's house, between the porch and the altar, with their backs towards the temple of the Lord, and their faces towards the east," showed that to "worship the sun" they had turned away from wor-

<sup>1</sup> John xv. 1.



Old Cypress Trees in the Garden of Harem Esh-Sherif. (See page 317.)



shipping Jehovah.<sup>1</sup> The great brazen altar stood, as these words of the prophet indicate, in the open space before the porch.

Such a building, rising on a marble terrace of its own, with its walls of pure white stone, covered in parts with plates of bright gold, and marble-paved courts lying one under another beneath—all held up, over the whole vast area of the levelled summit of Moriah, by walls of almost fabulous height and splendor—must have presented an appearance rarely if ever equalled by any sanctuary of ancient or modern times.

Two bridges led from Zion, the upper hill, over the Valley of the Cheese-mongers to Moriah. One of these, now known as Robinson's Arch, from its discoverer, was built thirty-nine feet north of the southwest corner, and had a span of forty-two feet: forming, perhaps, the first of a series of arches leading by a flight of stairs from the Tyropœon Valley, or Valley of the Cheese-mongers, to the broad centre aisle of Solomon's Porch, which, as we have seen, ran along the western wall of Herod's Temple. The stones, of which a few still jut from the wall of the Temple enclosure, were of great size—some from nineteen to twenty-five feet long—but all, except those forming the three lower courses, with the fine pillars that supported them, now lie more than forty feet below the present surface of the ground, where they fell when the bridge was destroyed; the pavement on which they rest is of polished stone. So deep below the level of to-day was that of this part of the city in the time of our Lord. Even this depth, however, in a place so ancient, does not represent the original surface, for below the pavement, thus deeply buried, were found remains of an older arch, and, still lower, a channel for water, hewn in the rock; perhaps one of the aqueducts made by order of Hezekiah, when he introduced his great improvements in the water-supply of the city.<sup>2</sup> The masonry at the corner of the enclosure, which is ancient up to the level of the present surface and even slightly above it, shows better perhaps than any other part the perfection of the original workmanship throughout, for the blocks of stone are so nicely fitted to each other, without mortar, that even now a penknife can hardly be thrust between them. There must, of course, have been a gate through which Robinson's Arch led to the sacred area, but the present wall was built after the arched approach had been destroyed, and ignores it. About forty-three yards farther north there are the remains of another gate, which led from the western cloisters of the Temple to the city, showing by the size of the entrance when it was perfect how great the concourse must have been that passed through it, for it was nearly nineteen feet wide, and twenty-nine feet high; its lintel being formed by one enormous stone, reaching across the whole breadth, as in Egyptian temples.

<sup>1</sup> Ezek. viii. 16. <sup>2</sup> 2 Chron. xxxii. 3.

The extreme age of Jerusalem as a city receives another illustration in the fact that, though the gate is noticed by Josephus, its sill rests on very nearly fifty feet of accumulations over the natural rock below. It once gave access to a vaulted passage which ran up in a sharp angle from the city to the Temple area.

A little north of this gate is a spot of intense interest—the place where the Jews of both sexes, all ages, and from all countries, come daily, but especially on Fridays, to lament the destruction of their Temple, the defilement of their city, and the sufferings of their race. Ever since the fall of Jerusalem, the Israelite has mourned, in deepest sorrow, over his religious and national griefs, but the faith that Zion will one day rise again from her degradation to more than her former glory, is alike invincible and amazing. At least seventy feet of rubbish lie heaped over the ground where the mourners assemble, so high is the present pavement above that trodden by their fathers; but some courses of the ancient Temple wall still rise above it, and it is believed that this point is nearest to where the Holy of Holies once stood. Huge bevelled masses of stone lie in fair order one over another, defying the violence of man and natural decay. The Jews cannot enter the sacred enclosure any more than the Christians, but here, at least, they obtained many centuries ago, by a heavy ransom, the privilege of touching and kissing the holy stones. Prayer-book in hand they stand in their fur caps and long black gaberlines, reciting supplications for Zion, in hope that the set time to favor her may speedily come. The Seventy-ninth Psalm is often read aloud, and is always in their hearts: “O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance; Thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem in heaps. . . Pour out Thy wrath upon the heathen that have not known Thee, and upon the kingdoms that have not called upon Thy name.”<sup>1</sup> The most touching litanies are recited; one of them beginning thus:—

“For the palace that lies waste;  
 For the Temple that is destroyed,  
 For the walls that are torn down;  
 For our glory that is vanished;  
 For the great stones that are burned to dust;”

the hearers, after every lament, responding:—

“Here sit we now, lonely, and weep!”

The Jews live in their own quarter on the eastern slope of Zion, close to the old Temple area, but their part of Jerusalem is as unattractive as their sorrows are touching. Their streets are the filthiest

<sup>1</sup> Ps. lxxix. 1–6.

in a filthy city, and their dwellings among the poorest. They may have had "wide houses and large chambers, and windows cut out, and ceilings of cedar, and walls of vermilion" in the days of Jeremiah,<sup>1</sup> but these are traditions of a very distant past. Until recently, indeed, their condition was even more wretched than it is now, "The Israelitish Alliance" in Western Europe having afforded them systematic help for a number of years, though the first necessity, beyond question, is to teach them the most elementary ideas of cleanliness. How they live amidst the foulness of their alleys is a wonder. They are all foreigners, for during many centuries no Jew was permitted to dwell in the Holy City. Now, however, year after year, numbers come, especially from Spain and Poland, to spend their last days in their dear Jerusalem, and be buried beside their fathers, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the scene, as they believe, of the resurrection and of the final judgment.<sup>2</sup> To be there saves them, they think, a long journey after death, through the body of the earth, from the spot where they may lie to this final gathering-place of their people. They come to Jerusalem to die, not to live, but many are in the prime of life and have families, and the rising generation are less gloomy in their views. The young men, in all the glory of love-locks, fur-edged caps, and long gaberdines, are as keen after business or pleasure as their brethren elsewhere, their creed evidently being a settled aim to make the best of at least the present world.

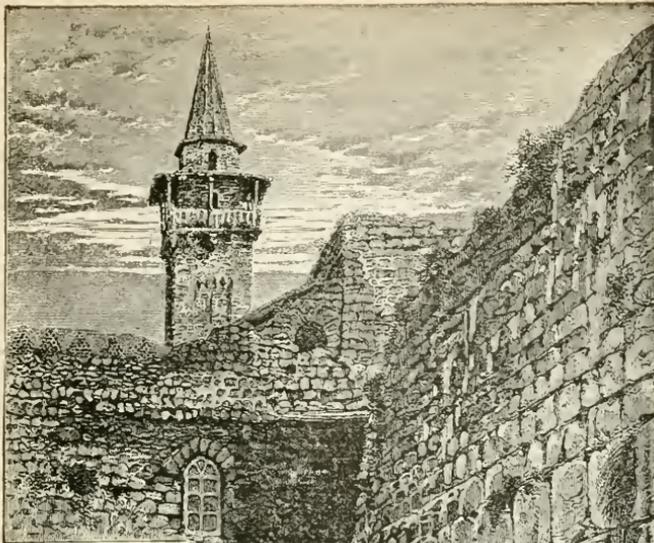
To make sure of a part in the kingdom of the Messiah, and the glories of the restored Temple and city, the Jerusalem Israelite leads a strenuously religious life, according to his idea of religion; striving with painful earnestness to fulfil all the ten thousand Rabbinical precepts founded on the Law of Moses, so as to be like St. Paul, "blameless" touching that righteousness.<sup>3</sup> The Law is studied through the whole night in the schools; frivolous applications of the sacred letter being eagerly sought, in supposed fulfilment of the command, "Ye shall teach these, My words, to your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up."<sup>4</sup> In the synagogue, men are found at all hours, busy reading the Talmud. The Sabbath is observed with more than its ancient strictness. From the evening of Friday to that of Saturday, no light or fire is kindled, in accordance with the injunction, "Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the Sabbath day."<sup>5</sup> To go beyond two thousand steps on the holy day is a grave sin, for it is written, "Abide ye every man in his place; let no man go out of his place on the seventh day:"<sup>6</sup> a precept understood so literally by one Jewish sect in past times that

<sup>1</sup> Jer. xxii. 14. <sup>2</sup> Joel iii. 2, 12; Zech. xiv. 4. <sup>3</sup> Phil. iii. 6. <sup>4</sup> Deut. vi. 7. <sup>5</sup> Ex. xxxv. 3. <sup>6</sup> Ex. xvi. 29.

they never rose on the Sabbath from the place where its first moment found them. Indeed, the Essenes, a sect of Jewish ascetics in the days of our Lord, would not even lift a vessel to quench their thirst on that day.<sup>1</sup> In the afternoon of each day there is preaching in the synagogues. At the Passover only unleavened bread is eaten, and booths are raised at the Feast of Tabernacles.<sup>2</sup> But the most solemn day of the year is the one preceding the Jewish New Year's Day, in September. Penitential prayers are said for three hours before sunrise, and every Jew allows himself to receive forty stripes save one,<sup>3</sup> the flagellator saying to the person he chastises, "My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of His correction. For whom the Lord loveth, He correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth."<sup>4</sup> On the other hand, there is great rejoicing in the synagogues at some of the other feasts, the congregation leaping, dancing, singing, and shouting in their gladness. On some of these occasions the multitude stream forth with bright faces, men and women singing aloud, and make a procession through their quarter, with the roll of the Law in their midst. The traditions of their fathers thus live with them still, for, in some such way, David, three thousand years ago, in the same place, "danced before the Lord with all his might."<sup>5</sup>

If the condition of the Israelites in Jerusalem, of whom there are about four thousand, is in general very humble and wretched, it is made still harder by their frozen bigotry. Protestant missions, especially in late years, have undoubtedly made some progress, but the mass of the Hebrew population still hate the light, and cling to the great memories of the past, embittered against the whole human race. It is a striking thought, that in all probability the Prætorium, in which our Saviour was tried and condemned, lay in the quarter now inhabited by the Jews.<sup>6</sup> A great marble-paved space extended in front of it, surrounded by halls, resting on rows of lofty pillars. On a raised platform facing this square, the judgment-seat of Pilate was placed, and here the Innocent One was shown by the Governor to the fanatical mob below, only, however, to raise a wild outcry of "Crucify Him! Crucify Him! His blood come on us and on our children."<sup>7</sup> But those children were still in the vigor of life when the last hideous, despairing struggle with the Romans drove them hither, after the Temple had been burned, and turned the mansion and Judgment-hall of Pilate into the scene of their final destruction. Victorious here, as already in the upper city, the legionaries cut down everyone they could, till the streets were covered with dead bodies and the whole town was soaked in gore; many a burning house, if we may trust Josephus, having its flames extinguished in blood.<sup>8</sup> The descendants

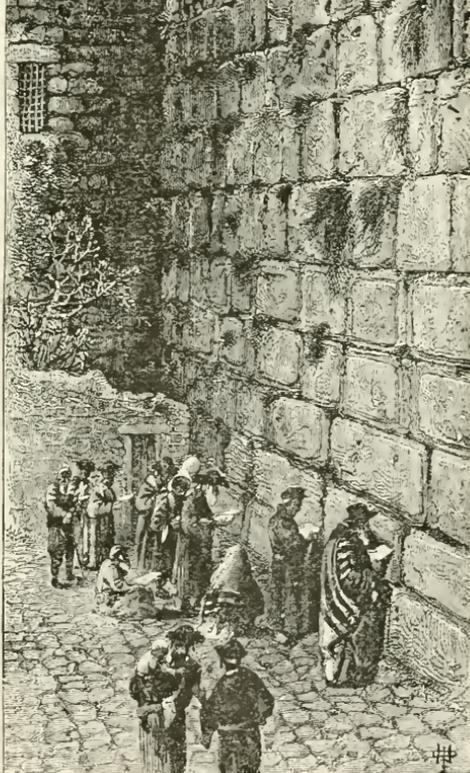
<sup>1</sup> Herzog, 2te Auf., xiii, 167. <sup>2</sup> Lev. xxiii, 6, 40; Neh. viii, 15, 16. <sup>3</sup> Deut. xxv, 3; 2 Cor. xi, 24. <sup>4</sup> Prov. iii, 11; Heb. xii, 5, 6. <sup>5</sup> 2 Sam. vi, 14. <sup>6</sup> Riehm, p. 699. <sup>7</sup> Matt. xxvii, 22, 23, 25. <sup>8</sup> Jos. *Bell. Jud.*, vi, 8, 5.



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.

For a voice of wailing is heard out of Zion, How are we spoiled! we are greatly confounded, because we have forsaken the land, because our dwellings have cast us out.

Yet hear the word of the Lord, O ye women, and let your ear receive the word of his mouth, and teach your daughters wailing.—*Jer.* ix. 18-20.



THE WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS. (See page 324.)



of that unhappy generation have built their homes over the rubbish under which Pilate's Judgment-courts are deeply buried, but their souls are still bound in the same chains as then enslaved their ancestors, and their darkness is still as profound. Were Christ to stand before them to-day, there can be no doubt He would meet the same cry—to send Him to the cross. The time to favor Zion, in the highest sense, has not yet come. But amidst all their humiliation and misery, they still draw consolation from the fact that they inhabit the Holy City, and have had part of Mount Zion itself assigned them as their quarter. Even this cannot be without influence on their spiritual life, in spite of their narrowness and pride. For have not their ancient psalmists and prophets sung its praises? “Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, the city of the great King.”<sup>1</sup> To be brought thus, continually, to the contemplation of Jehovah, must exercise a mighty power in raising and purifying their inner religious thoughts.

A short distance north of the Wailing-place of the Jews are the remains of the second bridge,<sup>2</sup> which formed part of another great viaduct from the Temple grounds over the valley to Mount Zion: the most striking relic yet found of ancient Jerusalem. It is on a line with David Street, which passes over part of it, but other foundations of arches, vaults, and chambers extend, at the side of the street, for more than 250 feet from the Temple enclosure. One hall seems as if it had been a guard-house as long ago as the time of the Maccabees, and even now it is connected with a long subterranean gallery, constructed, most probably, to enable soldiers to pass from David's Tower, near the Joppa Gate, to the Temple, without being seen. A strange use of it by Simon, the son of Giorias, one of the leaders of the final insurrection against the Romans, vividly recalls the scene after the capture of Jerusalem by Titus; for by this tunnel he passed from the upper city to the Temple enclosure, trying to frighten the Roman soldiers, and thus escape by pretending to be a ghost. The Castle, or Tower, of Antonia, which owed its name to Herod the Great's flattery of Mark Antony, then his patron, stood, as has been noticed, on the site of the present Turkish barracks, at the north-west corner of the Temple area. A mass of rock, separated, on the north, from the low hill of Bezetha by a ditch 165 feet wide, and from twenty-six to thirty-three feet deep, formed the plateau from which it rose. Of great size, it was the key to the possession of the Temple, as the citadel was to that of the upper town. The rock foundation was seventy-five feet high, its face cased over with smooth stones like the lower part of the Tower of David, “so that anyone who tried either to climb or descend it had no foothold.” At each corner of the fort were towers; the one at the

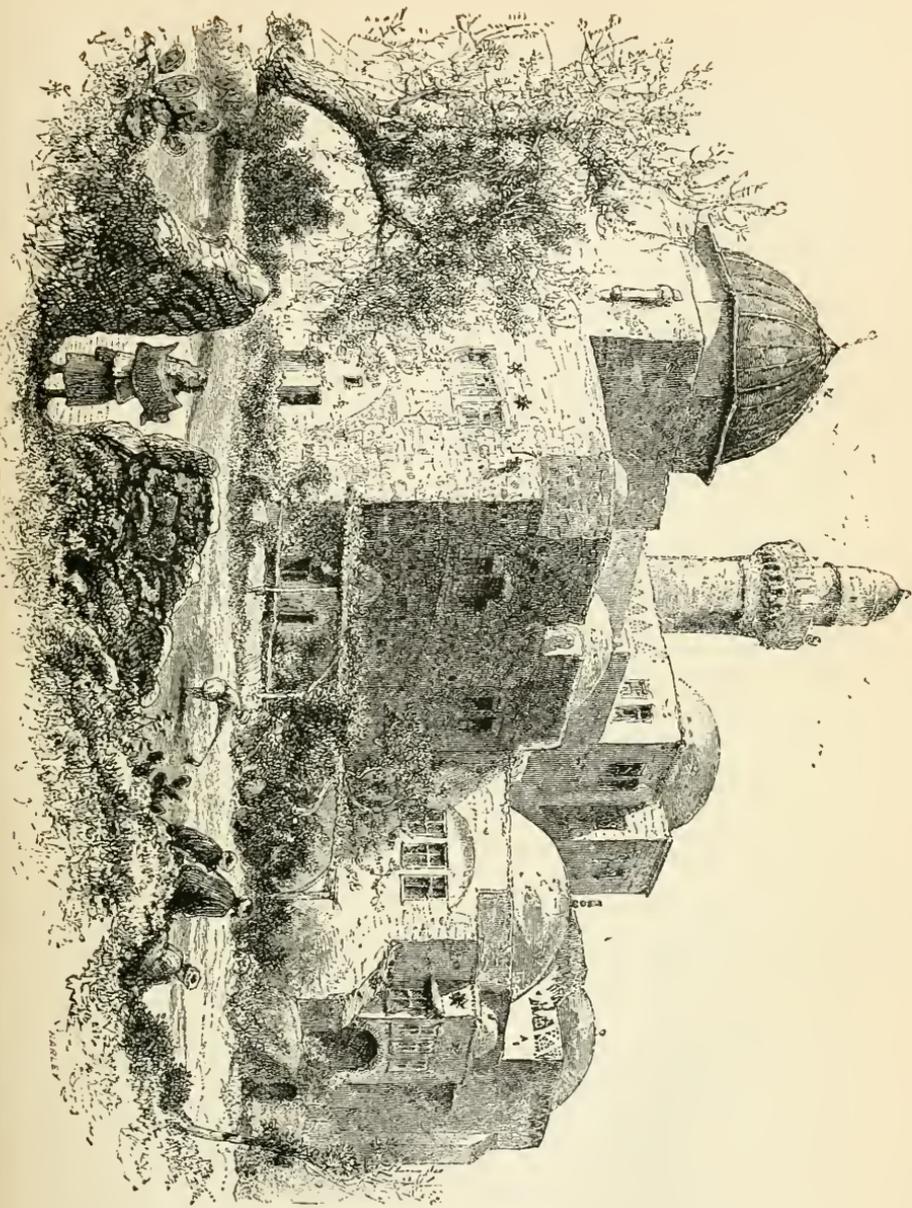
1 Ps. xlviii. 2. 2 See *ante*, p. 516.

south-east, over 100 feet high, to overlook the whole Temple area, while that at the south-west had underground passages by which soldiers could be marched into the cloisters of the Temple to quell any tumult.

Mount Zion falls very steeply to the south and south-west, and must therefore have been very easily defended. In the grounds of the Protestant Schools, moreover, on the south-west corner a system of rock-cisterns and a series of perpendicular escarpments of the rock, twenty-five feet high, which appear to have been continued, in huge steps to the bottom of the hill far below, have been discovered, which show that the Jebusites, who originally held Jerusalem, spared no pains to make it impregnable. It was natural, therefore, that they should taunt David when he wished to get possession of it, telling him, "Thou shalt not come in hither; for even the blind and the lame will keep thee away."<sup>1</sup> A fiery spirit like that of the shepherd-king could ill brook such an insult. "Whoso smiteth the Jebusites, and hurleth both blind and lame down the cliff, shall be chief captain,"<sup>2</sup> cried he, in his anger, and Joab won the award. Once master of Zion, David began that enriching of it with palaces and public buildings which, continued under his successors, made it, till the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, the concentration of all the pomp and splendor of the kingdom, that associated with the Temple excepted. It was, apparently, on Zion that he built his palace, through the skilled aid of Phœnician architects, masons, and carpenters;<sup>3</sup> the very wood coming, in rafts, from Tyre to Joppa, whence it was dragged up to Jerusalem. Near the royal dwelling probably, rose the barracks spoken of in Nehemiah as "the House of the Heroes,"<sup>4</sup> for the Crethi and Plethi,<sup>5</sup> who formed the king's body-guard: a band of the warlike Philistines, enrolled by David for his personal defence, after the subjugation of the Philistine plain. The two names seem to imply this, for they are respectively those of the first immigration of the race from Crete in the patriarchal times, and of the second immigration in the days of the Judges. Captain Conder, indeed, speaks of the Philistines as called Cherethites or Crethi, from "Keratiyeh," a village still existing in the Philistine plain, and of Pelethites as simply equivalent to "immigrants"—he supposes, from Egypt; but neither of these details disproves the original exodus of the race was from Caphtor,<sup>6</sup> which is admittedly Crete.

The ambition of the great king, true to the spirit of an Oriental, turned especially upon the construction of a grand series of rock-hewn tombs for himself and his descendants, on the south-west face of the Tyropœon Valley.<sup>7</sup> There, perhaps, to this day, lie the twelve suc-

<sup>1</sup> 2 Sam. v. 6. <sup>2</sup> 2 Sam. v. 8. Ewald's reading. Keil follows it. <sup>3</sup> 2 Sam. v. 11; 1 Chron. xiv. 1. <sup>4</sup> Neh. iii. 16. <sup>5</sup> 2 Sam. viii. 18; xv. 18; xx. 7, 23; 1 Kings i. 38, 44; 1 Chron. xviii. 17. <sup>6</sup> Amos ix. 7. <sup>7</sup> Neh. iii. 16.



Tomb of David. (See page 330.)



cessors of David, from Solomon to Ahaz, with Jehoiada, the great high priest, but without Uzziah, who was excluded for his leprosy.<sup>1</sup> The tomb of David was still well known in the time of the Acts of the Apostles,<sup>2</sup> but, according to Josephus, it had been opened, first by Hyrcanus, and then by Herod, to rob it of the treasures which tradition affirmed Solomon to have buried with his father.<sup>3</sup> So early as the third century after Christ, however, the true site of this "acre of royal dust" had been lost, and we can only hope that excavation may one day bring it again to light. Authorities differ as to the position of Solomon's palace, but no less an expert than Dr. Mühlau thinks it was built on the western side of the Tyropœon, and thus on Mount Zion.<sup>4</sup> On the same spot, at a later date, rose also the palace of the Asmonæan kings, and that of Agrippa II. Under Solomon the citizens had the glory of Zion increased by the magnificent "House of the Forest of Lebanon," so called from its costly cedar pillars, numerous, it was boasted, as the trees of a wood, and, besides other grand buildings, by the palace of his Egyptian queen. In the days of Christ, the great palace of Herod, as has been said, occupied the top of the hill, behind where the citadel now stands; its magnificent gardens, its broad waters, shaded by trees, its gorgeous halls, and the height and strength of the great wall which enclosed its grounds, with the mighty towers of Hippicus, Mariamne, and Phasaël<sup>5</sup> at its corners, making the whole one of the glories of Jerusalem. At the foot of the slope of Zion, to the east, immediately in front of the spot on which the palace of Agrippa II. afterwards stood, was the Xystus, a great colonnade, enclosing an open space, used especially for athletic games after the Greek fashion, but occasionally for public assemblies, while behind it, in Christ's day, was the Council Hall, to which, as the place where the High Council sat, St. Paul was "brought down" from the Tower of Antonia, after he had been taken prisoner because of the tumult about Trophimus.<sup>6</sup> Near this also, apparently, were the theatre, built by Herod in servile imitation of Roman manners, and the public buildings connected with the official head-quarters of Pilate, though the grand palace of Herod, on the top of the hill, was, no doubt, also used as a State building.

Amidst all this splendor of public architecture, the houses of the citizens, if we may judge from the immemorial characteristics of the East, were mean and wretched, for a despotic State in a certain stage of civilization can boast of magnificent temples, palaces, and State edifices, while the homes of the people are, perhaps, even more wretched than in earlier and simpler times. So it was in Nineveh,

<sup>1</sup> 2 Chron. xxiv. 16; xxvi. 23. <sup>2</sup> Acts ii. 29. <sup>3</sup> *Jos. Ant.*, vii. 15, 3; xiii. 8, 4; *Bell. Jud.*, i. 2, 5.  
<sup>4</sup> Riehm, p. 684. <sup>5</sup> Called Hippicus after a friend of Herod; Mariamne after his favorite wife, whom he murdered; Phasaël after his brother, who was slain in the Parthian war. <sup>6</sup> Acts xxii. 30; xxiii. 10; xxi. 29.

Babylon, and the ruined cities of Central America, and so it is even in Constantinople at this day, if we except the houses of wealthy foreigners. Nor, perhaps, can Britain say very much when she remembers the slums and alleys of her cities. But all the glory of Zion has passed away. "Jehovah hath swallowed up all the habitations of Jacob, and hath not pitied; He hath thrown down, in His wrath, the strongholds of the daughter of Judah; He hath brought them down to the ground. He hath poured out His fury like fire; her gates are sunk into the ground; He hath destroyed and broken her bars."<sup>1</sup>

The present walls of Jerusalem were built by Sultan Suleiman in the sixteenth century, and give picturesqueness, if not strength, to the town. An inscription over the Joppa Gate, and others in various places, record that the order to rebuild them was given in A.D. 1542;<sup>2</sup> the materials used being the remains of the older walls, which were several times thrown down and restored during the 200 years of the Crusades. The stones themselves are evidently ancient, and are all hewn, and bedded in mortar, but they are not very large. Seen from the heights around, with their towers and battlements, the walls look very imposing, though their chief advantage now seems to be the broad walk which a breastwork inside supplies, enabling one to look out on the landscape round the whole city. There are only four gates open through this antiquated defence, one on each side of the city; but there were formerly four more. Passing south, through the road in a line with Christian Street, which leads to the Damascus Gate on the north, we come to Zion Gate on the south. It is simply an arch in the wall, filled in with dressed stones, so as only to leave space for a moderate-sized two-leaved door, with an Arabic inscription over its lintel. Two short, narrow slits in the wall, like loop-holes, with an ornamental arch over them, and a few rosettes and ornaments of carved stone here and there, are the only signs of its being an entrance to the city; but the wall, as you come out, is seen to be very thick. From within a dry stone wall on the opposite side of the narrow road, a great prickly pear shoots out its hand-like leaves almost to the height of the top of the high central arch. It grows at the edge of a field, green, when I saw it, with barley which had been sown over the rubbish of the ancient glory of Mount Zion.

On the left of the gate, inside the wall, is a row of hovels given up to lepers, who, through the day, sit begging outside the gate, and at other parts round the city. Suffering from a hopeless disease, and cast out from among men, these wretched creatures live together, under a sheikh who is himself a leper. Dependent on charity, they sit in groups, apparently cheery enough; and when someone passes, they, without rising, clamor for alms, which are thrown into a tin dish on

<sup>1</sup> Lam. ii. 5, 9. <sup>2</sup> Year of the Flight, 920,

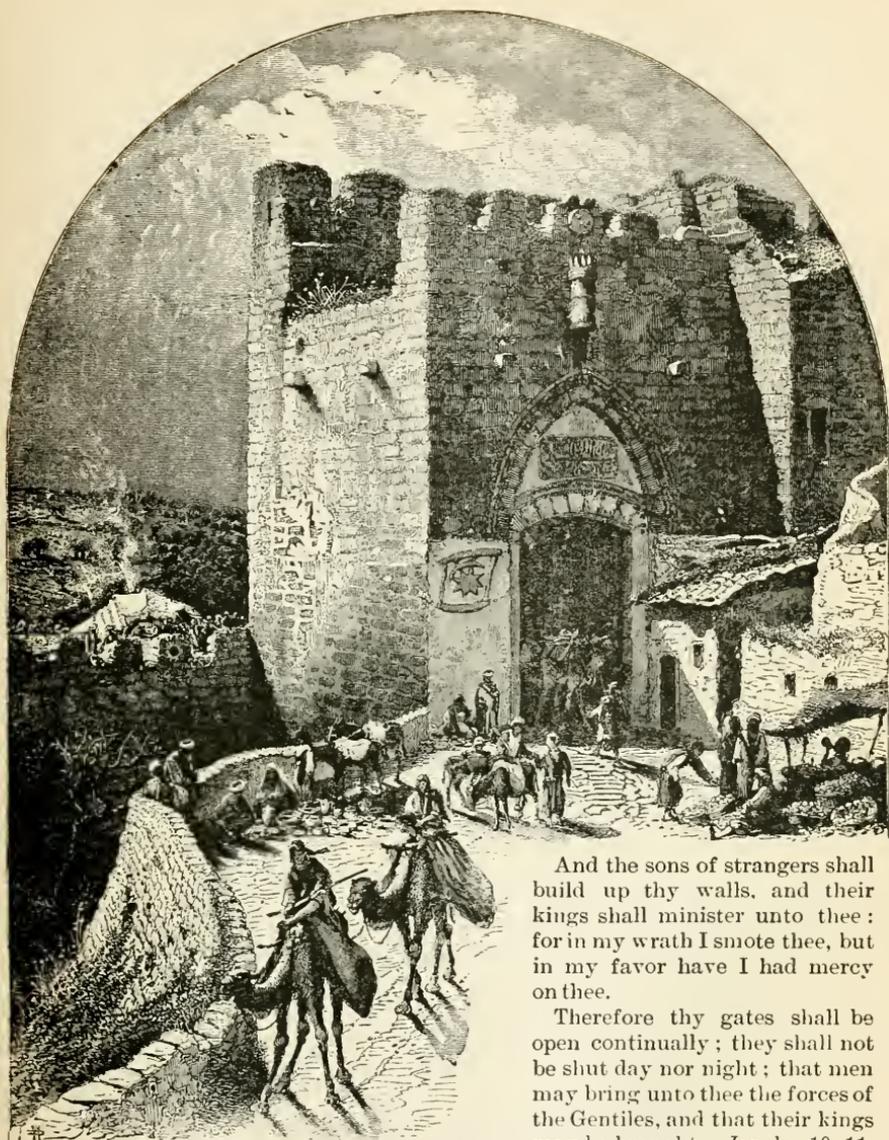
the ground before them. Now, as in the case of Job, their "skin is broken and become loathsome"<sup>1</sup> with putrid ulcers. Often, as with him, the sufferer itches all over, so that it is a relief "to take a pot-herd and scrape himself withal."<sup>2</sup> Often, again, the breath corrupts, so that the husband becomes "a stranger to his own wife."<sup>3</sup> The disease is hereditary, but bad nourishment and a wretched home lead to its development, and possibly in some cases to its origin. There are two kinds, both found in Palestine, and both almost equally horrible. Some months before the outbreak of leprosy the victim is languid and cold, shivers and becomes feverish by turns. Reddish spots then make their appearance on the skin, with dark red lumps under them, more or less movable. In the face, particularly, these lumps run into one another, till they look like bunches of grapes. The mouth and lips swell, the eyes run, and the whole body is often tormented with itching. The mucous membrane begins to corrupt, and lumps form internally also. The eyes, throat, tongue, mouth, and ears become affected. At last the swellings burst, turn into dreadful festering sores, and heal up again, but only to break out elsewhere. The fingers become bent, and the limbs begin to rot away. This kind of leprosy differs from what is known as the smooth leprosy, but even that is sufficiently dreadful, as it produces painful, flat, inflamed patches on the skin, which turn into revolting sores. Other diseases, moreover, are brought on by leprosy, and yet it is so slowly fatal that the sufferer sometimes drags on his wretched life for twenty years, or even more, before death relieves him. The children of leprosy parents do not show the disease, generally, till they attain manhood or womanhood, but then it is certain to break out. Among the ancient Jews it was very common, yet there was only one case in the Jewish hospital in Jerusalem, between the years 1856 and 1860, of a Jew suffering from it. In early Bible times it made the sufferer unclean, so that he was required to live outside the camp, while, to prevent anyone being defiled by approaching him, he was further obliged to rend his clothes and keep his head bare, and to put a covering upon his upper lip, and cry, "Unclean, unclean!"<sup>4</sup> It was in accordance with this that the ten men who were lepers stood afar off as Jesus passed by, and "lifted up their voices;"<sup>5</sup> and it was in compliance with the Levitical law that our Lord said to them, when cleansed, "Go, shew yourselves unto the priests." It was necessary that a leper, when cured, should go to Jerusalem, and, after examination by a priest, take part in a number of ceremonies, make certain offerings, and obtain a written declaration from the priests of his being healed, before he could go back to free intercourse with his fellows.<sup>6</sup>

Under a respectable government leprosy could no doubt be extin-

<sup>1</sup> Job ii. 7; vii. 5. <sup>2</sup> Job ii. 8. <sup>3</sup> Job xix. 17. <sup>4</sup> Lev. xiii. 45. <sup>5</sup> Luke xvii. 14. <sup>6</sup> Geikie, *Life and Words of Christ*, ii. 12-15.

guished in Palestine, as it has been in Britain and other countries where it was once common. But for ages the wretched beings, without palates, or with no hands, or with swollen and hideous faces, have been allowed to marry and live together, at the gates of Jerusalem, perpetuating the plague in their unhappy offspring. Nor is it confined to the Holy City. Lepers are found over the whole country. Precautions are, indeed, taken to guard the healthy, but as leprosy is not contagious, these are in reality of no value. In Bible times, anyone thought to be attacked was shut up, and removed outside the city on the disease showing itself; he, his clothes, his very house, and everything he touched, being pronounced unclean. Nowadays, he may, perhaps, be allowed to live immediately inside the gates of Jerusalem, but he has still a separate dwelling assigned him, and everyone keeps aloof from him as polluted and dangerous. Nor will any one touch a leper, or eat with him, or use anything he has handled. Arabs thrust a leper away from their encampments.

The prevalence of leprosy among the ancient Jews gave a strange color to the fancies of the Western nations of antiquity respecting them. Tacitus thus gives the various opinions afloat concerning them, viz., that Crete was their original home, its great mountain Ida being the source of their name, "Judæi;" that they were a colony of Egyptians who emigrated, under the leadership of Hierosolymus and Judah, through the pressure of population on the Nile; that they were Ethiopians whom fear and hatred forced to leave their country; that they were an Assyrian race, who, having no lands, established themselves in Egypt, and finally spread to Syria; and, lastly, that they were the descendants of the Solymi, a nation famous in Homer; whence the name of their capital, Hierosolyma. All this, however, he owns to be doubtful. What is more generally admitted, he continues, is that Egypt being infected with a kind of leprosy which covered the whole body, the king, after consulting the oracle of Ammon respecting the means of removing it, was ordered to purge his kingdom of lepers, who seemed hateful to the gods, and to send them off to other lands. All the diseased, having therefore been searched out and collected, were left in the midst of the desert. On being thus abandoned, they gave way to despair, except one, Moses, who urged them to look for help neither from the gods nor from man, since they were abandoned by both, but to put their faith in him as a Heaven-sent leader, promising that, if they followed him, he would deliver them from their miseries. To this they agreed, and began their march, ignorant of the way or its dangers. Nothing, however, distressed them as they went on so much as the want of water; but when they were in extremities, sinking, exhausted, along the whole line of march, a herd of wild asses passed from the open field to a rocky place, hidden by woods, and Moses, hav-



And the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee : for in my wrath I smote thee, but in my favor have I had mercy on thee.

Therefore thy gates shall be open continually ; they shall not be shut day nor night ; that men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles, and that their kings may be brought.—*Isa.* lx. 10, 11,

THE JOPPA GATE OF JERUSALEM. (See page 335.)



ing followed, in the thought that the richness of the grass boded the nearness of springs, discovered great fountains of water. This saved them, so that after a further continuous march of six days, they, on the seventh, having defeated the inhabitants, won the land in which are their city and Temple.<sup>1</sup>

All this is so curious that perhaps I may quote a little more. To put the nation thoroughly under his control, says Tacitus, Moses gave them an entirely new religion, the opposite of that of any other people. In it all is abhorred which we revere, and all is revered which we abhor. An image of the beast which had relieved their thirst and saved them, was set up, as sacred, in their Holy of Holies. They sacrifice the ram, as if in contempt of the god Ammon (who was ram-headed), and for the same reason they offer up the ox, which the Egyptians worship under the name Apis. They abstain from pork, in memory of the shameful disease under which they suffered so terribly: a disease to which the pig is liable.<sup>2</sup>

Much in this is, of course, fanciful, but it is certain that the Hebrews brought leprosy with them from Egypt, for at the very commencement of their forty years' wanderings, Moses commanded that every leper should be put out of the camp,<sup>3</sup> and the disease could not have been brought on in the wilderness. It had, therefore, no doubt, broken out through their miseries while in Egypt, which we may the better imagine when we recollect that Josephus speaks of their having been sent to quarries on the eastern side of the Nile, to cut out the huge blocks used in Egyptian architecture.<sup>4</sup> There, he tells us, "they remained for a long time." Condemnation to the hideous slavery of this life was a usual punishment under the Pharaohs for criminals and all who gave the State trouble, the unfortunates being banished to the quarries with their wives and children, without regard to age, even their relatives sometimes sharing their fate.<sup>5</sup> In later ages, great numbers of Christians, many of them of prominent social position, were thus condemned to the porphyry quarries between the Nile and the Red Sea, and others were sent to those in the Thebais.<sup>6</sup> The unspeakable wretchedness of an existence in such burning craters as these quarries must have been, without care, shelter, or sufficient food, and with unbroken toil under the lash, may well have lowered the system, till leprosy and diseases of similar origin took wide hold of the sufferers.

That leprosy was very common among the ancient Jews, is in any case certain, for their laws are very full and stringent with respect to it, and enumerate various forms of the disease.<sup>7</sup> They even speak of

<sup>1</sup> Tac. *Hist.*, v. 2, 3. <sup>2</sup> Tac. *Hist.*, v. 4. <sup>3</sup> Num. v. 2. <sup>4</sup> Jos. *Cont. Ap.*, i. 26. Tacitus appears to have used Manetho, from whom Josephus quotes, or perhaps he quoted from Josephus, who flourished A.D. 38—97. Tacitus lived A.D. 61—117. <sup>5</sup> Ebers, *Durch Gosen*, p. 155. <sup>6</sup> Eus. *Hist. Eccles.*, viii.; *Martyrs of Palestine*, c. 8. <sup>7</sup> Lev. xiii; xiv.

leprosy in woollen or linen garments, or in leather, and, still more strange, in houses, but it seems probable that these passages refer to skin diseases resembling leprosy, and which are therefore classed by Moses with it. It is well known that many such skin ailments, which to the untrained eye may easily be confounded with leprosy, spring from microscopic vermin,<sup>1</sup> or from the minute sporules of some kinds of fungus, and both these sources of dire calamity cling to garments and to household utensils, and even to the stones and mortar of a house. This appears to be the true explanation of the Levitical laws respecting "leprosy" in inanimate substances, and they were clearly wise and philosophical, for modern science is no less concerned than they were with germs and their propagation.

A comparatively broad street leads first west, then north, from Zion Gate to the open space before the Tower of David. On the south lies the ploughed field, over the wreck of the past; on the west, after turning the corner, you see the great gardens connected with the Armenian Monastery, which provides accommodation for several thousand pilgrims. The church belonging to this establishment is grand with lamps, carpets, pictures, and gilding. A fine house for the Patriarch is appropriately connected with a cemetery in which all his predecessors lie buried. The monastery is said to stand on the site of the house of the high priest Caiaphas, and, in keeping with this veracious tradition, the stone which closed the Holy Sepulchre is shown under the church altar, and the spots pointed out where Christ was in prison, where Peter denied Him, and where the cock was perched when it crew, though the surface of the Jerusalem of Christ's day, as I have mentioned, lies buried beneath some thirty feet of rubbish. It is pleasant to look away from these monkish stupidities to the glorious gardens, the fairest in Jerusalem, with their tall poplars and many other kinds of trees waving above the city walls.

Just before reaching the open space at David's Tower, a short way from the street, on the right, is the English Protestant Church, for the English-speaking population, which mainly consists of visitors. It is only within a few decades that Evangelical religion has obtained such a permanent footing in the Holy City, but since it has become naturalized, if I may so speak, it has attracted a steadily-growing interest in the country. The time is past when a devout soul like Luther could think that God cares just as much for the cows of Switzerland as for the Holy Grave which lay in the hands of the Saracens. The great importance to the intelligent study of the Bible of a closer acquaintance with Palestine is universally recognized, and the land of Holy Scripture has been felt to have claims on the loving interest of all Christians, as that from which the salvation of the world went forth. The Jewish

<sup>1</sup> Acari.

Mission, of which I have already spoken, was the fruit of this newly-awakened enthusiasm, though experience seems to show that Jerusalem is precisely the most unfavorable sphere for its success. But preaching to the Jews is not the only form of local Christian activity. As it was desirable to raise the spiritual condition of native Christians generally, by a diffusion of simple Evangelical truth, Prussia and England in conjunction, at the suggestion of King Frederick William IV., founded a bishopric, to give Protestantism a more imposing representation in Jerusalem. The present church also was, after a time, built chiefly with English money, and Prussian and English Consulates were established, giving additional weight to the Reformed creed. Hospitals for Jews, and also for all nationalities, without distinction, have been founded and are in active operation, showing, perhaps more strongly than any thing else could, how true and deep is the interest Evangelical religion takes in all human sorrows. A child's hospital has been established by Dr. Sandreckski, an accomplished Prussian, and is maintained at his own risk, the subscriptions towards it being often deficient. I visited it and the English hospitals, and can honestly praise them both, though I confess that my heart went out most tenderly to that for children, which was filled when I went through it. The Germans also have a hospital for themselves, admirably managed. Evangelical missions of other kinds are not wanting, and it is only right to say they could in no place be more needed.

If the rigorous observance of religious forms, including prayer and the worship of God, were enough, Jerusalem might be pronounced, in fact as in name, the Holy City. It is the same with the Jew of to-day as with his ancestors, who wearied themselves with offerings and other external observances, but were so corrupt and morally worthless as to rouse the bitterest reproaches of the prophets. "Rend your hearts, and not your garments," cried Joel, "and turn unto the Lord your God."<sup>1</sup> "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit," sang the Psalmist.<sup>2</sup> Such prophet voices are no less needed in Jerusalem now. Conscience seems asleep; the moral sense dead. That it is possible to trade without lying and fraud is as monstrous an idea to the Oriental to-day as it was when Jesus the Son of Sirach wrote, "As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones, so doth sin stick close between buying and selling."<sup>3</sup> The first consideration of the vendor is the extent to which he may presume on the simplicity of his customer, and so skilled in trickery are all traders alike—Moslems, Christians, and Jews—that the webs of lies they spin, and the depth of their wretched cunning, are entirely beyond the conceptions of the Western world. Indeed, they even boast of their cleverness in lying. Nor is this the only great sin infecting the community, and condoned by the

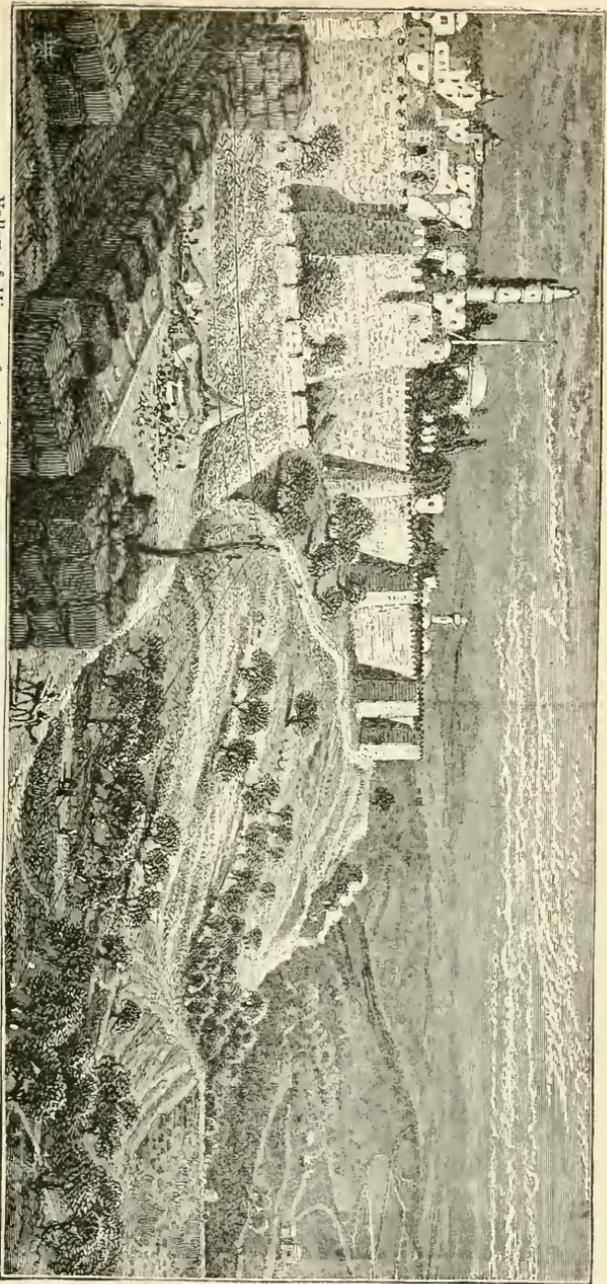
1 Joel ii. 13. 2 Ps. li. 17. 3 Eccus. xxvii. 2.

corruptness of local public opinion; meanness, pettiness, and baseness are so common that it must be very hard to walk uprightly and without hypocrisy in Jerusalem.

It is to the lasting honor of Bishop Gobat that he saw the necessity of religious education, to raise the moral tone of the Christian population. His school-house, a stately building, stands immediately above the steep descent of Mount Zion. It was founded in 1853, and, when I visited it, had forty-five boys and thirteen youths, who might be called students, but no day scholars. This is a much smaller attendance than at the American college at Beyrout, but perhaps the locality is less favorable. There is, besides, a school for girls in the city, with seventy on the books when I was in Jerusalem; this is a day school. The Germans also have training schools. To the east of Bishop Gobat's school lies a pleasant garden, divided by a wall from the English burial-ground. In laying out this, vast masses of rubbish had to be removed, and a broad terrace was thus laid bare, cut off on the north from the higher rock by a perpendicular escarpment. Fragments of the old wall of the city still remained on the top of this escarpment when it was first uncovered, and a number of hewn stones lay around. There are, moreover, remains of a rock-hewn stair, and, as I have said, a number of rock-hewn cisterns, with a round hole in the covering through which the old Jebusites once drew up water. The stair without question formed a comparatively secret way from the city walls to the bottom of the valley.

The streets of Jerusalem, like those of all Oriental cities or towns, are left at night in total darkness, except where a feeble lamp, hung out by a kindly householder, sheds a glimmer for a few yards. Nor is there any cheering light from the houses themselves, for there are no windows except high up, and the thick lattice shuts in any feeble beam there may be in a few higher chambers. No one, therefore, can move about without a lantern, since to do so would insure a speedy fall over the rough stones, or headlong precipitation into some gulf; not to speak of dangers from the town dogs, and the nameless filth of the side streets. It is, therefore, obligatory to carry one's own light, and anyone found abroad without a lantern after nine o'clock is at once stopped by the turbaned curiosities who do duty as watchmen.

The population of Jerusalem is about 30,000, who are divided and subdivided into no fewer than twenty-four distinct religious parties, more than half of which are Christian; the whole showing anything rather than brotherly love to each other. It has often been a question how the vast multitudes who in ancient times thronged to the Passover, found room in a place which the configuration of the ground prevented from ever being much larger than it is now; but we have, at least, a slight help towards understanding the possibilities of an East-



Valley of Hinnom from the northwest corner of the city. (Crossing the valley on the right is seen the aqueduct from Solomon's Pool. The large building within the city wall is the Armenian Monastery.) (See page 310.)



ern town in this respect, in the sights presented at Jerusalem each Easter. Thousands of pilgrims of all the Oriental Christian nationalities are then in the city, and at the same time vast multitudes of Mahommedans arrive from every Moslem country, and even from India, to pray within the sacred enclosure on Mount Moriah; the object of the institution of this counter-pilgrimage, if one may call it so, having been, apparently, to secure the presence in the Holy City of a great body of "true believers" when the Christians were assembled in force. At these times every khan, convent, and lodging-house is crowded, tents are pitched outside the walls, and all available spots within the city are used for sleeping-places by the poorer pilgrims, who cook their simple food in the open air, and lie through the night in the streets. The open space before the Tower of David is a favorite spot for this bivouac; men, women, and children cowering as closely as they can on its rough stones. It must have been the same in ancient Jerusalem, but there was the great additional aid that every family opened its rooms, and even its roofs, to pilgrims; inns being then unknown. Besides, a convenient fiction of the Rabbis extended the sacred limits of Jerusalem, during the feasts, as far as Bethany, so that the thousands who could find no space inside the walls had ample room without them.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### ROUND JERUSALEM.

THE Joppa Gate lay nearest to my hotel, and was, hence, that by which I commonly passed outside the walls. The Valley of Hinnom sank, at first, very gradually, to the south-east. About 500 yards to the west, upon rising ground at the side of the road to Gaza, was the leper hospital; on the left, from its deep, broad ditch, rose a mass of huge walls and low towers, forming the citadel, over which floated the Turkish flag. A minaret towered up proudly beyond, while from the gardens inside the crenelated rampart rose some olive-trees, and the outside sloping walls of the Titanic base were feathered everywhere with the creeping plants which in Palestine take the place of our ivy. The whole constituted a grim, forbidding Bastille, with memories red with blood. A broad, bare space west of it, looking down the valley, is a favorite spot for the tents of travellers. Clumps of ancient olive-trees, growing on the open slopes, dot the gradual descent, and are in great favor with camel-drivers for their shade, in which the beasts can

rest, and they themselves eat their simple meals. As we descend the valley, the east side, which is Mount Zion, sinks, almost at once, quite steeply, while on the west the slope is gentle. The prevailing color of the barren hills is yellow, but the young spring green of some small fields down the valley, and a sprinkling of olive-trees on the west, and the dark foliage of the poplars rising from the Armenian gardens, over the weather-worn city wall, soften the wildness of the view. Yet, as Strabo said in the generation before Christ, Jerusalem is very stony, and the environs are both barren and parched.<sup>1</sup> The road was enlivened with travellers of all nations—Arabs and their camels; asses with every possible form of load; turbaned pedestrians; veiled women, and pilgrims of both sexes, coming back to Jerusalem, or setting out from it. How much men freely undergo in the hope of earning heaven, so long as the self-denial leaves their inner lives untouched! There were almost as many women as men among these far-travelled visitors to the holy shrines; but while all had expended so much "bodily exercise which profiteth little" in honor of their religion, how many worshipped in spirit and in truth, having begun by purifying the temple of the soul? A good many, let us hope, but yet—! Lepers sat at the roadside begging, with their tin dishes before them for alms; some very far gone in their malady; others apparently as yet untouched by it, though certain after a time to be as sorely afflicted as the rest. Well might one pity them.

Passing downwards under the proud towers and walls of the citadel, one reaches a path leading to the top of Mount Zion by a steep ascent. The summit is flat, or at most gently undulating, between the city wall and the steep side of the hill, and, as I have before said, is in some places turned into small fields, protected by old walls of dry stone. Most of the surface, however, is used as the Christian cemetery, different strips being set apart for Latins, Greeks, Armenians, and foreigners, who sleep peacefully under the rubbish of the ancient Jerusalem. The English Protestant cemetery is distinct from this; the former opens from the ground of Bishop Gobat's schools, and is sacred, already, with the dust of not a few of our countrymen. Some women were sitting beside a new grave in the larger burial-ground, weeping loudly and almost convulsively, so that one would have supposed them overwhelmed with sorrow for the loss of a dear friend or relation. But it appeared that all this to-do was only professional acting, duly hired for so much coin, and meant no more than the groans and weeping of so many stage damsels in a theatre. It seems strange that such simulated grief should find a market, but is it much more unreal than the palls, bands, feathers, and other hideous fripperies which our undertakers furnish at a fixed scale of prices? At any rate it is very old. Wail-

<sup>1</sup> Strabo, *Geog.*, p. 880, ed. 1570.



Lower part of the Valley of Hinnom. (To the right the Village of Siloa.) (See page 339.)



ing women are the counterpart, in the primitive East, of our funeral music for the rich, or great, or good, and their office is to express the deep emotion of the survivors. The hired mourners raise their shrieks in the house of death, in the funeral procession, and at the grave, to which they come for seven successive mornings to renew their lamentations. One begins and the others join, with skilled dexterity of words, tones, and attitudes. Thus it was in the house of Jairus, when his little daughter lay dead,<sup>1</sup> and thus it was when "great lamentation" was made over St. Stephen,<sup>2</sup> and in all other cases where grief for the dead is mentioned in Scripture.<sup>3</sup>

The most touching feature in burials in the East is the quickness with which they follow death. As dissolution approaches, a sick-chamber is still thronged, as it was in the troubled home of Jairus, with a crowd of neighbors and friends, all frantic with grief. Mr. Mills<sup>4</sup> mentions one case of a poor dying woman whom he visited. Her brother supported her, and the rest pressed round, raising their hands and bursting out into agonizing shrieks; the noise and the crowd being themselves enough to kill her. Indeed, she died in the midst of the tumult, just perhaps as the daughter of Jairus did. She breathed her last about eleven in the morning, and her funeral took place at three the same afternoon. The friends assembled at that hour and bore away the body, which was simply shrouded in white calico, without any coffin, and laid on a bier much like our own, except that it had a high border round it to prevent the corpse from being shaken off. The women took the foremost place in the funeral procession, but in this case there were no hired mourners, as there are in Mahomedan funerals, for the deceased was a Christian, and the real sorrow of those who attended her to the grave needed no art to deepen the sadness of the cries which broke continually from them. The grave was dug without any shovel or other tool, simply by hand, with the aid of a chance stone. As the corpse lay awaiting interment, it was still quite warm, but a doctor, sent for by Mr. Mills, pronounced life extinct. The grave was only about two feet deep, with a layer of stones on the bottom and at the sides, barely leaving room enough to cover the body. When it had been laid in its shallow bed, large stones were put across, resting on those at the sides, so as to make a kind of coffin-lid, to protect the dead from the small stones and earth, which were gathered with hands and feet into a low mound over her form. She had been full of mirth the evening before, but now! The females, to the number of a dozen or more, remained all night at the dead woman's house, almost continually lifting up their voices in mournful lamentations, and early next morning went out to the grave, to sit there and weep, as the Jews supposed Mary had done in the case of Lazarus.<sup>5</sup> This

<sup>1</sup> Matt. ix. 24; Mark v. 38. <sup>2</sup> Acts viii. 2. <sup>3</sup> See *ante.*, p. 177. <sup>4</sup> Mills, *Nablus*, p. 152. <sup>5</sup> John xi. 31'

they continued to do for nine successive days. In the evening of the burial-day food was prepared by neighbors and consumed in a funeral meal by the afflicted household, who ate together. This is the counterpart to the "cup of consolation" which Jeremiah speaks of, as given to comfort mourners for the loss of their father or mother,<sup>1</sup> and to the "bread of men" which Ezekiel was forbidden to eat when his wife died.<sup>2</sup>

Near the cemetery is an old Christian church, the successor of one which stood on Mount Zion before the erection of the Church of the Sepulchre; that is, at least as early as 300 years after Christ's birth. In the times of the Crusaders apparently it was rebuilt, but in its present form it dates only from A.D. 1333, when it had come into the hands of the Franciscans. For 300 years back, however, the Mahomedans have taken it into their possession, and they guard what they think its more sacred parts with almost greater jealousy than they show about the Mosque of Omar. The Tomb of David was one of the holy places in the church as long ago as the reign of the Frankish kings, and it is still claimed as a glory of the spot by its present custodians, who say it is underground, and let no unbeliever see it. Probably there are ancient tombs below the present surface, but this is not apparently the place to look for the tomb of the Psalmist-king. A long, bare room, up a flight of steps in the building, is however open, on payment of a small fee; its attraction being the tradition that here Christ ate the Last Supper with His disciples. But the Jerusalem of Christ's day, I need hardly repeat, is buried below thirty feet of rubbish.

From the edge of the hill there is a fine view of the Sultan's Pool, known as the traditional Lower Pool of Gihon—a huge reservoir, 245 feet broad at its upper, and 275 feet at its lower end; 592 feet long, and about forty feet deep. It has been made by building great dams across the valley, but they are of very little use, as there was no water in the pool when I saw it, though it had rained only a day or two before. The camels and other beasts of burden, however, were the better for the showers, for the bottom was covered with delicious fresh green, on which some were feasting as I passed. To get down from the cemetery, I had followed the line of some low and rough stone walls dividing the hill-side into different properties, but it was by no means a pleasant descent, so steep was the slope of about 100 feet. In summer the bottom of the pool is in great request as a threshing-floor, for which it is admirably fitted when the heat has withered up the grass which, in spring, covers its rocky surface. The pool has been made by removing the earth between the lower and upper dams, across the valley, leaving the rock in its natural state so that it slopes down

1 Jer. xvi. 7. 2 Ezek. xxiv. 17; 2 Sam. iii. 35; xii. 20.



Valley of Hinnom. (Ancient Graves to the Left, Olive Trees to the Right.) (See page 340.)



irregularly at the sides, with a narrow channel in the middle. A road crosses the dam at the lower end, the side walls of which are very much broken. In the centre there is a fountain—once fed by the aqueduct from Solomon's Pools near Bethlehem, which crosses the valley immediately above the upper end of the pool. The pool itself lies so low that it could only have been used to irrigate gardens lower down the valley, though, when water-tight, it must have spread fertility far and wide, as it would contain about 19,000,000 gallons. The dam at the upper end is only slight. The present name of this huge reservoir is due to its having been repaired by Sultan Suleiman, but the excavation is very ancient, Robinson supposing it to be the Lower Pool mentioned by Isaiah. Nine small arches, spanning the valley, preserve the memory of the aqueduct which once poured its clear waters into the great cisterns on Mount Moriah: an incalculable benefit to a city so naturally deficient in its water-supply. It was to repair this artery of the common life that Pilate took funds from the Temple treasury, and thereby roused the fury of the priests at what they were bold enough to denounce to the ignorant multitude as a robbery of the Church. As if the gold lying idle in the Temple vaults could have been better used! Under the Turks, who do nothing for the good of any country unfortunate enough to be under them, and leave everything to go to destruction, this monument of the wise beneficence of antiquity is of no benefit to Jerusalem.

On the western side of the pool stands a row of fine almshouses, built within the last few years for poor Jews by their rich brethren in the West. A garden stretches out before them, but the soil is very rocky, and requires much labor for small results. On the brow of the slope over the houses, and belonging to the same charity, a stone windmill breaks the monotony of the view by its great, slow-circling vans.

South of the Sultan's Pool the valley leads to the east and becomes very narrow, steep rocks forming its wall on the under side, while on the upper side Mount Zion descends in steps like terraces, but very steeply. Olive and almond trees cast their soft shadows over the rising green of the little stony fields in the hollow and on the rocky sides of the hills, while on the east the walls of Jerusalem look down into the ravine. The whole scene is beautiful in its quiet repose. Yet it was in this narrow valley, now filled with budding fruit-trees and springing grain and sweet flowers, that the Israelites once offered their children to Moloch, and these very rocks on each side have echoed the screams of the innocent victims, and reverberated with the chants and drums of the priests, raised to drown the cries of agony. It is well called the Valley of Hinnom—"the Valley of the Groans of Children:"<sup>1</sup> a name which perpetuates the horror once excited by the

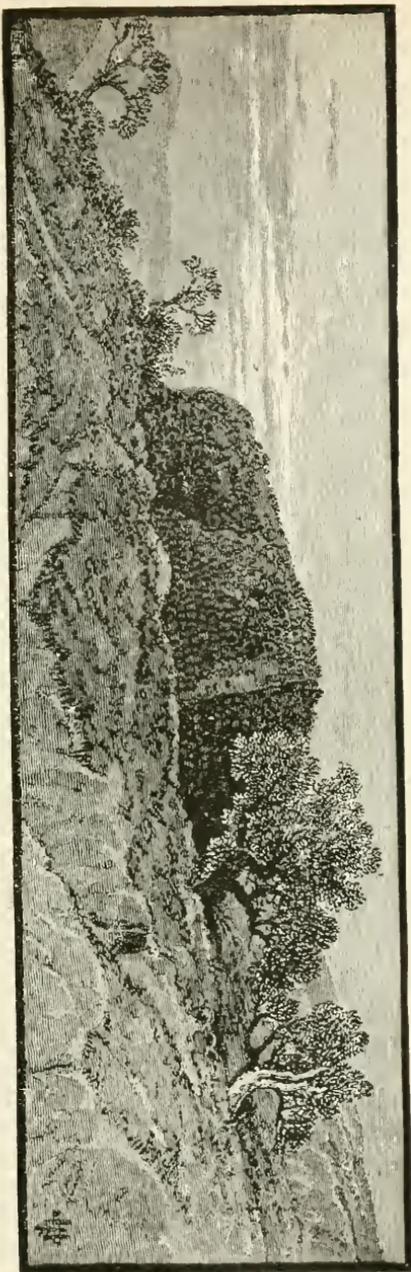
<sup>1</sup> בְּנֵי הַיָּמִים (2 Kings xxiii. 10.) Strictly, "of the Children of Groaning."

scenes it witnessed; especially, it would seem, in this lower part Here, under Ahaz, Manasseh, and Amon, the hideous ox-headed human figure of Moloch—the summer sun in his glowing and withering might—was raised in brass or copper, with extended arms, on which were laid, helplessly bound, the children given up by their parents “to pass through the fire” to him; a heated furnace behind the idol sending its flames through the hollow limbs, till the innocents writhed off into a burning fire beneath. Ahaz and Manasseh had set a royal example in this horrible travesty of worship, by burning alive some of their own children;<sup>1</sup> and what kings did, commoners would be ready to copy. Yet who can tell the agony of soul it must have cost a father or mother, among a race where sons were so great a glory, to give up one to such a death, as a religious act? How many among ourselves would be capable of a tribute of devotion to the true God fit to be mentioned alongside of this, as a surrender to Him of all that the heart loves best?

It was not till within less than thirty years of the destruction of Jerusalem by the Chaldæans, that the idol and its accessories were swept away from the valley by the good Josiah,<sup>2</sup> and the place so defiled that it could never again be desecrated by this frightful worship. But so deeply had the horrors of the past printed themselves on the popular mind, that henceforth the spot bore the name of Tophet—“the Abomination”—“the Place to be Spat upon;” and in later times the very words Ge-Hinnom—“the Valley of Hinnom”—slightly changed into Gehenna, became the common name for hell. The destruction of Assyria is pictured by Isaiah as a huge funeral pile, “deep and large,” with “much wood,” “prepared for the king,” and kindled by the breath of Jehovah, as if by “a stream of brimstone.”<sup>3</sup> Jeremiah speaks of “high places” in this valley, as if children had been burned on different altars; and he can think of no more vivid image of the curse impending over Jerusalem than that it should become an abomination before God, like this accursed place.

The Hill of Evil Counsel rises on the south from the Valley of Hinnom; it owes its name to a tradition that the house of the high priest Caiaphas, in which the leaders of the Jews resolved on the death of our Lord, stood there. Beneath it the steep rocky sides of the valley are pierced with a great number of tombs, showing that this spot was used by the Jews in ancient times as a cemetery.<sup>4</sup> Some of these sepulchres are cut into domes in the rock and ornamented, others are mere holes for bodies, hewn in the face of the hill; some have many such holes dug out in the sides of a larger or smaller chamber, most of the entrances to these appearing to have been closed by a

<sup>1</sup> 2 Kings xvi. 3; xxi. 6. <sup>2</sup> 2 Kings xxiii. 10; Isa. xxx. 33; Jer. vii. 31; xix. 6, 11, 12, 13. <sup>3</sup> Isa. xxx. 33. <sup>4</sup> Some think the tombs Christian.



Achelanna. (See page 311.)



stone door, turning on a socket hinge, and secured by bolts. Wandering amidst these graves, once full, but now long empty, one feels himself surrounded by a city of the dead, the beginnings of which run back to the grey antiquity of the early Jewish kings. Close at hand, but a little higher up the valley, is a spot with the evil name of *Acel-dama*—"the Field of Blood,"<sup>1</sup> on which rises an old ruin thirty feet long and twenty wide, one side partly the naked rock, the other drafted stone, the whole forming a flat-roofed cover to a dismal house of the dead. Two caverns open in the floor, their rocky sides pierced with holes for bodies; and galleries of tombs run into the hill from the bottom. Holes in the roof are still seen, through which the corpses were let down by ropes, and there are marks of steps by which the tombs were entered. Here, say the local traditions, was "the Potters' Field," bought for the burial of strangers by the high priests with the thirty pieces of silver for which our Saviour was betrayed. Clay from around it is still used by the potters of Jerusalem.

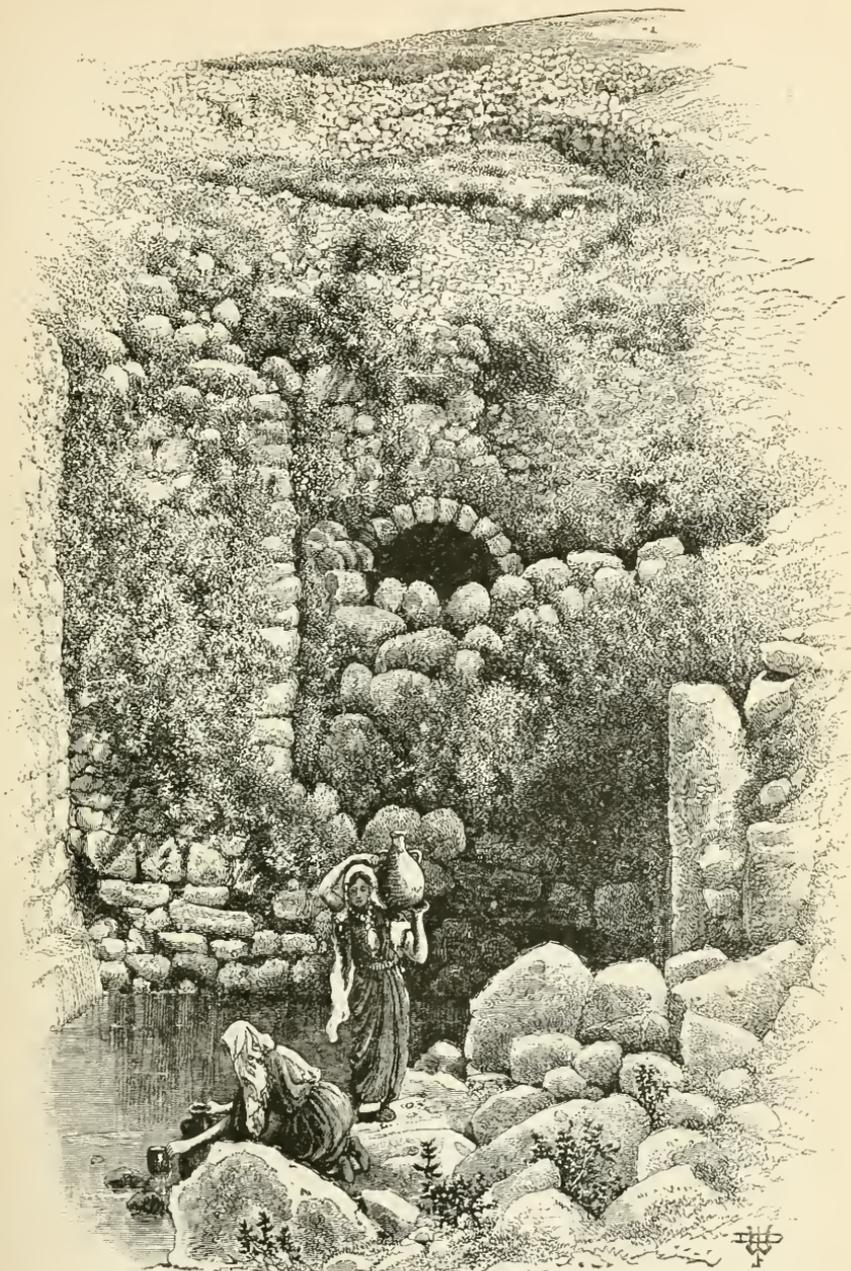
About a hundred steps from *Acel-dama*, *Hinnom* merges into another valley running along the south side of the city. Where the two thus join, the *Tyropœon* or *Cheese-makers' Valley*, from between Mounts *Moriah* and *Zion*, also opened out, in ancient times, on the north side before it was filled up by the wreck of the city and Temple. In those days both it and the Valley of *Hinnom* girdled Mount *Zion* from the west to the south-east, where the hill descends in huge steps, here and there rocky; the steps plentifully strewn with stone, and pitted with cisterns and small caves, in which the goats sleep at night, but veiled in part by olive, almond, and pomegranate trees. In David's time *Zion* was surrounded by a wall, forming the original city; but under *Solomon*, *Moriah* was encircled by a second wall, and ultimately the *Tyropœon* was incorporated with the two, by a rampart across the mouth of the valley to *Ophel*, the south-east spur of *Moriah*, which sinks down from the height of the great Temple wall in several broad shelves and steep slopes, the last of which is not more than forty feet above the bottom of the valley. Rough, stony, and swift in its descents, the surface is, however, diligently cultivated wherever possible—of course in a rude Oriental way. On the lower of these slopes and terraces the *Nethinim*, or Temple slaves, lived in olden times,<sup>2</sup> while on those higher up and nearer the Temple were some of the houses of the priests.<sup>3</sup> The fortifications enclosing *Ophel* had grown old in the days of *Jotham* and *Manasseh*, and were consequently repaired, heightened, and strengthened by them,<sup>4</sup> while they were rebuilt by *Ezra* and *Nehemiah* after the return from *Babylon*, a lofty watch-tower being added,<sup>5</sup> the foundations of which, projecting from

<sup>1</sup> Acts i. 19.    <sup>2</sup> Neh. iii. 26; xi. 21.    <sup>3</sup> Neh. iii. 21—26.    <sup>4</sup> 2 Chron. xxvii. 3; xxxiii. 14.    <sup>5</sup> Neh. iii. 25—27.

the main line of defence, have been discovered by the Palestine Fund explorers.<sup>1</sup> Shafts sunk near these show how stupendous the labor spent by the Hebrew kings on fortifying Jerusalem must have been, for the wall is yet standing to the height of sixty-six feet below the rubbish of ages, and the face of the hill was found to have been cut away, where needful, into perpendicular scarps from forty to sixty feet high.

Rounding the southern end of Ophel, and turning a little way north, you reach the famous Pool of Siloam, on the western side of the valley. It is fifty-two feet long and eighteen wide, some piers, like flying buttresses, standing on its north side, while part of a column rises in the middle of it. These are the remains of an old church, built over it thirteen hundred years ago, or of a monastery, erected at a spot so sacred, in the twelfth century. It was apparently to this pool that Christ sent the blind man to wash his eyes,<sup>2</sup> and the miracle which followed naturally invested it with such peculiar sacredness that baths were erected under the ancient church, to let the sick have the benefits of the wondrous stream. You go down eight ancient stone steps to reach the water, which is used by the people for drinking, for washing their not particularly clean linen, and for bathing. Everything around is dilapidated: the stones loose, and in many cases fallen: the approach rough as the bottom of a quarry. At the north end a small tunnel opens in the rock, bringing the water from the Spring of the Virgin, which lies 1,700 feet higher up the valley. This ancient engineering work is about two feet wide, and from two to sixteen feet in height, with a branch cut due west from it to a shallow basin within the line of the ancient walls, where a round shaft more than forty feet deep has been sunk to reach it. On the top of this a great chamber hewn in the rock, with a flight of steps leading down to it, made it possible for the citizens, by covering over and hiding the spring outside, to cut off the supply of water from an enemy, while themselves, by means of this striking arrangement, enjoying it in safety, without leaving their defences. A notable discovery connected with the cutting of the main tunnel, which, as we have seen, is nearly one-third of a mile long, was made in 1880, by a youth, while wading up its mouth. Losing his footing, he noticed, as he was picking himself up, what looked like letters cut in the rocky side, and these on inspection proved to be an inscription left by the workmen, when they had finished their great undertaking. It appears that they began at both ends, but as engineering was hardly at its best three thousand years ago, their course was very far from being exactly straight, windings of more than 200 yards, like the course of a river, marking their work.<sup>3</sup> There are, in

<sup>1</sup> *Recovery of Jerusalem.* <sup>2</sup> John ix. 7. <sup>3</sup> The tunnel measures 570 yards: the straight course would have been only 368 yards.



Upper Pool of Siloam. (See page 341.)



fact, several short branches, showing where the excavators found themselves going in a wrong direction, and abruptly stopped, to resume work in a truer line. When at last they met they proved to be a little on one side of each other, and had to connect their excavations by a short side cutting. The inscription, as translated by Professor Sayce, is as follows:—

“Behold the excavation! Now this is the history of the tunnel. While the excavators were lifting up the pick, each towards the other, and while there were yet three cubits to be broken through. . . . the voice of one called to his neighbor, for there was an excess (?) in the rock on the right. They rose up . . . they struck on the west of the excavation—the excavators struck—each to meet the other, pick to pick. And then flowed the waters from their outlet to the Pool, for the distance of a thousand cubits and [three-fourths?] of a cubit was the height of the rock over the excavation here.”<sup>1</sup> Professor Sayce thinks that this undertaking, so wonderful for such an age and for so small a people, dates from about the eighth century before Christ, and Professor Mühlau refers it to that of Hezekiah,<sup>2</sup> while others think it in part, at least, a relic of the early inhabitants of Jerusalem before David.<sup>3</sup> The depth of the tunnel below the surface, at its lowest, is 156 feet. The slope is very small, so that the water must always have flowed with a gentle leisure from the spring to the pool: a characteristic which reminds us of the words of Isaiah in his prophecy of the result of Israel’s allying itself with Syria, instead of trusting in God, or, as he expresses it, in “the waters of Shiloah that go softly.”<sup>4</sup> This unworthy confederacy would bring on the nation the overwhelming Euphrates-flood of an Assyrian invasion, terrible to imagine as a contrast to the placid flow of their gentle spring. The one stream was a symbol of the peacefulness of the kingdom of God, established in Israel; the other, of the stormy and violent kingdoms of the world. The present pool, into which the water still flows, was not originally, however, the only reservoir supplied by it. The remains of four other basins have been discovered, which were apparently once connected with it; and a little way from it, down the valley, is an ancient “Lower Pool,” which lies to the east of the upper one, but now has its bottom overgrown with trees, the overflow from the higher pool having for centuries trickled past it instead of filling it. This lower pool, known as the Red Pool—from the color of the soil—is famous for an old mulberry-tree, carefully guarded by stones, marking the spot on which, according to tradition, the great Prophet Isaiah was sawn asunder by Manasseh.

The Virgin’s Well, from which the whole supply comes, lies at the bottom of two flights of stone steps—thirty in all—broken and partly

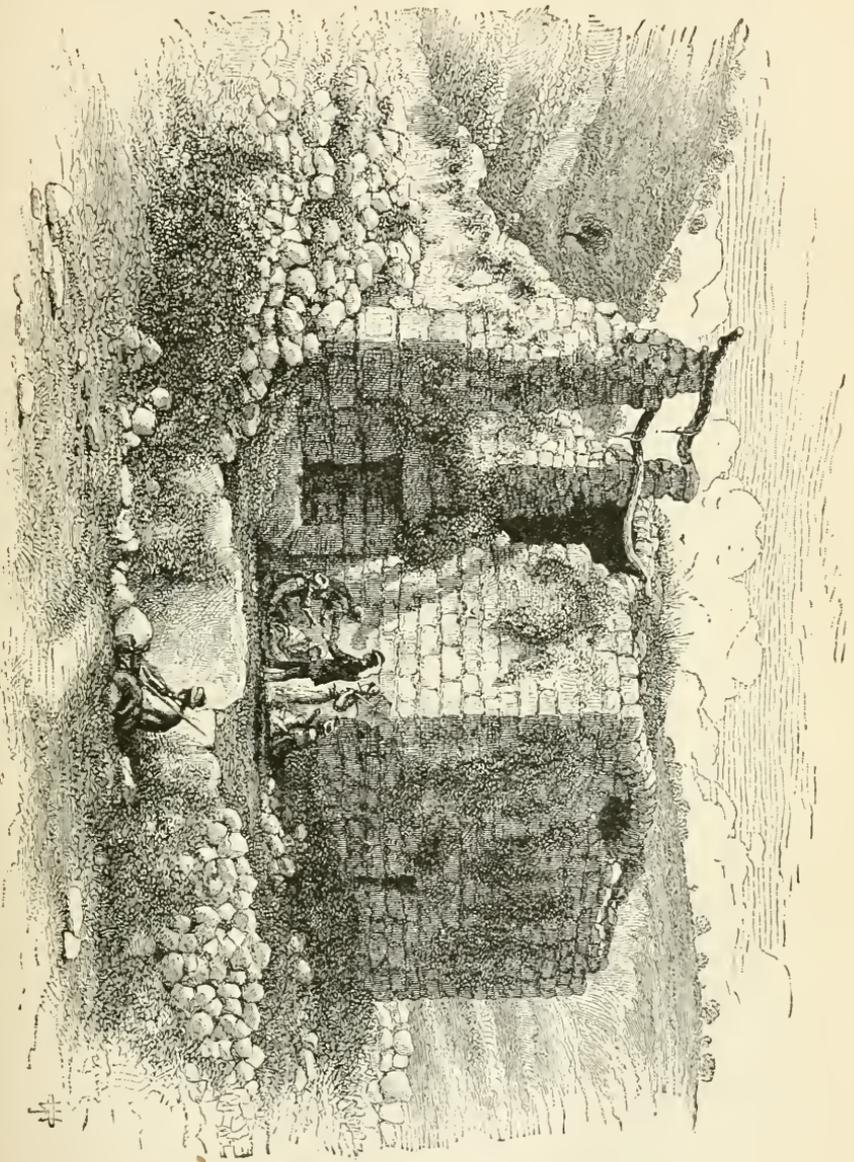
<sup>1</sup> *Pal. Fund Rept.*, 1881, p. 284. <sup>2</sup> Riehm, p. 1478. <sup>3</sup> *Pal. Fund Rept.*, 1884, p. 75. <sup>4</sup> *Isa. viii. 3.*

ruined, and has the glory of being the only spring rising in the Temple Mount. Its basin is about twelve feet long, and five wide, and the bottom is covered with small stones; but it is no longer worthy of its fine name, for two men were bathing in it when I saw it last. The waters have the curious feature of overflowing into the tunnel only at intervals: from three to five times a day in rainy winter, twice a day in summer, and only once a day in autumn, while after a dry winter the overflow takes place only once in three or four days. Explanation is easy. A deep natural basin in the interior of the rocks is fed by numerous streamlets, but it has only one narrow outlet, which begins near the bottom of the basin, and after rising above the top of it again descends, outwards. Whenever the stream rises to the bend in the outlet it begins to flow through it, and continues to flow, on the principle of the syphon, till the water in the hidden rock-basin has been lowered to below the point at which the bend commences. It is very possible that this peculiarity marks it as the Dragon's Pool of Nehemiah;<sup>1</sup> popular superstition supposing that the intermittent gush of waters was due to a gigantic water-monster in the hill, which drank up the stream and vomited it forth, in turn. The taste of the water is slightly salt and very unpleasant, from its having filtered through the vast mass of foul rubbish on which the city stands, and which has been soaked with the sewage of many centuries. The sides of the tunnel are covered, to a height of about three feet, with thin red cement, very hard, and full of pounded potsherds, and exactly like that with which, under the name of "homrah," cisterns in Palestine are lined at this time. The bottom is covered with a black slimy deposit, two or three inches thick, which makes the water still worse at Siloam than at the Virgin's Well. Still, from time to time water-carriers come to the one or the other to fill their water-skins; and women, with their great jars on their shoulders, like Hagar,<sup>2</sup> repair to them, likewise, for their household supply. Yet Siloam must have been far livelier than now in the olden times, when a fine church rose over the spring, and pilgrims bathed in a great tank beneath it. Where this was, there are now gardens. Already, in the days of Christ, perhaps from the thought of the healing powers of the pool as issuing from Mount Moriah, it must have been the custom to wash in it, else the blind man would hardly have been directed in so few words to do so.<sup>3</sup> But even if washing was then common, one can only hope it was a little more thoroughly carried out than it is to-day.

South of Siloam there is an open space at the union of the Kedron, Tyropœon, and Hinnom valleys. Here, in ancient times, David and Solomon had their royal gardens,<sup>4</sup> and Jerome tells us that in his time it still boasted of delightful gardens, watered by the Fountain of

<sup>1</sup> Neh. ii. 13. <sup>2</sup> Gen. xxi. 14. <sup>3</sup> John ix. 7. <sup>4</sup> Neh. iii. 15. Jos. *Ant.*, vii. 14, 4; ix. 10, 4.

Job's Well (See page 345.)





Siloah.<sup>1</sup> To-day, the hollow, and even the lower slopes at the sides, are still covered with gardens, watered by countless rills from the pool, so that every bed of flowers or plants is constantly moist. When the heat of summer has burned up the landscape, till rock and soil alike are mere yellow stone, these gardens and terraces, fed and quickened by the never-ceasing flow, are richly green. Such cool, refreshing verdure, springing up in the hot months in the midst of universal barrenness, must have been a delight age after age, filling the soul of the godly Israelite of old with sweet imagery, such as the race has always loved. It may have been from these very gardens that Jeremiah, who lived most of his life in Jerusalem, had the touching words suggested to him: "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."<sup>2</sup> It was the opening spring when I gave myself up to the impressions of the spot. The mighty light filled the heavens; Ophel and Moriah rose in long slopes or huge steps on the one side of the valley, and the village of Siloam, with its flat-roofed stone houses clinging to the bare hill, on the other; old walls of loose stone stretched, apparently without any plan, hither and thither over the hollow of the valley; the fruit-trees of these regions were putting forth their fresh leaves; the gardens were beautiful with tender green; the soft murmur of flowing water carried one over land and sea to his distant home; and as a setting to this fair picture, there was enough of barrenness on the hills around to heighten its charms by contrast. After the long cold months, all the seeds of life were quickening, at once, in the sunshine. One could realize the description of spring in the Song of Songs: "Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."<sup>3</sup>

A short distance south of the gardens is En Rogel, "the Fountain of the Scout," or, as the Targum has it, "the Fuller's Spring," which Josephus tells us used to be in the king's gardens.<sup>4</sup> Its present Arab name is "Job's Well," though the patriarch had never, of course, any connection with it. Through how many ages it has been used by man, may be in part realized from the fact that it is mentioned, under the name En Rogel, in Joshua, as the boundary between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin.<sup>5</sup> Round this spot a very tragic history gathers.<sup>6</sup> It was here that Adonijah "slew sheep and oxen and fat cattle," and invited to the feast all his brothers, David's sons, and all

<sup>1</sup> *Comm. in Jer.* vii. 30.    <sup>2</sup> *Jer.* xvii. 7, 8    <sup>3</sup> *Cant.* ii. 11, 12.    <sup>4</sup> *Jos. Ant.*, vii. 14, 4.    <sup>5</sup> *Josh.* xv. 7.

<sup>6</sup> *1 Kings* i. 9.

the officers of his father, intending through their help to seize the kingdom and exclude Solomon. It was only natural that he should have expected to reign, for after Absalom's death he was the eldest living son of David, having been born in Hebron, before his father's accession to the throne of Israel. Like Absalom, he was at once handsome and ambitious, and resembled him also in being heartless, for he did not wait for his father's death to get the throne, but tried to supplant him while he lived. Surrounded, like a king, with a body-guard, and followed by a strong force of retainers, he fancied all would prosper, now that David was sinking to his death. Had he not, moreover, the support of Joab, the head of the king's fighting men, and of Abiathar, the high priest? But the energy of Nathan the prophet spoiled the finely-contrived plot, and the wassail shouts—"God save King Adonijah!"—were rudely interrupted at En Rogel by the huzzas of the multitude at Gihon hailing Solomon as the new monarch. That this was their meaning was hastily told by runners from the scene. It was enough. The guests vanished, every man rising, in mortal terror, and going his own way. Joab and Adonijah escaped, for the time, through the new prince's clemency, but they could not leave off plotting, and, ere long, fell victims of a new attempt to seize the throne.<sup>1</sup>

The well is lined with masonry down to the rock, and is 125 feet deep in all, with a huge rock-hewn reservoir at the bottom, to collect the water running over the lower hard limestone, which we have seen so frequently elsewhere. The pit appears, indeed, to have been deepened at some unknown time, for a second chamber is found, thirteen feet above the lower one. The well is entirely dependent on the rainfall, but, deep though it be, it overflows after four or five days of winter rain. During the wet winter of 1873-4 a steady brook flowed from it, down the Kedron valley. When I saw it, it had about thirty feet of water, and it scarcely ever quite dries up. Towards autumn, when many cisterns in Jerusalem have but little water, and that very bad, a great quantity is obtained from En Rogel, hundreds of asses being employed daily in carrying filled water-skins up to the city, which lies from 600 to 700 feet above it, on the other side of the narrow valley. Women and maidens, also, resort to it, and have done so for immemorial ages, for it was by taking advantage of this that the faithful "wench" came and told the spies of David—Jonathan and Ahimaaz, sons of the high priest—that Absalom had rejected the counsel of Ahithophel.<sup>2</sup> The villagers of Siloam, upon the hill to the north-east of the well, drive a trade of their own in carrying water up to the city for sale to the poorer people; but they are a sorry set of cheats, often filling their skins, more or less, with air. Their extreme poverty is their only excuse, for they get no more than from a penny

1 1 Kings ii. 13, ff. 2 2 Sam. xvii. 17-22.



His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.—*Hosca* xiv. 6, 7.

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines: the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat: the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.—*Hab.* iii. 17, 18.



to sixpence for a skinful of water delivered in the city. It might have been thought that, with a valley between it and the town, the water would be sweet; but, though much better than that of Siloam, it still shows traces of sewage.

The view from En Rogel is very striking. The hills rise high, to both east and west. On the north, are the outlying slopes of Zion and Moriah, with part of the city walls, overhead, and to the south the eye follows the course of the valley to its south-eastern bend. There, the hill, which sinks gently southwards, offers a pleasant view of luxuriant olive-trees and springing fields, but the one east of the well is as rough and barren as the other is attractive. It bears the ominous name of the Hill of Offence, from the belief that it was here that Solomon built temples to Chemosh, the abomination of the Moabites, and to the other heathen gods of the neighboring peoples.<sup>1</sup> The Hill of Evil Counsel, opposite, is far less uninviting, for its slopes show patches of grain between the outcroppings of rock, though the solitary, weird-looking tree on its bare top is hardly a pleasant landmark.

A mass of ruinous walls, apparently very ancient, rise beside the mouth of En Rogel, but their history is unknown. Wall-plants hang from between the rows of large square stones in long waving festoons, and the low roof, once resting on stone arches, has partly fallen in, while grass and weeds cover what remains. Deep though it be, there is no way of drawing the water except by hand, as in the case of the well of Samaria, in the days of Christ.<sup>2</sup> Heaps of stones once forming the walls of an enclosure lie around, but, as we already know, the idea of repairing any building never enters into the head of an Oriental.

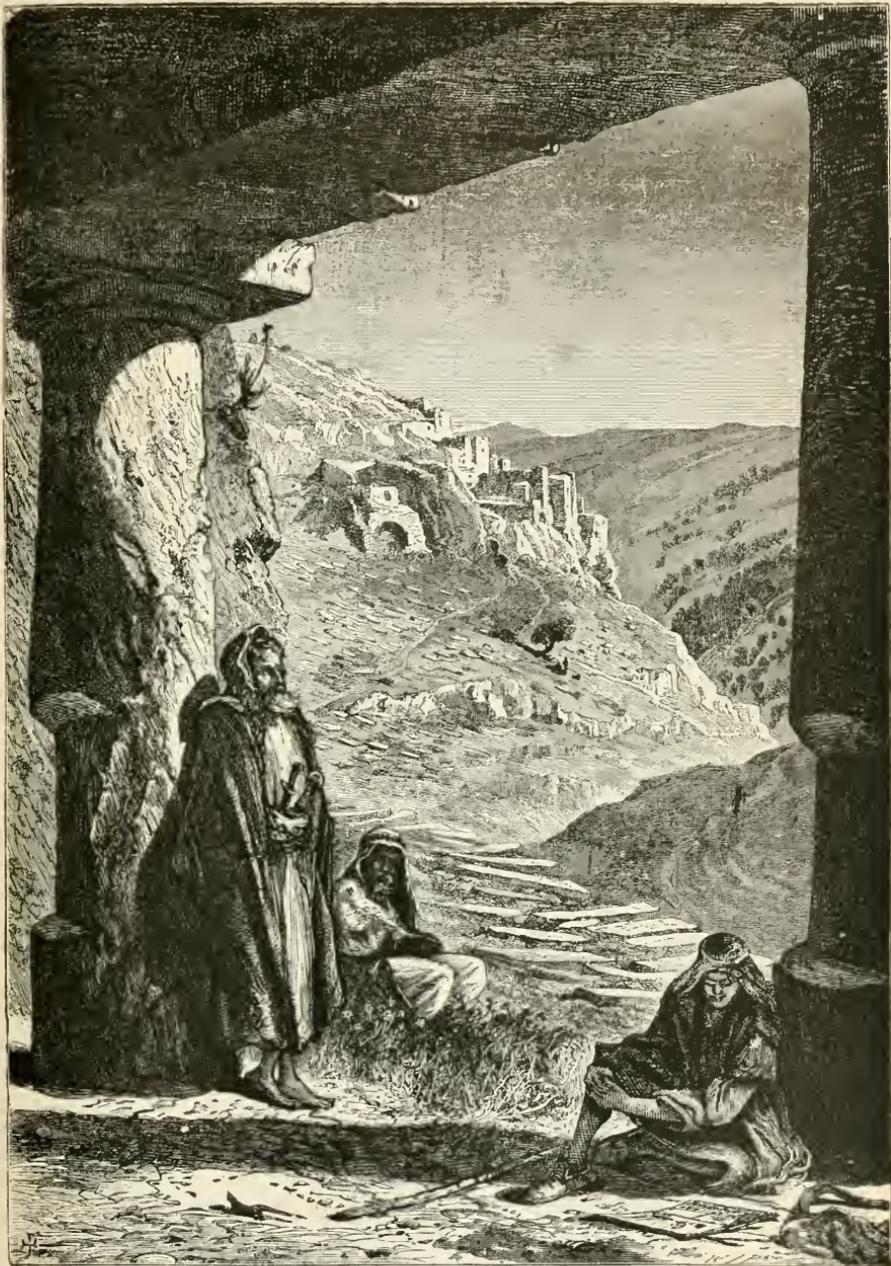
The Kedron valley runs northwards, past the Mount of Offence, which is east from it, though indeed the valley, strictly speaking, begins only from the south-east corner of Moriah, stretching for nearly a mile and a half, first north, with Mount Moriah on its western and the Mount of Olives on its eastern side; then west. It is best known has the valley of Jehoshaphat, though indeed, as it sweeps past the Temple Hill, it is a ravine rather than a valley. Opposite Ophel, perched on a very steep and slippery scarp cut in the face of the hill, lies the village of Silwan, or Siloam. There could hardly be a better defence than its difficult approach, which must at all times have made it a striking feature in the valley. Names cling age after age to the same spots, in the East, and to this steep face of rock the villagers may be heard still giving the name Zehweileh, "the Slippery Place," which seems to be only a slight change from Zohelath, the name for the great "stone," or "rock," near En Rogel, close to which Adonijah held his ill-fated banquet.<sup>3</sup> I could not pretend to descend it, and was glad to take an easier road down to the valley, after having looked into

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings xi. 7. <sup>2</sup> John iv. 11. <sup>3</sup> 1 Kings i. 9.

the village, which is a curious place, part of the inhabitants living in large caves and tombs of great antiquity. There are some houses, but they are of the rudest: generally mere hovels, built at the mouths of tombs that form part of the ancient cemetery of the Jews of which so many remains are seen in the Valley of Hinnom, or, possibly, of a still more ancient burial-place. Here, truly, one is face to face with antiquity. On one spot M. Ganneau discovered an illegible inscription thought to contain the words "Beth Baal." The cliff, once evidently a quarry, rises high behind the houses and cave dwellings, so that the village is as inaccessible from above as from below. Everything is filthy in the extreme, even for the East, and the villagers, as becomes such a place, have a bad name for dishonesty. Very strangely, about a hundred of them are called Men of Dibon, and form a distinct body, apparently the descendants of a colony of Moabites sent from Dibon, in Moab, perhaps in connection with the altar of Chemosh, built by Solomon on the hill on which Siloam stands. The village may thus mark the spot where high places were built on "the Mount of Corruption" for "Ashtoreth, the abomination of the Zidonians, and for Chemosh, the abomination of the Moabites, and for Milcom [Moloch], the abomination of the children of Ammon."<sup>1</sup> But from whatever stock they are derived, the villagers are as industrious as they are churlish or given to larceny. I noticed two or three poor little oxen which had been let out to pick what they could get from between the stones on the steep hill-side: a rare sight in Palestine. A goatherd was playing on his monotonous reed pipe before his black flock, as they followed him along the side of Mount Moriah. A bare-legged, turbaned figure, in a loose white shirt, was guiding a primitive plough: one hand on its handle; the other holding a long goad, like a clumsy fishing-rod, with which to quicken the speed of his slow oxen. Near En Rogel some sheep were grazing. The Siloam poultry scratched the dust before the hovels of their owners, and crowed lustily against others at a distance. Some women in blue cotton passed with baskets of vegetables on their heads, and a knot of idlers gossiped under the shade of a fig-tree. A picture, one could not help thinking, of how it must have been in ancient Israel.

Making my way down the steep path, I crossed over to the Virgin's Fountain, to remind myself of the fantastic legend from which the place takes its name—that here the Virgin washed the swaddling-clothes of our Lord—and to listen once more to the murmur of the water, and then went down the two flights of steps to the opening of the tunnel which conducts it to Siloam, the favorite bathing-place of the men and boys of the neighborhood.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Kings xxiii. 13.



Ruins of Siloam seen from Jacob's Tomb. (See page 347.)



THE  
HOLY LAND AND THE BIBLE.

*A BOOK OF SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS GATHERED  
IN PALESTINE.*

BY  
CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D.,

*Vicar of St. Martin's at Palace, Norwich.*

*WITH A MAP OF PALESTINE, AND 212 ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM  
THE CELEBRATED GERMAN WORK OF DR. GEORG EBERS.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.

NEW YORK:  
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER.  
1888.



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## CHAPTER XXV.

### GETHSEMANE AND CALVARY.

FROM the Virgin's Fountain towards the north the valley contracts still more, and the sides become steeper. On the right hand especially, as you advance, the hill is very wild; sheets of rock, rough outcrops of the horizontal strata, and bare walls of limestone, making the path as wild as that of a Highland glen. Indeed, steps have been cut in more than one place, to help man and beast in their laborious progress. In this, the narrowest part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat the Jews of to-day have the cemetery dearest of all to their race, for here the dead lie, under the shadow of the Temple Hill, in the sacred ground on which the great Judgment will, in their opinion, be held. Numberless flat stones mark the graves on both sides of the waterless bed of the Kedron, especially on the eastern. Above them, a little to the north, the eye catches a succession of funeral monuments which offer, in their imposing size and style, a strong contrast to the humble stones that pave the side of the hill close at hand. They are four in number, and have all been cut out of the rock, which remains in its roughness on each side of them. The first is that of Zechariah, a miniature temple about eighteen feet square, with two Ionic pillars and two half-pillars on each side, and a square pillar at each corner. Over these are a moulded architrave and a cornice, the pattern of which is purely Assyrian. From these there rises a pyramidal top—the whole monument being hewn, in one great mass, out of the rocky ledge, without any apparent entrance, though one may possibly be hidden under the rubbish accumulated during the course of ages in the broad passage which runs round the tomb. The whole structure is about thirty feet high. From the Assyrian cornice it might be thought to be as old as the early Jewish kings, but traces of Roman influence in the volutes and in the moulding beneath make it probable that it is not older than the second century before Christ, who doubtless often passed by it.

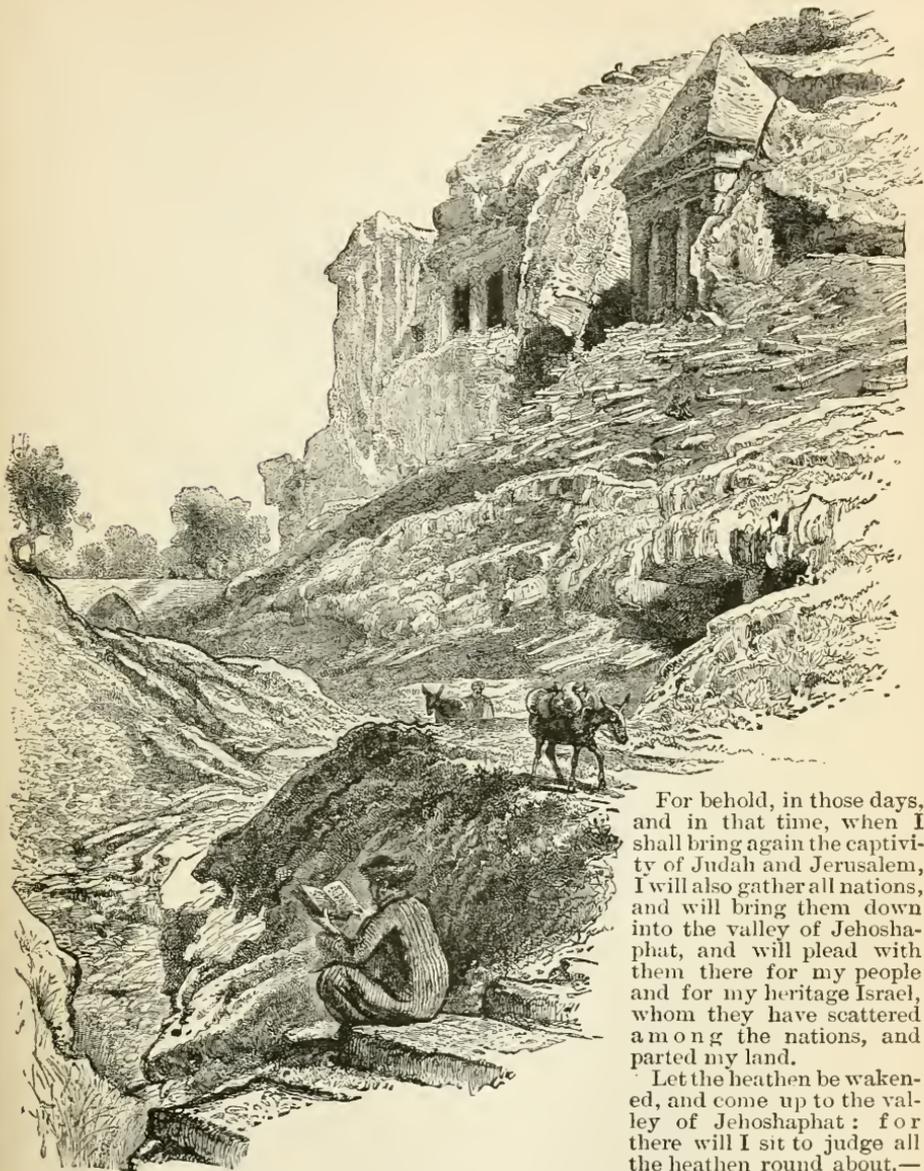
The tradition of the Jews, current in our Lord's day, associated with this monument the Prophet Zechariah, who was stoned, by command of King Joash, "in the court of the house of the Lord;"<sup>1</sup> and it may well be that Christ was looking down upon it from the Temple courts close above, on the opposite side of the valley, when He addressed the Pharisees, with whom He had been disputing, in the bitter words: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves that ye are the children of

<sup>1</sup> 2 Chron. xxiv. 20—22.

them which killed the prophets."<sup>1</sup> I noticed square holes in the rock on the south side, probably the sockets in which the masons rested the beams of the scaffold while they were cutting out the tomb.

The so-called Tomb of Absalom is the most stately of the four monuments. It is forty-seven feet high, and nearly twenty feet square; hewn, like that of Zechariah, out of the rock, and separated from it, at the sides, by a passage eight or nine feet broad, but not detached from the hill at the back. The natural rock has, in fact, simply been hewn away on three sides, to form the body of it; but the upper part, which is in the form of a low spire, with a top like an opening flower, is built of large stones. The solid body is about twenty feet high, so that the upper part rises twenty-seven feet over it, but the height of the whole must have been originally greater, as there is much rubbish lying round the base, and covering the entrance. The sides are ornamented with Ionic pillars, over which is a Doric frieze and architrave. Wild plants grow out of the chinks between the stones of the spire, and on the base from which it springs, and a chaos of stones lies on the ground below. A hole in the north side, large enough to creep through, is the only way to get inside, but there is now nothing to be seen, except an empty space about eight feet square, with tenantless shelf-graves on two sides, cut in the rock. In the Second Book of Samuel we read that "Absalom, in his lifetime, had taken and reared up for himself a pillar which is in the king's dale, for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called, to this day, Absalom's place."<sup>2</sup> The Grecian ornaments on the present monument show, however, that it could not, in its present form, have come down from a period so early; but the solid base may have been more complete long ago, and the adornments may have been added to it later. A recent traveller standing on the Temple wall above, on the other side of the ravine, saw two children throw stones at it, and heard them utter curses as they did so; and it is to this custom, followed for ages, that much of the rubbish at the base is due. The Rabbis from early ages have enjoined that "if any one in Jerusalem has a disobedient child, he shall take him out to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, to Absalom's Monument, and force him, by words or stripes, to hurl stones at it, and to curse Absalom; meanwhile telling him the life and fate of that rebellious son." To heap stones over the graves of the unworthy, or on a spot infamous for some wicked deed, has been a Jewish custom in all ages. On the way to Gaza I passed a cairn thus raised on the spot where a murder had been committed some time before, and I saw one at Damascus of enormous size, every passer-by, for generations, having added a stone. So, the Hebrews "raised a great heap of stones unto

1 Matt. xxiii. 29-31. 2 2 Sam. x.iii. 18. For "place," read "monument."



For behold, in those days, and in that time, when I shall bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem, I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land.

Let the heathen be wakened, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat: for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about.—  
*Joel* iii. 1, 2, 12.

**JEWISH CEMETERY IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.**

(Graves of Zacharias, Jacob and Jehoshaphat. The Bridge in the Background Spans the Rocky Bed of the Kedron.) (See page 349.)



this day," over Achan, near Ai,<sup>1</sup> and this was done also over the body of the King of Ai, "at the entering of the gate," when Joshua took the city.<sup>2</sup> Thus, also, when Absalom had been killed in the wood by Joab, they took his corpse and "cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him."<sup>3</sup>

The traditional Tomb of Jehoshaphat, close to that of Absalom, is a portal cut in the rock, leading down to a subterranean tomb, with a number of chambers; how old, no one can tell. Exactly opposite the south-east corner of the Temple enclosure is "the Grotto of St. James," with a Doric front, leading to an extensive series of sepulchral chambers, spreading far into the body of the hill. The name of the family—the Beni Hezir—is on the façade, in early Hebrew characters; but the structure is connected with St. James by a monkish tradition that he lay concealed in it during the interval between the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, though this venerable association has not saved it in later times from being used as a fold for sheep and goats.

Near Absalom's Pillar, a small stone bridge, of one low arch, leads over the narrow ravine to the Temple Hill. A rough channel has been torn in the valley beneath it by the rain-floods of past times, but of a channel beyond there are no signs a short distance above or below it, the upper reaches of the valley being walled across, here and there, with loose stones to form grain-plots. The Kedron used in olden days to flow here, but there is no stream now, even after the heaviest rain, the loose rubbish which has poured from the ruin of the walls and buildings of the city above, during many sieges, having so filled the old bed that any water there may be now percolates through the soil and disappears. At least seventy-five feet of such wreckage lies over the bottom of the upper part of the valley and on the slopes of the Temple Hill leading down to it; but even this is far less than what has been tumbled into the Tyropœon, on the other side of the hill. There 100 feet of rubbish hides the stones of the old Temple walls, thrown into it after the destruction of the Temple by Nebuchadnezzar's soldiery.

In the steep, rocky part of the Kedron valley, near the tombs of the Jewish cemetery, there are no olive-trees to be seen, but they begin to be numerous on the upper side of the little bridge, and there are some almond-trees on Mount Moriah. The walls of the Temple enclosure proudly crown the eastern side of the hill, their colossal size still exciting the same astonishment as it once roused in the disciples, when they called aloud, "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings!"<sup>4</sup> On the bridge, or near it, some lepers were standing or sitting on the ground, begging; hideous in their looks and their poverty. A water-seller or two, also, were standing at the wall, offering their doubtful beverage to passers-by. The bridge is the one passage from the

1 Josh. vii. 26. 2 Josh. viii. 29. 3 2 Sam. xviii. 17. 4 Mark xiii. 1.

east side of Jerusalem to Mount Olivet and Siloam, so that there are always some people passing. Sheep graze on the wretched growth near the tombs; their guardians, picturesque in their poverty, resting in some shady spot near. Asses with burdens of all kinds jog along over the sheets of rock, their drivers walking quietly behind the last one. The creatures never think of running, and there is only one possible path, so that it is not necessary to lead them. A church, known as the Chapel of the Tomb of the Virgin, stands within white walls on the eastern side of the bridge, and a short way down from it is a garden, to name which is enough: Gethsemane—"the Oil Press;" the spot to which, or to some place near, our Lord betook Himself after the institution of the Last Supper on the night of His betrayal. Here, in the shadow of the Trees of Peace, amidst stillness, loneliness, and darkness, except for the light of the Passover moon, His soul was troubled even unto death. Here He endured His more than mortal agony, till calmness returned with the holy submission that once and again rose from His inmost heart—"Father, not My will, but Thine, be done!" No Christian can visit the spot without being deeply affected. Numerous olive-trees still grow on the slopes and in the hollow, and of these the Franciscans have enclosed seven within a high wall, in the belief that they are the very trees under which our Saviour prayed. But within a few decades after He had been crucified, the Roman general Titus ordered all the trees, in every part around Jerusalem, to be cut down; and when, in later times, others had taken their places, there is little doubt that they, too, perished, to supply the timber or fuel needed for some of the many sieges Jerusalem has borne since. It is, hence, impossible to tell the exact site of the ancient Gethsemane, nor is it essential that we should. Superstition may crave to note the very scene of a sacred event, but the vagueness of doubt as to the precise spot only heightens the emotion of a healthy mind, by leaving the imagination free.

That the Betrayal, with all its antecedent agony, took place somewhere near the small Kedron bridge, there can however be no doubt, for the flight of steps which formerly led from St. Stephen's Gate to the valley was the natural exit from the city in Christ's day. These, however, are now buried beneath 100 feet of rubbish, and no one would venture, in the night, down the rocky descent which begins a short distance below the bridge. While, moreover, the present olive-trees cannot be those beneath which our Lord kneeled, the fact that such trees still grow on the spot shows that it was just the place for the garden of our Saviour's time to have been, though it may have lain above the bridge instead of below it. The spot now called Gethsemane seems to have been fixed upon during the visit of the Empress Helena to Jerusalem, in A.D. 326, when the places of the Crucifixion and the



Absalom's Tomb in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. (See page 350.)



Resurrection were supposed to have been identified. But 300 years is a long interval; as long, indeed, as the period from Queen Elizabeth's day till now, and any identification made after such a time must be doubtful. Yet the site that can boast recognition of nearly 1,600 years has deep claims on our respect, though other similar enclosures exist near it, and other olive-trees equally ancient are seen in them. At one time the garden was larger than at present, and contained several churches and chapels. The scene of the arrest of Christ was pointed out, in the Middle Ages, in what is now called "the Chapel of the Sweat," and the traditions respecting other spots connected with the last hours of our Lord have also varied, but only within narrow limits, for since the fourth century, at all events, the garden has always remained the same.

The wall of Gethsemane, facing Jerusalem, is continuous, the entrance to the garden being by a small door at the eastern, or Mount of Olives, side. Immediately outside this you are shown the spot where Peter, James, and John are said to have slept during the Agony; and the fragment of a pillar, a few paces to the south, but still outside the garden is pointed to as the place where Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss. The garden itself is an irregular square, 160 feet long and ten feet narrower, divided into flower-beds and protected by hedges; altogether, so artificial, trim, and modern that one is staggered by the difference between the reality and what might be expected. The seven olive-trees are evidently very old; their trunks in some cases, burst from age, and shored up with stones; the branches growing like thin rods from the massive stems, one of which measures nineteen feet in circumference. Roses, pinks, and other flowers blossom in the borders of the enclosure, and here also are some young olive-trees and cypresses. Olive oil from the trees of the garden is sold at a high price, and rosaries made from stones of the olives are in great request. I wish, however, there were less of art and more of nature in such a spot, for it is easier to abandon one's self to the tender memories of Gethsemane under the olives on the slope outside the wall, than amidst the neat walks and edgings and flower beds within it.

The Chapel of the Tomb of the Virgin, over the traditional spot where the Mother of our Lord was buried by the Apostles, is about fifty steps east of the little bridge, and is mostly underground. Three flights of steps lead down to the space in front of it, so that nothing is seen above ground but the porch. But even after you have gone down the three flights of stairs, you are only at the entrance to the church, amidst marble pillars, flying buttresses, and pointed arches. Forty-seven additional marble steps, descending in a broad flight nineteen feet wide, lead down a further depth of thirty-five feet, and here you are surrounded by monkish sites and sacred spots. The whole

place is, in fact, two distinct natural caves, enlarged and turned to their present uses with infinite care; curious from the locality, and perhaps no less so as an illustration of the length to which superstition may go in destroying the true sacredness of a spiritual religion like Christianity. Far below the ground, you find a church thirty-one yards long, and nearly seven wide, lighted by many lamps, and are shown the tomb of the father and mother of the Virgin, and that of Joseph and the Virgin herself; and as if this were not enough, a long subterranean gallery leads, down six steps more, to a cave eighteen yards long, half as broad, and about twelve feet high, which you are told is "the Cavern of the Agony!" Of course, sacred places so august could not be left in the hands of any single communion, so that portions belong respectively to the Greeks, Armenians, Abyssinians, and Mahomedans. Yet the whole is very interesting, for the beautiful architecture of marble steps, pillars, arches, and vaulted roof, owes its perfection to the beneficence of Queen Melesind or Millicent, in the twelfth century, and is perhaps the most perfectly preserved specimen of the work of the Crusading church-builders now extant in Palestine.

Gethsemane and the Chapel of the Tomb of the Virgin are at the foot of the Mount of Olives, which can easily be ascended from them, for its summit lies only about 350 feet higher, and is reached by a gentle incline, up which one may walk pleasantly in about a quarter of an hour. A pilgrim was reverently kissing the rocks behind Gethsemane; flocks of black goats and white sheep nibbled the hill plants or scanty grass; the rubbish slopes of Mount Moriah rose, sprinkled with bushes and a few fruit-trees, making them look greener than the comparatively barren and yellow surface of the Mount of Olives. Yet the olives scattered in clumps or singly over all the ascent, made it easy enough to realize how the hill once got its name from being once covered with their white-green foliage, refreshing the eye, and softening the pale yellow of the soil. A woman and a child, ascending the hill to the village at its top, or going round to Bethany, were leading along a single sheep—perhaps all their wealth, for there are still, as in the time of Nathan and David, rich men who own, "exceeding many flocks and herds," and many a poor man who has only "one little ewe lamb," which grows up together with him and his children, and eats of his own morsel, and drinks of his own cup, and lies at night in his bosom, and is unto him as a daughter.<sup>1</sup> In the mud hovels of the peasantry such creatures walk freely about the little mud-walled court, and in and out of the doorless hut, on the floor of which the family lie down at night to sleep.

The whole slope of Olivet is seamed with loose stone walls, dividing the property of different owners, and is partly ploughed and sown, but

<sup>1</sup> 2 Sam. xii. 2, 3.



Garden of Gethsemane. (See page 353.)



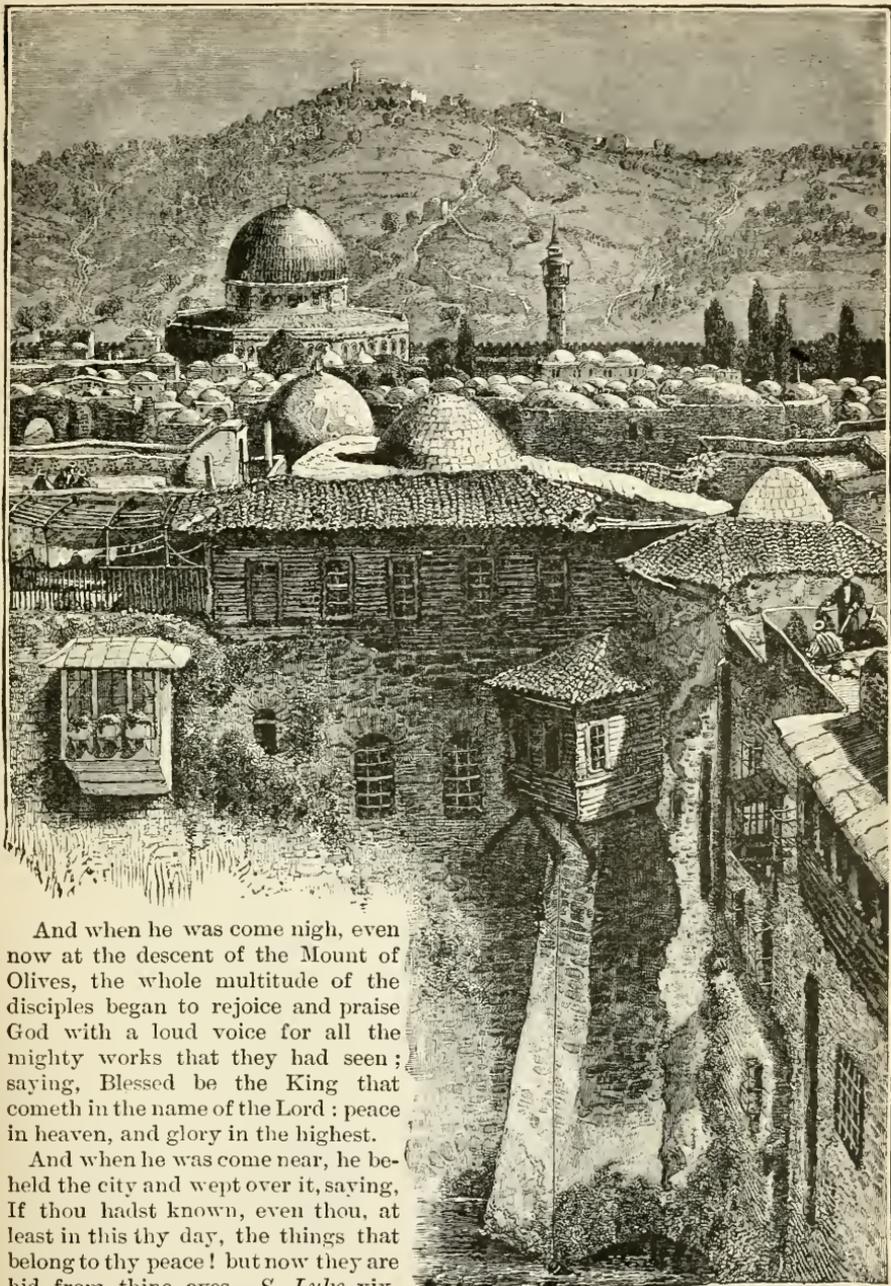
there is a path leading unobstructedly from behind Gethsemane to the top of the hill. Many of the enclosures are carefully banked into terraces from which the stones have been laboriously gathered into heaps, or used to heighten and strengthen the walls; and when I visited the place there were some orchards in which olive, pomegranate, fig, almond, and other trees showed their fresh spring leaves, or swelling buds. Nor is any part of the slope without its flowers: anemones and other blossoms were springing even in the clefts of the rocks.

There may be said to be three summits: the centre one slightly higher than the others, like a low head between two shoulders. This middle height is covered on the top with buildings, among which is the Church of the Ascension, though it is certain that Christ did not ascend from the summit of Olivet, for it is expressly said that He led His disciples "out, as far as to Bethany," and, moreover, the top of the hill was covered with buildings in Christ's day. From a very early date, however, it has been supposed to be the scene of the great event, for Constantine built upon it a church without a roof, to mark the spot. Since then, one church has succeeded another, the one before the present dating from A.D. 1130, when it was built by the Crusaders; but this in turn having become ruinous, it was rebuilt in 1834, after the old plan. It stands in a large walled space entered by a fine gate, but is itself very small, measuring only twenty feet in diameter; a small dome over a space in the centre marking, it is asserted, the exact spot from which our Lord ascended. This specially holy spot belongs to the Mahomedans, who show a mark in the rock which, they tell you, is a footprint of Christ. Christians have to content themselves with having mass in the chapel on some of the great Church feasts. The church stands in the centre of the enclosure.

The minaret of a dervish monastery, just outside the wall, on the left, in front of a miserable village, affords the finest view to be had around Jerusalem. No one hindered my ascending it by the stairs inside, though some children and men watched me, that I might not get away without an effort on their part to get bakslish. On the west lay Jerusalem, 200 feet below the ground I had left. The valley of the Kedron was at my feet, and above it the great Temple area, now sacred to the Aksa Mosque, and to that of Omar, which rose glittering in its splendor in the bright sunshine. Beyond, the city stretched out in three directions; slender minarets shooting up from amidst the hundreds of flat roofs which reached away at every possible level, and were varied by the low domes swelling up from each of them over the stone arch of the chamber beneath; the great dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the towers of the citadel standing proudly aloft over all. The high city walls, yellow and worn with age, showed many a green field inside the battlements.

Turning to the north, a rich olive-garden spread away from before the Damascus Gate, and the long slope of Nebi Samwil or Nizpeh closed the view, in the distance, like a queen among the hills around, with its commanding height of nearly 3,000 feet<sup>1</sup> above the sea-level. Close at hand was the upper part of the Kedron valley, beautiful with spring flowers; and overlooking Jerusalem rose Mount Scopus, once the head-quarters of Titus, when its sides were covered with the tents of his legionaries. On the south were the flat-topped cone of the Frank Mountain, where Herod the Great was buried; the wilderness hills of Judah; the heights of Tekoa and of Bethlehem, which itself is out of sight, though the neighboring villages, clinging to richly-wooded slopes, are visible; the hills bounding the Plain of Rephaim or the Giants; and the Monastery of Mar Elias, looking across from its eminence towards Jerusalem. But the most striking view is towards the east. It is impossible to realize, till one has seen it, how the landscape sinks, down, and ever down, from beyond the Mount of Olives to the valley of the Jordan. It is only about thirteen miles, in a straight line, to the Dead Sea, but in that distance the hills fall in gigantic steps till the blue waters are actually 3,900 feet below the spot on which I stood. It seemed incredible that they should be even so far off, for the pure transparent air confounds all idea of distance, and one could only correct the deception of the senses by remembering that these waters could be reached only after a seven hours' ride through many gloomy, deep-cut ravines, and fearfully desolate waterless heights and hills, over which even the foot of a Bedouin seldom passes. Nor are the 3,900 feet the limit of this unique depression of the earth's surface, for the Dead Sea is itself, in some places, 1,300 feet deep, so that the bottom of the chasm in which it lies is 5,200 feet below the top of Mount Olivet. The color of the hills adds to the effect. Dull greenish-grey till they reach nearly to the Jordan valley, they are then stopped, at right angles, by a range of flat-topped hills of mingled pink, yellow, and white. The hills of Judah, on the right, looked like crumpled waves of light-brown paper, more or less strewn with dark sand—the ideal of a wilderness; those before me were cultivated in the nearer valleys and on the slopes beyond. Behind the pinkish hills on which I looked down, lay the ruins of Jericho and the famous circle of the Jordan, beneath the mud-slant of which lies the wreck of the Cities of the Plain: then came the deep-blue waters of the Dead Sea, and beyond them the pink, flat-topped mountains of Moab, rising as high as my standing-place. To the far south of these mountains, on a small eminence, lay the town of Kerak, once the capital of King Mesha, the Kir Hareseth, Kir Hareseth, Kir Heres, and Kir Moab of the prophets.<sup>2</sup> There, when Israel pressed their siege against his

<sup>1</sup> 2,935 feet. <sup>2</sup> Isa. xv. 1; xvi. 11; Jer. xlviii. 31, 36; Isa. xvi. 7; 2 Kings iii. 25.



And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen; saying, Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord: peace in heaven, and glory in the highest.

And when he was come near, he beheld the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.—*S. Luke* xix. 37, 38, 41, 42.



capital, King Mesha offered up on the brick city walls to the national god, Chemosh, his eldest son, "who should have reigned in his stead." Nearer at hand, in the same range, but hidden from view, frowning over a wild gorge below, lay the black walls of Machærus, within which John the Baptist pined in the dungeons of Herod Antipas, till the sword of "the fox's" headsman set his great soul free to rise to a foremost place in heaven. And at the mouth of that deep chasm, amongst rushing waters, veiled by oleanders, lay Callirhoë, with its famous hot springs, where Herod the Great nearly died when carried over to try the baths, and whence he had to be got back as best might be to Jericho, to breathe his last there a few days after. South of this lay the wide opening in the hills which marked the entrance of the Arnon into the Dead Sea, once the northern boundary of Moab.<sup>1</sup> To the north, across the Jordan, rose the mountains of Gilead, from Gerasa, beyond the Jabbok, where Jacob divided his herds and flocks, and sent them forward in separate droves, for fear of his brother Esau, and near which, at Peniel, he wrestled with the angel through a long night.<sup>2</sup> Then, sweeping southwards, still beyond the Jordan, which flowed, unseen, in its deep sunken bed, one saw Baal Peor, where the Israelites sinned, and Mount Pisgah, whence Moses looked over the Promised Land he was not to enter, and Mount Nebo, where he died, though we know not what special peaks to associate with these memories. Where the Jordan valley opens, the course of the stream was shown by a winding green line threading a white border of silt and stones. At its broadest part, before reaching the Dead Sea, now lying so peacefully and in such surpassing beauty below me, the valley becomes a wide plain, green with spring grain and groves of fruit-trees, including palms. Such a view, so rich in hallowed associations, can be seen only in Palestine.

The Mount of Olives has been holy ground from the almost immemorial past. On its top David was "worshipping God" on his flight from Jerusalem to escape from Absalom's revolt, his eyes in tears, his head covered with his mantle, his feet bare, when Hushai, his friend, came, as if in answer to the prayers even then just rising, and undertook to return to the city and undo the counsel of Abithophel.<sup>3</sup> In Ezekiel's vision the glory of the Lord went up from the midst of the city and stood upon the mountain which is on the east side of the city—that is, on the Mount of Olives;<sup>4</sup> and it was on it, also, that Zechariah, in spirit, saw the Lord standing to hold judgment on His enemies; and it was this hill which His almighty power was, one day, to cleave "toward the east and toward the west," so that there would be "a very great valley" through which His people might have a broad path for

<sup>1</sup> Num. xxi. 13, 26; Deut. iii. 8; Josh. xii. 1; Isa. xvi. 2; Jer. xlviii. 20.   <sup>2</sup> Gen. xxxii. 16, 24.  
<sup>3</sup> 2 Sam. xv. 32.   <sup>4</sup> Ezek. xi. 23.

flight.<sup>1</sup> It was while standing, or resting, on this hill that our Lord foretold the doom impending over Jerusalem;<sup>2</sup> and it was from some part of it, near Bethany, that He ascended to heaven.<sup>3</sup>

Making my way down again to Gethsemane, I crossed the little stone bridge over what represents the old channel of the Kedron, when that torrent was a reality, and rode up a path to the St. Stephen's Gate. From this point the comparatively level ground, extending along the eastern wall of the Temple enclosure, is a Mahomedan cemetery; each grave with some superstructure, necessary from the shallowness of the resting-place beneath. Over the richer dead a parallelogram of squared stones, or of stone or brick plastered over, but in every case with head and foot stones jutting out high above the rest, is the commonest form. The poorer dead have over them simply a half-circle of plastered bricks or small stones, the length of the grave, with the two stones rising at the head and feet. No care whatever is taken of the ground, over which man and beast walk at pleasure, nor does there seem to be any thought of keeping the graves in repair. Coarse herbage, weeds, and great bunches of broad-leaved plants of the lily kind, grow where they like amidst the utterly neglected dead.

On the north side of Jerusalem, the natural rock, cut into perpendicular scarps of greater or less height, forms at different points the foundation of the city walls. At other parts, the rock juts out below the walls in its natural roughness, lifting up the weather-stained, many-angled masonry into the most picturesque outline. On most of the northern aspects of the walls, cultivated strips run, here and there, between them and the road, the counterparts of similar belts and patches along their inner side. Near the Damascus Gate, the remains of an old moat heighten the effect of the walls, while a mound of rubbish on the other side of the road, thrown down during the building of the Austrian Hospice, has helped to confuse the ancient appearance of the spot. About 100 yards east of the gate, in the rock, nineteen feet below the wall, you come on the entrance to the so-called Cotton Grotto, which is in reality an extensive quarry, of great antiquity, stretching far below the houses of the city. The opening was discovered in 1852, but is so filled with masses of rubbish that it can only be entered by stooping very low, or by going in backwards and letting one's self down some five feet to the floor of the quarry. From this black mouth the gulf stretches away, at first over a great bed of earth from the outside, then over rough stones. The roof, about thirty feet high, is coarsely hewn out, and the ground underfoot, as you go on for 645 feet, in a south-easterly direction, under the houses and lanes of Bezetha, is littered with great mounds of chips, or heaped with masses of stone, in part fallen from the roof. The excavations slope pretty steeply from

1 Zech. xiv. 4 ff. 2 Matt. xxiv. 2; Mark xiii. 2; Luke xix. 41. 3 Acts i. 9, 12; Luke xxiv. 50.



Then Asa took all the silver and the gold that were left in the treasures of the house of the Lord, and in the treasures of the king's house. . . and King Asa sent them to Ben-hadad. . . saying, There is a league between me and thee, and between my father and thy father . . . . come and break

thy league with Baasha, King of Israel, that he may depart from me.

So Ben-hadad hearkened unto King Asa, and sent the captains of the hosts which he had against the cities of Israel. . . And it came to pass, when Baasha heard thereof, that he left off building of Ramah, and dwelt in Tirzah.

Then King Asa made a proclamation throughout all Judah: none was exempted; and they took away the stones of Ramah, and the timber thereof, wherewith Baasha had builded; and King Asa built with them, Geba of Benjamin, and Mizpah.—1 *Kings* xv. 18-22.



the very entrance to a depth of 100 feet at their far end. Some boys were playing in the road as I approached, and clamored to guide me, hurrying away to buy candles and matches with money I gave to them on accepting their service. At one place, deep in the heart of the quarry, was a small, round basin, with some water in it; the hollow worn by the slow dripping of some broken cistern in the town overhead. The lime dissolved by the water hung here, and at some other parts, in long stalactites from the roof, and rose in white mounds of stalagmite from the ground. It was hard work to follow my active guides, who often gave me less light than was pleasant, as they tripped lightly over the masons' rubbish, lying just as the workmen had left it. But a word brought them back, and they were very careful in holding their candles down at specially difficult places, where huge stones, cut thousands of years ago, but never used, lay in dire confusion. The roof was supported, at intervals, by very rough masses of rock. This great excavation dates from no one can tell what period, and lay forgotten and unknown for centuries. You still see clearly the size and form of the masons' and hewers tools, for the marks of the chisel and the pick are as fresh as if the quarriers and the stone-cutters had just left their work. They appear to have been associated in gangs of five or six; each man making a cutting in the rock perpendicularly, four inches broad, till he had reached the required depth; after which, wedges of timber, driven in and wetted, forced off the mass of stone by their swelling. It is touching to notice that some blocks have been only half cut away from their bed, like the great stone at the quarry of Baalbek, or the enormous obelisk in the granite quarries of Assouan.

In all probability it was from these quarries that Solomon obtained the huge stones which we see built into what remains of the Temple walls, and of its area. They were evidently dressed before being removed, so as to be ready to be laid at once, one on another, for otherwise it would be impossible to account for the vast quantities of chips and fragments on the bottom of the quarry. We can thus understand the words of the sacred writer who tells us that "the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready at the quarry; and there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building."<sup>1</sup> But what can we think of a man who could doom his wretched subjects—rendering, we may assume, forced, unpaid labor in this case as in his other great undertakings—to toil in the darkness and dampness of these subterranean wastes, not only in cutting out the stone from the rock, but in squaring and finishing it, for a temple to Jehovah? How many lives must have been worn out in these gloomy abysses! Shards of pottery—perhaps the vessels in

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings vi. 7.

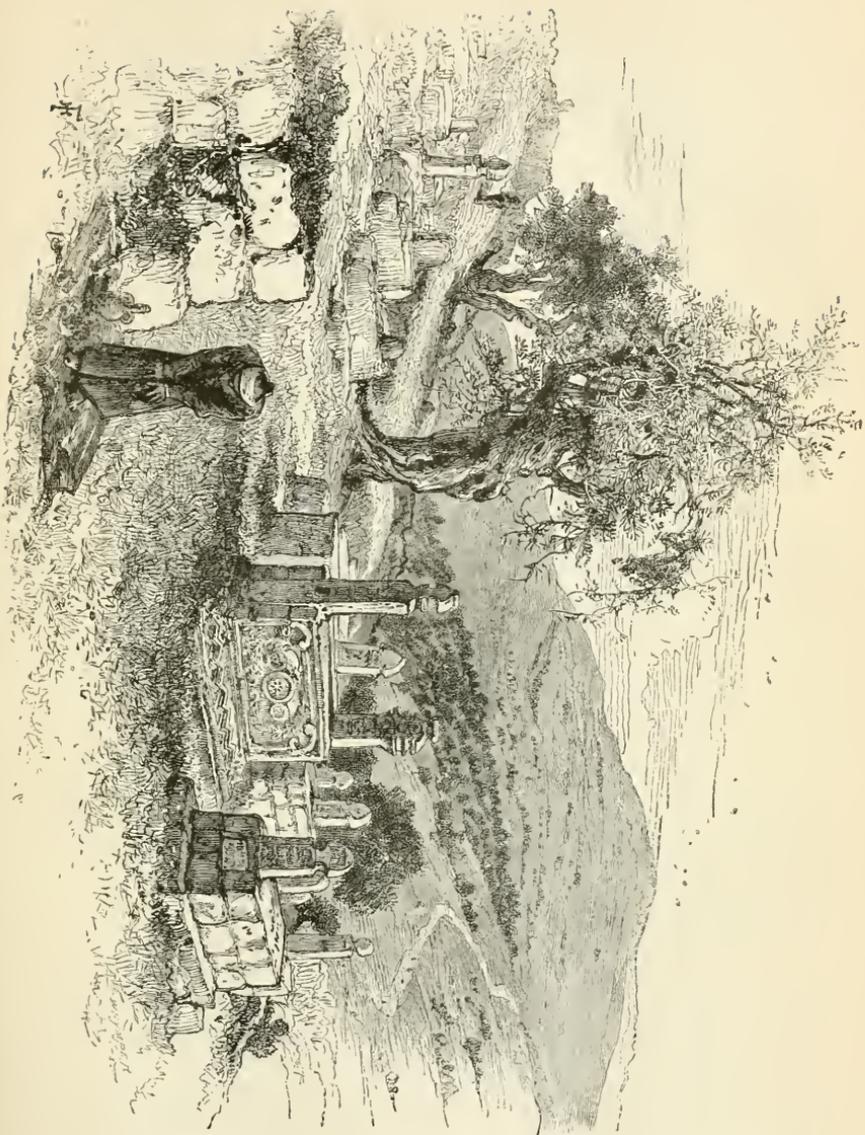
which they once put their humble meals—with fragments of charcoal, and of long-decayed wood, and the skeletons of men and animals, were found in the quarries when they were re-discovered, some thirty-five years ago. Niches in the rock, and spots black with the smoke of lamps or candles, show where, thousands of years ago, a feeble light shone out on the pinched features and worn frames of the lonely toilers, the equals, after a few years, of Solomon in the dusty commonwealth of death, in spite of all his glory while he lived, and of all their sweat and misery at his hand.

Opposite this stupendous quarry, but a little to the east, there is a smaller one, known as the Grotto of Jeremiah, from the fancy of the Rabbis that the prophet lived in this cavern after the fall of Jerusalem, and wrote the Book of Lamentations with the ruins of the city thus before him. It is a vast excavation, though dwarfed by comparison with its rival close at hand. What appears cannot, however, give any idea what has been removed, for it is evident that the rock at one time joined that on which the wall stands, and has been cleared away, in the course of ages, till we have the slow ascent that now begins from the Damascus Gate. The quarry extends for about 100 feet into the rock, and underneath it are vast cisterns, the roof of the largest of which is borne up by great square pillars of stone; both the roof and the sides being plastered over. There was excellent water in the cistern, at the depth of nearly forty feet from the top: an illustration of the universal presence of huge reservoirs for collecting surface water, where springs are so rare. In front of the cave is a garden, planted with different kinds of fruit-trees, and separated from the road by a stone wall of no great height. In the garden, the remains of a building of large size, of the time of the Crusaders, were laid bare in 1873; a range of stone mangers showing that it had been the old hostelry of the Templars, which was just outside the Damascus Gate, then known as that of St. Stephen. The spade and pickaxe have still much to unearth, at every step round the city. In the mouth of the cave a Mahomedan family has a cottage, and thus, as the ground over the cavern is a Mahomedan burial-place, this household sleep nightly underneath the dead, from whom they are divided by only a thin strip of rock. This spot, according to Rabbinical tradition, was once "the House of Stoning," that is, the place of public execution under the Jewish law. This is noteworthy, in connection with the question of the site of Calvary.

There is little in the New Testament to fix the exact position of the "mount" on which our Lord was crucified, though the statement that He "suffered without the gate"<sup>1</sup> is enough to prove that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not on the true site. The name Golgotha,

<sup>1</sup> Heb. xiii. 12.

Moslem Graves. (See page 388.)





“the Place of a Skull,” may well have referred rather to the shape of the ground than to the place so called being that of public execution, and, if this be so, a spot reminding one of a skull by its form must be sought, outside the city. It must, besides, be near one of the great roads, for those who were “passing by” are expressly noticed in the Gospels.<sup>1</sup> That Joseph of Arimathæa carried the body to his own new tomb, hewn out in the rock, and standing in the midst of a garden, outside the city,<sup>2</sup> requires, further, that Calvary should be found near the great Jewish cemetery of the time of our Lord. This lay on the north side of Jerusalem, stretching from close to the gates, along the different ravines, and up the low slopes which rise on all sides. The sepulchre of Simon the Just, dating from the third century before Christ, is in this part, and so also is the noble tomb of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, hewn out in the first century of our era, and still fitted with a rolling stone, to close its entrance, as was that of our Lord. Ancient tombs abound, moreover, close at hand, showing themselves amidst the low hilly ground wherever we turn on the roadside. Everything thus tends to show that this cemetery was that which was in use in the days of our Lord.

In connection with this, it has been found, by a comparison of many hundred Jewish tombs in Palestine, that the earlier mode of constructing them was to cut a narrow, deep hole for each body in the sides of the rock, the breadth and length of the human figure; the dead being put into it with the feet towards the outside. At the time of Christ, however, this arrangement had given place to another, in which a receptacle for each body was cut out lengthwise, along the side of the tomb, like a sarcophagus, or grave. The tomb of our Lord must have been of this class, since two angels are described as sitting, “the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain,”<sup>3</sup> which could not have happened if it had been one of the ancient deep holes in the rock, into which the body had been put. The rolling stone, moreover, such as was used in the case of our Lord’s tomb, to close the entrance, was introduced shortly before His day, and is found only in connection with tombs of the later kind. But this kind of tomb, with this mode of closing the entrance, is not found at Jerusalem, except in the tombs outside the Damascus Gate.

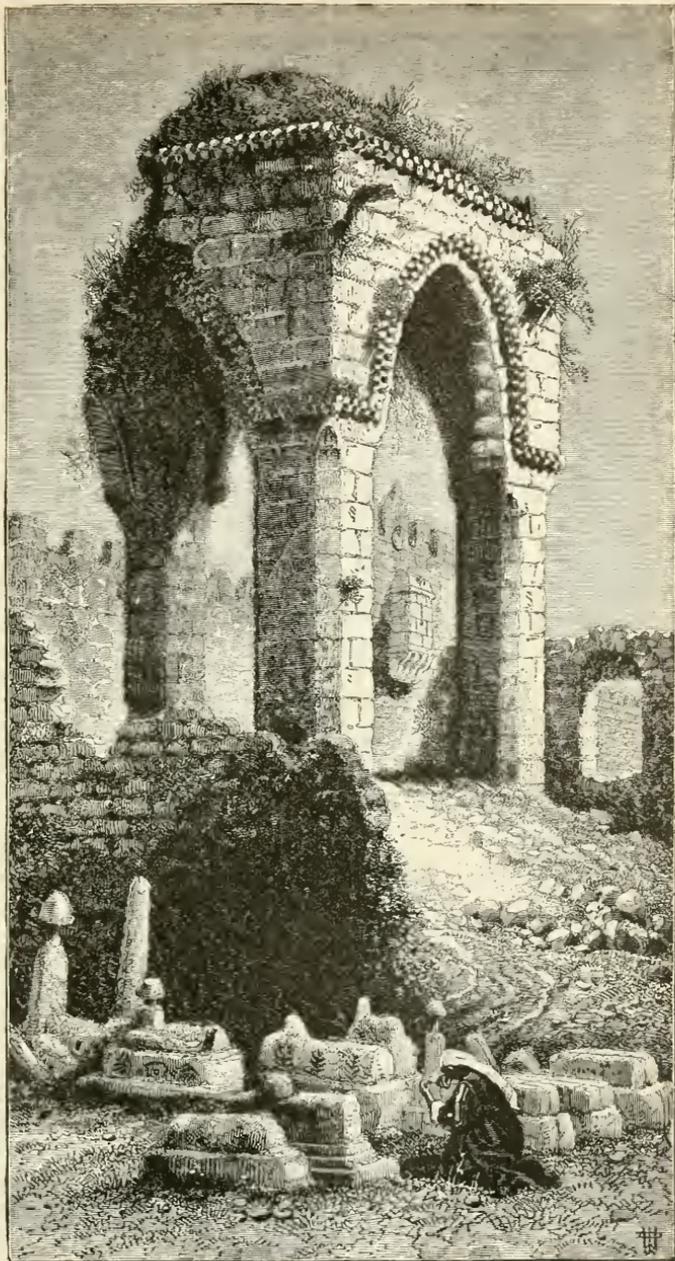
On these grounds it has been urged with much force that Calvary must be sought near the city, but outside the ancient gate, on the north approach, close to a main road, and these requirements the knoll or swell over the Grotto of Jeremiah remarkably fulfils.<sup>4</sup> Rising gently towards the north, its slowly-rounded top might easily have obtained, from its shape, the name of “a Skull”—in Latin, *Calvaria*; in Aramaic, *Golgotha*. This spot has been associated from the earliest times

1 Mark xv. 29. 2 Matt. xxvii. 60; John xx. 15. 3 John xx. 12. 4 *Pul. Fund Memoirs*.

with the martyrdom of St. Stephen, to whom a church was dedicated near it before the fifth century, and who could only have been stoned at the usual place of public execution. And this, as Captain Conder shows, is fixed by local tradition at the spot which is still pointed out by the Jews of Jerusalem as "the Place of Stoning," where offenders were not only put to death, but hung up by the hands till sunset, after execution. As if to make the identification still more complete, the busy road which has led to the north in all ages passes close by the knoll, branching off, a little further on, to Gibeon, Damascus, and Ramah. It was the custom of the Romans to crucify transgressors at the sides of the busiest public roads, and thus, as we have seen, they treated our Saviour when they subjected Him to this most shameful of deaths.<sup>1</sup> Here then, apparently, on this bare rounded knoll, rising about thirty feet above the road, with no building on it, but covered in part with Mahommedan graves, the low yellow cliff of the Grotto of Jeremiah looking out from its southern end, the Saviour of the world appears to have passed away, with that great cry which has been held to betoken cardiac rupture—for it would seem that He literally died of a broken heart. Before Him lay outspread the guilty city which had clamored for His blood; beyond it, the pale slopes of Olivet, from which He was shortly to ascend in triumph to the right hand of the Majesty on High; and in the distance, but clear and seemingly near, the pinkish-yellow mountains of Moab, lighting up, it may be, the fading eyes of the Innocent One with the remembrance that His death would one day bring back lost mankind—not Israel alone—from the east, and the west, and the north, and the south, to the kingdom of God.

The tomb in which our Lord was buried will be, perhaps, for ever unknown, but it was some one of those, we may be sure, still found in the neighborhood of "the Place of Stoning." Among these, one has been specially noticed by Captain Conder, as possibly the very tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, thus greatly honored. It is cut in the face of a curious rock platform, measuring seventy paces each way, and situated about 200 yards west of the Grotto of Jeremiah. The platform is roughly scarped on all sides, apparently by human art, and on the west there is a higher piece of rock, the sides of which are also rudely scarped. The rest of the space is fairly level, but there seem to be traces of the foundations of a surrounding wall, in some low mounds near the edge of the platform. In this low bank of rock is an ancient tomb, rudely cut, with its entrance to the east. The doorway is much broken, and there is a loophole, or window, four feet wide, on both sides of it. An outer space, seven feet square, has been cut in the rock, and two stones, placed in this, give the idea that they may

<sup>1</sup> Luke xxiii. 35.



Moslem Cemetery near Jerusalem. (See page 358.)



have been intended to hold in its proper position a rolling stone with which the tomb was closed. On the north is a side entrance, leading into a chamber, with a single stone grave cut along its side, and thence into a cavern about eight paces square and ten feet high, with a well-mouth in its roof.

Another chamber, within this, is reached by a descent of two steps, and measures six feet by nine. On each side of it, an entrance, twenty inches broad, and about five and a half feet high, has been opened into another chamber beyond; the passages, which are four and a half feet long, having a ledge or bench of rock at the side. Two bodies could thus be laid in each of the three chambers, which, in turn, lead to two other chambers about five feet square, with narrow entrances. Their floors were still thinly strewn with human bones when Captain Conder explored them.<sup>1</sup>

"It would be bold," says that careful student of Bible archæology, "to hazard the suggestion that the single Jewish sepulchre thus found, which dates from about the time of Christ, is indeed the tomb in the garden, nigh unto the place called Golgotha, which belonged to the rich Joseph of Arimathæa. Yet its appearance, so near the old place of execution, and so far from the other old cemeteries of the city, is extremely remarkable." I am sorry to say that a group of Jewish houses is growing up round the spot. The rock is being blasted for building-stone, and the tomb, unless special measures are taken for its preservation, may soon be entirely destroyed.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### JERUSALEM AND BETHANY.

A FEW steps from what seems so reasonably to be identified as Calvary bring you to the Damascus Gate, which lies at the bottom of a slope. There is of course only the natural surface for travel; made roads being virtually unknown where the Crescent reigns. A short distance from the gate large hewn stones lie at the side of the track, the remains of some fine building of past ages, now, like so many others, utterly gone. On one side, the road has a steep bank, several feet deep, with no protection; on the other, ledges of rock now and then crop out. Balloon-like swellings from the flat roofs, beneath which only a few small windows are to be seen; the tall mosque of

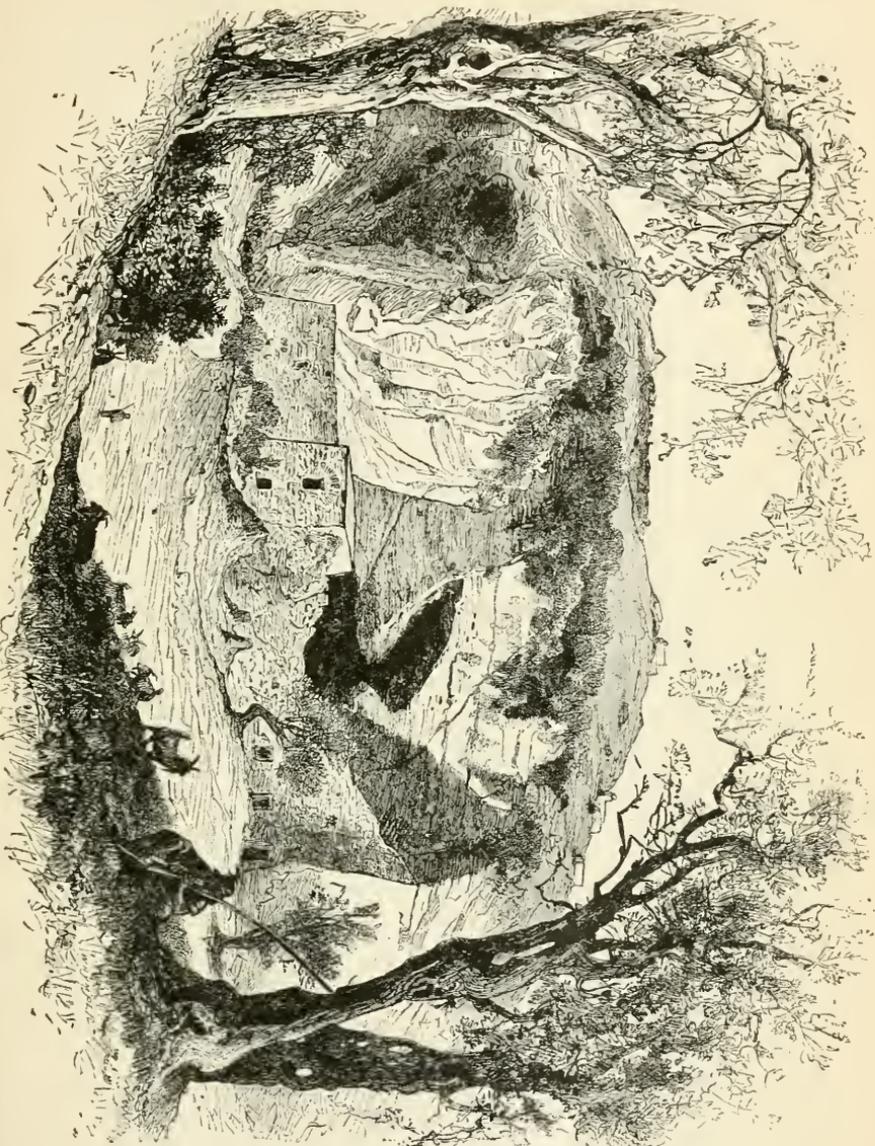
<sup>1</sup> *Pal. Fund Rept.*, 1881, pp. 203-4.

the dervishes, east of the gate: some minarets; the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and that of the Mosque of Omar,<sup>1</sup> fill up the foreground; the yellow, bare slopes of the Mount of Olives, dotted still with the tree from which it takes its name, and the pink mountains of Moab, with the lights and shadows of their heights and hollows, close in the horizon. The gate itself is a fine, deep, pointed arch, with slender pillars on each side, and an inscription above stating that it was rebuilt in the year A.D. 1564. The front, on each side, is in a line with the walls, though a little higher, but a square crenellated tower of the height of the centre juts out on either side, with a projecting stone look-out near the top, at the corner of both, in shape like a small house. Excavations show that there has always been a gate at this spot. A reservoir and a fragment of an ancient wall have been brought to light close by; and underneath the present gate there still exist subterranean chambers, of unknown age, the surface level having been greatly altered in the course of time. The masonry of the gate is very fine, some of the stones measuring seven feet long and four feet broad: the remains, doubtless, of earlier structures. Facing the north, this, the finest gate of Jerusalem, has derived its name from the trade between the city and the distant Syrian capital. Situated at the weakest part of the town, where alone an enemy can approach without natural difficulties in his way, it has always been strongly fortified. It was, almost without doubt, through the gate which stood on this spot that our Lord bore His cross;<sup>2</sup> and it was through this, also, that St. Paul at a later date was led away, in the night, to Cæsarea;<sup>3</sup> for, as I have said, the great military road to the north must, in all ages, have begun at this point.

The ground rises very gradually towards the west from the gate; the wall running along very imposingly over the rough heights and hollows of the natural rock. A long train of camels, tied one behind another, with huge bales of goods on each, and a man riding the first and the last, two or three travellers on asses, and one or two on horses, all of them thoroughly Oriental in dress and features, paced northwards as I turned from the dried mud which does duty for a road, with its immemorial neglect on all sides, and rode on towards the Joppa Gate. With a few short intervals, some fields of no great breadth run along the outer face of the walls in this part, the remains of the fosse stopping them on the one side, and a low wall of dry stone, alongside the road, on the other. The rock coming in flat sheets to the surface here, at different points, made the track more like a civilized highway; and, on the country side of it, gardens, within stone walls, brightened the route. Until recently the wide space between the olive-groves, farther

<sup>1</sup> The popular name is used in these pages, as being better known than the new one, "the Dome of the Rock." <sup>2</sup> Heb. xiii. 12. <sup>3</sup> Acts xxiii. 31.

Grotto of Jeremiah. (See page 390.)





north, and the city wall, was a naked stretch of broken rock, or a mere waste, thinly sprinkled with grass, which withered into hay after the brief spring. Of late years, however, the ground has fallen into the hands of Christians, and this, explain it how we may, accounts for the change, which is just as marked, in similar cases, everywhere in Palestine. Industry—the industry which always in this land characterizes our religion—has made the wilderness blossom like the rose.

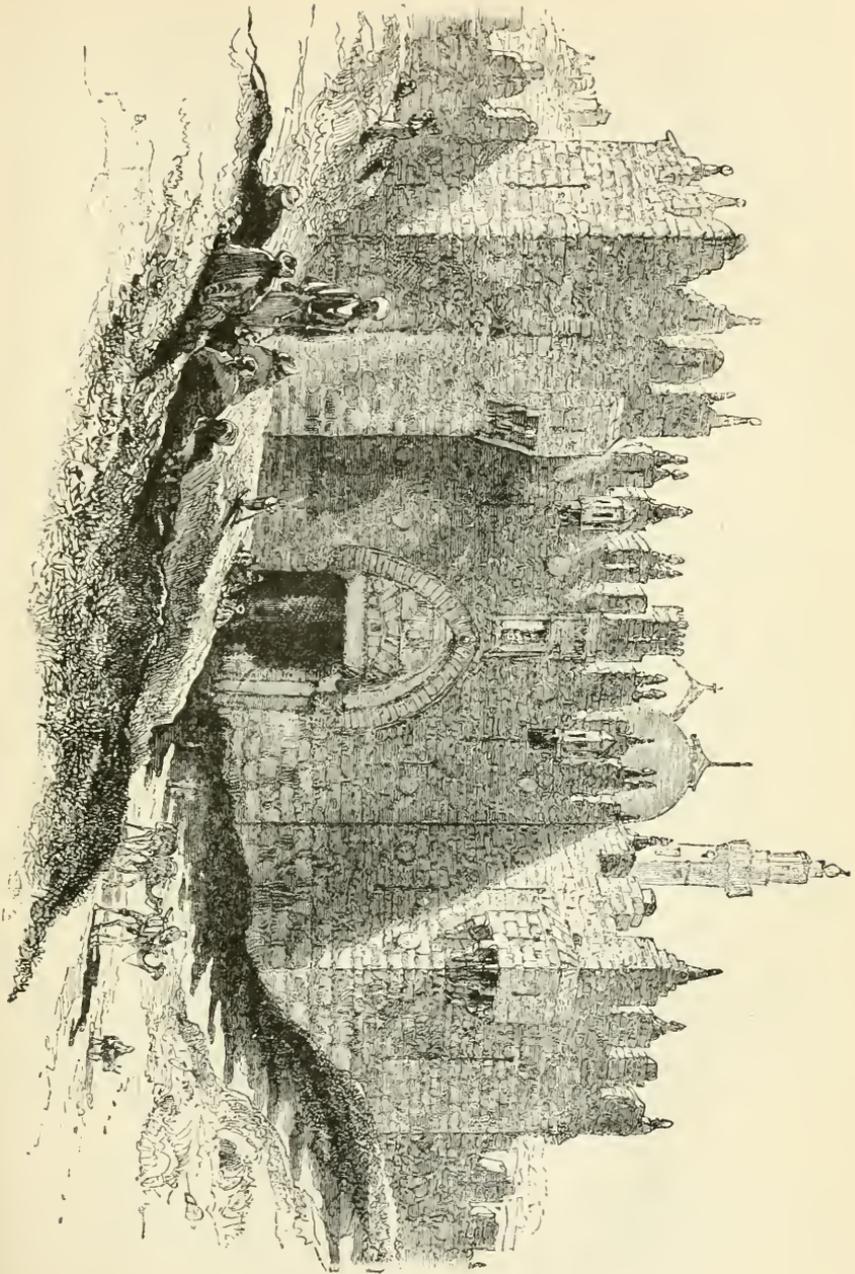
In early times this suburb was diligently utilized, as the remains of numerous cisterns and tanks sufficiently prove. Rich Jews had their fine country-houses here, under the shadow of their olive and fig trees, and wealthy Roman officials and residents doubtless followed their example, for the shallow shares of the Eastern plough constantly turn up fragments of polished marble and cubes of mosaic flooring. It must, indeed, have been the same all round Jerusalem, for at two different places on the Mount of Olives, where excavations have recently been made, the mosaic floors of baths and rooms have been laid bare, with portions of the columns and delicately finished walls of the mansions to which they belonged. Even now, those who can afford to do it leave the city in the hot months, to enjoy the coolness of the orchards outside, and no foreign resident then lives within the gates who can manage to get a house beyond them. That it has been always the same, admits of no question; in fact, the whole upper Kedron valley was so overgrown with dwellings in the generation before the destruction of the city by Titus, that the Jews enclosed it within a new city wall. But it is idle to look for any notable remains of mansions, or of public buildings, in this part, any more than in the city itself, for every hostile force has in turn encamped on the north side of Jerusalem, and signalized its presence by widespread destruction. How much blood of the most widely separate races has this soil drunk in! Here perished thousands of Roman legionaries and auxiliaries drawn from half a world; here fell thousands of turbaned Saracens; here the Crusaders from the West sang their Frankish songs round their watch-fires; and since then, rocks and walls have echoed with the war-cries of the rough hordes of Central Asia, now ossified into the modern Turk. Such human associations, lighting up the darkness of the past with the memory of great events, give even so poor and commonplace a scene an interest which no mere natural beauty could excite.

At the north-west corner of the walls the ground sinks, southwards, to the Joppa Gate, and rises slowly towards the north-west. Going west, we reach the eastern slope of the Valley of Hinnom, from which we first set out in our circuit of the Holy City. The top of the valley is covered with an extensive Mahommedan cemetery, in the middle of which lies the broad, flat sweep of a shallow pool—the Birket-el-

Mamilla—which is fed, in winter and spring, by the rains. It is from this that the water found in Hezekiah's Pool, in the city, flows, after the rains, through a small aqueduct which is open at different points. Crossing the sadly-neglected city of the dead, with its forest of head and foot stones, rising higher than the perpendicular slabs of our churchyards, though generally narrower than these, one is surprised to reach, on the farther side, where a noble terebinth stands as outpost, an actually good piece of road leading to the Joppa Gate. As there is hardly such a thing as a made road in the whole country, from Dan to Beersheba, the existence of this short fragment seems inexplicable. It was the beneficial result of a very curious impulse to diligence. A widespread tradition affirmed that a great treasure had, in some past age, been buried not far from the Joppa Gate, and in order to secure this, some adventurers gave out that they wished to make the road, and got permission to do so. This apparently wild venture had, however, more justification in the East than it would have had with us, for it has often happened that in time of war, or to escape the extortion of pashas, men have hidden their money or jewels in the ground, and have died without revealing the place, so that their wealth has been lost to their heirs. It is, indeed, still common to do so in troublesome times all over the East, the experiences of the Indian Mutiny of 1857 showing many examples, so that, as in the days of Christ, it is nothing unusual to find treasure hidden in a field.<sup>1</sup>

The road from the terebinth-tree to the Joppa Gate is nearly level, opening on the wide vacant space sacred to loungers, to the stalls of small dealers, to asses waiting for hire, and to camels awaiting their burdens. This spot is generally very bustling, but especially so as the noon of Friday, the Mahommedan Sunday, approaches. Everyone then strives to get into the city, some on horses, asses, or camels, but the great majority on foot; young and old, men and women, rich and poor, in all the parti-colored brightness of Oriental costume; for at twelve on the sacred day the gates are shut for an hour, and all the faithful think it right to hurry at that time to the Temple area, to pray before the Mosque of Omar, the holiest spot in the Mahommedan world, except the Kaabah at Mecca. Just so it must have been in ancient times, at nine each morning, and at three each afternoon, the hour of morning and evening prayer among the ancient Jews, when men "went up into the temple, to pray."<sup>2</sup> And just as, in our time, a Mahommedan stops and prays wherever the fixed moment for doing so may find him, his face towards Mecca, so the Jew, if unable to get to the Temple Hill before the horns of the Levites, now superseded by the cry of the muezzin, summoned him to devotion, turned his face towards the Holy of Holies, wherever he might be, and repeated the

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xiii. 48. <sup>2</sup> Luke xviii. 10



The Damascus Gate of Jerusalem. (See page 303.)



prescribed prayers, still heard in the synagogues, for, even then, forms of prayer were universally used by the Chosen People. The shutting of the city gate has its origin in a belief among the Moslem that the Christians would, at some time, take the Holy City during the great hour of prayer, if this precaution were neglected. Except the Joppa Gate, all the entrances to Jerusalem are, further, closed each night at sunset: a custom as old, at least, as the days of Joshua, for Rahab tells the King of Jerico that the two Jewish spies went out of the city "about the time of shutting of the gate, when it was dark."<sup>1</sup>

To realize the daily life of ancient Jerusalem, it is necessary to have before us not only the character of the streets, narrow, rough, and sometimes sunk in the middle at once for a gutter and a track for animals; the flat-roofed houses, with their balloon swellings to cover the stone arches of the rooms; the strange, dark-arched bazaars, like long narrow tunnels, with the booths of the traders on each side; the dress of the people; the character of the shops and the articles exposed for sale; but also the configuration of the ground, the source of the ancient water-supply, and much else.

At present, Jerusalem receives water, so essential in any country, so pressingly vital in a hot climate, from springs, wells, cisterns, pools or reservoirs, and rivulets led by conduits into the city.

The fountain of the Virgin, in the valley of the Kedron, or of Jehoshaphat, is the only true spring known to exist in Jerusalem, rising, it appears, from a living source beneath the great Temple vaults, and supplying the many fountains flowing from of old in the Temple area, and now sparkling round the Mosque of Omar, as well as maintaining the Fountain of the Virgin and the Pool of Siloam. Such a provision of ever fresh and limpid water was an essential in ancient worship, which in every religion, at least in warm climates, required copious supplies, both for ablution and to wash away the blood of the sacrifices. Without such a provision, indeed, the Temple could hardly have been raised on Mount Moriah. This local water-supply was also the very life of the city itself, in times of siege; Hezekiah taking the precaution, as we have seen, to bring its stream, by a subterranean tunnel from the Virgin's Fountain, which was carefully covered up, to a point within the walls to which access was at all times easy by a rock-cut staircase, a long gallery in the limestone, and a deep shaft. Milton speaks of it as the

“ ——— brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God : ”

a holy association which frequently occurs in the Sacred Writings.

<sup>1</sup> Josh. ii. 5.

"There is a [perennial] river," chants the Psalmist, "the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High."<sup>1</sup> "All my springs [my sources of delight] are in thee," says another of the sacred odes.<sup>2</sup> At the Feast of Tabernacles a golden vessel, holding about a pint and a half, was filled daily from Siloam, and carried up to the Temple, amidst music and jubilation; so that the Rabbis say, "He who has not seen the joy of the water-drawing has never seen joy in his life." To this Isaiah alludes when he writes, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation;"<sup>3</sup> thinking of the exiles from all lands resuming the solemnities of the Temple worship. In Ezekiel's vision, moreover, the sacred spring in the Temple rock is to swell into a mighty river, flowing eastward and westward into the glens of Hinnom and Kedron, and pouring down in fertilizing streams to the Dead Sea, whose waters it is to turn to a living flood.

On the west side of the wall of the old Temple enclosure there is a well which seems to tap an old water-course discovered far below the ancient surface, on which, as we have seen, lay the huge stones of Robinson's Arch, thirty feet below the present one. The shaft, which is eighty feet deep, passes entirely through rubbish into the old rock-hewn conduit which runs somewhere to the south: a relic, perhaps, of the great works undertaken by Hezekiah, to supply the city with water.<sup>4</sup> There may be a secret spring, now unknown, from which this stream flows, but part of it must come from the infiltration of rain. Permeating such a mass of foul rubbish, it is, however, unfit for drinking, though freely used for that purpose by the inhabitants.

The oldest cisterns in Jerusalem have been made by hewing out in the rock a bottle-shaped excavation at the bottom of a deep shaft. The surface-rains, and the percolation of water between the layers of rock, are sufficient to keep a small supply in these reservoirs even in the driest weather. Many of them must be of great antiquity, and it is quite possible that, among others, that in which Jeremiah was for a time confined<sup>5</sup> may still be in use. Besides these there are great subterranean tanks, from forty to sixty feet deep, hewn out of the soft limestone, which in Jerusalem underlies a harder bed of the same stone. The roofs of flat rock are thus strong enough to support themselves, where the tank is of moderate size, but where the space hollowed out is large, they are upheld by pillars of stone left by the hewers. Small holes through the upper hard limestone afforded access to the softer rock for these gigantic quarryings, but the labor of passing through such narrow apertures all the stones and chips removed must have been immense; nor is it too much to believe that the laborious plan of leaving the native rock as a roof shows that these tanks were dug before

1 Ps. xlvi. 4. 2 Ps. lxxxvii. 7. 3 Isa. xii. 3. 4 2 Chron. xxxii. 30. 5 Jer. xxxviii. 6.

the use of the arch was known. In any case, they restore one feature of ancient Jerusalem.

A third form of cistern is that of a simple excavation in the rock, with an arch thrown over as a roof. This kind of reservoir, and the great rock tanks, were supplied in ancient times by aqueducts, but now depend on impure surface drainage. Still a fourth class of cisterns has been built, in modern times, in the rubbish over the ancient city, depending entirely, of course, on the rains. In the hands of Europeans, these, being carefully cemented and cleaned out each year, supply clear and good water, but those in the native houses are sadly different. In their keenness to gather all the water they can, the owners guide all that falls on the roof, or into the court-yard, to the cistern, and even collect it from the streets, which are habitually foul with every form of abomination. Hence, as the year advances, and the supply of water gets low, the hideous deposits in the bottom of the cisterns are stirred in drawing for daily wants, with a painful result, alike in the horrible mixture drunk by the population and in the smell given off. Fever, widely spread, inevitably follows, with numerous deaths, but no penalty seems to rouse the population to the most elementary regard for the commonest laws of cleanliness and health.

A city in itself so strangely unprovided with living springs could not, however, depend in its prosperous days simply on rain-water tanks or cisterns, or on the flow from the Virgin's Fountain; and, hence, large pools, fed by aqueducts, were added, outside the city and within. There are two, as we have seen, in the Valley of Hinnom; then there are the two pools of Siloam, and one north of the city; while traditions exist of others, now buried beneath rubbish, at three different points outside the walls. Within the walls were the so-called Pools of Hezekiah and Bethesda, now virtually useless. I have spoken of all except the pool north of the city, once the largest of the whole, but now almost filled up with soil washed into it by the rains. Situated at the head of the Kedron valley, it was admirably placed for catching the drainage of the uplands around it, the supply doubtless being brought into the city by a conduit, though no traces of one have yet been discovered.

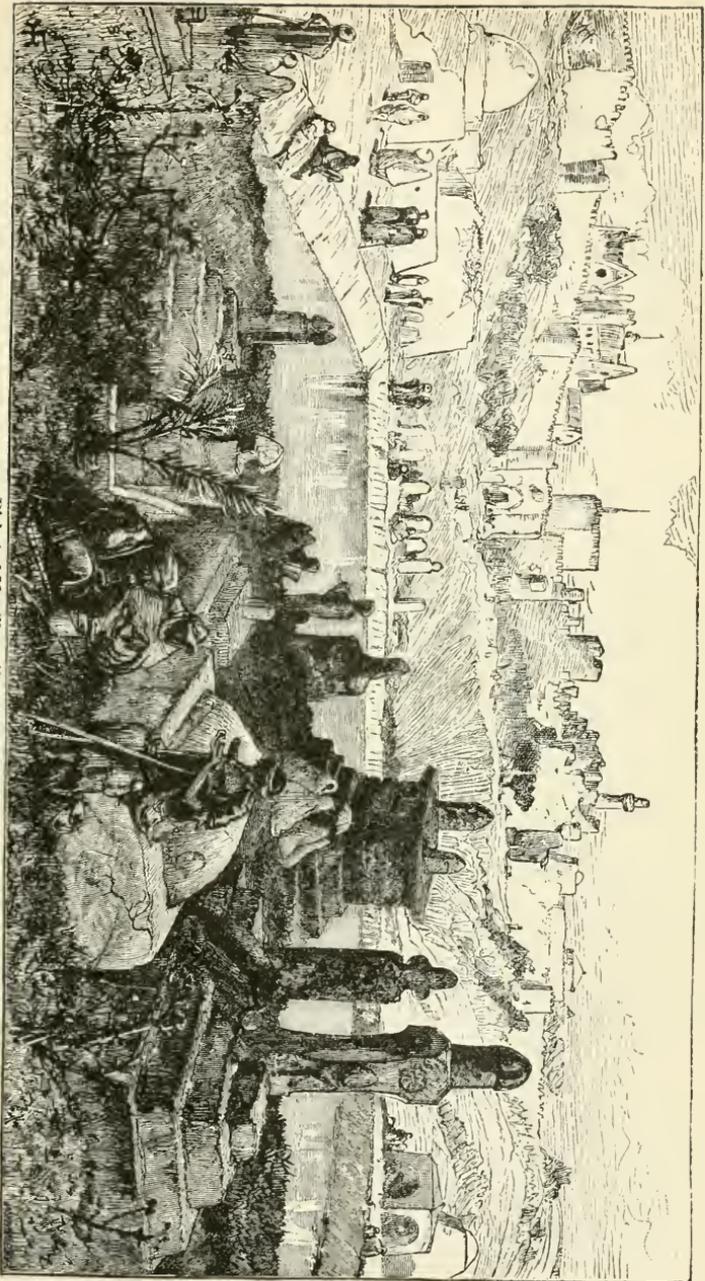
Besides the well on the rubbish of the Tyropœon, there is only that known as Job's Well, at the lower side of the junction of the Kedron and Hinnom valleys. Connected with this is a tunnel, about six feet high, and from two to three feet wide, cut for more than eighteen hundred feet along the bed of the Hinnom Valley, to the west, at a depth of from seventy to ninety feet below the ground, and reached, at intervals, by flights of steps hewn in the rock. Such a work, dating from Bible times, shows the spirit and enterprise of the ancient population, but it also proves that the supply of water for the city has always been a pressing question. It must have been felt that the supply from

all other sources was insufficient, or not always secure, else an undertaking so serious, at a level so greatly below the city, would not have been projected or carried out. Its object seems to have been to collect the water which flowed over the lower hard limestone strata after percolating through the softer beds above them.

To realize the vigorous life of the ancient Jewish citizens, as shown in their arrangements for a copious water-supply, we must, moreover, restore in fancy the provision they made for bringing it from a distance by aqueducts. Thus, from the Pools of Solomon, beyond the ridge on the south, the water was led along a conduit to Bethlehem; then carried under that town by a rock-hewn tunnel, and brought on in another conduit to the Temple area, into the huge reservoirs of which it emptied itself. The length of this gigantic work, in all its windings, is over thirteen miles;<sup>1</sup> an amazing triumph of engineering for the days of Solomon, or even of Hezekiah, during whose reign the first rude beginnings of Rome were founded. Indeed, when we trace it, as it entered and passed through Jerusalem, wonder is even heightened, so great are the difficulties overcome. Crossing the Valley of Hinnom a little above the Sultan's Pool, on pointed arches sunk to the level of the ground, it winds round the southern slope of Mount Zion, and enters the city at the west side of the old Tyropœon Valley, crossing which by the help of Wilson's Arch, it poured its waters into the Temple cisterns. Pipes from it supplied numerous fountains in the lower part of the city; and inside the Temple area there was an elaborate system of reservoirs, regulating the flow of the stream, and providing for the discharge of the waste into the great drain that ran down the east side of Mount Moriah to the Kedron valley. This vast arrangement, however, has long ago been allowed to fall into disrepair, and though occasionally patched up so as to work, in part, for a time, it is so rarely of any use that we may regard it only as a magnificent relic of "the glory of Solomon," whose greatness it vividly brings before us. For since a large supply of water must have been required at the Temple from the very first, it seems natural to accept the tradition that this huge aqueduct, with the pools from which it flows, and the amazing system of reservoirs under the Temple area into which its waters were poured, are memorial of the achievements of the son of David.

But even this elaborate work is thrown into comparative shade by the "high-level" aqueduct which brought water at such a height as to supply the lofty streets of Mount Zion. South of Solomon's Pools, in a glen called Wady Byar, a flight of rock-hewn steps leads down to a chamber sixty feet below the ground at its upper end, and seventy at its lower. From this, a tunnel, from five to twenty-five feet high, stretches up the valley, away from Jerusalem, ending at a natural cleft

<sup>1</sup> 70,000 feet.



Birket-el-Manilla. (See page 305.)



in the rocks, from which water freely comes. From the lower end, a similar tunnel runs for nearly five miles through hard limestone, reaching day, at last, on the under side of a great dam of masonry, which crosses the whole valley. Shafts, sixty to seventy feet deep, have been sunk in the rock, in the course of this long excavation, to facilitate the work; the dam being intended, as it seems, to keep back the surface-water till it soaked down to the channel opened for it beneath. About three furlongs below the dam, the channel, for this space running above ground, enters another tunnel a third of a mile in length, and a hundred and fifteen feet beneath the surface, and in some parts fourteen feet high. A masonry channel then winds round the hill, and, sinking below the ground again, crosses the valley at the head of which lie the Pools of Solomon, tapping the so-called "Sealed Fountain," and running along the side of the Valley of Urtas, till, near Bethlehem, it flowed, anciently, into a great tank. From this the water was carried, by means of an inverted syphon two miles long, over the valley in which is Rachel's tomb. This part of the great work is itself an extraordinary illustration of the skill of the ancient engineers who contrived it. The tube for the water is fifteen inches in diameter, the joints, which seem to have been ground or turned, being connected by an exceedingly hard cement, and set on a frame of blocks of stone, bedded in the rubble masonry all round to the thickness of three feet. Unfortunately, we cannot trace the last section of the undertaking, which has been so completely destroyed that it is not known where the aqueduct finally entered Jerusalem. One fact, however, and that an astonishing one, has been discovered, viz., that it delivered water at a point twenty feet higher than the sill of the Joppa Gate, for it seems beyond question to have been the source from which the bronze statues in Herod's palace gardens, spoken of by Josephus as pouring water into the fountains, obtained their supply; and the palace stood on the top of Mount Zion. The glory of this great aqueduct appears due to the genius of Herod, and it must, therefore, in the days of our Lord, have been one of the recent wonders of his reign. Or was it, in part at least, due to Pontius Pilate? though his aqueduct may more probably have been one on an even greater scale, traces of which have recently been discovered, and by which water was brought from Hebron.

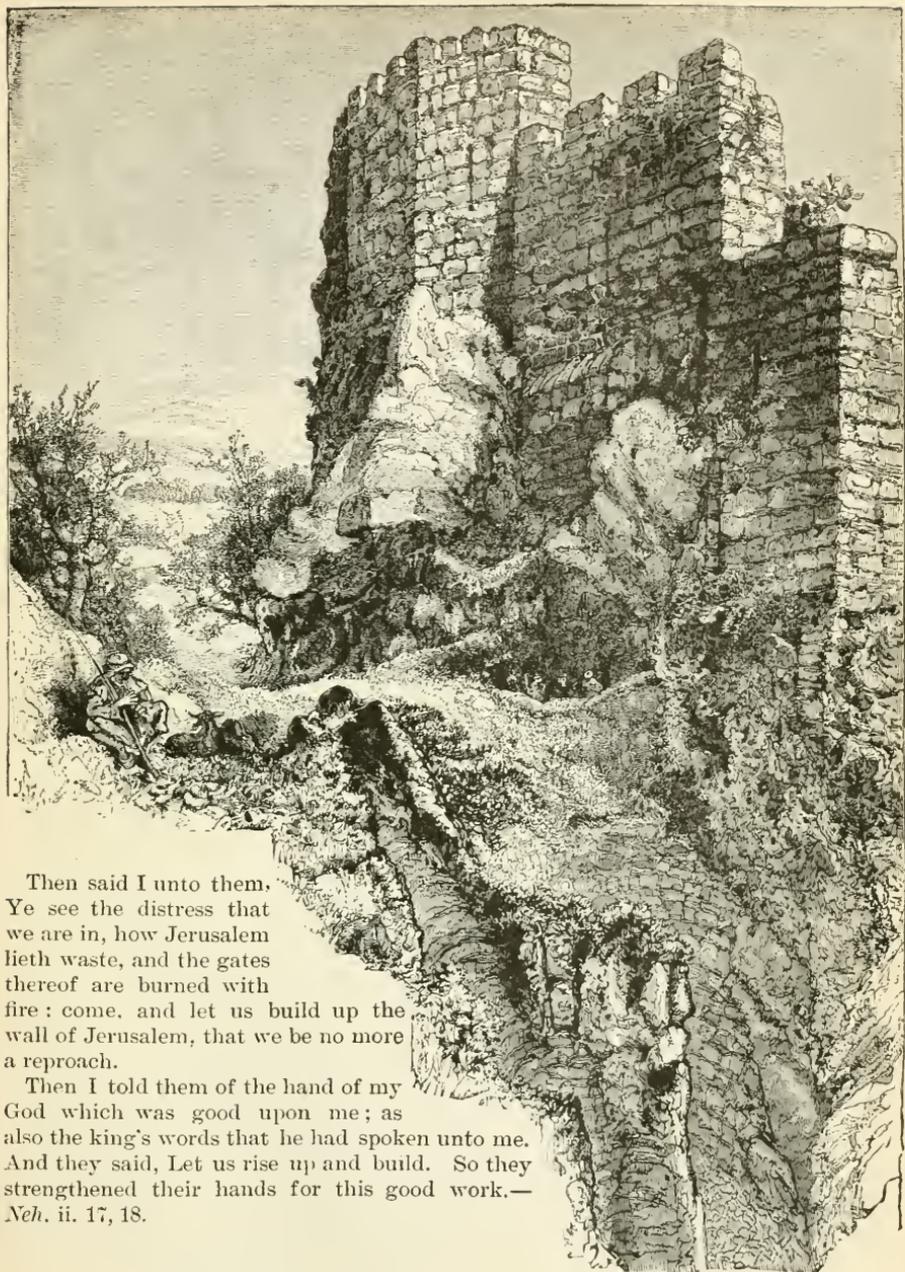
It is strange to think that a city distinguished by such gigantic provision for its well-being should have come into prominence at so late a period in the history of Israel. Till the close of David's reign at Hebron it was still in the hands of the Jebusites, who seem only to have occupied Mount Zion; Moriah being still left to the husbandman.<sup>1</sup> Ezekiel might say with truth, "Thy birth and thy nativity is of the

<sup>1</sup> This is shown by the story of Araunah the Jebusite.

land of Canaan; thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother a Hittite."<sup>1</sup> Here only, so far as we know, the original inhabitants of Palestine kept their footing in the hills for centuries after the Hebrew conquest, thanks to the almost impregnable position of their stronghold. Built on a summit of the central ridge of the country, it was isolated by deep valleys on all sides but the north, and hence, when once secured for Israel, it was the main guarantee of prolonged national life. Mount Zion rises no less than 2,550 feet above the sea, and is reached on all sides by a steady ascent, differing in this from Hebron, which, though the hills immediately north of it are nearly 1,000 feet higher,<sup>2</sup> itself lies in a valley, and is easy of approach from all sides. Jerusalem, on the contrary, is pre-eminently a mountain city, alike in its climate and in its military strength. As such, it is sung in inspired lyrics and imaged by prophets: "His foundation is on the holy mountains."<sup>3</sup> It is "the mountain of His holiness. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion,"<sup>4</sup> "which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever." It is God's "holy hill."<sup>5</sup> Jerusalem was "Ariel," "the Lion of God," "the city where David dwelt;"<sup>6</sup> its rocky height, the lion's lair. "In Judah is God known; His name is great in Israel; in Salem also is His tent, and His dwelling place in Zion."<sup>7</sup> Cut off by the deep ravines around it from the possibility of wide extension, Jerusalem was noted in the earliest times for its compactness: it was "builded as a city that is compact together,"<sup>8</sup> though the sloping sides of Hinnom and Olivet on the south and east, and the nearly level ground on the north of the city, permitted the growth of noble suburbs, as wealth increased. But even where these had been laid out in gardens round the mansions of the rich, the hills swelled up on every side as a natural defence, recalling the verse of the Psalm, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for ever."<sup>9</sup>

As at present, so in the past, Jerusalem was defended by a circuit of walls. In recent years it has extended slightly beyond its fortifications, and they would be of no real value against artillery, if ever it should be, with infinite labor, dragged up from the coast plains. But in ancient times its walls were a vital necessity, and hence they constantly figure in the sacred writings. "Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks."<sup>10</sup> It was through the gates in these ramparts that Jehovah was to enter His city, when the Ark, as His emblem, was carried up in triumph through them by David, from the house of Obedom, and it may have been at this high event in the religious history of the nation that choirs of Levites sang, when the Palladium of Israel was thus slowly ascending

1 Ezek. xvi. 3, 4, 5. 2 3,500 feet above sea-level. (Conder *Handbook*, p. 210). 3 Ps. lxxxvii. 1. 4 Ps. xlviii. 1. 5 Ps. xliii. 3. 6 Isa. xxix. 1, 2. 7 Ps. lxxvi. 1, 2. 8 Ps. cxxxii. 3. 9 Ps. cxv. 2. 10 Ps. xlviii. 12, 13.



Then said I unto them, Ye see the distress that we are in, how Jerusalem lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burned with fire: come, and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach.

Then I told them of the hand of my God which was good upon me; as also the king's words that he had spoken unto me. And they said, Let us rise up and build. So they strengthened their hands for this good work.—*Neh.* ii. 17, 18.



to its mountain sanctuary, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye *ancient* doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!"<sup>1</sup> And it is "out of Zion," His stronghold, that Jehovah will raise His thunder-like war-cry, and lead down the warriors of Israel against the heathen, in the day when He shall tread them down in the valley of Jehoshaphat as men tread the vintage grapes.<sup>2</sup>

Among the different localities around the city, none is more worthy of a thoughtful visit than Bethany. Starting from the Joppa Gate with a friend, on two hired asses, we passed slowly round to the path that slants down from the Temple walls and the Mahommedan cemetery, to the bridge over the long-vanished Kedron. Crossing it, perhaps, at the spot where our Lord often crossed it nearly nineteen hundred years ago, we passed in front of Gethsemane, southwards; our beasts keeping up their pattering walk, for it is always to be remembered that no one ever rides faster than a walking pace in a country utterly without roads, like Palestine. Gradually the track bent to the east, when we were opposite Ophel, on the other side of the valley, and climbed the south-west slope of the Mount of Olives, the lower part of which we had been skirting since leaving Gethsemane. There was no pretence of a road—simply a track worn by the traffic of ages, the rock cropping out at intervals in broken layers on the upper and under sides, and even on the path itself. The Mount of Offence lay on our right hand, rising from the hollow below. At the bend of the road, where we turned our faces almost east, the huge swell of Olivet rose in an easy slope 300 feet above us on the one hand, while, on the other, a little way off, was the Mount of Offence, bare and yellow, about a hundred feet lower: Bethany itself lies 400 feet lower than the top of the Mount of Olives, but our Lord no doubt, as a rule, when on foot, took the path which still goes over the summit, and is used habitually by the peasants from its being much shorter than the circuit taken by us as more easy for riding.

Passing the saddle between the Mount of Olives and the Mount of Offence, a small but delightful valley opened out on the lower side, adorned with fig, almond, and olive trees, the road continuing comparatively broad, though here and there roughly cut out of the slopes of rock.

As we neared Bethany, which is about two miles from Jerusalem by the winding road we had taken, the ground sunk very slowly on the right, with outcrops of the flat limestone beds, showing themselves like steps amidst the thin grass, on which goats and sheep were feeding. Turning aside in search of rock tombs, I was greatly affected by finding several, a short way from the road, at just such a distance from Bethany as seemed to suit the Gospel account of the tomb of Lazarus.

1 Ps. xxiv. 7. 2 Joel iii. 16, 12.

They were simply chambers, entered by going down two or three steps to a small level space before the face of the rock, which has been hewn perpendicularly, and then hollowed out to receive the dead. Entering the largest, which was the size of a very small low room, I found it thick with maidenhair fern; but the stone had long ago disappeared from the door, and there was no sign of burial. Indeed, if it were the tomb of Lazarus there would be no such sign. That it, or one of the others around, was that in which the brother of Martha and Mary had lain, appeared very probable, since there seemed to be no others between them and Bethany. The tomb, moreover, was outside the village,<sup>1</sup> and it was on the Jerusalem side of it,<sup>2</sup> Jesus having travelled by way of the Holy City, which would lie in His route in coming from the north. It may well be, therefore, that I stood on the very ground made sacred by His footsteps, and that this was the very spot that heard the words, "Lazarus! come forth!" Here, it may be, Martha and Mary, and the friends and neighbors who had come to console them, had seen the eyes and cheeks of the Holy One wet with tears of love for His friend, and of grief over the reign of sin and death in so fair a world.

Bethany, "the house of poverty," or as it is now called, El Azariyeh, a corruption from "Lazarus,"<sup>3</sup> lies on one of the eastern spurs of the Mount of Olives. Its New Testament name may have risen from its being on the borders of the Wilderness of Judæa, though it is itself surrounded by gardens and orchards on a small scale; or, with more probability, from its having been a place frequented by lepers, who were popularly called "the poor;" the case of Simon the leper, who lived here, showing that it was a refuge for his unfortunate class,<sup>4</sup> who were permitted by the rabbis to live in open villages like Bethany, though they could not remain within the gates of walled towns or cities.<sup>5</sup> Some have thought the word means "house of dates," but, as it seems to me, on insufficient grounds, for the root from which this derivation is sought means, at best, only "unripe dates,"<sup>6</sup> and the palm is as unfruitful at Bethany as in other parts of the hill country of Judæa. Over the highest part of the village rise the fragments of a tower built by the famous Queen Millicent, wife of Fulke, fourth king of Jerusalem, to protect a cloister of black nuns which she founded in Bethany in A.D. 1138, beside the then existing church of St. Lazarus. The village consists now of about forty flat-roofed mud hovels, unspeakably wretched in their squalor, and the population is exclusively Mahomedan. The children, half naked, and miserably dirty, ran about us begging. There is excellent water, which enables the poor creatures to grow numerous fig, olive, almond, and carob trees, in little orchards

1 John xi. 30-31. 2 John xi. 18-20. 3 The "L" has been taken as an article by the Arabs.  
4 Mark xiv. 3. 5 Delitzsch, *Durch Krankheit*, p. 60. 6 Buxtorff's *Lex.*, p. 38.

enclosed within loose walls, built of the stones cleared off the soil within, and running up and across the stony slope. Naturally, a "tomb of Lazarus" is shown, to which one descends by no fewer than twenty-six steps, only to find a poor chamber, which is very unlike a Jewish tomb. A church was built over the spot as early as the fifth century. The so-called site of the house of Martha and Mary is also pointed out; but as their home has been assigned to many different places at different times, no value whatever is to be set upon the claim. Nothing certain, in fact, is known, except that our Lord must have gone to and from Jericho by way of this village.

In this sequestered spot, on the edge of the wilderness, our Saviour spent many peaceful hours. Surrounded and tended by deep and faithful love, He often refreshed Himself here, after His weary and disturbing conflicts with the pettiness and bigotry of the orthodox theologians of His people in Jerusalem. At home in the bosom of one of its families, and well known in the hamlets around, He could send His disciples before Him, without pre- intimation, to ask for the use of the ass on which He was about to ride into the city.<sup>1</sup> Hither He came, every night, in the last week of His life, till He was betrayed, taking the footpath, one may suppose, over the top of Olivet, rather than the camel road round its south slope, by which I had ridden. He had no such true friends in Jerusalem as those on this spot. Bethany remains for ever sacred as the home of tender ideal friendship, realized in that of Martha and Mary for our Lord. One could linger, even amidst its present misery, to drink in the landscape around, on which the eyes of the Redeemer must so often have rested,—the blossoming trees round the huts; the green hollow, near at hand, below; the reddish-brown slopes of the Mount of Olives behind, and, on the south-east, as one looks over a large tract of olive-trees below, the table-land of the Moab hills, pink and grey, beyond the Dead Sea; the rough, barren, brown waste of slopes and peaks of the wilderness of Judæa; the flat-topped cone of the Frank Mountain, and the pink hills of Quarantania, far down in the depression towards Jericho.

Up from that depth of nearly 3,000 feet below Bethany joyous multitudes of Galilean pilgrims, journeying to the Feast, came, and accompanied the Saviour on His last ascent to Jerusalem. Joy filled all hearts but His, for not only was the Passover at hand, but as Galileans they were proud of "Jesus the prophet," from their own Galilean town of Nazareth, and were ready to hail Him as the long-expected Messiah. On His side, it was becoming that now, on the eve of His self-sacrifice, He should solemnly assume the headship of the new kingdom of God, soon to be founded by His atoning death, and by a formal act, clearly understood when men came to reflect, claim the mysterious

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xxi. 2.

dignity of the Christ, or Anointed, of God. From Bethany, therefore, with its heights of wild uplands over it and the long ridge of Olivet shutting out the troubles of the tumultuous city on its western side, He set forth, on the opening morning of His Passion Week, after resting the night before in the peaceful cottage of His friends.—The road He took was undoubtedly that by which I had come; the creature He rode, an ass, the symbol of early Jewish royalty, and then even more the usual creature for riding than now, though it is still used by all ranks. “Two streams of people met as He advanced.<sup>1</sup> The one poured out from the city, and as they came through the gardens, whose clusters of palms rose on the south-eastern corner of Olivet, they cut down the long branches, as was their wont at the Feast of Tabernacles, and moved upwards towards Bethany, with loud shouts of welcome. From Bethany streamed forth the crowds who had assembled there on the previous night, and who came testifying to the great event at the sepulchre of Lazarus.<sup>2</sup> The road soon loses sight of Bethany. It is now a rough but still broad and well-defined mountain track, winding over rock and loose stones; a steep declivity below, on the left; the sloping shoulder of Olivet above it, on the right; fig-trees, below and above, here and there growing out of the rocky soil. Along the road the multitudes threw down the branches which they cut as they went along, or spread out a rude matting, formed of the palm branches they had already cut as they came out. The larger portion—those, perhaps, who escorted Him from Bethany—unwrapped their loose cloaks from their shoulders, and stretched them along the rough path, to form a momentary carpet as He approached.<sup>3</sup> The two streams met midway. Half of the vast mass, turning round, preceded; the other half followed.<sup>4</sup> Gradually, the long procession swept up and over the ridge, where first begins ‘the descent of the Mount of Olives’ towards Jerusalem. At this point the first view is caught of the south-eastern corner of the city. The Temple and the more northern portions are hid by the slopes of Olivet on the right; what is seen is only Mount Zion, now, for the most part, a rough field, crowned with the Mosque of David, and the angle of the western walls, but then covered with houses to its base, surmounted by the Castle of Herod, on the supposed site of the Palace of David, from which that portion of Jerusalem, emphatically ‘The City of David,’ derived its name. It was at this precise point, ‘as He drew near, at the descent of the Mount of Olives,’<sup>5</sup> (may it not have been from the sight thus opening upon them?) that the shout of triumph burst forth from the multitude, ‘Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed is the Kingdom that cometh of our father David. Hosanna—peace—glory

1 I quote the exquisite description of Dean Stanley in *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 187. 2 John xii. 7. 3 Matt. xxi. 8. 4 Mark xi. 8. 5 Luke xix. 37.

in the highest.’<sup>1</sup> There was a pause, as the shout rang through the long defile; and as the Pharisees who stood by in the crowd complained,<sup>2</sup> He pointed to the stones which, strewn beneath their feet, would immediately ‘cry out’ if ‘these held their peace.’

“Again the procession advanced. The road descends a slight declivity, and the glimpse of the city is again withdrawn behind the intervening ridge of Olivet. A few moments, and the path mounts again, it climbs a rugged ascent, it reaches a ledge of smooth rock, and, in an instant, the whole city bursts into view. As now the Mosque of El Aksa rises, like a ghost, from the earth, before the traveller stands on the ledge, so then must have risen the Temple tower; as now the vast enclosure of the Mussulman sanctuary, so then must have spread the Temple courts; as now the grey city on its broken hills, so then the magnificent city, with its background—long since vanished away—of gardens and suburbs on the western plateau behind. Immediately below was the valley of the Kedron, here seen in its greatest depth, as it joins the Valley of Hinnom, and thus giving full effect to the great peculiarity of Jerusalem, seen only on its eastern side—its situation as of a city rising out of a deep abyss. It is hardly possible to doubt that this rise and turn of the road—this rocky ledge—was the exact point where the multitude paused again, and He, when He beheld the city, wept over it.”

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### STILL ROUND JERUSALEM.

As I returned from Bethany I left the mountain road at this point and guided my beast down the steep bridle path that leads to the village of Siloam, reaching the valley at the north end of it, after a descent in some parts steep and unpleasant. The position of the Potters' Gate, to which Jeremiah “went down” from his house on Mount Zion,<sup>3</sup> and saw “the vessel marred in the hand of the potter,” and where, after this, he bought a potter's earthen bottle, has been thought by some to have been over against Siloam, the water of which was favorable to the trades of potters, tanners, and fullers, and has attracted them to this spot in almost all ages. In our version, the gate is called the “eastern,” but it ought to be “the potsherd” or “Potters' Gate.” There appears, however, to have once been a gate at the south-west of

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xxi. 9; Mark xi. 9; John xii. 13; Luke xix. 37. <sup>2</sup> Luke xix. 39. <sup>3</sup> Jer. xviii. 2; xix. 1.

the city, near the Sultan's Pool, and it is striking to find that the heaps of rubbish in that part, below the walls, consist largely of fragments of very ancient pottery, as if thrown out in early ages at the gate where the potters had their works.

It is very interesting to watch the art of these clever craftsmen in any of the cities of the East. I have stood beside them in Asia Minor, in Cairo, and in different towns of Palestine, and have never wearied of noticing the illustrations of Scripture metaphors and language they unconsciously supplied. Nothing could be more rude than their workshops: indeed, no stable in England is half so wretched as some of them. A coarse wooden bench, behind which the potter sits at his wheel—a thick disc of wood, from the centre of which stands up an axle, surmounted by another small disc; both turning horizontally when the lower one is put into swift revolution by the foot. On the upper wooden circle he throws down from a heap lying on his bench a lump of clay duly softened beforehand; the circle is made to spin round; he shapes the clay into a low sugarloaf cone with both hands, makes a hole in the top of the whirling mass with his thumb, and opens it till he can put his left hand inside; sprinkles it, as needed, with water, from a vessel beside him; a small piece of wood in his right hand smoothing the outside as it turns, while the other hand smooths and shapes the inside: both hands assisting to give whatever shape is desired to the whole. One is reminded of the words of Jeremiah, as he looks on, "O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as the potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hands, so are ye in my hand, O house of Israel."<sup>1</sup> Often, from some defect in the lump, or from some misadventure, there is a failure: the clay has been made too thin, or there is some other fault. The vessel is then abruptly marred, by squeezing the mass together again into a cone; and beginning afresh, the potter makes it, perhaps, into something quite different. So it was in the case of the prophet. "The vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it."<sup>2</sup> It is to this that Isaiah also refers, when he asks, "Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? or thy work, He hath no hands?"<sup>3</sup> So, also, St. Paul demands, "Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?"<sup>4</sup>

The pottery of the East, as I have before remarked, is amazingly brittle, even when the vessel is large and seems strong. None of it is now glazed, for the art of glazing appears to be lost among Eastern potters, and this may increase its fragility. No one who has specu-

1 Jer. xviii. 6. 2 Jer. xviii. 4. 3 Isa. xlv. 9: xxix. 16. 4 Rom. ix. 20, 21.

lated in delicate cups or bottles, or small jars of red or black clay, at any great pottery centre in Syria or Palestine, can have failed to realize how readily it goes to pieces. I have before remarked that a momentary forgetfulness in putting it down too quickly, frequently causes "the pitcher to be broken at the fountain,"<sup>1</sup> so that the poor peasant girl who came to draw water has to go disconsolate home, without her supply. There is much greater force, therefore, in Isaiah's words than there would be if Eastern pottery were as strong as ours, when he threatens Judah that God "shall break it as the breaking of the potter's vessel that is broken in pieces: He shall not spare, so that there shall not be found in the bursting of it a sherd to take fire from the hearth, or to take water withal out of the pit."<sup>2</sup> Even the largest jar is broken into pieces by a comparatively slight blow, and hence, when destruction is intentional, the ruin is very complete. The image of the Psalmist is thus very terrible when he says that the Lord will "dash his enemies in pieces like a potter's vessel."<sup>3</sup> Wherever an Oriental turns, he can realize this as we cannot. The ground about ancient Memphis, as I have said, is largely composed of bits of pottery, and the quantity round some of the ruined cities of Bashan is equally wonderful. It might be raked out in heaps from many of the mounds, in different parts of the country, on which towns or villages formerly stood. Wherever deep excavations are made round any city, the wreck of its past is found to consist, in great part, of broken pottery. Still, when accident has caused the breaking of a large vessel, there are naturally some fragments comparatively large, and these are still of some use. A hollow piece serves as a cup in which to lift water from the spring, either to drink or to fill a jar. But Judah is to be destroyed so utterly that it will be like the wreck of a potter's vessel, of which no sherd is left for this humble use. Nothing is more common, moreover, than for neighbors to borrow a few lighted coals in a hollow potsherd from each other, to kindle their fire, or for a poor man to come, in the evening, to the baker's oven with his lowly fire-pan and get from it a few glowing embers, to boil his tin of coffee, or heat his simple food. But Judah would perish so completely that it would be like the shivered atoms of a vessel no piece of which could "take fire from the hearth." Jeremiah's symbolical acts, however, gain still another illustration from Eastern habits. He was commanded "to go forth into the Valley of Hinnom, which is by the entry of the Potters' Gate," and break the bottle in the sight of the men that went with him, and say, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Even so will I break this people and this city, as one breaketh a potter's vessel, that cannot be made whole again."<sup>4</sup> The unchanging East would understand this to-day as vividly as in the time of the prophet, for it is still the custom to dash down a piece of

1 Eccles. xii. 6. 2 Isa. xxx. 14. 3 Ps. ii. 9. 4 Jer. xix. 2, 10, 11.

pottery when one desires to show the ruin he wishes to overtake the object of his fierce anger. Running up to him, he hurls it to the ground, as a scenic imprecation of like ruin on him and his.

The ride up the slope of Moriah, over the hundred feet of rubbish under which the natural rock is buried, is by a bridle path, in places uncomfortably steep, but you get to the top at last, near the south-east corner of the Temple area. Riding slowly along to St. Stephen's Gate, one is greatly impressed by the size of the stones and the strength of the wall. It is from ten to fifteen feet thick, and about forty feet high at this place, though, at others, where the rock is high, it is only twenty-five feet above it. This eastern side is especially venerable; rows of immense stones, beautifully cut and set, running along a short distance above the ground, and, of course, for a great depth below it. The effect of the walls altogether, as they now stand, is very picturesque. To form a conception of the appearance of Jerusalem, seen from without, one has to imagine a circuit of nearly two and a half miles of fortifications, yellow with age, and looking stronger, perhaps, than in a military sense they really are; their outline broken by salient angles and square towers, surmounted by battlements and pierced with loopholes.

North of the city are some grand old tombs, which interested me greatly. The most famous of these, known popularly as the Tombs of the Kings, lie about half a mile straight north from the Damascus Gate, past the great northern olive-grove, a few yards east of the road to Nablus, the ancient Shechem. The rocks in the valley leading to them are full of ordinary sepulchres. A slope, thirty-two feet wide, cut in the solid rock, leads down eighteen feet to a great court, also hewn out of the rock to the size of more than ninety feet long and nearly ninety feet broad.<sup>1</sup> Originally, the floor of this great excavation must have been considerably lower, as there is a deep bed of rubbish over it. The sides are perpendicular, and hewn smooth. Before reaching the incline, however, to enter this great open hall, as I may call it, you go down a flight of broad, high steps, cut in the rock, and pass across a large, square ante-chamber, between which and the great hall below, the rock has been left four and a half feet thick, to serve as a wall, where not cut away to allow of the incline. As you turn to the west, the portico of the tombs faces you—a chamber thirty-nine feet long, seventeen wide, and fifteen high, with a richly ornamented front, once adorned with four pillars, two of which are gone, while the other two are broken down. The rock above is beautifully sculptured in the later Roman style, with wreaths, fruit, and foliage, which extend quite across the whole breadth of nearly thirty feet, and hang down the sides. The entrance to the tombs is on the south side of this por-

1 92½ by 87, Robinson's measurement.



Sandstorm in the Desert. (See page 386.)



tico, and was intensely interesting from the fact that beside the entrance stood a great round stone, which was intended to be rolled forward, as a door, to close it; such a stone as might have been "rolled away from the door of the sepulchre."<sup>1</sup> Lighting candles and going inside, we found that one chamber led to another—four in all, each branching off into numerous tombs, so that there is space, in the whole, for a large number of burials; the excavations extending about seventy-five feet from north to south, and fifty from east to west, all in the depth of the hill and independent of the great outer courts. Mr. Fergusson<sup>2</sup> thinks that this wonderful mausoleum was that of Herod the Great, contrary to the generally accepted belief that he was buried at the Frank Mountain; but it seems more probable that it is the tomb of Queen Helena of Adiabene, which, according to Josephus, was situated here. Having embraced Judaism in her own country, a province of what had been the original kingdom of Assyria, she came to Jerusalem in A.D. 48, with her son Izates, after the death of her husband. Ultimately returning home, her body was brought back to Jerusalem for burial. The fact that Izates had twenty-four sons perhaps accounts for the extent of the tomb.

About a mile to the north-west of this wonderful burial-place are the traditional Tombs of the Judges, the true history of which is quite unknown: the name having been given, apparently, from the fact that the number of receptacles for bodies corresponds roughly with the reputed number of those composing the so-called Great Synagogue, which is said to have consisted of seventy members, though its ever having existed at all is now called in question. The tombs have at least an historical value, besides being interesting in themselves, as showing the wealth and prosperity of Jerusalem before it finally rose against Rome. As in the tomb of Helena, there is a portico in front of them, but the ornamentation is quite different. From this porch a door opens into a chamber about twenty feet long and eight high, cut in the rock; its sides hewn into receptacles for the dead, one over the other, while side openings lead to other chambers, the walls of which are hollowed into narrow, deep recesses, into which bodies could be thrust, with the feet pointing, from all sides, to the central open space. There are three entrances, all from the west, to three different tombs, which, in all, provide places for about sixty corpses.

Another striking tomb lies in the rocks east of the Nablus road, some distance from the Tombs of the Judges, which, by the way, are called by the Jews "The Tomb of the Seventy," for the reason mentioned in the previous paragraph. This other tomb is held in still greater honor as the traditional resting-place of Simon the Just, one of the most famous successors of Ezra, and high priest for forty years;

1 Mark. xvi. 3. 2 *Dict. of the Bible*: art. "Tombs."

a greatly venerated Jewish worthy, whose praise is the subject of a beautiful passage of Jesus the son of Sirach: "Simon, the high priest, the son of Onias, in his life fortified the house of the Lord, and in his days repaired the Temple. By him was the foundation wall of the Temple raised to double its former height, and the lofty rampart of the wall restored round it. In his days the cistern was hewn out, which in its size was like the brazen sea. He cared for the people, to keep them from calamity, and fortified the city with a wall.

"How gloriously did he shine forth when the people were round him, when he came forth from behind the curtain of the Holy of Holies! He was like the morning star shining through the clouds; like the moon at the full! As the sun shines back from the Temple of the Most High, as the glorious rainbow shines between the showers! As the blooming rose in the days of spring, as lilies beside the springs of water, as the branches of the frankincense-tree in the days of summer, as glowing incense in the censer, as a vessel of beaten gold, set with all manner of precious stones, as a fair olive-tree budding forth fruit, and as a cypress-tree growing up even to the clouds!"<sup>1</sup>

The tomb is cut into the rock, but a wall has been built in recent times across the entrance to the porch, an iron door, however, with a small barred window at the side of it, giving access. The front of the tomb is carefully whitewashed, just as, in old times, the sepulchres were "whited,"<sup>2</sup> to prevent passers-by coming near them and being defiled. Anyone who was thus rendered unclean had to remain so for seven days, and had to go through a tedious and expensive purification, while, if it happened as he was going up to a feast, it disqualified him from taking part in it.<sup>3</sup> Nor was this all: to refuse to purify oneself was followed by being "cut off from Israel." The Jews with their children visit this reputed tomb of Simon on the thirty-third day after the Passover—a day sacred to his memory, and when inside, light wicks which float in a basin of oil, in honor of him. Charity is dispensed by them on this occasion in a strange way. Many cut or shave off part of their hair and of that of their children, or even the whole of it, and give away as much silver as the hair weighs! The origin of this strange custom I do not know, but it is always connected with a vow. Like everything Jewish, it is very ancient, since Paul is mentioned as "having shorn his head in Cenchrea: for he had made a vow;"<sup>4</sup> and the four men in Jerusalem mentioned in the Acts as having a vow were required, as part of it, to shave their heads.<sup>5</sup> Perhaps the practice arose from some association with the vow of the Nazarites, who were required to shave their heads if they came near a dead body.<sup>6</sup> This would account for the usage in those who visit the tomb

<sup>1</sup> Ecclus. i. 1—10. The English version is amended in this quotation. <sup>2</sup> Matt. xxiii. 27. <sup>3</sup> Num. xix. 11. <sup>4</sup> Acts xviii. 18. <sup>5</sup> Acts xxi. 23, 24. <sup>6</sup> Num. vi. 6, 9, 18.

of Simon, but, of course, it does not explain it in the cases quoted in the Acts.

Lying 2,500 feet above the sea, Jerusalem has a climate in some respects very different from what might be expected so far to the south, but characteristic, more or less of the whole of the ancient territory of Israel west of the Jordan, from the fact that it, too, lay high above the sea-level.

Rain is mentioned in the Old Testament more than ninety times, but incidental notices show that the seasons in their vicissitudes of moisture and dryness have been the same in all ages. It is still as rare as in the days of Samuel that there should be thunder and rain in the wheat harvest, and the occurrence would be as disturbing to the minds of the peasants now as when the great prophet foretold it.<sup>1</sup> It would, moreover, be as appalling a calamity in our day as it was in that of Ahab, that there should be no dew nor rain during three years and a half.<sup>2</sup> Great storms of wind and rain, like that through which Elijah ran before the chariot of the king to Jezreel,<sup>3</sup> still burst on the land in the rainy season, and those who have then to be abroad may sometimes be seen, in their cotton clothes, "trembling for the great rain" like the people gathered to hear the law in the days of Ezra.<sup>4</sup>

One half of the year, in Palestine, is well-nigh cloudless sunshine; the other half is more or less rainy; the result of observations continued for twenty-two years<sup>5</sup> showing that the average number of days on which rain falls in the moist season is 188; exactly, one may say, half of the 365 days of the whole year. In some years, however, wet days may be comparatively few, while in others there may be even a hundred more than this minimum. It does not rain every day for any length of time, in any part of the year, intervals of fine weather occurring, with rare exceptions, after a day or two of moisture. Whole weeks, indeed, may pass without a shower at the time when rains are most expected, and these bright days or weeks, in winter and early spring, are among the most delightful in the year. There are, nevertheless, continuous periods of rain, but they seldom last more than seven or eight days, though in rare cases it rains and snows for thirteen or fourteen days together. The rainy season, as I have had occasion to say elsewhere, divides itself into three stages: first, the early rain, which moistens the land after the heat of summer, and fits it for ploughing and sowing; then, the abundant winter rains, which soak the ground, fill the pools and cisterns, and replenish the springs; and last of all, the latter, or spring rain, which swells the growing ears, and pours a supply of moisture down to their roots, enabling them to withstand the dry heat of summer. Between each of these rains, however,

<sup>1</sup> 1 Sam. xii. 18. <sup>2</sup> 1 Kings xvii. 1; James v. 17. <sup>3</sup> 1 Kings xviii. 45, 46. <sup>4</sup> Ezra x. 9. <sup>5</sup> *Pal. Explor. Fund Report*, 1883, p. 8 ff.

there is a bright and joyful interval, often of considerable length, so that in some years one may travel over all the land in February or March without suspecting that the latter rains have yet to fall.

Snow covers the streets of Jerusalem two winters in three, but it generally comes in small quantities, and soon disappears. Yet there are sometimes very snowy winters. That of 1879, for example, left behind it seventeen inches of snow, even where there was no drift, and the strange spectacle of snow lying unmelted for two or three weeks was seen in the hollows on the hillsides. Thousands of years have wrought no change in this aspect of the winter months, for Benaiah, one of David's mighty men, "slew a lion in the midst of a pit, in the time of snow;"<sup>1</sup> and it is noted in Proverbs as one of the virtues of the good wife that "she is not afraid of the snow."<sup>2</sup>

The time of the beginning of the autumn or winter rains is very uncertain, October, in some years, being more or less rainy, while in others no rain falls till November. The time of the cessation of the spring or "latter" rains is equally doubtful: varying, in different seasons, from the end of April to the end of May. There is sometimes, moreover, an interval of several weeks, occasionally as many as five, between the first rains of October and the heavy winter rains in December; a passing shower or two in the long succession of bright days alone asserting the rights of the season. So, also, the latter rains sometimes virtually end in the middle of April, with perhaps only three or four rainy days for a month or more afterwards, when the last grateful spring shower makes way for the waterless months of summer. The harvest, of course, depends entirely on the rainfall; but, while too little moisture is fatal, too much is almost as hurtful. The peasant looks forward with most confidence to abundant crops when plentiful winter showers fall on a large number of days, without any long break of fine weather, and when there is a copious fall of rain in spring.

The lowest temperature noticed in Jerusalem during twenty-one years was on the 20th of January, 1864, when the mercury sank seven degrees below freezing, but it occasionally reaches the freezing point in February and October also, and once it did so even in April. You may count on five or six frosty nights in the course of a winter, but the sun melts the thin ice before noon, except in places out of its reach, though on the open hills the temperature must necessarily be lower than in the city. The heat of a brazier is hence often very agreeable during the months in which, after the heat of a Palestine summer, the register thus drops once and again to the verge of freezing, and for days together the air is most disagreeably cold. It was in such biting weather that Jehoiakim sat in the winter house—that part of the Palace of David on Zion which faced south—in the ninth,



Wady Kelt, showing ruins of an aqueduct. (See page 391.)



or cold month, Kislew (corresponding nearly to our December), glad of the heat of a charcoal fire in a brazier in the middle of the chamber, the windows of which, it must be remembered, had no glass—when he cut up the roll of Jeremiah's prophecy with the scribe's knife, and burnt it.<sup>1</sup> It was in this cold month, also, that the people sat trembling for cold in the great rain, when gathered at the summons of Ezra;<sup>2</sup> and it was in the next or tenth month—our January—that Esther was first brought before King Ahasuerus, both of them, no doubt, arrayed in the richest winter costume of Persia.<sup>3</sup>

The wind plays a great part in the comfort of the population in Palestine, and in the returns of the soil, for the north wind is cold, the south warm, the east dry, and the west moist. Winds, lighter or stronger, from some point of the north seem to be the most common, for they blow, perhaps only in a zephyr, on almost half the days of the year:<sup>4</sup> creating the cold in winter, but in summer bringing chills which are much dreaded by the lightly dressed natives, especially those of the maritime plain, as producing sore throats, fevers, and dysenteries. "Cold cometh out of the north;"<sup>5</sup> but so does "fair weather,"<sup>6</sup> for "the north wind driveth away rain:"<sup>7</sup> a characteristic recognized in its native name, "the heavenly," apparently from the glorious blue sky which marks it.

A few calm days in summer, with no winds, is sufficient to make the heat very unpleasant in Jerusalem. The air becomes dry, and almost as destitute of ozone as a sirocco. A delightful mitigation of this state of things is usually found, however, in a strong west wind from the sea, blowing over the city in the afternoon. The Hebrews distinguished winds only as blowing from the four cardinal points, and hence when we read, "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, and blow upon my garden,"<sup>8</sup> the north-west or south-west wind is meant, since it rarely blows directly from the north or the south. This wind, from some point of the west, is felt at Joppa as early as nine or ten in the morning, but, as becomes the East, it travels leisurely, reaching Jerusalem, generally, only about two or three in the afternoon; sometimes, indeed, not till much later. Subsiding after sunset, it soon rises again, and continues for most of the night, bathing and renewing the parched face of nature with the refreshing vapors it has brought from the ocean, and constituting "the dew" of the sacred writings. Should it not reach the hills, as sometimes happens, Jerusalem suffers greatly, but near the sea its moist coolness is a daily visitor. When the weather is very hot on the hills, and this relief fails, the languor and oppression become almost insupportable.

Easterly winds are common all round the year, but are especially

<sup>1</sup> Jer. xxxvi. 22, 23. <sup>2</sup> Ezra x. 9. <sup>3</sup> Esther ii. 16. <sup>4</sup> 182 days. <sup>5</sup> Job xxxvii. 9. <sup>6</sup> Job xxxvii. 22. <sup>7</sup> Prov. xxv. 23. <sup>8</sup> Cant. iv. 16.

frequent in the latter half of May and of October, and most unusual in summer. Dry, stimulating, and very agreeable, during the cold months, if not too strong, they are dreaded in the hot months from their suffocating heat and dryness, and from the haze and sand which at times come with them. In the summer they are known as the *sirocco*,<sup>1</sup> which, when intense, is a veritable calamity. It dries the throat, bringing on catarrh and bronchial affections; while its lack of ozone makes one unwilling to work with either mind or body; it creates violent headache and oppression of the chest, causes general restlessness and depression of spirits, sleepless nights or bad dreams, thirst, quickened pulse, burning heat in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, and sometimes even fever. Such effects are vividly painted in the story of Jonah, whose spirit this overpowering wind so utterly broke for the time that he thought it better to die than to live.<sup>2</sup> Man and beast alike feel weak and sick while it blows. Furniture dries and cracks, paper curls up, vegetation withers. Though it is usually gentle, it at times comes in fierce storms, laden with the fine sand of the eastern or south-eastern desert and waterless regions over which it has passed; blinding and paining those who encounter it, and raising the temperature to over 100° Fahrenheit, so that it burns the skin like the dry air of an oven. I myself have felt it painfully oppressive, although I never had to endure its more severe effects. In a violent *sirocco* the sky is veiled in yellow obscurity, through which the sun, shorn of its beams, looks like a smoking ball of fire, while dancing pillars of sand raised by whirlwinds, and looking from afar like pillars of smoke, often mark it, and threaten at times to overwhelm both man and beast. The terrible imagery of the prophet Joel presents these phenomena heightened to suit the great crisis he foretells, for the heavens in such a storm seem to show "blood and fire and pillars of smoke."<sup>3</sup> How the east wind dries up the springs and fountains; how it withers the flowers, and turns the tinder-like leaves to dust, so that they disappear; how it destroys the bloom of nature as with a fiery stream, and takes away the hope of harvest when it sweeps over a field before the time of ripening; how it scorches the vineyard, and shrivels the grape in the cluster; and how, after it has passed away, the dew and rain, at times, refresh and revivify the thirsty earth, is painted by the Hebrew poets and prophets with the force of personal observation.<sup>4</sup>

In this storm-wind of the desert, Israel beheld an illustration of the awful power of Jehovah, and thought of it as the very "breath" of His anger.<sup>5</sup> Its swift and utter withering of grass and flowers, so that they disappear before it like the stubble it burns up,<sup>6</sup> is constantly used by the sacred writers to illustrate the sudden disappearance of man

<sup>1</sup> Lit. "south-east wind." <sup>2</sup> Jonah iv. 8. <sup>3</sup> Joel ii. 30; Acts ii. 19. <sup>4</sup> Gen. xli. 6-23; Ps. ciii. 16; Job xxvii. 21; Isa. xl. 7; xxvii. 8; Ezek. xvii. 10; xix. 12; Hos. xiii. 15; Eccles. xliii. 21. <sup>5</sup> Isa. xl. 7; Hos. xiii. 15. <sup>6</sup> ~~1st~~ xl. 7; Ps. ciii. 16; Job xxi. 18; Jer. xiii. 24.

from his wonted place, when he dies. Recognizing in the sirocco the most irresistible force of the air in motion, the Israelite, moreover, gave the name to any violent wind, from whatever quarter. Thus, speaking of the great ships which of old made a port of Eziongeber, at the head of the gulf of Akaba,<sup>1</sup> the Psalmist says, "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind"<sup>2</sup>—though the storms that wreck shipping there come from the north. In the same way, the wind which blows back the Red Sea at Suez is from the north, but is called an east or sirocco wind in Exodus.<sup>3</sup> It is striking to notice, from the various metaphorical uses of the phenomena of this terrible wind, how closely the sacred writers watched nature, and studied its moral analogies. In Job passionate violence of speech is compared to a man filled with the east wind.<sup>4</sup> Ephraim is said to "feed on wind and follow after the east wind,"<sup>5</sup> in reference to the lying and deceit of her relations with Egypt and Assyria; seeking advantages from them which, on the one hand, would be empty as the wind, and, on the other, would be as impossible to secure as it would be to follow and overtake the swiftly passing gusts of the sirocco.

As I have said, the east wind is rare in summer, seldom blowing more than two or three days in a month, but it is much more frequent in winter, and then, strangely, brings with it cold so penetrating that the thinly dressed natives sometimes die from its effects. It is frequent also in spring, shrivelling up the young vegetation if it be long continued, and thus destroying the hope of a good year. No wonder the people of Lebanon call it "the poison wind." It has, indeed, become the proverbial name for whatever is hateful or disagreeable. If a calamity befall one, he will say the east wind blows on him. The corn on the threshing-floor, though ready for winnowing, must lie under whatever protection can be heaped over it, till the east wind ceases. The north wind is too violent for threshing, and the east wind comes in gusts, which, as the people of the Haurân say, "carry away both corn and straw." The whirlwinds which sometimes accompany a sirocco seem to rise from the encounter of the east wind with an air-current from the west, and often scatter the grain lying in summer on the threshing-floor or in the swathe, unless it be kept down by stones. How violent they may be is shown by an extract given by Wetzstein from an Arab chronicle:—"On the third Adar rose a storm-wind which broke down and uprooted trees, tore down dwellings, and did incalculable damage. It blew from the east, and lasted about fifteen hours."<sup>6</sup> Such a "great wind from the wilderness smote the four corners of the house" in which Job's family were gathered, when it fell upon all within.<sup>7</sup>

1 1 Kings xxii. 48, 49. 2 Ps. xlvi. 7. 3 Ex. xiv. 21. 4 Job xv. 2. 5 Hos. xii. 1. 6 Delitzsch, *Job*, 351. 7 Job i. 19.

October, November, and nearly the whole of December, are very mild and agreeable in Palestine, and any rain falling in these months revives the soil, after the scorching of the summer heat, and refreshes man and beast, creating, in fact, a temporary spring. The weather begins to be unpleasant about the end of December, but the winter, with its cold, storms, rain, and snow, only commences in January, continuing, with fine days interspersed, till February, when bright weather becomes more frequent, and sometimes lasts for weeks. About the end of the month, however, a second winter begins, with heavy rains, the cold and stormy days and nights being keenly felt by the population, since their houses give little protection against such an evil. For old people, especially, this after-winter is particularly dangerous, the rough weather that has preceded having already lessened their powers of resistance. It lasts, generally, about a week, from the 25th of February to the 3rd of March, and this interval is called in Syria and Palestine "the death-days of old folks." It closes the season in which the over-ripe fruit is shaken from the tree of life, a time lasting in all, one may say, from thirty-five to forty days. During these, the almond-tree blossoms, and the grasshopper creeps out, thus apparently giving us the correct translation of the words in our version, "The almond-tree shall flourish and the grasshopper shall be a burden."<sup>1</sup> The blossoming of the almond, however, may not only be taken as marking the days most fatal to old age, but as itself a beautiful emblem of the end of life, for the white flowers completely cover the tree, at the foot of which they presently fall like a shower of snow.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

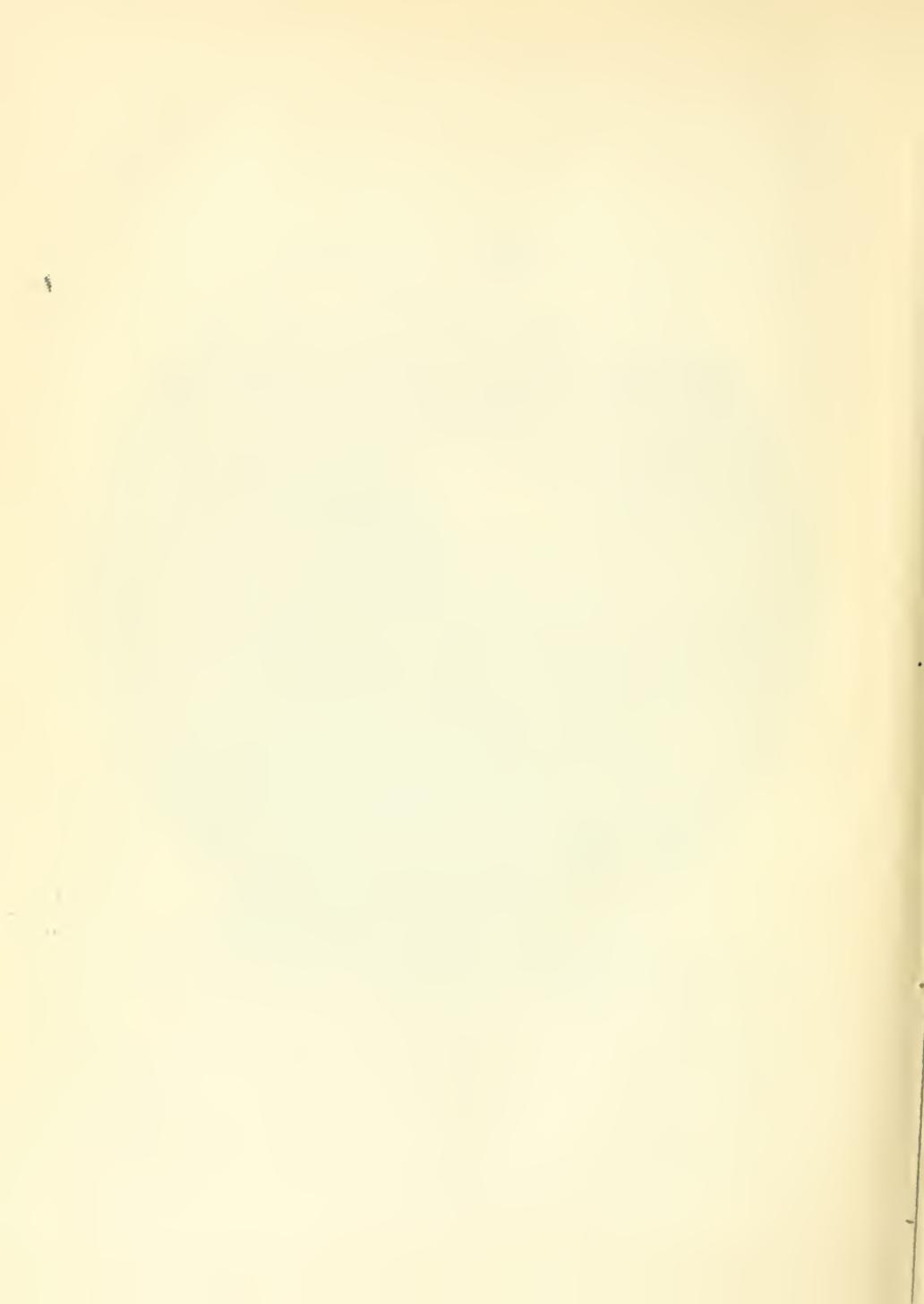
### THE PLAIN OF JERICHO.

THE road to Jericho goes past Bethany, beyond which the ground rises into a new height. This surmounted, a steep descent leads to a deep valley shut in by hills. A well with a small basin, in which leeches are abundant, stands at the side of the track; the only one between Bethany and the Jordan Valley. Very probably this was the "Spring of the Sun," En Shemesh, mentioned as one of the boundaries of Judah,<sup>2</sup> and it may once have been a stirring spot, from the excellence of the water, and its being necessarily a halting place for all

<sup>1</sup> Eccles. xii. 5. Wetzstein gives multiplied proofs of the time at which the almond blossoms and the grasshopper appears: Delitzsch's *Koheleth*, p. 446. <sup>2</sup> Josh. xv. 7.



Arch of the Aqueduct over the Wady Kelt. (See page 390.)



travellers, to quench their thirst. From this point the road stretches on for a considerable distance over level ground, between high hills, absolutely desolate, and with no sign of human habitation anywhere. The slopes are covered with thorny bushes and beds of stones, fallen from above. The silence of death reigns on all sides. Yet even in this desolate and wretched tract small flocks of sheep and goats find, here and there, scanty pasture on the hill-sides. Gnarled and stunted trees occasionally dot the plain. Was it through this barren tract that the grey-haired David rode, when fleeing to the Jordan, from Absalom? It must have been either through this or some parallel valley north of it, and one can easily fancy how Shimei could run along the top of the hills, at the side, and hurl stones down the steep at the fugitive king and his attendants, mingling with his violence showers of curses: "Out with you, out with you, thou bloody man, thou man of Belial; the Lord hath returned upon thee all the blood of the house of Saul, in whose stead thou hast reigned."<sup>1</sup> Somewhere here, also, lay the village of Bahurim, where the king's spies were so dexterously hidden in the empty cistern.<sup>2</sup> A small valley on the right, and a low hill on the track, lay between us and the Valley of the Sidr-tree—the *Spina Christi*—where lie the ruins of the old Hathrur Khan. These may not themselves be ancient, but it is quite probable that there may have been a khan here in olden times for the benefit of travellers. There are now only some tumble-down buildings, quite uninhabited. The whole region is painfully desolate, and the water in the cisterns, from the surface and from rain, is bad, but the position is a three hours' journey from Jerusalem, and thus half way to Jericho, so that a shelter for wayfarers may well have stood here in all ages. The road from the Jordan to the capital was a very busy one in the days of our Lord, since the Jews from Galilee usually took this road to the Holy City. The khan to which the good Samaritan guided the wounded Jew may very possibly, therefore, have stood on this spot. There is seldom a caretaker of caravanserais in desolate places in the East, but some offer this advantage, as did the one on this road in the time of Christ, which had a "host," who could even be trusted with the care of the sick.<sup>3</sup> It is touching to think that our Lord must Himself often have rested for the mid-day hour at the Khan Hathrur, on His journeys to and from Jerusalem; above all, that He rested here for the last time when on His way to the Holy City, on the Friday before His death. What thoughts must have filled His soul, as He thus paused to revive wearied nature, before beginning the last three hours' journey towards Calvary!

The road from this point was for a time tolerably level, but its framework of wild, desolate hills, ever more bare and stony, grew increas-

1 2 Sam. xvi. 3, 7. 2 2 Sam. xvii. 19. 3 Luke x. 35.

ingly repulsive in its gloom and sternness. At one part, the road climbed forward by a narrow path hewn in the rock, and the view, till close to the plains of the Jordan, was simply that of a dark mountain gorge. At times, the track led along the edge of sheer precipices; at others, down rocks so steep and rough that it needed every care to prevent a fall. Yet, as a whole, it is not perhaps worse than the camel track from Joppa to Jerusalem.

The last spur of the mountains was, however, after a while, left behind, and then the scene changed in a moment; a magnificent view over the plains of the Jordan lying at our feet, and the mountains surrounding them, bursting on the sight. The Wady Kelt had surfeited us with its gloomy horrors, and made the open landscape so much the more charming. Through the deep clefts past which we had ridden, a winter torrent foams wildly in its season, though there is no water in its bed in summer. This gully has been supposed to be identical with that of the brook Cherith of Elijah.<sup>1</sup> But the words used respecting that famous torrent—the name of which means “the cutter into” (the hills)—preclude this idea, for it is said that Elijah was to go from Samaria, where he was, eastward, and hide himself in the brook Cherith; the expression<sup>2</sup> translated “brook” in our version being that used elsewhere for the streams in the deep gorges of the Amon and Jabbok, and for wadys or valleys worn by rain floods. Yet it is impossible to determine from the Hebrew text whether it lay “towards” the Jordan, or “east” of it, though the latter is the more probable sense; and if this be accepted, the Wady Ajlûn, on the other side of the river, almost exactly east of Samaria, appears to have special claims, as its lower course is still called Fakarith, which sounds very like Cherith, or, to write the name more in accordance with the Hebrew—Crith.

The whole of Wady Kelt is singularly wild and romantic, for it is simply a deep rent in the mountains, scarcely twenty yards across at the bottom, filled with tall canes and beds of rushes, to which you look down over high perpendicular walls of rock. Its cliffs are full of caves of ancient hermits; and the ruins of the small Monastery of St. John nestle beneath a lofty dark precipice on its north side. At this place, a fine aqueduct, leading off the waters of a great spring, crosses the wady by what has been a splendid bridge seventy feet high, and runs on for three miles and three-quarters to the opening of the Jericho plain. White chalk hills rise in the wildest shapes on each side, forming strange peaks, sharp rough sierras, and fanciful pyramid-like cones; the whole seamed in all directions by deep torrent beds. Not a tree is to be seen on the bare slopes. Nor is the end of the pass less striking, for it is guarded, as it were, by two tall sloping peaks of white

1 1 Kings xvii. 2 Nahal.



The Sultan's Spring. (See page 392.)



chalk, with each of which special traditions and legends are connected.

Looking away from the gloomy gorge beneath, and the forbidding hills on each side, the view of the Jordan plains was very pleasant. Their apparently level surface stretched for miles north and south, dry and barren, but amidst the uninviting yellow, treeless waste, there rose, immediately in front, a delightful oasis of the richest green. The banks of the Jordan are fringed, for the most part, with beds of tall reeds, oleanders, and other luxuriant growths, and only here and there is a rift in the verdure to be seen. It was this green border to which Jeremiah gave the name of the "glory" of Jordan, mistranslated "swelling" in our version.<sup>1</sup> The attack of the assailants from Edom, and afterwards of those from Babylon, is painted by the prophet—a native of Anathoth, in the tribe of Benjamin, near Jerusalem—with the graphic force of one who knew the locality, as like that of the lion "forsaking his covert,"<sup>2</sup> and "coming up from his thicket,"—the jungle which was the "glory" of Jordan, against the perennial pastures<sup>3</sup> of the hills; where the flocks awaited his hunger. On the east of the plains were the Moabite hills, cut into numberless ravines and clefts; and at the southern end of the oasis rose a tower, for the protection of a hamlet whose wretched earth-roofed huts were hard to recognize in the distance.

The last part of the way was very steep and tiresome, though occasional traces showed that it had been the road to Jerusalem for thousands of years. At this part water flowed down the dark gorge of the Wady Kelt, apparently in a permanent stream. Two ruined castle-like buildings stood at the sides of the way, perhaps marking the sites of the ancient castles of Thrax and Tauros, which once defended the pass, and of the towers of the later times of the Khalifs, or of the Christian kings of Jerusalem, when the plains of the Jordan, under their protection, enjoyed a rich and varied prosperity. We were now in the "circle" of the Jordan, known as the "ghor," or hollow, nearly four hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, so that we had descended nearly three thousand feet since leaving Jerusalem. We were still, however, nearly seven miles, in a straight line, from the Jordan, which lay more than eight hundred feet still lower down,<sup>4</sup> so that we had a constant slope before us.

About half a mile to the right, and a little farther than that from the mountains we had left, lay what is known as "The Pool of Moses;" an ancient reservoir, 188 yards long and 157 broad, constructed, it may be, by Herod, in connection with his great palace and gardens at Jericho. If, however, it be not the work of the great Edomite, it at least

<sup>1</sup> Jer. xii. 5; xlix. 19; I. 44. Translated "pride" in R. V. <sup>2</sup> Jer. iv. 7; xxv. 38. <sup>3</sup> Translated "permanent pastures" in R. V. <sup>4</sup> Depth at the foot of the hills, 385 feet; at the Jordan, 1,187 to 1,254 feet (*Great Map of Palestine*).

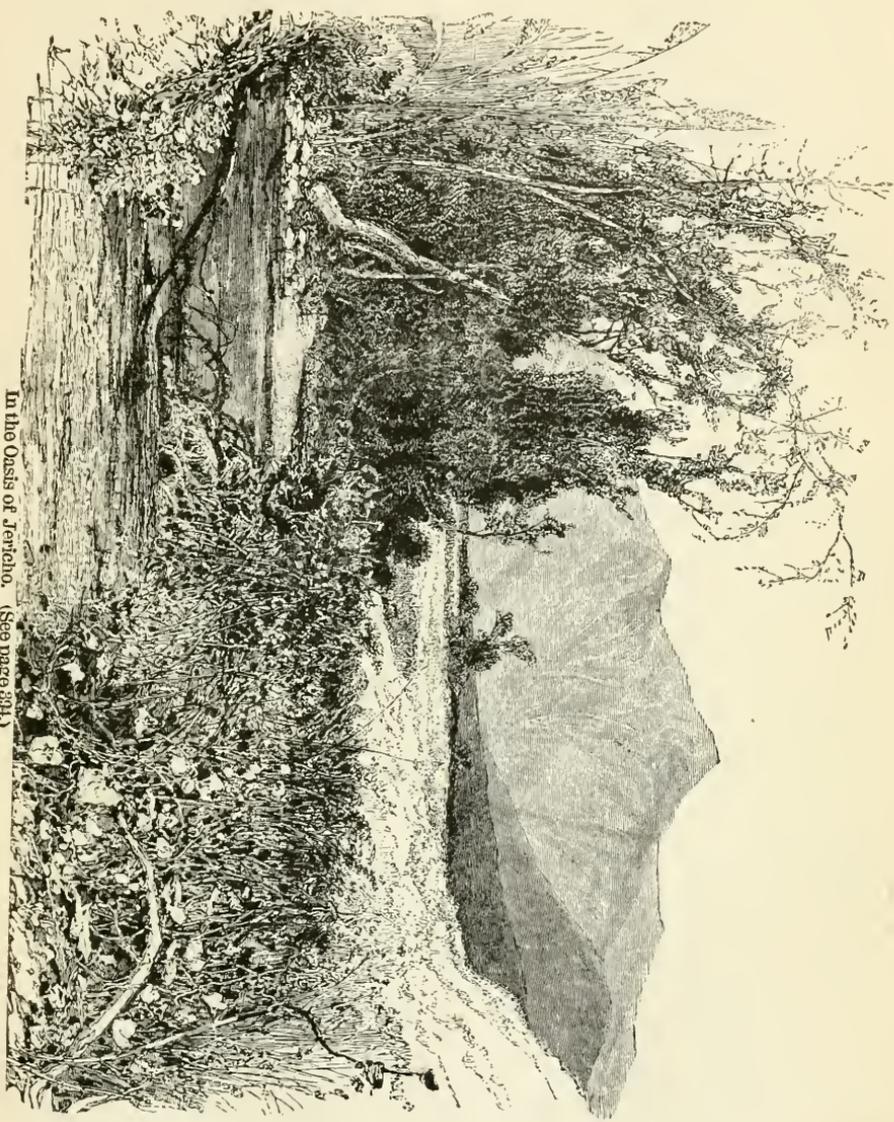
shows, in the remains of an aqueduct from the hills, by which it was fed, and by its own great size, how perfect the arrangements for the irrigation of the place must have been in antiquity, and fully explains how the desert around us had once been an earthly paradise. Remains of aqueducts, indeed, run across the whole region in all directions, indicating that water was once distributed freely to all parts of it, thus everywhere securing the vital condition of its fertility.

The Sultan's Spring, which is also known as the Spring of Elisha, a mile and a half north of the road from Jerusalem, is the usual place for travellers to pitch their tents; affording in the abundant water and pleasant verdure a much more agreeable site than the dirty modern village of Jericho. Many small brooks flowing from it, and giving life to some patches of grain and dark-green bean-fields, had to be crossed to reach it; the Judean hills, running along on the left hand, in long broken walls of bare rock, frightfully desolate and barren, and seamed and cut into by deep clefts and ravines, offering a striking contrast to the living forces of nature around. The climate is so hot that when water is abundant, as it is here, we have the luxuriance of the tropics. The harvest ripens at this level some weeks earlier than in the hill-valleys, and hence the first-fruits needed for the Temple altar, at the Passover, could be obtained from this plain.<sup>1</sup> At its source, the fountain is full and strong; and it is to rivulets flowing from it and from the still larger Duk Fountain, a mile and a half further north, at the foot of the mountains, that the ground as far as the village on the south owes its strong vegetation, while all the rest of the plain for miles in every direction is utterly barren. Yet Josephus tells us that in his day the whole was "a divine region, covered with beautiful gardens, and groves of palms of different kinds, for seventy stadia north and south, and twenty from east to west; the whole watered by this fountain."<sup>2</sup> It springs from under rocks, and at once forms, at the foot of the hill from which it bursts, a large pool, surrounded by thickets of nubk-thorn or sidr, oleanders, and tall reeds.

The nubk-tree (*Spina Christi*) is found round Jerusalem and in all the warmer parts of Palestine, especially along the sides of the narrow bed of the Jordan, much of which it has converted into an impenetrable thicket. It gets its Latin name from the belief that from it was made the crown of thorns forced on the brow of our Lord; and the flexible twigs, with their tremendous spines, which bend backwards, are assuredly well fitted to make an awful instrument of torture if twisted into a mock diadem. Small round Jerusalem, it becomes a fine tree in hotter places; one or two at the fountains in the plain of the Jordan being especially large. The leaves are bright green and oval, the boughs crooked, the blossom white and small; and it bears,

<sup>1</sup> Lev. xxiii. 10. <sup>2</sup> Jos., *Bell. Jud.*, iv. 8, 3.

In the Oasis of Jericho. (See page 394.)





from December to June, a yellow fruit, like a very small apple, or, rather, like a gooseberry. This is eaten by the Arabs under the name of "dhom," or jujubes, and is very agreeable, either fresh or dried, especially when mixed with "leben," or sour milk. Fences of the nubk are to be seen round all the grain or bean patches of the Arabs, in the Jordan depression; a few branches laid one on the other, to the height of about a yard, forming a protection through which no animal ventures to break, and soon getting so inter-laced by the thorns, that they become virtually one solid whole.

Palestine is, indeed, pre-eminently the land of thorns, the dry heat arresting the development of the leaves in almost all plants, and making them merely the abortive growths which we call spines or prickles. The bramble which was summoned by the trees in Jotham's parable to be their king,<sup>1</sup> seems to have been the rhamnus, a thorny bush found in all parts of the country, and often used for hedges, like our hawthorn, which it somewhat resembles. Another plant, translated in our version "bramble," "thistle," and "thicket,"<sup>2</sup> is different from the rhamnus in Hebrew, but it is not known what is particularly intended by it. It must have been a comparatively weak shrub or plant, however—perhaps a thistle—for the wild beast in Lebanon is said to have passed by and trodden it down. The thistles of Palestine are very numerous, and in some places, for instance on the plain of Esdraelon, threaten, at many spots, to choke the crops. But to quote a text or two in which different thistly or thorny plants of Scripture are named will give a better idea of their number than any mere attempt at describing them singly. "Do men gather figs of thistles?" asks our Lord.<sup>3</sup> In this text we can identify the plant meant, by its name in the Greek Testament—the "tribolos"—from which an iron ball, used in warfare, got its name, spikes protruding from it, like those of the plant, in four directions, so that whichever way it fell, when thrown on to the ground, one spike stood upright, and thus stopped the advance of cavalry. The centaurea, or star thistle, is exactly like this, and is sadly abundant in the fields and open ground of Northern Palestine, forming barriers through which neither man nor beast can force a path. "The way of the slothful man is a hedge of thorns," says Proverbs,<sup>4</sup> using a word which refers, it is thought, to a class of plants the name of one of which at least, the miscalled "apple of Sodom,"<sup>5</sup> is well known in poetry, and as a proverbial expression for anything which promises fair but utterly disappoints on trial. This plant, which is really a kind of potato, grows everywhere in the warmer parts of Palestine, rising to a widely branching shrub from three to five feet high; the wood thickly set with spines; the flower like that of the

1 Judg. xix. 14. 2 Isa. xxxiv. 13; 1 Sam. xlii. 6; 2 Kings xiv. 9; Prov. xxvi. 9; Cant. ii. 2. 3 Matt. vii. 16. 4 Prov. xv. 19. 5 See *post*, p. 117.

potato, and the fruit, which is larger than a potato apple, perfectly round, and changing from yellow to bright red as it ripens. That it is filled with ashes is merely a fable; its seeds are black, like those of a potato. Still another kind of thorn is mentioned as that with which Gideon proposed "to tear the flesh" of the men of Succoth, who refused to help him against the Midianites.<sup>1</sup> But it is needless to show at greater length what every traveller in the Holy Land knows only too well—that wherever you turn, "brambles," "briers," "thorns," "thistles," and "pricks" of all kinds abound.<sup>2</sup>

The Sultan's Spring is the only one in the plain of Jericho, except that at Duk, and hence it was very probably the scene of the miracle of Elisha, when he cast salt into the water and cured its previous bitterness.<sup>3</sup> Separated into many rills, it now serves, as I have said, to water the patches of maize, millet, indigo, wheat, barley, or beans, grown by the Arabs. The waters of the still more copious Duk Fountain are bought along the base of the Judæan hills, to the top of the slope behind the Sultan's Spring from which point they were formerly distributed to several mills and used for irrigating the upper part of the plain; an aqueduct carrying them over a gully towards the south. The mills, however, are all gone, except the ruins of one for grinding sugar-cane, which still look down from the steep side of the hill.

The top of the mound above the Sultan's Spring commands a fine view over the plain, which needs only water and industry to become again one of the most fruitful spots in the world. The ever-flowing waters of the two fountains spread rich fertility for several miles in every direction, but almost all this verdure is nothing more than useless shrubs and bushes. Nature is ready, but man is idle and neglectful. Desolation reigns when the water ceases to moisten the soil; and when rains the showers feed only worthless rankness. Once, however, it was very different. When our Saviour journeyed through these parts, groves of palms covered the plain far and near. The Bible, indeed, calls Jericho "the city of palm trees;"<sup>4</sup> and Josephus speaks of those graceful trees as growing to a large size, and as very numerous, even along the banks of the Jordan.<sup>5</sup> Cotton also was grown here as early as the days of Joshua,<sup>6</sup> if Thenius be right, though that is doubtful. Jericho, moreover, was famous for its honey; and its balsam was a highly prized article of commerce. So valuable, indeed, were the groves from which the latter was made, that Herod farmed them from Cleopatra, when they had been handed over to her as a present by Mark Antony; Arabia and the plain of Jericho being transferred

<sup>1</sup> Judg. viii. 7, 16. <sup>2</sup> Six Hebrew words are translated "briers;" two, "brambles;" twelve, "thorns;" two, "thistles;" and one, "pricks;" most of them being rendered by more than one of these English words. <sup>3</sup> 2 Kings ii. 19—22. <sup>4</sup> Deut. xxxiv. 3; Judg. i. 16. <sup>5</sup> Jos.: *Ant.*, iv. 6, 1; xiv. 4, 1; xv. 4, 2; *Bell. Jud.*, i. 6, 6; iv. 8, 2, 3. <sup>6</sup> Josh. ii. 6.



Palm Trees. (See page 394.)



together to her, as if they had been a trifle for such a mistress! The tree from which henna is obtained—the dye still used by the women of the East to stain their nails—also grew here. The Son of Sirach makes Wisdom say that she is lofty as the palm trees of Engedi, and like the roses of Jericho.<sup>1</sup> Sycamores formed alleys alongside the roads, as they now do in the suburbs of Cairo.<sup>2</sup> Even yet, the zukkum, a small, thorny tree, yields from the minute kernels of its nuts an oil which is highly prized by the Arabs and pilgrims, as a cure for wounds and bruises.

The few feeble and lazy inhabitants of the plain trouble themselves little with the cultivation of the soil. Fig-trees grow luxuriantly and need little care, but any large fields of grain there may be sown and reaped by strangers; peasants who come down from the hills for the purpose receiving half the produce for their own share, and paying the other half to the villagers and the Government, for rent of the land, and taxes. A few patches of tobacco, cucumbers, or millet seemed all the local population could bestir themselves to raise. Yet maize is said to be here a biennial plant, yielding two crops from the same roots. Cotton flourishes well, but is rarely planted; and indigo, though very little grown now, was raised freely so long ago as the twelfth century, in the time of the Crusades; while the sugar-cane was not only cultivated widely round Jericho in those days, but grew over large tracts on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, from Tripolis to Tyre. Sugar was then unknown in Europe, but the Crusaders, naturally liking the sweet juice and other products of the cane, adopted the word *zuccara*, which is now our word "sugar." The Saracens, in fact, in the centuries before the Crusades, had introduced the growth and manufacture of sugar on a large scale, and it was they, apparently, who built at least some of the large aqueducts round Jericho, for irrigation, and raised the sugar mills of which the remains are still seen on the slope above the Sultan's Spring.

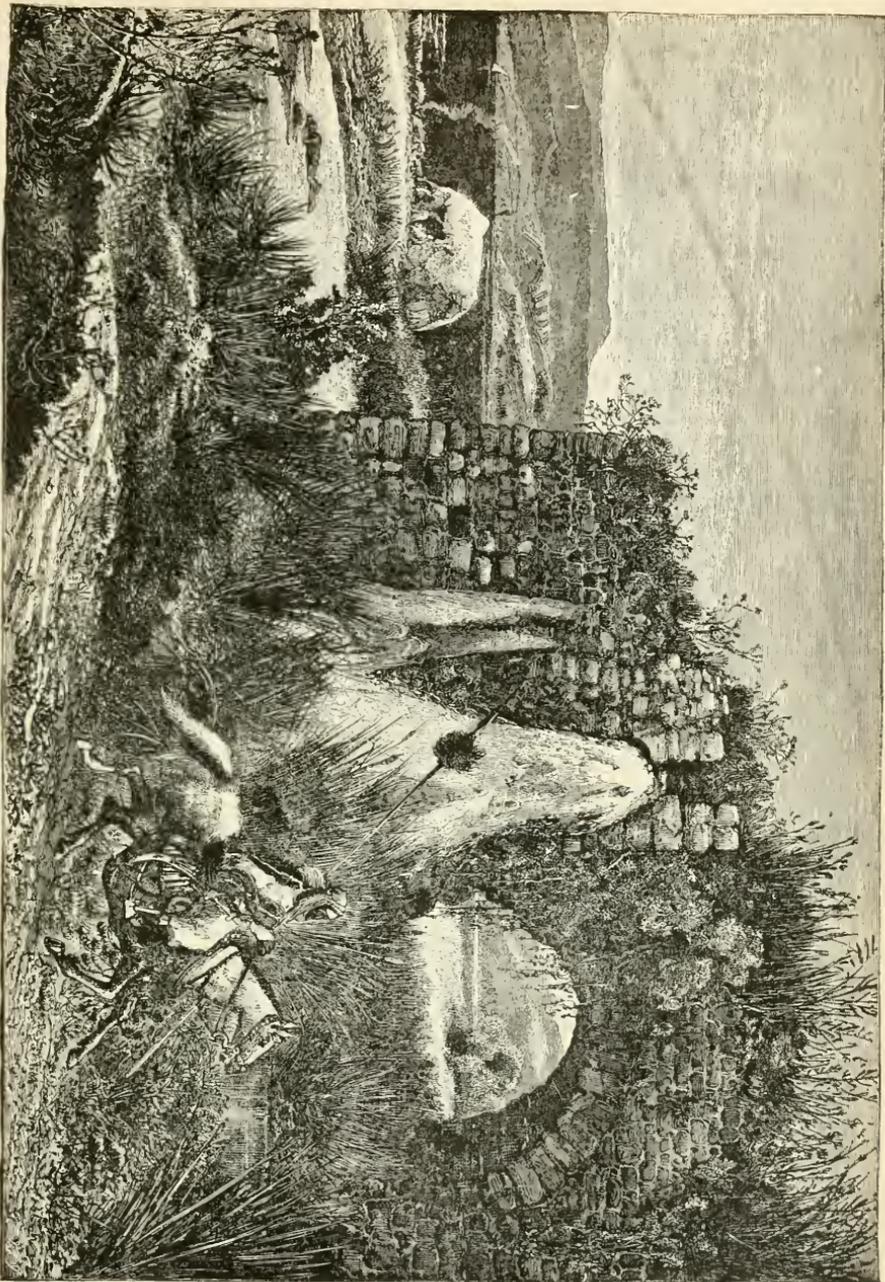
From the time we reached the level of the Mediterranean, in descending from Jerusalem, a notable change had been visible in the flora around, all the plants being new and strange; and the same change was noticeable in the fauna. Almost every creature has the tawny color of the soil; the only exceptions being a few parti-colored birds, and the beetles. The desert sand-partridge takes the place of its more strongly marked counterpart of the hills; the hare is tamed down to the prevailing russet, and the foxes, larks, and, indeed, all forms of animal life, are of a light brown color. The very foliage, and most of the blossoms, are brownish-yellow or yellowish-white.

The Sultan's Spring has a special interest, since it marks the site of the Jericho of our Lord's day. It bursts out, in a volume of clear and

1 *Eccles.* xxiv. 14. 2 *Luke* xix. 4.

delightful water, from the shingle at the foot of a great mound, under which lie the remains of part of the once famous city. A large fig-tree shades the pool, which has a temperature of 84° Fahrenheit, and swarms with fish. The hill above is simply the rubbish of old houses, temples, and palaces, full of bits of pottery and glass. The ruins of a small Roman shrine still rise behind the spring, like part of an old enclosing wall; and fragments of pillars and capitals lie around. From this point Jericho stretched away to the south and north, tapping, by aqueducts, the great Duk Fountain, to which the water of a third, far off in the uplands, was brought in conduits. As the town lay close to the hills, it is easy to see how the spies of Joshua could have escaped up the hollow of the ravine leading to the Duk Fountain, and thence to the hills,<sup>1</sup> though there may not have been the same wild cover of jungle and corn-brake to hide them that there is now. Of ancient Jericho we know nothing, except that it was a walled city, with gates shut at sundown,<sup>2</sup> and houses on the line of the town walls, over which some of the windows projected.<sup>3</sup> It could not, however, have been a very large place, since the Hebrew ark was carried round it seven times in one day.<sup>4</sup> Finally, it stood on rising ground, for when the walls fell, the assailants had to "ascend" to the town. Like other Eastern cities, it had numbers of oxen, sheep, and asses within the walls;<sup>5</sup> and the population, in its different grades, had not only the pottery common to all ages, but vessels of brass, iron, silver, and gold.<sup>6</sup> Notwithstanding the curse denounced on anyone who rebuilt it, it soon rose from its ashes; the prohibition appearing only to have been against its being restored as a fortified place, for it was assigned by Joshua himself to the tribe of Benjamin<sup>7</sup>—certainly not to lie a heap of ruins. Hence we find it flourishing in the time of the Judges, under Eglon, the King of Moab,<sup>8</sup> and it was still prosperous in the time of David, who ordered his ambassadors to stay in it after they had been outraged by the Ammonites.<sup>9</sup> The curse of Joshua was fulfilled, for the first time, in the reign of Ahab, when Hiel of Bethel fortified the city.<sup>10</sup> It was here that poor Zedekiah, the last king of Judah, was seized in his flight by the Chaldeans, to be taken to Riblah and blinded by Nebuchadnezzar.<sup>11</sup> After the return from Babylon a new settlement was begun by 345 men, no doubt with their families—children or descendants of captives taken from Jericho;<sup>12</sup> but they did not attempt to fortify it, for this was first done by the Syrian general Bacchides in the Maccabæan wars.<sup>13</sup> Herod the Great, in his earlier career, assaulted and sacked it, but at a later time, when he had bought it from Cleopatra,<sup>14</sup> he lavished wealth on its defenses and embellishment. To command it, he built the fortress Kypros on the height behind,

1 Josh. ii. 22. 2 Josh. ii. 5. 3 Josh. ii. 15. 4 Josh. vi. 4. 5 Josh. vi. 21. 6 Josh. vi. 24. 7 Josh. xviii. 21. 8 Judg. iii. 12, 13. 9 2 Sam. x. 5. 10 1 Kings xvi. 34. 11 2 Kings xxv. 7; Jer. xxxix. 7; iii. 11. 12 Ezra ii. 34; Neh. vii. 36; iii. 2. 13 1 Macc. ix. 50. 14 See p. 394.



Old Mill near Ain et-Tabira. (See page 359.)



erected different palaces which he called after various friends, and built a great circus for horse-racing and heathen games.<sup>1</sup> It was at Jericho that this splendid but unfortunate and bad man ended his life, in terrible agony, passing away with a command, worthy of his worse nature, that his sister Salome, as soon as he was dead, should massacre all the chief men of the Jews, whom he had previously summoned to Jericho and shut up in the circus. He would make his death to be lamented by the people in some way, he said—for their own sakes if not for his. Salome was prudent enough, however, to leave the savage injunction unfulfilled. The great palace in which Herod had so often resided was burnt down a few years after his death, in one of the fanatical risings of the population, led by a fancied Messiah, but Archelaus restored it with more than its former splendor.

It was to this city that our Lord came, when He was received by Zacchæus, and healed the blind man.<sup>2</sup> The branches of one of the sycamores lining the road, easily reached from their bending horizontally near the ground, had formed a look-out from which the publican could see over the heads of the crowd, and from this he was called to escort Christ to his house.

Very different from this city of palaces is its present successor Eriha, one of the foulest and most wretched villages of Palestine. Rude walls of stone, often dilapidated, with roofs of earth heaped on layers of reeds, maize stalks, or brushwood; no windows; one room for all purposes; the wreck of old huts breaking the rude line of those still inhabited,—these are the features of modern Jericho. The four walls of the hovels are mere loosely piled stones, taken from ancient ruins, and stand quite irregularly, with great gaps between them, each having a yard fenced with the thorny boughs of the nubk.<sup>3</sup> Open sheds, with roofs like the hovels themselves, held up by poles bent at every angle, provide a shelter by night for the sheep and goats, which make them unspeakably filthy. A stronger hedge, of the same impenetrable thorns, surrounds the whole village; for what purpose it is hard to say, as they would be poor indeed who sought plunder in such a place. The few bits of cultivated ground near the huts seem mainly given to tobacco and cucumbers, for no provisions of any kind were to be had, except some wheat. They had not even lentils. As if to point the contrast with the past, a solitary palm-tree rose from amidst the squalor. The villagers bear a very bad character, especially the women, who are worthy, for morals, of their ancestors of Sodom and Gomorrah, once the cities of this very plain. There are about sixty families in Eriha.

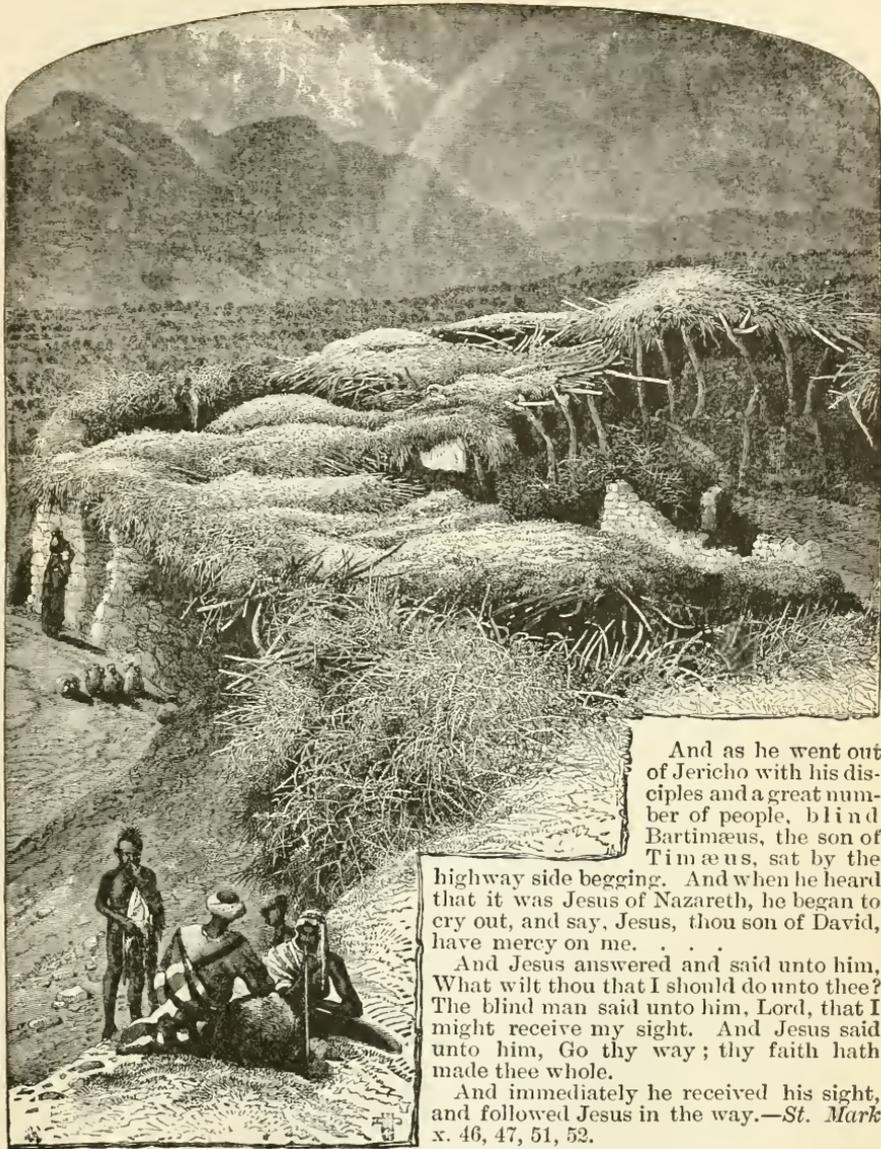
The wheat harvest here is ripe early in May, three weeks after the barley harvest, while the cornfields at Hebron and Carmel are still

1 Jos., *Ant.*, xvi. 5, 2; 6, 5. 2 Luke xviii. 35; xix. 1-7; Matt. xx. 29; Mark x. 46. 3 See p. 392.

green; and it is reaped, as I have said, by bands of peasants from the hills, who also sow the grain. There is no need of its lying in the field to dry, for the sun is so hot that the sheaves can be carried at once to the threshing-floor, on camels, or on small asses, which look like mounds of moving grain beneath great loads that well-nigh hide them. The earth on a round spot about fifty feet across has already been trodden and beaten hard, as a threshing-floor. On this the grain is thrown, and trodden out by oxen or cows, which are often driven round it five abreast. No sledges are used on the plains of the Jordan, the feet of the animals sufficing to tread out the corn and break the straw into "teben;" the whole contents of the floor being frequently turned over by a long wooden fork with two prongs, to bring all, in turn, to the top. When trodden enough, it is winnowed by being thrown against the wind with the fork which is alluded to by the Baptist, when he says of the coming Messiah that "His fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly cleanse His threshing-floor."<sup>1</sup> The waste in this primitive husbandry is very great, much of the corn falling from the backs of the asses or camels, much getting trodden into the cracks of the ground, and not a little of the straw, with all the chaff, flying off before the wind. Elsewhere, the process varies in some features, though everywhere the same in its leading characteristics. The oxen or cows used to tread out the grain are still unmuzzled on the plains of the Jordan,<sup>2</sup> especially among the Mahommedans. Some Christians, I regret to say, are not so humane. Our co-religionists, as a whole, have not, indeed, a very high reputation in the East, as may be judged from a story told me by the steamship captain on my first trip up the Mediterranean many years ago. Wishing to land some goods at a spot on the Red Sea, where there was no provision for putting them under lock and key, he hesitated to leave them on the naked shore. "You don't need to fear," said a turbaned functionary: "there is not a Christian within fifty miles!"

Between the fountain and the village there is a wady in which a streamlet flows through a thicket of nubk and other trees, entering, at last, the court of the old tower which looks down on the huts, and filling its reservoir. Some large fig-trees rise here and there, and the *Palma Christi*, from which castor oil is extracted, is common, rising in this locality into a large perennial tree, from the moist heat of the climate. A great block of red Egyptian granite, from Assouan, lay at one spot, partly buried; the fragment of a stone which had been from eight to ten feet long. It must have been landed at Acre or Tyre, and brought down the side of the Jordan channel, from the north—but when, or by whom?

The heat of the Jordan plains is very great in summer, and oppres-



And as he went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimæus, the son of Timæus, sat by the

highway side begging. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me.

And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole.

And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.—*St. Mark* x. 46, 47, 51, 52.



sive even in spring, while in autumn it becomes very unhealthy for strangers. In May, the thermometer ranges from about  $86^{\circ}$  in the early forenoon to over  $100^{\circ}$  in the beginning of afternoon, standing, even in the shade, at over  $90^{\circ}$ . The delight of sitting under one's own vine and fig-tree in such a land can be imagined.

A band of Turkish soldiers, encamped near the village to keep the wandering Arabs in awe, enlivened the landscape by their moving life. As the sun sank in the west, long shadows lay on the plain, while the hills beyond the river were dyed in the richest purple. North of the village and fountain, the mountains of Judæ stretched, north and south, in a huge arc, contrasted with which the Moabite hills seemed a straight line. The bold, picturesque form of Jebel Quarantania, the mountain of the Forty Days' Temptation,<sup>1</sup> rose a mile behind the Sultan's Spring, more marked than any other. Numerous hermits made themselves cells in the steep sides of this height in the early Christian centuries, and a church once stood on its barren top, but the whole region has been forsaken by man for ages. Now that Easter was approaching, the plains, however, were for a time alive with visitors. The trumpets of the Turks blew unmelodious signals. Horsemen moved hither and thither. Natives were busy pitching tents for some travellers. Bedouins were kindling a fire of thorns. Bands of pilgrims set up their tents, lighted blazing fires, and amused themselves by firing off guns, listening to gossip, or making sport—for they were of all ages. Oxen, horses, sheep, and goats fed as they could, around. Yet beyond the immediate neighborhood, and especially to the south, stretched out a dismal wilderness. When night fell, the stars shown out with a lustre peculiar to such regions, but sleep, when found, was not any the sounder for the yelping and barking of the village dogs and the screams of the jackals. The Bedouins lay down round their fire in their thick "abbas," for without such a protection the night is dangerous. It was the same in Bible times, as we learn from the kindly words of the old Mosaic law: "If thy debtor be poor, thou shalt not sleep with his pledge: in any case thou shalt deliver him the pledge again when the sun goeth down, that he may sleep in his own upper garment and bless thee."<sup>2</sup> It is surprising how men can sleep without injury in the open air, as the natives very often do, for the dew, or, rather, sea-moisture, frequently falls so heavily as to soak the canvas of tents like rain. Perhaps their safety lies in the fact that Orientals always cover the head in sleeping. I have frequently seen such copious moisture on everything, in the early morning, that one can readily picture to himself how the Beloved, in Canticles, wandering through the night, could say, "My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."<sup>3</sup>

1 Matt. iv. 1. 2 Deut. xxiv. 12, 13. 3 Cant. v. 2.

The ride from Eriha to the Jordan is about five miles over a stony plain, which swells, at intervals, into flat mounds of salt marl, on which there is no vegetation. Year by year the winter-rains sweep down the slope, and wash away a layer of the wide surface, carrying it to the Jordan, there being little to check them but copses of the zukkum tree and *Spina Christi*. Yet seven monasteries once stood on this now desolate tract; three of them still to be indentified by their ruins. Till we reach the edge of the Jordan, only the stunted bushes I have mentioned, unworthy of the name of trees, and a few shrubs with dwarfed leaves, are to be seen after leaving the moisture of the Sultan's Spring. Not a blade of grass softens the dull yellow prospect around, and yet the whole region needs only water to make it blossom like a garden. The track ran along the last miles of the Wady Kelt as it stretches on to the Jordan—a broad watercourse, strewn with waterworn boulders and shingles, with banks twenty to thirty feet high, and from fifty to a hundred yards apart, fringed with straggling, stunted, thorny bushes, kept in life by the evaporation from what water may flow in the torrent bed below during the year, and boasting in one spot a solitary cluster of palm-trees. The way led to the site of the ancient Beth-Hogla—"the home of partridges"—which belonged to Benjamin, and marked the division between its territory and that of Judah.<sup>1</sup> Names cling to localities with strange tenaciousness in the East, and that of Beth-Hogla still remains in the modern Arabic form of Ain Hajlah—the Fountain of Hoglah. This spring, the water of which is reputed the finest in the whole "ghor," bubbles up in a clear pool, almost tepid, enclosed by an old wall about five feet round and only a little above the ground; the sparkling stream flowing over it, and carrying life wherever it goes. A grove of willows skirts it for a good distance in its course; but, after all, this is only a spot of verdure in the wide desolation. Offering the means of gaining rich harvests far and wide, the fountain is, nevertheless, utterly unused by man; the birds and wild creatures alone frequent it. That the plain to the west, which lies higher, was once richly fertile, is certain, but it might be difficult to realize how this was possible, did we not find the wreck of an aqueduct which stretched all the way from the Sultan's Spring to Ain Hoglah. Nearly two miles from this "living water" there was till lately a ruin called Kusr Hajlah—the House or Tower of Hoglah—the remains of one of the monasteries, once filled by fugitives from the busy world. Some figures of Greek saints, some patches of fresco, and some inscriptions, used to be visible on its roofless and crumbling walls; but in 1882 these ancient remains were destroyed, to make room for a new monastery. How long ago it is since the first matins and even song rose from this spot no one can tell, but it seems probable

<sup>1</sup> Josh. xv. 6; xviii. 19, 21.

that they were heard in these solitudes fifteen hundred years ago; and from that remote day till about the time of our Henry the Eighth, monks of the order of St. Basil offered a refuge here to the pilgrims who visited the banks of the Jordan.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE JORDAN.

THE first sight of the Jordan, rushing swiftly on its way, fills the heart with uncontrollable emotion. Sometimes, for a short distance, straight, it continually bends into new courses which hinder a lengthened view, yet add to the picturesque effect. On both sides, it is deeply bordered by rich vegetation. Stretches of reeds, ten or twelve feet high, shaken in the wind,<sup>1</sup> as such slender shafts well may be, alternate with little woods of tamarisks, acacias, oleanders, pistachios, and other trees, in which "the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, and sing among the branches."<sup>2</sup> Nightingales, bulbuls and countless turtle doves, find here a delightful shade and abundant food. But though a paradise for birds, these thickets hide the view of the river, except from some high point on the upper bank, till vegetation ceases two or three miles from the Dead Sea. As it runs through the open plain, the stream has at different times had many banks, which rise above each other in terraces. Its waters once washed the foot of the mountains behind Jericho, 630 feet above the Dead Sea, as shown by the mud terrace and gravel deposits they threw down on the lower slopes of these hills when they rolled past them in a stream nearly sixteen miles wide. A second terrace of gravel, 520 feet above the Dead Sea, stretches from the Sultan's Spring, for several miles, towards the Jordan. In this plateau, freshwater shells of the river and its tributary streams are found bedded in layers of silt. At about a mile from the present banks there is a third terrace of white marl crusted with salt, a little over two hundred feet above the Dead Sea, and to this succeeds a fourth, which is liable, though rarely, to floods, and forms the alluvial plain bordering the river. At its upper end this bank has a height of ninety feet above the Dead Sea, but it gradually sinks to the level of the surrounding flat as the river approaches its mouth.<sup>3</sup> The surface is covered with thin herbage and scattered shrubs, and runs like a bluff close to the bank of the river. Descend-

1 Matt. xi. 7; Luke vii. 24. 2 Ps. civ. 12. 3 Prof. Hull's *Mount Seir*, &c., 162.

ing its steep face to a depth of over fifty feet, we are in the midst of the bird-paradise of tamarisk, acacias, silver poplars, willows, terebinths, and other trees of which I have spoken; a dense undergrowth of reeds and plants fond of moisture filling up the intervals between the higher vegetation. This, I may repeat, is the "swelling" or "glory" of the Jordan; once the haunt of the lion, and still of the leopard, traces of which are constantly to be seen, especially on the eastern side. Wild swine, also, swarm in this jungle, which is pierced in every direction by their runs. Below this narrow belt of green, the Jordan rushes on, twisting from side to side in its crooked channel; its waters, generally not more than fifty yards across, discolored by the earth they have received from their banks, or from tributaries, and in most places too deep to ford. When the stream is low, inner banks are visible, about five or six feet high, but when it is in flood, the waters sweep up to the terrace above, driving out the wild beasts in terror for their lives.

It was during this inundation that the Israelites crossed, under Joshua. The time of their passage was four days before the Pass-over,<sup>1</sup> which has always been held during the full April moon, and then, as now, the harvest was ripe in the Jordan valley from April to early in May; the ripening of barley preceding that of wheat by two or three weeks. Then also, as now, there was a slight annual rise of the waters from the melting of the snows in Lebanon, and from the spring rains, so that the river flowed "with full banks"<sup>2</sup> when the Hebrews came to it. It cannot, however, rise above the sunken terrace on which its border of jungle grows, and thus, since the waters shrank to their present level, can never have flooded the upper plain, as the Nile does Egypt. But even within the limits of its present rise, a great stream pours along, in wheeling eddies, when the flood is at its height; so great that the bravery of the lion-faced men of Gad, who ventured to swim across it when thus full, to join David, has been thought worthy of notice in the sacred records.<sup>3</sup> How stupendous, then, the miracle by which Israel went over dry-shod!<sup>4</sup>

Somewhere near the mouth of the Jordan, perhaps at the ford two miles above it, John the Baptist drew to his preaching vast multitudes from every part of the country, including not only Judæa, but even distant Galilee; our blessed Lord among others. For it was here that, at His baptism, the heavens were opened, and the Spirit of God descended upon Him, "and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is My beloved Son."<sup>5</sup> But though John may have baptised at the ford, it is a mistake to suppose that the Israelites crossed at this point, for the words are, "The waters that came down from above stood and rose up

<sup>1</sup> Josh. iv. 19; v. 10. <sup>2</sup> Josh. iii. 15; 1 Chron. xii. 15; Eccles. xxiv. 26. <sup>3</sup> 1 Chron. xii. 15. <sup>4</sup> Josh. iii. 17. <sup>5</sup> Matt. iii. 17.

upon a heap . . . and those that came down toward the sea . . . failed, and were cut off; and the people passed over right against Jericho.”<sup>1</sup> Thus, the waters being held back, those below flowed off; and left the channel dry towards the Dead Sea; so that the people, who numbered more than two millions, were not confined to a single point, but could pass over at any part of the empty channel.

From the site of Beth-Hogla to the mouth of the Jordan is a ride of about three miles, the last part of which is over a forbidding grey flat, impregnated with salt, and utterly destitute of living trees, though the bleached trunks and boughs of many, uprooted by floods, stick up from the soft mud. Here and there, indeed, a sandy hillock, rising above the level, gives a home to some desert shrubs, but such a break in the dulness is comparatively rare. The jerboa, a creature doubtless well known to the Israelites, is often seen on these hillocks, which are filled with its burrows—their safe hiding-places on the approach of danger; the least alarm causing them to disappear into them as if by magic, for they leap off to them over the sand with wonderful speed, like miniature kangaroos. Beautiful creatures they are, with their soft, chinchilla-like fur, their great eyes and mouse-like ears; and singular in their structure, with their almost nominal fore-legs, and hind-legs as long as their body, while the tail is still longer. It seems as if, what with the tail and great hind-legs, they flew rather than leaped. Ranked by the Jews among mice, the jerboa was “unclean,” and could not be eaten, but the Arabs have no such scruples; though it is only very small game, since its body measures no more than six or seven inches in length. There are, in all, twenty-three species of small rodents in Palestine, and of these not a few contribute to the kitchen comfort of the Bedouins, when caught. One singular mouse, which abounds in the ravines and barrens round the Dead Sea, is exactly like a small porcupine; sharp bristles, like those of a hedgehog, standing out from the upper half of its back, wonderfully long for a creature about the size of our home mouse.

I must not forget to notice another animal that abounds in the gorge of the Kedron, and along the foot of the mountains west of the Dead Sea—the cony of Scripture. It is the size of a rabbit, but belongs to a very different order of animals, being placed by naturalists between the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros. Its soft fur is brownish-grey over the back, with long black hairs rising through this lighter coat, and is almost white on the stomach; the tail is very short. The Jews, who were not scientific, deceived by the motion of its jaws in eating, which is exactly like that of ruminant animals, fancied it chewed the cud, though it “did not divide the hoof,” and so they put its flesh amidst that which was forbidden.<sup>2</sup> It lives in companies,

<sup>1</sup> Josh. ii. 16. <sup>2</sup> Lev. xi. 5; Deut. xiv. 7.

and chooses a ready-made cleft in the rocks for its home, so that, though the conies are but "a feeble folk," their refuge in the rocks<sup>1</sup> gives them a security beyond that of stronger creatures. They are, moreover, "exceeding wise," so that it is very hard to capture one. Indeed, they are said, on high authority, to have sentries, regularly placed on the look-out while the rest are feeding; a squeak from the watchman sufficing to send the flock scudding to their holes like rabbits. The cony is found in many parts of Palestine, from Lebanon to the Dead Sea, and in this latter region the Arabs eagerly try to kill it, as choice eating.

The Jordan was regarded by the Israelites as the glory of their country, for it is the only river in Palestine which always flows in a copious stream, though its sunken, tumultuous, twisted course, which, between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea, winds for some 200 miles over a space only about sixty miles in direct length, has made it useless for navigation, or as an attraction to human communities, except at the plain of Jericho. The great miracle when the Hebrews passed over made it sacred to them, so that its waters were already regarded with reverence when Elisha commanded Naaman to wash in them as a cure for his leprosy.<sup>2</sup> Hallowed still more by the preaching of John and the baptism of Christ, the Jordan has been the favorite goal of all pilgrimages to the Holy Land, in every age since the first Christian centuries. As early as the days of Constantine, to be baptized in its waters was deemed a great privilege, while in the sixth century Antoninus relates that marble steps led down into the water on both sides at the spot where it was believed our Lord had been baptized, while a wooden cross rose in the middle of the stream. Upon the eve of the Epiphany, he adds, "great vigils are held here, a vast crowd of people is collected, and after the cock has crowed for the fourth or fifth time, matins begin. Then, as the day commences to dawn, the deacons begin the holy mysteries, and celebrate them in the open air; the priest descends into the river, and all who are to be baptized go to him." Holy water was even in that early age carried away by masters of vessels who visited it as pilgrims, to sprinkle their ships before a voyage; and we are told that all pilgrims alike went into the water wearing a linen garment, which they sacredly preserved as a winding sheet to be wrapped round them at their death.<sup>3</sup> The scene of the yearly bathing of pilgrims now is near the ford, about two miles above the Dead Sea, each sect having its own particular spot, which it fondly believes to be exactly that at which our Saviour was baptized.

The season of baptism has been changed from the colder time of Epiphany to that of Easter, and as the date of the latter feast differs in the Roman and Greek Churches, no collisions take place. Each

1 Ps. civ. 18; Prov. xxx. 24, 26. 2 2 Kings v. 6 ff. 3 Antoninus, Pal. Explor. Fund ed., p. 11.

Easter Monday thousands of pilgrims start, in a great caravan, from Jerusalem, under the protection of the Turkish Government; a white flag and loud music going before them, while Turkish soldiers, with the green standard of the prophet, close the long procession. On the Greek Easter Monday the same spectacle is repeated, four or five thousand pilgrims joining in this second caravan. Formerly, the numbers going to Jordan each year were much greater, from fifteen to twenty thousand visiting it even fifty years ago.<sup>1</sup> The streets of Jerusalem are, for the time, deserted, to see the vast cavalcade set out; women in long white dresses and veils, men in flowing robes and turbans, covering the space outside the walls and the slopes and hollow of the Valley of Jehoshaphat in a parti-colored crowd, eager to see the start. At last the procession streams from the gate and pours along the camel-track, towards Bethany and the Jordan; some on foot; others on horseback, or on asses, mules, or camels. Some companies travel with tents and provisions, to make everything comfortable on the journey. Here, a woman on horseback, with a child on each arm, is to be seen; there, in a pannier on one side of a mule, is a woman, in another on the opposite side is a man; or a dromedary, with a great frame across its hump, bears a family with all their coverlets and utensils. The Russian pilgrims, men, women, and priests, if it be the Greek Easter, are afoot in heavy boots, fur caps, and clothing more fitted for Archangel than for the Jordan valley. Midway comes a body of Turkish horse, with drawn swords, clearing the way for the governor; then pilgrims again. Drawn from every land, they have travelled thousands of miles, in the belief that to see the holy places and to bathe in the Jordan will tell on their eternal happiness.

In these wonderful gatherings there are as many women as men. The Turkish soldiers are not merely ornamental, or a compliment to Christianity, but an indispensable protection from the robbers or thieves who have frequented the road since long before the story of the good Samaritan, and from the Bedouin at the Jordan itself. The broad space between the Sultan's Spring and Eriha is soon an extemporized town, tents of all sizes rising as by magic, while at night the plain is lighted up by the flames of countless fires. Next morning they start from this resting-place before sunrise, and march or ride by the light of the Passover moon towards the brink of the Jordan, but the pace of such a confused throng is slow. To help them on the first stages of their way, multitudinous torches blaze in the van, and huge watch-fires, kindled at the sides of the road, guard them past the worst places, till, as daylight breaks, the first of the throng reach the sacred river. Before long, the high bank, above the trees and reeds, is crowded with horses, mules, asses, and camels, in terrible confusion;

<sup>1</sup> Stephen, *Incidents*, 2, 223.

old, young, men, women, and children, of many nationalities, all pressing together, in seemingly inextricable disorder. Yet they manage to clear themselves after a time, and then, dismounting, rush into the water with the most business-like quiet; too earnest and practical to express much emotion. Some strip themselves naked, but most of them plunge in clad in a white gown, which is to serve hereafter as a shroud, consecrated by its present use. Families bathe together, the father immersing the infant and his other children, that they may not need to make the pilgrimage in later life. Most of them keep near the shore, but some strike out boldly into the current: some choose one spot, some another, for their bath. In little more than two hours the banks are once more deserted, the pilgrims remounting their motley army of beasts with the same grave quiet as they had shown on leaving them for a time; and before noon they are back again at their encampment. They now sleep till the middle of the night, when, roused by the kettledrums of the Turks, they once more, by the light of the moon, torches, and bonfires, turn their faces to the steep pass up to Jerusalem, in such silence that they might all be gone without waking you, if you slept near them. It was thus with a great caravan of pilgrims who encamped a few yards from my tent near the Lake of Galilee. Noisy enough by night, with firing of pistols and guns, they struck their tents and moved off in the morning without breaking my sleep.

The ancient Gilgal, where the Israelites erected a circle of twelve stones, to commemorate the passage of the Jordan, and where they renewed the rite of circumcision,<sup>1</sup> has been rediscovered, of late years, by a German traveller;<sup>2</sup> whose ear fortunately caught from the lips of the Arabs the words Tell Jiljal and Birket Jiljal; the former a mound over the ancient town, and the latter its pond. They lie about three miles south-east of the Sultan's Spring, close to the track leading to the Ford of the Jordan, and a little more than a mile nearly east from Eriha, but beyond the verdure which surrounds it. The pool is of stone, without mortar, about forty yards in diameter, and within a mile of it are about a dozen mounds, three or four feet high, which may be the remains of the fortified camp of the Israelites. Ancient Canaanitish houses were very probably built of mud, and would disappear very soon, if deserted; and it is perhaps on account of this that so few vestiges are now to be found of either Gilgal or Jericho. Captain Conder supposes that the twelve stones set up by Joshua were something like a Druidical circle; a kind of rude sanctuary, of the form of the numerous rings of huge stones still found in Moab, and more or less in many countries, over a great part of the world. It may have been so, but one can hardly believe that all traces of it would have perished, had it been thus a miniature Stonehenge.

1 Josh. iv. 19, 20; v. 2. 2 Zschotte, Rector of the Austrian Hospice at Jerusalem, 1865.

There are several "Gilgals" in the Bible, but this, on the plain of the Jordan, was the most important. It was doubtless from it that the "angel," or, rather, "messenger," of Jehovah came *up*, from the sunken "ghor," to Bochim, in the hill-country, to rebuke the people, in the early days of the Judges, for their relations to the heathen inhabitants, and for their heathenism.<sup>1</sup> Gilgal must thus, even then, it would seem, have been a religious centre, from which priests could be sent on spiritual errands to other parts of the land. It was to this Gilgal, also, that the representatives of the tribe of Judah came, to invite David to return to Jerusalem, after the death of Absalom;<sup>2</sup> such a venerable sanctuary appearing the best place for a solemn act of kingly restoration. What services were performed at Gilgal, or in what the sanctuary consisted, is not discoverable, unless there be a hint in the twelve stones of Joshua, or in the statement that there were Pesilim "by Gilgal."<sup>3</sup> This word means, in twenty out of the twenty-one cases in which it occurs, carved images of idols; and though the Targum translates it in this one instance by "quarries," it very probably does so to save the early Israelites from an imputation of idolatry. If "carved images" be really meant, the inclination of the ancient Hebrews to idolatry must have early shown itself after their first arrival in Palestine. It is not certain, however, that this passage refers to the Gilgal of the Jericho plain; it may allude to another, in the hills of Ephraim.<sup>4</sup> A Gilgal is mentioned "beside the oaks of Moreh,"<sup>5</sup> that is, near Shechem, the present Nablus. From this, or from still another Gilgal, Elijah *went down* to Bethel, and then, farther down, to Jericho, so that it must have been either north of Bethel, or must have lain higher than that place, the Gilgal of the Jordan being excluded in either case.<sup>6</sup> In this third Gilgal there was a community of prophets, for whom Elisha made wholesome the pottage of deadly gourds.<sup>7</sup> It was, however, at the Gilgal in the Jordan plains that Joshua so long had his headquarters, after the taking of Jericho and Ai;<sup>8</sup> that the tabernacle stood before it was transferred to Shiloh;<sup>9</sup> and that Samuel held yearly circuit as a judge,<sup>10</sup> and solemnly inaugurated the kingdom of Saul, and that that unfortunate chief more than once assembled the people around him.<sup>11</sup> And it is this Gilgal which the prophets Hosea and Amos denounced as, along with Bethel, a chief seat of the worship of the calf by the northern kingdom.<sup>12</sup> Besides these three Gilgals, there was a fourth, apparently in the plains of Sharon;<sup>13</sup> the frequent repetition of the name perhaps implying that in the early ages of Israelitish history, the setting up of stone circles, to which it seems to refer, was a frequent custom with the people. It

1 Judg. ii. 1. 2 2 Sam. xix. 15. 3 Judg. iii. 19. 4 Judg. iii. 27. 5 Deut. xi. 30. 6 2 Kings ii. 1, 2. 7 2 Kings iv. 38. 8 Josh. ix. 6; x. 6, 15, 43; xiv. 6. 9 Josh. xviii. 1. 10 1 Sam. vii. 16; xi. 15. 11 1 Sam. xiii. 4; xv. 12, 21, 33. 12 Hos. iv. 15; ix. 15; xii. 11; Am. iv. 4; v. 5. From Ramah Samuel *goes down* to Gilgal. So does Saul from Carmel in Judah, but he *goes up* from Gilgal to Gibeah (1 Sam. x. 8; xv. 12, 34). 13 Josh. xii. 23.

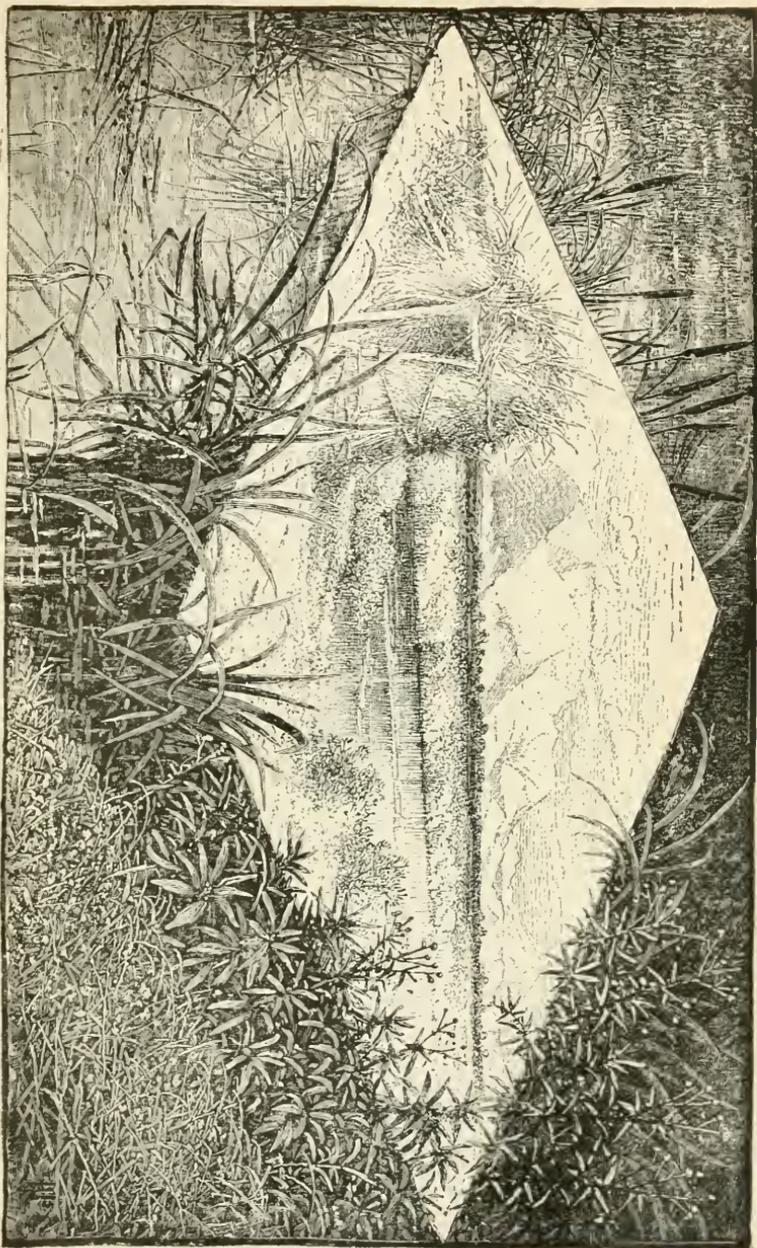
assuredly was so with their neighbors of Moab, as is still shown by the numerous stone monuments, in circles and other shapes, preserved to our day.<sup>1</sup>

The Jordan, for much the greater part of its course, flows far below the level of the sea; its mouth being about thirteen hundred feet below the Mediterranean. It can never have run into the Gulf of Akabah, at the head of the Red Sea, for the very good reason that the watershed which lies in the way is more than eight hundred feet above the Mediterranean. South of the Dead Sea, the continuation of the Valley of the Jordan is known as the Arabah, that is, the "Waste," or "Steppe;" while the valley through which the river actually flows is known as the "ghor," or "depression." The Jordan formed the eastern boundary of the Promised Land; any territory to the east of it being spoken of as "on the farther side" of the river. Its strange channel, sinking so deep, from step to step, gained it the name of Jordan, or "descender," while its numerous fords, rapids, eddies, sandbanks, and its sharp reefs, past which it often shoots wildly, have in all ages prevented its being used for boats or other vessels. Shut out from cooling winds, the valley is insufferably hot for most of the year, and hence is little inhabited. No town has ever risen on its banks, those near it standing upon heights some distance from it. No road ever ran through its gorges, though many crossed at its fords, but even these were very difficult of approach, from the steepness and roughness of the wadys on either side.

The most noteworthy source of the Jordan, near Hasbeya, in Lebanon, is about 2,200 feet above the sea. But it has two others—a spring, as large as a small river, which flows from under a low height at Dan; and a great flow of waters issuing from a cave at the foot of the hills at Baniyas, or Casarea Philippi, a thousand feet above the Mediterranean. These, after rushing swiftly and often tumultuously on their separate courses, unite in the little Lake of Huleh, four miles long, the ancient Sea of Merom, which lies about ninety feet above the ocean. A short distance below Huleh the river is crossed by the ancient but still used "Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob," and is still slightly above the sea-level; but from this point it rapidly sinks. Rushing and foaming through narrow clefts in the rocks, it hurries on to the Lake of Galilee, ten miles and a half from Lake Huleh; entering it through a green, marshy plain, at a level of 682 feet below the Mediterranean. Its course from the Lake southwards is a continued and sometimes rapid descent. In the twenty-six and a half miles from Baniyas, it has already fallen 1,682 feet, and it has yet to sink 610 feet lower, before it reaches the Dead Sea, sixty-five miles in a straight line from the Sea of Galilee, but three times as far by the bends of the

<sup>1</sup> Conder, *Ieth and Moab, passim*.

Banks of the Jordan above the Monastery of St. John. (See page 402.)





river channel. The total length of the Jordan, from Banias, is thus, in a straight line, only about a hundred and four miles, or one-half the length of the Thames. Inside the deep sunken "ghor," alongside the stream, a terrace ruins from forty to 150 feet above the water, and on this alone luxuriant vegetation is found, the land over the "ghor" being very barren. An old Saracen bridge, five or six miles below the Lake of Galilee, marks the spot where probably Naaman crossed when he returned from Samaria to Damascus.<sup>1</sup> The Syrians, under Benhadad, fled by the same way,<sup>2</sup> and here, too, Judas Maccabæus crossed when returning from Gilead.<sup>3</sup> Very possibly David used the same ford when he invaded Syria,<sup>4</sup> for it is still the road from Jerusalem and Shechem, by way of Beisan, to Gilead and Bashan. Near the mouth of the Jabbok, on the east side of the river, another bridge, built by the Romans, marks the ford where so many Ephraimites were slain by Jephtha;<sup>5</sup> and it was apparently by this bridge that Galilean pilgrims, in the time of Christ, ended the roundabout journey they had made down the east bank of the Jordan, to avoid Samaria; crossing the Jordan to the eastern side a little below the Lake of Galilee, and recrossing here to go on to Jericho, and thence to Jerusalem. Here, also, the Christians must have crossed who fled to Pella at the fall of Jerusalem.

Five or six miles from the river, west of this passage, travellers or fugitives in these old times had the great hill of Surtabeh standing up isolated more than two thousand feet above the Jordan<sup>6</sup> as their landmark; a height famous in the land, for it was from its summit that the appearance of the new moon was flashed by signal fires over the country, till the Samaritans kindled false lights on other hills, so that couriers had to take the place of beacon flames. It is probable that Zarthan, where Solomon had the brazen vessels made for his Temple, lay near Surtabeh, as the soil of this part of the "ghor" is said to be specially fitted for founders' moulds. In the lower stages of the course of the Jordan the mountains on the western side are very rugged and barren, in contrast to those on the eastern, but at the mouths of the valleys, where the water is low, there are a number of fords used from of old by all who crossed either east or west.

From the foot of Hermon to Lake Huleh, the river descends, in a very short distance, 1,434 feet; thence to the Lake of Galilee it falls 897 feet; and from that Lake to the Dead Sea, 618 feet more; in all, 2,949 feet. At Lake Huleh, the charming open ground is fertile; and there are many green oases in the deep cleft from the Lake of Galilee, southwards; but as a whole the deeply sunken inner banks of the river deserve the name given them by the Hebrews—the Arabah, or Waste.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Kings v. 14. <sup>2</sup> 2 Kings vii. 15. <sup>3</sup> 1 Macc. v. 52. <sup>4</sup> 2 Sam. x. 17. <sup>5</sup> Judg. xii. 5. <sup>6</sup> It is 2,368 feet above the Jordan, and 1,244 feet above the Mediterranean.

Nor is the wildness relieved by peaceful tributaries on either side, for though several perennial streams join the main current from the east, and many winter torrents rush downwards to it from the west, they pour on both sides through ravines so steep and rugged that it is laborious to reach the level of the stream at any part. The common means of crossing in Bible times seems to have been by fords, though David is said to have been taken over with Barzillai in a ferry boat; but there are many shallow places in the long chasm through which the waters seek their way before reaching the plain of Jericho.

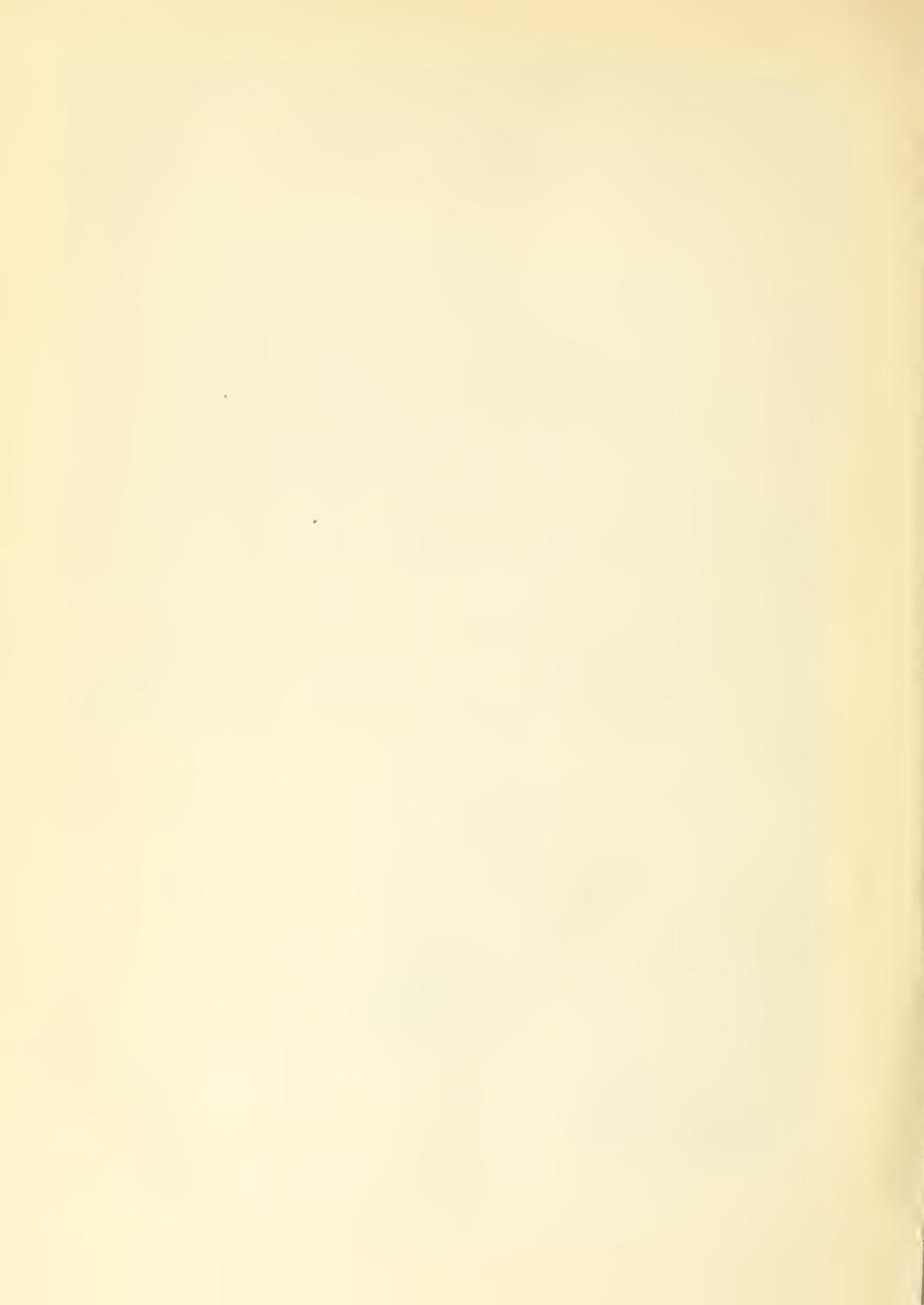
A river so unique may well demand our attention, not only for its strange descent beneath the level of the sea, or for the historical associations of its borders, but also for other features, which supply the key to its past physical history. Between Banias and Huleh the valley is about five miles broad, with steep cliffs on each side, about two thousand feet high, and more or less marshy ground between, the river flowing in the middle of the plain. After leaving Lake Huleh, however, the stream turns to the foot of the eastern hills, running about four miles from the western range, which towers up, in the neighborhood of Safed, to more than 3,500 feet above the Lake of Galilee, the bed of which is the first sign of the great chasm in which the river henceforth flows. For thirteen miles south of the Lake, to Beisan, the valley is about four and a half miles wide, some of the cliffs on its western side rising eighteen hundred feet above the stream. In the next twelve miles it is still broader, expanding to a width of six miles, its sides showing a very curious succession of terraces. Beisan, for example, stands on a plateau about three hundred feet below the Mediterranean; the "ghor" itself is four hundred feet lower; while the narrow trench, from a quarter to half a mile broad, in which the river actually flows, is a hundred and fifty feet lower still. This open part of the valley is full of springs, and hence remarkably fertile. After it is passed, the width contracts to two or three miles, with hills rising, on the western side, about five hundred feet above the sea. After running twelve miles through this glen, the stream again has an open course for a time through a valley eight miles broad, till we reach Surtabeh, which rises 2,400 feet above the river, as I have said. From this point to the plain of Jericho, the "ghor" is about ten miles broad, the river flowing, here as elsewhere, in a deeply sunken channel worn out in the valley. Finally, there is the Jericho plain, which the Palestine Survey reports as measuring more than eight miles from north to south, and more than fourteen across, with the Jordan in about the middle. The actual river-bed is, in this section, including its successive terraces, about a mile wide, and two hundred feet, or thereabouts, below the broad valley. It helps to explain the saltness of the Dead



And it came to pass, when the people removed from their tents, to pass over Jordan, and the priests bearing the ark of the covenant before the people; and as they that bare the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the water (for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest).

That the waters which came down from above, stood and rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zaretan: and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed right over against Jericho.—*Josh. iii. 14-16.*

VALLEY OF THE JORDAN, FROM THE MONASTERY OF ST. JOHN. (See page 410.)



Sea to find that from Beisan southwards numbers of salt springs flow into the river.

It would appear from this sketch of the course of the river that a great lake once stretched to the foot of Lebanon, and that after it had begun to dry up, a chain of lakes, filling the broad parts of the valley, for a time took the place of the still larger lake, gradually shrinking, however, till we have only Huleh, the Lake of Galilee, and the Dead Sea, and the dry beds of two other lakes, represented by the plain of Beisan and that of Jericho.

The only boat, so far as is known, that ever descended the whole course of the Jordan, was that of Lieutenant Lynch, of the American Navy, whose description of the "ghor" is necessarily the most complete we possess; his account of the lower part of its course bringing it before us with a vividness only possible to personal observation. "The boats had little need to propel them," says he, "for the current carried us along at the rate of from four to six knots an hour, the river, from its eccentric course, scarcely permitting a correct sketch of its topography to be taken. It curved and twisted north, south, east, and west, turning, in the short space of half an hour, to every quarter of the compass. . . .

"For hours, in their swift descent, the boats floated down in silence, the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sang with a music strange and manifold; the willow branches floated from the trees like tresses, and creeping mosses and clambering weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff swallow wheeled over the falls, or went at his own wild will, darting through the arched vistas, shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and, above all, yet attuned to all, was the music of the river, gushing with a sound like that of shawms and cymbals. . . .

"The stream sometimes washed the bases of the sandy hills, and at other times meandered between low banks, generally fringed with trees and fragrant with blossoms. Some points presented views exceedingly picturesque—the mad rushing of a mountain torrent, the song and sight of birds, the overhanging foliage, and glimpses of the mountains, far over the plain, and here and there a gurgling rivulet, pouring its tribute of crystal water into the now muddy Jordan. The western shore was peculiar, from the high limestone hills, . . . while the left, or eastern bank, was low, and fringed with tamarisk and willow, and occasionally a thicket of lofty cane, and tangled masses of shrubs and creeping plants, giving it the character of a jungle. At one place we saw the fresh track of a tiger [leopard] on the low clayey margin, where he had come to drink. At another time, as we passed his lair, a wild boar started with a savage grunt, and dashed into the

thicket, but for some moments we traced his pathway by the bending canes and the crashing sound of broken branches.

"The birds were numerous, and at times, when we issued from the silence and shadow of a narrow and verdure-tinted part of the stream into an open bend, where the rapids rattled and the light burst in, and the birds sang their wildwood song, it was, to use a simile of Mr. Bedlow, like a sudden transition from the cold, dull lighted hall, where the gentlemen hang their hats, into the white and golden saloon, where the music rings and the dance goes on. The hawk, upon the topmost branch of a blighted tree, moved not at our approach, and the veritable nightingale ceased not her song, for she made day into night in her covert among the leaves; and the bulbul, whose sacred haunts we disturbed when the current swept us among the overhanging boughs, but chirruped her surprise, calmly winged her flight to another sprig, and continued her interrupted melodies. . . .

"Our course down the stream was with varied rapidity. At times we were going at the rate of from three to four knots an hour, and again we would be swept and hurried away, dashing and whirling onward with the furious speed of a torrent. At such moments there was excitement, for we knew not but that the next turn of the stream would plunge us down some fearful cataract, or dash us on the sharp rocks which might lurk beneath the surface. Many islands—some fairy-like, and covered with a luxuriant vegetation, others, mere sand-banks and sedimentary deposits, intercepted the course of the river, but were beautiful features in the monotony of the shores. The regular and almost unvaried scene, of high banks of alluvial deposit and sand-hills on the one hand, and the low shore, covered to the water's edge with tamarisk, the willow, and the thick, high cane, would have been fatiguing without the frequent occurrence of sand-banks and verdant islands. High up on the sand-bluffs, the cliff-swallow chattered from her nest in the hollow, or darted about in the bright sunshine, in pursuit of the gnat and the water-fly."<sup>1</sup>

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## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE DEAD SEA.

How vast is the interval between the present day and the time of the earlier of those events which have given the Dead Sea and the Jordan an interest so imperishable! The ancient world has passed away, and the modern world has grown old since then. And yet,

<sup>1</sup> Lynch, *Narrative*, 211—215.

though the hosts of Assyria, Babylon, Greece, and Rome, the swift squadrons of the Saracens, and the mailed battalions of the Crusaders, who played their part in those remote events, have disappeared, with all the generations they represent, the Jordan still flows in its bed as it did on the day when Joshua led the Hebrew tribes over it; and the clear blue waters of the Dead Sea fill the same hollow as when they reflected the lightnings on that dreadful day when fire and brimstone from the Lord rained down from heaven on the Cities of the Plain. The peaks and rounded tops of the mountains of Moab and Judæa have been unchanged since the waters of the Deluge. Nature lives, but what a shadow is man, and what shadows he pursues! On that bank, yonder, stood John the Baptist, in his camel's-hair "abba:"<sup>1</sup> lean, and fiery-eyed, like one of the Bedouins of to-day; full of glowing zeal to prepare his nation for the expected Messiah. Round him stood a crowd of men, of all classes, baptized and not yet baptized, in whose faces one could read the intense longing of their hearts. Sighing for a Redeemer who shall deliver them from the deep misery of the times and the still deeper misery of sin, they little dreamed that He stood unrecognized in their midst.<sup>2</sup>

I did not bathe in the Jordan, but others did so, though it is not very easy of approach. In one place reeds and rushes stood in the way; at another, a bed of deep mud bars access, especially in the little bends; at a third, the bank was so steep that one could not get down to the water. The ride to the Dead Sea from Beth-Hoglah varies in features as one is near the river or at a short distant from it. The bushy terrace at the side of the stream is, as I have said, far below the upper banks, and more than twenty feet lower than this the water flows between upright sides, with constant twists and turnings. Leaving the banks, the soil was soft and earthy, with numerous furrows and seams left by the rains; but no vegetation was to be seen as we came nearer the Dead Sea, except in the beds of small flat wadys, which had a sprinkling of stunted herbage.

Close to the sea, the view was a little more kindly, herbage of different sorts and small flowers dotting the ground, in some places almost to the edge of the water. The northern bank rises only a few feet above the lake, and small waves played, in slow dimples and murmurs, against the level strand. For the most part, however, the shore was a shingly slope of about fifteen feet, strewn with a large quantity of driftwood, crusted over with the salt of the water. As a whole, the north shore is barren and treeless, with a delta of soft mud and marsh, from which spring a few rushes. In some places, the rocks come very near the water, and the beach is strewn with huge boulders and stones, fallen from the cliffs. No one could cross the Jordan just where it

enters the lake, soft mud flats, with plentiful driftwood embedded in them, forbidding the passage of either man or beast. The view around was very fine. East and west, lofty ridges seemed to spring from the water, their fronts cut into deep clefts by the winter torrents. Near at hand was a small island composed entirely of stones. One would not have supposed that the beautifully clear water was impregnated with salt to the extent of no less than from twenty-four to twenty-six per cent. of its weight; seven per cent. of this being common salt, while the rest consists of the salts of various metals. The lake stretched away to the south in placid beauty, between its yellow mountain banks, under the deep-blue sky, itself almost as blue. It is forty-six miles long, and ten miles broad where widest. Two or three friends ventured to bathe, and those who did so seemed to enjoy it, though it was necessary to rub the skin and hair well on coming out, as otherwise small crystals of salt were formed when the water dried, and an oily feeling was left on the body. To open the mouth when swimming ensures a gulp of water more bitter than agreeable, almost taking away the breath by its taste. To float, it is only necessary to lie back; you cannot sink. Cloths wetted with the water seemed, when dry, to have been dipped in some oily fluid, but no evil consequences follow a bathe, beyond swollen and chapped lips. The saltiness may be imagined from the fact that drops falling on one's clothes leave a white mark behind on drying, as if wax had fallen on them instead of water.

It is a mistake to think that there is no life round the sea, though there is certainly none in it. Fish brought down by the Jordan die on entering the lake, and there are no shell-fish; but the oases, here and there on both sides, are filled with life of all forms, nor is it unfrequent to see divers and ducks flying over the waters or swimming joyfully on their bosom. The basin of the lake is a huge cup or bowl, sinking nine hundred feet sheer down close to the Moab shore, and in its deepest part 1,310 feet below the surface of the water, which makes it in its darkest depths nearly four thousand feet below the streets of Jerusalem. The southern part, however, is a mere flat, covered with about twelve feet of water, and in great measure divided from the deeper portion by a tongue of land, which runs out from the eastern shore. Besides the Jordan, which pours into it about six million tons of water daily, the lake receives the flow of three permanent streams on its eastern side, one of them the Arnon of the Bible. There is, besides, a tributary stream on the south, and another, that at Engedi, on the west. These vary in their force, but always flow more or less strongly. The ravines, moreover, become torrent beds after the rains, and, together, must pour a large quantity of water into the lake in winter. There are, besides, many springs, fresh, warm, or salt, which



Southern Coast of the Dead Sea Seen from Engedi. (See page 411.)



run into it, all helping to increase its volume, for it has no outlet. Yet, notwithstanding this huge accumulation of water, the level of the lake in winter is only a few feet above its height in summer; not more, apparently, in the wettest years, than fifteen feet.<sup>1</sup> This is enough however, to cover several miles of the low, sloping shallow at the south which are bare in summer, the water apparently extending sometimes even eight to ten miles farther in the one season than in the other.

That the sea does not fill up the framework of hills and wadys around it with a spreading and accumulating flood, is due solely to the great evaporation, at a depth so far below the level of the sea. Shut in by hills on all sides from any cooling breezes, the tropical heat of the "ghor" raises from the surface of the lake a greater amount of water, in vapor, than is poured into it from the Jordan and all other sources.<sup>2</sup> A thick mist, from this cause, lies over the surface when the sun is under the horizon, and the air is at all times full of steaming moisture. It is the constant separation from the lake of vast quantities of absolutely fresh water, all saline particles being left behind, that causes the exceeding saltness of what remains, just as in the case of the Salt Lake of Utah. Saline particles, moreover, are being constantly poured into it from the tributaries of the Jordan, and there are, besides, several small streams which flow into it at its south end from a vast salt deposit that rises into a series of low hills several miles long, and which bring constant additions of brine. Yet, wherever a stream of fresh water flows, the warmth and moisture, together, create charming nooks, where the palm-tree grows almost to the edge of the lake.

The extraordinary depth of the water on the eastern side—nine hundred feet, perpendicular, from the shore—is due to the great geological convulsions that formed the whole Jordan valley as it at present exists. At some epoch very remote, though comparatively recent in geological chronology, the present bed of the valley, through its whole length, from Beisan to the watershed between it and the Red Sea, and even further north and south, must have sunk by a sudden and tremendous cleaving of the whole crust of the earth, the crack running along the eastern edge. The rocks corresponding to those that now form that side were buried, on the western side, in the chasm, so that they have disappeared. Hence, on the east we have lofty hills consisting, at the base, of sandstone, on which rest beds of hard limestone; while at the south-western end of the lake the lime-

<sup>1</sup> Canon Tristram thinks the rise and fall not more than four feet (*Pict. Pal.*, i.157). Dr. Robinson and others estimate it as in the text. The Survey Party found it in 1874 to be fifteen feet.  
<sup>2</sup> It has been calculated that while the average quantity of water received daily by the Dead Sea cannot be more than 20,000,000 cubic feet, the evaporation may be taken at 24,000,000 cubic feet daily. *Journal für Prakt. Chemie*, Leipzig, 1849, 371. In apparent contradiction to this, however, the Arabs say that the lake is now deeper than it was fifty years ago, fords once passable on donkeys being no longer so. These fords are at the shallow, southern end.

stone is wanting, and beds of rock-salt tower up, apparently over the sandstone. These speak of distant geological eras, but on the west side we have, instead of them, approximately recent soft beds of chalk and allied rocks, broken and dislocated from west to east, and often strangely twisted. The fact that these strata slope to the east, and the cracks and shifting of level at different places, prove that they must have been deposited before the great cleavage took place, while beds rich in fossils lying above them show the tremendous height of the waters in those early days. The lake must, till that time, have stood nearly fourteen hundred feet higher than it does at present,<sup>1</sup> so that it must have extended from Lebanon to the Akabah ridge north of the Red Sea—a length of nearly two hundred miles from north to south. Its shrinking, however, was very gradual, for, as we shall see, there are raised beach terraces of various heights above the present level.

This strange difference in the state of things in Palestine in these remote ages is in part explained by the fact that for a very long period the country was very rainy. Proofs of this are found in the remains of ancient lake-beds, in the existence of terraces left by streams on the hill-sides, far above their present level, and in the great size and width of many valleys and gorges, now waterless except after rain-storms. This watery time, it is believed, extended from the era of the latest rocks in the geological system, through the glacial period, to recent times. Perennial snow and glaciers existed in Lebanon during the Great Ice Age, and this probably gave Palestine a climate something like that of Britain at the present day, involving an abundant rainfall in a country many parts of which are more than two thousand feet above the sea. And even when the snows and glaciers of the Lebanon had disappeared, the rainy character of the climate must have only gradually passed away, so that vegetation would be comparatively luxuriant as late as the period of human habitation.<sup>2</sup>

Volcanic action on a great scale took place in Palestine in those remote ages. In Lebanon, on the Sea of Galilee, in the Haurân, at different points in the Jordan valley, and all along both sides of the Dead Sea, rocks occur which were poured forth as lava from burning mountains. These outbursts are of various ages, but for the most part seem to date from the period when the lake stretched as far north as the small lake Huleh, the ancient Merom, and the great glens of Moab and Western Palestine were so many fiords or bays. The huge crack which had dislocated the strata in the Jordan valley, letting down those on the western side to a great depth below their former position, while those on the eastern side remained unaffected, seems to have permitted the water, then so very deep, to force its way into the glow-

<sup>1</sup> Hull, *Mount Scir*, 180—181. <sup>2</sup> Hull, *Mount Scir*, 182.

ing abyss, under the thin solid crust of the earth, and thus to create a vast body of vapor, or steam, which caused the volcanic explosions, and the outpourings of melted rocks; for water is now recognized as necessary to volcanic activity. Or it may have been that the filtration of water through the bottom of the great ancient sea may have caused this vast dislocation, or "fault." The pressure of the water diminishing as the inland sea shrank lower and lower and the fissure through which its waters had filtered into the subterranean fires closed up, these volcanic forces gradually died out; no signs of activity being known in the historical period, or, indeed, for ages before it, though earthquakes are still, unhappily, too common.

The shrinking of the Dead Sea to its present size was, however, as has been already said, very gradual. On the eastern side, the mountains rise too steeply from the water to allow traces of ancient beaches to have gathered on them, but on the gentler western slopes the story of the subsidence of the waters is written by their own hand, if I may say so, as far north as the "Horn of Surtabeh," half way to the Lake of Galilee. Raised beaches of chalky marl and very salt gypsum, on which no vegetation can live, run along the hill-sides, at six hundred, four hundred, three hundred, one hundred, seventy, and thirty feet above the present level of the waters: a long pause in the shrinking up of the lake intervening at each of the periods marked by these ancient coast-lines. But the present limits must have been those of the earliest historical age, else the sites inhabited in the plain of the Jordan in Joshua's day would have been then submerged.

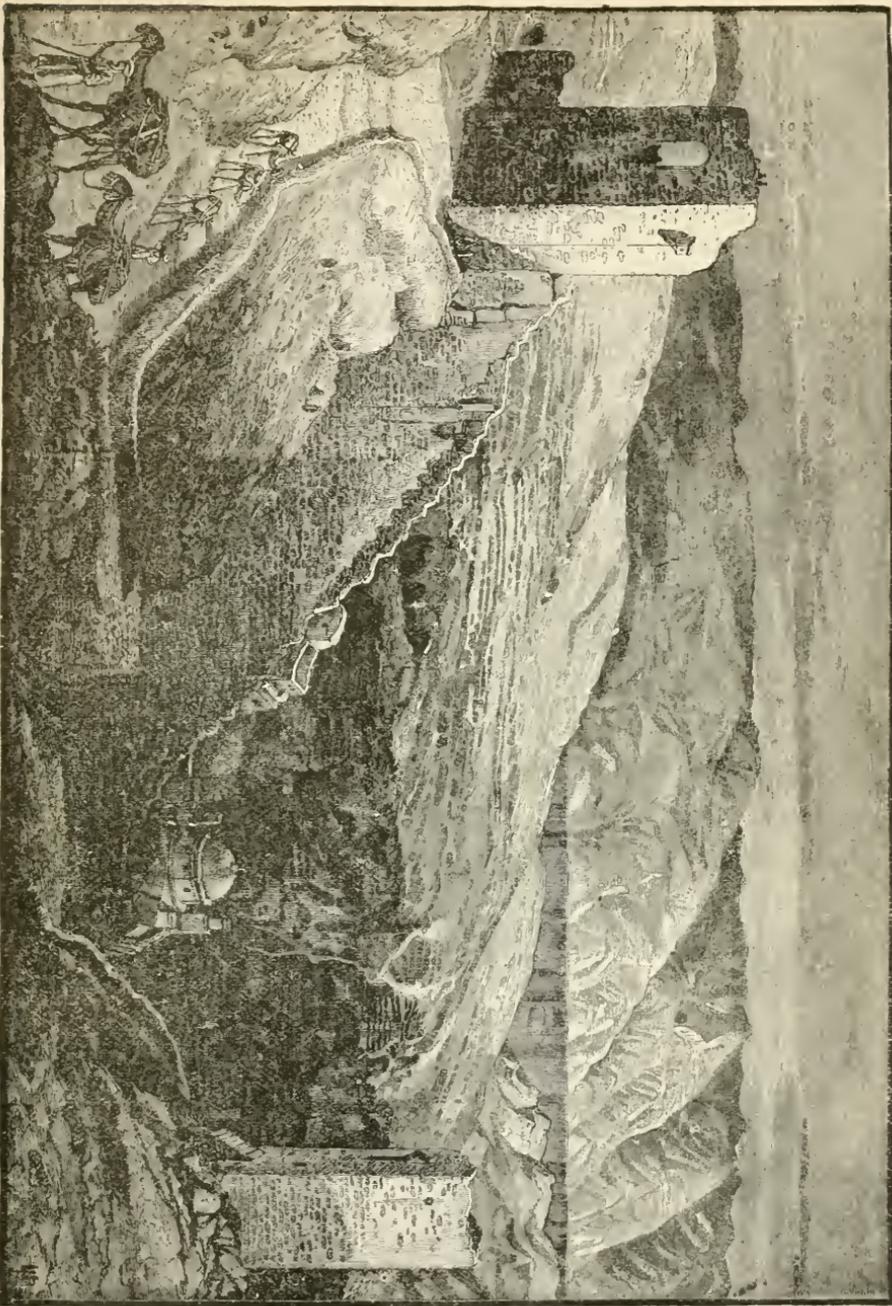
The great size of the ravines and valleys at the sides of the lake, and, indeed, throughout Palestine, is less astonishing when we notice the violence of winter storms, even now, when the rainfall has so greatly diminished. In the Wady Kelt a violent rain fills the upper and narrower parts of the gorge, in half an hour, to a depth of from eight to ten feet, and the lower, broader parts, to a depth of three or four feet, so that the wady is at times entirely dry, and at others impassable. The question, however, often forced itself on me, how there could be such a vast quantity of broken rock and boulders in every torrent bed, and over all the hill-slopes throughout the country; for the whole land appears as if it were buried beneath a universal rain of ballast, large and small. There is less stone on the maritime plain than elsewhere, but all through the hill-country, from Beersheba to Baalbek, it is hardly too much to say that you can see very little of the soil for the stones upon it, and that the hills are cased in a thick bed of fragments from their own surface. It does not matter whether the mountain, hill, or cliff be of hard or soft rock; its outer coat is generally rotten, whether it be granite, basalt, or limestone. The sides, as you climb them, seem like the rubbish of a quarry,

even your horse having difficulty in choosing where to put his feet securely.

The explanation of this strange peculiarity is to be found in the heat of the sun. The mountains of South-Equatorial Africa are spoken of by Mr. Stanley as "skeletons," and the splitting up of their surface, he tells us, is so extensive, that the cracking may be heard as one passes over them. It is the same in India and in Palestine. During the day, the rays of a nearly vertical sun raise the temperature of the rocks to an extraordinary degree, so that all moisture is expelled, and the stone is unnaturally expanded. After sunset, when this excessive heat rapidly passes off into the air, their temperature is necessarily lowered very quickly, till, through the night, it falls from 90° Fahrenheit in the shade, and 120° in the sun, to 45° or 50°. Renewed daily, this expansion and contraction splits up the layers and joints, all over the surface, reducing it to a vast heap of loose fragments. A heavy rainstorm falling on these bare stones, protected by no coating of turf as in England, completes the wreck. The deluge rushes down every hill-slope as our storms pour down the roof of a house, and sweeps away the loosened rock with incredible violence into the wadys and over the plains, far and near, leaving the hills clear for a repetition of the same process of breaking up and subsequent washing away.

Perhaps the finest view of the Dead Sea is that from the lofty cliffs on the western side, where the Jordan enters. The eye sweeps southwards nearly as far as Engedi. On the east, the yellowish-red mountains of Moab, extending beyond the southern horizon, pass northwards into those of Gilead, which trend on, in a sea of rounded tops, till the view is closed. Light and shade throw one part into brightness and cover another with purple, varied by the deeper obscurity of great ravines, like those of the Callirrhoë and the Arnon. A line of tall reeds fringes the plain, twelve hundred feet below, beyond which the lake lies blue and shining, with the long peninsula of the Lisan, or "Tongue," at the southern end, and many small spits of shore, sparkling in the light like silver. Nor is the landscape less striking from the shore itself, though in some respects different. The lofty cliffs of the western side, rising above the long slope of wreck fallen from them, and hiding them from sight far up their height; the blue waters; the rich verdure of every spot reached by moisture; and the bright colors of the sandstone on the eastern shore, showing every color but green, make a picture one can never forget.

The chalk hills on the western side are marked by the presence of bitumen in them, both liquid and in a solid form, and in some places by layers of rock-salt. Between the mouth of the lake and Engedi, indeed, the marl is so strongly impregnated with bitumen at some points



The Dead Sea and Mountains of Moab, Seen from Mar Saba. (See page 413.)



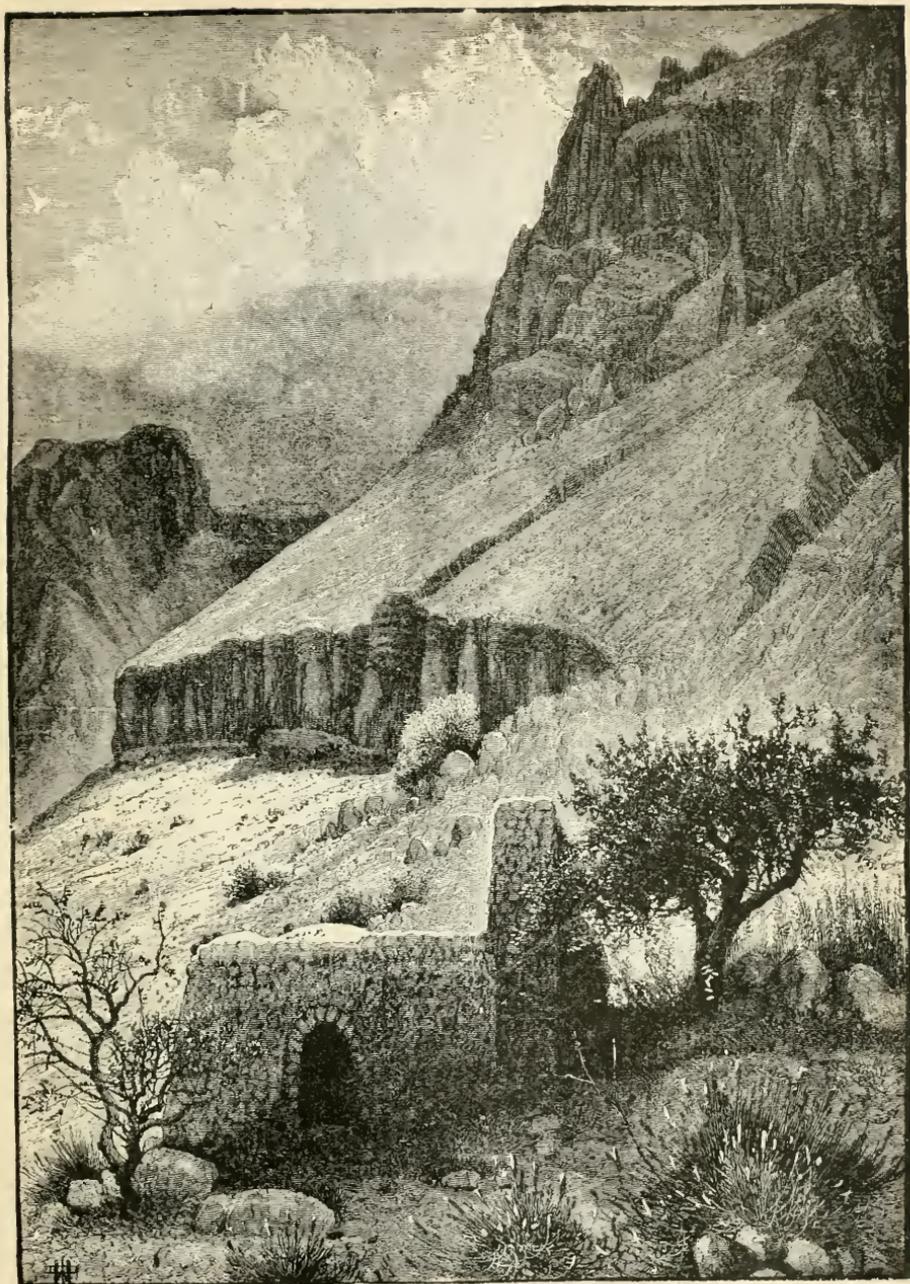
that it burns like our bituminous shale, and a strong odor of bitumen is given off by the hills. The cliffs run alongside the lake at a distance, in some parts, of half a mile, though they often come very near it; but it is a weary and desolate ride to reach Engedi—now called Ain Jidy—"the Kids' Fountain"—half way down the coast. About three miles north of it, however, a momentary break is made in the oppressive desolation by coming on strong sulphur springs, which bubble up from the gravel, at a temperature of 95° Fahrenheit, blackening the hands and covering the boots with yellow as you scoop out a hollow. The temperature of the spring is so high that it raises that of the lake, where it flows into it, nearly twenty degrees, and one may easily imagine that mineral waters so strong, and of a kind so much valued in different ailments, must have been utilized for baths in the prosperous days of the country. Now, however, the water runs to waste. A very rough track, or rather scramble without a track, brings one to the plain of Engedi, which slopes upwards from the lake to the foot of the cliffs, about half a mile behind. Two small streamlets cross it, but neither is the true Engedi, which springs down the cliffs in silver threads from its fountain some hundreds of feet up the hillside. In the centre of the plain, which is about a mile and a half from north to south, but of no great width, are some ruins built of square stones, not very large, and much eaten into by time: all that remains of the old-world city of Hazazon-Tamar—"the Felling of the Palm," "which is Engedi."<sup>1</sup> Thousands of years ago a town stood here, when Abraham was a wanderer in the land, and Lot dwelt in Sodom, and it was near it that the petty kings of Sodom and Gomorrah, with their allies, attacked the host under Chedorlaomer, as it returned laden with the spoils of the Negeb and descended to the Salt Sea by the precipitous path which still leads to this spot from the lofty table-land above.<sup>2</sup> It was in the numerous caverns on the face of the precipice of Engedi that David hid himself when Saul took with him "three thousand men, and went to seek him and his men, upon the rocks of the wild goats." Still later, it was up the steep path on the face of these rocks that the forces of Moab and Ammon climbed to invade Judah, though their confidence was turned into panic by a battle among themselves in the Valley of Berachah.<sup>3</sup> Strange to say, this is the very route still taken by any band from Moab desirous of making a raid on Southern Palestine. Passing round the south of the Dead Sea, they make for Engedi, and then mount to the table-land, twelve hundred feet above the lake, as their best road to Hebron, Tekoa, or Jerusalem, whichever they may think most likely to yield plunder.

The plain is now desolate, though once famous for its palm groves,

and the slopes behind it, once a proverb for their vineyards,<sup>1</sup> know nothing of them now, though the terraces on which they grew are still to be seen, step above step, up all the hills around, as high as the Fountain. But the henna shrub in those vineyards, to which the Beloved is compared, is still found on this spot; in vivid illustration of the sacred text. For it is not "a cluster of camphire," but of henna, which the Hebrew poet introduces; a plant eight or ten feet high, with clusters of yellow and white blossoms, highly esteemed for their fragrance. A paste, moreover, is made from its pounded leaves, and used by women of every class, and by rich or luxurious men, to dye the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, and the nails, which it makes of a reddish color. Instead of palms and vines, there are only a few acacia-trees, a tamarisk, a few bushes, and, now and then, the "osher" of the Arab, which is the true apple of Sodom.<sup>2</sup> A very tropical-looking plant, its fruit is like a large smooth apple, or orange, and hangs in clusters of three or four together. When ripe, it is yellow, and looks fair and attractive, and is soft to the touch, but if pressed, it bursts with a crack, and only the broken shell and a row of small seeds in a half-open pod, with a few dry filaments, remain in the hand. Close round the Fountain, and on the edge of the two springs north and south of it, Engedi can be seen at the best, and even then the reeds and verdure that line the course of the springs are not visible till one reaches their sunken beds.

The Fountain itself gushes from under the rock, high up on the slope of the cliff, at a temperature of 79° Fahrenheit, and broadening out over a patch of gravelly sand, presently begins its course down-hill, marked, as it descends, by a winding fringe of green, till it is lost in the soil beyond. Fresh-water crabs, and some other small shell-fish, are the only living creatures found in its basin. Traffic is still carried on by the path climbing past the Fountain; salt being thus carried from the south of the lake to Bethlehem on files of donkeys, by Arabs who wisely travel well armed, to guard against the dangers of the route. There are still many wild goats on the face of the lofty cliffs, but pursuit of them is hopeless, except for a hunter accustomed to perilous work in such places. North of the Fountain is found the source of the spring seen on the plain below; a very delight for its rich luxuriance of all kinds of foliage. In long-past ages, a spot like this, utilized as it would be, must have been thought a very paradise in such surroundings. Could it be that this delightful nook, concealed within almost impenetrable jungle, was known to David when he hid in this neighborhood? No place could be conceived more suited for a soul like his, so full of poetry and devotion. Who can tell but that some of his sacred lyrics may have been prompted by its inspirations?

1 Cant. i. 14; iv. 13. 2 See *ante*, p. 393.



Cliffs of Engedi. (See page 419.)



From the Fountain to the top of the mountains the path is almost a ladder, impassable to any horse or other beast of burden not used to such terrible climbing. To have ascended it, the Moabites and Ammonites must have had little to carry, for it is hard enough for man or beast to get up, even almost unencumbered.

The Cities of the Plain stood on some part of the plain of Jericho, which in Abraham's day was much the same as it is now. The shape of the basin of the sea, and its geological history, make it impossible that any towns could have existed except at its northern or southern end, but those which perished are expressly called the Cities of the *Plain*, or "Circle" of the Jordan; an expression used only of the slopes reaching, on both sides, from the hills to the river, immediately before it enters the lake. Abraham and Lot, moreover, could see the fertile region of Sodom and Gomorrah from the hill-top on which they stood, between Bethel and Ai, but intervening hills shut out the southern end of the sea, which is sixty miles off, from any point near that from which the patriarchs looked down into the great depression, while they could see the plain of Jericho and the rich green of the Sultan's Spring, as if at their feet. Nor could Abraham, as he stood at his tent door at Mamre, have seen, as he did, "the smoke of the country rising like the smoke of a furnace," as he looked "towards Sodom and Gomorrah," had they been at the south end of the lake; whereas the openings between the hills are such that, though the plain itself is not visible from near Hebron, the clouds of smoke ascending from the doomed cities must have been seen in all their grandeur. That Chedorlaomer, on his way north from Mount Seir, after smiting the Amorites at Engedi, should have fallen upon the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah in the plains of Siddim, continuing his march northwards towards home after defeating them, so that in his turn he was overcome by Abraham near the sources of the Jordan, further implies that the Cities of the Plain were north of the Dead Sea. Still more, the fact that Moses, from his lofty outlook on Mount Pisgah, "beheld the Negeb and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar," requires that this landscape should have been that of the northern end of the sea, for the other end cannot be seen from the neighborhood from which Moses surveyed the landscape. Sodom and Gomorrah must therefore, apparently, have stood either on the eastern or western side of the Jordan, just above the lake; probably on the eastern. Both sides of the river are remarkable for the number of mounds which dot them—silent monuments of ancient towns or cities, for excavations in any of them bring to light fragments of pottery, and burnt or sun-dried bricks, and even fragments of pillars, and stones squared by the mason. In all probability, some of these indicate the true sites of the long-lost cities.

There is no reason, from the language of Scripture, to think of these cities as submerged, nor is the mode of their destruction difficult to understand. The whole region is full of the materials for such a catastrophe as overtook them. Wells of liquid bitumen, or as we may call it, petroleum, abounded in the neighborhood, and vast quantities of it ooze through the chalky rocks, while the bottom of the lake is bedded with it, vast masses rising to the surface after any convulsion, as in the case of the great earthquake of 1837. Indeed, huge cakes float up, at times, even when there is no seismic disturbance, and are seized by the Bedouins, who carry what they can gather to Jerusalem for sale. Sulphur abounds, in layers and fragments, over the plains and along the shores of the lake. We have only, therefore, to imagine a terrific storm, in which the lightning kindled this vast accumulation of combustibles, aided, perhaps, by an earthquake setting free additional stores from the hill-sides and the lake depths, to have a conflagration, the fiery sulphurous sparks and flames of which would in very deed be fire and brimstone out of heaven, burning up the whole district, with all the towns or cities on it. The fullest and only reliable account of this stupendous judgment is that given in Scripture, but it is the subject of local traditions, and ancient Assyria has left us a striking legend which seems to have sprung from it.<sup>1</sup>

No one appears to have passed along the eastern shore of the lake since the famous traveller Seetzen did so, in 1807. The whole journey is over a region in vivid keeping with the story of the destruction of the doomed cities. It was only with the greatest difficulty that any progress could be made, so rough and almost impassable was the track. The rocks stand up in a succession of huge terraces, on the lowest of which, but still far above the water, lies the path, if path it can be called which leaves one to climb and force himself through and over a chaos of enormous blocks of limestone, sandstone, and basalt, fallen from the cliffs above, or brings him abruptly to a stand before wild clefts in the solid walls of the precipice. The range of salt hills at the south, known as Jebel Usdum, is no less worthy of its place as a boundary of the Sea of Death. Mr. Holman Hunt resided here for several days in 1854, and has given us in his terrible picture of "The Scapegoat" an embodiment of the landscape of that portion of the Dead Sea at sunset; a vision of the most appalling desolation. The salt hills run for several miles nearly east and west, at a height of from three hundred to four hundred feet, level atop, and not very broad; the mass being a body of rock-salt, capped with a bed of gypsum and chalk. Dislocated, shattered, furrowed into deep clefts by the rains, or standing out in narrow, ragged buttresses, they add to the weird associations of all around. Here and there, harder portions of the salt, with-

<sup>1</sup> Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, i. 392.

standing the weather while all around them melts and wears off, rise up as isolated pillars, one of which bears, among the Arabs, the name of Lot's wife.<sup>1</sup> In front of the ridge, the ground is strewn with lumps and masses of salt, through which streamlets of brine run across the long muddy flat towards the beach, which itself sparkles in the sun with a crust of salt, shining as if the earth had been sown with diamonds. Everywhere, except at the very few spots where fresh springs, or streams, enter it, the lake deserves the evil name it has born for ages. The stillness of death reigns. Here and there, indeed, birds sing and twitter on its banks, and in favored spots rich vegetation covers the rocks; Bedouins, pilgrims, and travellers visit its shores; but these gleams of life only deepen the impression of its unutterable loneliness. In connection with the awful story of Sodom and Gomorrah, it seems written over with a curse and blighted by the judgment of Heaven, and this seems to have been the feeling even in Bible times, for in the blissful days of the Messiah, as painted by Ezekiel, the salt sea is to give place to a wide expanse of living and cheerful waters.<sup>2</sup>

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

### MAR SABA.

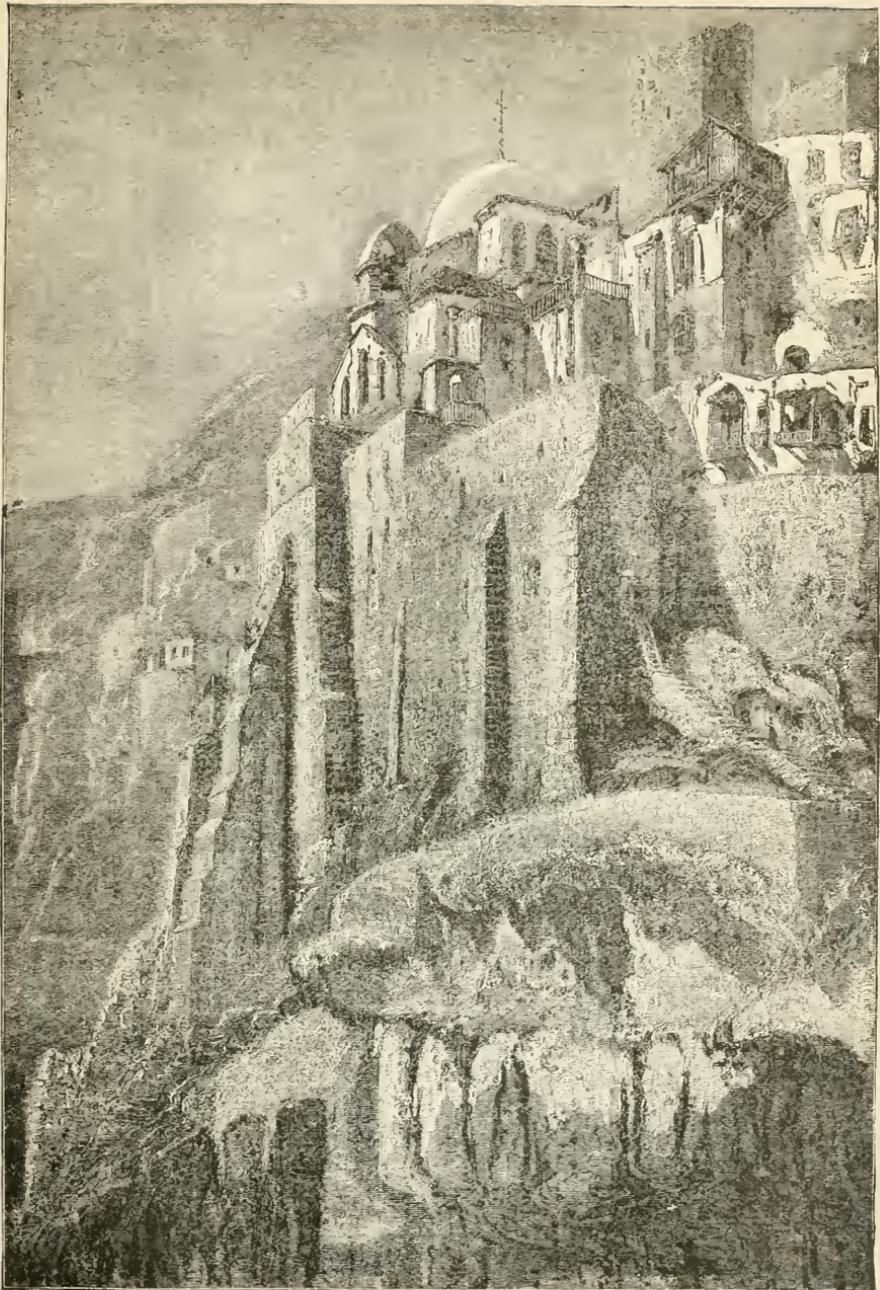
IT would be unpardonable in anyone who visits the Jordan valley not to make his way to the strange old-world monastery of Mar Saba, named after "Saint Sabas," who was born so long ago as A.D. 439, in Cappadocia, and at the age of eighteen turned hermit and founded this monastery in the wild hills over the Dead Sea. The easiest route to this strange community, which offers such a link with early Christianity, is by a track leading westwards from the shore of the Dead Sea, up the Wady Feshkhah. It runs at first across the border of the lake, through scattered weeds and gaunt shrubs, which break the utter barrenness of the undulating chalky ground, aided in some spots by a few patches of reeds and flowers. After little more than a mile, these earth-waves begin to swell into low hills, white, like the soil of the plain. No rocks are visible, however, till the mountains are reached, but the scene around is still very bare and uninviting. Among the upper hills, grass shoots out here and there from the clefts of the rocks, as the way continues in successive easy upward and downward slopes; at one time through a narrow wady, which shuts out the view except

1 Gen. xix. 26. 2 Ezek. xvii. 8.

of its rough sides; at another, up the mountains, to a small plain above; then, presently, down to a valley; all alike desolate.

A little more than a mile before reaching Mar Saba the path leads to a tremendous gorge, which is part of the Valley Kedron, or, in Arabic, the Wady en Nar. Perpendicular precipices rise more than six hundred feet above the abyss from which they spring, but a well-built road, guarded by a strong stone fence, leads one safely high up the west side of the chasm, and brings the monastery in sight. Its lofty, massive towers are seen clinging to the almost plumb-line sides of bare rocks rising up wildly above it, and sinking beneath it into frightful depths, with great walls of rock, hundreds of feet up and down, forming the other side of the wady, and the only view before the monks on the eastern side of the valley. Fearful desolation and loneliness reign around. You seek in vain for a blade or leaf of green, to relieve the barrenness of the shattered and weathered rocks. In summer the heat reflected from the naked precipices is almost unendurable, and in winter the rains stream in torrents from the heights, checked by no soil or herbage.

In an age like the fifth century, when the Roman Empire was breaking up, and the world itself seemed sinking into ruin, the craving after retirement from universal commotion and storm drove multitudes to seek a retreat in the loneliest spots they could find. Among these, few could realize the ideal of entire banishment from mankind more than Mar Saba. Early known from its nearness to the holy places of the faith, it was natural that in such a troubled age it should attract numerous hermits. A passion for desert life had seized almost every earnest soul. Hither, therefore, came an army of eremites, who hewed out for themselves small caves in these rocks, and used them for dwellings. Multitudes of such cells are to be seen on both sides of the awful gorge, for there were in this part at one time as many as 10,000 of these renouncers of the world. From among these, the anchorite Sabas, about the middle of the fifth century, collected a number who agreed to live together, and thereupon he laid the foundation of the cloister which bears his name. Many storms have passed over it in the fourteen centuries since his day, for it has often been plundered and laid waste, and hundreds of monks have perished by the sword or spear of the foe. Indeed, even in this century it has been once more surprised and plundered by a Bedouin horde, so that its defenceless loneliness, in the wild hills, has from the earliest times made fortifications a necessity. The famous Emperor Justinian contributed to these a watch-tower, which rises imposingly on the north side of the monastery, and still shows its high antiquity by remnants of peculiar masonry, though it has been in great measure rebuilt, with its connecting walls, within the last fifty years. How the stones were ever



Monastery of Mar Saba, Seen From the Valley of Kedron. (See page 423.)



brought to such a place, or built up into the castle-like wall which rises, step over step, from the precipitous abyss, clinging to the nearly upright slope till it joins the tower above the monastery, is a mystery. Fortunately, such a defence was needed only on one side, for a yawning chasm effectually protects the other. Steps cut out from the dry torrent bed below lead, in one direction, to a carefully fortified postern, and, in another, to the flat shelf above, from which the tower rises. To secure space for the monastery, huge buttresses have been piled up on a slight bend in the rocks and filled in behind, so that the main buildings can rest against them. Above this rise the cells of the monks, clinging to the mountain, one over the other, like swallows' nests, rude balconies of many patterns projecting from before them, over the dizzy chasm, and forming a picture as romantic as can be imagined.

To obtain admission, it is necessary to have with you an order from the Greek monastery at Jerusalem, and this you must put into a basket, let down from the watch-tower by the monk who is on duty there for the time. If, after being carefully examined, it prove satisfactory, a little iron-barred door is opened, and you are admitted. No Bedouin or woman is allowed to enter on any account, but a tower outside has been set apart for their lodging, and they are supplied with the simple fare of the monks. Inside the iron door, a second gate, at the bottom of some steps, admits to a second flight. At the foot of this we reach a small courtyard, with a still smaller garden, from which a third flight of stairs leads to the guest-chamber. All this masonry, and, indeed, every part of the stonework throughout the monastery, is admirably substantial, as if intended to serve many generations of inmates. The whole scene presents a confusion of small courts, chapels, churches, cells, projecting windows or terraces, and microscopic gardens, for every spot that will hold soil is utilized to redeem the savagery of the landscape by refreshing green. A solitary palm rises at the very edge of the monastery plateau, waving over the deeps below, and fig-trees send out their branches at every corner. The holiest part of the establishment is a low cave which has been made into a double chapel, where you are shown the grave of St. Sabas, and the skulls of some hundreds of monks, who are said to have fallen before the Persian invader Chosroes, in the beginning of the seventh century. East of this cave, on the very edge of the abyss, stands a roomy church, renovated of late years by the Emperor of Russia, who has fitted up its interior richly with gold and silver, but also with hateful paintings, in the style of the Greek Church. In the tower over the church are three small bells, whose sound is heard as far as the west side of the Dead Sea, where it falls on the ear of the Christian traveller with a wonderful impressiveness in those regions lonely as

the grave. From the terrace on the roof of the church you look sheer down into the awful depths. Underneath the church is the cistern from which the monks draw their best water. The cave in which St. Sabas lived and died is also within the walls—a grotto of two chambers, only fit for a dwelling to one resolute in self-denial. The library of the monastery formerly contained about a thousand manuscripts in Greek, and several of parts of the Old Testament, but the monks are not literary, and these treasures have wisely been removed to a monastery near Jerusalem. The community, indeed, are profoundly ignorant, as they well may be, since they attend seven services every twenty-four hours, between four in the morning and midnight. They never taste fresh meat, and eggs only on Sundays; a small brown loaf, some cabbage broth, some olives, an onion, half an orange, quarter of a lemon, six figs, and half a pint of weak wine, being their daily allowance through the week. But with all this apparent self-denial there is no religious activity. The monks, who are drawn from Turkey, Greece, the Archipelago, or Russia, content themselves with barren idleness, so far as the advancement of their Church is concerned.

It is very pleasant, in such a place, to see the small, well-tended gardens in which these recluses cultivate vegetables and flowers. Some vines, growing where possible, form refreshing flecks of shade in the blinding sunshine by being trained over rude frames of poles standing out from the doorways or walls; but even with their help there is very little shelter from the light and heat. Nor can it be easy for novices to accustom themselves to some of the cells, which are close to the precipice, with no protection before them, so that even to see their inmates sitting on places so dangerous makes one involuntarily shudder. The solitary palm tells its own tale of the situation, for it is secured with chains, to prevent its toppling into the abyss below. The birds and wild animals which frequent the neighborhood are the only companions the monks can be said to have. Here man and the humbler creatures live on the friendliest footing with each other. Canon Tristram noticed a wolf which came every evening, as the bell tolled six, to get a piece of bread dipped in oil and dropped over the wall to him by a monk at that hour. A whole pack of jackals also came regularly to be fed, and a small troop of foxes. Even the timid grackles, which are found only round the Dead Sea, perch in flocks at Mar Saba, catch berries as they are thrown into the air by some recluse, sit on the shoulders of their human friends, eat out of their hands, and allow themselves to be played with and stroked; a wonderful illustration of the power of human love over lower nature, carrying one back to the old days of Paradise, or forward to the Millennium.

An evening at Mar Saba is an experience one cannot forget. There are nearly always travellers of different nationalities visiting so curious a place during the season. As they arrive, their tents are set up in the little glen on the west, the crowd of mules and horses attending them being picketed before the monastery, which, for the time, is turned into a hospice on a large scale. Peasants offer memorials of Mar Saba—sticks, rosaries, and the like, at wonderfully low prices for the locality; Arab guides, mule-drivers, Greek monks, and travellers, perhaps from France, Germany, England, and America, talk, each in his own language, till it seems like a reproduction of the noisy confusion of the gift of tongues. In the refectory, long tables are covered with pleasant white cloths, and wax candles in tasteful holders light up the shining plates and dark wine-flasks, as in some European inn of modest pretensions. The men connected with the tents bake their bread outside the cloister, in the hot ashes of the fires, turning the dough carefully and often, that it may not burn; just as Sarah did when she “made [round] cakes on the hearth,” that is, on the wood ashes, for the three mysterious visitors to her husband’s tent.<sup>1</sup> This is the common way of preparing bread among Orientals at the present day when they are in haste or on a journey, but it has been practised from the earliest times. The bread baked by the Israelites on the night of their departure from Egypt was made thus.<sup>2</sup> Even their manna-bread seems to have been cooked by them under the ashes, into which it was put in earthenware dishes.<sup>3</sup> The cake prepared for Elijah by the widow of Sarepta, and that which he found near the “retem” bush in the wilderness, were both from this primitive oven.<sup>4</sup> Hosea compares Ephraim to such a cake burnt, and yet only half baked, because the necessary turning had been neglected:<sup>5</sup> that is, to interpret the comparison, scorched by the judgments of God, but not benefited by them, as it would have been if they had been rightly used. Ezekiel also tells us, incidentally, that even in Babylon his countrymen baked their cakes of barley meal in the same fashion.<sup>6</sup> But the entertainment in Mar Saba must not be supposed to be very elaborate. Hospitable it certainly is, but it is of course limited to the simple fare which the monks can give, in a place so out of the world, and in such an abstinent community.

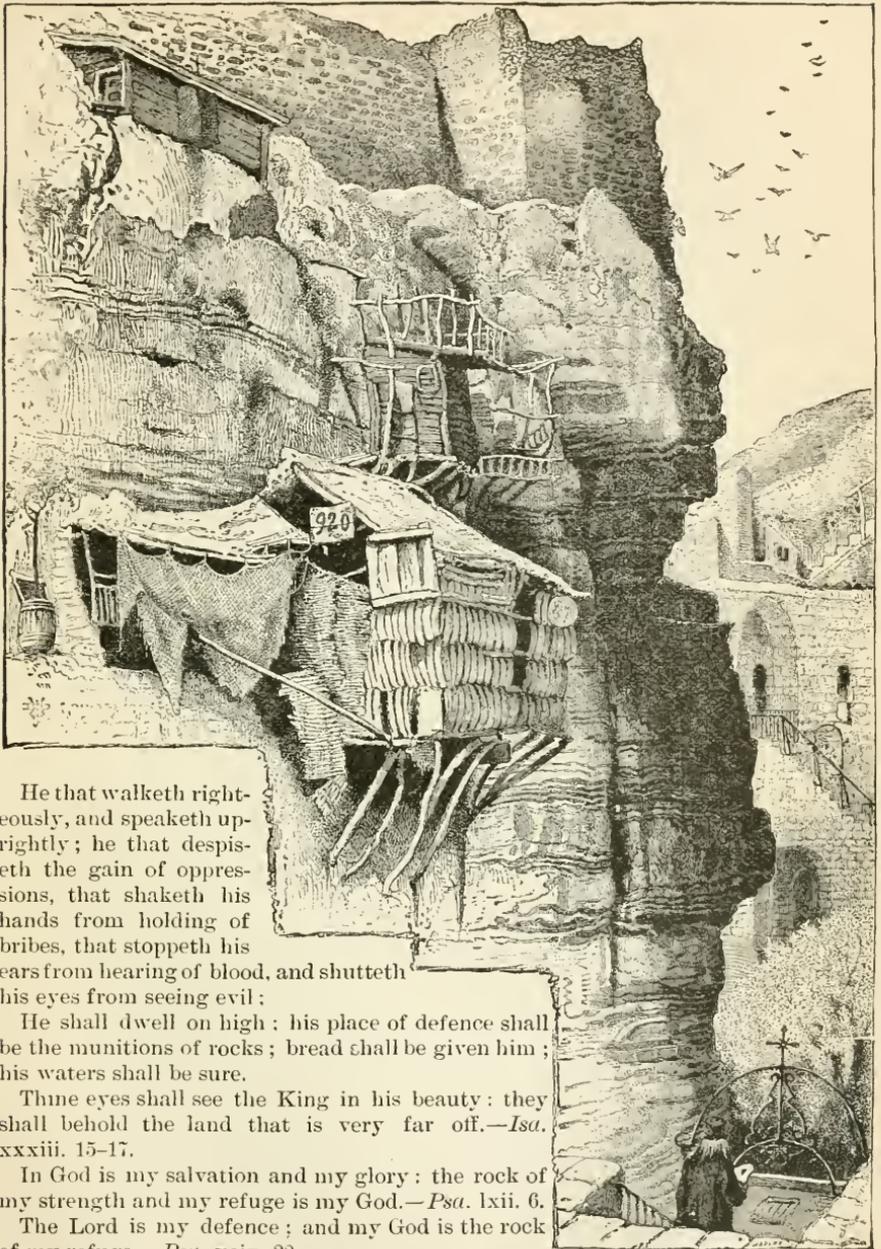
It is hard to realize a stranger spot than this lonely dwelling of men. Its huge flying buttresses, castellated walls, high towers, and steep ascent of churches, cells, guest-house, and offices, hard to be distinguished from the color of the rocks to which they cling; the awful precipice of nearly four hundred feet, above and below, aptly called the Valley of Fire, bare and tawny, and falling sheer down, as if the

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xviii. 6. The word “ūgah” means a round cake of bread. The Septuagint and the Vulgate both translate the Hebrew word by “cakes baked in the ashes.” <sup>2</sup> Ex. xii. 39. <sup>3</sup> Num. xi. 8. <sup>4</sup> 1 Kings xvii. 13; xix. 6. <sup>5</sup> Hos. vii. 8. <sup>6</sup> Ezek. iv. 12.

hills had been violently rent apart by some terrible earthquake,—can never be forgotten. Nor is the silence less impressive, for no sounds ever disturb it but the bell-like notes of the grackle, the howl of the jackal or wolf, or the twittering of the swallow. The heat, moreover, is terrible in summer, for walls of chalk and high ridges shut out the refreshing western breeze, and there is no cooling green to temper the burning noon and soothe the imagination. Even in the caves of the old hermits, so numerous around, there is no relief, for they seem hotter than the open air. Yet this hideous desert has, from the earliest times, even before Christianity, been a favorite retreat of ascetics. Colonies of Essenes flourished here in the time of Christ. Scattered over the land, more than four thousand members of this strange community lived apart, in the villages and even in the towns, but their chief settlement was in this ghastly "Wilderness of Judæa," fitly called in Scripture "Jeshimon"—"The Solitude." They lived together like monks, wearing a white upper garment as their distinctive badge, and had rules as strict as those of any modern cloister; indeed, more so, from their supreme anxiety to observe all the ten thousand requirements of the Rabbinical law. In this wilderness, again, lived the hermit Banus, mentioned by Josephus, and it was in these frightful gorges that John the Baptist spent his years of meditation and prayer, before he made his appearance on the Jordan, calling his nation to repentance in preparation for the Messiah.

The mountains of this region, though still high above the level of the Dead Sea, are very little above that of the Mediterranean, and consequently are far below the height of those to the west, towards Jerusalem and Bethlehem, from which one looks down on the locality of Mar Saba. The stratified limestone of these loftier hills no longer appears in the region of the monastery, but instead of it we have a soft white chalk, worn by the winter storms into long, sharp ridges, standing up high and rough between narrow gorges, the bottom of which is a mass of stones and boulders. A thin sprinkling of grass and flowers softens this forbidding landscape in spring, but that soon withers, and leaves, for nearly the whole year, only a bewilderment of strange knolls, peaks, rugged spurs, and knife-like ridges, utterly treeless and waterless, to reflect the glare of the sun from the universal whiteness. Behind the monastery, to the west, there is a wall of lofty hills, while to the east a table-land of water-worn marl, cut into innumerable ridges, knolls, peaks, ravines, and crags, stretches slowly downwards to the precipices, twelve hundred feet high, that overhang the Dead Sea.

Among the mountain-tops to the west of Mar Saba, the highest is that of El Muntar, "The Watch Tower," brown and barren, and marked by the steep slope, unbroken except by precipices, with which



He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil;

He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.

Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off.—*Isa.* xxxiii. 15-17.

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength and my refuge is my God.—*Psa.* lxii. 6.

The Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge.—*Psa.* xciv. 22.

BALCONIES OF THE MONKS' CELLS OF MAR SABA. (See page 424.)



it descends to the plateau beneath. This hill, in Captain Conder's opinion, famous as the scene of a yearly peculiarity of great interest in the old Jewish religious economy.<sup>1</sup>

Moses had ordered the scapegoat to be led to the wilderness and set free, but one having found its way back to Jerusalem in later times, it was felt that, to prevent the recurrence of an event so ominous, the creature should henceforth be led to the top of a high mountain, from which there was a steep rolling slope, and pushed over, so that it might be killed before it reached the bottom. Sabbath was the day on which it was driven out from Jerusalem, and as the law forbidding a journey of more than two thousand cubits on that day hindered the new arrangement, means were found to evade it. At the limit of each legally permissible advance, a booth was erected to represent the home of the person in charge of the goat, and he had thus only to eat and drink in it, however slightly, to be able to flatter himself that he was setting out each time from his own house on a lawful journey. It required ten such booths between the hill selected and the Temple—a distance of about six and a half miles. This distance is just that of the lofty El Muntar, at which, beside the old road from Jerusalem, is a well called Suk, the name given by the Hebrews to the hill of the scapegoat, while the district, which they called Hidoodim, is still known as Hadeidûn.

It thus seems very reasonable to look on this mountain as that from the summit of which a poor goat was each year hurled into the gorge far below, in accordance with the letter of the command that it was to be let go into the wilderness,<sup>2</sup> for Jeshimon is seen from the top of El Muntar, sinking, in all its hideous desolation, to the east. It was only by a succession of legal fictions, however, that the goat-slayer could reach the fatal spot on the Sabbath, and the casuistry of the Rabbis could stretch conscience no farther. Having thrown the unfortunate animal down the steep, the messenger fell back on the usual Sabbath-day law for his return, and had to wait until sundown, when the Sabbath was over, before starting again for Jerusalem.

The reputation of the Mar Saba monks does not support the belief that either multiplicity of devotional services, or a life of seclusion and external simplicity, can secure the highest ideal of religious life. They are mostly old men, but their faces speak more of ignorance, or even of evil, not seldom dashed with abiding sadness, than of lofty enthusiasm or a noble striving for heaven. In their long black gowns and black hats—like our hateful stiff cylinders, though with the rim at the top instead of the bottom—they seem almost dead while they live. Hopeless and aimless, they vegetate in their strange home, half of them unable to read the manuscripts in their library, which they never-

<sup>1</sup> *Tent Work in Palestine*, 155. <sup>2</sup> Lev. xvi. 8—10.

theless carefully guard from the eyes of heretics. They may neither smoke nor eat meat inside the walls, but they manage occasionally to get raw spirits from travellers. Than theirs, no life could well be more pitiable.

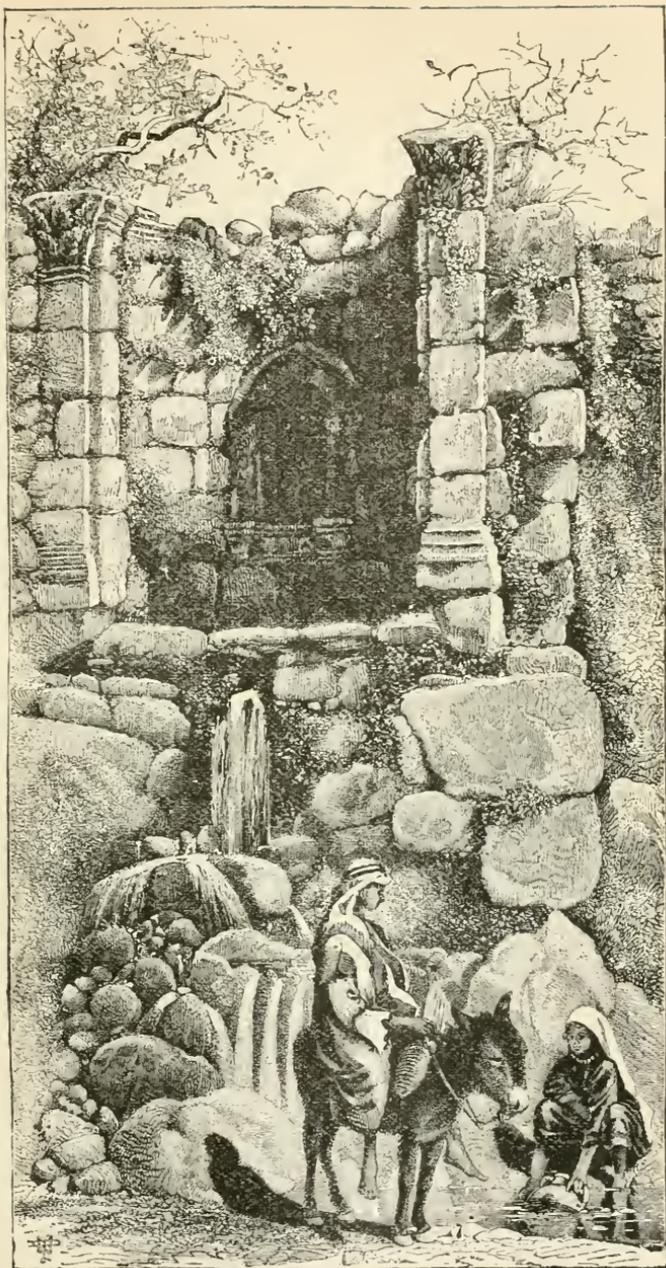
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## CHAPTER XXXII.

### TO EMMAUS AND KIRJATH JEARIM.

So many places famous in the Bible lie near Jerusalem that it seemed best to make a short excursion to some which were rather out of the way, before starting for the north. Leaving the city, therefore, by the Joppa Gate, and going westward, past a number of orchards belonging to Greek Christians, a quarter of an hour brought us to a height from which we had our last look, for the time, at the city of "the Great King." It had been raining, and the way was not only muddy, but crossed by large pools, so that our progress was neither rapid nor pleasant. Thanks to the Christians, a fresh valley showed flourishing orchards of mulberry-trees, where a few years ago all was desolation; and in a little side glen to the right we passed a lofty, well-built structure reared by the Greek Patriarch, through the aid of Russia, as an upper school for both sexes, and also as a hospice for travellers. A monastery was erected on the site more than a thousand years ago, in the belief that the wood of Christ's cross was hewn from a tree on this spot, and even that it grew on the grave of Adam, our Saviour thus being linked in the most touching way, as the second Adam, with the first. From very early times myriads of pilgrims, accepting both legends, have streamed to this Convent of the Holy Cross to kiss the spot where the tree was supposed to have once stood. Simple they may be, but, let us hope, none the less sincere and earnestly humble in their devotion to the Blessed One. The old church is still standing, though now surmounted by a clock-tower built in the Russian style, which sounds out its invitation to prayer over the villages around, with little effect on their Mahomedan inhabitants.

Beyond the monastery the valley broadens, and is varied by rounded heights and side openings. Ere long the village of Malhah came in sight on a fairly green hill, nearly 2,500 feet above the sea, but not very much above the surrounding country. South of it, Sherafat, another hamlet of mud houses, crowned another height a little more elevated—for here, as elsewhere, the villages are on hill-tops, for safety.



The Spring Ain H-nniyeh. (See page 4-1.)



Gardens of roses cheered the way from time to time, and fine olive groves were frequent. The roses were most numerous near a spring called Yalo, where the wady was hemmed in by high, steep walls of rock, about a mile south from Malhah. The fountain bubbles from the southern side of the glen, the water flowing in a stone tunnel, over a low stone wall. There were men, women, and children at it, with jars and skins, and other women washing very sorry linen, singing, I am glad to say, as they beat it with stones. Near at hand was a rain-pool with some water in it, the spring gliding past down the glen on its way to fructify gardens. Figs and olives covered the slope, over which the rocks shot up abruptly to a great height. The spot is naturally a favorite watering-place for the flocks of the surrounding hills. The little valley was green with the spring crops, but one could not even here forget mortality, for tombs, cut in the rocks, preached their quiet sermon as we passed. Fertility, moreover, was confined to the spots reached by the water, the hills being wretchedly barren and stony where there was none. This district is, however, rich in springs, one—Ain Hanniyeh, about a mile beyond Ain Yalo—especially attracting attention by a structure over it, adorned with Corinthian pillars and a niche. From this the waters flowed at a height of about ten feet, in delightful fulness, forming a small pool below from which a copious brook streamed pleasantly down the valley. A long wall ran along from both sides of the spring, about twenty feet above the path, to lead off water to irrigate terraces on the slope. Close to each other, an ass was drinking and a woman filling her water-jar at the pool. Fig-trees grew on the banks, and were just putting out their leaves; vines blending with them, as in the old Bible times when the vine and the fig-tree were planted together. Tulips, lilies, ranunculi, and cyclamens lighted up the borders of the grain patches beside the waters of the fountain, as these flowed dimpling on to water the gardens of the valley through which the road to Gaza ran in early times. With this fact as its ground-work, legend has very naturally created a story of this rich spring being that at which St. Philip baptized the eunuch. But though there is no basis for such a fancy, the road itself, which is at this place broad, and was once well made, may have been that by which the Chamberlain of Queen Candace rode homewards from Jerusalem.<sup>1</sup>

A slight descent leads from this spot to the hamlet of El Welejuh, which lies in the midst of cultivated ground high on the western side of a deep but short valley. Shepherds and peasants, with their flocks or at their work, enlivened the way, though our track was again impeded by the pools left by the late rains. About a mile beyond Welejuh lay the village of Bittir, on the south-west, high on a slope

<sup>1</sup> Acts viii. 36—39.

pleasantly banked with fine green terraces; a sparkling rivulet flowing down from it towards us, while the ancient road to Gaza ran up the hill through the village street. Nothing could be more inviting than this quiet nook, with its richly irrigated grain-patches and gardens, dotted with olive- and fig-trees, and fitted beyond many for the vine and mulberry. We may readily suppose that in ancient times its charms made it attractive, but now the hills around are left to nature, are rough with the stunted trees and bushes familiar in Palestine, and are haunted only by birds and wild beasts. They may, however, have been the same in early days, for the sacred poet in Canticles cries, "Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or young hart upon the mountains of Bethel."<sup>1</sup> But there are other memories of the place. It was the scene of the final destruction of the Jewish power in the Holy Land, by the Romans, in the reign of Hadrian. Surrounded on every side except the south by deep and rugged gorges, and supplied with water by a spring rising in ground above it, Bethel was a position immensely strong. The north side especially, with its steep cliffs springing from the bottom of the ravine, was virtually impregnable. At a quarter of a mile to the south of the present village, a shapeless mass of ruin preserves the memory of the great struggle, in its name, Khurbet el Yehud—"Ruin of the Jews." Perhaps it is a part of the strong citadel of the town. The leader in this tremendous struggle was the pretended Messiah, Bar Cochba, who had at least the merit of tenacity, whatever his other shortcomings. The Rabbis, with their usual exaggeration, tell us that Bethel was so large that it had four hundred synagogues and as many schools, each with four hundred children, but it is at least certain that it was a considerable place, even before the fall of Jerusalem, and rose to great prosperity after that event; not, perhaps, without a secret comfort in the thought that the destruction of the capital was the fortune of the rival community. Rabbi Akaba, the standard-bearer of Bar Cochba, was taken prisoner and flayed alive when the city fell, repeating, as he died, the grand words of the morning prayer of the Temple, "Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord." Eighty thousand men are said to have fallen when Hadrian's soldiers rushed through the breaches of the walls, and the extinction of Jewish hope by the catastrophe was so complete—for the nation had been decimated in the revolt—that those who had hitherto hailed the leader of the insurrection as Bar Cochba—"the Son of a Star"—henceforth reviled him as Bar Cosiba—"the son of a lie."<sup>2</sup> But, discarding all legendary matter, there is something unspeakably touching in the presence of such a memorial of the death of an ancient nationality. For here, undoubtedly, in the year 136 of our era—sixty-four years after the destruction of Jerusalem—Israel

1 Cant. ii. 17. 2 Hamburger, ii. 107.

fought its last despairing battle with its giant foe, and its last band of heroes perished with their leader, the Star-son, after having resisted the legions of Rome for three years and a half. It is wonderful how little remains of a place so important, but there are many similar cases in the Holy Land; the common houses, built only of mud, soon vanishing, while the cut stones of public buildings or mansions have been carried off for building material to modern towns.

It was pathetic in the extreme to notice the frequent ruins in this neighborhood. Every hill had its own pile, speaking of a dense population in happier time, ages ago. The stream from Bittir ran for a time joyously over a broad bed down the little valley, but ere long sank below the stones which filled its course. There were no signs of human industry on the slopes or in the hollow: all was overgrown with thorns and worthless bushes and weeds. The whole landscape, indeed, was now wild and uninhabited. Nowhere was a village or house to be seen in the glens and valleys, and a couple of patches of green on one of the slopes were the only sign that human beings were at all near. Rough bushes and scrub, mixed with beds of sage and thyme, dotted the chalky rocks, multitudinous fragments of which covered the path and made progress far from pleasant. It is from such places in the hills that the people get their fagots and charcoal for fuel. There are no trees, but only dwarfed brushwood, netting the hill-sides in wild brakes. The smoke of charcoal-burners' fires frequently rose, marking one great cause of the absence of trees, for these "hewers of wood," still poor landless creatures as of old,<sup>1</sup> do not content themselves with lopping off branches, but dig up even the roots of what wood there is.

Two miles and a half west from Bittir, the village of Er Ras broke the monotonous desolation, though it appeared that we had passed one small mud hamlet, on the south, without seeing it. The rounded summits, all alike grey and barren, were still about 2,400 feet above the sea, but valleys of all sizes ran in every direction among them, and the terraces on the slopes near the village showed that only labor was needed to make the desert break into fruitfulness. Cattle and goats fed on the slopes; and in the hamlet old and young gathered round to look at the rare sight of a stranger from the West. Outside the houses, or rather hovels, was a broad open space covered with smooth sheets of rock, the resting-place of the camels, cattle, sheep, and goats of the peasants, as was only too clear from the difficulty I found in getting a clean spot on which to sit down. No doubt such a wide stony platform is used in autumn as a threshing floor, exposed as it is to the free sweep of the wind. Close to the hamlet, a miniature glen showed how strangely barrenness and fertility elbow each other in Palestine.

<sup>1</sup> Deut. xxix. 11; Josh. ix. 21, 27.

Clear springs flowed in two places over the rocks into the hollow, and along their course among the stones, hemmed in by the yellow boulders, were some fine lemon-trees in their glory of green and gold, with a number of vines and fig-trees, and underneath there was a carpet of soft green. In vivid contrast with this delightful spot, the hill south-west from it rose utterly barren and desolate, nothing but thorns growing from amongst the stones with which it was thickly strewn. Yet there had once been a dense population in this region, for I counted no fewer than fourteen heaps of ruins in the neighborhood, and when these were all inhabited, even the hills now washed so bare of soil, from the want of terraces to retain it, must have been more or less fertile.

Passing first west and then north, the track led up a long wady, to which a number of carob-trees lent a rare charm; but there were no human habitations near them. A spring flowing to the north was the secret of their presence, and, indeed, springs are numerous in all these Judæan highlands. There are, as Deuteronomy says, "a land of hills and valleys, that drinketh water of the rain of heaven:"<sup>1</sup> a land, as the Psalmist tells us, in which God "sendeth the springs into valleys, which run among the hills."<sup>2</sup> But the hills themselves still rose grey and barren as ever, though, as the road fell towards the next village of Deir-esh-Sheikh, there were some grain and bean patches in the valley, with silver-leaved olives rising beside them. The huts stand near each other, surrounded by green, but they were as rude as others elsewhere, the smoke of the household fires, kindled in some, having no egress except by the door. The houses of the poor must have been just like this in our Lord's day, for if there has been no improvement in such matters since He lived, there cannot well have been any actual retrogression.

The Wady Ismain, which is the name of this part of the great Wady Surar, or Sorek, opened before us, after an ascent of about two hundred feet from Deir-esh-Sheikh, showing a stream, fed by the late rains, whirling on, grey and brown, some hundreds of feet below, between high walls of rock. Following this, though on the heights above it, a bend to the south brought in view the village of Beit Atab, which crowns an isolated hill rising some hundreds of feet above those around. The ridge along which our track lay, seamed with larger and smaller wadys, was a picture of desolation. Great lizards darted out and in among the stones: partridges flew up from among the bushes of *Spina Christi* and scrub of all kinds with which the white stony hill was thickly sprinkled. A shepherd in one of the wadys watched his sheep and goats, attended by his dog; mallows and other plants on the slopes giving a kind of thin pasture. About two miles east of Deir-esh-Sheikh

<sup>1</sup> Deut. xl. 11.    <sup>2</sup> Ps. civ. 10.

lay the village of El Hawa, on the top of a hill 2,100 feet above the sea, looking far and wide over the frontier hills of Judah, and down into the great Philistine plain. Descending by very rough and often steep tracks, we reached Wady Najil, which runs north and south across the great Wady Surar. Hedges of prickly pear surrounded the gardens of Deir Aban, a small village. It was pleasant to see Zorah once more, its sweeping length and broad bosom rich with tender green. Nearly the whole width of the valley was covered with rising crops of grain, through which the almost dry bed of the winter torrent twisted, serpent-like, hither and thither, in a deep white trench, looking from a distance like some grand military highway. The hills on the south of the wady sloped gently down; those on the north of it rose steep and high. Shepherds were driving home numerous herds of cattle as it drew near sunset; peasants, carrying home their light ploughs on their backs, wended their way to their village, some of them singing in their own nasal manner as they plodded on. All Orientals seem to sing thus, through the nose. Did David do so? Most likely, for manners never change in the East.

I was once more on the borders of Samson's country. There were the grey houses of Sura, on the steep hill-top where the hero was born and grew up, with the great valley winding down to the Shephelah at his feet. Bethshemesh, 250 feet below it, lay on the other side of the wady, about two miles off. It was here that King Amaziah of Judah was beaten by Jehoash, the King of the Ten Tribes, who thus justified the contemptuous message he had sent his foolhardy foe—"The thistle that was in Lebanon sent to the cedar that was in Lebanon, saying, Give thy daughter to my son to wife: and there passed by a wild beast that was in Lebanon, and trod down the thistle."<sup>1</sup> About three miles rather south-east from Bethshemesh, lay Timnath, famous in Samson's story,<sup>2</sup> and three miles and a half due south from it was the Ashkelon where he slew thirty Philistines, to get their "abbas," in payment for the riddle treacherously revealed by his Philistine wife.<sup>3</sup>

Captain Conder thinks he has identified in this neighborhood another spot famous in Bible story, the rock Etam, in a cleft or chasm of which—not on its "top"—Samson "hid himself"<sup>4</sup> when hotly pursued by the Philistines. The substitution of B for M by the modern population of Palestine, as in Tibneh for Timneh—is so common, that the name Atab—a hamlet about five miles south-west of Bethshemesh—is thought to be, very probably, a corruption of Etam, especially as the locality exactly suits the details of the Old Testament narrative. Etam means the "Eagle's Nest," and this even the village might well be called, as it lies more than two thousand feet above the sea. There

1 2 Kings xiv. 8—14. 2 Judg. xiv. 5 ff. 3 Judg. xiv. 19. 4 Judg. xv. 8.

is, besides, a tall cliff of hard limestone, without a handful of arable soil on it, rising up from amidst three ravines, and marked by three small springs bubbling from its foot. In this hill there is a long narrow cavern into which Samson might naturally have "gone down," and which bears the significant name of Hasuta, or "Refuge," the word being Hebrew, not Arabic.<sup>1</sup> It is 250 feet long, eighteen feet wide, and five to eight feet high, with its one end under the centre of the modern village, and its other within sixty yards of the principal spring; the entrance, here, being by a hole in the rock, ten feet deep. In such close proximity to other places associated with Samson's name, such a spot seems to have strong claims to be added to their number.

Half way between Atab and Bethshemesh is another site, very interesting, if Christian tradition dating from the fourth century can be trusted—that of Ebenezer, where Samuel called back the Hebrews from their pursuit of the Philistines, and set up a memorial stone, commemorating the help vouchsafed them by God.<sup>2</sup> Captain Conder thinks it also probable that the Emmaus of the New Testament has been identified by him in this district, in the ruin called Khamasa, about three miles and a half south-east of Atab. This spot has certainly the advantage of being nearly "threescore furlongs from Jerusalem," as Emmaus is said to have been, both by St. Luke and Josephus,<sup>3</sup> and the name is not unlike Emmaus, if the first letter be dropped. The narrow valley in which the ruin lies has copious springs, and gardens shady with the dark green and gold of orange and lemon trees; and the remains of an old Roman road from Jerusalem passes close by. On the western slope stands a modern village, the hill behind which rises bare and rocky, showing ancient tombs cut in it, now used as storehouses. Vespasian, when he left Judæa, settled eight hundred veterans at Emmaus, and if this were the place, it must have been a grateful retreat from the dangers and exposures of war.

Other sites, however, have been regarded as having claims to the dignity of representing Emmaus. The village of Amwas, for example, slightly north-west from Jerusalem, has been thus honored from a very early period, but it is a hundred and sixty furlongs from Jerusalem, which would make the journey to and from it on the same day quite beyond the distance usually walked at one time by the ancient Jews, the two ways making between them no less than forty miles, which would require at last sixteen hours' walking at the ordinary rate of the country. That it is called Amwas is no proof of its claim, for the name may easily have followed the erroneous identification. "Emmaus" is a corruption of the ancient Hebrew word "Hammath," implying the presence of a hot spring, as Josephus notices, for he says—"Now Emmaus, if it be interpreted, may be rendered 'a warm bath'

1 *Tent Work*, 142. 2 1 Sam. vii. 12. 3 Luke xxiv. 13; Jos., *Bell. Jud.* vii. 6, 6.

useful for healing,"<sup>1</sup> and Anwas has in its favor the fact of having been celebrated, in early Christian times, for its healing spring; a local feature still perhaps recognized in the name, "Well of the Plague," applied to a well in the village. But Anwas and Khamasa may fairly claim equal nearness to the Hebrew "Hammath," so that little rests on this detail. But there is a third site for which strong claims have been urged—the village of Kulonieh, which fulfils the condition of being sixty furlongs from Jerusalem. I shall notice it hereafter.

In this region, so thickly sown with Scripture memories, the Palestine Surveyors suppose that they have discovered another site famous in Bible history—Kirjath Jearim, which Captain Conder identifies with a heap of ruins called Khurbet Erma.<sup>2</sup> It is about four miles nearly east of Bethshemesh, but a thousand feet higher above the sea. Approaching it from the east, by the great gorge which, under different names, runs from near Gibeon to Bethshemesh, and ascending the slopes on which is the little ruined village of Deir-esh-Sheikh, you see the white bed of a torrent far beneath, twisting in wide bends beneath steep hills, which rise fully a thousand feet above it. The slopes on both sides are stony and seamed with outcrops of rock, and both, but especially the southern, are covered with a dense brushwood of dwarfed oak, hawthorn, carob, and other trees, no higher than well-grown shrubs; every vacant space adding to the pleasantness of the view by a carpet of thyme, sage, and other aromatic plants. On a bold spur running out from the southern slope, and marked by a curious platform of rock which rises in the centre, above the olive-trees round, lie the ruins of Erma, built up against scarps, natural or artificial. They have all the appearances of the site of an ancient town, some of the walls showing traces of mortar; others being only rude blocks piled on each other. There is a fine rock-cut wine-press to the east, and on the south a great cistern covered with a large hollowed stone which forms the well-mouth, and looks so old and weathered that it may easily have lain there since the time when David came to the town to bring up the Ark to Jerusalem. There are also rude caves; and the ground is strewn with fragments of ancient pottery. The platform of rock, which is fifty feet one way and thirty the other, rises about ten feet above the ground at its sides, and looks as if it had been artificially levelled; perhaps as the floor of some ancient high place or shrine, once enclosed by walls, of which some large stones still remain, clinging to the scarped sides. Kirjath Jearim was anciently known also as Kirjath Baal:<sup>3</sup> may this raised floor have been that of the high place where the Sun-god was worshipped? David is said to have found the Ark "in Gibeah"—the Hill or Knoll: was this smooth rock the floor

1 Jos., *Bell. Jud.* iv. 1—3; *Ant.* xviii. 2, 3. 2 *Palestine Memoirs*, 4to, iii. 42. 3 Josh. xv. 60.

of the sanctuary in which it was kept?<sup>1</sup> Certainly it stands on a knoll, and "the house of Abinadab" may have been that of the guardian of the holy place. "Erna" does not seem very like Arim or Jearim, but the consonants—for the vowels are late additions—are the same in both,<sup>2</sup> while the "thickets" or "yaars" from which the town got its name, "Jearim," still clothe the slopes around to a degree rare in Palestine. There are other grounds of identification, but they require too much acquaintance with local details to be useful for popular statement, though their concurrent weight speaks strongly in favor of the site having really been here. In this quiet nook, then, we may think of the Ark as sacredly guarded for twenty years, after the destruction of the men of Bethshemesh for daring to look into it.<sup>3</sup> On this platform we may fancy David standing as the sacred chest was brought out from its long seclusion, amidst chants of Levites and the shouts of the multitude.

The view from the ruins is very striking. The valley winds, hither and thither, six or seven hundred feet below; its northern side hollow with caves and scarped into cliffs. Beyond these caves and cliffs the great corn vale of Sorek, in ancient times "The Camp of Dan," reaches away to the west, past all the sites famous in the border history of Judah. From the top of the lofty hill on the north, moreover, one can see how naturally the Ark might have been sent up from the lowlands of Bethshemesh to a place so strongly posted, high in the rough hills.

From Bethshemesh to Artûf, down the slope of Wady Surar and up the side of the opposite Wady Muttûk, the soil varied greatly in its fertility. In one place the grain was thin and stunted; in another, so close and high that it was wearisome to make one's way through it by the narrow path. Near Artûf, indeed, it was more than two feet above the ground, though the season was only the end of March, and we were more than nine hundred feet above the Mediterranean. Yet the soil here was very stony, so that the only explanation of the difference in the crops must have been the later or earlier sowing. There is little system among the peasants, as much as a month, in some cases, intervening between the seed-time of one man and that of his neighbor. There was no water in the deep trench of Wady Sorek, though the late rains had not only filled but overflowed the channel, as might be expected from the great number of side valleys that open on this great central glen. A few days before, the water had been rushing on its way down the upper part of this very strath, and now it was gone; the very ideal of "a deceitful brook," so often used by the prophets as an image of inconstancy. So Jeremiah thought when, in his despairing weakness, he cried out, "Why is my pain perpetual, and my wound

1 1 Sam. vii. 1. 2 צָרַם 3 1 Sam. vi. 19.

incurable, which refuseth to be healed? Wilt thou indeed be unto me as a deceitful brook, as waters that fail?"<sup>1</sup> So, too, Job lamented, "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, as the channels of brooks that pass away; . . . what time they wax warm, they vanish; when it is hot they are consumed out of their place."<sup>2</sup>

Artûf lies on a hill at the mouth of two wadys, north and south of it, that wind with countless side openings throughout Judæa—for it is impossible to say where any wady really ends, so entirely is the country made up of hills and glens, running in every possible direction, like the lines in a brain coral. The hill-sides were very stony, though here and there sown; a few thorn-bushes holding their ground on spots where the rain had not been able to wash away all the soil. The country to the east was very desolate, but many heaps of ruins spoke of thick population in former times. Hills cleft into a wild, rough chaos of peaks rose, in many cases, well-nigh a thousand feet above the narrow ravines between them, offering a very different landscape from the rounded outlines usual in Judæa. From one point, indeed, the eye looked down on the plains, where the high tower of Ramleh was clearly visible. On a hill three hundred feet lower than Zorah, on the other side of a wady, above a grove of olives, lay Eshuah,<sup>3</sup> Samson's home at one time; about a mile from Zorah and Artûf, respectively. The hills on all sides of us were rough with stunted "bush," and abounded in partridges, while the home-like voice of the cuckoo sounded near at hand. At one place some black swine broke out of the cover on the slope, and ran hastily off, for safer shelter, whence, it may be, they sallied, after a time, to seek what they could get in any cultivated land in the neighborhood, as in the days when "the boar out of the wood wasted the vineyard of Israel, and the wild beast of the field devoured it."<sup>4</sup> The hill-sides as we passed were utterly stony, and could never have been tilled, though occasionally a small island of green showed itself in some hollow, as when we came to the hamlet of Akur, seated in just such a fertile nook, entirely surrounded by high hills. It lies a little off the line of the long Wady Surar, which runs behind it, as a narrow ravine, to the east, still vindicating its name for fruitfulness by a long grove of olives belonging to the village and stretching southwards from it, on the other side of its hill. There was even some rude tillage round the houses, and a few goats browsed on the bare hill-side. Some water still remained in the wady, and there were signs of the stream having recently been from four to six feet deep, and even of its covering the whole bottom of the narrow glen at times. Woe to the traveller caught in such a place in heavy rains. "The waves of death" would soon compass him

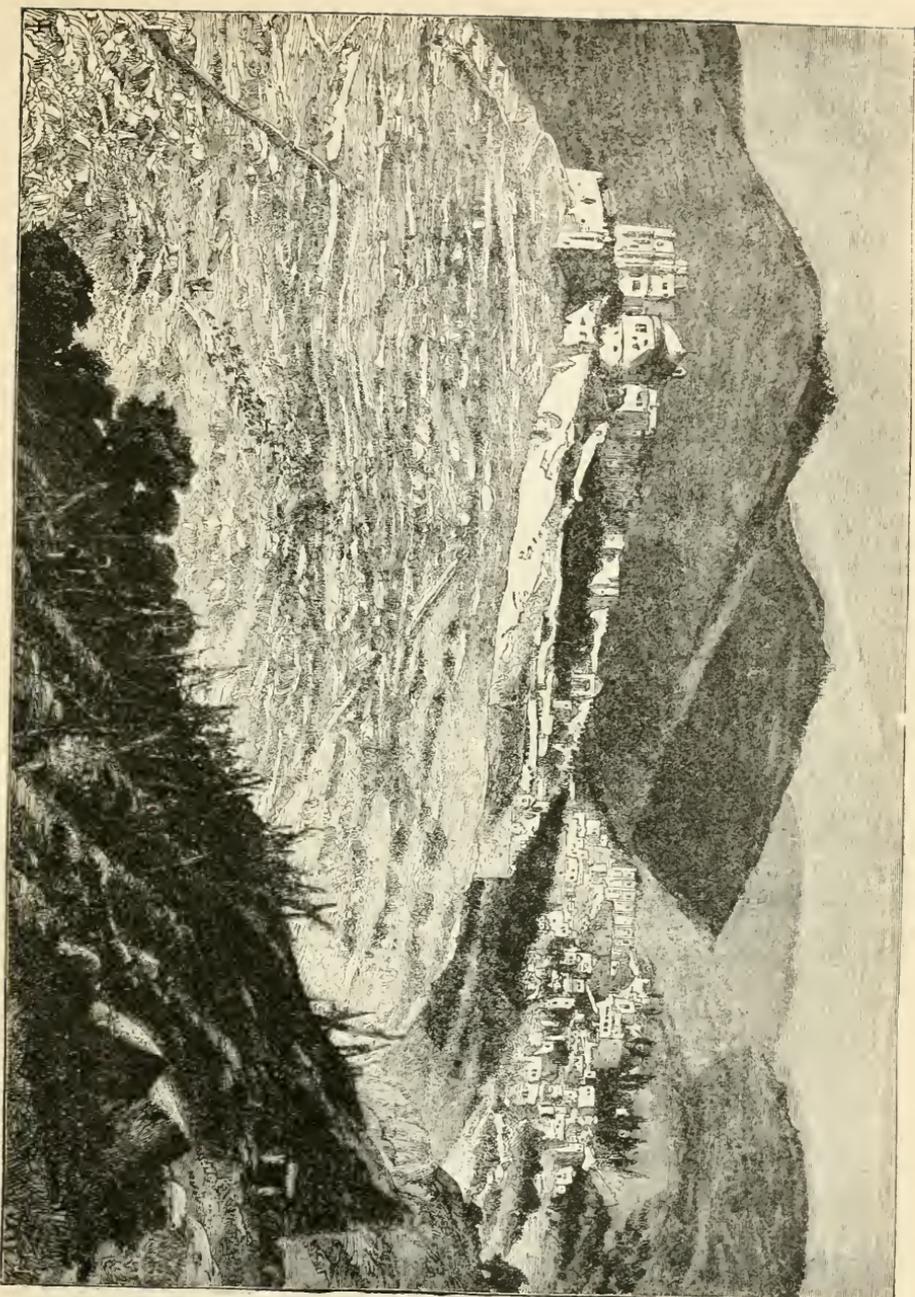
<sup>1</sup> Jer. xv. 18 (R. V.). <sup>2</sup> Job vi. 15—17. <sup>3</sup> The modern name of the ancient Eshtaal. <sup>4</sup> Ps. lxxx. 13.

about.<sup>1</sup> It was often necessary to cross the torrent bed, and as the path must in all ages have been the same in such places, the words of our Lord, "Pray that your flight be not in the winter," came forcibly to mind.<sup>2</sup> Stones, many of them of great size, filled the channel, so that it was hard to get across, while it would have been impossible to advance any distance in the bed itself without great difficulty. Many women and girls passed, carrying on their heads huge bundles of thorns and fagots, for fuel, having come miles to gather them, just as women and girls used to do in ancient times.<sup>3</sup>

The strip of country across which we had passed was barren enough, but to the north, over the hills, it was much better, very large olive plantations covering the slopes of not a few valleys. The belt of comparative fruitfulness stretched down to the next village on our course—Ain Karim—which lies beside a confluence of valleys, the hills over which were crowned with hamlets, while the valleys themselves were green with crops, and their slopes fair with waving olive trees. The exceptional fertility around was, we found, a tribute to Western energy, for a colony of Franciscan monks had long been established at this spot, in the belief that the parents of John the Baptist lived here; and it was their industry, and that which they had roused or paid for in others, that had made things as they were. There is a fine spring, the Spring of the Blessed Mary, to which one goes down by two flights of stone steps, through the roofless arches of an old church. Round it a number of women were gathered, beside an underground arch, washing, or drawing water. There is also a well dedicated to Zacharias and Elizabeth, the water of which is raised by the unusual aid of a rope and pulley. Old walls and arches mark this spot also, but in the village new houses were actually being built; a strange sight in Palestine. The large monastery built in honor of John the Baptist has a very fine position on a low, isolated hill, surrounded by others much higher. From the west it looks like a mediæval castle; its strong, castellated wall, enclosing a wide circuit, supports the illusion, though, outside, everything is of the ordinary local type. For centuries the church built over the place where tradition alleges the Baptist to have been born, had been used by the Mahomedans as a cowshed and sheepfold, but it was regained by that pious monarch, Louis XIV. of France, for the Franciscans, and has since then been elaborately restored. The Greek Church sends its pilgrims to Jutta, near Hebron, as the place where St. John saw the light; the Latin Church patronizes Ain Karim. But the Greek locality has far the better claims to honor.

Climbing the hill on which the village lies, we saw the white domes of the Russian Hospice at Jerusalem rising unexpectedly before us, though the city itself was still hidden by intervening hills. To the

1 Ps. xviii. 5. 2 Mark xiii. 18. 3 Isa. xxvii. 11; Jer. vii. 18.



Franciscan Monastery and Church of St. John the Baptist, at Aln Karim. (See page 410.)



west, the eye ranges down valley beyond valley, to the Mediterranean, for Ain Karim is more than two thousand feet above the sea, and thus from the same point one could see to the gates of Jerusalem on the one hand, and to the great sea on the other. The village of Kolonieh, which lies about two miles north of Ain Karim, is reached through a charming valley sprinkled with olives, the gift of springs flowing from the hill-sides. It has been thought by some to be the Emmaus of the New Testament, the name, as is supposed, having been changed to Colonia after Vespasian had settled a number of his veterans in the neighborhood, though the Talmud simply tells us that it was a "colonia," or place free from taxes. It lies on the treeless side of a hill, but has, for Judæa, a very beautiful appearance, amidst the sweet refreshment of green patches of grain that surround it. The windings of the wady prevent any distant views, but heighten so much the more a feeling of happy seclusion. The slopes and bottom of the little valley on which the village looks down are planted with olive-trees, for, though the wady is dry as a whole in summer, a spring of clear water bubbles up from among the rocks at one spot, and runs all the year, spreading rich vegetation around. Thick clusters of almond, pomegranate, fig, and orange, with rich shade and delightful fragrance, attract one to it, as it ripples over its stony bed. Fig-trees, with vines growing through their branches, are not wanting, and must make delightful arbors in summer, when the shoots stretch from tree to tree. No wonder that a place so attractive is said to have been the scene of a strange festival on the Day of Atonement; the girls of Jerusalem coming out to meet the young men who were celebrating their absolution from the sins of the past year, and rejoicing before them in merry dances, not without a view, one may suppose, to subsequent matrimonial results. No wonder that such a meeting was so pleasant as to be renewed half-yearly, the twelve months' delay for the "atonement" taxing patience too severely. Remains of strong walls of large bevelled stones, one of them more than five feet long and two feet broad, are found in the little glen, and part of the channel of the spring, made into a plastered tank, which still holds water, had the top of a pillar lying near it. No place near Jerusalem has charms which were more likely to have made it a favorite haunt of the citizens from the earliest times. The spring, the watered gardens, the orchards, with their varied green and their different blossoms, the terraces along the slopes, with their vines and their alleys of olives, unite to make it an idyllic home. Was it to this place that the two disciples came, accompanied by their unrecognized Master, and could it be that in some humble room in the village, as it then was, He made Himself known to them, and then vanished from their sight?<sup>1</sup> So some think; yet Kolonieh does not meet the require-

<sup>1</sup> Luke xxiv. 31.

ments of distance from Jerusalem, from which it is less than four miles off, while Emmaus was nearly eight. It seems, therefore, as if Captain Conder's identification of Khamasa as the site has more to be said in its favor.

An old, almost ruinous, bridge of four arches, the centre ones a patchwork of beams, the masonry having long fallen, spans the channel in which the winter rains flow off; showing a great bed of stones for most of the year, but wild enough when the "rains descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow."<sup>1</sup>

Leaving the village, the road towards Jerusalem is, as hitherto, a continual climbing and descent, for the country is nothing but a succession of great land-waves; the view from the higher summits showing hill beyond hill, nearly all frightfully barren and stony, though nearer the city tillage is more frequent. In such spots of cultivation, as at Hebron and elsewhere, a part of the thousands of tons of loose stones, strewn everywhere, is gathered into dry walls, which protect the enclosures thus redeemed from desolation.

The land round Jerusalem, and in the south of Palestine generally, except on the plains, is held in permanent ownership; but in the north, and in the Philistine country, each cultivator has so much land assigned him, at fixed intervals of a year or two, the amount being measured by a cord of a certain length, and determined by the size of his family and the acreage he can work. This system must be very ancient, for it was thus that the land was distributed at first among the Hebrews, their "inheritance" being then "divided to them by line;"<sup>2</sup> and it was the custom also of other nations, for the kingdom of Samaria was to be "divided by line" among the Assyrians,<sup>3</sup> and the ruin of Judah is painted in its deepest color by Micah, in the fatal words, "Thou shalt have none that shall cast a cord by lot [for thee] in the congregation of the Lord."<sup>4</sup> In such a subdivision it is of great moment where one's ground may be assigned, the change of temporary ownership leaving everything undecided in each case. The "lines may fall" to him in a place far from his dwelling, so that it will take hours to reach it in the morning, or return from it at night; or they may fall on a bare, rocky spot, where his utmost toil will be unproductive. To secure fairness, all is decided by lot, and thus, if unlucky one year, the peasant bears his disappointment, in the hope that the next drawing may be more fortunate. The Psalmist speaks of the happiness of his position in words he must often have heard from those who, in the division of the ground, had been so favored: he rejoices that "his lines have fallen to him in pleasant places"<sup>5</sup>—perhaps on a gentle slope of rich soil, near the well or fountain, and not far from his home.

<sup>1</sup> Matt. vii. 25. <sup>2</sup> Ps. lxxviii. 55. <sup>3</sup> Amos vii. 17. <sup>4</sup> Micah ii. 5; Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, iv. 355. <sup>5</sup> Ps. xvi. 6.

Landmarks to indicate the limits of each man's ground are very simple matters in the East. In Galilee I have seen portion after portion marked by an ordinary stone of moderate size, laid at each corner; nor will anyone think of removing even so slight a boundary. To do so would not only be unlucky, but the most abhorred of crimes.<sup>1</sup> It is interesting, however, to notice the strange way in which the land is divided in some places. Frontage on the road being especially desirable, only a small breadth of it can be allowed to each man—a half-line, or perhaps two lines—while the strip seems to run back almost indefinitely, so that a farm may be a rod or two wide, and two or three miles deep; very much as it is in America, where a small piece of river frontage has a great stretch of land behind it to make up the "lot." But, narrow as the strips are, especially in northern Palestine and Syria, they are religiously honored; the peasant, in ploughing time, starting in the old furrow with the greatest care, along his line of a mile or two. How long it is, in any given case, few but the man himself know, for it is a sore trial to patience to wait till the small, slow oxen have gone to the end of the almost interminable furrow. A friend in Beyrout, indeed, told me that he had never been able to wait till the cattle turned, though he could not help admiring the straightness of the lines for so great a distance. In the rich plains of Lebanon it matters little where one's lines may fall, but it was very different with David in a district like that round Bethlehem, where he might either have a strip of the fertile valley, or a belt of stony hillside.

I was reminded in Jerusalem, by the use of salt in the baptismal service of the Greek church, of the wonderful tenacity with which Orientals continue the customs of their ancestors, even in trifling details. Ezekiel, it will be remembered, speaks of Jerusalem as an infant that "was not salted at all;"<sup>2</sup> an expression not easily understood till it is known that in Syria and Palestine it is still the custom to "salt" infants. Common coarse salt is pulverized in a mortar when the child is born; and as soon as the poor little creature is washed, it is covered all over with it and wrapped up, like a mummy, in swaddling clothes. This process is repeated daily for three days. In some places, they are humane enough to melt the salt and bathe the infant with the brine. After the third day the child is bathed in oil, and then washed and dressed as usual. A native mother cannot imagine how European children are not thus favored. "Poor thing," she will say, "it was not salted at all!"

<sup>1</sup> Deut. xix. 14; xxvii. 17; Job xxiv. 2; Prov. xxii. 28; xxiii. 10. The word translated "landmark" in the A. V. means in Hebrew the cord by which the land is measured. <sup>2</sup> Ezek. xvi. 4.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## NORTHWARDS.

BEFORE finally leaving Jerusalem I was glad to find that Protestant energy was doing so much for the community. Besides the English school for boys, with its sixty children and thirteen lads, there is, as I have said, an English school for girls, with seventy names on the books. The German Orphanage, moreover, cares for a hundred boys, and the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses have two hundred girls under their wise and loving charge. In addition to these, the Latin, Greek, and Armenian communities have schools of their own. It must be difficult, however, to spread Christianity under a government which prohibits Moslem children from attending foreign instruction. The Turk, indeed, wherever he can, tries, under one pretext or another, to hinder all English evangelical work, though the firmer attitude of France and Germany forces him to be more chary of interfering with the religious or benevolent enterprises undertaken by members of these nationalities. But alike at Joppa, Gaza, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, everything English is virtually proscribed by the government; and I have found, since my return, that it seems hopeless to expect such energetic action from our officials at the Foreign Office as marks the Foreign Offices of Berlin and Paris, and secures their missions and hospitals in the Holy Land from the vexatious opposition encountered at every step by ours. We may talk of our greatness abroad, but it is only in our own dependencies. In the Turkish Empire, at least, our Government is a byword for pusillanimous and unmanly neglect of its subjects and their interests.

The road to Anathoth, or, as it is now called, Anata, starts at the Damascus Gate, from which you go under the shadow of the city walls to the north-east corner, at St. Stephen's Gate, and descend to the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Peasants and townsfolk were already astir when we set out, for Orientals begin the day early. On the road up Mount Scopus there were quarries on the left, in which men were working. Ploughs were going slowly in the hollow of the valley, and women with great baskets of cauliflowers on their heads were coming down the hills from the villages beyond, to market. Looking around from the lofty vantage-ground of the summit, a magnificent panorama presents itself. To the east, one sees the deep blue of the Dead Sea, the pink mountains of Moab—in many shades, lighter and darker, along their deeply furrowed range, which stretches on like a table-land—and the "circle" of the Jordan, with its patches of green; then, sweeping northward, the Valley of the Acacias, where Israel encamped,

the waters of Nimrim, the gorge of the Jabbok, and the hills of Gilead, are seen. The top of Scopus is famous as the point from which invaders have again and again looked down on the Holy City. It was apparently on this broad summit that Alexander the Great, coming up from Antipatris in the plains of Sharon, was met by the high priest Jaddua, clad in his pontifical robes, and advancing at the head of a long procession of Jewish dignitaries. It was from this point, also, that Titus looked down on the great walls and glittering splendor of the Temple; and it was on this bare brow of stone that the first Crusaders sank on their knees to bless God that they were so close to Jerusalem, though they were so nearly spent by the fierce heat and the want of supplies that men and beasts died in multitudes from the dearth of food and water. The yellow hills of Quarantania—the supposed scene of our Lord's forty-days' fast—stand far below, shutting out the sight of Jericho, which lies behind them, while at right angles to them the brown valleys of Judah rise in a constant ascent to those around the hill on which we stand. To the south, the white domes of Jerusalem shine in the light, and the long grey line of battlemented wall holds, as in a girdle, the open space of Omar, the houses of the city, and the high dome of its great church, beyond which the cone of Herodium, and the wild, confused hills of the wilderness of Judæa, rise as a background. The slopes of Scopus, and the hills around, were green with patches of barley, but as a whole the country maintains its character of desolation, for there are no trees, and the hill-sides are mostly bare grey stone, split by the sun and rain of ages.

A mile and a quarter, or thereabouts, from Jerusalem, hidden in a narrow, fruitful valley, lay the hamlet of Isawiyeh, wheat and corn covering the slopes above it, and prickly-pear hedges fencing its large beds of cauliflower. Here and there the white-red blossom of the almond shone out between the silver-grey leaves of the olive and the darker green of the carob-tree, clumps of which grew at different points. Hills, with many rock cisterns in them, rose all around, except to the east, through an opening in which direction the Dead Sea was visible, so that it was not surprising to find that a path led from the hamlet to the Jordan, the peasants speaking of the river as five hours distant.

"Isawiyeh" means "The Village of Jesus;" and it is quite likely that our Lord often stopped at it on His journeys to Jerusalem. It has, further, been thought to be the ancient Nob, where the Tabernacle was pitched for a long time, but opinion is very undecided on the matter. "Nob" means "a high place," and was, apparently, in sight of Jerusalem;<sup>1</sup> but Isawiyeh is shut out from the view of the city by intervening hills, and it does not answer to a "high place," for it is in

<sup>1</sup> Isa. x. 32.

a valley. A rival to Isawiyeh has been found by some in the village of Shafat, about a mile and a half to the north-west, owing its name to a contraction of Jehoshaphat, which was used in full so late as the fourteenth century. Its features are simple. A ruined saint's tomb, with a low dome still rising over falling walls, and a few pieces of ancient buildings, are the only notable things, unless it be two or three fig- and other fruit-trees growing at the tomb. Bare sheets of rock, scanty pasture for goats, and stony uplands, complete the picture. Dean Stanley fancied that Nob might have stood on the northernmost of the three summits of the Mount of Olives,<sup>1</sup> while Professor Mühlau transfers it to the village of Beit Nuba, about fourteen miles almost west of Jerusalem, the most improbable site of all. Supposing Nob to have been either at Shafat or at Isawiyeh, memories of great interest cling to these spots, for at Nob, the priest's city,<sup>2</sup> the Tabernacle, though the Ark was not with it, stood in the time of Saul, with Abimelech for high priest.<sup>3</sup> Hither David came in his flight from Saul, and received the shewbread from the friendly priest to sustain him, nothing else being within his reach in the fierce haste, and was girt with the sword of Goliath, which had been preserved in the holy place as a sacred national relic. The ruin of Nob dated, it would seem, from this time, Saul taking a fierce revenge on both town and priests for the kindness shown to his rival. Jerome expressly says that Jerusalem could be seen from Nob; and in this respect Shafat suits as to position.

The road to Anathoth from Isawiyeh is over rough hills and valleys, wild and desolate. Black goats browsed on the scanty herbage growing between the thickly sown stones. A shepherd-boy guided them, and recalled any that strayed by well-aimed pebbles from his sling, as, no doubt, had often been done by David.<sup>4</sup> The life of a herd-boy is a hard one on these bare hills and in these barren valleys, where no shade can be found. "In the day the heat consumes him, and the frost by night," as Jacob said of a similar life in Mesopotamia.<sup>5</sup> Jeremiah must often have passed over this bare track after his nation had been swept away to Babylon, when the sheep, cattle, and goats had been driven with them from the hills; and he must have felt the bitterness of the change when the pipe of the shepherd no longer sounded from the field, and no life cheered him where it had formerly abounded. How natural that in his anticipations of the happy days after the Return, he should picture in his mind that "again in this place, which is desolate, without man and without beast, and in all the cities thereof, shall be an habitation of shepherds causing their flocks to lie down, or pass again under the hands of him that telleth them."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Sinai and Palestine*, 184. <sup>2</sup> 1 Sam. xxii. 19. <sup>3</sup> 1 Sam. xxi. 1; Matt. xii. 3; Luke vi. 3. <sup>4</sup> 1 Sam. xvii. 40. <sup>5</sup> Gen. xxxi. 40. <sup>6</sup> Jer. xxxiii. 12, 13.



Anata, Ancient Anathoth, the Birthplace of Jeremiah. (See page 159.)



Anathoth, the birthplace of Jeremiah, is a small village lying on the top of a low hill, which is fretted over, in part, with loose stone walls protecting little or nothing, and of course in a very poor condition, like everything in Palestine, so far as I have seen, except the buildings of Bethlehem and its neighborhood, which are Christian. A few olive-trees grow in scattered clumps on the plain below the village, but otherwise there are no trees in the landscape. It was a "town" of Benjamin, and was resettled after the Captivity, so that the solitude which grieved the prophet passed away after his death. Pillar-shafts, built into some of the walls, speak of mediæval structures—probably churches and other ecclesiastical buildings; indeed, the tessellated pavement of a church was recently discovered on the western side of the hamlet. The view from any of the housetops is wonderfully interesting in historical memories. The famous heights of Benjamin, Gibeah of Saul, Ramah, Geba, and others, rise in a lovely panorama round the prophet's home. Here he spent his youth and the first two years of his great office, till the hostility of his fellow-villagers threatened his life and forced him to betake himself to Jerusalem.<sup>1</sup> The Holy City is hidden by the rising ground on the south and west, but to the east and north long sharp ridges of chalk, dotted with knolls which fleck the slopes with shadow, stretch away into the distance. To the west the hills are rounded instead of sharp; their harder limestone weathering thus under the sky and rain, instead of being washed away into sierras like the softer beds. Jeremiah must often have looked down the long ravines which sink one below another to the plains of the Jordan, beyond which the mountains of Moab, east of the river, stand up against the sky, and over the blue Sea of Death, washing the foot of these hills, and brightening the whole landscape by its contrast with the prevailing yellow or brown. He had before him, also, close at hand, a soft green hollow between his village and the high northern side of Wady Saleim, to refresh his eyes and heart in the midst of the dry and rocky prospect around. The neighborhood must have been equally familiar to Jeremiah's great predecessor Isaiah, for no one who did not know the ground thoroughly could have painted the advance of the Assyrian army against Jerusalem with the local touches which he gives. "He is come to Aiath [or Ai]; he is passed through Migron; at Michmash he layeth up his baggage; they are gone through the pass; they have taken up their lodging at Geba; Ramah trembleth; Gibeah of Saul is fled. Cry aloud with thy voice, O daughter of Gallim! hearken, O Laishah! O thou poor Anathoth! Madmenah is a fugitive; the inhabitants of Gebim gather themselves to flee. This very day shall he halt at Nob; he shaketh his hand at the mount of the daughter of Zion, the hill of Jerusalem."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Jer. i. 1; xxix. 27; xi. 21. <sup>2</sup> Isa. x. 31—32 (R. V.).

Two women were busy in a cottage at the household mill, which attracted me by its sound.<sup>1</sup> I have previously described the simple stones with which the flour of the family is daily prepared, but it was striking to see so vivid an illustration of the words of our Lord, that at His sudden and unexpected appearance, when He comes again, "two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left."<sup>2</sup> To grind is very exhausting work, so that, where possible, one woman sits opposite the other, to divide the strain, though in a poor man's house his wife has to do this drudgery unaided. It is pleasant to remember that under the humane law of Moses the mill-stones of a household could not be seized by a creditor; the doing so was to take "a man's life in pledge."<sup>3</sup> Anathoth is 2,225 feet above the sea.

Shafat, which may be the site of Nob, lies, as I have said, between two and three miles west of Anathoth, over a rough, up-and-down country, but there is a stretch of flat land to the south of it. The strange conical hill Tell el Fûl, 2,750 feet high, rises behind this level, with a mysterious mound on its top, which excavation has shown to have been originally an artificial platform, supported by rough walls with steps leading up to it, or, perhaps, by a lower platform surrounding it. When it was raised no one knows, but as it is visible from Jerusalem and all the villages far and near, it may have been used for a beacon, to give the alarm in war, or to announce the rise of the new moon in times of peace. There are no traces of any other buildings. The eye ranges over Anathoth and Isawiyeh, and down to the deep gorge of the Jordan, which looks specially beautiful from this point. On the south-east lie the waters of the Dead Sea, apparently as calm, in their deep blue, as the heaven above; and beyond them, of course, are the mountains of Moab. To the north lie Ramah and the hill of Geba, while to the west and south are, successively, Gibeon, the stately height of Mizpeh or Neby Samwil—the queen among the heights of Benjamin—and, in all its romantic beauty, the Holy City, with its roofs and domes, its towers and minarets.

Tell el Fûl has been very generally believed to be the site of the ancient town known as Gibeah of Benjamin,<sup>4</sup> from its lying in the territory of that tribe, or as Gibeah of Saul, because that king belonged to it,<sup>5</sup> or as Gibeah of God, probably from an old sacrificial high place being near or on it.<sup>6</sup> Captain Conder supposes that the name of Gibeah was attached to a small district reaching towards Michmash, but the town itself would certainly be on a height. If this be so, Tell el Fûl is associated with a very dark chapter of Old Testament history. Just as, at this time, many travellers, men and women, riding or on

<sup>1</sup> Jer. xxv. 10; Rev. xviii. 22; Eccles. xii. 4. <sup>2</sup> Matt. xxiv. 41. <sup>3</sup> Dent. xxiv. 6. <sup>4</sup> 1 Sam. xiii. 2; xiv. 16. <sup>5</sup> 1 Sam. xv. 34; 2 Sam. xxi. 6; 1 Sam. xi. 4. <sup>6</sup> 1 Sam. x. 5, 13.

foot, pass to and fro along the road immediately beneath it, a poor Levite journeyed on from Bethlehem with his wife three thousand years ago, late in the evening. He was making for the hill-country of Ephraim, but turned aside to rest in Gibeah for the night, as the sun was nearly setting. No one appeared, however, to give them shelter, so that the two sat down in the open space in the middle of the town, to spend the night in the open air, if hospitality were finally refused them. "And, behold, there came an old man from his work, out of the field, at even, and he lifted up his eyes, and saw the wayfaring man in the open place of the city; and the old man said, Whither goest thou? And whence comest thou? And he said unto him, We are passing from Bethlehem-Judah into the farther side of the hill-country of Ephraim; from thence I am, and I went to Bethlehem-Judah, and I am now going home,<sup>1</sup> and there is no man that taketh me into his house. Yet there is both straw and provender for our asses, and there is bread and wine also for me, and for thy handmaid, and for the young man which is with thy servants: there is no want of anything. And the old man said, Peace be unto thee; howsoever, let all thy wants lie upon me; only lodge not in the street. So he brought him into his house, and gave the asses fodder, and they washed their feet and did eat and drink."<sup>2</sup> But in the night the worthless ones of Gibeah committed a frightful crime against the defenceless strangers, the terrible punishment of which, by the tribes at large, nearly exterminated the whole clan of Benjamin.<sup>3</sup> Here, in later times, the peasant king, Saul, had his dwelling, near which rose a tamarisk, under whose shade he used to rest.<sup>4</sup> Here also, sitting by the wall of this rude palace, he held a feast every new moon, with his favorite companions in arms.<sup>5</sup> But the spot is memorable, besides, as the place where David gave up to the Gibeonites, to be put to death, the two sons of Saul, whom Rizpah, one of the dead king's wives, had borne to him, and the five sons of Saul's daughter, Merab, borne to Adriel, the husband to whom she was given by her father after having been promised to David;<sup>6</sup> and the Gibeonites "hanged them on the hill before the Lord," or, rather, stuck up their bodies on posts, after the poor men had been put to death. "Then," we are told, the unfortunate "Rizpah took sack-cloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water was poured upon them from heaven"—from the end of May till late in the year—and she suffered neither the birds of the air—the devouring vultures—to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field [to devour them] by night;<sup>7</sup> till, at last, David heard of her broken-hearted love, and had the bones gathered and laid honorably in the rock tomb of the family, along with the bones of Saul and Jonathan, brought

<sup>1</sup> Sept. <sup>2</sup> Judg. xix. 16—21. <sup>3</sup> Judg. xx. 35. <sup>4</sup> 1 Sam. xxii. 6. <sup>5</sup> 1 Sam. xx. 5—25. <sup>6</sup> 1 Sam. xviii. 19. <sup>7</sup> 2 Sam. xxi. 9.

from their grave at Jabesh Gilead for interment in the ancestral resting-place.

Across the plain stretching for some miles north and south, on the west side of Tell el Fûl, and about a mile in breadth, with rolling land in its centre, lies the village of Bet Hannina, at the foot of Neby Samwil, which is the loftiest hill in Central Palestine, and, apparently, famous as the Mizpeh of ancient Hebrew story. It is a long, slow ascent to its top, over a succession of swells dotted with olives after passing Bet Hannina, a loose stone wall appearing now and then, though, for the most part, the hill is in a state of nature, with so little green that one may call it treeless and untouched by man. A path, at times, between stone walls, neglected for who knows how many generations, leads to the summit.

Though the soil is exceptionally fertile, the district has so few inhabitants that even the choicest spots lie desolate. The top of the hill is 2,935 feet above the sea, and is seen from every part of the neighboring country, towering over a host of lower summits. A mosque with a slender minaret—once a church of the Crusaders, and still showing the form of a cross—crowns its utmost height, covering the supposed tomb of the prophet Samuel. A number of olive-trees grow beside it, but there is also an abundance of huge stones—remains of ancient walls—and a plentiful display of the worthless thorns and rank weeds everywhere so common. Captain Conder thinks that Mizpeh has yet to be identified, and Sir George Grove would recognize it in Mount Scopus, close to Jerusalem; but tradition and general consent assign it to the top of this commanding hill. The word means a “watch-height,” and Neby Samwil, so named after the “prophet Samuel,” is such a “look-out” as cannot be found elsewhere in Palestine. A beacon fire on it would be seen over a very wide district. The view is, indeed, the most extensive in the country. Rugged valleys, roughened still more by scrub, with olives rising at some clear spots, and patches of corn looking out in soft green between stretches of thorns or loose stones, lay sinking, wave beyond wave, at my feet; the very picture of such places as our Lord had in His thoughts when He spoke the parable of the sower, with its good soil, its paths through the corn, its rocky stretches, and its tangles of thorns.<sup>1</sup> A mile off, on the north, rose the hill El Jib—the ancient Gibeon of Benjamin; its limestone beds jutting out horizontally, in broad bands up to the top; the softer material between each layer having, more or less, been washed away. Five miles further off, in the same direction, high on its hill, rose El Bireh—the ancient Beeroth—2,820 feet above the sea, and beyond it, Rûmmon, east of Bethel—the ancient “Rock Rimmon”—2,500 feet above the sea-level. Lifting your eyes still farther northwards and

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xiii. 2-8.

westwards, the top of Mount Gerizim and the shoulder of Carmel are seen. Er Ram—the Ramah of Benjamin—and Jeba—the ancient Geba—lie three or four miles off, almost to the east, though a little north as well. Looking down the depths of the ever-descending western wadys, and through the opening in the hills, the plains of Sharon and Philistia were visible, with the sea beyond them. To the south, beyond a welter of grey hills, I had another sight of the Mount of Olives and Jerusalem, with its mosques and domes, far below the height from which I looked at them. Eastward, beyond the gorge of the Jordan, which lies too low to be seen, rose the mountains of Gilead and Moab. A glass showed the distant fortress of Kerak—the ancient Kir Moab—and the hill of Sihm, the highest in Moab, and the distant mountains of Gilead. The hills immediately round Neby Samwil are all softly rounded, not steep, rising gently for the most part, and offering every facility for terrace cultivation, to their very tops. In the valleys to the north-west were a few vineyards, with ruinous watch-towers among them. A shepherd lad was leading out his flock of black goats from the village of a dozen poor huts, close by, on the hill-top, using the peculiar cry of his craft. The mosque beside us was in ruins, and served, in part, for a granary; its pointed arches reminding one that it had once been a Christian church. Outside the huts were two tanks hewn in the rock, one with, the other without, water; memorials of a large community, long since passed away. A hollow in the rocks a short distance below me was filled with a clear flowing spring; but instead of the old well-to-do Mizpeh, only some wretched hovels made in holes in the limestone were to be seen, with a few others built up, in part, of the materials of fine ancient structures. The ground was very stony and barren, but on the left, in the valley deep below, were fair olive-groves and green fields. A steep footpath led down to Bet Hannina, shaded by vines and fig-trees, mingled with olives and almond-trees. Towards Jerusalem, the prospect over the hills was frightfully barren, as if the curse which the Israelites once inflicted on Moab had fallen on this part of their own land, where “they beat down the cities, and on every good piece of land cast every man his stone, and filled it, and stopped all the wells of water, and felled all the good trees.”<sup>1</sup>

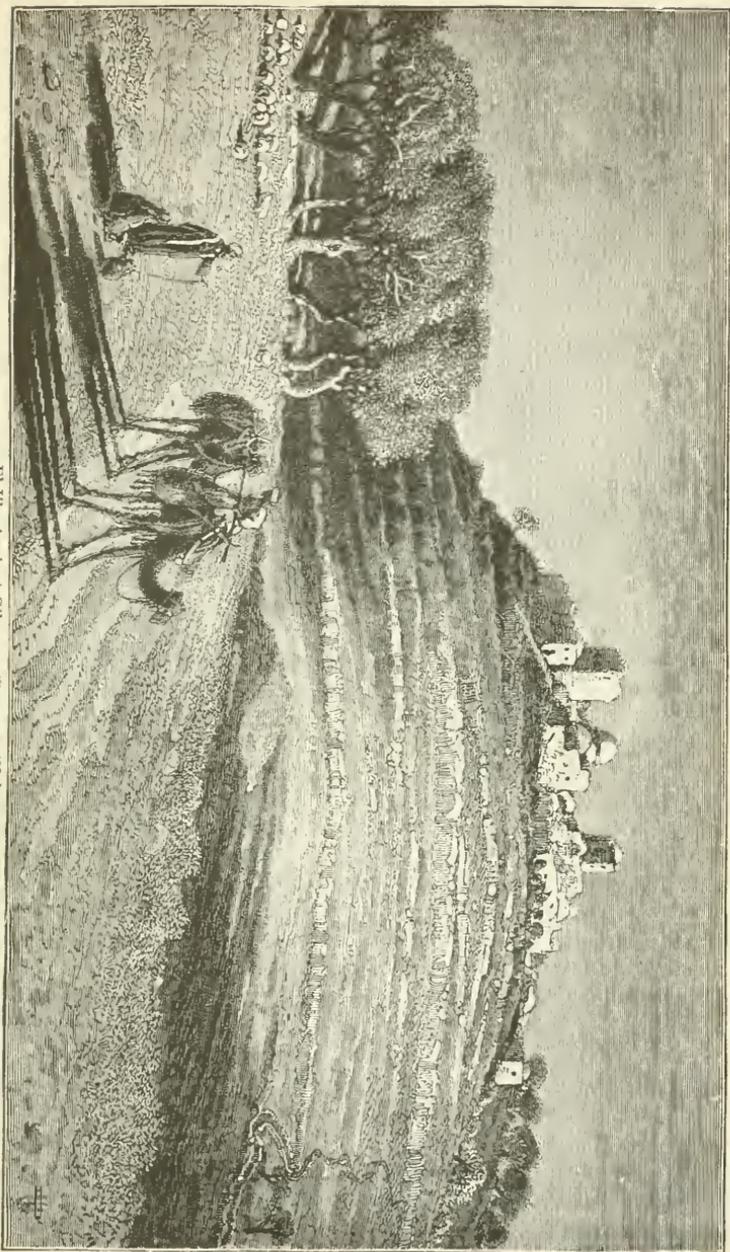
On this lofty hill the tribes of Israel assembled in their thousands to determine what punishment should be meted out to the Benjamites for their hideous wickedness towards the wife of the Levite.<sup>2</sup> Here also they gathered, at the summons of Samuel, during the worst times of Philistine oppression, and after a public confession of their sins, were sent forth to victory and deliverance.<sup>3</sup> It was on Mizpeh that they met, once more, for the momentous choice of a king, ending in

1 2 Kings iii. 5. 2 Judg. xxi. 1, 3, 5, 8. See p. 448. 3 1 Sam. vii. 5—13.

the election of Saul to the great office, amidst loud cries, then first heard in the nation, of "God save the king!"<sup>1</sup> One of the three holy cities<sup>2</sup> which Samuel visited in turn, as judge, stood on its now deserted slopes, or on its summit. Here Jeremiah lived, with the small body of his people who had escaped from being led off to Babylon, after the destruction of Jerusalem.<sup>3</sup> During the Captivity it was the seat of the Chaldean governor. Here the Crusaders caught their first sight of the Holy City, calling the hill Mount Joy, "because it gives joy to pilgrims' hearts, for from that place men first see Jerusalem." On this very height, in fine, Richard the Lionhearted fell on his knees, and, covering his face with his hands, refused to gaze on the city of his Lord's humiliation and death, desecrated as it was by the infidel, crying out, "Ah, Lord God, I pray that I may never see the Holy City if I may not rescue it from the hands of Thine enemies."

El Jib—the ancient Gibeon—is reached by a path leading down from Neby Samwil. Watercourses run, apparently, in every direction, but they all, in the end, find their way to the plain of Sharon, for El Jib, like Neby Samwil, stands on the west side of the watershed of the country. The flat, natural terraces, formed tier above tier by the ring-like beds of limestone which jut out, were fairly tilled, and sprinkled with figs, pomegranates, and olives, but the village on the top had only from forty to fifty scattered hovels. Yet no spot is more clearly identified with stirring incident in Bible history. It was once a great Amorite or Hivite city,<sup>4</sup> and its people were the only part of the old inhabitants left alive by Joshua. That they were spared was due to their skilful diplomacy,<sup>5</sup> though they were made slaves of the Tabernacle and afterwards of the Temple, drawing water and hewing wood, under the name of Nethinim—"The Given," or "Devoted." In later times, Saul's half-heathen zeal led him to massacre many of this pagan remnant, but his children had to suffer a bloody reprisal, seven of his sons being given over to the Gibeonites by David, to put to death in atonement for their father's crime, as the story of Rizpah has reminded us.<sup>6</sup> On the waste stretch between Gibeon and Ramah, the battle was fought in which Joshua broke the power of the allied kings of the Amorites, or "hill-men," and secured possession of Central Palestine.<sup>7</sup> The "Pool of Gibeon," where David and his men faced Abner and the adherents of Ishbosheth, in the very heart of Saul's own district, is still to be seen below the east end of the hill—a great, right-angled tank of strong masonry, twenty-four paces long and fourteen broad, lying mostly in ruins, and no longer holding water. Indeed, its bottom is sown with grain, for the noble spring which once fed it, rushing from a deep pool in the rock, now runs past unused.

<sup>1</sup> 1 Sam. x. 17—25. <sup>2</sup> Sept. <sup>3</sup> Jer. xl. 6. <sup>4</sup> Josh. ix. 7; xi. 19; 2 Sam. xxi. 2. <sup>5</sup> Josh. ix. 6. <sup>6</sup> 2 Sam. xxi. <sup>7</sup> Josh. x.



El-Jib, Ancient Gilbeon. (See page 432.)



On the opposite sides of this sat the two bands, facing each other, till twelve from each side rose to prove their mettle, and began a fight in which the whole twenty-four fell dead. Here, beside this old tank, they lay in their blood that afternoon, giving to the spot the name of "The Field of the Strong Men;"<sup>1</sup> still virtually preserved in that by which it is now known, "The Valley of the Fighters." Near this, "by the great stone that was in Gibeon," Joab, ever faithful to David, but faithless to all others, basely murdered Amasa, his rival, who "wallowed in his blood, in the midst of the highway;" his murderer standing by, red with blood from the girdle to the sandals.<sup>2</sup> On this hill stood the "great high place"—that is, the Old Tabernacle—at which Solomon offered huge sacrifices, and had his famous vision,<sup>3</sup> and here he caused Joab to be killed as the poor grey-headed veteran, justly overtaken by vengeance at last, clung to the horns of the altar.<sup>4</sup> Beside the "great waters" of this tank, moreover, Jeremiah and the band with him were set free from the chains of the Chaldeans; and here, also, Johanan overtook Ishmael, the murderer of Gedaliah and, through this insane piece of villainy, the final destroyer of Judah.<sup>5</sup> Strange events these solitary slopes have seen! Uninviting though the prospect around may now be, but for a few gnarled and twisted olive-trees, the marks of ancient terraces on every height speak of long-past days, when a teeming population redeemed the landscape from barrenness, and filled it with the hum of busy life.

From the top of the hill, the ridge on which stood Ramah and Gibeah of Saul rises a few miles off. An olive plantation covers the south-west slope, and the broad wadys north, east, and west were fairly tilled, black patches of newly ploughed land alternating with the green of rising crops. The eastern slope, which boasts of some vines, figs, and olives, is watered by several springs, one of them the abundant stream that once filled the great tank.

To get to Er Ram you cross a tract of rolling land, about three miles broad, to the east of this point, passing a heap which marks Adaseh, one of the battle-fields of Judas Maccabæus, where he defeated Nicanor. The hills on the way, are low, and gentle in their swell, like the waves of the sea when it is sinking to rest after a storm. In the hollows between them, green sometimes relieved the yellow monotony of the landscape, but the view as a whole was tame and dull. Before we reached Er Ram, two Roman milestones, still in position, showed us that this was the old military highway towards the pass of Michmah, the key of Central Palestine. The road to Nablus runs a little west of Er Ram, in the plain below the hills, but must have been commanded by any fortress erected at Ramah. It was for this reason, doubtless, that the truculent Baasha, king of Israel, fortified that post,

1 2 Sam. ii. 16. 2 2 Sam. xx. 10; 1 Kings ii. 5. 3 1 Kings iii. 4, 5 ff. 4 1 Kings ii. 28. 5 Jer. xli. 12.

causing such danger to Jerusalem by doing so that Asa was glad to invoke the aid of Syria to force him to retire from it, and proceeded at once to dismantle the stronghold of his enemy when it was captured, carrying off the stones and timber to fortify his own frontier towns or villages of Geba and Mizpeh.<sup>1</sup> The hill rises high in isolation above the neighboring ground, but has now only a wretched village on it, with the ruins of an old Crusaders' church, and of a tower, the foundations of which may be very ancient. Half way up the ascent were the remains of a small temple, or perhaps khan, beside a dry tank, the roof of which had once been supported by six pillars, with plain capitals. The hovels of the village itself spoke of better days in the past, for bevelled stones looked out from the walls of some, and in the little yard of another was a short, slender pillar. Ruins abounded in the neighborhood, as you cast your eye over it, and everything spoke of a glory long departed. It was here—at the frontier town of Benjamin—that the Chaldeans collected their prisoners, before marching them off through the pass of Michmash to Babylon; a circumstance used by Jeremiah with the finest effect, when he supposes the spirit of Rachel, the mother of the tribe, to have left her tomb by the wayside, near Bethel, to grieve in mid-air over the unreturning throng. "A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping: Rachel, weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not."<sup>2</sup>

Geba lies about two miles nearly east of Ramah, on a separate hill of the same small chain; a poor, half-ruinous village, once a town of the priests;<sup>3</sup> now, having nothing sacred but a saint's tomb, as ruined as all else. From this, the way rose very steep, up a stony, desolate ascent; not too barren, however, for some sheep and goats to browse among the stones. About half way between Jeba, or Geba, and Mukhmas, the ancient Michmash, but to the east of a straight line from one to the other, the famous pass begins, through the Wady Suweinit, "The Valley of the Little Thorn-tree, or Acacia," to Jericho; in ancient times the main road from the east to the hill-country of Central Palestine. Michmash, which is famous in one of the most romantic episodes of Old Testament history, lay less than a mile due north from the point where the wady, running south-east, contracts into a fissure through the hills, the sides in some places precipitous, and very near each other; in most parts eaten away above, so that the cliffs form slightly receding slopes instead of precipices, with a comparatively broad bottom below; the wady, however, still preserving its character of a gorge, rather than of a valley. The whole way, from near Michmash till it opens on the Jordan plains, behind the modern Jericho, where it is known as the Wady Kelt, is thus a nar-

1 1 Kings xv. 17—22; 2 Chron. xvi. 1 ff. 2 Jer. xxxi. 15. 3 Josh. xviii. 24; xxi. 17.



The Pass of Michmash. (See page 454.)



row sunken pass, with towering walls or grim roughened slopes of rock on each side, in some places 800 feet high, and, throughout, only far enough asunder at any part below to allow of the passage of a small body of men abreast. The whole length of this gorge, including its doublings and windings, is about twelve miles, but in that distance it sinks from a height of 2,040 feet above the sea, near Michmash, to about 400 feet below it, where it opens on the Jordan slope—a fall of more than 2,400 feet.

The village of Mukhmas lies on a broad saddle, more than 600 feet below Ramah, and 230 feet below Geba, which is about a mile and a half west of the chasm of El Suweinit. The ground, sloping gently from Michmash towards Ai and Bethel, is still very generally used for growing barley, and was anciently so famous for this grain that the Jewish equivalent of our proverb, "to take coals to Newcastle," is "to take barley to Michmash." A fine brook flows down the valley on the north, bordered by numbers of small but well-proportioned oak-trees, from which I had the pleasure of gathering some mistletoe, the branches being richly festooned with it. A chasm to the south of the village, though less than a mile off, is not seen from it, and, indeed, only a very small glimpse of it is to be had from any part till you are close on the brink; a narrow spur of the hills concealing it on the north, and flat ground reaching to its edge on the south. I was greatly interested in the locality, as that of the adventure of Jonathan and his armor-bearer,<sup>1</sup> which not only charms by its audacity, but was of vital importance in Hebrew history. The identification of its scene is fortunately easy.

Josephus describes very minutely the position of the Philistine camp which Jonathan assailed. It was, he says, a cliff with three heads, ending in a long, sharp tongue, and protected by surrounding precipices; and such a natural stronghold is found close to Michmash, on the east; the peasantry giving it, even now, the name of "The Fort." A ridge stands up in three round knolls, over a perpendicular crag, ending in a narrow tongue to the east, with cliffs below it; the slope of the valley falling off behind, and the ground rising, to the west, towards Michmash. Opposite this "fort," to the south, a crag rises up to about the same height—from fifty to sixty feet—so steep as, apparently, to forbid an attempt to climb it; the two sides answering exactly to the description in Samuel: "a rocky crag on the one side, and a rocky crag on the other side."<sup>2</sup> These two crags, in the Hebrew Bible, are called Bozez and Seneh—"The Shining," and "The Thorn" or "Acacia," respectively<sup>3</sup>—names still applicable when we see them. Seneh, "The Thorn," survives in "Suweinit," the name of the wady; Bozez, "The Shining," explains itself at once on the spot. The two

craggs face each other, from the east and west respectively, so that one is nearly always in shade, while the other is equally favored by sunshine. Even the color of the cliffs has been affected by this; the shady side being dark, while that which has always been exposed to the glare of the light is tawny beneath and white towards the top. The growth of a thorn-tree on the one side, and the beating of the sun on the other, were doubtless the origin of the names by which Jonathan knew them three thousand years ago. That he could really climb the northern cliff, though with no small difficulty, has been proved by a repetition of the feat in our days. But then there was no Philistine picket overhead! Strange to say, on the precipitous height, the lowest courses of a square tower are still to be seen, so that an outpost must clearly have been stationed here in ancient times.

It was up the face of this cliff, then, that Jonathan and his armor-bearer clambered that day, the Philistine soldiers above mocking them, as they tried to ascend, with the cry, to each other, and to the two braves—"The Hebrews come forth out of the holes where they have hid themselves!" "Come up to us, and we will show you something!"<sup>1</sup> But on the heroes went, climbing up with hand and foot, Jonathan first, the armor-bearer after, the two falling upon the outpost as soon as they had reached the top, and cutting down twenty men within the space of half an acre. The warders of Saul, looking out from the hill of Geba, two miles off, to the south-west, must have seen the stir from the first, and the spread of general panic among the garrison that followed, as "they melted away, and went hither and thither."<sup>2</sup> A path leads down from Geba to Michmash; and, this distance once passed by their enemies, the Philistines would have been cut off from their retreat, if they had not flown quickly. Away, therefore, they sped, down the valley leading past Ai to Bethel, then south-west across the watershed to Upper Bethhoron, then down the steep descent to Lower Bethhoron, and across the broad corn valley of Ajalon, to the Philistine country. The pass by which they thus fled was that in which Joshua had consummated the great victory over the Canaanites in the first days of the nation, and where Judas Maccabæus was to defeat and drive back the invaders of his country.

It was by the Wady Suweinit that the Assyrian army entered the land in the invasion so magnificently brought before the imagination by Isaiah. They have already, in his picture of their advance, climbed through the pass from Jericho, and "have taken up night quarters at Geba; Ramah trembles; Gibeah of Saul is fled!" Every local touch is given; and it is even added how the baggage has been sent beforehand, by a side wady, to Michmash, that the army might press on straight towards Jerusalem.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1 Sam. xiv. 11, 12. <sup>2</sup> Sam. xiv. 16 (R. V.). <sup>3</sup> Isa. x. 28, 29. See also p. 447.

Miehmarsh itself is a very poor village, but its houses show traces of a very different state of things in former ages. Old pillars lie about, and some of the dwellings are wholly built of large squared stones, from ancient ruins. Others have great dressed stones for lintels and doorposts to their little courts; and in one spot lies the carved head of a freestone column. Under the Romans, as under the Philistines, a military post was stationed at the pass close by, one memorial of which I bought from a peasant: a small bronze statuette of Diana with her quiver, but the feet gone, which had been found in ploughing. How long had it lain since its first owner lost it or threw it away?

Tombs and caves are found in the neighborhood, and in the village are the remains of a vaulted building used as a granary, from the top of which I looked out over the landscape. To the east and north the hills rose, as it seemed, almost as high as Neby Samwil; on the west was a very deep, broad ravine, with bare, grey, rounded hills at its sides, and a background of higher ascents close at hand; on the south there was a sea of hills to the horizon. Men, women, and children clamored, of course, for bakshîsh, but they were very civil, greeting us courteously, though without uncovering the head; for to bare the head is contrary to Oriental ideas of respect. According to immemorial custom the hours are numbered from the rising of the sun, and we thus happened to arrive about the sixth hour, a special time of devotion among Mahommedans. Turning their faces to Mecca, the men, led by a venerable functionary with flowing white beard, prayed with exceeding reverence, as if no one had been present; generally standing erect, but often bowing the head, and from time to time kneeling, and touching the ground with their foreheads. Their lowly prostrations reminded one of the words of Abraham—"Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes."<sup>1</sup> Before leaving, I had a refreshing drink of curdled goat's milk, deliciously sour in weather so hot: the very drink which Abraham gave to the angels.<sup>2</sup> A few horses were feeding in the thin pastures east of the village, and it was noticeable that the deep, broad valley between Geba and Miehmarsh was, in reality, furrowed into a number of smaller valleys and plains, separated by lower or higher undulations, till they merged into one close to the entrance to the pass. On a number of the roofs of the village huts, stoneware hives spoke of the care of bees, which cannot but thrive in such a neighborhood as this.

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xviii. 27.   <sup>2</sup> Gen. xviii. 8.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## BETHHORON, BETHEL, SHILOH.

THE ride from Michmash to Bethel was, as usual, only to be done at a slow walk, the horses picking their steps, at one time over smooth sheets of rock, at another over heaps of boulders; now up a steep rough hill; then down its farther side, with the occasional delight of level ground in the stony bottom of a valley. I bade farewell to the village with regret, for it had for the moment lighted up long-dead centuries, from the days of Joshua to those of the Maccabees—one of whom, Jonathan, had his home in it for years.<sup>1</sup> The track lay nearly north, passing a cave below the village which was used as a dwelling, the wife busy at the entrance making butter, by swinging to and fro a skin full of milk, hung from three props, she pushing it with a stick. We followed the old Roman road, now traceable only here and there, but the way was very desolate and barren alike uphill and along the hollows, and nobody passed us. Below, on the right, a deep wady with steep rocky sides reached far down through the hills, which frequently offered sheets of bare rock for the smooth feet of the horses. Nearing the village of Deir Dewan, attractive on its hill from the new look of its houses, agriculture once more began, some of the peasants being still busy ploughing with small oxen, though most of the land, wherever possible, had already been ploughed and sown. A mile before we reached the village, fig- and olive-trees brightened the valley, which began to broaden as we advanced. A well at the side of the track was covered with a great stone, like that which Jacob rolled away from the mouth of the well at Haran.<sup>2</sup> Ruins here, as almost everywhere, lay at various points—the tombstones of cities, towns, and villages of the past.

Still following the direction of the old Roman road—the line taken by which had probably been a highway for thousands of years before these great road-makers utilized it—we rode along the side of an isolated hill, two miles from Bethel, which lay north-west from us. The broad, flat top was surmounted by a great mound, such as might mark the ruins of some ancient fortress. It was the site of Ai,<sup>3</sup> “The Heap,” now called “El Tell,” which has the same meaning; the huge mound being the cairn raised over the burnt and desolate city by Joshua. The capture of this stronghold by that chieftain was the turning-point in the Hebrew invasion. Jericho having fallen, the way was opened for the conquest of the mountain country above it. Spies were accordingly sent up the Wadys Kelt and Suweinit—which are dry in the

1 1 Macc. ix. 73. 2 Gen. xxix. 3. 3 Josh. vii. 2 ff.



View From Upper Beth-horon Westward. (See page 460.)



hot summer weather—past Michmash, to Ai, and on receiving their report a strong force climbed the same defile, with its towering crags and rough footing. But, just as the first attempt of the Israelites forty years before at Hormah, on the southern side of the country, to force their way through opposition, had been disastrously repulsed, so here at Ai a strong position enabled the inhabitants to repel the invasion of Joshua, and to hurl his force back “from before the gate,” in sad confusion, many of his men being killed by their pursuers as they fled down the steep wadys by which they had ascended. Achan’s death in the valley of Achor—that part of the Wady Kelt where it opens on the plains of the Jordan—followed, and then came the second attempt. They felt that they must not fail again, and be sent back once more for forty years to the Wilderness, as after Hormah. An ambush was laid by night in the valley between Ai and Bethel, on the north, while Joshua drew up the rest of his men, in sight of the town, on the north side of the ravine of Deir Diwan. From this, however, they presently descended into the flat bottom of the wady, as if from faintheartedness they proposed once more to retreat. Deceived by the stratagem, the King of Ai left his stronghold and rushed down to destroy his enemies as they fled to Michmash, but when he was fairly out of the fortress, and away far down the slopes, Joshua, who had remained behind on some eminence where his men in ambush could see him, gave the signal by uplifting his spear, and forthwith the city was taken by a rush, and set on fire; the pillars of smoke serving to stay the pretended flight down the pass, and place the men of Ai between the forces in rear and in front; every man of them perishing in the massacre that followed.

The rout of the Philistines at Michmash after the great deed of Jonathan and his armor-bearer was followed by a heady flight up the very track by which we had come—that of the first invaders—past Bethel, through the wood, now long vanished, where Jonathan, almost spent, rekindled his spirit with the wild honey dropping from the trees to the ground.<sup>1</sup> Thence the rush of men swept on across the plain from which rises Gibeon, and away down the pass of Bethhoron, to the wide corn-land of Ajalon, the gate to their own land—the maritime plain.

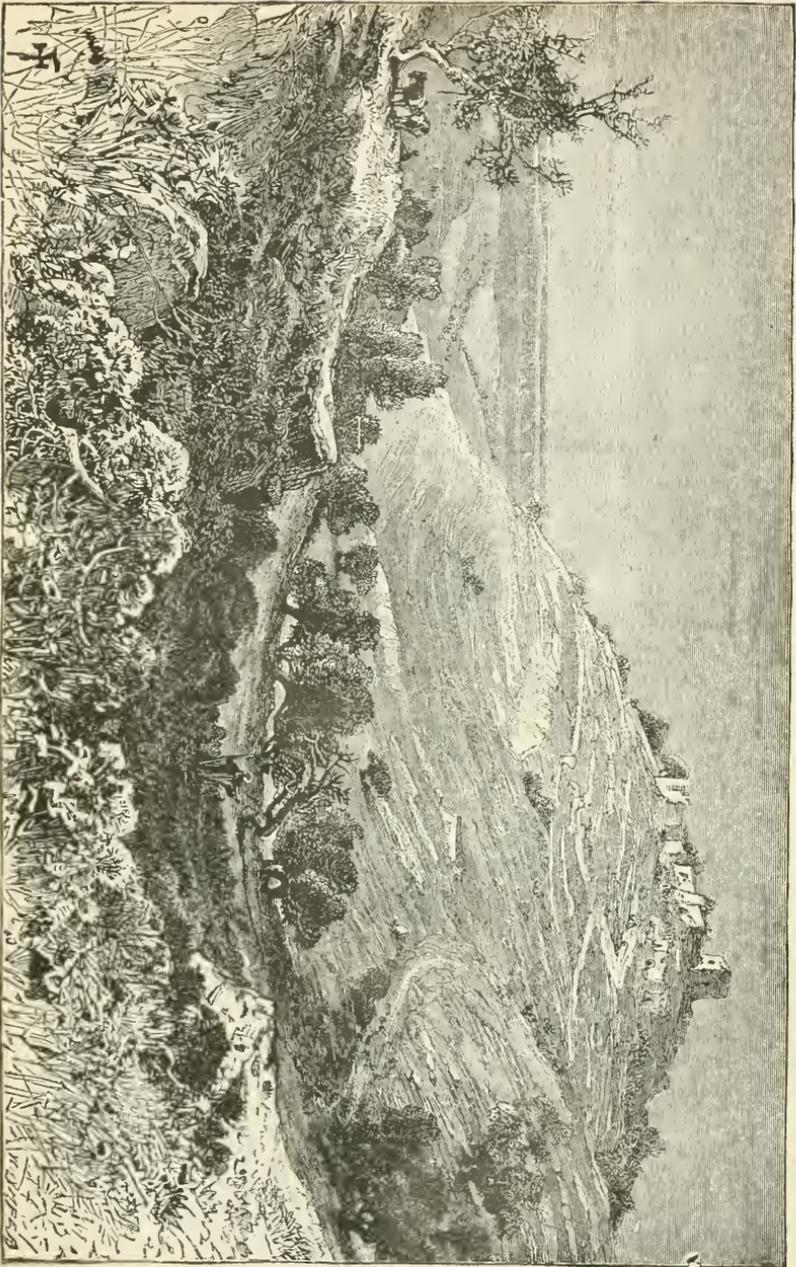
The Pass of Bethhoron, that is, “The House of Caves,” has a famous history in the wars of Israel. Beginning about twelve miles south-west from Bethel, it runs slightly north-west, for nearly two miles, down towards the plains, opening at the foot of the hills on the broad expanse of Ajalon, whence the lowlands can be easily reached. There is another pass up the hills from the sea-coast, beginning at Latron, about fifteen miles east of Jerusalem. Latron lies eight hundred feet above the sea, and was once the seat of a crusading fortress, known as

<sup>1</sup> 1 Sam. xiv. 25—26.

"The Castle of the Penitent Thief;"<sup>1</sup> and the track winds up towards the Holy City between rounded hills and deep open valleys. But in ancient times that of Bethhoron was most in use. The wadys which run down from the mountains to the sea in the west are very different from those on the other side of the country, which lead from the high lands to the Jordan. Rounded hills and an open landscape take the place of the tremendous gorges of the eastern slope; but though there are these differences, the fact that travel is pent up in one narrow hollow, on the west as well as on the east, has in all ages made both sides almost equally perilous in a military sense. A broad, undulating expanse of corn-growing land forms the valley of "Ajalon," or the "Gazelles," still recognized in the name of one of its villages, "Yalo." In those old days, the country seems to have abounded in game, for not only "gazelles," but their natural enemies as well, must have been numerous, since this locality had villages known, respectively, as Shaalbin, "Foxes" or "Jackals," and Zeboim, "Hyænas." Rising gradually, in slow ridges, from an elevation of about nine hundred feet above the sea, this charming open landscape climbs nearly four hundred feet higher, through a steadily narrowing valley to the lower Bethhoron. This lies more than seven hundred feet below Upper Bethhoron, two miles off, at the head of the ravine. There is no gorge or dark glen, with high walls of rock; rounded hills, bulging up like huge bubbles, with side valleys between, line the track, presenting little difficulty of ascent at hardly any point. The lower village stands on a swell, almost at the foot of the mountains; a path, thick with stones, leading past it, across some level ground, to the foot of the pass. From this point, the ascent is very rough; at times over wide sheets of bare rocks; at others, up steps rudely hacked out of the rock. It takes an hour to get to the upper village, and, by such a road, one feels that the ascent of an invader, in the face of brave resistance, would be as arduous as flight downwards from the mountains, before victorious pursuers, would be hopelessly disastrous.

In all ages the two Bethhorons seem to have been strongly fortified; remains of a castle still crown the hill at the lower village;<sup>2</sup> the foundations of some post mark the middle of the ascent, and other ruins guard the top. Looking down from the upper village, one sees the track first winding down the hill as an open path, then round the side of the swell below, with a gentle slope above and beneath; and only after leaving a broad open valley, dotted with olives, below this, does it enter on its course towards the sea. Dry stone dykes, enclosing fruit trees—shapeless masses of prickly pear serving as fences—and small plains between soft slopes—growing stones, however, instead of grass, and thorns instead of corn—stretch away before you; the track twist-

1 Castellum Boni Latronis. 2 Nether Bethhoron was fortified by Solomon (1 Kings ix. 17).



Upper Beth-horon. (See page 461.)



ing hither and thither, like a stream, till the last bend of the hills conceals its entrance on the wide expanse of Ajalon. Beyond these hills, however, the eye ranges over the plains and the belt of yellow barren sand at the shore, to the deep blue sea, reaching illimitably away. Behind, between the top of the pass and Gibeon, lies a country almost as difficult; wild and rocky mountains, where the paths are scarcely worthy of the name, and cannot be threaded without a guide.

It was across this track, and through Bethhoron, that the defeated alliance of the chiefs of Southern Palestine fled before Joshua, in his next great battle after the taking of Ai. He had marched to Ebal and Gerizim after that town had been destroyed, the headquarters of the Hebrews still remaining, however, at Gilgal in the Jordan plain. There two deputations, in succession, came to him from Gibeon; the first overreaching him into an alliance with them; the second announcing that a great league of the kings of the Negeb and the sea plains were assailing their town for having made peace with the Hebrews. An appeal for instant aid was urged and at once heard.<sup>1</sup> The peril, indeed, was quite as great for the invaders as for the people of Gibeon. Joshua had the fine military virtue of swift as well as wise decision, supported by splendid energy. A forced march up the Wady Kelt, with its grey, mountain-high cliffs, through the Wady Suweinit, past Geba and Ramah, brought him in one night to the more open but still mountainous track in which Gibeon stood, perched on its lofty hill, more than 2,500 feet above the sea, and some hundreds of feet above the surrounding country. The sudden appearance of his force at sunrise, where the night before all had been security, with no dream of this counter-attack, at once threw the "Amorite" host into the wild panic of a surprise. The remembrance of Jericho and Ai, with the exterminating massacres that followed; the ominous vigor which had made this surprise possible; the haughty bearing of a force confident of victory, and, withal, the terrible shout with which it rushed to battle, at once decided the day. "Not a man could stand before" the Hebrews, still in the full flood of their first enthusiasm and spirit. Through the defiles leading westward; up the steep ascent to Bethhoron the higher; then down the back of the ridge to Bethhoron the lower, the flight was ever faster and more confused. To add to the misery of the rout, one of the terrible storms that from time to time sweep over the hills of Palestine burst on the dismayed fugitives; great hailstones smiting them as their disordered crowd fled down the pass.<sup>2</sup> Meanwhile, Joshua had taken his stand, for the moment, at the head of the pass, with its long windings between the rounded hills beneath him; the broad, heaving plain of Ajalon beyond its southern end, and the blue waters of the sea apparently close behind, telling of

<sup>1</sup> Josh. x.   <sup>2</sup> Josh. x. 11.

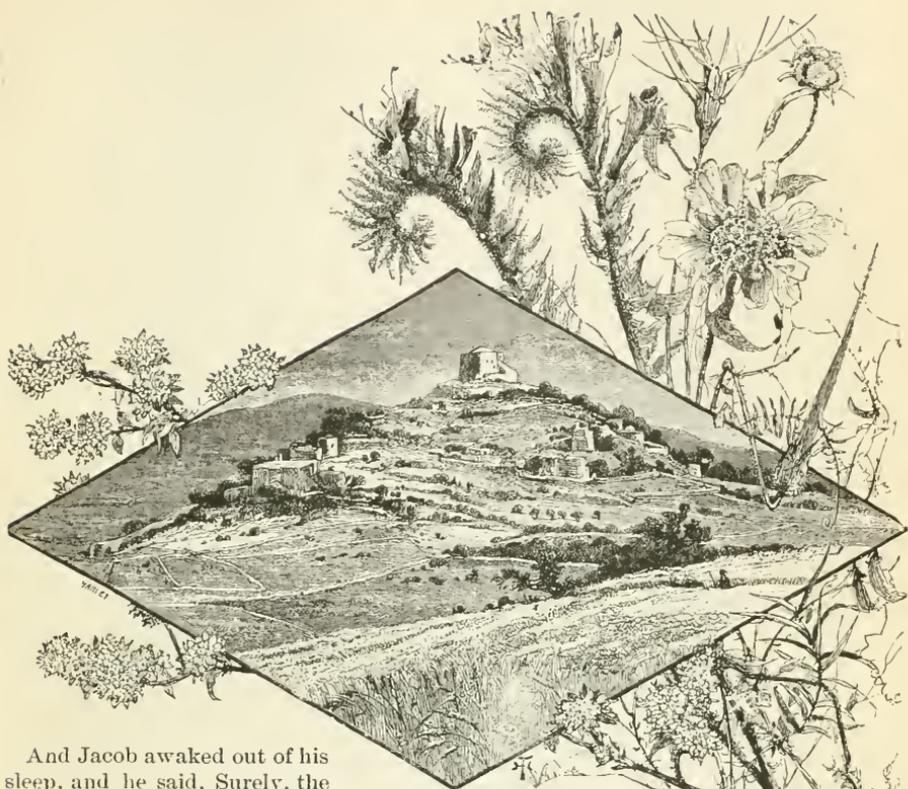
the nearness of safety from further pursuit. Lofty hills concealed Gibeon, at his back, but the sun was still high above them<sup>1</sup> on its course to the west, and the pale disc of the moon, then in its third quarter,<sup>2</sup> showed white and faint through the hailstorm. Darkness, it was to be feared, would come all too soon and stop the pursuit; the foe would escape to the lowlands, and the victory come short of being decisive and final. It was felt by Joshua, above all in his host, to be a supreme moment in the story of Israel, and, as a quotation in Scripture from an ancient record of the heroic deeds of the Tribes—the Book of Jasher—informs us, the excitement found utterance with him, as it always does with men of such puritan spirit, in an appeal to God. “Sun,” cried he, doubtless lifting up his hand to the great orb, “stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.” “And the sun stood still and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies.”<sup>3</sup>

From Ai the way to Bethel is over stony hills. To the west of the great mound is an open valley which sweeps slowly round to the track by which we had come; the road made use of by Joshua when he ascended from Jericho; and, on the north, another larger ravine, where the ambush lay hidden, ends in a narrow, rough pass leading up to Bethel. Rock-cut tombs, ancient cisterns, and three great reservoirs hewn out of the hard limestone at Ai, speak of the importance of this place in days before the Hebrew conquest. But life has for ages forsaken it.

Bethel is one of the most desolate-looking places I ever saw. Long round hills of bare grey stone, russet spots of thorns and coarse herbage rising in their cracks, and poor specks of ploughing among the stones where there was any surface to be stirred; a small valley with an old tank, in the dry bottom of which our tents were raised; a wretched village on the crest of one of the broad-backed earth-waves or rocky bubbles of hills; the cabins rudely built of stone filled in with mud, though there are two or three better houses of two stories; rough stone fences, with some fig-trees; spots of lentils and grain in one of the valleys, the side of which was nothing but weather-worn stone; sheets and shelves of rock everywhere, unrelieved by any trees; a few poor vines above the village; a high, square, low-domed building, rising on the top of the hill on which the village stands; some ancient tombs on the sides of the neighboring valleys,—such is Bethel. No wonder the patriarch had to use a stone for his pillow when he lay out on one of the hills around; it would be hard to find anything else, even now.

The Hebrew word *Makom*, constantly translated “place” by the Authorized Version,<sup>4</sup> in Genesis, in connection with Bethel, appears to

<sup>1</sup> Josh. x. 13. <sup>2</sup> Conder, *Pal. Fund Reports*, 1881, 258. <sup>3</sup> See Geikie's *Hours with the Bible*, ii. 415.  
<sup>4</sup> Gen. xxviii. 11 (three times), 16, 17, 19; xxxv. 7, 14.



And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely, the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil on the top of it. And he called the name of that place Bethel.—*Gen.* xxviii. 16–19.

BETHEL—ANCIENT BETHEL. (See page 462.)



have been employed specially for a sanctuary of the Canaanites, as when we read, "Ye shall utterly destroy all the *places* wherein the nations which ye shall possess served their gods;"<sup>1</sup> and in this sense it is used in the Talmud of the shrines regarded as lawful for Israel before the Temple was built. It is, moreover, identical with the Arabic "Mûkam," or "Standing-place," the name given to a holy shrine or consecrated spot, so that in all ages the word has had the same special application, universally understood in the East. Jacob, on seeking his night's rest, would naturally avail himself of the protection, ghostly and bodily, of such a local shrine, as an Arab now takes up his quarters, if possible, beside a Mahommedan Mûkam. Such a "place" he would at once find in the altar which his grandfather Abraham had built between Bethel and Ai, and he would lie down under its shadow without the fear of being injured, in the belief that the God of his fathers would there look on him with favor. The spot was then beside a town called Luz, and got its name of Bethel from the wondrous incidents associated with it in Jacob's history. Till that time only a "place," it was henceforth a "House of God." The view around, before darkness fell, consisted, in all likelihood, only of grey rounded hill-tops, for Bethel is shut in by hills on the west, north, and east, although on the south the heights and valleys of Benjamin can be seen succeeding each other almost to Jerusalem. There is only one spot whence you can look into the valley of the Jordan—that on which the ruins of an ancient church now stand, above the village; the fact that it commands this view, fixing it beyond question as the spot on which Abraham and Lot must have stood when they looked over the country, and Lot's choice fell on the rich oasis of Sodom.<sup>2</sup> On these hills, then and long after more or less wooded,<sup>3</sup> at least with the scrubby growth of a "yaar," Abraham pastured his flocks, which could nibble the stalks growing in the thousand seams of the rocks. His black tents were pitched on these slopes. His camels grazed around, the foals following their mothers with the same staid, serious air that we notice in them now among the Bedouins. The broad-tailed sheep went forth from their thorn or loose stone folds, with the black goats, along these stony heights, while the oxen and asses found enough to support them in the small valleys. Sarah prepared her cakes here, in the hot ashes before the tents, and her female slaves had laboriously shaken to and fro the goatskins, full of milk, to make the "leben" and the butter. There are four springs at Bethel, so that it had the attraction of plenty of good water. A silence, broken by no sound, now reigns over all things, but it must have been very different then when darkness crept over the earth, and, the watchmen having taken their places with the flocks and herds, the men left in the encampment

<sup>1</sup> Deut. xii. 2. <sup>2</sup> Gen. xiii. 3, 10, 15. <sup>3</sup> 2 Kings ii. 23, 24.

gathered round their evening fires, to listen, before they lay down, to the tales so dear to the Oriental. Before I went to bed I came out to look up at the sky, which was bright with innumerable stars, just as Abraham did well-nigh four thousand years ago,<sup>1</sup> when the voice in his soul directed him to look up to their multitude and their overpowering glory, as a pledge on the part of the Almighty to bless him and his posterity.

Shechem alone of Palestine towns is mentioned earlier than Bethel, Abraham's visit to it, as he went to Egypt, and on his return from the Nile, introducing it to Sacred Story.<sup>2</sup> The altar he had built on his first sojourn on these hills was the point to which he came back; and even if Jacob did not know its history, it would be his natural halting-place, for the altar of so great a "prince" as Abraham would doubtless be regarded as a religious centre in the district. That it continued to be a holy place to Israel seems implied by the statement that in the days of the Judges "the children of Israel arose and went up to the house of God," or rather, as in the Hebrew, "to Bethel," as if the Tabernacle were then there,<sup>3</sup> and by the notice in Samuel of "three men going up to God, to Bethel."<sup>4</sup> It was thus, next to Shechem, the oldest sanctuary of the nation, so that Jeroboam introduced no innovation when he honored it as a holy place, though it was a bold stroke to set up its ancient name against the fresh honors of the central Temple, recently built at Jerusalem, and, above all, a step wholly unprincipled to debase the national faith by consecrating, as an object of worship, a duplicate of the golden calf which had been so great an offence to Jehovah at Sinai.<sup>5</sup> From this idolatry sprang the contemptuous name Bethaven, "House of Nothingness"—that is, of idols—applied to Bethel by the later prophets, the contraction of which, after a time, into Bethan may have led to the present name Beitin, which has been in use for at least seven hundred years. It is strange to think that one of the great schools of the prophets flourished at Bethel, while the rival temple, with its calf deity, was in its glory.<sup>6</sup> Still stranger is it that this great seat of corrupt religion was left standing by Jehu, when he rooted out the worship of Baal from Israel.<sup>7</sup> But if it was spared then, the prophets Amos and Hosea, at a later day, fiercely assailed it, as also did Jeremiah at Jerusalem.<sup>8</sup> It was left to Josiah, however, to destroy it, and to defile its altars by burning on them the bones of dead men, taken from the rock tombs down in the valley.<sup>9</sup>

In the earlier part of this century Bethel seems to have been entirely uninhabited, and even now its miserable hovels have not a population,

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xiii. 14—18; xv. 5. <sup>2</sup> Gen. xii. 8, 9; xiii. 3. <sup>3</sup> So also in the Septuagint, but the Vulgate inserts the words "which is in Shiloh" (Judg. xx. 18). Josephus thinks Bethel is meant (*Ant.* v. 2, 10). <sup>4</sup> 1 Sam. x. 3. <sup>5</sup> 1 Kings xii. 28. <sup>6</sup> 2 Kings ii. 3. <sup>7</sup> 2 Kings x. 28. <sup>8</sup> Amos iii. 14; iv. 4; v. 6; Jer. xlviii. 13; Hos. iv. 15; v. 8; x. 5, 15. <sup>9</sup> 2 Kings xxiii. 15.

in all, of more than four hundred souls. A few poor gardens, fenced with stone walls, show the struggle of man with nature. But the great past is still kept from oblivion by fine squared stones seen in the walls of the tumble-down huts, and especially in the great tank in which we found camping-ground, for it covers the whole breadth of the little valley, and reminds one by its length of the Sultan's Pool at Jerusalem. An abundant spring bubbles up in an artificial basin at one end—the water-supply of the village; what is not wanted running to waste.

To prepare for starting on our way farther north was each morning a surprisingly brief affair. The tents were scarcely left standing till we had finished an early breakfast, and, once begun, the process of tying up and packing on the mules was a matter of a few minutes. I often thought of the aptness of the Bible figures in which tents and tent life are introduced, and was more impressed by them each day. Hezekiah's words, "My [fleshly] home is broken up, and removed from me as a shepherd's tent."<sup>1</sup> rose forcibly in the mind when I saw the tent which was over me one moment levelled with the ground the next, and in a few minutes stowed on the back of a pack-mule, to be carried off. When it had been removed, no trace remained of its ever having been there. The metaphor that follows was not less vivid, when one remembered the weavers at Gaza and elsewhere—"I have rolled up my life as a weaver rolls up his web when it is finished; God will cut me off from life as the weaver cuts off his work from the loom." How sublime are the words in which Isaiah speaks of God as the Being "that stretcheth out the heavens like [the] fine cloths [of a Sultan's pavilion], and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in."<sup>2</sup>

It is curious, by the way, to notice how the early tent-life of the Hebrews impressed itself on their habits of thought and speech, even to the last. But they still used tents largely in Samuel's day,<sup>3</sup> and even later, and Zechariah speaks, at the close of the Kingdom, of the Lord saving "the tent" of Judah.<sup>4</sup> The nation, in fact, never wholly gave up tent life, especially in the hot months, and the tribes beyond the Jordan never adopted any other. To this very day, indeed, wherever a Jew is found, even in the crowded courts of London, he if it be possible, raises a tent during the week of the Feast of Tabernacles, in remembrance of the early history of his race.

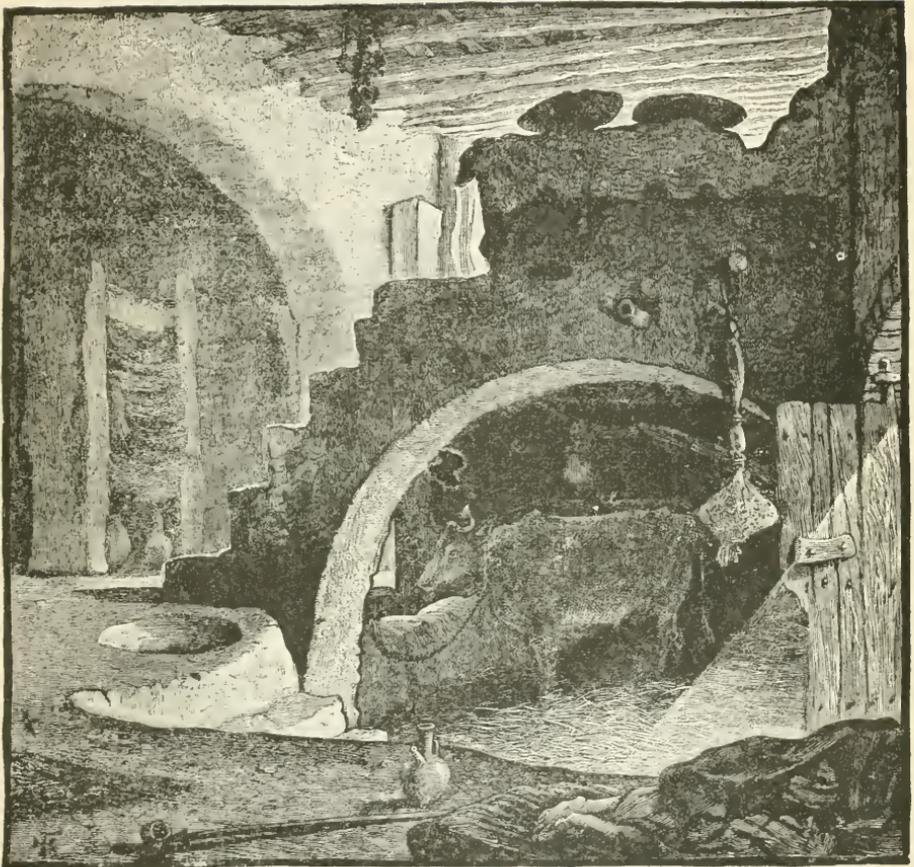
From Bethel we took the road to Shiloh, which is represented by the village of Seilun. Bireh, the ancient Beeroth, lay about two miles to the south-west, over the hills—a rambling hamlet of stone houses, all indescribably miserable. Its name, "Springs" or "Wells," speaks of a plentiful supply of water, still justified by a fine spring. Once a

<sup>1</sup> Isa. xxxviii. 12.    Isa. xl. 22.    <sup>3</sup> 1 Sam. iv. 10; 2 Sam. xviii. 17; xi. 8; <sup>2</sup> Chron. xxv. 22  
<sup>4</sup> Zech. xii. 7.

town of the Gibeonites, it was assigned to Benjamin, and has the doubtful honor of being the place from which came the two murderers of Ishbosheth.<sup>1</sup> Still the first halting-place on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth, it was fancied that Mary and Joseph had wandered back from it to the Temple, in search of Mary's missing Son. But it is quite as probable that His absence was noticed before the caravan reached Beeroth, as all such mixed companies halt at a comparatively short distance from their place of starting, to see, before they go farther, that everything is right and no one left behind. High on its hill, more than 2,800 feet above the sea, the village has a wide outlook over the surrounding country; but, though strong and prosperous under the Crusaders, it is now wretched enough. It boasts the ruins of a fine mediæval church, showing three apses; in its roofless area corn is grown. An old khan near the chief spring still speaks of former travel, but it is slowly falling to pieces, and only natives would tolerate its dreary old stone arches, with the ground for a sleeping place, shared in common by men, camels, horses, and asses.

To the east of Bethel, on a high hill four miles off, rose Rimmon, the place to which the remnant of the Benjamites fled from the infuriated tribes after the outrage on the Levite and his wife,<sup>2</sup> and a mile beyond it, on a high hill, shone Ophrah, now El Taiyebah. As we went on, the Dead Sea gleamed, far down below us, in its chasm on our right, seemingly close at hand. The road, "if road it may be called where road was none," led over soft rounded hills and flat plains, with higher hills continually coming into sight to the north. Camels passed to the south, laden with wheat, and the country grew more fertile, for we were entering the rich territory of Ephraim. Three miles north of Bethel, on the old Roman road, now undistinguishable as such, stood Yabrud, on a hill to the left of the track. Vines, with fig- and olive-trees, were here in their glory, east, west, north, and south, but it made no difference to the comfort of the people now living on the hills of Joseph, "rich with the blessings of heaven above, and of the deep that lieth under,"<sup>3</sup> that is, the springs from underground waters. The huts of the village were built closely together, but so much abomination of every kind had accumulated in the narrow lane which did duty for a street, that it was by no means delightful to go through it. One of the houses which we entered was so full of smoke that we had to make a hasty retreat, only to find that others seemed even worse. A smouldering fire of thorns burnt slowly against the walls, and as there was neither window nor chimney, the smoke had to make its way out as it best could, by the door, which stood open, though it was too chilly to make so much ventilation agreeable. It was in such houses that the woman who had lost a piece of silver needed to light a

<sup>1</sup> Josh. ix. 17; xviii. 25; 2 Sam. iv. 2. <sup>2</sup> Judg. xx. 47. See p. 448. <sup>3</sup> Gen. xlix. 25.



Interior of a Peasant's House in a Village. (See page 466.)



lamp even by day, and to turn the whole house upside down, to find her treasure.<sup>1</sup> One can imagine the simplicity of village life in Christ's day from that of the present. The father of the household sat on the ground, barefooted and turbaned, with a patched cotton shirt, and a sheepskin outside in for coat, feeding the poor blaze with fresh thorns. To cook some eggs, the mother of the family broke them into her solitary iron pan, put a piece of butter to them, and held them over the fire, which, being only of thorns, needed constant replenishing. The Wise Man must often have seen such poor fuel before he said so tellingly—"As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool; this also is vanity!"<sup>2</sup> A small clay oil-lamp stood on a projecting stone, and sticks jutted out in one corner, for the hens and pigeons of the establishment to roost upon. The floor was higher in one part than in another; the former being the place where the mats were laid for the sleeping accommodation of the human part of the household; the latter, the night-quarters of its four-footed members. Had I chosen the honor, I should have had, apparently, to lie down beside a donkey, but there were also some goats about, which found house-room near the ass. The lamp kindled, all the household lies down on the floor to sleep, but not, as with us, till morning, for the cocks begin crowing three or four hours before daylight, to the disturbance of anyone not accustomed to them. It is to this early crowing that our Lord alludes when He says, "Watch ye, therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrow, or in the morning."<sup>3</sup> The smallness of the lamp creates another disturbance of slumber, for the housewife rises when she thinks it nearly burnt out, at midnight, or perhaps at two in the morning, and, after replenishing it with oil, begins her day's work, by sitting down on the ground to grind the corn needed for the approaching meals; and he must be a sound sleeper who is not roused by the rough music of the millstones. It was such a woman whom King Lemuel praised—"She riseth while it is yet night: her candle goeth not out by night."<sup>4</sup>

The weather continued beautiful as we journeyed on through this garden of Palestine, amidst thousands of fig-trees on the lower slopes and in the valleys, with olives over them, higher and higher up the hills, which were now bare only at the top. Fields of soft green stretched out under the shade of the orchards, which at one spot reached up the terraced sides of nine different hills, and across the valleys between them. The road, however, was very stony and rough, so that though we enjoyed the view, it is a question if the horses and mules were as pleased with their part of the journey. We had with us, in all, five men, and ten mules and horses; the five attendants

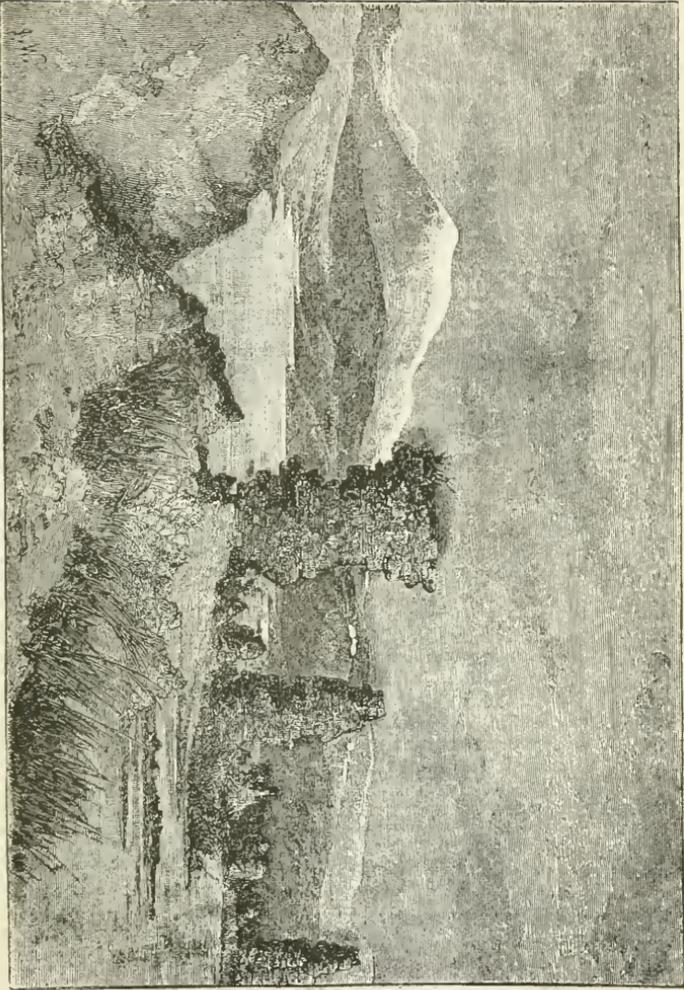
1 Luke xv. 8. 2 Eccles. vii. 6. 3 Mark xiii. 35. 4 Prov. xxxi. 15, 18.

being a dragoman, a cook, the owner of the beasts, and two men to take care of them. The beasts consisted of three horses and seven mules. Labor is cheap in Palestine, and so is horse hire. Thus I found afterwards, at Damascus, that the hire of a horse was three francs a day for a tour in the Haurân, that sum including a man to take care of it, and the horse's keep.<sup>1</sup> Hotel accommodation is equally low, for no one who is not in the hands of a tourists' agent is in any place charged more than seven or eight shillings a day, even where coupons are five or six shillings dearer. Unfortunately, I did not know much about horse hire or dragomans till it was too late to help myself, but a friend kindly gave me a useful hint at Joppa about hotel accommodation.

The whole region through which we were passing was considerably over two thousand feet above the sea, but it continued beautifully wooded with figs and olives, even far up the terraced hills, which, in many cases, were crowned with a village. In less than two miles after passing Yabrud we reached the Spring of the Robbers—Ain Haramiyeh—a most picturesque spot; water trickling freely from the foot of a wall of rock twenty or thirty feet high, covered with delightful green of all shades, while the steep hill above is terraced and planted with olives. The valley is contracted at this part into a mere lane, thickly littered with stones of all sizes, the narrowness shutting out any view to a distance; and this, with the loneliness around—so favorable to the thieves from neighboring villages—has probably given the place the evil name it bears. An old Crusading fort or hostelry, once eighty feet in length, stands south of the outflow of water from the rocks, but it is in ruins; there are also the remains of an old, finely vaulted cistern. The grass, nourished by refreshing moisture, was unusually thick and green close to the rocks, and with the verdure around, and the picturesque ruins, made a rest at this spot very agreeable. Some have fancied this valley to be that of Baca, through which pilgrims were wont to pass on the way to Jerusalem,<sup>2</sup> but this is based on a mistake, for Baca must have been some barren glen, which the joy anticipated by those about to appear before God in Zion made as beautiful in their eyes as if it were "a place of springs," and as if "the early rain had covered it with blessings."

The narrow pass of Ain Haramiyeh is one of the wildest parts of the road between Nablus and Jerusalem. A great hill rises about eleven hundred feet above the pass on the right, very steep, but terraced in some parts, bare cliffs of horizontal limestone jutting out in bands round it at others. But this lofty summit is dwarfed by another, a mile to the south—Tell Asur—two hundred feet higher.<sup>3</sup> A

<sup>1</sup> The charge made by the Tourist Office for myself and a companion was three pounds ten a day, which was exceptionally cheap, thanks to a local friend. Five pounds a day is the ordinary charge. <sup>2</sup> Ps. lxxxiv. 6. <sup>3</sup> 3,318 feet above the sea.



Ruins of Roman Bridge Across the Jordan. Hermon in the Distance. (See page 469.)



ruined Crusading fort looks down from the top of the lower hill, built as a look-out by the mail-clad warriors of the Christian kingdom of Palestine. The summit of the higher commands a magnificent view; the white cloud of snow on Mount Hermon, far away to the north, being clearly visible from it. The grandeur of the Crusading period is not to be realized except by visiting the East; most of us forget, indeed, that Christian princes reigned for two centuries in the Holy Land. Every part of the country bears witness to the gigantic energy of the Western nations, great forts, churches, hostelries, and cloisters, built as if to last for ever, still remaining wherever one turns, to witness to the mighty enthusiasm which so long animated Christendom. Even at this secluded spot, besides the stronghold on the hill to the right, an old Crusading fortress, known as Baldwin's Tower, its name derived from that of one of the Latin kings of Jerusalem, crowns the top of a hill, six hundred feet above the pass and about a mile to the south; it, and its neighbor to the right, standing as grim sentinels to watch the road from the north in the old troublous times. Three miles north of this, the road brought us by a steep ascent to the village of Sinjil, which is only a variation of the name of the Count de Saint-Gilles, who rested here on his way to Jerusalem during the first Crusade. It was then an open village of about a hundred houses, but there are not nearly so many now. Traces of the old Roman road are still visible as you climb towards this hamlet; kerbs of large stone enclose a causeway, rough enough to-day, but no doubt smooth and level when first made, though the narrowness of the track excites one's wonder.

The country from Bethel had been not only more fertile than that nearer Jerusalem, but different in its features. The hills were steeper and more rocky; the valleys deeper; not seldom opening into plains, as at Turmus Aya on the right, below the hill on which Sinjil stands. A little over two miles to the west, on a height a little lower than that of Sinjil, gleamed the houses of an Ephraimitish Gilgal, now Jiljilieh, probably the place from which Elijah set out with Elisha on the way to the Jordan, just before the great prophet was taken up into heaven.<sup>1</sup> The drainage of this side of the watershed is effected by watercourses running irregularly to the west, through valleys too steep and rough to be passable on horseback, at least as they sink down towards the sea plains.

We were now close to Shiloh—the modern Seilun—to reach which we turned off and went along the side of the hill, to avoid passing near the village of Turmus Aya, the inhabitants of which have a bad reputation as thieves, or worse. The plain at our feet was in part under cultivation; in part covered with orchards of figs and olives; and here,

<sup>1</sup> 2 Kings ii. 1.

as elsewhere in Ephraim, there were many vineyards on the slopes, with watch-towers in each. We had camped for the night on the hill near Sinjil, to keep away from dangerous neighbors, and were on our road betimes, but while the tents were packing, numbers of women and children gathered to look for any scraps, so poor are the people, even in this part of the land. On the roadside I was interested by noticing a scarabæus beetle, the very creature so common on the sculptures of Egypt, rolling before it a ball of moist cow-dung, in which its eggs were to be secreted. It is a broad, strong creature, with a shovel-like head, but its whole length is not much over an inch, while the ball it pushes before it is half as much more in diameter. How it contrives to dig a hole large enough to bury this egg-ball is hard to imagine, yet the feat is less wonderful than that of our own common burying beetles, who play the sexton even to the bodies of little birds, sinking them into the earth and covering them in a very short time. Among the Egyptians, the scarabæus was a symbol of the sun and of creation, apparently because its ball is round and life comes from it.

The roundabout we had to make brought us across the plain a mile or so north of Turmus Aya; the village of El Lubban, hard to distinguish from the hill-side to which it clung, straggling over the slope on our left: a poor place, with a few fruit-trees, stone walls, a ruined khan, a fine spring, and very bare stony ground above and around it.

The ruins of Shiloh stand on a low hill covered all over with a deep bed of loose stones. Belts of the chalky rock girdled the surrounding hills to the top, the strata lying horizontally, and boulders strewing the rounded summits. The natural terraces formed by the rock-beds were here and there planted with fruit-trees, but often left to thorns and scrub. In a short side valley closed by a hill, numbers of rock tombs had been cut in the thicker bands. Riding to the end of this, over a track thick with stones and boulders, we found a fine spring at the roadside, with a pool. A broken trough lay at the side, and a peasant was busy washing himself in the beck, though it was the only drinking-supply. Stones around, hollowed to contain water, served for the wants of flocks. A number of country people were beside the fountain, the intelligent faces of the children very pleasant to see, though here, as elsewhere, many were suffering from affections of the eye. Some gardens of young fig-trees had been planted at the top of the valley, and were enclosed within loose stone walls, but most of the little glen was lying wild on both sides of the white torrent bed, now dry, that wound through it.

Two rock tombs, once part of the low brow of rock beside the spring, had become detached from the hill; one slipping forward in a



Selun, Ancient Shiloh. (See page 170.)



great mass, with a deeply hollowed round roof, and a cavity within; the other broken in pieces. Strange to say, there were rock-cut steps still joined to the unbroken one, at the side. The hill opposite was terraced; fig-trees were growing on the ledges, some fringing the swelling at its top.

Riding back to the ruins themselves, we found them on the breast of a low swell, beside the poor modern village. An oak, though of course not like those of England for size, gave dignity to the spot, and threw a shadow over a small, half-ruined Mahommedan mosque. Not higher than fifteen or twenty feet, the inner space had once been vaulted. Two chambers, supported on short pillars, with a prayer-niche to the south, filled up the thirty-seven feet of its length. Part of it was evidently very old; the rest spoke of different dates, and of materials gathered from various sources. The capital of one of the pillars rested on a disproportionately thick shaft, and two fairly carved pieces of marble, each about a yard long, had been built into one of the walls. The flat lintel over the door-way bore signs by its ornaments of having formerly done service in an ancient synagogue, or rock tomb. A stair led up, inside, to the roof, which was overgrown with rank weeds, among which were many bright flowers. The walls were, in parts, not less than four feet thick; elsewhere, only half as thick. This strange place may have been originally a Jewish masonry tomb: certainly it cannot have been a Christian church.

The crown of the low hill was specially interesting, for it is covered with very old low walls, divided as though into the basements of many chambers of different sizes. Some of the stones were hewn, others unhewn, and some of these latter were very large. The outline of the whole was an irregular square of, say, about eighty feet, with projections on two sides; the walls being everywhere very thick. Could it be that these were the stone foundations on which, as we know, the ancient Tabernacle was raised? Had the pillars in the mosque near at hand been taken from these ruins? Were those low walls within, remains of the chambers where Eli and Samuel had once lived? Were those rock-hewn sepulchres we had seen in the small valley to the east the ancient resting-places of the family of the ill-fated high priest?

No spot in Central Palestine could be more secluded than this early sanctuary; nothing more featureless than the landscape around; so featureless, indeed, the landscape, and so secluded the spot, that from the time of St. Jerome till its re-discovery by Dr. Robinson in 1838, the very site of Shiloh was forgotten and unknown. The Philistines seem to have destroyed the whole place after the defeat of Eli's sons and the loss of the Ark, though the coverings of the Tabernacle were saved and carried to Nob, where they continued for a time.

Before its glory was thus eclipsed, this place was evidently as near

an approach to a national sanctuary as Israel then had. "Behold," we are told, "there is a feast of the Lord in Shiloh yearly, in a place which is on the north of Bethel, on the east of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah."<sup>1</sup> This annual gathering of young and old to the religious festival honored by all the tribes reminds us of a strange incident of ancient life enacted in this quiet centre. There were great dances of the Jewish maidens, it appears, at this festivity, the fairest of the land trooping to the scene of so much gladness, and joining in it decked in their best holiday attire. The vineyards then covering the slopes and plain were thick with foliage at the time, though leaving open spaces on which the bright-eyed girls disported themselves to the sound of the timbrel and the clapping of hands, as one sees done among Eastern peasant women to-day. Suddenly, however, on this occasion, by pre-arrangement, from the green covert of the vines there sprang out a host of young men, who each seized a maiden and hurried her off to the south to the hills of Benjamin—sadly in want of the fair sex since the dreadful massacre of the tribe by united Israel, after the crime against the Levite and his wife.<sup>2</sup> "The children of Benjamin," we are told, "took them wives, according to the number of them that danced, whom they caught;" some, perhaps, not sorry to find homes of their own, even thus strangely. A part of the plain to the south of the village is still called "The Meadow of the Feast," perhaps a reminiscence of the old festival, unless, indeed, this took place beside the fountain east of the village. The vine has long ago disappeared from the locality, which, however, is undoubtedly well suited to its growth.

A number of men and boys gathered round us while we were examining the ruins, their clothing only a blue shirt, with a thin strip of leather round the waist to keep it close to the body, and make the upper part into a kind of bag; the "bosom"<sup>3</sup> in which the peasant stows away what we put in our pockets. The number of blind or half-blind among them was most pitiable. Acute inflammation of the eye is allowed to go on from stage to stage, till the whole organ is destroyed by ulceration. My companion, a doctor in the army, examined two or three boys, and found that a slight ailment which, in more favored lands, might have been cured at once by a simple "wash," had been neglected till the sight was gone. One can understand why blindness is mentioned in Scripture about sixty times, from noticing its prevalence in any knot of peasants, all over Palestine. The sight of any gathering of either sex, shows how natural it is to find it said that our Lord, at a single place, "gave sight to many blind," and that "a great multitude of blind" lay at the side of the pool in Jerusalem;

<sup>1</sup> Judg. xxi. 19. <sup>2</sup> See p. 448. <sup>3</sup> Isa. lxxv. 6, 7; Jer. xxxii. 18; Luke vi. 38; Ps. lxxix. 12; Prov. xvii. 23; xxi. 14.

and it helps one at once to understand, also, how it came to be specially given forth, centuries before, that the Messiah would give recovery of sight to the blind.<sup>1</sup> Of course the requests for backshîsh were continuous; but the poor creatures were quite prepared, it seemed, to give as well as to receive, for on my repeating the word, and holding out my hand as if I wanted something, a boy, in all simplicity, put his hand inside the breast of his shirt and pulled out some shrivelled figs to give to me. It was all he had, but it was at my service. I need hardly say that personal cleanliness was not carried to excess at Shiloh, more than elsewhere in Palestine. Washing the face well would probably have saved some of the peasants from blindness, but they have no soap, I presume, and undoubtedly no towels; while as to water, a bath at rare intervals in the village pond or fountain seems the utmost of which anyone thinks.

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

### TO GERIZIM.

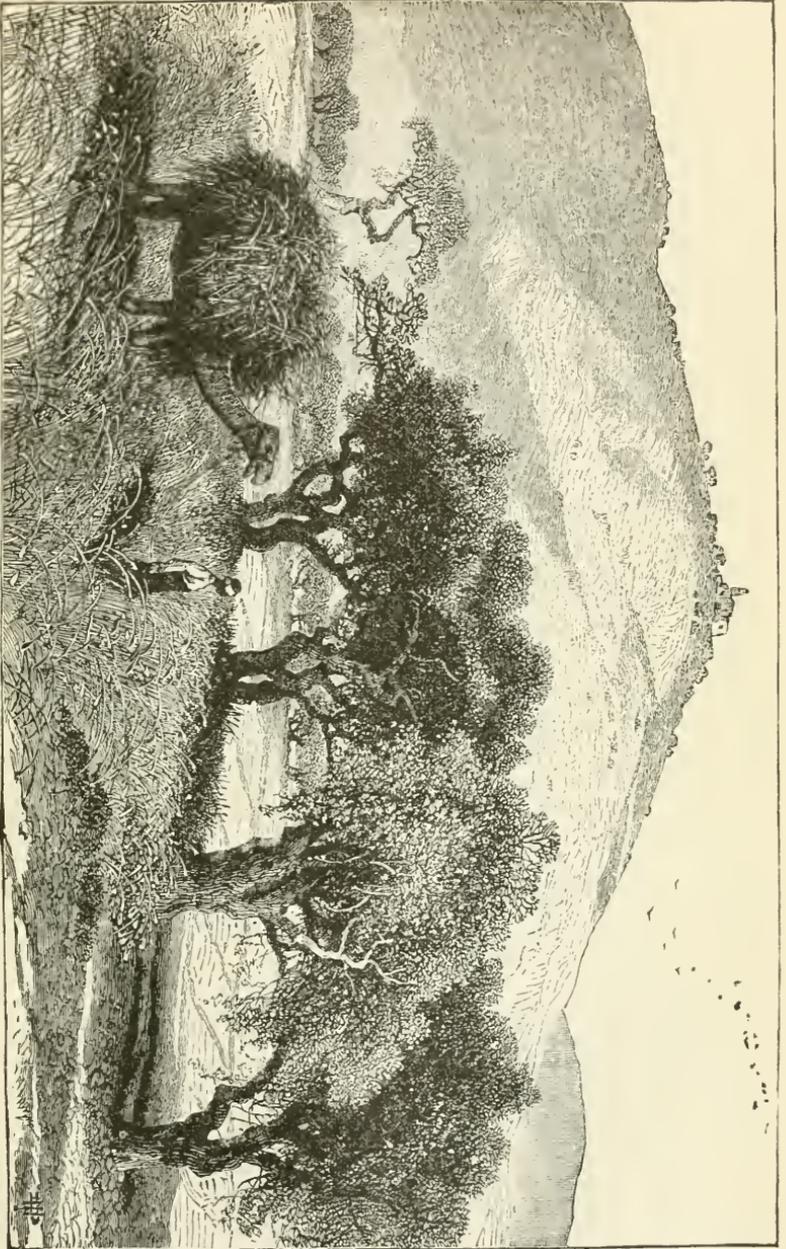
LEAVING this venerable place, which had long been a deserted ruin, even in the days of Jeremiah,<sup>2</sup> we rode over the open plain along the side of the Wady Seilun—the Valley of Shiloh; the ground lying for the time idle, but covered with the stubble of a crop of Indian corn, which it had borne the year before. There were a few olives here and there, and rolling land broke the level around; for ground without hills is a rarity in Palestine. Red anemones and white cyclamens abounded, intermixed with other flowers; among them, if it can be called a flower, a curious variety of the pitcher plant, with a bag on each stalk to secrete water, as a reservoir from which to quench its thirst in the dry, burning heat that was approaching. An hour's ride, of course at the usual walking pace, brought us close to Lebonah, now Lubban, which we had already seen from a distance. The hill is extremely barren; but a little green was brightening the patch before the mud-colored huts, and a few olives were growing around. There were also a few lean cattle about. From this point, the plain is surrounded by hills. Lebonah was a village as long ago as the time of the old Hebrew Judges,<sup>3</sup> and it was also one of the places from which the wine used in the Temple services was procured, though its nearness to the frontier of Samaria raised a doubt in later times respecting the

1 Luke iv. 18 ; vii. 21 ; John v. 3. 2 Jer. vii. 12. 3 Judg. xxi. 19.

absolute ceremonial cleanness of anything brought from it, for might not the north wind blow some polluting dust on the grapes, or into the wine-presses, from the hated territory of the "foolish people of Shechem?"

Climbing up a rough slope, amidst rocks and thorny growth that made progress extremely laborious, the road soon bent downwards again, between stony, barren hills, though occasionally crowned by villages on both sides of the track, while groves of olives and figs enlivened the view at short intervals. Close by the road, just after passing the village of Sawieh, stood a very large khan, built of hewn stones, and fairly tenatable, though only as Orientals understand the phrase. There were such public hospices in the oldest times on the chief roads; mere shelters for man and beast—with a supply of water at hand—such as the prophet sighed after: "lodging places of wayfaring men in the wilderness."<sup>1</sup> Jewish travellers would not sleep in Samaritan territory if it were possible to avoid doing so, and hence this khan was built on the border, which ran past the village of Berkit, almost exactly in a line with the hospice. At Sawieh, therefore, we stood on the edge of Samaria, the stony valley north of it being the first piece of Samaritan ground. There is a fine evergreen oak-tree at this place; a great rarity in the land, which, as I have often said, possesses hardly any large trees at all. There is another species of oak which grows about twenty feet high, and a third which forms a large part of the stunted growth of the hills, rising only from eight to twelve feet in height; but even a single tree which is respectable according to our ideas, like Abraham's Oak at Hebron or this one at Sawieh, is to be seen only at a very few places indeed in the Holy Land.

Towards noon, a very steep ascent over step above step of rock, up which our horses had to find a practicable path as they best could, brought us to the top of a ridge from which the view to the north was magnificent. Straight before us, beyond a succession of lower hill-tops, rose the massive forms of Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, marking the Valley of Shechem, where Abraham raised his first altar in the land; and then, far away to the north, high up in the skies, shone a dazzling white cloud—the snowy crown of Mount Hermon. At our feet was the noble plain called El Mukhnah—about nine miles from north to south, and four from east to west—and on the slopes at its farther side, the village of Howarah. We were entering a region hallowed by the earliest traditions of Israel, dating from a time far earlier than the wretched feuds between them and the Samaritans. In the days of Joshua this had justly been the most famous part of the country, not only for its fertility and beauty, but as being consecrated by the presence of Gerizim, the Mount of Blessings, before which the Tribes had



Nobi Summit, From El-Jib. (See page 430.)



held their first great national assembly, and made a formal covenant with Jehovah, leaving the twelve stones inscribed with the law, and buried on the top of the Mount, as an abiding witness to their vows.<sup>1</sup> In those days Shiloh alone shared with Shechem the glory of being a central meeting-place of the nation for public affairs;<sup>2</sup> but Shechem had the special honor of seeing the people gathered in its valley a second time, just before the death of Joshua, to renew the covenant with God made in the same place long years before.<sup>3</sup> In this region the heroes of that age lived, and here they were buried. Five miles to the east of us, as we crossed the ridge, lay Kefr Hâris—the village of Hâris—recalling at once “Heres,” where Joshua was buried.<sup>4</sup> The claims of Tibneh, which were first brought forward by Captain Conder, have already been stated; those of Kefr Hâris are these—that the Samaritans think it the right spot, and that Jewish pilgrims, seven hundred years ago, spoke of the tombs of Joshua, Caleb, and Nun as being here. Three hundred years ago one of the Rabbis wrote of the monuments over the tombs, and of the carob and pomegranate trees beside them; another gave a sketch showing three domed buildings, with two trees, and lights burning inside the domes.

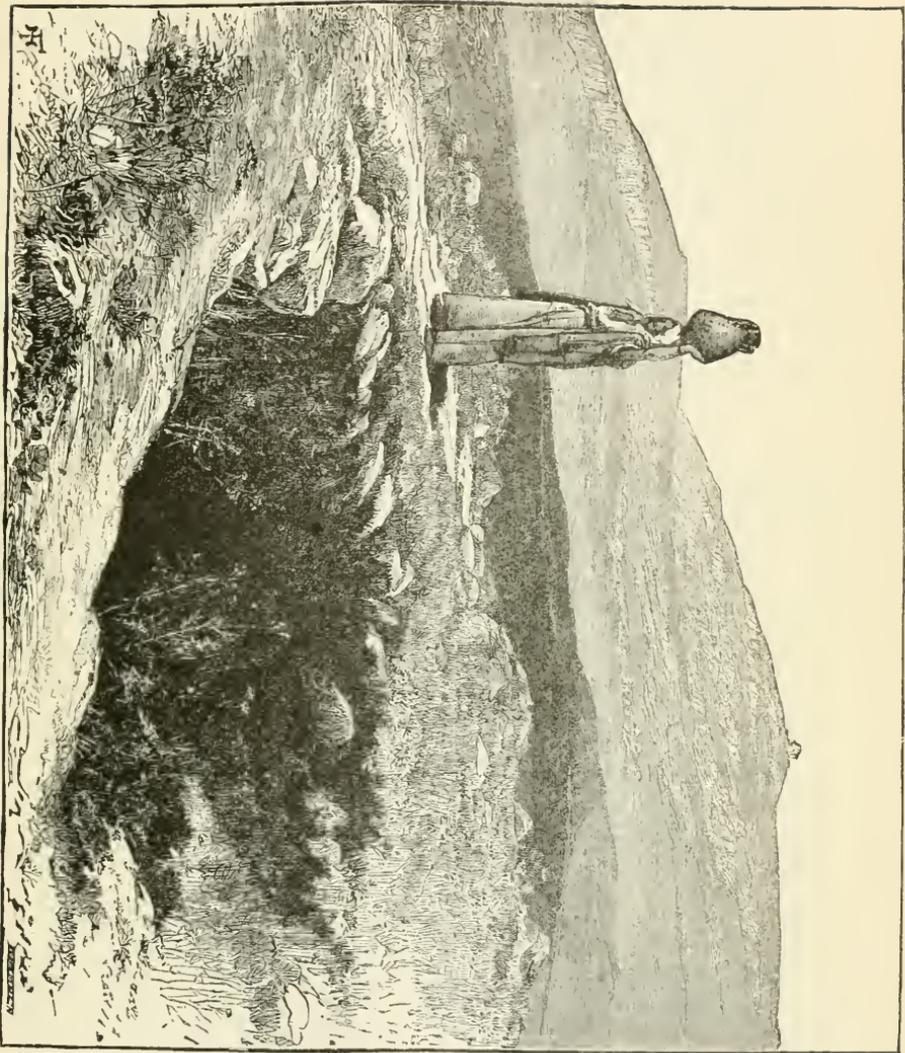
Descending from the steep and stony ridge to a grassy slope, with some caves in its rocky side, in which two or three cattle had found coolness and shade, we spread our mats on the ground and had lunch, screening ourselves from the brightness as well as we could in the shadow of the rocks. Had we known it, a fine carob-tree, a little way farther on, would have given us a much more satisfactory resting-place; for, soon afterwards, we came upon one, from the thick boughs of which fluttered a great many bits of rags, it being regarded by Mahommedans as a holy tree. Some think that the “green trees” mentioned in Scripture as associated with idolatry among the Jews were of this kind—the carob—its thick, dark green foliage distinguishing it from all others in Palestine.<sup>5</sup> As we went across the beautiful plain, rich crops were rising in every direction. Women in their long blue cotton dresses, one or two with babies, were busy pulling out weeds, to carry them home as fodder. Children played about near their mothers, and at some places cattle and calves were tethered by short ropes, and allowed to eat what was within their reach. A little later, about three in the afternoon, other groups of women and children, who had been busy at the same task, were resting in the field; the women, doubtless, tired out with constant stooping. The hills around, forming a girdle to the valley on all sides, rose in green terraces, step above step, in the spaces between the horizontal beds of limestone which were jutting out, many of these little plateaus showing long plantations of olive- and fig-trees. A string of camels stalked slowly past with long, ungainly

1 Josh. viii. 34. 2 Josh. xviii. 1. 3 Josh. xxiv. 25. 4 Judg. ii. 9. 5 Judg. vi. 25; Jer. ii. 20; iii. 6.

strides, and, as evening drew on, the women, with their children, were to be seen slowly wending their way homewards, with large bundles of green-stuff on their heads.

Near Howarah we came on a natural pond, or hollow, of rain-water, brown with mud. Peasants bearing their ploughs on their shoulders had stopped at it, and after washing themselves, they turned towards Mecca and reverently said their evening prayer. The road to the village rose and fell slowly, in long waves, to the west, but there was nothing to detain us in the village itself. Much more interesting was the village of Awerta, in the middle of the plain, about two miles nearly east of Howarah, for in it is a domed monument which concurrent tradition, both Jewish and Mahomedan, asserts to be the tomb of Phinehas, son of Eleazar who succeeded his father Aaron in the great office of the high-priesthood. Not far from this another domed tomb, in a paved courtyard, and under the shadow of a great terebinth, is said to be that of Eleazar, who, in his turn, was succeeded as high priest by his son Phinehas. There seems little doubt, indeed, that we have, in these tombs, the true memorials of the resting-places of the family of Aaron, and, if so, how venerable is the antiquity to which they carry us back! The great plain of Mukhnah, across part of which we pass to reach Awerta, is an undulating expanse, with villages cresting the successive elevations, wide cornfields stretching between them, and olive plantations running along the slopes. I know few finer sights than this great breadth of fertile land, but perhaps its attractiveness is due in part to contrast with the general barrenness of Palestine. Three or four miles farther on, to the north-west, a valley opens to the west from the plain—that of Shechem, memorable in many ways. Just at the corner where you turn into it from the open ground, and close to the foot of Gerizim, is the hamlet of Balâta, the name of which among the Samaritans is “The Holy Oak” or “The Tree of Grace.” This name strengthens the force of the identification of this site by St. Jerome with that of the Oak of Shechem or of Moreh<sup>1</sup>—under which Abraham pitched his tent and built his altar—the first sanctuary of Jehovah in the Land of Promise. It was under that tree, long since gone, that Jacob buried the teraphim of Rachel and the idolatrous amulets of his household, and under, or near it, he, too, built an altar, which he dedicated to El Elohe Israel—God, the God of Israel;<sup>2</sup> his habitual caution being shown in his first buying the land on which he “spread his tent,” and which he consecrated to Jehovah.<sup>3</sup> At a later date, Joshua, also, recognized this ancient holy place of his nation, by “setting up a great stone under an oak that was by the sanctuary of God,” as a witness which had “heard all the words of the Lord which He spake;”<sup>4</sup> as if in very deed the

1 Gen. xii. 6, *oak*, not *plain*. 2 Gen. xxxiii. 20. 3 Gen. xxxiii. 19. 4 Josh. xxiv. 27.



Jacob's Well. (See page 77.)



great commander had thought that the stone consecrated by him to Jehovah was in some sense connected with the Deity from that time. The belief that consecrated stones become in some way habitations of the Being to whom they are dedicated, has been held in every age by men at a particular stage of intellectual or religious development, as we see in the "holy stones" of our own country, which have enjoyed the superstitious reverence of the peasantry almost to the present day. In the same spirit, Arnobius, a teacher of rhetoric in the Roman province of Africa, and after a time a Christian Father, confesses, in the fourth century, that before becoming a Christian, "whenever he espied an anointed stone, or one bedaubed with oil, he worshipped it as though some person dwelt in it, and, addressing himself to it, begged blessings from a senseless stock." The oak in Joshua's narrative was doubtless that under which Abraham and Jacob had raised their altar, and that altar was Joshua's "Sanctuary of God." At a later time, when the primitive tradition of the spot had become corrupted, an oak at some distance from Shechem was spoken of as "The Oak of the Meonenim,"<sup>1</sup> or Soothsayers; but that of Abraham and Jacob was here, or very close by.

Close to this site of the earliest sanctuary in the land is still to be seen the well which Jacob caused to be dug. As it is near magnificent springs gushing from the roots of Gerizim, and flowing to the east, his undertaking so heavy a task as sinking so deep a well and building a wall round the excavation can only be explained by the jealousy with which the Canaanites, like all Eastern people, no doubt regarded their own springs. To have trusted to these, would have been to invite trouble in the future: it was therefore very much better for the patriarch to have a well on his own property, so as to be independent of his neighbors. This Well of Samaria lies a little off the road, on the right hand; the track skirting the left slope of the valley. Turning my horse down the rough side of the road, it was a very short way, over stony, unused ground, to the sacred spot. There is nothing visible now, above ground. A little chapel, about twenty feet long, once built over the well, has long ago fallen, its stones lying in rough heaps outside and around the opening below; not a few of them, I fear, at the bottom, helping to fill up the shaft. The ground slopes up to the fragments of the broken-down wall, and you have to let yourself down as you best can to reach the well itself. The church dates from the fifth century, but, except these stones, the only traces of it are some remains of tessellated pavements and carved stones, which are hidden beneath rubbish, but were seen by the Palestine Surveyors.

Over the well is a great stone with a round hole in the middle, large

<sup>1</sup> Judg. ix. 37.

enough for the skin buckets of the peasantry to pass down. How old this covering is no one can say,<sup>1</sup> but the well itself, beyond the possibility of doubt, is that at the side of which, perhaps on some masonry long since gone, our blessed Lord sat, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, while the disciples had gone up the little valley to Shechem, a mile to the west.<sup>2</sup> The woman whom He met, and with whom He held discourse, came from Sychar, a little village now called Askar, just round the north corner of the valley, on the slope of Ebal, not half as far off as Shechem. The well is seven feet and a half across, and its depth, which some centuries ago was 105 feet, is still about seventy five feet, though, for ages, every visitor has thrown down stones, to hear the echo when they strike the bottom. Thus the well is still "deep," and it must have been much deeper in the time of our Lord. It is cut through a thick bed of soil, swept down in the course of ages by the rains from the hills on each side; and beneath this great deposit, it passes through soft rock; the water filtering in through the sides, to the depth, occasionally, of about twelve feet, even yet, though it is now dry in summer, and sometimes for years together. It is thus rather a "beer," or rain pit, than a spring well, so that when our Lord told the woman that, if she had asked Him, He would have given her, not rain-water, such as she gave Him, but "living water," it must have struck her greatly. Over forty years ago, a boy was induced to allow himself to be let down for the apparently hopeless purpose of finding and bringing up again a Bible, dropped into the well accidentally three years before, and, strange to say, he found it, the bottom being quite dry at the time. The depth was then said to be exactly seventy-five feet. Captain Anderson also went down, in 1866, but had a perilous descent, for after passing through the round hole in the covering stone, and through a narrow neck, four feet long, requiring him to raise his arms over his head, he fainted away, and only recovered consciousness after lying for a time insensible on the stones below. The mouth and upper part of the well he found to be of masonry, with which, indeed, the whole of it had the appearance of having been lined. To sink such a shaft, seven and a half feet broad, through perhaps a hundred and fifty feet of earth and rock, was an undertaking involving no little skill, as well as a large outlay, and its existence is a proof both of the enterprise and of the wealth of the patriarch.

Our Lord must have sat with His face to the south-west, since He speaks of Gerizim as "this mountain." He may have pointed to it by a movement of the head, or with His finger, as He uttered the words which proclaimed the cessation of all great local centres of worship as exclusively holy. "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither on this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the

1 Captain Conder thinks it certainly not older than the 12th Century A. D. 2 John iv. 5-30

Father," but true worshippers were to "worship the Father in spirit and in truth."<sup>1</sup> Around Him were the same sights as are before the visitor of to-day—the rich side valley running up westward, to Shechem, with a rippling streamlet in its centre; the groves that border the town, hiding the houses themselves from view; the heights of Gerizim, towering in rounded masses one over another, to a great height, close before Him on the south. Mount Ebal, steep, but terraced almost to the top into gardens of prickly pear, which is grown for its fruit, lay behind Him, the little hamlet of Balâta, where Abraham's altar once stood under the sacred tree, the mud-huts of Sychar and the dome of Joseph's tomb being at its foot. To the east stretched away the great plain, which for miles each way was then "white already to harvest;" beyond it were the hallowed site of Salem, near to Enon, where His herald the Baptist had preached, and the wooded hill of Phinehas, with the tomb of the once fiery High Priest.

The traditional tomb of Joseph lies about six hundred yards north of the well, beside a little mosque with a low dome. Jews, Samaritans, and Christians alike accept it as the actual place of the burial of the patriarch, and it is quite possible that if it could be opened we should find his mummy below, for we read that the children of Israel brought the bones of Joseph from Egypt and buried them in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought, and that it became the inheritance of the sons of Joseph.<sup>2</sup> The tomb stands in a little yard close to the mosque, at the end of a fine row of olive- and fig-trees, and enclosed by a low stone wall. Two low pillars stand at the head and foot of the tomb, their tops hollowed out and blackened by fire; the Jews making a practice of burning small articles, such as gold lace, shawls, or handkerchiefs, in these saucer-like cups, in memory of the patriarch who sleeps beneath.

The Valley of Shechem is one of the most beautiful places in the Holy Land. Flowing water, lofty mountains, rich vegetation, and even the singing of birds among the hill-side copses or the rich olive-groves, unite to make it delightful. There are three large springs in the valley, running in a broad stream past the Turkish barracks, which are on the left hand, commanding the approach to Shechem, or Nablus as it is now called, by a contraction of the Roman name Neapolis, which means, like Naples, "The New City." On the open space east of this large building, a great number of Armenian pilgrims had pitched their tents beneath the olive-trees, their horses and mules hobbling round with feet tied together, while the owners rested and enjoyed themselves—for a merry set they appeared to be. Beyond the barracks, great numbers of the townspeople were amusing themselves in the staid fashion of Orientals, it being Friday, the Mahommedan Sunday. The

<sup>1</sup> John iv. 21, 23. <sup>2</sup> Josh. xxiv. 32.

women were all hidden by long white veils descending to the ground, before and behind; the men were in all colors. Passing round the town on the underside, to the east, and mounting through some very dilapidated roads to higher ground on the farther side, we found our tents pitched among olive-trees, just below the Mahommedan cemetery, with the pleasant prospect of having no water to drink but from a spring which bubbled out close to us on the slope, after percolating through some acres of graves. Such a situation never strikes an Oriental as undesirable for an encampment; indeed, it seems the rule to choose graveyards for this purpose, and it was **only** by great efforts that I could get water brought from above the cemetery to cook our dinner.

Nablus at last lay before us, a town of domes and minarets, more attractive from without, as it proved, than from within. To the right, looking down the valley, rose Gerizim, in bold, angular masses of rock; on the left, Ebal, with its many terraces of prickly pear. Nablus has twenty-seven soap and olive-oil works, and great mounds of soap ashes rose near us like low hills, numbers of masterless dogs basking on them, or wandering about till night set them free to roam the town, from which they are quite aware they must keep away during the day. So it is to be in the New Jerusalem; dogs, despised and unclean creatures in the East, are there to be "without."<sup>1</sup> Beyond the town the valley was so narrow that a few olive and fig plantations filled it from hill to hill. There were no town walls worth mention, and the town gates seem long ago to have been removed, or to stand open permanently. Inside the town, the streets were much like those of Jerusalem, though a great proportion of them were vaulted over, making them both dark and dirty. The houses were of stone, with few windows, small projecting lattices—nicely carved in many cases—and low doors, here and there adorned with texts from the Koran, as a sign that the owner had been to Mecca. Some were several stories high, and of an imposing appearance, but the great majority were low and mean. The town is very small, but it extends a considerable distance from east to west, in which direction the two principal streets run. One of these was full of moving life, which one could see, as there was no arch overhead, but the side lanes were mostly built over, and many had a filthy sunken path for beasts in the middle. No place could be more easily made clean and sweet, for water is to be had in any quantity from the high slopes behind, and, indeed, streams run down the western streets, but the others are left in their foulness, with dogs for the only scavengers, except in winter, when they are well scoured by wild torrents of rain.

It is only within the last few years that Christians have been able to

<sup>1</sup> Rev. xxii. 15.



Then Joshua built an altar unto the Lord God of Israel in Mount Ebal, as Moses the servant of the Lord commanded the children of Israel, as it is written in the book of the law of Moses, an altar of whole stones, over which no man hath lift up any iron : and they offered thereon burnt offerings unto the Lord, and sacrificed peace offerings. And he wrote there upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he wrote in the presence of the children of Israel.—*Josh. viii. 30-32.*



move about freely in Nablus, except in the sunken middle of the streets; but the Mahommedans are less ferocious now than they used to be. In the east of the town, a great mosque, once a church dedicated by the Crusader to St. John, speaks of the ancient strength of their garrison. It is touching to see it, with the finely carved, deep gate, of three recessed arches and delicate side pillars, in the hands of the barbarian, and one can only hope that the Cross may some day again take the place of the Crescent.

The house of the Protestant missionary was naturally an attraction, but it was not easy to reach it through the labyrinth of cross alleys and lanes. In Europe, the variety in the look of the streets helps one to remember a route, but it is no easy matter to make one's way in an Eastern town, between rows of blank walls often darkened by vaulted arcades. The view from the parsonage, when I reached it, was, however, very attractive. Rich green rose everywhere among the yellow buildings. Gerizim towered on the south, and on the north the still higher Ebal lifted its great bulk to the heavens. The former hill is much more cut into clefts and distinct parts than the latter, and the Hebrews were justified in regarding it as the Mount of Blessings, apart from special religious causes, because of the abundant streams which pour forth out of its depths and make the valley the richest in the land. The slope of the strata being to the north, Ebal is prevented from contributing in the same way to the local fertility. Evening spread its shadows over the valley long before the glorious hills faded into dark masses—for in their outlines they were still visible under the stars. Nablus is one of the towns in the East where the practice, familiar in the days of our Lord, of celebrating marriages and bringing home the bride during the night, is still observed. Drums, fifes, shouts, and rejoicing break the stillness as late as ten o'clock; old and young pouring out to see the procession—the maidens in their best, the bridegroom and his companions, the bride deeply veiled, the musicians, the crowd, and above all, the flaming lights, which give animation to the whole.<sup>1</sup>

The ascent of Gerizim is made on horseback, but a good part of the way is so steep that it seems wonderful that the beasts can keep their footing among the loose stones. Passing up behind the town you come very soon to a magnificent fountain, the water of which is led eastwards by an open watercourse. At this copious source some women were drawing for their households, others were washing their unsavory linen; men were enjoying their ablutions, and boys were playing in the water. Gardens climbed the hill on the left of the track, beautiful with every fruit-tree that grows in Palestine; and at some places grain was springing up vigorously on terraces

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xxv. 1 ff.

raised upon slopes so steep that it seemed impossible their walls could permanently stand. Vines, olives, and figs filled stray nooks; but the part of the hill up which our horses had to toil was too stony for any cultivation whatever. At several places the limestone stood out in bold cliffs which seemed to overhang the town, several of them forming natural pulpits, from any one of which Jotham may have delivered his famous parable, the earliest of which we know.<sup>1</sup> When about to utter it, this surviving member of the family of Gideon had suddenly shown himself on one of these projecting shelves of rock, inaccessible from below, but open for escape to the mountain behind. The olive, the fig-tree, the vine, the brier, the bramble, and the thorn, introduced by him as the speakers in his parable, were all within view around, ornamenting the valley or the terraces with their silver-grey or green foliage, or flinging festoons from tree to tree, or creeping over the barren side of the mountain. To compare Abimelech to the worthless bramble, used then, doubtless, as now, for the quickly kindled, fiercely up-blazing, but speedily burnt-out fires of the tent, the household, or the local altar, was no less vigorous than true, and we cannot wonder that Jotham, the moment words so scathing had ended, fled into distant security.

After a weary climb we reached the top of the mountain, but had a long way to ride before we arrived at the farther end. The narrow plateau, now sloping upwards, now undulating, now consisting of rough shelves of rock, was partly ploughed for grain, partly sown; stone walls separated some of the patches, and a terraced road at one point stretched for a good distance. The spot where the Samaritans still sacrifice seven Paschal lambs is very near the east end of the ridge, and thus close to the true peak of Gerizim. A pit, or "tannur," in which the lambs are roasted, was all that appeared of last year's solemnity, and Easter was not to return till the twenty-ninth of April. A loose stone wall enclosed a space in which the preparation of the carcasses for roasting takes place; the wool being removed with water boiled over a huge fire of brambles. A raised bank in this enclosure further marked where the priests stand during the ceremony, while a shallow trench showed where the sheep are fleeced. Near this sacred spot the whole community spend the night of the Passover in tents, eating the lamb at sundown, with bread and bitter herbs, after the old Hebrew mode.<sup>2</sup> Beyond this, to the east, the highest part of the mountain is crowned with the ruins of a castle and a church: a Greek cross remaining over one of the gateways of the former. It dates from the early age of the Greek emperors, having been built apparently by Justinian, or at a yet earlier period. The ruins show that it must have been a very strong fortress, for its walls are nine feet thick, and extend

1 Judg. ix. 7 ff. 2 Ex. xii. 8.

180 feet north and south, by 230 feet east and west, with four corner towers and one in the centre, each about thirty feet square; and there is a huge reservoir for water, measuring 120 feet east and west, by sixty feet north and south. The church has been quite levelled with the ground, but some courses of the castle walls are still standing. To raise such buildings on such a spot, more than twelve hundred feet above the plain below, must have involved immense labor.

I confess, however, that I was more interested in the Samaritan than in the Christian ruins, carrying back the mind, as the former do, to a period before the Captivity of Judah. A rock is pointed out—merely a sloping shelf of limestone—on which Joshua is said to have reared the Tabernacle; and a little rock-sunk trench is dignified as the scene of Abraham's sacrifice, though it appears to be as certain as anything can well be that the patriarch went to Mount Moriah at Jerusalem, not to Gerizim. Joshua, as we know, after having "placed the blessings and the cursings" on Gerizim and Ebal, wrote the whole law on stones which he set up on Ebal;<sup>1</sup> coating them with the almost imperishable cement of the country, and writing on it, either with paint or with an iron style or pen, while it was soft. Such a mode of preserving writing was common in antiquity, and in so dry a climate would last almost for ever. The Samaritans believe that "the twelve stones" thus inscribed are still in existence on the top of Mount Gerizim, but Sir Charles Wilson and Major Anderson excavated the large masses of rudely hewn stone supposed to be those of Joshua, and found them to be little better than mere natural slabs. Underneath them were two other courses of stones, rudely dressed and unsquared, but there was nothing on them, and the whole appeared to be nothing more than part of one of the many terraces, or paths, which surround the early Christian ruins; or they may, with some similar remains, be the last fragments of the temple built by Sanballat on Gerizim, in opposition to that of Jerusalem;<sup>2</sup> or, again, part of the fortress of Justinian.

The natural amphitheatre formed by the receding of Mounts Ebal and Gerizim at the same point in the valley below, is wonderfully suited to such an incident as that of reading the law to the Hebrews, at the great assembly of a nation after the taking of Ai by Joshua.<sup>3</sup> The curse was to be put on Mount Ebal and the blessing on Mount Gerizim, half of the tribes standing on Gerizim, responding to blessings and affirming them; half on Ebal, taking the same part with the curses; while both blessings and curses were pronounced by the Levites, who were grouped round the Ark in the centre of the valley. At this, its widest point, the open ground, elsewhere for the most part only a furlong broad, is about half a mile across, but the tops of the two mountains are two miles asunder, while Gerizim rises 1,250 feet,

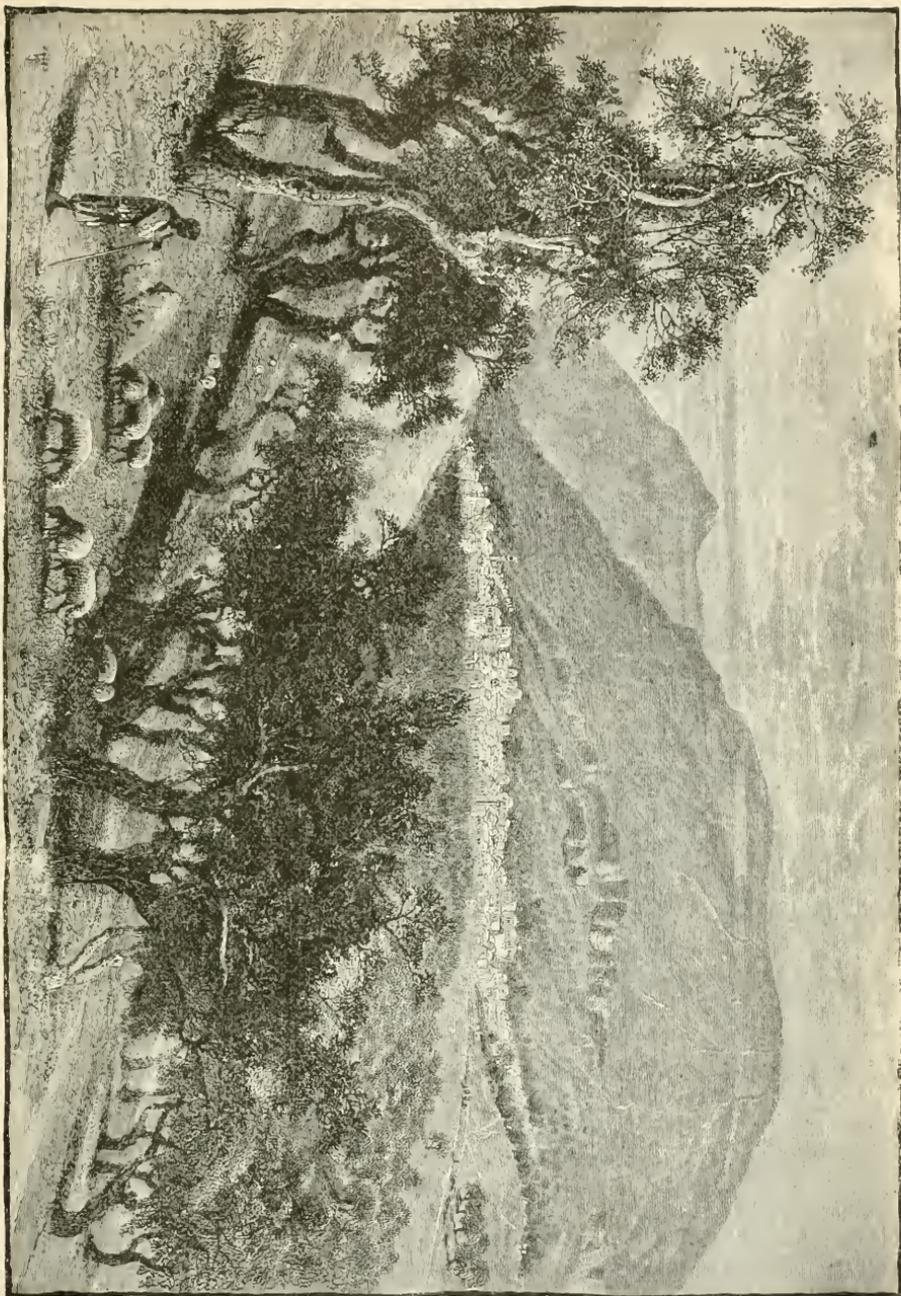
<sup>1</sup> Deut. xxvii. 2—8. <sup>2</sup> *Palestine Memoirs*, ii. 188. <sup>3</sup> Deut. xxvii. 12 ff.; Josh. viii. 34.

and Ebal nearly 1,500 feet above the plain.<sup>1</sup> No sight could well have been grander than this singular spectacle; the Levites in their white robes, guarding the sacred Ark on the gentle rise—the Shechem, or shoulder, which parts the waters flowing to the Dead Sea from those running towards the Mediterranean—and “all Israel, and their elders, and officers, and their judges,” in two vast companies, lining the sides of the two mountains, tribe by tribe, in ascending ranks, from the valley to the utmost height; the glorious sky over them as the only fitting roof of such a temple. That all the assembled myriads could easily hear the words of the Levites admits of no question, for the air of Palestine is so clear and dry that the voice can be heard at distances much greater than the residents in other countries would suppose. Sir Charles Wilson tells us, for example, that the Arab workmen on the top of Gerizim often conversed without effort with men passing along the valley beneath. Besides, the Blessings and Curses of the Law would be as familiar to Israel as the Litany or the Ten Commandments are to us, so that the responses would be instinctively ready as the reader finished each clause.

The view from the top of Mount Gerizim is of amazing extent and interest—the bare and desolate slopes of Ebal, watered only by rain from cisterns on the successive terraces that have been raised with much labor on its sides, since all the springs run through the strata, to the north side of the mountain; the cactus gardens on the lower terraces; the corn rising on many of those higher up, but the great bare mass of the hill swelling to the sky above; the valley below, with its gardens and orchards, the mosque at Joseph’s Tomb, the Well of Samaria, and, just outside on the plain, the village of Sychar—a poor hamlet on the rocky slope of Ebal, which swells up in slow waves behind it; the glorious plain of Mukhnah—“the Encampment”—with its fields of rich brown tilth; stray villages on its low undulations; clumps of olives beside them; and, on the other side, to the east, a long succession of round-topped hills, cultivated in terraces wherever there is a shelf for soil; while the distant landscape is sprinkled with olives, their grey intermixed with the green of the cornfields. On the west we could see Joppa, thirty-six miles off, at the sea; to the east, the chasm of the Jordan, eighteen miles distant; while at our feet, as if to bring us back from poetry to prose, the poles of the telegraph from Joppa stood up in their bareness along the valley, running past Jacob’s Well, and then south to Jerusalem and Egypt, and east to Gilead.

The view from Ebal, however, is even finer. On the north you see Safed, “the city set on a hill,”<sup>2</sup> and the snowy head of Mount Her-

<sup>1</sup> Gerizim, 1,249 feet; Ebal, 1,477 feet. Gerizim is 2,849 feet above the sea; Ebal, 3,077. <sup>2</sup> Matt. v. 14



Nabius and Gerezin, From the South-western Side of Mt. Edal (See page 84.)



mon, with "Thirza," once the capital of the northern kingdom, famed for its beauty,<sup>1</sup> shining out on a very steep hill a little way beyond the plain; on the west, Joppa, and Ramleh, and the sea; on the south, the hills over Bethel; and on the east, the great plain of the Haurân, beyond the Jordan. A striking ruin on the summit of the mountain gives romance even to the Hill of Curses. The enclosure is over ninety feet square, and the walls are no less than twenty feet thick, strongly built of selected unhewn stones, without mortar, with the remains of chambers ten feet square inside. Within the building, moreover, is a cistern, and round it are heaps of stones and ruins. Excavation has thrown no light on the history of the structure. It is too small for a church, for there is only a space fifty feet square inside the amazing walls, and there is no trace of any plaster or cement, such as is associated with the incident of the great stones which Joshua set up, or with any altar that he may have raised on the mountain. Strange to say, some peasant had carried his plough up to the top of the mountain, and had raised a fine crop of lentils, perhaps in the hope that, at such a height, they might escape the greedy eyes of the Turkish officials.

Guided to their quarter by the excellent missionary, I was able to pay a lengthened visit to the remnant of Samaritans still living in Nablus. To find the way to them alone would be, I should think, impossible, so numerous were the dark arches, cross lanes, and slums through which the road lay. This most interesting community has increased of late years from 135 to 160 souls, so that it is not actually dying out, nor does it seem likely to do so, the young men being very tall, strong, and handsome. The calamity of ignorance weighs upon them all, however, even physically, for there are several cases of imperfect sight, and of other troubles which a little knowledge might have averted. The synagogue was a very modest room, of small size, and in no respect fitted up ecclesiastically, though for courtesy we took off our boots on entering. In a recess at one side were the famous manuscripts of the Pentateuch, two of which were brought out and shown us, though there is a third of still greater age, seen by Mr. Drake and others, and said to be written on the skins of about twenty rams, slain as thank-offerings, the writing being on the side where the hair originally was. It is small and irregular, with the lines far apart, the ink faded and purplish, the parchment much torn, very yellow, and patched; the edges bound with green silk. Down the centre of the scroll, on the back, is said to run a curious feat of skill. By thickening one or two letters of a vertical column this inscription is alleged to have been created: "I, Abishua, son of Phinehas, son of Eleazar, son of Aaron the priest—the favor of Jehovah,

<sup>1</sup> Cant. vi. 4; 1 Kings xiv. 17; xv. 21, 23; xvi. 8 ff.

be upon them—for His glory I have written this Holy Torah [law] in the entrance of the Tabernacle on Mount Gerizim, near Bethel, in the thirteenth year of the possession by the Children of Israel of the Land of Canaan and all its boundaries; I thank the Lord." Unfortunately for the authenticity of this amazing inscription, there are great numbers of Samaritan rolls on which it appears, the same name, place, and date of composition being given in each case. The two venerable documents which I saw are on rolls, with silk covers, embroidered on the outside with gold letters as a title. The writing is very old, and, of course, illegible to anyone who does not know Samaritan. The form of the letters is said by Captain Conder to be not older than the seventh century of our era.

The High Priest, a young man, had his portrait to sell, after he had previously secured a gratuity. He is tall and thin, with a long, oval face, light complexion, and good features of a strictly Jewish type; but this by no means implies that he is of pure Jewish blood, since the immigrants sent to Samaria to colonize the country, after the Ten Tribes had as a body been carried off, were themselves Semitic, and, to judge from the monuments, must have been practically undistinguishable from Hebrews. There was no attempt at official dignity, but the friendliest equality amongst all, though it is very different when the priestly robes have invested the leader with his ecclesiastical dignity. Most of the conversation I had with them was on the theme about which they were most concerned—their earnest desire to have an English teacher who should content himself with lessons from the five books of Moses, which alone are canonical with them. "We have no one," said the High Priest, pathetically, "who can teach the common branches of education, and we want an English as well as an Arabic training. We should like to know geography, writing, grammar, and history. We have tried your societies, but they will not send anyone to us if we do not let him teach the whole of the Old and the New Testament." I could not help thinking that to refuse an overture to teach from the Pentateuch alone was a great mistake, for it is part of the Word of God, and even where the whole Scripture is nominally the reading-book, teaching is practically confined to a part of it. The Samaritans, moreover, are bright, and easily taught; indeed, they are said to have been in such repute before the time of Ibrahim Pasha, fifty years ago, as to hold a special firman, entitling them to exclusive employment in Syria as scribes.<sup>1</sup>

The Protestant Mission has a school at which I found thirty-four girls and thirty-nine boys, of course in separate buildings, to suit the ideas of the East, but the teachers seemed exclusively natives,

<sup>1</sup> *Palestine Memoirs*, ii. 219.

which I could not help thinking a great mistake. The school, in missions generally, is the supreme hope; and in my opinion, until British missionaries, like the American, enter on their work duly trained, to be themselves teachers, day by day, in their own schools, and faithfully give themselves to this work, the results will be very far from justifying the great expenditure involved. A missionary's life in Palestine, if he be not a schoolmaster, is as nearly as possible a sinecure. At Nablus, for example, the only congregation consists of the few Greek Christians in the town. Mahommedans can only be reached by the school, which is attended by some of their children. But of what use can a poor native teacher be, with a varnish of knowledge over hereditary ignorance, in comparison with a European, born in the faith, and full of light and intelligence? The books used by the scholars were, I found, from the American Arabic printing-press at Beyrout, as are all the school books of every kind, not only in Syria and Palestine, but in the valley of the Nile, along the North of Africa, and over every part of Western Asia.

But I must not leave the Samaritans without a few words about the last survivors of a people so venerable. Following the same customs and religious usages as their forefathers for at least 2,500 years, and, like them, marrying only amongst themselves, they offer a phenomenon perhaps unique, for it was not every Jew, even in St. Paul's day, who could say that he was of pure Hebrew blood.<sup>1</sup> Not that the Samaritans are pure Jews; they are descended from Jews of the Ten Tribes who escaped deportation to Babylon and probably intermarried with the Semitic settlers sent into their country from the East by the Assyrian kings, after Samaria had fallen.<sup>2</sup> The Jewish element, however, won the less earnest religiousness of the heathen immigrants to its side, with the result of creating in the end a zealous worship of Jehovah and repudiation of idolatry. Proud of their descent from the Ten Tribes, and unwilling to admit that it was tainted, their national spirit had already made them intensely Jewish in their feelings before the return of Judah from its captivity in Babylon, and there can be no doubt that but for the narrow policy of Ezra in secluding his community from all relations with them, they would have joined him with all loyalty, and accepted Jerusalem as their religious centre. But the spirit of Rabbinism, with its fierce exclusiveness and hatreds, was dominant in the great Reformer, and Jew and Samaritan became mortal enemies. The Five Books of Moses were adopted as their only sacred writings, but it is not easy to say whence they got their earliest copy of the Pentateuch. Most probably it was procured from the Jews at Jerusalem, on their return from Babylon, and before the two races finally quarrelled. The oldest manuscript now in their possession was

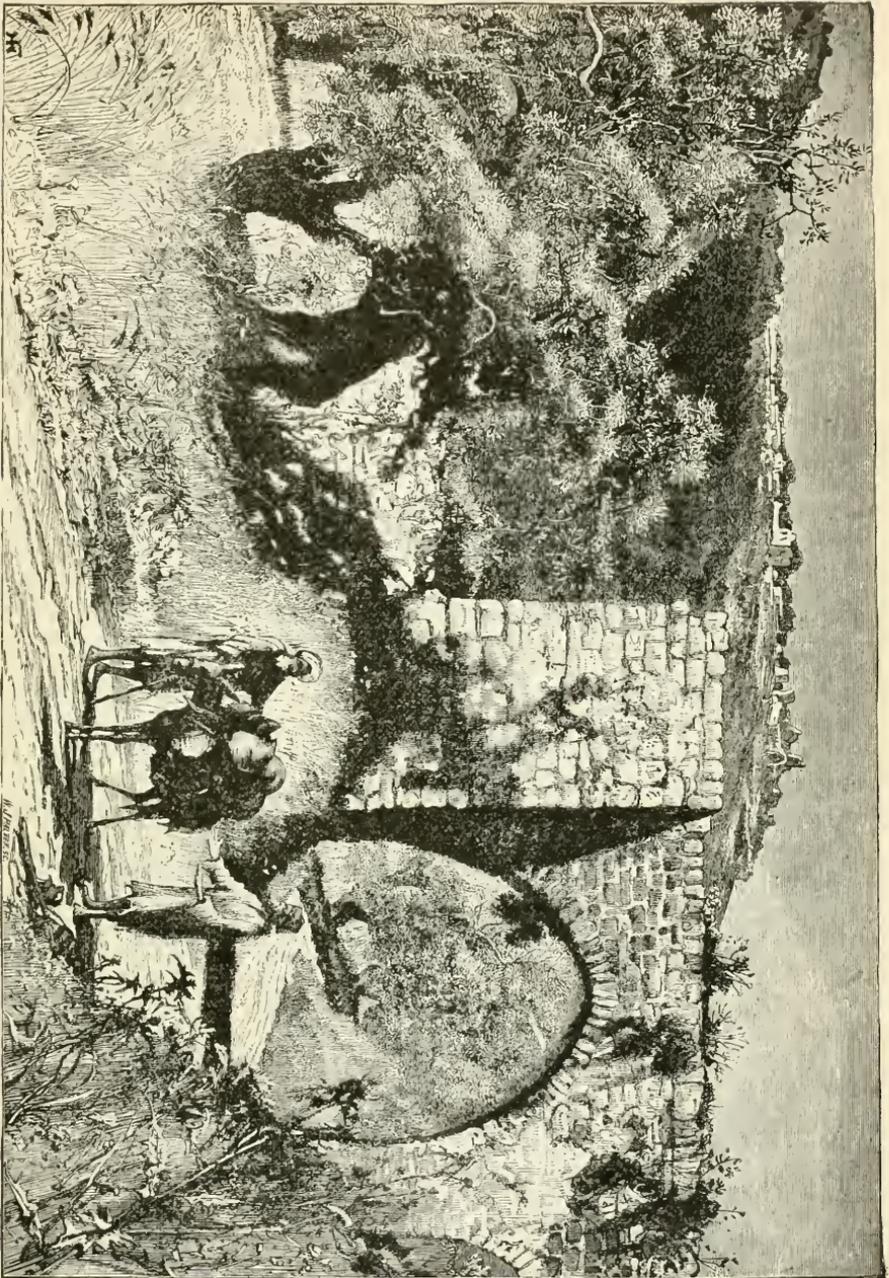
<sup>1</sup> Phil. iii. 5. <sup>2</sup> 2 Kings xvii. 24.

written, apparently, as long ago as the time of Christ, though some give it a later origin; but in any case it is the oldest copy, by centuries, of any part of the Scriptures. When refused by Ezra any share in the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, the Samaritans, in their rage and hatred, built a rival sanctuary on Mount Gerizim; Manasseh, brother of the Jewish High Priest, and son-in-law of Sanballat, being its first High Priest. Two hundred years later, in the second century before Christ, this hated building was razed to the ground by John Hyrcanus—an act of destruction which increased, if possible, the terrible bitterness between the two peoples. A broad, flat surface of rock on the summit of Mount Gerizim is still revered by the Samaritans of to-day as the spot where their temple once stood: a spot so holy to them that they would deem it a sin to step upon it with shod feet. Whenever they pray, moreover, they turn their faces to this point, as the Mahomedans turn towards Mecca, and as the Jews in Babylon and elsewhere turned towards Jerusalem.<sup>1</sup> Nothing could be more bitter than the hostility which existed, generation after generation, between Shechem and the Holy City. "The foolish people that dwell at Shechem," says the Son of Sirach;<sup>2</sup> and even our Lord, to prevent His message being at once rejected by the Jews, had to command His disciples not to enter into any city of the Samaritans, who were classed with the heathen.<sup>3</sup> St. John, indeed, appears as if he wished almost to apologize for his Master's presence at Jacob's Well, by telling us that "He must needs go through Samaria."<sup>4</sup> Since the fall of Jerusalem the history of the Samaritans is that of gradual extinction. Thousands at a time were put to death under the Roman emperors because of their political restlessness, and, as we have seen, they have now dwindled to fewer than 200, old and young.

It was impossible to leave a place so charming as the valley of Shechem without a final stroll down the plain. A fresh, glorious spring morning invited it. Nature was in all her beauty. Fine walnut-trees rose over thick groves of almond, pomegranate, orange, olive, pear, and plum trees, from whose branches came the music of birds. Thousands of cyclamens, red anemones, and dwarf tulips looked up from amidst the green. The blessings of Joseph indeed prevailed "unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills."<sup>5</sup> Wherever the rich streams could be led, fertility was luxuriant; but high up on the far-off shelves and cliffs of the mountains, scorched and split as they are by the sun, the Israelite long ago learned to look to the heavens, knowing that, to obtain a harvest in that lofty and arid region, the clouds must give their rain and dew.

South of the great mass of the Lebanon mountains, Palestine has no

<sup>1</sup> Dan. vi. 10; <sup>2</sup> Chron. vi. 34; <sup>3</sup> 1 Kings viii. 44; Ps. v. 7; <sup>4</sup> Jonah ii. 4. <sup>2</sup> Ecclus. i. 26. <sup>3</sup> Matt. x. 5. <sup>4</sup> John iv. 4. <sup>5</sup> Gen. xlix. 26; Deut. xxxiii. 13-15.



Hill of Ancient Samaria. (See page 401.)



central chain, with offshoots east and west, but, in place of it, a lower range, running southwards half-way between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea, at an elevation so closely corresponding to that of the nearly level summits all over the land that the watershed of the country is often hard to recognize, except from the direction in which streams are flowing. In the valley of Shechem, the point at which water parts to the Dead Sea on the one hand, and the Ocean on the other, is in the middle of the town of Nablus. Some of its brooks flow east, others west, and it is from this, as I have intimated, that the old name Shechem—a “Shoulder”—is derived. To walk by the side of gently murmuring or silent waters is so rare a pleasure in such a land that one can realize the force of the words uttered by David—“The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.”<sup>1</sup> What a long history crowded on my mind as I looked around! Before Shechem was built, Abraham and Lot had pitched their black tents on the plain through which I had walked; their long-eared, great-tailed sheep, and black goats, their tall solemn camels, and their small-sized oxen, had here nibbled the grass or twigs, the cactus or flowers; Sarah and her women-slaves, of course duly veiled, had glided about over these very risings and sinkings of the valley, and the stalwart herdsmen had watered their charge out of the rippling brook, still flowing over its bed of shining white stones as it did in the bright mornings nearly four thousand years ago. Here lived Jacob and his wives—poor Leah and favored Rachel—and the slave-mothers of so many of his sons; and all his children except Benjamin, who was not yet born, ran over these slopes and waded in this stream. Here, the Tribes had often gathered, from Dan on the north and Beersheba on the south, after that first great assembly in Joshua’s day; their great attraction to this spot being not only its beauty, but the altar of their forefathers under the sacred oak, the first, simple approach to a national sanctuary. Here the great assembly of the nation, after the death of Solomon, had been held, with results disastrous to Israel, through the wrong-headedness and folly of the wise man’s son. Jeroboam, the fugitive, returned from Egypt—the man who had the fortunes of his country in his hand—raised his tents somewhere near. Temperate and shrewd, but firm, he here made his proposal of reform on behalf of the Ten Tribes; and the insulting reception that was given to it was followed by the wild cry, from ten thousand voices—“What portion have we in David? Neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse! To your tents, O Israel; now, see to thine own house, David!”<sup>2</sup> “Then Jeroboam built Shechem;”<sup>3</sup> that is, I suppose, changed it from a poor hamlet or village to a fine town. Here, too, centuries later, came a

1 Ps. xxiii. 1, 2. 2 1 Kings xii. 16. 3 1 Kings xii. 25.

Descendant of Rehoboam, in simple dress; Claimant of a throne, like His ancestor, but a throne in the souls of men; and here he sat, weary, by Jacob's Well, leaving us immortal words spoken to a humble woman, perhaps a distant offspring of some one of those who, in the long past, had turned their backs on the line of David.

Three miles east of Shechem, at the head of the great Wady Fârah, which has in all ages been the highway from the Damieh ford of the Jordan to Shechem, there are great springs, marking the spot where lay Salem, the scene of the later work of John the Baptist, "near to Enon," "because there was much water there."<sup>1</sup> The springs rise in open ground amidst bare and unattractive hills, and flow down the slope, through a skirting of oleanders, in a strong brook which grows deeper on its way from the addition of numerous small streams. The village of Salem is a wretched collection of stone huts, square and flat-roofed, with a tree, large for Palestine, near them, enclosed within a stone wall for preservation, and with a few olives dotting the bare slopes. Looking westward, the eye crosses the great plain and travels up the valley of Shechem, but around Salem itself there is nothing at all attractive. To make the identification with John's Salem complete, there is a village called Ainun four miles north of the principal stream. With abundant water flowing all the year round, a central position, free space for the crowds, and a situation on the edge of the descent to the Jordan, of which the waters of the neighborhood are, south of the plain of Esdraelon, the main tributary on the west, no position more favorable in every way could have been chosen by the Baptist for his work. That he once raised his earnest voice in regions now so silent and forlorn, casts an interest over the landscape more powerful than it could otherwise have had, even had it possessed great natural attractions.

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE CITY OF SAMARIA.

BREAKING up our encampment at Shechem, where, by the way, we had a formal visit from the commandant of the garrison, with its usual accompaniment of coffee and idle talk, we took the road to the town of Samaria, up the valley to the west. As we left, some weavers were busy at their looms, flinging the shuttle hither and

<sup>1</sup> John iii. 23.



Ruins of a Tower on the Beach Near Khanen-Nakurah. (See page 493.)



thither, as they did when Job spoke of his days being swifter than its restless flight.<sup>1</sup> Some fig-trees were in full leaf, although it was so early as the 14th of March; others were not yet green, but the olives were arrayed in all their beauty, for they keep their foilage all the year round. A little way out of Shechem the water in the centre of the very narrow glen ran to the west, driving a mill. The slopes on each side were beautifully green; and, as we advanced, streams from the hills swelled that in the valley till the mills became so frequent that one might fancy they were there to mark the miles. After a time our way turned nearly north, up a gentle slope which had no brook, and for some distance the ground was covered with stones and thorny bushes. Villages on the rounded hill-tops, bedded in green fields and groves of olives, looked down on us from the south before we left the valley, but there was less beauty around those on its northern side. The broad bald ridge was ere long passed, and we descended, once more, to a fertile valley, watered by gurgling brooks. A fine mill and orchards of pear-trees marked the village nearest Samaria, and for a long time before we reached our destination all the hill-sides were clad with fig and olive orchards. It took us about two hours to go from Shechem to the old capital of the northern kingdom.

The beauty of the country round the city of Samaria abundantly justifies Omri's choice. It is lovely on all sides, but especially towards the south. In every direction hills of soft velvet-green, terraced step above step to the top, give the eye a delightful feast. The hill of Samaria rises from 400 to 500 feet above the valley, and is isolated on all sides except the east, where it sinks into a narrow ridge about 200 feet below the general level, and running towards Ebal. A circle of green hills looks down upon it, but it must have been almost impregnable in the early ages, for it stands up apart like a great boss on a buckler, with steep ascents affording easy defence from any attack. To starve the population into submission must have been the only way to take it, if it resolved to hold out. Ascending by a rather steep path through the modern village, a poor collection of ill-built huts, we pitched our tents on a flat space on the top of the hill, used as the threshing-floor by the villagers, and proceeded to walk round the summit, and also to visit the ruined Church of St. John, at the entrance to the place. This fine relic is a striking memorial of Crusading genius and energy, though a portion of it is now degraded into a mosque. A palm was growing in its courtyard, and on the edge of the hill were fragments of an old wall of squared stones. The church, of which the south-eastern portion is the best preserved, lay immediately to the right of this wall. Admission into the once sacred enclosure was easily obtained. Slabs of marble still paved the ground, and others,

<sup>1</sup> Job vii. 6.

with effaced crosses, were at many places built into the walls. The very doorsill was marble. Pillars of marble stood along the court, half their circle projecting out of the walls, with capitals carved into palm-leaves. The mosque is built inside the shell of the church, and is in no way worth notice for its own sake, though the marble slabs in the walls with their sacred emblems obliterated cannot fail to speak to the heart of a Christian. A dark stair of twenty-one steps leads down to a cave in which there are five modern tombs, three of them with holes in the plaster to let one look in, with the help of a light, although there is nothing whatever to be seen inside. St. John the Baptist and Obadiah are said to have been buried here, but the tradition has no reliable foundation.

The building was the creation of the Knights of St. John, in honor of their patron the Baptist, whom they, at any rate, believed to lie here; and they evidently set themselves to rear an edifice which should be half fortalice and half temple. It was touching to observe the fine arches falling to pieces, and to see decay on every side, even the mosque which has risen like a fungus within not escaping the ravages of time: a picture, one might have said, of death glorying in its triumph over once vigorous life! The constant recurrence of such splendid ruins in every part of the country shows that during the two hundred years of the Crusades—a time as long as from the Revolution of 1688 to the present day—Palestine must have been almost as thickly covered with churches as England is now, and in very many cases the structures were as fine in architecture, and often as large, as our noblest ecclesiastical edifices—the cathedrals alone accepted. The Holy Land, in fact, like Egypt, Northern Africa, and Asia Minor, is a province which has been lost to Christ, after having once been won for Him by the zeal of His followers: lost, and when to be won back? The bounds of Christendom have often been changed since the apostles died, and not always in the right direction; for though the Romans took care, in their grand heathen pride, that their god Terminus should never draw back from a spot once pressed by his foot, the Church has not honored its Lord in Heaven by as resolutely maintaining His conquests.

The mud huts which compose the village cling to the slope facing the church; traces of the glory of old times appearing among them, here and there, in pillar-shafts, marble pedestals, and fragments of carved marble mouldings. The terrace on which our tents were pitched had evidently been artificially levelled—when, by whom, or for what purpose, who can tell? There could hardly, however, be a finer threshing-floor; and for this purpose it is accordingly used. Here the great temple of Baal, so famous in Jezebel's time, may once have stood, huge in size—for it was served by 450 priests—and so fortified in its Holy of holies, where stood the glittering image of the god, that that





part was spoken of as his castle.<sup>1</sup> On the west edge of the hill, in some ploughed land, stand fifteen weathered limestone pillars, without capitals or architrave, perhaps the last relics of the temple built by Herod in honor of Augustus. They form, as a whole, an oblong, gaunt and spectral now that they are robbed of all their ornament, but once the glory of the city. "In the middle of the town," says Josephus, "Herod left an open space of a stadium<sup>2</sup> and a half in [circuit], and here he built a temple to the honor of Augustus, which was famous for its size and beauty." To the south, the edge of the plateau and the slopes were overshadowed by thick groves of figs and olives, which reached far away down the valley of Nakurah and up the hills on its farther side. Among these, ploughs were in many places busy, while in others the earth was green with rising crops; the soil everywhere inviting industry. Pillars, or broken fragments of pillars, and cut stones lay around, and there were fragments of pottery over the whole surface of the hill. Beyond the temple site, the ground rose, without trees, in a wide terrace which was everywhere tilled; but this, the eastern, being the weakest side, the whole slope had been made into three steep embankments, one below the other; hard to climb at any time, terrible to surmount in the face of an enemy defending them from behind walls.

The neighboring hills, like the one I have been describing, were soft and rounded, with glimpses of peaceful valleys between. I was standing at an elevation of 1,450 feet above the sea, but a few miles off, to the east, was a summit 790 feet higher, while two miles off, to the north, was one 925 feet above me. These, however, were the giants of the circle; the others are either slightly lower than the hill of Samaria, or very little higher; but all alike, with the valleys at their feet, are covered with the softest green. On the South lay Nakurah, embosomed among figs and olives, and more than ten other villages crowned various heights around, while on the west the horizon was girt by a long gleaming strip of "the Great Sea." Isaiah had looked on the same landscape when Samaria was in its glory, and had carried away the recollection of its hill as "the glorious crown of Ephraim, the flower of its winning beauty, standing up over its rich valley;"<sup>3</sup> but its glory has long disappeared. Where kings once lived in palaces faced with ivory, and nobles in mansions of squared stones;<sup>4</sup> where the royal tombs raised their proud heads over the successors of Omri;<sup>5</sup> where grew a grove of Astarte, and a great temple to her rose at the will of Jezebel;<sup>6</sup> where the huge fane of Baal was the cathedral of idolatry for the apostate tribes; where Elisha lived at the foot of the

1 1 Kings xvi. 32; xviii. 19, 22; 2 Kings x. 17 ff.; x. 25 ("the city" = the castle); Jer. xxiii. 13.  
 2 A stadium = a furlong. 3 Isa. xxviii. 1. Mühlau's translation. 4 Isa. ix. 10; Amos iii. 15; Ps. xlv. 8; 1 Kings xxii. 39; 2 Kings xv. 25 ("castle of the king's palace"). 5 1 Kings xvi. 28; xxii. 37; 2 Kings x. 35; xiii. 9, 13; xiv. 16. 6 2 Kings xiii. 6 ("grove").

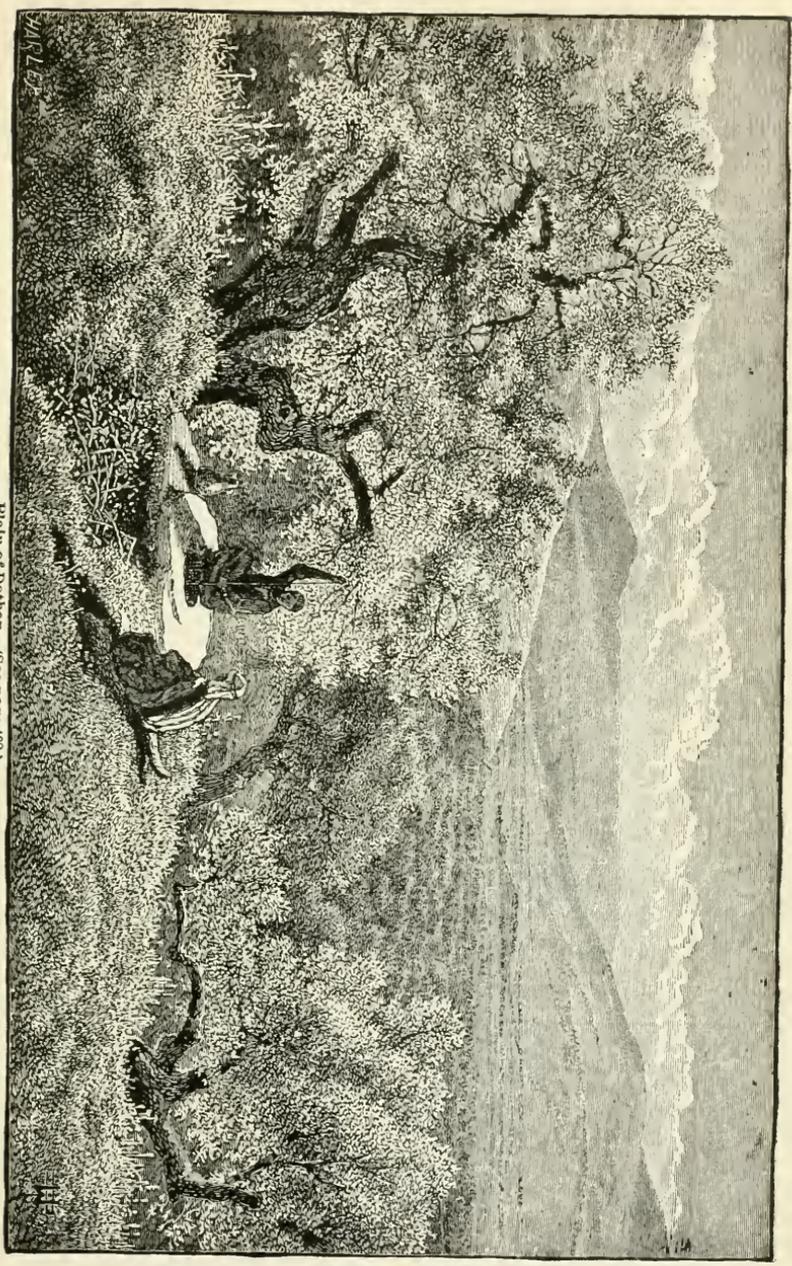
hill, but inside the fortifications;<sup>1</sup> where Hosea preached year after year through his long and faithful career—there was now only a ploughed field. As I returned from my walk round the broad top of the hill, the sheikh and ten or twelve of the chief men of the village came up, and, sitting down on the ground beside an old dry stone wall, on the edge of the great threshing-floor, asked me to tell them the history of the place. In turbans, and in flowing “abbas” with green, red, or blue stripes—for the inhabitants of the ancient site affect bright colors—they listened with the greatest interest while I repeated the story of their hill from the days of Omri to the fall of the city.

The founder of Samaria must have been a man of genius, to give up the fair but defenceless Thirza and choose such a position as this for his capital, so much more fertile and so much stronger; a fair-dealing man withal, for he bought the site honestly;<sup>2</sup> a man given to the Hebrew custom of playing on words, as seen by his changing the name of the city from that of its former owner, Shemer, to “Shomeron,” “the Wartburg,” or “Watch Fort,” commanding as it did the roads from the north. But it had to stand many a siege. Already, in Omri’s day, the jealous Syrian king, Benhadad I., compelled the surrender of some of its bazaars to his Damascus traders.<sup>3</sup> Under Ahab, it was beleaguered by Benhadad II., and only delivered by a brave sally, when, fortunately for Israel, Benhadad and his high officers were “drinking themselves drunk in their tents”<sup>4</sup>—an early lesson in favor of total abstinence. But it was under Joram that it had its sorest trial, at the hands of Benhadad III., so dire a famine resulting that men were glad to buy the head of an ass—the part of an animal which no Oriental would touch in ordinary times—for eighty pieces of silver, or more than £8; while the fourth part of a “cab,” about half a pint, of dove’s dung—used perhaps, as Josephus suggests, in lieu of salt for seasoning, unless, as seems more probable, the name was applied to some inferior kind of vegetable food, a bean perhaps, since the Arabs now call one seed they eat “sparrow’s dung”<sup>5</sup>—sold for over ten shillings;<sup>6</sup> and mothers, in despair, killed their own children and boiled them for food. And who can tell what this hill must have seen of agony in the three year’s siege, before the Assyrians under Sargon forced their way in, to carry off into captivity the survivors of the assault?<sup>7</sup>

Founded as a military despotism, the northern kingdom, like all communities, had remained true to the spirit of its origin. Revolution had been a passion from the beginning, and with it every element of social degeneracy and decay had kept pace. The sway of a rough soldiery alternated with the luxury of a heathen court, until violence,

<sup>1</sup> 2 Kings v. 9; vi. 32; xiii. 14. <sup>2</sup> 1 Kings xvi. 24. <sup>3</sup> 1 Kings xx. 34. <sup>4</sup> 1 Kings xx. 16. <sup>5</sup> Gesenius, *Lec.*, Ste Auf. <sup>6</sup> 2 Kings vi. 25, 29. <sup>7</sup> 2 Kings xvii. 5.

Fields of Dothan. (See page 108.)





lawlessness, immorality, and self-indulgence brought all to ruin. A few were possessed of great wealth, often secured by foul means, and the mass of the people were at once vicious and in misery, so that the State was left helpless, in spite of a superficial air of prosperity maintained by the upper class to the last. Samaria grew sick unto death long before it fell, and the prophets only proclaimed what must have been patent to all thinking men when they foretold its overthrow at the hand of Assyria, then striding on to universal empire in Western Asia.<sup>1</sup> But their words have had a wonderfully literal fulfilment, especially those of Micah, when he says, in his prophetic vision, "I will make Samaria a mire-heap of the field: I will turn it into vineyard plantations: I will roll down its stones into the valley beneath, and make bare its foundations. All its carved images of stone will be shattered to pieces, all the wealth in its temples, got by its temple-harlots, will be burned with fire, and the site of its idol statues will I make desolate."<sup>2</sup> It seems, indeed, as though a special curse rested on the city once desecrated by idolatry. Its splendid position ever invited rebuilding afresh, and all things seemed to promise a vigorous restoration of its prosperity, but each time the annihilating blow came, and that before long. The Maccabæan, John Hyrcanus, destroyed the city utterly, as he had destroyed the temple on Gerizim. But even after that it was speedily rebuilt, and in Herod's day was specially favored. Besides rearing the temple of which we have spoken, he restored its fortifications, and it owes to him its present name—Sebastieh—for he called it Sebaste, "the August," in servile flattery of his imperial patron at Rome. In the valley around there are still the remains of his grand colonnade of stately pillars, which were once shaded, doubtless, by figs and olives, and perhaps linked by wreaths, and which lined both sides of a raised terrace apparently encircling the hill, thus forming a stately walk and drive from fifty to a hundred feet broad. Of all this glory, only lines of weathered columns at intervals remain, many standing, but some fallen. For centuries Samaria has been a poor peasant-village. Under the smiling green around lies buried its great past, so romantic, so sad!

Descending the hill at the south side, I came upon the remains of two round towers, evidently marking the defences of a gateway which stood high above the valley. A fine road led to them, and on both sides of this road were to be seen remains of the great colonnade. This southern slope is even steeper than those on the north and west. Walking on, I found patches of wilderness amidst the strips of sown land, as is everywhere the case in Palestine; the population not being numerous enough to use more than a small proportion of the soil.

<sup>1</sup> Amos iii. 12; Hos. xiv. 1; Isa. viii. 4; Micah i. 6. <sup>2</sup> Micah i. 6, 7. Translation in Geikie's *Hours with the Bible*, iv. 353.

Stretches of Christ-thorn and other worthless growths flourished up to the very edge of spots from the black soil of which were springing vigorous grain crops. In such a region if the wretched Turkish Government, instead of caring for nothing but itself, were thoughtful and public-spirited, it might soon attract people enough to turn the wilderness into a fruitful field. But where there is no public conscience in the rulers, what can be done for a country? The peasants, though they bear an indifferent name, are strong, well-grown, industrious people, full of energy and life—the raw material of a prosperous nation, if they only had a chance of showing of what they are capable. Under such a rule as that of England in India, they would soon restore Palestine to all its former glory. Meanwhile, Samaria, with all its natural fertility, brings before one vividly, in its half-tilled and half-waste condition, the threatenings of the prophet: “All the land shall become briers and thorns, and on all the hills, that should be dug with the mattock, thou shalt not go, for fear of the briers and thorns.”<sup>1</sup>

Leprosy, it appears, is still common in this neighborhood, as it was in the days of Elisha, when there were “many lepers in Israel;”<sup>2</sup> and it is still common, also, in Damascus, whence Naaman came to this place to be healed by the prophet. The practice of shutting lepers outside a city, though now modified at Jerusalem so far as to allow them to live just inside one of the gates, seems to have been in force in ancient times, if we may judge from the story of the great siege by Benhadad III.

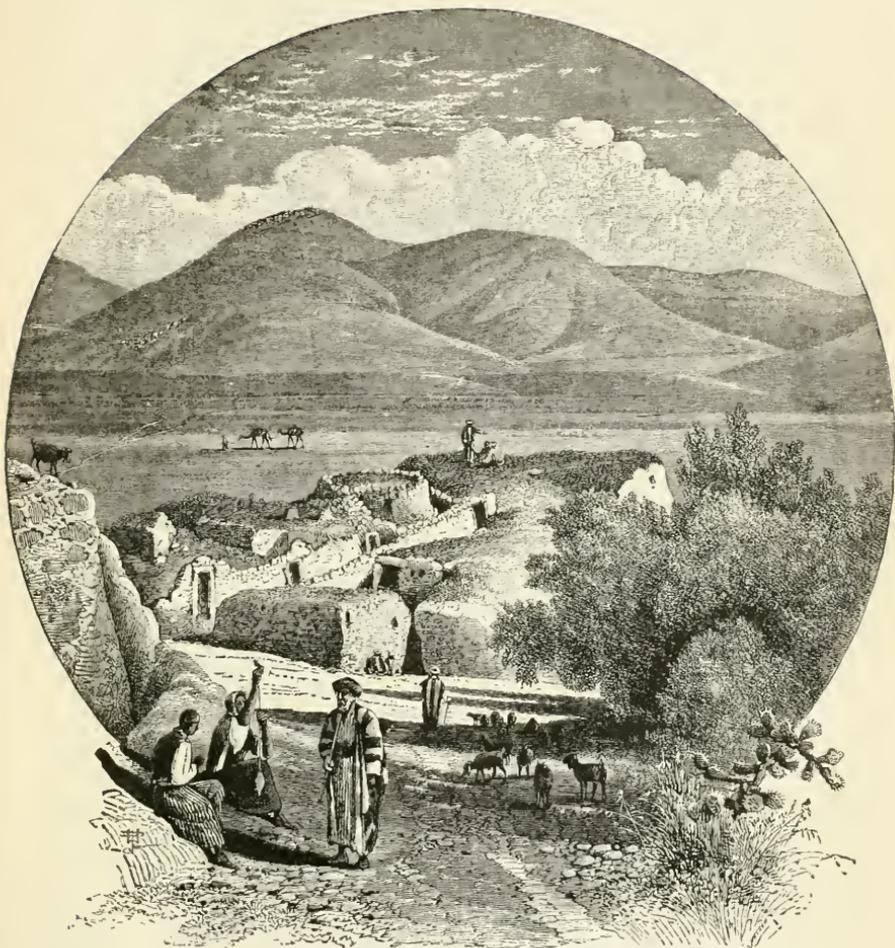
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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### DOTHAN, GILBOA, SHUNEM.

THE first village north of Samaria was Burka, the road to which lay across the valley and up the slope between two of the hills beyond. The morning was bright and warm, and amid such fertile scenery it was easy to understand the love which Ephraim had for his native soil. As we rode slowly up the ascent great flocks of vultures sailed overhead, on the look-out for carrion—a dead animal, or offal. The number of birds of prey in the East and in Southern Europe is quite surprising. I have seen five or six sparrow-hawks at a time hovering over the Acropolis at Athens, ready to pounce upon some of the little birds; and here at Samaria the vultures were past my counting. It

<sup>1</sup> Isa. vii. 24, 25. <sup>2</sup> Luke iv. 27.



Sulem and the Mountains of Gilboa. (See page 500.)



was the same in Bible times, for we find no fewer than fifteen Hebrew names of predaceous birds: some applied to the whole class; others the names of particular species. The power of sight in all of them is amazing. If an animal die or be slaughtered after sunrise, a vulture is sure to make its appearance in a few minutes, though there was no sign of one in the heavens before, and in rapid succession another and another will arrive, till the air is darkened with the multitude of griffon and other vultures, eagles, kites, buzzards, and ravens. It is still true that "wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together."<sup>1</sup> The sight of one vulture in downward flight seems to be the signal to others, who come on in endless succession, some of them from vast distances, so that we can easily believe the statement that during a war all the vultures of widely remote provinces are gathered, to wait for their horrible banquets. When Micah says to the people of Judah, "Make thee bald, and poll thee for thy delicate children; enlarge thy baldness as the eagle,"<sup>2</sup> he refers to the griffon-vulture, the head and neck of which are bare of all but down. It is to this bird that the rapacious invader of Babylon is compared when he is spoken of as "a ravenous bird from the east:"<sup>3</sup> a simile especially apt when we remember that the griffon-vulture was the emblem of Persia, emblazoned on its standard. The age to which the whole class of carrion-feeders live is very great; instances having been known of an eagle surviving in captivity for over 100 years. It was natural, therefore, that the Psalmist should say, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."<sup>4</sup> The strength of wing and swiftness of flight of the eagle often supply metaphors to the sacred writers,<sup>5</sup> but no passage is more striking than that in Deuteronomy which alludes to the tenderness with which they care for their young: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him."<sup>6</sup> Sir Humphry Davy, speaking of a pair of golden eagles which he watched while they were thus employed, says, "I once saw a very interesting sight above the crags of Ben Nevis. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring, two young birds, the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of the mountain, in the eye of the sun. It was about midday, and bright for the climate. They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them. They paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their flight and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight, so as to make a gradually ascending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted, and they continued this sublime exercise,

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xxiv. 28; Luke xvii. 37. <sup>2</sup> Mic. i. 16. <sup>3</sup> Isa. xlvi. 11. <sup>4</sup> Ps. ciii. 5. <sup>5</sup> Ezek. xvii. 3; Isa. xl. 31; Job ix. 26; Deut. xxviii. 49; Lam. iv. 19; 2 Sam. i. 23. <sup>6</sup> Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.

always rising, till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to our aching sight."

For a time, the hills which we passed were covered with olives, the stems of some showing them to be very old—perhaps the growth of centuries. In Judæa to some extent, but nearly everywhere here, in the territory of Ephraim, the words of Scripture were still vindicated: "Thou shalt have olive-trees throughout all thy coasts."<sup>1</sup> Up hill and down, the road wound on to Jeba, a village well built of stone on a hill-side, the houses rising row above row, so that the flat roofs of the line below seemed to form a street before those above. It stands in the midst of countless olives, with hills rising on all sides, except to the north-east, where there was a broad valley covered with rising grain. Many villages were to be seen on high points, for they are very rarely found in the insecure plains. While we were crossing the higher parts of the route the Mediterranean was in sight, but a wild confusion of hills concealed the maritime lowlands; in the parts nearer to us, however, there were openings into various fruitful valleys. The tops of the hills on our road were lonely and wholly untilled, but there was a great deal of succulent green about, showing that the soil was naturally fertile.

Sanur, the next village on the journey, is a strong place on a steep and rocky hill, which guards the entrance to a considerable plain, known as "the Meadow of Drowning," the want of natural drainage turning it into a swamp in May or June. In the green fields men, women, and children were weeding the grain, such of the weeds as were of use being carried home for fodder, while the rest were gathered together into bundles and burnt.<sup>2</sup> The hill of Sanur is very steep on the east, but on the west sinks gradually towards the hills in that direction. A little fortress crowns the top, and stone walls run along the slope outside the houses; only one door offering entrance. At the top of the slow ascent through rich vineyards, orchards of olives and figs, and fields of grain, a fountain was flowing from below an arch, the water in part running to waste down the hill. Numbers of women were busy cleaning linen with wooden mallets; others were getting water, some of them passing us with their jars on their shoulders or heads. A string of camels, with great bales sticking out on each side, stalked down the hill beyond, taking up all the track, which the water has washed into great roughness, though here and there the Roman pavement was still in position—for this was an old Roman road.

Approaching the village of Kabatiyeh, we passed over part of the plain of Dothan, the scene of the sale of Joseph to the Midianites. At one place was a well called "the Well of the Pit," perhaps a

<sup>1</sup> Deut. xxviii. 40. <sup>2</sup> Matt. xiii. 30.

Caves Near the Spring Amdor or Endor. (See page 65.)





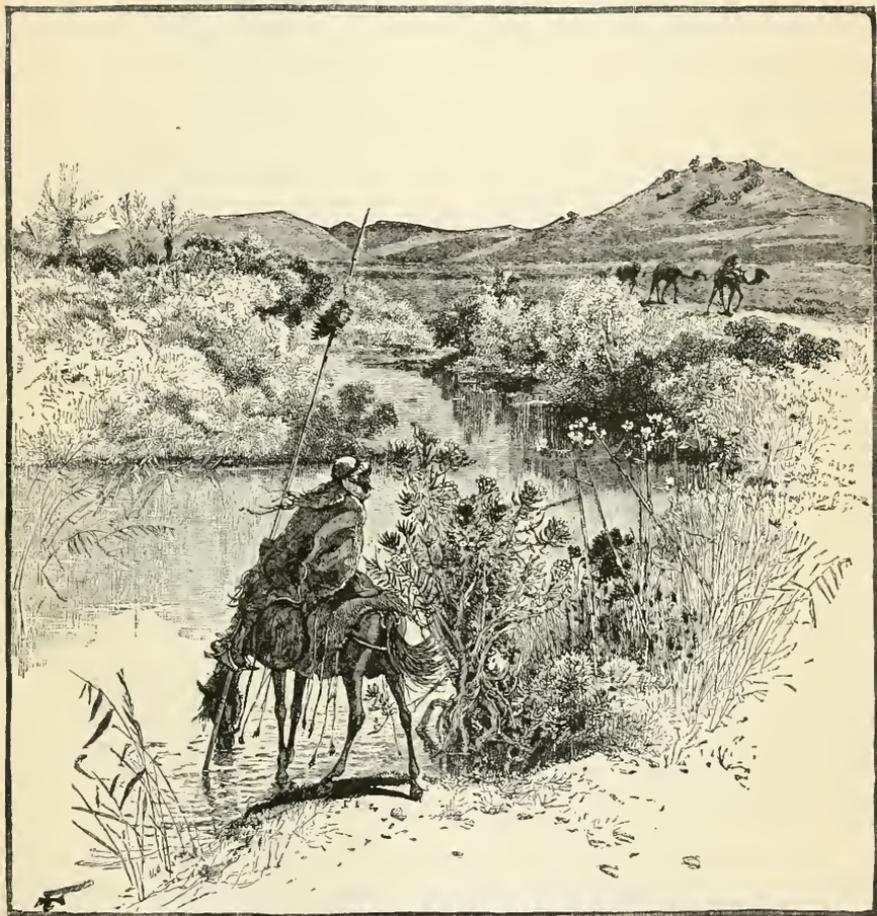
memorial of the poor lad's fate, and not very far from it a second, with a water-trough, the two accounting for the name Dothan, which means "the Two Wells." Above them, to the north, rose a green hill, overlooking the wide plain in which the sons of Jacob pastured their flocks,<sup>1</sup> while to the west stretched out the dark-colored plain of Arrabeh, and beyond it the road to Egypt, along which the Midianite caravan led their newly-bought young Syrian slave. A gazelle broke away on our left as we passed, and was chased by our dragoon, but he might as well have followed the wind. The tiny creature was up a neighboring slope and out of sight, as it were in a moment. **Hermon** had been visible in all its radiant whiteness from the high points of the day's travel. Daisies, broom, and hawthorn dotted the untilled parts of the valleys. Another string of camels, laden with charcoal, going to Nablus, crossed Dothan while we were passing over its green and black breadth, picturesquely shut in by low verdant hills. To the east, as we approached the village of Kabatiyeh, a thick wood of olives, many of them very old trees, covered the hollow plains and the slopes on each side, while before us a narrow opening in the hills led to the great plain of Esdraelon, soon to come partially in sight, with the hills of Galilee beyond it. The defile to the plain was, however, longer than one could have wished, over such a road. The hills, now close to us on both sides, were rough, though not high, and the track was often very broken. In two or three miles of constant descent we went down nearly, or quite, 1,000 feet. It was, apparently, by this pass that Azariah of Judah fled before the men sent by Jehu to kill him, for though we do not know "the going up to Gur," it is said to have been "by Ibleam,"<sup>2</sup> which was in all likelihood identical with the Wady Belameh, the very gorge through which we were slowly descending. Two strong brooks flowed down to Esdraelon at different points on the way, and the slopes, rough and broken, were yellow with the flowers of the broom.

Jenin, the ancient Engannim—"the Fountain of the Gardens"—lying at the south end of the great plain, is a place of some importance for Palestine, with a small bazaar, or place for selling or buying. A tall minaret, some palm-trees, rich orangeries, clumps of tamarisks, cactus-hedges, two or three white domes of a mosque, and a delightful richness of green, are its most striking characteristics, not to speak of its exceptional richness in water. They say it has 3,000 inhabitants, but I doubt it. A fine stream runs through the town, and waters the gardens and fields outside, finally breaking into rivulets which join one or other of the feeble sources ultimately united to form the Kishon. The water from the fountain which enriches the town and neighborhood rises out of the ground near the mosque, and is led off in an open

stone conduit, built for the first few yards on low stone arches. East of the town rises the stony range of Gilboa, encircling a considerable plain; to the north stretches out, as far as the eye can reach, the brown rolling plain of Esdraelon, brightened with spots of green; and three miles beyond it are the hills from which the white houses of Nazareth look down. Nearer at hand is the cone of the extinct volcano of Jebel Duhy, while to the west the view is closed by the broad shoulder of Carmel.

From Jenin to the hills below Nazareth is fourteen miles due north; from Zerin, the ancient Jezreel, on the western slope of Gilboa, to Ledjun, the ancient Legio, which lies nearly west of Zerin, is about nine miles. These distances give the size of the plain in two directions, while from Zerin to the hills which cross the plain, near the spot on the Carmel range where Elijah met the priests of Baal, is fourteen miles, in a north-western direction, and from Jenin they are seventeen miles off, to the north-west. Such an open space is not to be found elsewhere in Palestine, and hence it has always been the great battle-ground of the country, from the days of Thothmes III. and Rameses II. to those of Napoleon I. The soil is dark-colored lava, worn into dust in the lapse of many ages, and is extremely fertile, though for want of population much less is made of it than might be. Seamed in every direction with small water-courses, the plain drains the hills on all sides, and gradually unites their winter floods or spring rain into the Kishon, one of the shortest rivers in the world, if indeed it is to be called a river, for though sometimes rolling in a wild and dangerous tumult of waves it is often dry, except perhaps at the marshy bar towards its mouth.

"The Mountains of Gilboa" are naturally the first point to which one turns his thoughts at Jenin, lying, as they do, so near at hand. Bedouins had pitched their black tents in the quiet recess among the mountains east of the town, as they have done over the plain, more or less, since the earliest history. To such wanderers, accustomed only to the short-lived "pastures of the wilderness," the attractions of a mighty oasis like Esdraelon are hardly less than those of some Island of the Blessed to voyagers on the ocean waste. Again and again since the days of Gideon, and doubtless long before them, it has been covered with their camels "like the sand which is by the sea-shore innumerable," when war, famine, or the desire of rich quarters has brought them across the Jordan. So late, indeed, as 1870, they were so numerous that only about one-sixth of the plain was tilled for fear of them; but Turkish cavalry, armed with repeating rifles, taught the lawless invaders such a lesson that they fled to their deserts, whence, however, they return as often as the weakness of the Government gives an opportunity. Thus in 1877, when Turkey was in a death-



The River Kishon After the Rainy Season. (See page 509.)



struggle with Russia, they reappeared in great numbers, and levied black-mail on the defenceless peasants, but since then they have been afraid to venture on such predatory incursions. The area of cultivation is consequently extending now that safety seems more assured, but much land is still covered with thistles and rank wild growths. Growing corn, millet, sesame, cotton, tobacco, and much besides, with magnificent returns, the soil only wants population to turn it to profit. There are splendid perennial springs on the west; and even in the hot months water enough is running to waste below the hills to irrigate almost any extent of surface. With such a soil, practically inexhaustible, what returns might be obtained!

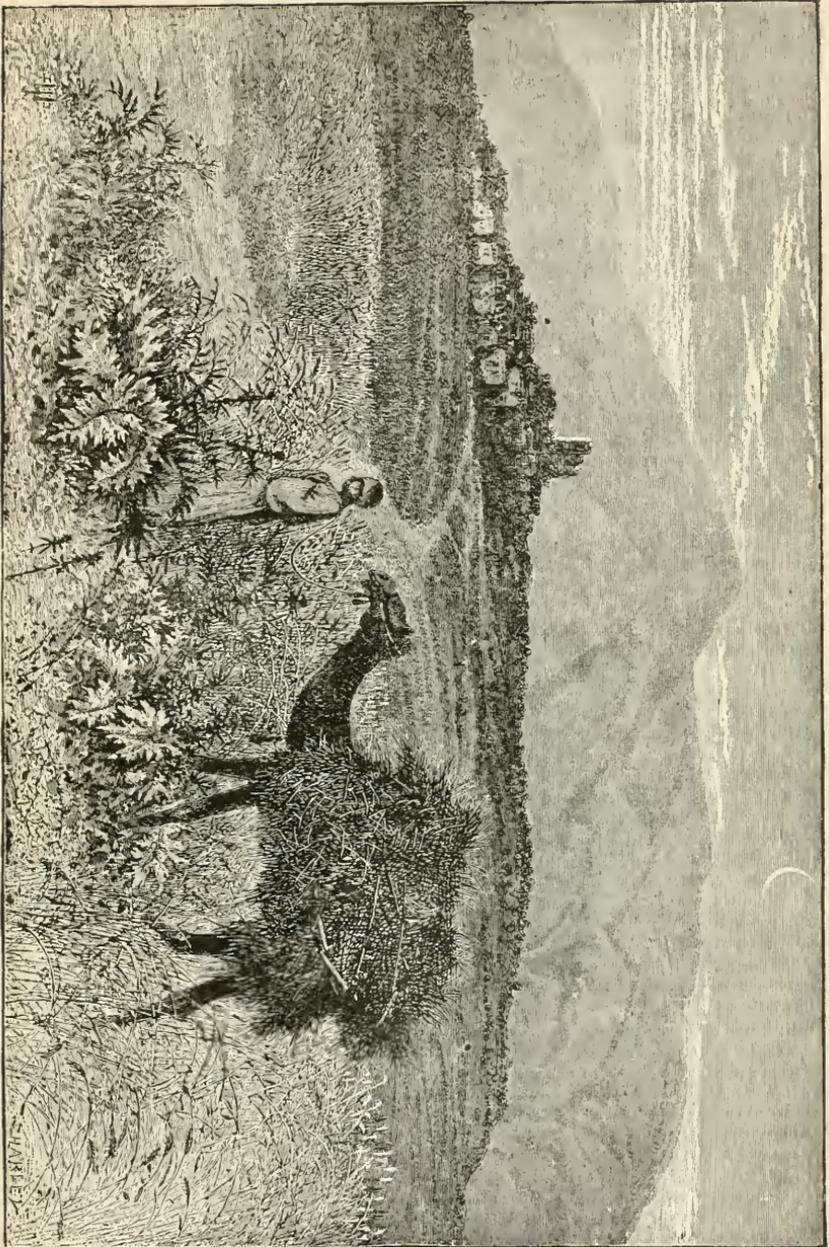
It is not pleasant to pass close to the wild sons of the desert, whose estimate of the value of human life is cynically low; but the swarthy Arabs did us no harm—from fear, no doubt, rather than from conscience. As one looked north, the whole of the magnificent plain seemed green, but peasants were still busy ploughing and sowing. Fertility, either wild or cultivated, reigned over all the undulations around; but the hills to the right and left, and the Galilæan mountains beyond, to the north, were in their upper tracts stony and barren. The little village of Jelbon—a very wretched place, more than 500 feet above Jenin, from which it lies about seven miles east—marks the beginning of the isolated mass of Gilboa, which rises in a great number of summits to the north and west: the highest of them being over 1,600 feet above the sea, or nearly 500 feet higher than Jelbon. The poverty of the defenceless peasants was a commentary on the presence of the villainous Arabs in their neighborhood. To the north of their hamlet, strips of thorns and thistles alternated with patches of cultivation; oak-scrub covering the steep slopes, while countless wild flowers were growing in every spot open to the sun. Here and there water still lay in small clefts of the rocks, but the whole aspect of the hills was desolate and forbidding; the bare rock, split into thick beds of loose stones, standing out everywhere through the brown and russet of the stunted and twisted brush. One could not help thinking of the words in the lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan—“Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields from which offerings may be taken: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.”<sup>1</sup> The panorama from the heights was very fine. To the east lay a green plain dotted with the black tents of the Bedouins. The sunken channel of the Jordan, here more than six miles broad, stretched away to the river, which was flowing already at a depth of over 700 feet below the sea; but Bethshan, the modern Beisan, which lies in this locality, was not visible. Across

the winding bed of the stream, which could be seen for a long distance, rose the noble mountains of Gilead, and when one turned his back on them, the great sweep of Esdraelon wearied the eye with its details, while to the north the mountains of Lebanon, with snowy Hermon ever towering above all, mingled the earth with the heavens.

The way now again led west, over a very rough road, up, down, and across glens, plains, and slopes, to the village of Deir Guzaleh. From a distance Gilboa appears one great mass, but it is a network of hills. Arraneh, west of Deir Guzaleh, on the spur north of Jenin, boasts of a good spring, and of some olives and other trees within cactus-hedges, and lies on the road from Jenin to Zerín, which is about four miles to the north. Facing the great plain, this side of Gilboa was, in all probability, the scene of Saul's defeat by the Philistines. As we know, he pitched his tents, before the fatal battle, by the "fountain which is in Jezreel"<sup>1</sup>—a full spring flowing out in front of the modern village. A number of cisterns still found at different points as you go north speak of a much denser population in other times; some of them, including a tank thirty-seven paces broad, occurring at spots now, and perhaps for ages, quite uninhabited and forsaken. The easy slopes of Gilboa along this side must have offered little hindrance to the Philistine chariots, which had already made their way to Esdraelon over much rougher ground, and could easily pursue the fugitive Hebrews until they were utterly scattered.

Jezreel stood, in olden times, on a knoll 500 feet above the sea, and about 100 feet above the plain. On the south the ascent is very gradual, but on the north and north-east the slopes are steep and rugged. Crossing the knoll, you come unexpectedly, in the valley on the northern side, upon two springs, one Ain Jalud, the other Ain Tubâun, where the Crusaders are said to have been miraculously fed for three days on the fish of the great springs of the neighborhood. At both there is a pool—that of Ain Jalud about 100 yards long, with miry edges. Numbers of women were getting water, and flocks of sheep and goats were lying around. A girl, on my asking for a drink, instantly emptied her jar, and filling it afresh, held it up for me till I had had enough. The valley leading down to Beisan may be said to begin at Ain Jalud. It is about a mile across at Zerín, and then rises into a mass of hills seamed with broad valleys, but divided on the north from the hills of Galilee beyond by a narrow but deep bay of the great plain. Of this triangle of hills Jebel Duhy, "the Leader," is the highest, rising in a lofty cone more than 1,000 feet above Jezreel.<sup>2</sup> The top is a mass of basalt fragments, memorials of primæval eruptions; it commands a magnificent view, stretching from Ebal to Safed, and from the sea to the great hills beyond the Haurân.

1 1 Sam. xxix. 1. 2 Zerín, 402 feet above the sea; Jebel Duhy, 1,690 feet.



Jared. (See page 510.)



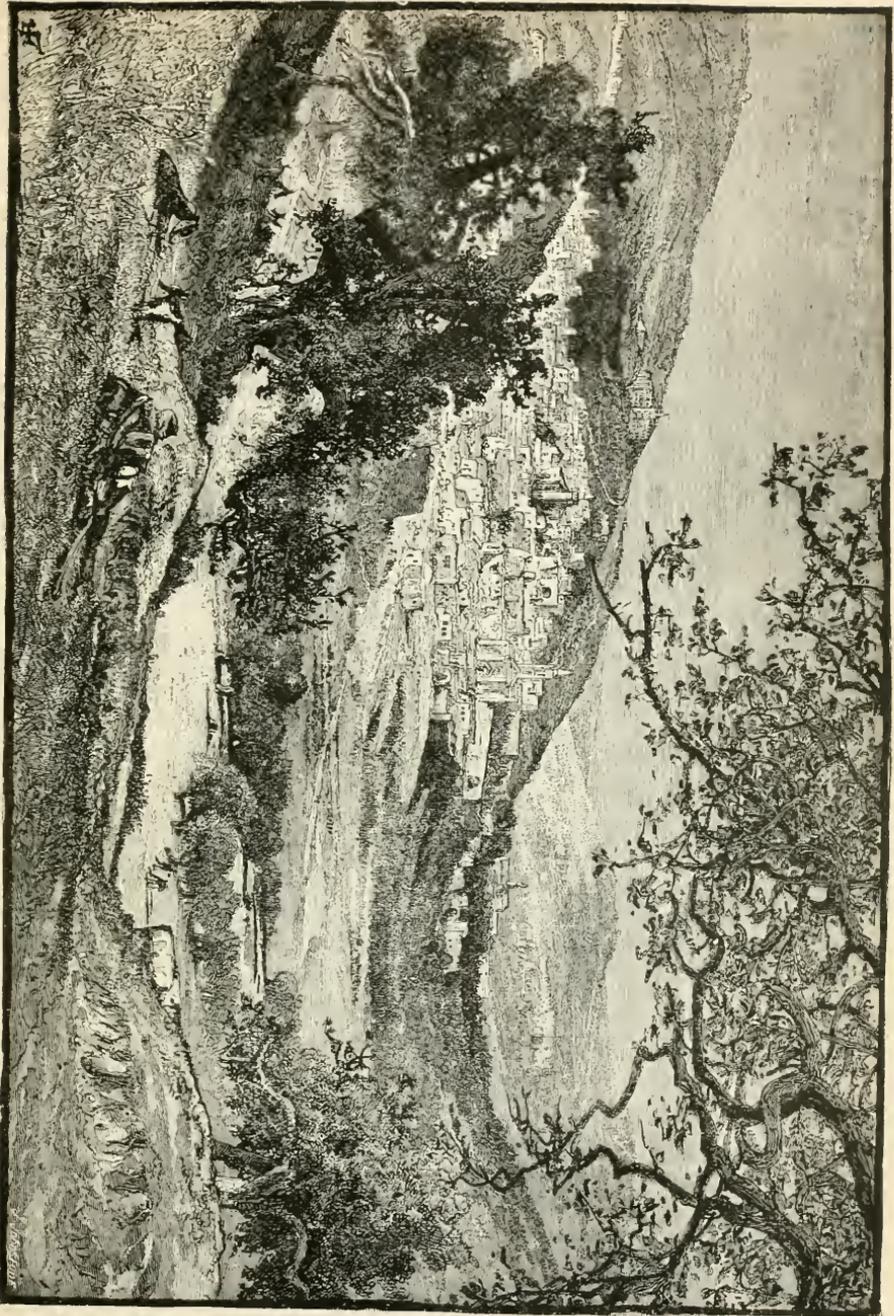
Little more than a mile south-west lies the village of Solam, the ancient Shunem, about 200 feet above the plain<sup>1</sup>—a poor hamlet of rough, flat-roofed stone huts, with some fruit-trees beside it—the centre of the Philistine position, before the battle of Gilboa.<sup>2</sup> It thus faced the army of Saul, which lay a little more than two miles off, to the south, with its back to Gilboa and its front towards the enemy on the north. Ravines leading south facilitated the approach of the foe, and the narrow plain in front, still more than the gentle slopes at the west of Gilboa, would expose the Israelites on both front and flank to the attack of the dreaded chariots. This was bad enough, but worse was to follow, for the astute Philistine general contrived to march at least part of his army to Aphek, the modern Fukua,<sup>3</sup> far to the rear of Saul's force, so that retreat in any direction was well-nigh impossible. The unhappy king was thus almost surrounded. With a mind full of superstitious fear, especially since the doom pronounced on himself and his house by the Prophet Samuel, a despairing trust in the necromancers whom he had shortly before hunted down<sup>4</sup> led him to set out, by night, to consult an old woman at Endor, a hamlet between two and three miles beyond Shunem, at the foot of the northern face of the hills. He had thus to get past the Philistines, who lay between him and that place, and he must have crept and glided in the darkness, as he best could, behind every fold of the ground or shoulder of the hills, in fear at every turn of being caught by the enemy. The mud hovels of the modern Endor cling to the bare and stony hill-side, in which caves have been dug, apparently in recent times, for marl with which to mix up mortar. One, however, may well be ancient: that from which flows the perennial spring Ain Dor—"the Fountain of Dor"—which gives its name to the spot. We are wont to think of witches as associated with caves, but there is no ground for doing so in Saul's case. We only know that, when left unanswered by God, either "by dreams, by Urim, or by prophets,"<sup>5</sup> the unfortunate king met and consulted the sorceress somewhere near this fountain. Faint-hearted at the result of the unholy conference, and feeble from hunger, he was in no condition for the battle on the morrow. He could not retreat, for he had the steep northern face of the hills behind him, and perhaps it was while he had been away at Endor that the Philistines had moved south-east to Aphek, cutting him off from flight in that direction also, should he be defeated. The charge of the enemy thus found Israel well-nigh helpless, and resistance once overcome in front, the chariots had free sweep on the fugitives from the west, while the archers, spearmen, and other troops at Aphek could cut them off as they fled.

Shunem is famous not only for its connection with the battle of Gil-

<sup>1</sup> Shunem, 440 feet above the sea; plain, at foot of the hill, 260 feet above the sea. 2 1 Sam. xxviii. 4. 3 1 Sam. xxix. 1. 4 1 Sam. xxviii. 3. 5 1 Sam. xxviii. 6.

boa, but for the touching story of the Shunammite woman and her son. The village consists of a few mud huts, with a garden of lemon-trees inside a cactus-hedge, and a fountain and trough. But it may have been more dignified in the days when it was proud of sending as a wife to King David the fairest virgin to be found in Israel.<sup>1</sup> The "aliyeh," or upper chamber, built for the Prophet Elisha, is a familiar feature in Palestine; such structures on the roof being very common.<sup>2</sup> The words of the kindly hostess may be translated, perhaps more correctly than in our version, "Let us make, I pray thee, a little upper chamber with walls," in contrast to the mere awnings of branches, with open sides, set up in summer on the roofs. Such was the "summer parlor" in which Eglon of Moab was sitting alone when he was murdered by Ehud;<sup>3</sup> and David betook himself to a similar one "over the gates" to weep for Absalom.<sup>4</sup> Thither, also, the broken-hearted widow of Zarephath<sup>5</sup> carried the corpse of her son and laid it out to await burial; for a stair to the roof, from the outside, makes access to the "aliyeh" easy, without going through the inner court on which the backs of all the houses open. Ahaz had altars to the heavenly bodies on the top of his "upper chamber."<sup>6</sup> There were also such rooms over the great porch of the Temple,<sup>7</sup> some of them very gorgeous, for they were overlaid with gold,<sup>8</sup> and we find such "aliyehs" in the new streets of Jerusalem when Nehemiah was rebuilding it,<sup>9</sup> just as we find them there now. The Shunammite lady's house must have been of a superior class to have such a structure raised upon it, though the accommodation may not, after all, have been very imposing. But with its pallet—perhaps a palm-leaf or straw mat—its table, its stool, its lamp, and the free access to it possible at all times from the outer stairs, it was no doubt a delightful haven of rest to the prophet on his journeys from Carmel, where as a rule he lived, to his native hamlet Abel Meholah, "the Meadow of Dancing," now called Ain Helweh,<sup>10</sup> in the Jordan valley, twelve or thirteen miles below Beisan. The poor woman must have found it a very long ride to Carmel, under the burning glow of a harvest sun,<sup>11</sup> with no shade at any point, as she urged her ass over the weary plain, which to her no doubt seemed endless that day. But a mother's love can bear up a frail body under a terrible strain.

1 1 Kings i. 3. 2 2 Kings iv. 10. 3 Judg. iii. 20, 23—25. 4 2 Sam. xviii. 33. 5 1 Kings xvii. 17, 19. 6 2 Kings xxiii. 12. 7 1 Chron. xxviii. 11. 8 2 Chron. iii. 9. 9 Neh. iii. 31. 10 See *Tent Work in Palestine*. 11 2 Kings iv. 24.



Nazareth from the South. (See page 513.)



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## BEISAN, JEZREEL, NAIN.

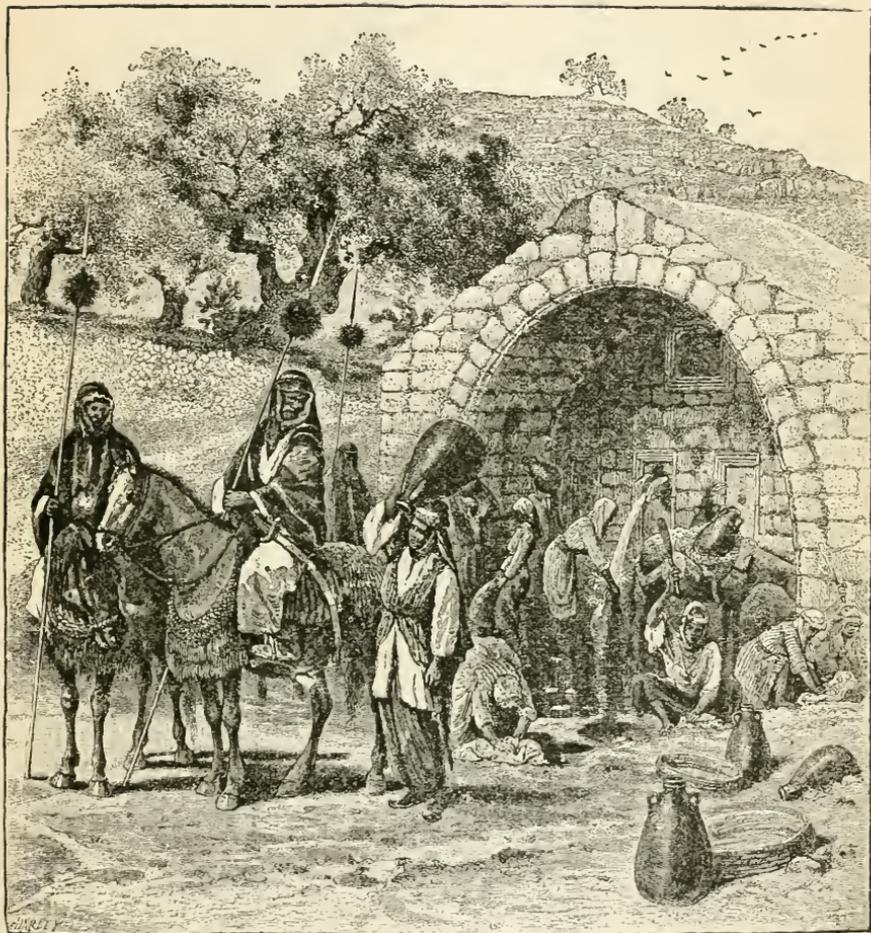
THE Wady Jalud, which leads down to Beisan, is about twelve miles long, sinking about 800 feet before it reaches that place, the Bethshan of the Bible. The modern village and the ruins of the once famous city stand on the crest of a slope, which is about 300 feet above the steep side of the sunken channel of the Jordan, to which it descends. The open space around the ancient city is about six miles from east to west, but the eastern spurs of Gilboa approach close to the north of the ruins. The valley by which the descent is made from Zerin, or Jezreel, is from half a mile to a mile in breadth, gradually widening as it nears the open country. On the southern side of the valley the hills round off two miles before reaching Beisan, and trend south, at a distance of from four to five miles from the Jordan, leaving a long and broad plain of surpassing fertility at their base. The stream of Ain Jalud runs down the valley from Zerin, and there are many other streamlets which flow through the Beisan meadows, turning them, over a wide space, into very marshy ground, though the remains of ancient aqueducts show that in former times they were utilized for irrigation. The descent of the valley is very rough, and as the open plain is, except in small spots, quite in a state of nature, the past greatness of the locality is in large measure left to the imagination. A huge mound, or "tell," the site of the ancient Bethshan, rises to a height of about 100 feet near the foot of the northern hills. The modern village is a miserable hamlet of about sixty mud huts, built on the south-east corner of the ancient site, with a marshy rivulet making its slow way through the place. The circumference of the ancient city could not have been less than two or three miles, for the whole hill is covered with ruins, the character of which proves that in later times Bethshan must have been a city of temples; pillars which once belonged to such buildings being numerous. The stones of these, and indeed of all the ruins, are of black basalt; the great "tell" itself being apparently the basaltic cone, partly worn away, of an ancient volcano. An amphitheatre, portions of which are in almost perfect preservation, can still be traced along a semicircle of nearly 200 feet, though the rank weeds grow high over the stones. The Jalud long ago wore for itself a deep channel just below the "tell," and is still crossed by a fine Roman arch. Thick walls, perhaps those on which the bodies of Saul and Jonathan were hung up, once surrounded the top of the hill, possibly enclosing the city of those early times. It was a boldly venturous deed of the men of Jabesh Gilead to come by

night and carry off the dishonored remains, and it shows that Saul's bravery in once rescuing their city had not been forgotten by its inhabitants.<sup>1</sup> Just west of the modern village, almost buried in the soil and weeds, another memorial of Roman days may be traced—the remains of a great oblong circus or hippodrome, 280 feet in length and over 150 feet broad. Ancient walls can be made out round the whole "tell," at a wide distance from it, marking the limits of the city when under the Romans it had grown to great dimensions. The name it then bore was Scythopolis, the origin of which is not clearly known.

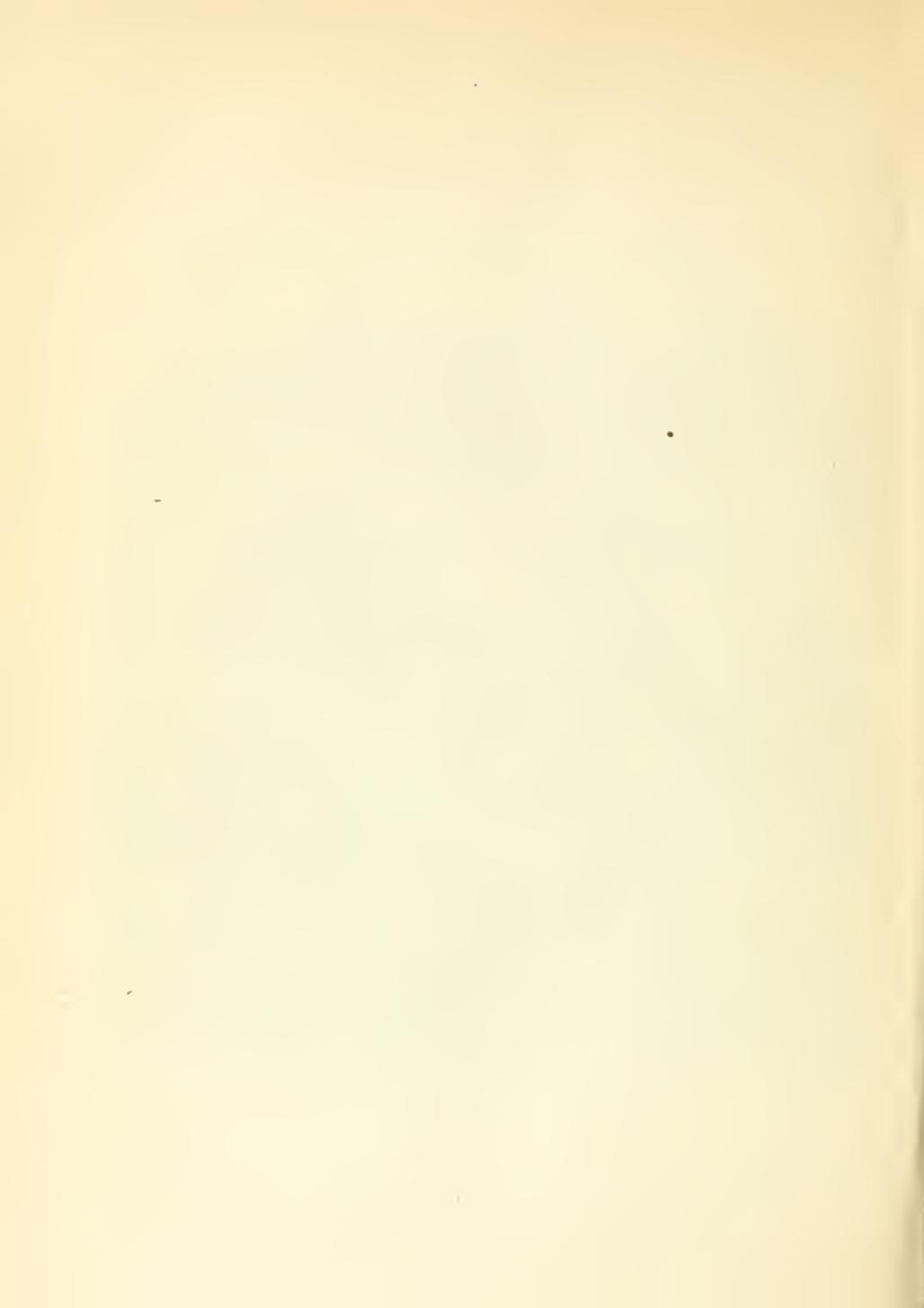
It was by the fords near Bethshan, and by the ascent of Ain Jalud, that the Midianites entered the great upper plain in the days of Gideon. Bethshan had then long been a town or village, for it is mentioned in the travels of a Mohar in the days of Rameses II., the oppressor of the Hebrews in Egypt. There are a number of fords over the Jordan in the Beisan plain, by any of which the fierce Ishmaelites may have crossed; among others that of Abarah, apparently the Bethabara where John baptized.<sup>2</sup> The oldest manuscripts, indeed, have "Bethany" instead of Bethabara, but Bathania—"Soft Soil"—was the name of Bashan in the time of Christ, and thus Bethabara was in Bethany, so that both readings are correct, and at first were probably both in the sacred text. Critics have made a great point of the supposed error of the Evangelist, in speaking of "Bethany" as being "beyond Jordan," but they have only shown by their acuteness the worthlessness of many of the clever points supposed to be made against the Gospels.

Streaming over some of these fords, "the Midianites, and the Amalekites, and the children of the east" forced their way up the Wady-el-Jalud, and spread themselves over Esdraelon, "with their cattle and their tents, as grasshoppers for multitude, for both they and their camels were without number."<sup>3</sup> The scene of Gideon's victory must have been near the descent to Beisan; the description of the battle, the flight, and the pursuit pointing to this; but there has been question of late years as to the exact locality of Ain Harod—"the Spring of Trembling." Gideon was encamped, we read, on Mount Gilead,<sup>4</sup> which, in this case, must be understood as Mount Jalud—some portion of the mass of the Gilboa hills, whether at the upper or lower end of the great wady is not known. The spring Jalud, near Zerim, or Jezreel, has generally been recognized as the scene of Gideon's test of the quality of his followers, but Captain Conder is in favor of Ain-el-Jemain, "the Fountain of the Two Troops," a large spring at the foot of the hills where they trend to the south, on the under corner of the wady, exactly west of Beisan. Gideon's force, encamped on the hills above the sloping valley, consisted of men of Manasseh, his own tribe,

1 1 Sam. xi. 4-11; xxxi. 12. 2 John i. 28. 3 Judg. vi. 3-5. 4 Judg. vii. 3.



Mary's Fountain at Nazareth. (See page 515.)



and of Zebulun, Naphtali, and Asher, from the north of the great plain, the districts most affected by the invaders, though troops of Arabs had scoured the land even so far south as Gaza.<sup>1</sup> Having winnowed his little band of heroes of all faint hearts by the test imposed at "the Spring of Trembling," Gideon could count on them. Yet, before acting, he resolved to see for himself the condition of the enemy. Descending by night the low slope of the hill in the folds of which his men were hidden, he crept, with his servant, towards the vast encampment. The valley was full of the tents of the Arabs, and both within and around these multitudes slept, with their numberless camels at rest in their midst. A dream of one of the host told to his fellow—how a barley cake, which had rolled down from the hills above, had struck and overthrown one of the tents—seemed an omen of success, on hearing which Gideon stole back to the heights to organize his attack. Dividing his three hundred men into three companies, he provided each man with a torch, the burning end of which he was to hide within an earthen pitcher, as is still done in Egypt by the watchmen; with their swords at their sides, and trumpets in their hands, they were to march silently to three points, which were, perhaps, situated on each side of the valley at the head of the gorge, and thus to the west of the host; and at a given signal they were to break the jars, swing the torches into brightness, peal a great blast from each trumpet, and raise the terrible war-cry of Israel. Sentinels are unknown in Arab armies, nor were there any pickets to prevent the three hundred from approaching close. Awakened in a moment, through all its length, by the echoing shouts; alarmed by the seemingly countless lights moving on all side; confused by the wild triumphant flourishes of the war-horns—the vast multitude, unprepared for attack, fled this way and that, with loud cries that increased the dismay. Each saw a foe in his neighbor, for darkness made it impossible to know one from another. Flight seemed the only safety. The steep descent to the Jordan was the way to their native wilderness, and down it they rushed in headlong rout, some south by Abel Meholah, across the Jordan fords; others by the fords at Bethabara, beyond Beisan, and those in the same locality near it: the foe close at their heels till they had reached the recesses of the eastern desert. Two of their emirs—Oreb, "the Raven," and Zeeb, "the Wolf"—were slain by the way; while Zebah and Zalmunna, their two principal leaders, fell in a second battle, in the wilderness. The men of Peniel and Succoth, who had refused to help in the pursuit, felt the vengeance of their brethren when the final triumph had been secured, their elders being whipped with the thorny branches of the acacia, a punishment under which they, in all likelihood, died. Thus ended the most signal victory ever wrought in Israel.

<sup>1</sup> Judg. vi. 4.

Jezreel and its neighborhood are famous for yet other incidents in the history of the Tribes. It was near this city that in later years the best king Judah ever had, met an early death. The northern kingdom had already been destroyed, and Egypt, under Pharaoh Necho, was eager to win back Western Asia from the now feeble hands of Assyria. Josiah, himself coveting the territory of the Ten Tribes, or perhaps desirous to be loyal to Nineveh, his ally, madly resolved, against all advice, to bar the progress of the Egyptian army that had marched up the sea-coast plain and entered Esdraelon, on its way to Lebanon and the Euphrates.<sup>1</sup> Pharaoh had generously urged him not to expose himself to defeat, and had disclaimed all intention of injuring him; but he rushed on his fate, and fell, sore wounded by the archers, in the plain of Megiddo, near a place known as Hadadrimmon, apparently after the name of the chief Syrian god—Rimmon, "the Thunderer." Removed from his war-chariot to a second which was kept in reserve, and was perhaps more suitable for an ambulance, he was carried to Jerusalem to die. The disaster was appalling for Judah, for he was scarcely forty years of age, and had shown himself a splendid king. The nation forthwith began to decline. Loud and terrible was the wailing for the slain monarch; so terrible, that Zechariah can imagine no language more fitted to picture the wailing of the House of David and of Jerusalem when they look on Him whom they have pierced, than by saying that "there shall be a great lamentation and mourning, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddo."<sup>2</sup> So deep, indeed, had the remembrance of the great battle sunk into the heart of the Jew, that St. John gives the name of Armageddon—"the Hill of Megiddo"—to the gathering-place of the kings of the earth for the final decisive battle against the kingdom of God.<sup>3</sup> No wonder the Chronicler tells us that "all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah," and that Jeremiah, in a lost book, "lamented for Josiah; and all the singing men and the singing women spake of him in their lamentations to this day, and made them an ordinance in Israel; and behold they are written in the lamentations."<sup>4</sup>

Hadadrimmon is identified by St. Jerome with the present hamlet of Rummâneh, at the foot of the hills on the Carmel side of Esdraelon, about eight miles slightly south-west from Zerin or Jezreel; and Megiddo has commonly been supposed to be represented by the village of Ledjun, which has already been mentioned as the Roman Legio, about three and a half miles north of Rummâneh, at the foot of the hills. Captain Conder, however, finds Megiddo in the ruined site El-Mujedda, at the foot of the hills, in the Beisan plain, about three miles south-west from that old city. The question can hardly be said to be as yet decisively settled.

1 2 Kings xxiii. 29; 2 Chron. xxxv. 20, 22. 2 Zech. xli. 11. 3 Rev. xvi. 16. 4 2 Chron. xxxv. 25.



A Summer House Near Nazareth. (See page 513.)



Still another great battle in Scripture history is associated with these localities—that of Barak over Sisera, which I should have mentioned before that won by Gideon. The oppressor of Israel at the time was Jabin, King of Hazor, a place near the Lake of Merom or Huleh. Hostility to the Hebrews on the part of the chiefs of this district dated from the time of Joshua, for they had fought bitterly against him.<sup>1</sup> Zebulun, Naphtali, and Issachar, being the nearest, suffered most at Jabin's hand, and had to bear the brunt of the war, but they were joined by the tribes of Ephraim, Manasseh, and Benjamin from the south of the great plain. Barak, with Deborah the prophetess, who was the heroine in the struggle for freedom, had encamped on the broad top of Mount Tabor,<sup>2</sup> which rises 1,500 feet above the plain, to the north of Endor, at the edge of the Galilæan hills. The forces of Sisera, the general of Jabin and his allies, with 900 iron chariots, were drawn up in the plain near Megiddo, where the numerous springs from the eastern part of Esdraelon unite to form the Kishon, the course of which, creeping under the shadow of the hills, is marked even in the dry season by a string of pools fringed with reeds and rushes. The soft soil of the whole plain, indeed, is so furrowed by water-courses that a great rain, causing these hollows to overflow, for a time converts the ground everywhere into a quagmire. So long as the plain was dry, no place could have better suited a great chariot-force; but after a storm the wheels were useless, and in a case of a defeat, safety lay only in abandoning everything and fleeing on foot. Taking advantage of a fierce rainfall, Barak rushed down from his hill-fortress, and assailed Sisera, now helpless, inflicting utter defeat on his vast, unmanageable army. The storm had filled every hollow with a rushing stream, and had swollen Kishon—"that river of battles"—on which the fugitives were driven back, so that it swept them away. Those who could escape fled northwards by the foot of the hills to Haroseth, now the miserable village of El-Harathiyeh, where the great plain is contracted to a narrow neck through which the Kishon, in a gorge heavily fringed with oleanders, passes into the plain of Acre. Here, they could cross to their own Galilee by low hills, now covered with scrub-oak, and once among the northern mountains they were comparatively safe.

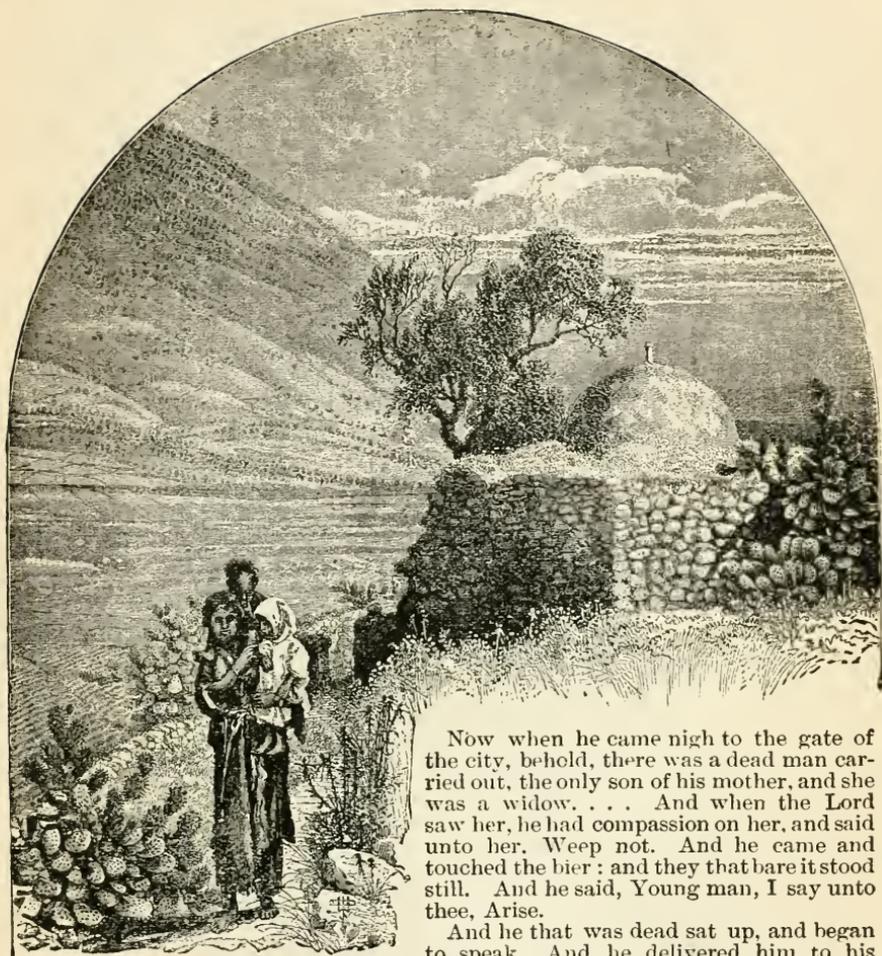
Sisera himself fled in an opposite direction. Reaching the slopes of Tabor, he made for the lava plateau four or five miles behind the lower end of the Lake of Galilee, where stood the tent of Heber the Kenite—not far from the village of Kadish, overlooking the waters. We all know the result, but it is not so generally known that the "leben," or sour goats'-milk, which Jael gave him, is a strong soporific, under the influence of which, in addition to his exhaustion, the unfor-

<sup>1</sup> Josh. xi. 1–12. <sup>2</sup> Judg. iv. 6.

tunate man fell an easy prey to his treacherous murderer, who, though a heroine according to Arab notions, can only be regarded as a very questionable saint according to ours. The defeat took place, most probably, at the commencement of the winter rains, and if so, this may give a literal vividness to the words of Deborah that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,"<sup>1</sup> for the annual showers of meteors are most frequent about November, and if seen by the terrified fugitives, would seem an awful sign of celestial wrath pursuing them to their destruction.

Jezebel was once the second capital of the northern kingdom, but has now shrunk, as I have said, into a few wretched huts. High over these rise the broken walls of an old tower, possibly on the site of the lofty royal palace-castle, from the top of which warders were at all times on the look-out to announce any approaching danger. The view from it ranges far and wide, in every direction. In the hands of the Canaanites the town was famous for its iron chariots, and proved a difficult place for the Hebrews to take;<sup>2</sup> but, once wrested from them, it fell to the lot of the tribe of Issachar.<sup>3</sup> In later times Ahab built a palace in it,<sup>4</sup> with gardens reaching up the steep slope of the hill, where, doubtless, also lay the vineyard of Naboth, to get which Jezebel committed the hideous crime that ultimately ruined her husband's house.<sup>5</sup> A temple was raised in the place by the queen to Astarte, with a staff of four hundred priests.<sup>6</sup> Everything was on the scale of luxury which we might expect from a king who built a palace coated over with ivory—perhaps in this very Jezreel. In the midst of the enclosed groves, which were watered by the abundant fountains near,<sup>7</sup> lay a fine garden-house, and above this rose the lofty watch-tower.<sup>8</sup> Looking out from this high vantage-ground down the ravine towards the Jordan, the warder once had momentous news to announce to those below. Up the ascent flew some chariots, one leading the way, and in it Jehu, the head of Joram's army, who had conspired against his master and was on his way to destroy Jezebel and her race. "I see a company," cried the look-out, "and the driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously." A few minutes later, Joram, who though still weak with a recent wound at Ramoth Gilead, had gone out in his chariot to meet his general, lay with the arrow of Jehu through his heart, in the field of Naboth, bought by his father and mother at the heavy price of murder and its curse.<sup>9</sup> Once more behind his horses, Jehu rushed on to Jezreel, passing under the windows far up in the wall of the palace which must have been built on the line of the town wall. But the evil news of her son's death had already reached the now aged mother, or perhaps she had seen the

1 Judg. v. 20. 2 Josh. xvii. 16. 3 Josh. xix. 18. 4 1 Kings xviii. 45. 5 1 Kings xxi. 1. 6 1 Kings xvi. 33; 2 Kings x. 11. 7 2 Kings ix. 27. 8 2 Kings ix. 17. 9 2 Kings ix. 24, 25.



Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. . . . And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her. Weep not. And he came and touched the bier : and they that bare it stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.

And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother.—*St. Luke* vii. 12-15.

NAIN AND THE SOUTHERN SLOPE OF MT. TABOR. (See page 519.)



dismal tragedy from her lofty lattice, and true to herself to the last, she resolved to die bravely. Getting her maids to paint her eyelids, and tire her head, she looked out composedly at one of the windows, and greeted Jehu as he entered the town gate with the taunting words, "Had Zimri peace—did it go well with him who slew his master?" She would have him remember that, after a seven days' reign, Zimri was crushed by the army, indignant at his usurpation, and died by his own hand in the flames of the king's palace, which he had set on fire as his funeral pile. But such a bitter stab, at such a moment, only exasperated the fierce soldier. Lifting up his eyes to the window, he cried out, "Who is on my side?" "And there looked out to him two or three eunuchs. And he said, Throw her down. So they threw her down, and some of her blood was sprinkled on the wall, and on the horses; and he trod her under foot [of the horses]." Then, as now, numbers of houseless town dogs prowled round the mounds of ashes and refuse in the open space beside the walls, and the taste of her blood soon attracted so many that when men were sent out, after a time, to bury her, they found only her skull, her feet and the palms of her hands.<sup>1</sup>

There is nothing to be seen in the present village but the tower, which is used for a khan, or resting-place for travellers. The town dogs follow you with hideous uproar as you go through the few streets—if one can use the word for such a collection of hovels. The inhabitants live in perpetual feud with the Bedouins, who, by violence or theft, are continually plundering the poor peasants.

Shunem, of which I have already spoken,<sup>2</sup> lies about four miles off, to the north. On the other side of the great hill Neby Duhy—the "Little Hermon" of the Nazareth Christians, though this name should rather be given to Mount Tabor—lies the ever-sacred spot Nain, where our Lord raised the young man to life as he lay on his bier. Shunem lies on the southern slope of the great hill, Nain on its northern, the lofty peak being, in reality, only a great basalt mass, left standing up bold and steep; the soft limestone rocks through which it once forced itself from the abyss having been washed away in the course of countless ages. Above Nain its sides are a wild chaos of grey and black fragments of basalt, which have been split by time from the mountain, and give it a very desolate appearance. The village now consists only of some wretched mud hovels; but foundations of stone houses, far outside them, show that it was once larger and more prosperous. No signs of its having been walled remain, so that the "gate of the city" spoken of in the Gospels may have meant the entrance to it, where the houses began; a not uncommon form of speech.<sup>3</sup> On the right of the path from the village are some rock-cut tombs, reached

1 2 Kings ix. 30—36. 2 See *ante*, p. 251. 3 Luke vii. 11 ff.

by passing the hollow through which runs the way from Nazareth—that, in all probability, used by our Lord on His journey to Nain. The mourners were carrying the body to one of these tombs when Christ met them, as they advanced down the slope towards the village spring. There are, indeed, tombs in the rocks to the east, but a procession to them would not meet travellers from Nazareth, whence our Lord and the disciples were coming. There are no attractions of trees or gardens around; all is bareness and poverty; yet the remembrance of the Gospel story throws a glory over the spot. You are on the very ground once trodden by the Blessed One! Tabor rises to the north about two miles off, a rich, partly-tilled valley intervening, with a great slope beyond, rough with scrub-oak, locust, arbutus, lentisk, and terebinth trees: a fair sight to see.

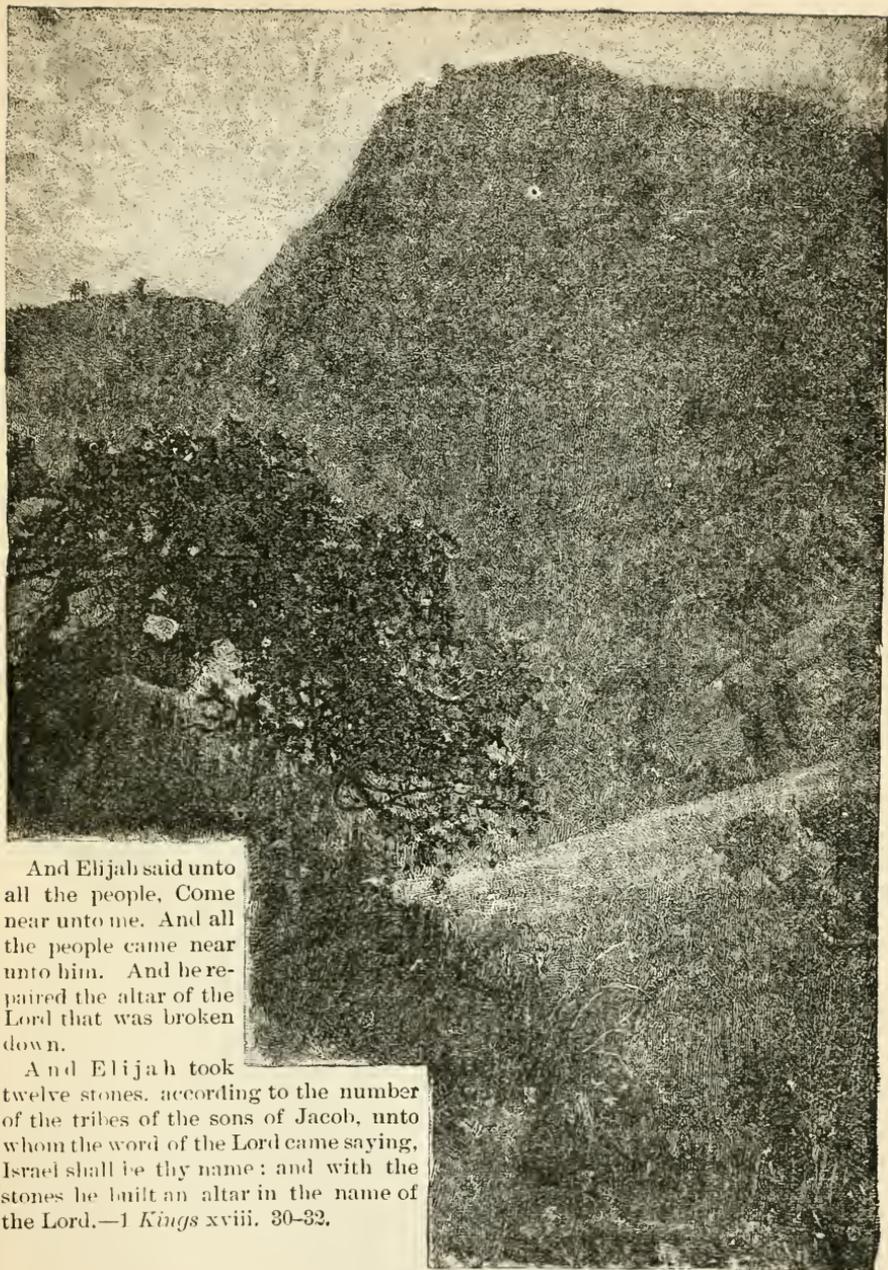
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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### NAZARETH.

THE ride to Nazareth from Jezreel is a tempting one for a canter—smooth soft earth inviting you to let your beast have his way when he wishes to hurry. It would be impossible to imagine a richer tract of land, but much of it lies idle, and whole fields of thistles are to be seen. Only one small hamlet lay on our track over the broad plain, which seemed to widen as we advanced, the clear air leading strangers to under-estimate the distance. But the hamlet is a historical one, for round it, in 1799, a great battle was fought by Kleber and Napoleon, in which 2,100 Frenchmen routed 25,000 Turks. We were, indeed, passing over the battle-ground of Palestine, where the war-cry of Midianites, Philistines, Egyptians, Jews, Romans, Crusaders, Saracens, French, and Turks had filled the air, again and again, through more than a thousand years. At last the foot of the hills was reached, and the horses began to climb the steep ascent of 1,000 feet that brings one to the plateau in a fold of which, three miles back among its own hills, lies Nazareth. The great cliff on the left, at the side of a narrow pass, has been shown, since the Middle Ages, as that over which His townsmen proposed to cast our Lord, but the scene of the incident could not have been here.

Sheets of smooth rock; fields of huge boulders, between which, at times, there was scarcely room to pass; acres of loose stones of all sizes, no path or track visible—parts so steep that to hold on to the horse's



And Eljah said unto all the people, Come near unto me. And all the people came near unto him. And he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down.

And Elijah took twelve stones, according to the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob, unto whom the word of the Lord came saying, Israel shall be thy name: and with the stones he built an altar in the name of the Lord.—1 Kings xviii. 30-32.



mane was a help,—everything unspeakably rough and difficult,—such was the way up the face of the rocks to get to the table-land on which Nazareth stands. After a time spots of green appeared on the wide, unearthly desolation, and some lean cattle were to be seen picking up poor mouthfuls among the stones. Further on was a larger, but still very small, spot of green. Goats and sheep alone could find sustenance in such a weird place. After an hour's ride, during which we passed both camels and donkeys toiling up the face of the hill with heavy loads, we came to a spring at the wayside, now running, but dry in summer. At last, all at once, a small valley opened below, set round with hills, and a pleasant little town appeared to the west. Its straggling houses, of white, soft limestone, and mostly new, rose row over row up the steep slope. A fine large building, with slender cypresses growing around it, stood nearest to us; a minaret looked down a little to the rear. Fig-trees, single and in clumps, were growing here and there in the valley, which was covered with crops of grain, lentils, and beans. Above the town the hills were steep and high, with thin pasture, sheets of rock, fig-trees, and now and then an enclosed spot. The small domed tomb-shrine of a Mahommedan saint crowned the upper end of the western slope.

Such was Nazareth, the home of our Lord. I had a kind invitation from Dr. Vartan, medical missionary of the Scottish Society, but could not find his house till I had first discovered that of the English missionary, by nationality a German, by whom a man was kindly sent to guide us to our hospitable quarters. The streets are not more than from six to ten feet broad, causewayed, but still rough, with a gutter in the centre, not always clean; but many of the houses are new, and this gave to the whole place an air of brightness hardly seen outside of Bethlehem. Dr. Vartan's house stands on the top of the hill, and is reached by a path cut zigzag up the steep white limestone, hard enough for my tired horse, but harder still for a tired man. Once on the plateau above, however, I found a wide stretch of level rock, on which an excellent stone house had been built, and part of a hospital. This, however, the Turks, who are jealous of everything English in Palestine, had stopped. Need I say that the view from such a height was intensely interesting? To the south lay Jezreel, and east of it the mountains of Gilboa, the villages of Nain and Endor, the hills of Gilead, and the top of Mount Ebal; to the north, the snowy top of Hermon, the city of Safed, the village of Sepphoris, and the plain of Buttauf, while from a neighboring hill, Carmel, the Bay of Acre, and the town of Haifa were in sight.

Numerous hills, not grassy like those of England, but bare, white, and rocky, though here and there faintly green, shut in Nazareth from the outer world; the last heights of Galilee, as they melt away into

the plain of Esdraelon. Their long, rounded tops have no wild beauty, and there are no ravines or shady woods to make them romantic or picturesque; indeed, as far as the eye reaches, they are treeless, or very nearly so. The level space behind Dr. Vartan's residence was an epitome of the soil everywhere. It seemed as if there were nothing but solid limestone, on which it would be hopeless to try to grow anything; and yet the chaos of stones from the house and hospital, and from the friable surface generally, only needs water to make it exceedingly fertile. A vineyard had already been planted, as well as fig and olive trees, and it will no doubt justify the labor and expense.

There is a nice little Protestant church at Nazareth, with a congregation drawn from the members of the Greek church, and there is a school for both boys and girls; 152 boys being present when I visited their section. Education, indeed, is the great hope of Missions. "Preaching is of no use," said the people of Cana of Galilee naïvely to the missionary: "give us schools." There are five stations in the villages around, but it would need the enthusiasm and self-denial of a St. Paul to do much real good; so stony and indifferent is the population, and so poor. Yet there are, doubtless, true Christians among them. The Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East has a very fine building, with eighty-seven orphan girls in training. I went over the establishment, and was greatly pleased with it. Beautifully clean and well-ordered in all respects, it was also a model of economical management: for the maintenance of a girl for a year was reckoned at no more than from seven to ten pounds. The Roman Catholics have two sisterhoods, who teach a school for girls; the Franciscan monks have a school for boys. There is also a Greek Bishop, and with him two or three priests, who have another school for boys. The infants of the town have a school for themselves, where the attendance is from seventy to ninety; the expense is defrayed by a lady in America. Except in the orphanage, the teachers, so far as I saw, were natives.

It was very pleasant to wander about the little town. Masterless dogs prowled about here, as elsewhere, devouring all the offal they could find. In one street several houses were being built, the stone for them being hewn out of the rock on the opposite side of the road, so steep is the hill. But whenever a house is built, the foundations are carefully laid on the rock, even where the position may require heavy cutting to do so.<sup>1</sup> The town has no walls, and is divided into three districts—the Greek quarter, the Latin or Roman Catholic, and the Moslem; the municipal authorities being a Caimacam, or lieutenant-governor, and a Kadi, or judge. The Franciscans have a great

<sup>1</sup> Luke vi. 48.



And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel. . . . Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench.

And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces : and they said, The Lord, he is the God ; the Lord, he is the God.—1 *Kings* xviii. 36, 38, 39.



monastery and a fine church, which, however, is only 150 years old; and they claim several holy sites, though these are of no authority. There are, further, a Franciscan convent, and a hospice for pilgrims, in a narrow street leading up by steps between poor huts of stone to a lane where stands the English church, which seats 500 persons, and has a parsonage near it. All these buildings are at the south-west corner of the town.

The water of Nazareth is mainly derived from rain-cisterns, for there is only one spring, and in autumn its supply is precarious. A momentous interest, however, gathers around this single fountain, for it has been in use for immemorial ages, and, no doubt, often saw the Virgin and her Divine Child among those who frequented it morning and evening, as the mothers of the town, many with children at their side, do now. The water comes through spouts in a stone wall, under an arched recess built for shelter, and falls into a trough at which a dozen persons can stand side by side. Thence it runs into a square stone tank at the side, against which gossips at all hours delight to lean. The water that flows over the top of the trough below the spouts makes a small pool immediately beneath them, and there women wash their linen, and even their children; standing in the water, ankle-deep, their baggy trousers—striped pink or green—tucked between their knees, while those coming for water are continually passing and repassing with their jars, empty or full, on their heads. The spring lies under the town, and as the Nazareth of ancient times, as shown by old cisterns and tombs, was rather higher up the hill than at present, the fountain must in those days have been still farther away from the houses. Hence it is very probable that the “brow of the hill”<sup>1</sup> may have been one of the cliffs above the town, or one now hidden by the houses. However, in such a hilly place there are precipices in many directions. The open valley to the west, now under crop, gives level space for threshing-floors, for which it is used after harvest.

Looking up at the banks of houses from this point, the whiteness of the new stone reflects a glare of sunlight; but it is said that the stone moulders away so quickly that in fifty years a building appears to be of venerable age, and hence the oldest-looking house may be very modern, in spite of its decay. The fountain, or “Well of Nazareth,” stands in a wide open space, with a rough, intermittent line of olive-trees and clumps and hedges of prickly pear at a good distance, leaving ample room for the tents of travellers, the romping of children, and the resting of camels or flocks. The town is only a quarter of a mile long, so that it is a small place, at the best; the population being made up of about 2,000 Mahommedans, 1,000 Roman Catholics, 2,500 Greek Christians, and 100 Protestants—not quite 6,000 in all; but its growth

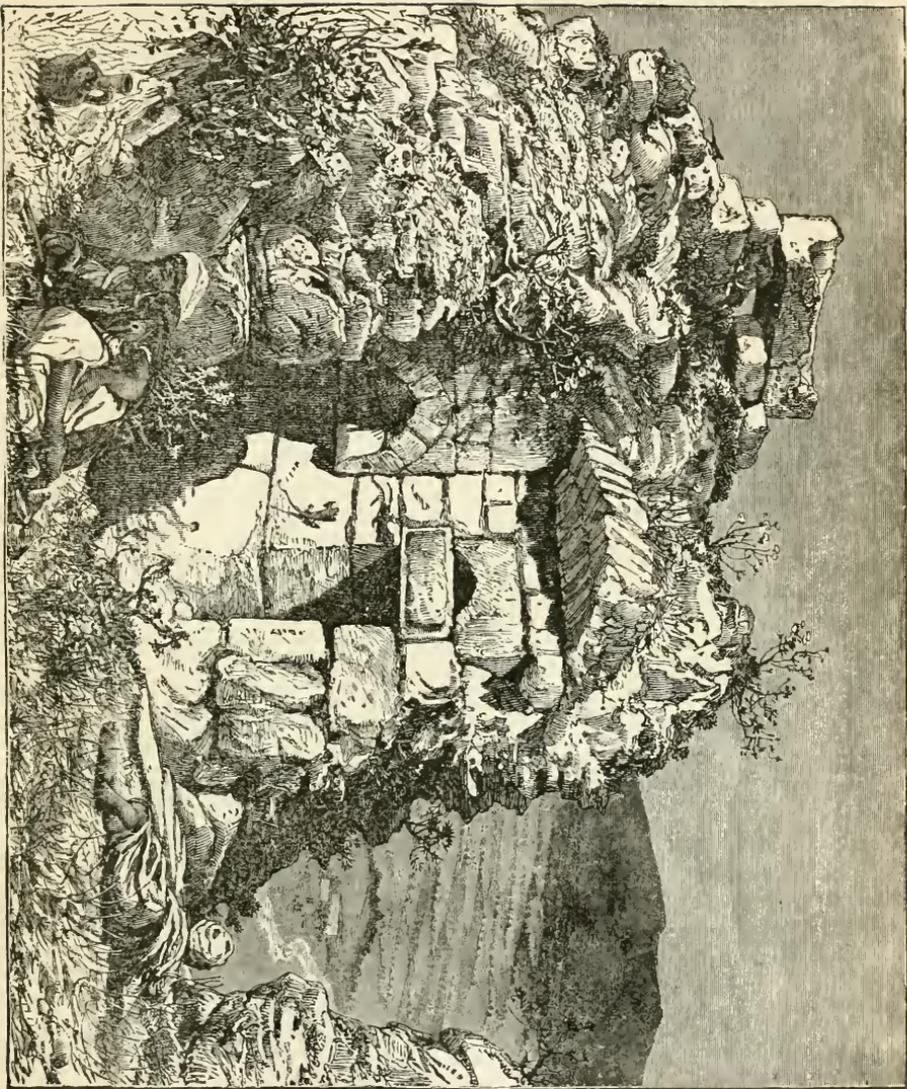
<sup>1</sup> Luke iv. 29,

even to this size is only recent, for thirty years ago Nazareth was a poor village. The fact that there is only one spring seems to show that it could at no time have been very large.

Our tents were pitched in the open space at the Virgin's Fountain, though we lived at Dr. Vartan's. Sitting in them occasionally, it was curious to notice the moving life around. Boys playing ball, just as with us; a girl in a colored cotton skirt, with a white cotton jacket over it, carrying a water-jar on her head; a passing string of mangy-looking camels; two or three horses, picketed and feeding; a woman in a black jacket and colored skirt, with a great canvas sack-load on her head; a long-nosed yellow dog prowling round; a donkey laden with square tins of American paraffin; an old Greek priest with a long beard, and a hat with the rim at the top instead of the bottom; a mounted Arab with his long spear balanced across his lean horse,—all these passed in the space of a few minutes. It was near the time of sunset, and the women, straight in the back as soldiers, were going to the well with their jars on their heads, glorying in skirts and jackets of all colors—pink, scarlet, blue, white, and sage-green, among others. Meanwhile, herds of lean cattle were being driven in from the hills for protection through the night.

The Virgin's Spring bursts out of the ground inside the Greek Church of the Annunciation, which is modern, though a church stood on the same site at least as early as A.D. 700. They say that it was at this spot the angel Gabriel appeared to the Virgin; and if there is nothing to prove the legend, there is, of course, nothing to contradict it. Indeed, the association of such a visit with the outflow of living water from the rock has a certain congruity that is pleasing. The church is half below ground, and the spring, rising freely, is led past the high altar, where it fills a well for the use of pilgrims, and then flows along a conduit to the stone arch and covered tank, to pour out from the wall through the metal spouts. The Christian women, by the way, wear no veils, though they have a gay handkerchief lying over the head, the hair falling down the back from beneath it in long plaits. The Mahommedan women, on the contrary, are veiled; but all the sex, alike, have drapery so slight, though it covers their whole persons, that the figure is displayed with a clearness very strange to Western ideas, though perfectly modest. Instead of a row of coins over the forehead, such as is worn by their Bethlehem sisters, the women of Nazareth wear strings of them at each side of the face. It was doubtless a piece of money from such a string that had been lost by the woman in the parable,<sup>1</sup> who forthwith lighted a lamp and swept the house, and sought diligently till she found it. With no window, the door giving the only light, the lamp was needed even by day; and

1 Luke xv. 8.



View of Mt. Carmel From the Castle Ruins of Saturego. (See page 52.)



where the woman was so poor as to have only ten coins in her ornaments, it is easy to realize how piteous her lament would be at her loss, and how exulting her cry to her neighbors when she had regained her treasure.

The shops of Nazareth are as primitive, one would think, as they could have been in the days of our Lord. Unfortunately, the carpenters have introduced the modern novelty of a work-bench, and no longer sit on the floor beside the board at which they work, as some related crafts still do elsewhere. But their tools are very simple, and it is interesting to notice them doing a great deal at the door-sill, in the light, which with us can only be done at the bench. They sit on the ground to drill holes in wood or to use the adze; but at the best their work seems to us very rude. Blacksmiths, with tiny bellows and furnace and small anvil, find abundant employment in sharpening the simple ploughs and mattocks of the peasantry, and making folding knives for them, the quality of which may be judged from their price, which is only twopence or threepence. Shoemakers also do a good trade, sitting like all other workmen who can do so, at the door or in the street; but their skill is confined to slight short boots of bright-colored leather, or to slippers without heels, which are all that one sees, as a rule, even on the roughest roads.

The contrast between the women of Nazareth and their peasant sisters is very striking, the superior circumstances of the townfolk affording them better food and easier lives than the others enjoy. In youth the figure of the women of Palestine is often admirable, but the matrons are very shrivelled—partly, no doubt, from the climate. Young women are careful to conceal the bosom, so far as thin cotton, fitting pretty closely, can do it; but when they have had families they grow indifferent on this point. Perhaps this may arise from the length of time they nurse their children, infants being seldom weaned under two years of age, and a son may have “his own milk” for even double that time, it being a common belief that the longer a child is kept at the breast the stronger he grows. It was on this ground that Hannah stayed from the yearly pilgrimage to Shiloh for we do not know how many years. Samuel, however, was old enough to be left with Eli when she took him to the Tabernacle on his being weaned,<sup>1</sup> and he could scarcely have been considered so had he not been a pretty big child. In allusion to the same prolonged nursing, Isaiah, asking—“Whom doth He teach knowledge? And whom doth He make to understand instruction?” answers—“Those that are weaned from the milk and withdrawn from the breasts.”<sup>2</sup> The Evangelist, also, quoting from the Greek version of the Psalms, tells us that God perfects praise out of the mouths of sucklings.<sup>3</sup>

1 1 Sam. i. 21—23. 2 Isa. xxviii. 9. 3 Matt. xxi. 16.

I did not see such dirtiness among the Nazareth children as one meets with so often elsewhere in the Holy Land. Here, however, as everywhere else, fear of "the evil eye" is prevalent. A prayer is uttered before eating, lest that dreaded evil have been turned on the food, which in that case, but for the prayer, would yield no nourishment. Against this mysterious danger, children very generally wear a charm enclosed in a case on the top of their caps; and horses often have something of the same kind on their head-gear. Salt, sprinkled on children shortly after birth, is thought to be a protection against it, and for the same reason it is sprinkled freely at the circumcision of boys, which takes place when they are entering puberty. This superstition in part explains why it is that children are left so filthy; since they are thus, it is fancied, less in danger of attracting attention from those who might injure them by a baleful look.

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## CHAPTER XL.

### TABOR, EL-MAHRAKAH, CARMEL.

FROM Nazareth to Tabor is about seven miles. The road we took led us over the hills on the edge of the plain. Long slopes, up and down, characterized the whole ride, much of the way being specially interesting from its unusual wealth in trees and flowers. The carob, or locust-tree, the ilex, the hawthorn, the sumach, the laburnum, and the terebinth grew in numbers, while we came every now and then on orchards of grey olives, green fig-trees, pomegranates with their red buds and opening leaves, and almonds with their pink and white blossom. Under foot there was at many points a wealth of beauty: flags, anemones of different colors, hyacinths, buttercups and daisies, wild cucumbers, thistles, yellow broom, dandelions, wild mignonette, and cyclamens, in great abundance. Small herds of black oxen, undersized and lean, were to be seen feeding under the care of a shepherd. All the hollows were fertile, and looked very pleasing, with their orchards and their patches of grain, or other growths. Even the bare slopes of grey rock were fretted with threads of green, springing up in the chinks, though apart from these, some were barren enough. The feet of the horses, mules, and asses, striking the same spots age after age in narrow parts of the way, had worn deep holes in the soft rock. A good proportion of the soil was only fit for rough pasture; and in many places stones lay thick. Half an hour's ride from Tabor, num-



Well and Water Wheel in a Garden Near Halfa. (See page 529.)



erous oaks, not high, but a pleasing contrast to the general treelessness of the country, dotted the slopes as in a park. A small valley, running north and south, separates the giant hill from those around it; and we had the village of Deburieh on the right as we passed along the low swell which joins Tabor to the northern mountains. Here the oaks grew especially strong and large, giving the landscape a delightfully English look. The steep height now rose close before us, thick with leafy scrub which left no room for ascent but by zigzagging through it in a rudely-made path, if it can be called a path. The horses found little difficulty in making their way, but it took them nearly an hour to get to the summit. The thick oak-scrub after a time grew thinner, till in some places our track was over bare rock; but the very steep western slope was much more barren than the northern by which we were going up, its surface showing hardly anything but a wilderness of Christ-thorn, scattered over the bare, weather-bleached limestone of which the whole mountain consists. The southern face is nearly naked. Seen from the north, the hill swells up like part of a great globe; from the east it is a broad cone, flattened on the top, and from the west it looks like a wedge rising above the neighboring hills. It is in reality a long oval, with its greatest width from east to west, its flat top rising nearly 1,500 feet above the plain below.<sup>1</sup>

The top of the hill forms a long and broad plateau, about a quarter of an hour's walk each way, sinking slightly, from nearly all sides, towards the centre. On the north-east side stands a small, recently-built, Greek church, about thirty feet high, with a little bell-tower. Its court was thronged with Russian pilgrims, and some dark and unclean-looking huts alongside of it supply cells for a few monks; the whole being shut in by dry stone walls, which enclose a considerable space. The ground outside is a strange mixture of culture and wildness. An old road, only a few feet broad, with low walls of loose stone at the sides, stretches over a hollow filled with oaks and other trees which are dwarfed to the height of tall shrubs, and leads to a door, iron-railed, built into the arch of the gateway of an old Crusading fortress, now in utter ruin, with wild growths on its top and a wooden cross raised upon some stones: a touching sight. The narrow road or path, with its deep walled sides, has doubtless seen fierce struggles between Christian knight and paynim in the old days, but now it leads to the peaceful loneliness of a Latin monastery. Around, at our feet, were sown patches, and tracts of pasture; farther off, thorns had their own way; elsewhere lay heaps of squared stones from long-fallen ruins, with bushes and weeds of every size and of many kinds thrusting themselves up among them. At the south-east corner of the table-

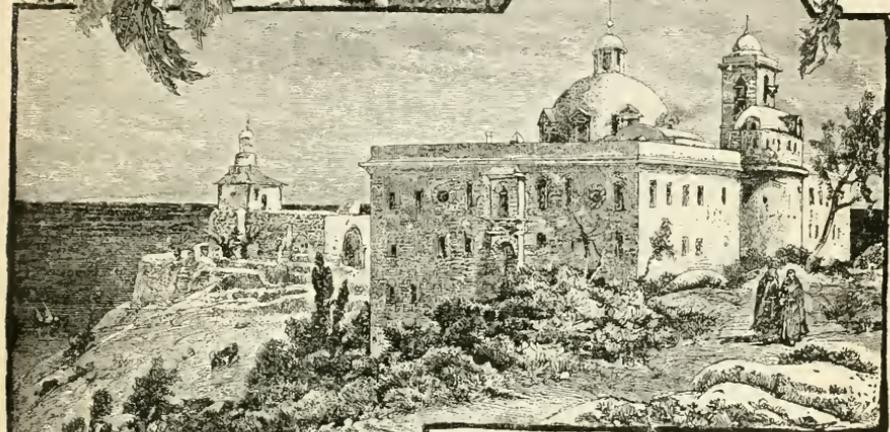
<sup>1</sup> Plain at foot, 350 feet above the sea; Tabor, 1,843 feet above the sea.

land are the remains of a once huge fortress, built by the Crusaders. Stones from fifteen to twenty feet long, carefully squared, still stood in position, while on the east, where the ground outside slopes, a deep fosse had been dug as an additional defence. The ruins are of different ages, and show that from the earliest times this stronghold of nature has been jealously guarded. The foundations of a thick wall of larger stones can be traced all round the top. Walls, arches, and foundations of houses and other buildings are everywhere visible, as though a town had been here as well as a fortress.

I have good reason to speak well of the Franciscans of Mount Tabor. The ride, added to daily hard exercise for weeks before, had tired me exceedingly, so that I was thankful when we reached the Latin monastery, a large building of one high story, inviting travellers by its open doors. Only two monks were visible, both young Italians, in the brown cloaks of their Order, with a hood on the back; their heads shaved into the tonsure, a rope girdle round the waist, and sandalled feet. The room we entered was long and lofty, and arched from all sides, to save timber; it was furnished with two long tables, reaching from end to end, some chairs, and, along each of the side walls, a long red cotton-covered couch, or divan. There were some simple Scripture pictures on the walls, and at one end portraits of the last and the present Pope, between doors which opened into sleeping-rooms for strangers, very nice, plain, and clean, with five beds in each. At the other end of the room was a very plain, glass-faced, bookcase-like cupboard.

The young monk, seeing how tired I was, most kindly insisted on getting refreshment, and very soon had part of the table covered with a nice white cloth, on which he set a flask of wine, some coffee, eggs, bread, and a salad of fennel, lettuce, and celery. As he was doing so, the bell of the Greek church began to toll: a sound hateful exceedingly to his soul, as seen in the contemptuous curl of his nose, and heard in some rather narrow-minded expressions. So bitter and unlovely is sectarian feeling everywhere! But he was a good soul. Nothing would content him but that I should lie down on one of the comfortable beds, which I very gladly did, and was soon in a sound sleep, from which my friends aroused me when it was time to leave.

The view from Tabor is very fine. On the south the recess in the great plain, towards Jezreel, lay at my feet, with Jebel Duhy soaring up in the background in naked bareness of rock. Nearer the northern slope was Endor with its spring, its cave-dwellings, and its tragic memories of Saul's visit, and straight before me Nain, one of the few villages of Galilee of which the name is given in the Gospel. To the east the eye ranged over a sea of hills, undistinguishable by shape from each other, towards the range which encloses the Sea of Galilee, which, however, lay hidden in its deep bed except from one point



And it came to pass, when Ahab saw Eiljah, that Ahab said unto him, Art thou he that troubleth Israel? And he answered, I have not troubled Israel; but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim. Now, therefore, send and gather to me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal, four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred, which eat at Jezebel's table. So Ahab sent unto all the children of Israel, and gathered the prophets unto Mount Carmel.

And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.—1 Kings, xviii. 17-21.



below the summit, where a gap in the hills gives a glimpse of it. In the north rose the mighty Jermuk mountain, with the hill-town of Safed clearly visible to the west of it. From the same point at which the Lake of Galilee appears we could also see the Mediterranean, but the Dead Sea lies out of sight from any part of Tabor. To the west, the ruined tomb of the Moslem saint, on the hill behind Nazareth, seemed close at hand, while, beneath, Esdraelon stretched away like a great variegated carpet to the hills of Samaria and the range of Carmel.

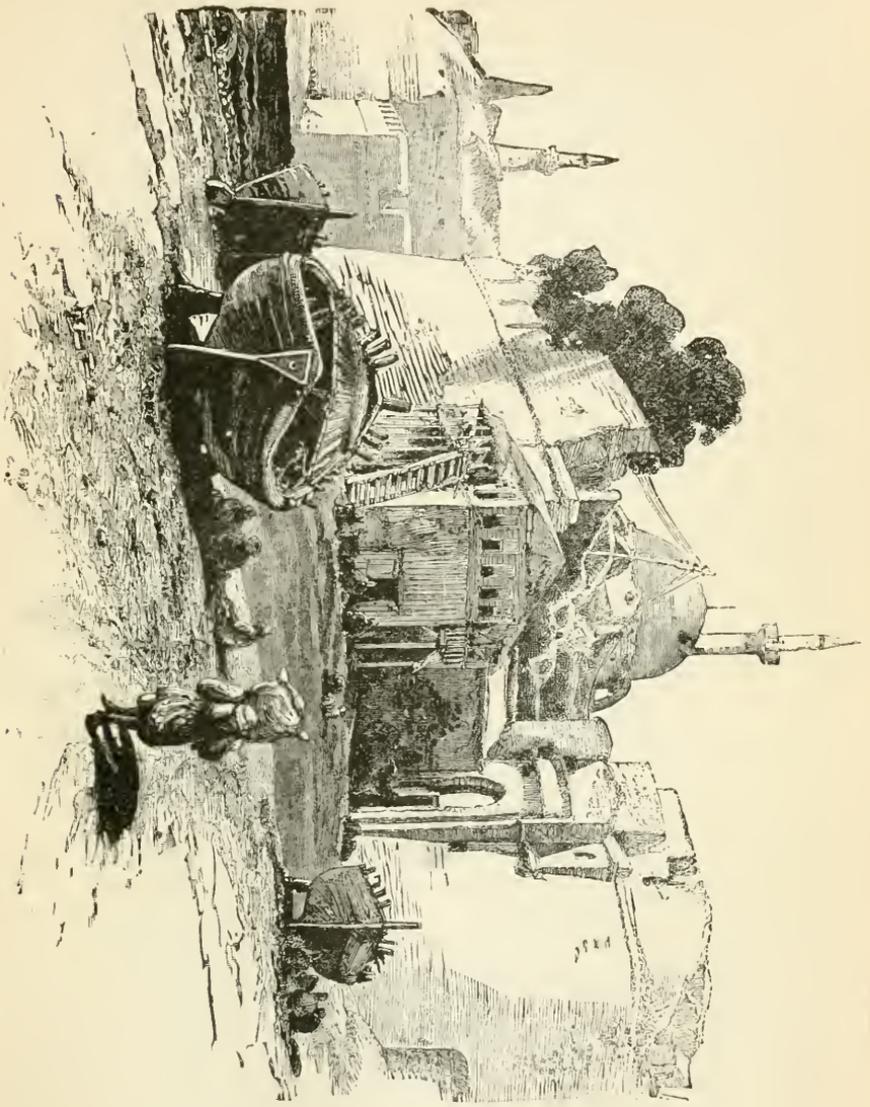
It was from this plateau that Barak rushed down in the midst of the storm on Sisera's chariots near Megiddo and Taanach, beyond Jezreel. Its isolation, its noble size, and its attractive vegetation, so much richer than that of the hills around, made Tabor famous in the poetry of Israel. "Tabor and Hermon," sings the Psalmist, "shall rejoice in Thy name;"<sup>1</sup> and Jeremiah, announcing the might and glory of the conquerer of Egypt, cries—"As I live, saith the Lord of Hosts, surely as Tabor is among the mountains, and as Carmel by the sea, so shall he come."<sup>2</sup> It appears to have been inhabited since very early times,<sup>3</sup> and its possession, as has been already remarked, was always held of supreme importance in the wars with which the land was visited. Antiochus the Great, and the Romans after him, only seized it by craft; and Josephus, who was in command in Galilee at the outbreak of the great Jewish war, caused it to be newly fortified, the ruins around us being in large part the remains of what he built. The idea, which is quite a mistake, that Tabor was the Mount of Transfiguration, led to the erection of churches and cloisters on it as early as the reign of Constantine. Nor were the Crusaders behind the earlier Christian zeal. Brave monks of Clugny defended their monastery in the year A.D. 1183 against Saladin; and there were many similar struggles till after the middle of the thirteenth century. At last, however, everything perished, so that a pilgrim to the sacred mountain in A.D. 1283 saw nothing but ruins of palaces, cloisters, and towers, amidst which lions and other wild beasts had their dens; and thus it remained for ages, till in late years the Greeks settled here again, and built their church; the Latins soon following suit.

The slopes north-east of Tabor, as you pass through the light oak-groves near the hill and beyond them, are famous as pastures. Fine trees shade luscious meadows, which are a favorite camping-place for Arabs, whose black tents are seldom wanting in the landscape. Large numbers of camels, stiff and ungainly in their movements, gaze around. Herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats, watched by their shepherds, are frequently to be seen, the tents standing in the midst of their feeding-ground. The life of the patriarchs must have been just like

that of these wandering tent-dwellers, though it rather shocks the imagination to picture those worthies so simple in dress as the swarthy men of to-day, attired in a shirt and an "abba," with a "kefiyeh" bound round the head with a camels'-hair rope; the women in only a single long blue cotton dress, or rather shirt; and the children of ten or twelve, of both sexes, wearing nothing but a sheepskin, the wool turned inside.

We returned to Nazareth by a slightly different route, but through very similar landscapes, entering the village by the road leading to the Fountain of the Virgin; delighted to be once more in the town of our Savior's childhood as well as of His riper life. To the Christian traveller the hills around, especially the highest, crowned with its Moslem tomb, can never be uninteresting. From its top Christ must often have turned His eyes on Carmel and the Great Sea, on the wide plain of Esdraelon, on Tabor, El-Duhy, and Gilboa, on the hills of Samaria, and on the mountains of Gilead, which shut in the horizon to the east. Behind, He must often have looked down into the green sweep of the valley of the El-Buttauf, with the peaks and rounded tops of the mountains of Upper Galilee beyond it, Safed shining white from its hill on the north-east, and Jernuk towering aloft near it. Far away to the north, Hermon, snow-crowned, shone before His eyes as it did before ours. Westward, on its hill stood Sepphoris; and then come the low hills which reach down to the plain of Aere, and hide the town itself. The hills of Nazareth would be almost as lonely then as now, for they are fit only for light pasture at best; and thus at all hours He could find solitary places, at His will, for prayer and meditation.

The streets of Nazareth are often noisy by night with the festivities of marriage, for the local customs are still in most things the same as they were in the time of our Lord. These rejoicings begin now, as then, with sunset, and last several days. Before the marriage the bridegroom goes at evening to the house of a relation, and while he is there a band of maidens lead the bride to his house, and then go to bring the bridegroom home. If any, however, are too long in coming, he goes to his house without them, and the door is shut. There is a final procession of bride and bridegroom on horseback to the marriage ceremony, with dancing and music as they advance; and the return is similarly glad-some. As in old times, the wife is still bought, the lowest price given being from sixteen to twenty pounds, though in Bible days a Hebrew could get a wife for six pounds. In exceptional cases as much as from sixty to a hundred and fifty pounds is sometimes paid for a bride at the present day. Her father receives the money, if he be a Mahomedan; but among Christians it belongs to the bride as her dowry, which her husband cannot touch, for since a woman cannot inherit,



Gate of Acre. (See page 530.)



she, with this exception, brings nothing with her but her clothes and ornaments. Rich fathers, however, give their daughters a wedding-portion of some description, though not in money, as Job did when he gave his daughters inheritance among their brethren.<sup>1</sup>

Women in the East are never trusted as in the West, and hence there is no social intercourse between the sexes before marriage, or between a wife and any man but her husband. There is less, however, of this seclusion in villages than in such a place as Nazareth, and less among the Christians than among the Mahomedan women of such a town. Polygamy, being lawful among the "true believers," is practised by them, as far as means permit, and often involves much hardship and cruelty to the weaker sex. The wife who has grown old with her husband, and has lost the beauty she had in youth, instead of being loved the more for the long companionship in which the two have spent life together, is often put away to get her bread as she best can, while her husband takes a young woman in her place. Still more frequently, the old wife is made the slave of the new. How much jealousy, envy, rancour, and strife are thus created, especially when there are children of different mothers, can be easily imagined. No wonder that in many cases the wives unite and make common cause against the men. Family life cannot flourish in such a state of things, as we often see in the Bible narratives of royal households. There is, however, one compensation: the affection between mother and children grows intensely strong. In her son, the wife and mother finds the firm, steadfast support which she misses from her husband. By him she is loved with the truest and most reverential affection. It is easy, therefore, to see how terrible a calamity it is to an Oriental wife if her children, especially her sons, die, or if she be childless. A Western woman can hardly realize how great a sorrow such misfortunes are to her Eastern sister.<sup>2</sup>

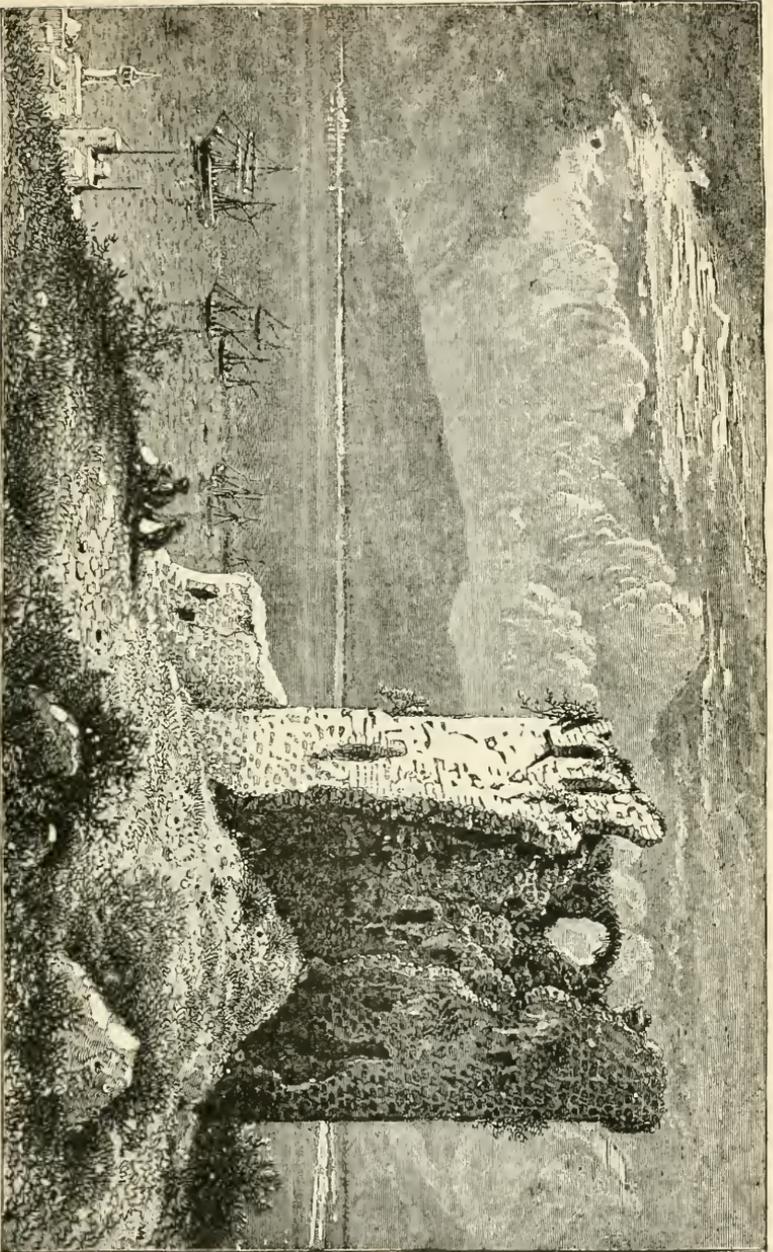
Across the plain, nearly west, lies the scene of Elijah's sacrifice. As we started from Nazareth, the village of Makbiyeh lay hidden in a little fruitful valley on the left of the track, with palms in its gardens. Since reaching Jenin, or Engannim, this most graceful tree had reappeared, for though it is not found in the hill-country, where the comparatively low temperature must always have prevented its growing, it abounds near Sidon, Acre, Haifa, and other towns. In this valley, close to Nazareth, it was evidently thriving, and at Jenin it was the special feature of the place. Our Lord could therefore see this specially Oriental tree, day by day, almost in the same landscape in which, afar off, shone the snows of Hermon. So varied is the climate of the Holy Land. It is curious to notice the numerous stems of the palm which strew the shores of the Dead Sea, where they are brought down the

1 Job xlii. 15. 2 Gen. xxx. 1, 22; 1 Sam. i. 6.

Jordan by floods, or from some of the gorges on the eastern side. In many places numbers of them, and great masses of palm-leaves, encrusted with a coating of lime, deposited by the water from the hills, lie like huge pillars, or stones, till, splitting off the casing, you see the tree or the great fronds as perfect as when they were growing, perhaps many ages ago. Elsewhere, over the country, the palm appears to have been more plentiful long ago than now. "The righteous," says the Psalmist, "shall flourish like the palm-tree,"<sup>1</sup> and even passing strangers feel the aptness of the comparison. For the palm is the tree of the desert, growing luxuriantly not only in the rich soil of Egypt, but in the sandy borders of Gaza. It cannot live without constant moisture, hence its presence always speaks of water near: an emblem of the grace needed continually to quicken and support the Christian life. It rises high above all the trees around, as the Christian should tower in spiritual stature above his fellows. "Upright as a palm" is a proverb, and should be a lesson. It is always growing while it lives, and brings forth fruit even in old age; and it grows best when its branches are loaded with weights, as the godly man does when he bears the load of this world's afflictions.

Beyond Makbiyeh you presently come upon a lovely spring, Ain Sufsafeh, bubbling out in another valley, with the usual accompaniment of bright and luxuriant vegetation. The descent to the plain was gradual, with a few trees on the slopes, and quite a number of springs bursting from the foot of the hills which here approach within about six miles of the opposite range of Carmel. Once on the open ground, there are no trees, and one can easily understand how the Shunammite's boy, when he had gone out with his father's reapers to the fields in the hot harvest weather, was struck down by the sun.<sup>2</sup> The great sweep of virtually level ground from Zerim, or Jezreel, to Carmel, was around us, showing the whole distance over which the anxious mother pressed so hurriedly to tell the prophet the sad fate of her boy: and it was not difficult to understand how Elisha, standing on some height of the Carmel range opposite, could distinguish her from a great distance, so as to send Gehazi to ask her errand. The soil everywhere was evidently very rich, but wide stretches were left wild, and there was not a single village from one side to the other.

El-Mahrakah, or "the Place of Burning," has for many years been justly regarded as the scene of Elijah's contest with the priests of Baal. It is the name given to a place near the ruined village of Mansurah. A long, steep climb, by a slippery winding path, brings you over rocks and through thickets to heaps of old dressed stones, close to a ruined cistern of considerable size. The view from the spot is magnificent. Standing on the edge of the hill, you look down a depth



Bay of Acre Seen From Mt. Carmel. (See page 329.)



of 1,000 feet to the great plain, at the edge of which, close to the hills, flows the Kishon, now comparatively low, but in the rainy season unfordable at this point. The first place at which it can be crossed is farther south, where it is about twenty yards wide; but even there it reaches above the horse's girth. The hewn stones around mark the spot where the altar built by Elijah had stood; but even that was only the reconstruction of a still more ancient altar, which Jezebel, in her fury against Jehovah, had cast down.<sup>1</sup> It was in the vicinity of this sacred spot, I should suppose, that Elisha lived when away in retirement on Carmel;<sup>2</sup> and it was in all probability to a spot above, whence the Great Sea is seen swinging to and fro far beneath to the west, on the other side of the mountains, that the servant of Elijah came up seven times to look for the sign of rain, which appeared at last in the form of the small cloud, known in Palestine, when it is seen driving eastward over the waters towards the land, to be the precursor of a storm.

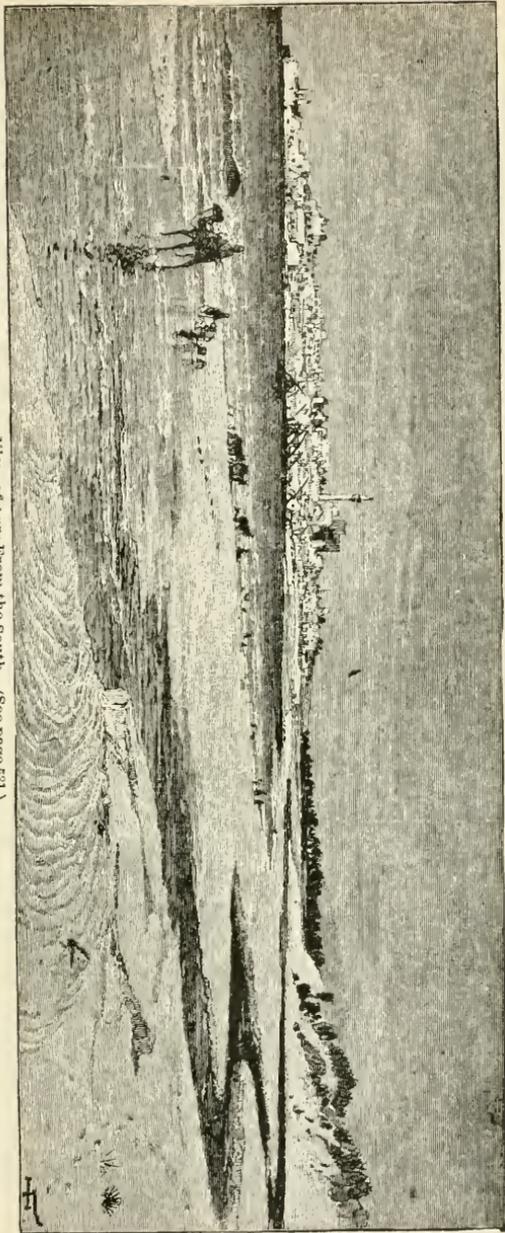
Climbing to a crag 300 feet higher, we looked down on the altar-stones which lie in a little hollow on the knoll, 1,000 feet, as I have said, above the plain. There, on the banks of the Kishon, is a flat, green knoll, called by the natives Tell-el-Cassis, "the Mound of the Priests." The place of sacrifice, thus overlooking the plain, is shut in on the north by woody cliffs, which, with the slopes around, seem to form a natural amphitheatre: the very spot for the great scene transacted in it. It is at the extreme eastern point of the Carmel hills, about thirteen miles nearly south from the promontory which dips its foot in the sea, and closes the range to the north. The last view of the ocean is to be had from the top of the crag above; and from this point also you have the first view of the great plain, which north of this is narrowed by the close approach of the hills of Galilee. The glades of forest have already been left behind on the north, and the bareness of ordinary hill scenery in Palestine has begun; but there are still some fine trees in the amphitheatre, overhanging an ancient fountain, with a square stone-built reservoir about eight feet deep beside it, traces still remaining of the steps by which the water was reached when low. This spring never dries up, as is shown by the presence of living fresh-water molluses, which would die if water were at any time to fail them. One can thus understand how, although drought had scorched the land for three years, and the Kishon, after shrinking to a string of pools, had dried up altogether, there was still water for the sacrifice of Elijah, though he needed so much. The whole of the moisture remaining in the depths of Carmel poured its wealth into this last treasure-house. On one side, in the wide hollow sweep in which this spring lies, were ranged Ahab and the four hundred and fifty

1 1 Kings xviii. 30. 2 2 Kings iv. 18 ff.

prophets of Baal and Astarte; on the other stood the one grand figure of the prophet of Jehovah, in his sheepskin mantle, with his long hair streaming in the wind. Far to the south-east, Jezreel, with the king's palace and Jezebel's temple, were full in sight; and beneath, in ordinary times, were the winding links of the Kishon, slowly gliding on to the narrow pass, overhung with oleanders, through which it enters the plain of Acre on its way to the sea. The contest lasted from morning till noon, and from noon till the time of the evening sacrifice. In vain did the priests of Baal circle round their altar in sacred dances, ever more violent, till at last, like some of the modern dervishes, in their intense earnestness they cut themselves with knives. Elijah could taunt and mock them at his will, for Baal did not answer. Then came the miracle of the burning of the prophet's sacrifice, and the final catastrophe, when the false prophets, at the command of Elijah, were taken down the hill to the knoll over Kishon, and there put to death, their bodies being no doubt thrown into the river-bed, that the flood, soon to come, might bear them away to the sea without burial, the greatest indignity that in ancient times could be offered to the dead.

Remounting the hill to a sacrificial feast—the sign of reconciliation to the land on the part of Jehovah, now that He had been vindicated before all—the king and Elijah ate together from the remains of the offering. Then, we are told, the prophet climbed to “the top of the mountain,” and remained long in prayer, his face bowed to the earth, while his servant, after going seven times to a point from which the sea was visible, at last announced that a cloud was rising in the far west—the first of the kind that had been seen for years. It was already twilight, and the prophet knew the suddenness with which the fierce wind would bear on the storm. Before long the whole heavens were overcast, and the wind gave the sound of abundance of rain. It was imperative that the king should hurry down, and, crossing the Kishon, gain his chariot and drive off for Jezreel, before the rain turned the wide soft plain into a muddy swamp. This done, “the hand of the Lord was on Elijah.” Tightening his girdle round him, and running ahead of the galloping horses as they darted off, he kept his place before them with the amazing strength apparently peculiar to Arabs and Indians, till they and he together reached the entrance of Jezreel, sixteen or seventeen miles away.

On the Galilee side of the narrow pass between the plain of Acre and Esdraelon is the village of Sheikh Abreik, standing on a low hill, on the southern edge of a large tract of rolling land, covered with oak-scrub and fringed with trees of larger growth. There are only some miserable hovels in the village, with starved dogs in the lane and on the roofs, and bees murmuring about their clay hives. The Kishon opposite Sheikh Abreik flows in a winding channel thickly overshadowed



View of Acre from the South. (See page 531.)



owed with oleanders, with a muddy ford in spring and almost a dry bed in summer, but filled after rain with a stream. The caravan-road to Haifa runs along the foot of the hills, and was alive with long strings of camels, moving towards or from the port, one beast stalking with wooden stiffness behind another, each tied to the one before, the leader of the caravan sitting on an ass in front, contentedly smoking his long wooden pipe as the train behind moved after him at hardly three miles an hour. Going north from Mahrakah, the hills and valleys of Carmel are rich with trees which spread just as they please, with no interruption from human industry. The contrast between this wild "garden of God" and the hills of Palestine elsewhere is very great. Here, vegetation grows in rich luxuriance: everywhere else there is little but thorns, thin pasture, or weathered limestone, bare and forbidding—for even the hills of Samaria are fruitful only on their slopes.

Carmel has enjoyed this pre-eminence among the mountains of the Holy Land from the earliest ages. To the sacred writers it was the emblem of the richest fertility. "The excellency of Carmel"<sup>1</sup> is Isaiah's ideal of the glory of any land. The highest fancy of the inditer of Canticles cannot compliment his beloved more than by assuring her, "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel."<sup>2</sup> That this range should wither is the prophet's darkest image of desolation.<sup>3</sup> In the heat of summer, when the whole landscape, far and near, changes to the yellow of death, Carmel still raises aloft its unfading wealth of green. For its forests to droop and its beauty to fade was the sign to the prophets of the sternest visitation of God.<sup>4</sup> To Micah its pastures were the emblem of the blessedness which God would bestow upon His people. "Feed Thy people," says he, "with Thy rod, the flock of Thine heritage, which dwell solitarily, in the forest in the midst of Carmel."<sup>5</sup> It is no wonder that an altar to Jehovah was early raised on this mountain, or that Elisha made it his chosen retreat,<sup>6</sup> for even the heathen populations regarded it as sacred. "Between Syria and Judæa," says Tacitus, "is Carmel—the name given to a mountain and to a god: yet there is no image to the god nor any temple, but, as former ages have prescribed, only an altar and worship. Vespasian sacrificed there when revolving in his mind the yet secret hope of empire."<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Isa. xxxv. 2. <sup>2</sup> Cant. vii. 5. <sup>3</sup> Isa. xxxiii. 9. <sup>4</sup> Amos i. 2; Nah. i. 4. <sup>5</sup> Micah vii. 14. <sup>6</sup> 1. Kings xv. ii. 30, 32; 2. Kings ii. 25; iv. 25. <sup>7</sup> Tac. *Hist.*, ii. 78.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## HAIFA AND ACRE.

ON the way to Haifa charming valleys lie behind the hills which one sees from Esdraelon: some of them darkened by the black tents of Arabs who roam thither to pasture their flocks. Wooded hills, pasture, and tilled land alternate; the last in small quantity. In the rich hollows thousands of people could hide themselves from foes in the plain, who would not suspect the existence of such asylums if they did not penetrate the upper hills. One can understand, therefore, how Jehovah could say, through Amos, of the idolaters of the Ten Tribes, "Though they hide themselves on the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence."<sup>1</sup> Olive-groves occur here and there, and charcoal-burners find abundant material for their craft. The Druse village of Esfia stands on the top of the highest point of the Carmel range, at an altitude of over 1,700 feet from the sea, above the rich vegetation of the valleys, and amidst thorny growths and sheets of rock such as are common in other mountainous districts. The villagers, or their fathers, were implicated in the massacre of Christians in Lebanon nearly fifty years ago, and sought a home on this spot, beyond the reach of the local government. Active and industrious, they have large herds of cattle and asses, and great flocks of sheep and goats. From Esfia northwards, towards the sea, the path lay along a high table-land, unbroken by valleys, and covered with rough growths, which after a time give place to great numbers of clumps of firs. It must have been from his having passed through some such place that Isaiah could use the image he employs of the fear into which Abaz fell on hearing of an alliance against him by the Ten Tribes and Syria—"his heart was moved, and the heart of his people, as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind"<sup>2</sup>—for the rustle of the branches in the soft air is a sound very seldom heard elsewhere in Palestine. Rich slopes appeared again after a time, with flocks of sheep and goats, tended in some cases by girls with sunburnt faces. Wild beasts—hyænas, leopards, wild cats, and other creatures equally fierce—are found in this district, but we saw none. The hills are less fertile towards the west, where the bare stony soil offers support to nothing better than thorns and brambles, though occasionally rich valleys were to be seen. Population, it may be said, there is none, though frequent ruins show that it has been very different in former ages.

The high dome of the Carmelite monastery, on the extreme north-west point of the range, overlooking the sea, is a landmark from great

<sup>1</sup> Amos ix. 3. <sup>2</sup> Isa. vii. 2.



Day School in Shoemaker's Stall, Damascus. (See page 535.)



distances. The building is extensive and imposing, standing grandly at a height of more than 500 feet above the waves which break continually underneath. The inside of the cloister is in keeping with its stately exterior: high, airy, wide passages; broad, slowly-ascending stairs; simple but tastefully fitted-up chambers, with perfect cleanliness everywhere, are its characteristics. Besides the church, richly ornamented, there is a library, with much else; and the whole establishment is bright and new, having been put into perfect repair in recent years by the French Government.

The path from this lofty retreat to Haifa descends gently, crossing at the bottom a rich plain, on which a German colony has settled. Haifa itself lies at the south angle of the Bay of Acre, with only a narrow strip between it and the towering wall of Carmel. Here and there a palm rises, and there are many olives and fruit-trees of all kinds, with numerous gardens. Russia, ever mindful of her pilgrims, has built a large hospice for them, and there is also a fine Roman Catholic school. Steamers call at this port, but the harbor has long ago been silted up by sand, and by the mud brought from the mouths of the Nile. Hence, only boats can come near the land, and even from them passengers have to be carried on the backs of the boatmen for more than fifty paces. The streets of the town are filthy and wretched beyond description.

The road to Acre is along the sea-shore, close to the restless waters which run up the smooth beach in ceaseless play. A broad belt of yellow sand separates the blue of the sea from the green of the plain, a sky azure as the ocean stretching over land and water alike. Timbers of wrecks lie on the sand or stick up out of it, showing how dangerous the coast must be in a gale from the west. About two miles from Haifa the Kishon enters the sea—that is, when it can, for a ground current runs strongly against the river-mouth, raising a bar which chokes the stream so quickly that in very dry seasons no visible channel is left, and what water there is filters through the sands. In ordinary times, however, there is a mouth, with a bar across it a little way out in the sea, the water reaching to a horse's knees, but after the rains it is somewhat deeper even at this place; and for some miles inland the depth increases to from six to fourteen feet.

The plain of Acre was in the territory of Asher, though Acre itself was left to the Phœnicians, for the Jew hated the sea, and his love of commerce is a quality developed late in his history. On such a sweep of rich land Asher indeed "dipped his foot in oil," and could say that "his bread was fat, and that his land yielded royal dainties."<sup>1</sup> As we neared the town, the river Belus, about two feet deep, and broader than the Kishon, flowed into the sea. Here great fisheries for the

1 Deut. xxxiii. 24; Gen. xlix. 20.

purple-dye sea-snail were established, and here the creature is still to be found. It is also said that glass was discovered at the Belus by the accidental vitrification of sand under the heat of a fire. Can "the treasures hid in the sands," of which Moses speaks, refer to this?<sup>1</sup> There is only one gate into Acre, close to the sea-shore. Passing through this and traversing a few streets, we reach the bazaar, which is partly covered with an awning of mats, and partly with stone arches, for the sake of coolness. The ramparts are double on the land side, and though in parts shattered, are on the whole in tolerable good condition, the moat outside still showing how strong a place it must once have been. Two hundred and thirty cannon, a number of them captured by Sir Sidney Smith when on their way to Napoleon's army, look out in every direction from the port-holes, but all are old and badly mounted. The port in which fleets lay in the time of the Crusades is now little more than a yard and a half deep where there is most water, so that only small boats can enter. The mosque was sadly knocked about at the last bombardment, in 1840, but has since been repaired, after a fashion. It stands in a great open court, from which rise palms, cypresses, and other trees, and is surrounded with vaulted galleries, containing chambers for pilgrims and others, and supported by pillars, which were brought from the ruins of Tyre and Casarea. Close to the monastery of the Franciscans is a great khan, the wide court of which is surrounded by a row of two-story houses, with a strong gate, which can be closed upon occasion.

Acre is a miserable town, containing hardly any antiquities; but it is very ancient, for it is spoken of in Judges, where we are told that in Joshua's time the Israelites, never skilled in siege-work, found it too strong for them to take.<sup>2</sup> In the Persian era its fortified haven made it an important basis of operations against Egypt, from a Greek ruler of which, at a later date, it took the name of Ptolemais, mentioned in the chronicles of the Maccabees.<sup>3</sup> But to Christians it is most famous as the place at which St. Paul landed when he went up to Jerusalem for the last time, saluting the brethren then in the town, and staying with them a day.<sup>4</sup> In the time of the Crusaders, Acre flourished, though less when they first held it for eighty years, before it was wrested from them by Saladin in 1189, than after its recapture, as the prize of a two years' siege, by Cœur de Lion in 1191. From that date it remained for exactly a hundred years the centre of Christian power in the Holy Land. The court of the kings, and the seat of the Patriarchate, were here; and by their names the streets indicated that men of many nationalities came to this great mart, for they were called after Pisa, Rome, Genoa, Venice, Florence and Paris. The story of its splendor is told in the Roman chronicles of the Crusades, but it fell

1 Deut. xxxiii. 19. 2 Judg. i. 31. 3 1 Macc. v. 15; x. 1; xii. 45. 4 Acts xxi. 7.





in 1291 before the attack of Sultan Ashrab, and was burned to the ground. Nor was any attempt made to rebuild it till a little over a hundred years ago, so that it is essentially a modern town. The population is about 8,000, of whom three-fourths are Mahommedans; and the staple business is the exportation of corn brought from the Haurân of which from 200 to 300 ship-loads are sent away each year.

The importance of this trade may be realized almost any morning by watching the long trains of camels laden with grain waiting for entrance into the town, their number requiring them to take their turn. The prophet's picture of the prosperity of Judah under the Messiah—"The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come"<sup>1</sup>—must have been suggested by a sight like that now presented at the gates of Acre. The camels are in hundreds, and the caravans seem endless. All these had passed over the road behind Nazareth, and must have been seen, in part, by any villager who chanced to be in that direction; so that contact with the great outer world, enlarging the sympathies and expanding the ideas of the otherwise secluded hill-population, must be constant. So it was in an even greater degree in the time of our Lord, for the life of Palestine was then far more vigorous than it is now; and thus the Son of Mary, although living in the quiet town behind the plain, must have been familiar with scenes which spoke of a greater world than the Jewish, and of other races of men, with equal claim to His gracious pity. The cemetery lies to the east of the town, at the side of the road, like all other Mahommedan burial-grounds in the irregularity of the unshapely, plastered mounds with which it is sown. There is no such thing as a row of graves, or a path through them. The dead are put into any vacant spot, without an idea of order, and the ground is then left open to man and beast. Yet the heart is no less tender in the East than in the West. When we were there, women were sitting at the graves of their loved ones as Mary did in days long past.<sup>2</sup>

As one goes east the landscape rises and falls in gentle swellings, from which glimpses of the town and sea once and again offer themselves. Long trains of camels returning home, after delivering their loads, stalked solemnly on in single file, or two abreast; the empty grain-bags laid across their humps. The cord with which these bags are sewn is more like rope than thread, and indeed is often used as such, so that the needle employed must be something prodigious. Was it in reference to this that the proverb arose about the impossibility of a camel going through the eye of a needle?<sup>3</sup> It is at least certain that the explanation which supposes the needle's eye to be a name given to a small side passage at the city gates is not trustworthy, as there are no such small side arches in the East.

1 Isa. lx. 6. 2 John xi. 31. 3 Mark x. 25.

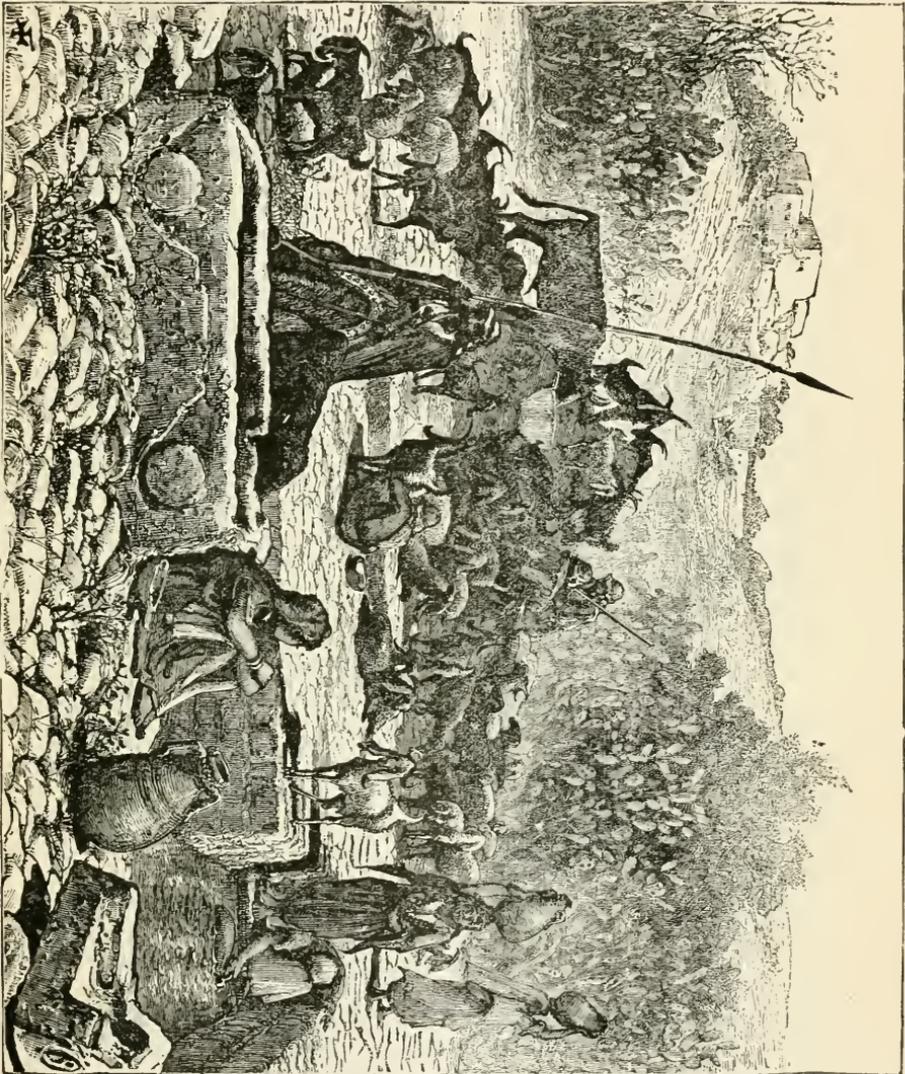
## CHAPTER XLII.

## EL-BUTTAUF, CANA, THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

ONE old Roman road from Acre ran south-east over the hills, past Sepphoris, to the ford of the Jordan, immediately south of the Lake of Galilee. Another led to Nazareth, and then turned south to Esdraelon. Nothing, indeed, is more astonishing than the close network of roads which covered the whole country once, under the Romans, as seen in the great map of Palestine published by the Palestine Survey. Instead of such a well-maintained and admirable system of intercommunication in every direction as obtained in the days of our Lord, only paths over the plains, and rude, frightful tracks up the valleys are to be seen to-day. It is, in fact, impossible to conceive a country in which travelling could be more laborious: a proof of this being the fact I have already mentioned, that distance is measured by the rate at which a horse or other animal *walks* in an hour: three miles, at most, being reckoned an hour's journey. East of Acre there are many well-travelled paths over the plain, which is about seven miles broad, to Damun, the first village at the foot of the hills beyond. To supply water for the numerous caravans, numbers of wells have been dug, some of them very deep. Over many of the shafts rise stone domes, with a square tank in front, and a trough into which water flows. Women were busy at some of these, washing their linen by beating it with a wooden club; not, I should think, a great help to its durability. The land, like that of Esdraelon, is by no means generally tilled, but in some places, strange to say, even the roads had been ploughed up, so that when the sower goes forth some of his seed must needs fall on the wayside and be trodden under foot.<sup>1</sup>

Damun, though itself a poor place, is nicely situated among groves of olives. About two miles south-east of it lies a village the name of which, Kabul, is interesting from its being thought to recall an incident in the history of Solomon's reign. Hiram of Tyre had most generously provided cedar and cypress wood for the Temple on Mount Moriah and the palace on Zion, as well as a large quantity of gold for ornamenting both, and for all this the shrewd, mean-spirited Jew made over to him the very shabby return of "twenty cities in the land of Galilee,"<sup>2</sup> which, it is to be presumed, were peopled mostly by the heathen Canaanites, and were of very little value to Solomon. They were not in this district, but seem to have lain in the northern part of the territory of Naphtali, on the boundaries of Tyre, and owed the name Kabul, given by Hiram to them as a whole, to their worthless-

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xiii. 4; Luke viii. 5.   <sup>2</sup> 1 Kings ix. 11.



Well at Kefr Kenma. (See page 533.)



ness in his eyes. Indeed, the Second Book of Chronicles seems to show that Hiram gave them back again to their donor,<sup>1</sup> refusing to accept them.

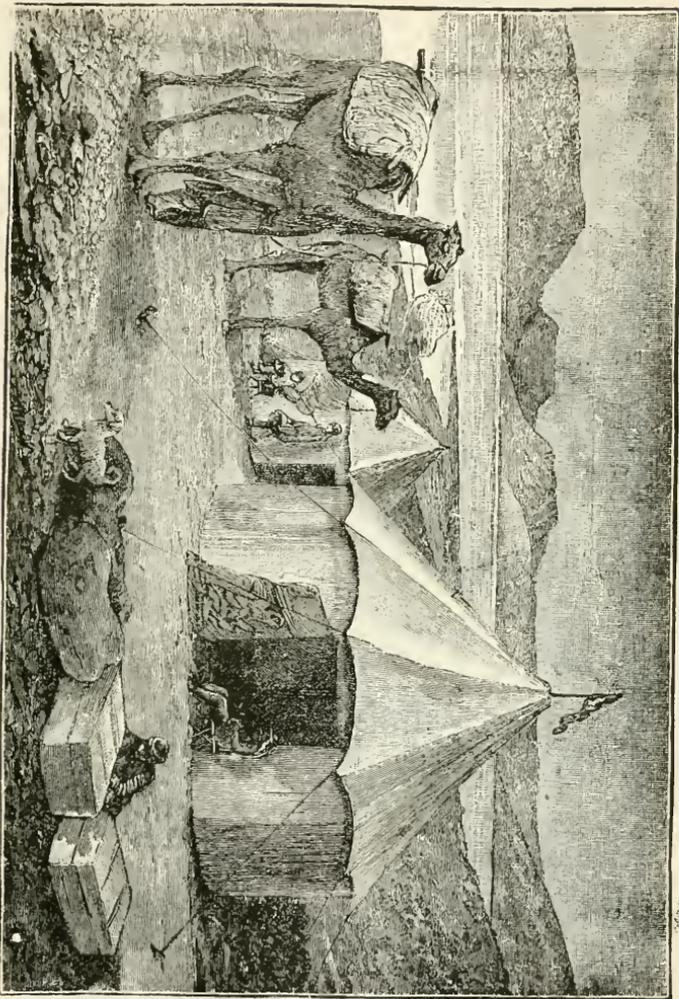
The country to the south of Kabul is very barren on both sides of the valleys into which it is broken up, the hills being mostly a bare confusion of rocks, grown over with scrub and thorns, though here and there offering sparse feeding for sheep or goats. As a whole this upland region is very poor. The first patches of grain that we saw after leaving Kabul were in the neighborhood of Kankab, four miles to the south-east. This hamlet lies at the west end of a narrow valley in which a fine spring has created a little oasis of fertility. Walls of rock and vigorous scrub mark the steep slopes, the luxuriant green rising on the east side to the dignity of trees, while a carpet of grass fringes the course of the water. Two miles over the hills to the east is Tell Jefat, where once stood the fortress of Jotapata, which Josephus, who was a Jewish general as well as a historian, long defended against Vespasian, capitulating at last for want of water. The ruins of a castle still stand on the high, precipitous hill which rises 500 or 600 feet above the valley. It is burrowed with cisterns throughout, and the traces of a wall round the summit are yet visible. Little more than a mile south-east, over rough hills, you reach a ruined site still known by the native Christians as "Cana of Galilee," possibly the spot where the marriage took place recorded by St. John.<sup>2</sup> Here is the wreck of a large village, with the remains of a wall of large stones which once enclosed it; but all is now silent and desolate. A mile further south, the broad plain of El-Buttauf came in sight—a spacious green sea, here sinking into gentle hollows, there rising in soft swells; the ruined dome of the Mahommedan tomb on the hill-top behind Nazareth being visible on the south.

El-Buttauf is dependent for its fertility on the rains which in their season pour down from the hills that surround it on all sides, and turn its eastern end for part of the year into a marsh. If the heavens be unpropitious, the soil becomes hard as a stone, and there is no harvest. Joel describes such a state of things in his day.<sup>3</sup> The harvest perished, the vine withered, the fig wilted, and all the trees of the field with it; the seed shrivelled below the clods, the threshing-floors were empty, the barns were broken down, for the corn had come to nothing. Descending from the hills where the villages are hid in security, the sower literally "goes forth to sow,"<sup>4</sup> sometimes miles from his home, not seldom with his gun slung over his back, to protect himself against Arabs. The yield of a hundred-fold spoken of by our Lord in the parable is never secured from wheat or barley, though some other kinds of grain, such as maize, are said to yield even more. In the best years

1 2 Chron. viii. 2. 2 John ii. 1-11. 3 Joel i. 10-17. 4 Matt. xiii. 3.

the yield of wheat or barley is only about thirty-fold. Can it be that the same mode of reckoning crops was in use in our Master's time as prevails now? Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the assumption that a third of the crop will be eaten by the birds, and a second third by mice and insects, so that if thirty-three-fold be secured by the cultivator he tells you that his land has produced a hundred-fold.

The road from Nazareth to Tiberias, which was left by the Romans in good condition ages ago, but for which time has done its worst since, runs to the north-east, round the long bare hills, which here and there are brightened by olives and fig-trees. Sefurieh, the ancient Sapphoris, stands on a hill to the left, and deserves a visit as the capital of Galilee before Herod Antipas transferred that honor to his newly-built city, Tiberias. Several broad caravan-tracks leading to the Jordan have to be crossed on the way. Clusters of figs and olives brighten the bare hill-sides. Asses with great loads of grass were creeping up the slope, occasionally showing only one ear, for a barbarous custom allows a peasant to cut off the ear of any ass he finds trespassing on his grain-patch. Sefurieh is a large and prosperous village, though the latter expression must not be understood in a Western sense, for most of the houses are very wretched. It stands on the top of a hill nearly 800 feet above the sea, and several hundred feet above the valleys and plain. The houses, which lie in crescent shape upon the southern slope, are low, and are built of mud and stone, with flat mud roofs; and as there is no spring, water has to be obtained from cisterns and a rain-pool. Fine olive-trees grow around, though the nearest spring is about a mile off, to the south. East of the hill are some rock-cut tombs of an unusual form, being simply shallow graves, cut in the surface, and covered with stone lids. Remains of an aqueduct show that in ancient times the town was supplied with water brought from higher ground, at great expenditure of labor, for the part still remaining has involved cutting trenches in the rocks, and building conduits over hollows. A huge reservoir, like a cavern, had also been quarried out in the rock, to guard against accidental failure of the water-supply; its height varying from eight to twenty feet, and its breadth from eight to fifteen; while it has been traced westwards, through long-accumulated wreckage, for 580 feet. Low mud hovels have been built against what remains of the church of St. Anne, a relic of the Crusaders; and there is a large ruin called a castle, but it appears to be of recent date, though probably the successor of some much more ancient fortress. The view from the roof is interesting. To the north lies the village of Kefr Menda; east of this, if its claim be admitted, "Cana of Galilee." To the south-east is the tomb on the hill behind Nazareth, and just below you are the hovels and houses of Sefurieh itself. In the time of Josephus, Sapphoris was the largest



Camps at Tabgah—In the Distance the Wady et Hammou and Horns of Hatlu. From a Drawing by E. S. Cuthbert. (See p. 233.)



town of Galilee, and after the destruction of Jerusalem, continued to be the head-quarters of the Jewish people till the fourth century, the Sanhedrim having its seat here. Christian tradition alleges that the Virgin spent her childhood in Sepphoris, but of this there is no proof. The platform on which the citadel once rose is covered with thick grass. In the narrow dirty streets lay some great mill-stones, evidently ancient; and on the roofs of some of the houses were earthenware bee-hives, with thriving colonies. Above the squalid huts rose a few buildings of hewn stones, with windows, and an upper chamber on the roof.

Kefr Kenna, or Cana, lies on high ground,<sup>1</sup> but not on a hill. An ancient sarcophagus close to the village, beside a small square tank which is fed from a spring, serves very well as a trough. A girl in a white skirt and red jacket, bare-headed and bare-footed, with her jar on her head, was at it. A broad lane of prickly pear led to the group of houses which perhaps represents the New Testament Cana. Loose stones were scattered thickly upon the slope around, and indeed everywhere. There may be, possibly, 150 inhabitants, but no one can envy them their huts of mud and stone, with dunghills at every corner. Huge mud ovens, like great beehives, stood at the sides of some of the houses, and on a little shelf on the outside of one hut I noticed an American petroleum tin, which had been used the year before as a flower-pot. It stood beside the one small window, as if someone fond of flowers had put it there, to get a sight, now and then, of something green and beautiful. In one house a worthy Moslem was squatting on the ground among a number of children, all with slates on which verses of the Koran had been written, which they repeated together. It was the village school; perhaps like that at Nazareth eighteen hundred years ago. A small Franciscan church of white stone within a nice railed wall, with a beautiful garden at the side, had over its doorway these startling words in Latin. "Here Jesus Christ from water made wine." Some large jars are shown inside as actually those used in the miracle, but such mock relics, however believed in by the simple monks, do the faith of other people more harm than good.

The road from this place onwards to Tiberias led north-east over the plain of El-Buttauf, which must have been familiar ground to our Lord. Sepphoris lay nearly west, on its double, flat-topped hill. To the north the landscape stretched out, roughened by low heights, the soil in the level parts rich but very stony, while in some places sheets of rock came to the surface. A great olive-grove, diamond-shaped and nearly a mile in length, lay on the low ridge on the left; along the pathway we saw clumps of yellow broom, clusters of hawthorn-trees, not yet white, and countless flowers among the thin grass. The

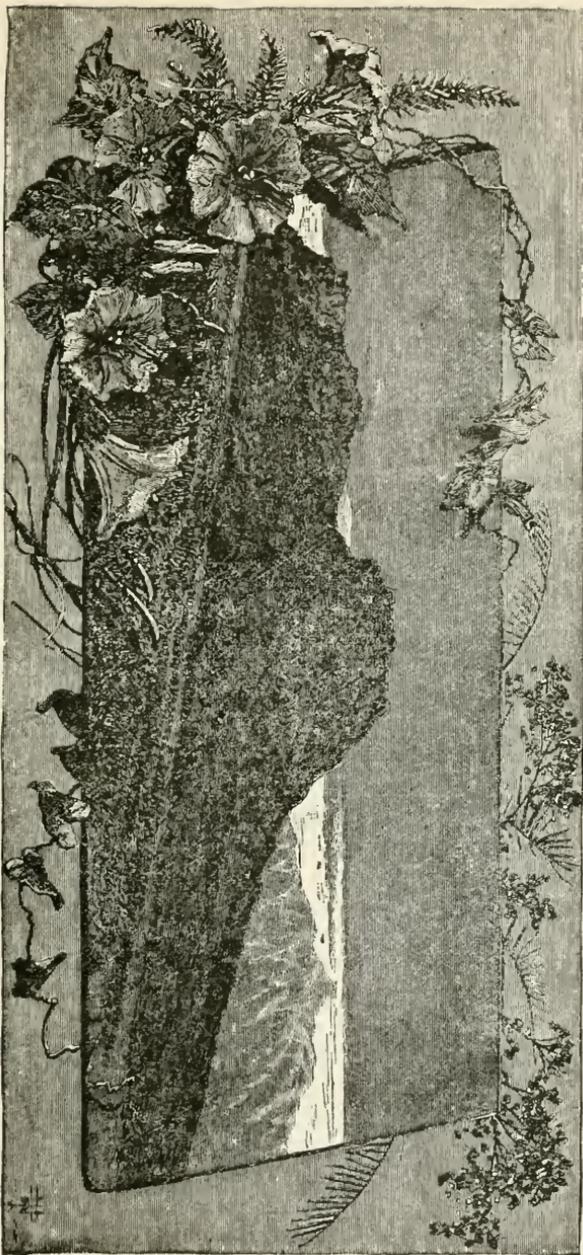
<sup>1</sup> 889 feet above the sea.

fig-trees of the Franciscan garden, I should have said, were now all in leaf, for it was the 17th of March. Patches of thistles were to be seen at different points, and in some parts the stones had been cleared from ploughed land and thrown into the road,<sup>1</sup> to the great discomfort of travellers, for they were of all sizes and in great quantity.

The low heights on the left gradually swelled up to hills, one of which is over 1,700 feet above the sea, and basalt showed itself widely, for this whole region was at one time volcanic. Fragments of lava strewed the ground thickly in every direction; the limestone disappearing. Wild camomile and white anemones seemed respectively the most common plant and flower. Some small flat-roofed villages looked down from the round tops of low heights, but the population, as everywhere else, was very sparse; not enough to till more than a small portion of the arable soil. Over some hills to the south lay the great Khan Et Tujjar, where a market is held each Sunday; the position affording special facilities, as the route of the caravan trade between Cairo and Damascus passes by it. Two castles were built here in past ages, for the protection of the market-people; the one on the left of the road—a great square of hewn stones, with towers at the four corners—being in tolerably good preservation. The other was much more ruinous. The khans are for the most part wretched places, with no accommodation but the bare walls of a set of chambers built on the second story, along the four sides; a balcony in front giving access to them. Vermin of various kinds are amazingly abundant. If you wish boiling water you must gather your own thorns, and light a fire in the earth-floored square below: no easy task, if it be rainy weather. Bed and bedding, if you use them, you must bring with you, and lay upon the floor; but this never troubles an Oriental, for his “abba,” as I have had occasion to remark elsewhere, is all the bed-clothes he asks, and he is as much at home on the bare ground as a Russian peasant of the far North; he is happy, moreover, in a sublime indifference to vermin.

It is interesting to notice how exactly the Bible form of reckoning time prevails in the East even now. The hours of the day are numbered from the first to the twelfth, just as of old. It is still “the third hour,” or “the sixth,” or “the ninth;” and the day begins from sunset, as when the Book of Genesis was written.<sup>2</sup> Part of a day is also reckoned in ordinary conversation as a day, so that if anything happened the day before yesterday it would be said to be the third day since it took place: a computation just like that of the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, when speaking of the crucifixion of our Lord.<sup>3</sup> It was striking also to hear the religious tone of ordinary discourse, even among those who do not go much beyond words. Salutations

1 Isa. v. 2. 2 Gen. i. 5. 3 Luke xxiv. 21.



Kari Hatlin. (See page 537.)



are most devout in their invocations of blessing, and every turn of a transaction or narrative, whatever its nature, is interlarded with appeals to God. Religion in fact has become widely separated from morality, as it was in antiquity, and as it still is in too many countries besides. The old Assyrians speak as devoutly in their inscriptions as any saint in Scripture; the warriors in Homer do nothing without bringing in their favorite god; and even Jezebel, when she threatened the life of Elijah, mechanically invoked a curse on herself from her gods, should she turn from her purpose.<sup>2</sup> Pious talk is nowhere so prevalent as in the East, the most hardened scoundrel flavoring his speech with it as freely as saints like Abraham or Isaac do in the Old Testament. As to cursing, it is at home among Orientals: they seem to have a natural genius for it. St. Peter only acted as might have been expected from a Jew, and especially a Jewish fisherman, in beginning to curse and swear when asked if he had not been with Christ.<sup>2</sup> Orientals could still, I suppose, justly claim to be the most proficient of cursers. They swear by their head, by their life, by heaven, by everything. More than once a man has stopped as he passed me, to invoke the most varied and ingenious curses on the infidel. The maledictory Psalms are in strict keeping with Oriental usage.

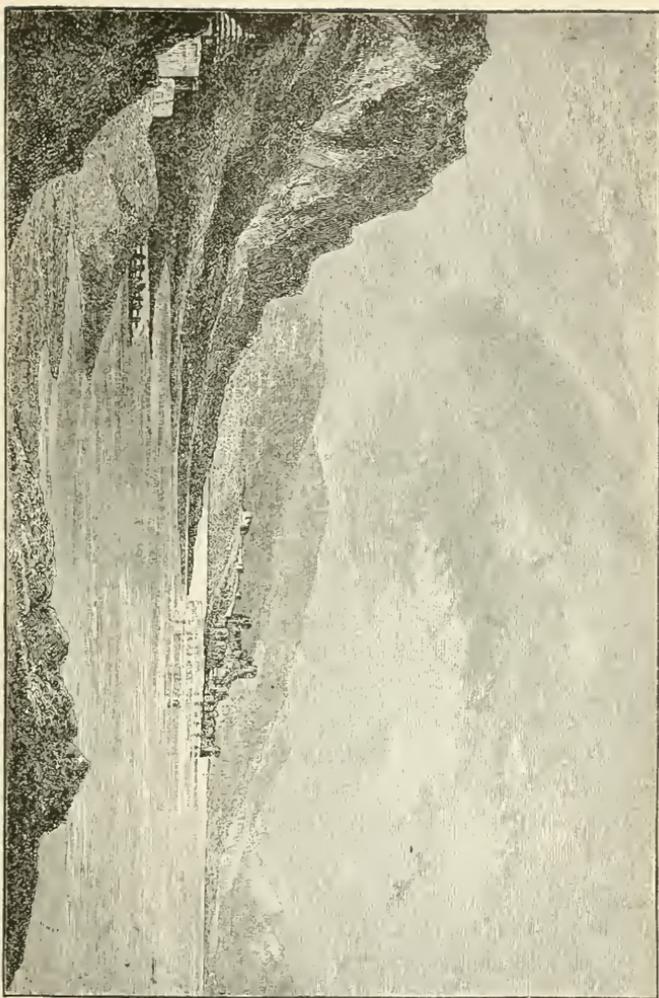
Long, sweeping valleys, with rich and fruitful black earth, succeeded each other as we advanced, but there was even less cultivation than there had been in Esdraelon. Wide, level plains, divided from each other by soft swells of the land, were also frequent. In fact, we were travelling over a fertile table-land, which would wave with plenty were three men to break it up and sow it. Perhaps its nearness to the Arabs of the regions beyond Jordan helped to keep it idle, for the peasant has little inducement to draw on himself the notice of these born robbers. To-day, as in Gideon's time, fierce bandits stream over from the east—their long spears held athwart their horses—striking terror into the heart of the husbandman, trampling down the springing seed, carrying the grain from the threshing-floors, driving away the cattle, and killing anyone who resists them. The government of the country exists only to raise taxes; it gives no protection.

Passing the village of Lubieh, standing over 900 feet above the sea, amidst a forest of olives and fig-trees, our road lay straight north towards "the Horns of Hattin," apparently the scene of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. This famous spot is reached by a long gentle slope of pasture-land, on which a great herd of black and brown cattle, small and poor, was feeding. Daisies, white and red anemones, the phlox, the iris, the wild mustard, grey and dry thistles, blue hyacinths, and yellow-flowered clover colored the open field, which was the

counterpart of some unfenced upland common in England. Molehills, or what very much resembled them, abounded, and black swifts darted hither and thither after insects. Limestone cropped out at the bottom of the ascent, but was exchanged for basalt as we got higher up. Gradually the slope sank to a level, green with wheat, which, however, was sadly mixed with yellow mustard weed. The top, reached by climbing a short, rough slope, proved to be a great crater-like space with a slightly hollow floor, set in a frame of rough crags, which inside, at the two ends, rose in a wilderness of stone; outside it swelled into high grassy knolls, "the Horns of Hattin." Thousands could stand or sit in the huge circle, though it would be a rough gathering-place, for the whole surface is strewn with boulders and fragments of black basalt, as if they had been rained on the earth in a terrific shower. Hattin is the name of a small village on the ridge below. The "Horns" rise only sixty feet above the ground at their base, but no other heights are visible in this direction from the Lake of Galilee, which lies three or four miles off in its deeply-sunk bed. It is only since the Crusades that this spot has been assigned to the Sermon on the Mount, but the position is so strikingly in keeping with the intimations of the Gospel narrative as to give great probability to the choice. It is, however, possible that the "level place" where the multitude assembled, and to which our Lord came down, was the plain just below the "Horns."<sup>1</sup> Easy of access alike to the peasants in the hills and the fishermen on the shore, no point could have been a better centre to which to draw both classes. All the other heights are only members of a continuous chain; at this point, alone, one can speak of "the mountain" as an eminence detached from others, and standing out from lower ground. The descent to the lake is by a long, easy slope.

It was in this neighborhood that the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem met its death-blow at the hands of the Saracen Sultan, Saladin, in 1187, in the great battle of Hattin. The Crusaders, worn almost to exhaustion, but still loyally gathered round their king, were no longer able to withstand the fierce attacks of an enemy inspired by a certainty of winning in the unequal struggle. For two days the wild strife raged over these slopes between Hattin and Lubieh, three miles southwest, but at last Saladin gained his most splendid victory; bringing to the ground at one blow the Christian rule in Palestine, which had been built up by such a vast sacrifice of life and treasure. The wanderer in this wondrously lonely part may, undisturbed, call up in all its living reality the terrible tumult of battle which once raged over these heights and hollows, and he may well sigh that the result should have been what it was. But the Christian kingdom had brought upon itself

<sup>1</sup> Luke vi. 17.



Tiberias and Ancient Acropolis, from the Hot Sulphur Baths, Looking North. (See page 513.)



its destruction. That it perished must be recognized as the judgment of a righteous Providence, for it had become corrupt, and unworthy of its high mission. Yet who can remain unaffected by the memory of so many brave men in such extremity as that of the Christian army here? The Crusaders had held the Holy Land for nearly a century, but they had been weakened by feuds and dissensions of every kind; they had gloried in breaking faith with unbelievers; they had refused the rights of property to any but Christians; they had decayed in discipline, till every petty leader made little wars against his brethren or his neighbors; they had been governed by rulers without ability or principle; they had sunk into gross immorality as a class; they were not united by any common principle of cohesion, but bore themselves rather as independent adventurers; and, finally, they were, to a large extent, physically enervated by the climate and by their own imprudence or vices. In this condition Saladin—the Kurd—burst on them with 50,000 horse and a vast army of infantry, and forced them to hush up their miserable feuds. The battle at Hattîn was fought in July, a time when the sky is cloudless, and the heat overpowering. The streams and fountains were running dry, the cisterns were low, the ground was parched. At first the advantage of position was with the Christians, for they were encamped at the fountain below Sephoris, where water could be had; but the king, Guy of Lusignan, unwisely marched towards Tiberias to meet the enemy, before whom that city had already fallen. The Saracens were drawn up at Hattîn and were assailed by the Crusaders at sunrise; a relic of the true cross raised on a hillock seeming to the assailants a pledge of victory. But their fierce war-cries and desperate bravery were unavailing against the overwhelming numbers of Saladin's force, and at last they had to flee. A few knights cut their way out, and escaped to Acre, but the king, after retreating to the hills with the relic of the cross, was taken prisoner, with many of his followers, who had repeatedly repulsed the attacks of the enemy. Some of the knights were sold into slavery, others were executed, while one who had been by a breach of faith the immediate cause of the war was put to death by Saladin himself. Beirut, Acre, Cæsarea, and Joppa opened their gates to the conqueror as the first results of his victory; Tyre alone, by the heroism of its governor, was saved; Ascalon soon yielded, and finally Jerusalem; the prisoners, everywhere, being reduced to slavery. Thus calamitous was the close of the Christian kingdom of Palestine.

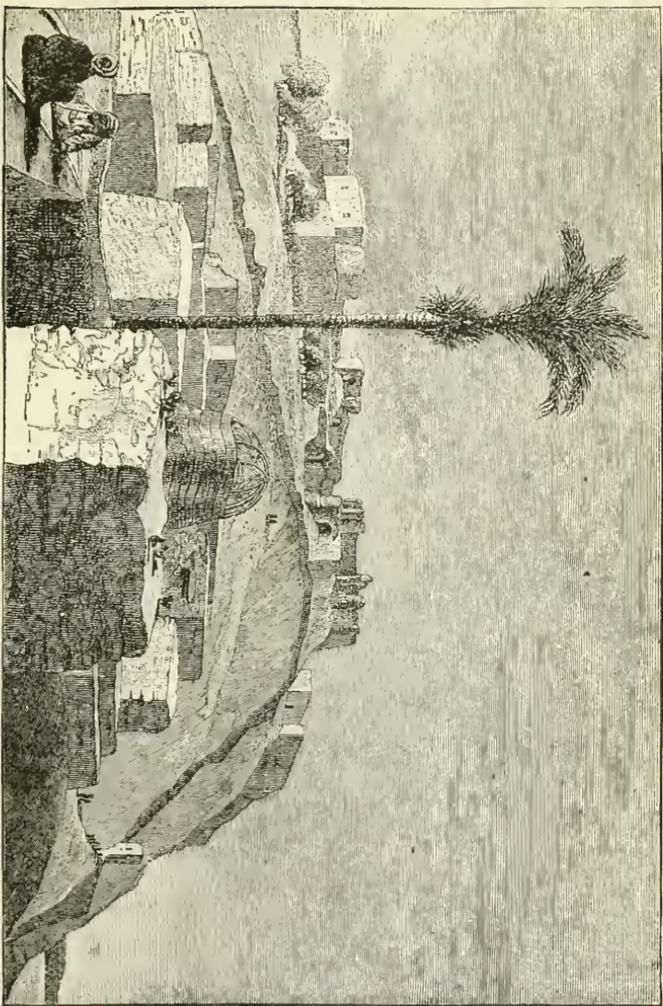
It was afternoon when we were at Hattîn, and the sun, now bending to the west, shone from a sky threatening rain. For the time, however, his splendor rested upon the landscape. Far below, to the east, lay the glittering waters of that lake on whose waves the feet of our Lord had pressed as on firm ground. A soft west wind breathed

around us. The slopes near were green with grass or rising barley, chequered with black patches of ploughed land. On the south-west rose the huge cone of Tabor, lovely with boscaige. To the north the mountains of Safed towered up in majesty, and beyond them, mingling earth with the upper sky, shone the majestic snow-crowned summit of Hermon. Across the lake the hills seemed to form a table-land, cut into ravines by the rains of ages, and sinking to the waters, here gently, there in steep precipices, but everywhere barren and treeless. No signs of human habitation were visible; no huts or houses to mirror themselves in the smooth water; no woods or meadows, though the light and shade, in such pure air, created picturesque tints which gave beauty even to the desolation. Silence and loneliness reigned, for Tiberias was out of sight below the slopes, and one was free to give the imagination full play amidst those holy fields

“Over whose acres walked those blessed feet  
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.”

Descending towards the south-east, we soon turned into a rich valley, nearly all ploughed, and came on half a dozen men, shepherds and peasants, in charge of a herd of cattle. They each had on an “abba” of canvas, with a “kefiyeh” over the head. One was carrying a plough on his shoulders, another had a gun, and all had thick staves or clubs: a sign of the insecurity of the neighborhood. The wind had by this time gone round to the north-west, and the sky grew dark over the lake, now evidently roughened by a rain-storm, perhaps like that which once broke over the boat when our Lord lay asleep.<sup>1</sup> A rainbow presently showed that the rain was passing away, but, unfortunately, the clouds were coming straight towards us, and the road, rough and down-hill, prevented our hurrying. A deep, wide glen opened as we rode on, its whole space pleasantly green, and enlivened with large flocks of goats, kids, sheep, and lambs, in one case with a little bare-headed boy, stick in hand, as shepherd. A number of Damascus mules, on their way home without loads, were feeding on the slopes. The ownership of the flocks was presently shown by the sight of two groups of black tents of Bedouins, for these ill-conditioned ruffians own nearly all the cattle, sheep, or goats one sees, leaving the peasant only what he can keep them from stealing, and what crops he can guard. While still among the hills the rain broke over us, and there was no shelter; but at last, before we reached Tiberias, there was the “clear shining after” it, and the “mown,” or at least thirsty grass, washed and brightened, gleamed in the sun.

<sup>1</sup> Mark iv. 37.



The Old Castle of Tiberias. (See page 541.)



## CHAPTER XLIII.

## TIBERIAS.

OUR tents had been pitched at the south end of the town, so that we had to ride past the castle at its north edge, alongside the town wall, and then through the wretched apologies for streets. That night a rain-storm had its way from dark till morning, and a fine time it gave us. The tent-cover flapped like a huge bird caught in the toils, or, to vary the figure, flew up and down, out and in, as if it had been possessed, the huge red, yellow, white, and blue flowers of bunting with which it was adorned on the inside, took life, and leaped and tore round all the tent, and up and down the roof, like a weird dance. I thought of the witches going through their wild careerings on the last night of April on brooms and goats, holding revel with their master the devil at the old heathen altars of north Germany, which Walpurgis,<sup>1</sup> the English monk, had by his preaching left cold and dark even on May Day, when the sacred fires used to glow on them more than in all the year besides. All through the night the rain splashed down in sheets, dripping delightfully from the roof. It was no matter where the narrow bed was dragged; before two minutes some big drop was sure to find you out; and, to make matters more pleasant, it was quite dark. Thanks to a trench dug round the tent by the men when the storm began, it was comparatively dry under-foot, and before morning the wind-spirits were tired of their madcap riot, and slunk off, taking their friend the rain with them.

The day broke clear and delightful, so that one could move about. The shore was strewn with the wreck of the once splendid city of Tiberias, which extended along it for more than half a mile. In its place, the modern town presents a spectacle of ruins, filth, and wretchedness which is peculiar to itself, even in Palestine. The castle at the north end, with its towers, standing on a low height, was greatly injured by the terrible earthquake of 1837, which killed about half the population. A sea-wall, rising out of the water in front of the town, and of course a relic of antiquity, was twisted and rent in many places; the town walls were shaken and split, and most of the houses destroyed, some still remaining in ruins. On a smaller scale, the destruction resembled that which I saw at Scio in the Greek Archipelago, where a fine stone town had been shaken down like a set of card-houses, and several acres were covered with the *débris*, making it difficult to imagine how any one escaped.

Earthquakes are not infrequent in Palestine, and were as much

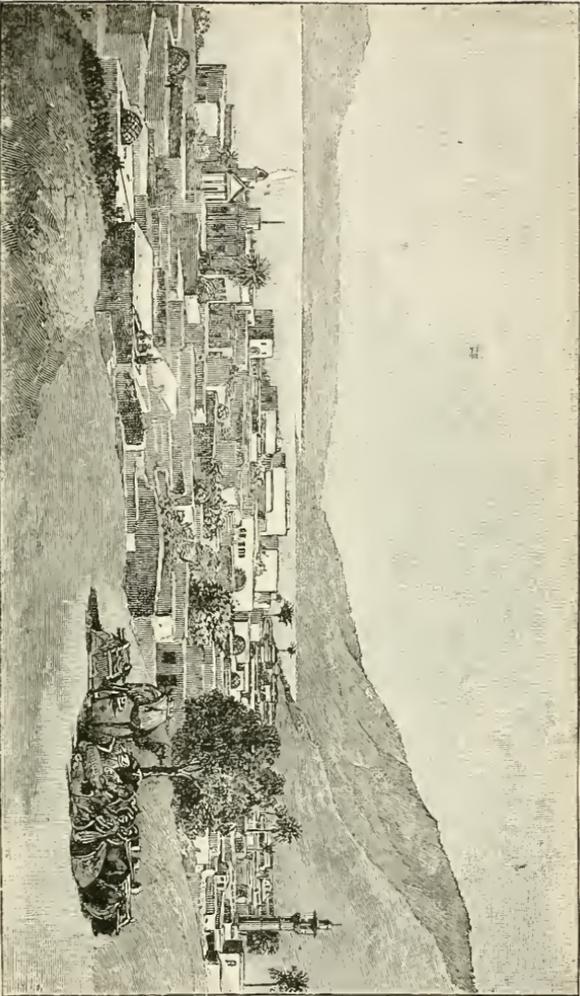
<sup>1</sup> About A.D. 750.

dreaded in Bible times as now, though only one is mentioned in the Old Testament;<sup>1</sup> that which happened in the reign of Uzziah, so terrifying the people of Jerusalem that they fled to the Mount of Olives. Palestine lies on a cleft of the earth's surface in the neighborhood of which earthquakes are common. This stretches from the volcanic Taurus Mountains, passes between the two ranges of Lebanon, forms the Jordan chasm and the bed of the Dead Sea, and ends at the Bay of Akabah. Along this line, convulsions of the earth sometimes occur with terrible violence. Josephus speaks of one which desolated Judæa in the reign of Herod, about thirty years before Christ, killing 10,000 people and a great many cattle.<sup>2</sup> The darkening of the sky at the crucifixion of our Lord must also be attributed to a disturbance of the earth, in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.<sup>3</sup> In the year 1181 the whole of the Haurân, which borders the line of the Jordan, was shaken by an earthquake. The convulsion of 1837, however, exceeded all others which are known to us. Not only Tiberias, but Safed was overthrown, while the trembling extended 500 miles north and south, and from 80 to 100 miles east and west. All earthquakes, however, have a central point of greatest violence, from which the oscillations vibrate in every direction, at the rate of about 30 miles a minute, so that the force of the earth-wave is weakened at a distance from the centre; towns like Nazareth and Jerusalem suffering little by a shock which throws down others lying, like Tiberias, nearer the centre.

At Tiberias the sufferers were largely Jews, though not a few others were overwhelmed by it. A Mahommedan told Dr. Robinson that he and four companions were returning down the mountain, west of the city, on the afternoon when the shock took place. All at once the earth opened and closed again, and two of his friends disappeared. He ran home in terror, and found that his wife, mother, and two more of the family were gone. On digging next day where his two neighbors had vanished, he found them dead, in a standing posture. Seventy-eight years before, in 1759, the town was laid waste by a similar catastrophe.

The falling in of portions of the earth's crust, and the strain caused by a sudden development of gas and steam, are the causes of these awful catastrophes. Among a people like the Hebrews it was rightly felt that they were the work of God. "He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth," says the Psalmist.<sup>4</sup> There is also another allusion to earthquakes, in the Eighth Psalm.<sup>5</sup> Everything, indeed, in such a visitation, is fitted to overpower the mind. In 1837 the hot baths of Tiberias rose to such a temperature that ordinary thermometers were useless,<sup>6</sup> and at various places the earth opened in great chasms, swal-

1 Amos i. 1; Zech. xiv. 4, 5. 2 Jos. *Ant.*, xv. 5, 2. 3 Matt. xxvii. 51. 4 Ps. civ. 32. 5 Ps. viii. 8 ff. 6 Furrer; Schenkel, *Bib. Lex.*, II. 133.



Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, from the Walls of the Old Castle, Looking South. (See page 544.)



lowing up many unsuspecting travellers, and closing on them in a few seconds, as when of old the ground devoured Korah and his company.<sup>1</sup> In Lebanon earthquakes are so frequent that most of the houses are of only one story, with a flat roof; and they often show, in their beams and walls, marks of the twisting and shaking of earth-waves. At Baalbek, again, there are huge pillars thrown far out of the perpendicular: an appearance which no force could produce but that of an eddy of earthquake undulations. That these stupendous phenomena should be connected with the manifestations of the Almighty need not surprise us. An earthquake rent Sinai when God passed before Elijah;<sup>2</sup> the firmness of His promises is enforced by being set above that of the mountains and the hills;<sup>3</sup> an earthquake followed the death of our Lord; and this dread terror is named among the awful signs of His final coming to judgment.<sup>4</sup>

The Jews are very numerous in Tiberias, it and Safed being, after Jerusalem and Hebron, the two holiest towns; for the Messiah is one day, they believe, to rise out of the waters of the lake and land at Tiberias, and Safed is to be the seat of His throne! How imperishable is hope! Prayer must be repeated at Tiberias at least twice a week, to keep the world from being destroyed. The worship in the synagogue seems to be in some respects peculiar, since the congregation seek to intensify different parts of the service by mimetic enforcement of its words. Thus, when the Rabbi recites the passage, "Praise the Lord with the sound of a trumpet," they imitate the sound of a trumpet through their closed fists; when a tempest is mentioned, they puff and blow to represent a storm; and when the cries of the righteous in distress are spoken of in the Lesson, they all set up a loud screaming. The Israelites of Tiberias are chiefly from Russian Poland, and do not speak German. Poor, thin, and filthy, they are certainly far from attractive; but the women are neatly dressed, many of them in white, and look much better than the men.

Ancient Tiberias was built by "the Fox," Herod Antipas, between A.D. 20 and 27; that is, it was begun when our Lord was about twenty-four, and finished when He was thirty-one. During His public ministry, therefore, it was in its first glory, with its Grecian colonnades, its Roman gates, its grand palace with gilded roof, wondrous candelabra, and walls painted with what seemed to the Jews idolatrous symbols; its synagogue, one of the finest in Galilee; and its spacious squares, adorned with marble statues. Yet it is not known that our Saviour ever entered the city, notwithstanding all its splendor. St. John is the only Evangelist who mentions it, but he speaks of it only once, though he twice calls the lake "the Sea of Tiberias."<sup>5</sup> "The Fox" was too dangerous an enemy for our Lord to put Himself into his power, but

1 Num. xvi. 32. 2 1 Kings xix. 11. 3 Isa. liv. 10. 4 Matt. xxiv. 7; xxvii. 51. 5 John vi. 1, 23; xxi. 1.

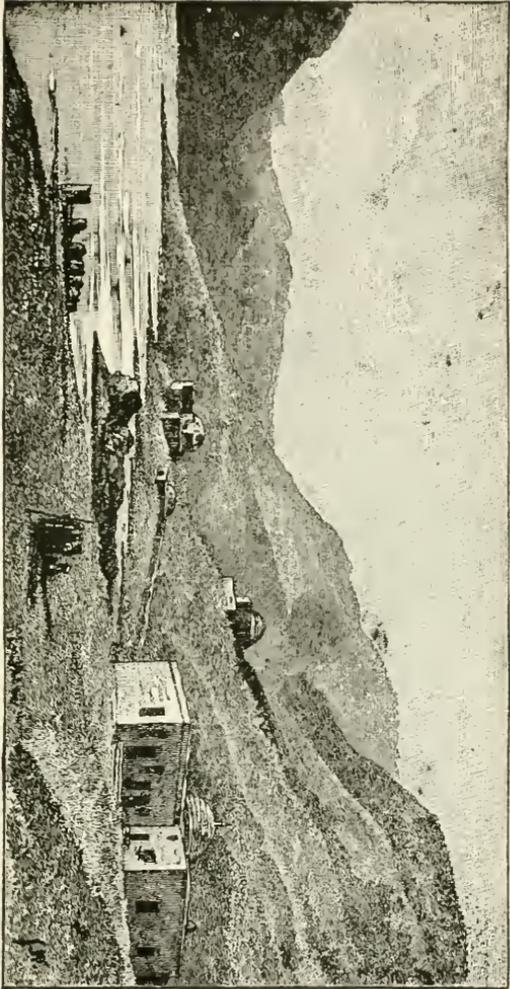
the character of the city in its first years may also account for the silence about it in the Gospels. An old cemetery had been laid bare in planning the new capital, and this made the place so unclean that no strict Jew would go near it. Indeed, a population was obtained only by giving houses to heathen freedmen and even slaves, to induce them to settle in it.<sup>1</sup> To visit a place thus defiled would have rendered Christ and His disciples ceremonially unclean, which would have cut them off from communication with the Jewish people, and thus prevented them from preaching the Gospel to them.

That there was a cemetery on the site of Tiberias is, however, a proof that another city had preceded it, though so long before that the tombs were mere antiquities. The face of the hill at the north end of the town, moreover, is pierced with many very ancient sepulchres, some of which must have been destroyed when the town walls were originally built. There is, in fact, no reaching the earliest history of Palestine; in the long past, nation follows nation, but the story of the first in the strange succession is always veiled by impenetrable antiquity.

Tiberias is exceedingly hot and unhealthy in summer, because of its low situation, for it lies no less than 682 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. This in itself would make the climate of the place very warm, but matters are made still worse by hills 1,000 feet high, behind the town, impeding the free course of the refreshing westerly winds which prevail throughout Syria during summer. Hence, intermittent fevers and severe forms of ague are very common at that season. Even in winter little rain falls; snow is almost unknown; and the tropical vegetation, seen in nubk-thorns, palm-trees, and other tropical growths, indicates a temperature much like that of the sunken "ghor" of the Jordan, and approaching the sultry oppressiveness of the valley of the Dead Sea. The hill behind the city, as well as the knoll to the north of it, is full of ancient tombs, some of them over 100 feet in length; their cemented sides and other indications showing that they had been long used as cave-dwellings, after their service as tombs had ended with the disappearance of the population by whom they had been excavated. But they are no longer inhabited, except by hyænas, foxes, and jackals.

The ancient city lay mainly to the south of the present Tiberias, as is evident from the position of the numerous foundations, traces of walls, heaps of stones, and remains of the old sea-wall. At one spot lie eight pillars of grey granite, originally brought from Syene, in Egypt; at another a single pillar is still erect; and to the west of the town are two blocks of Syenite granite, once part of a great pillar, the material of which came from the cataracts of the Nile. The ruins of

<sup>1</sup> *Jos. Ant.*, xviii. 2, 3.



The Hot Sulphur Baths at Tiberias, Looking South. (See page 515.)



the ancient city have been much excavated for building-stone, and also for limestone blocks, to be burnt for mortar. Water used to be brought in an aqueduct more than six miles long from the Wady Fejjas, below the south end of the lake, and the city wall, three miles long, in all, was led zigzag up to the hills at the back, with cisterns at some of the angles.

About a mile south of the present city are the hot baths, famous for many ages. A stone building, with a dilapidated dome, encloses them, but it is hardly pleasant to use water after it has been enjoyed by sufferers from all kinds of ailments. The temperature of the water is very high—about 144° Fahrenheit; and it tastes like very warm seawater, excessively salt and bitter, with a strong smell, but no taste, of sulphur. There are four springs, which are collected into a covered channel that conducts them to the baths. The present building is only about fifty years old, but it has never been repaired since it was built by Ibrahim Pasha in place of the old building, which is quite decayed. The reservoir is arched over, and retains the water till it is cool enough for use; as it comes from the ground it is too hot for the hand to bear. As these baths were known in Christ's day by the name "Aminaus," or "Warm Baths," they may have originally been the "Hammath," in the tribe of Naphtali, mentioned in Joshua.<sup>1</sup> A mile from the baths, on the brow of the hill west of the castle, and at the north end of the town, Dr. Tristram discovered a hot-air cave, which he found himself unable to explore, for the current of heated air made it impossible to carry lights, and the walls and floor were so slippery as to render attempts to advance unsafe, although he had a rope lashed round him, held by strong men outside, to draw him back in case of accident. Such a steam bath shows how entirely the whole region around the town is pervaded by subterranean furnaces, ready at any moment to spread disaster over the district.

In the great Jewish war Tiberias bore a conspicuous part, for it had outlived its ceremonial defilement, and was both rich and populous. Josephus, when in command in Galilee, fortified it, and we may judge the size of its synagogue from its having been used by him as a place in which he convened a public assembly of the people.<sup>2</sup> Although so strong that Vespasian did not venture to approach it with fewer than three legions of his best troops, the town surrendered, and was thus saved from ruin; but Kerak, or Tarichæa, a few miles farther south, and also on the lake, was only taken by storming. Even then, many of the inhabitants, having escaped in boats, were only overcome when Vespasian had built a fleet of other boats to pursue them. A great fight on the lake was fatal to the Jews, 6,500 falling in the naval battle and in the siege of Tarichæa itself. Twelve hundred more, either

<sup>1</sup> Josh. xix. 35. *Jos. Ant.*, xviii. 2, 3. <sup>2</sup> *Jos. Vita*, sec. 54.

too young or too old to bear arms or to labor, were put to death in cold blood, in the circus at Tiberias. After Jerusalem had perished, the Rabbis and Jews betook themselves hither in great numbers, till at last it had as many as thirteen synagogues. Here the famous Mishna was completed, about 200 years after Christ, and the Jerusalem Talmud a century later. The city was long the great seat of Jewish learning, and the graves of many famous doctors—that of the great Maimonides among others—are still shown in the Jewish burial-ground west of the city.

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## CHAPTER XLIV.

### THE SEA OF GALILEE.

THE Sea of Galilee is shaped like a pear, with a width, at the broadest part, of six and three-quarter miles, and a length of twelve and a quarter miles; that is, it is about the same length as our own Windermere, but considerably broader, though in the clear air of Palestine it looks somewhat smaller. Nothing can exceed the bright clearness of the water, which it is delightful to watch as it runs in small waves over the shingle. Its taste, moreover, is sweet, except near the hot springs and at Tiberias, where it is polluted by the sewage of the town. On the western side there is a strip of green along the shore south from Tiberias, about two and a half miles long, but little more than a quarter of a mile broad at its widest part. Beyond this the hills for three miles, almost to the point where the Jordan leaves the lake, approach to the water's edge. For three miles north of Tiberias they do the same. Then comes the well-known recess of the Plain of Gennesaret, about three miles long, and about a mile broad at its widest part. For about four miles above this, almost to the entrance of the Jordan into the lake, the hills again reach to the water's edge. The largest tract of green in the landscape extends from half a mile west of the river, round the head of the lake, and down nearly six miles of the eastern shore: it is irregular in shape, as the hills advance or fall back, but only at three places is it so much as a mile and a half in width. A short interval of hill, with no shore, then occurs, almost opposite Tiberias, and from thence to the point where the river leaves the lake there is another green strip, for the most part about a quarter of a mile broad. Thus there is much more level ground on the eastern side than on the western, yet the western side was always, in Bible

Magsala. (See page 583.)





times, much more thickly peopled by the Hebrews than the other; partly from the fact that "beyond Jordan" was almost a foreign country; partly because the land above the lake on the east was exposed to the Arabs; and in some measure also because it always had a large intermixture of heathen population.

In Christ's days the sails of whole fleets of boats were reflected in the waters. A constant coasting traffic, and a busy intercourse between the opposite shores, employed many, while the fisheries gave occupation to thousands. Tarichea, now the ruin called Kerak, near the outflow of the Jordan, had so many boats that Josephus at one time collected 230, for some operations against Tiberias, and we have seen how Vespasian needed to build a fleet to pursue those which sailed away from the town when he took it. Capernaum, Tiberias, Bethsaida, and other places must, besides, have had large numbers of boats, for the fish trade, fresh and salt, was a great industry when the population everywhere was dense.

Having asked our dragoman to hire a vessel for a day's sail on the lake, we had an early call from the master of a very good boat, offering to take us up the shores for twenty shillings. As this, however, was a small fortune in these parts, he was glad to take half of it, which amply repaid him, and is, indeed, the regular fare. The vessel was of six or eight tons burthen, sharp at both ends. A mast leaning forward rose to a height of twelve or thirteen feet, with a rope through a pulley at the top to hold up a huge lateen sail—that is, a sail stretched on a pole jutting upwards at a sharp angle on one side, high above the mast, though the word originally means a Latin or Roman—that is, Italian—sail. The boat was built, I believe, at Beirout, in sections, which were carried to Tiberias on camels, and there put together. All the wood was foreign except the ribs, which were of oak from Tabor. The stern was decked for about five feet, and on this place of honor our mats were spread; the nets being usually stowed away in the hollow below us, though on this occasion they were left ashore. Was it on this stern-deck that Christ lay during the storm? Or did He rest, as we were glad to do after a time, in the bottom of the boat? The smell of fish was overpowering, almost producing nausea. Yet it was in such a boat, perhaps in one not so good, that He sailed many a time on these waters! The crew were four in number, arrayed in baggy blue cotton breeches, over which one had a long old European paletot, with a hood; the second, a European loose coat of gray-brown cloth; the third, an old light cloth overcoat, got I know not where; while the fourth gloried in a red striped coat, from Damascus, the sleeves braided with stripes and ornaments. Beneath these outer coverings they had shirts or vests, of striped yellow, brown, green and yellow, and red and yellow, and all had "kefiyehs" on their heads—one of

black silk, one of dark purple stuff, the third of red, the fourth of black; only one being of silk, and that old and worn. The men were bare-legged and bare-footed, and were all big fellows, of light brown complexion. Were the apostles dressed as strangely, to our ideas, with Roman paletots and overcoats, perhaps, instead of Levantine?

The day was charming. To the north, beyond Safed, Hermon rose above the hills, like a great snowy cloud, whiter than any fuller on earth could whiten his web; flecked and furrowed by shades of light reflected by the snow from a thousand projections or hollows; no high peak, but a great low arch of light. The old sea-walls of Tiberias rose slightly out of the water, with a basalt tower at one point. Women were washing their mats and linen in the lake, among wretchedly poor houses, broken walls, and dunghills; only a few of the dwellings, indeed, were in passable repair. At one place, some women were taking water for drinking and household uses, from the foot of a great manure and dust heap, which extended in a high mound to the water's edge. The castle at the northern end of the town appears very ruinous, as seen from the water. The outflow of basalt reached to the side of the lake; the banks being covered with fragments, and great masses lying in the lake itself. Gradually, as we rowed on, the ground rose, topped with a narrow outcrop of basalt, the steep slope roughly green with bushes of thorn; then the level sank again to the shore, and thus it kept on, rising and falling, with more stones than grass even on its best parts. I did not see more than three or four boats on the shore, and none at all on the water. A kingfisher on a post, watching for little fish, a gull overhead, and some wild ducks in the lake, farther on, were the only birds I noticed. Boulders lay in great numbers in the water all along the coast, till we came to Genesaret.

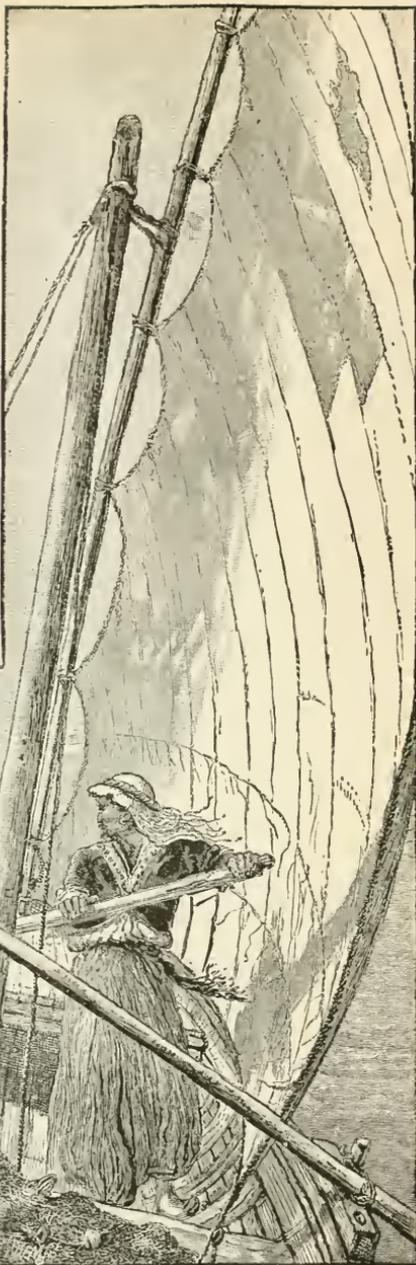
An hour's rowing brought us to Mejdal, the Magdala of the Gospels. The bank rises in front of it in knolls and low heights, then farther back, towards the opening of a valley from the uplands, it becomes higher. The hills were rocky, but here and there tolerably green, while basalt still cropped out at different points. Close to the lake were a few bushes and beds of reeds; and the valley ran back to the south-west, the gentle upward slope being dotted with bushes. On the northern side of the valley the hills rose high, with spots of their steep sides ploughed, though, behind the lake, basalt in many parts stands out boldly. The place has hardly any population, and the few who do live here could not be poorer or more wretched than they are. A patch of green wheat rose on one spot at the mouth of the valley; and, stretching along the hill-sides, the telegraph poles to Damascus, with a pathway winding on beside them—the road north and south for all travellers.

After these things Jesus showed himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias; and on this wise shewed he himself. There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas called Didymus, and Nathanael of Canain Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee, and two other of his disciples. Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee. They went forth, and entered into a ship immediately; and that night they caught nothing.

But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No.

And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast, therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.

Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord.—*St. John*, xxi. 1-7.



FISHING BOAT ON TIBERIAS. (See page 547.)



Magdala stands on the south corner of the Plain of Gennesaret. Two or three fig-trees grow in or near the houses, and there are a few wretched gardens, with palms in them a few feet high. A small brook sends a trickle of water to the lake over a stony bottom, but it is not irreproachably pure, for it has to run through dunghills. The houses, or huts, of which there are not more than a dozen altogether, are built of mud and stone, and are of one story and flat-roofed, with no light except from the door; a rough pillar of mud and stone in the one room holds up the ceiling of reeds and branches, and two levels in the mud floor mark the respective bounds of man and beast; for fowls, goats, and perhaps an ass, or some other creature, share the premises with the family. Some unspeakably dirty, almost naked, children followed us about. The ground was rank with brambles, wild mustard, coarse grass—which, if drawn smartly through one's fingers, would cut them—and low prickly bushes, with beds of black basalt fragments of all sizes. An old keep, originally built, it is said, as a "fish tower," rose beside a ruinous pool, once full of fish, but now mostly filled with stones, and leaking so that the soil for some distance round was quaggy with water. Five or six springs, breaking out of the earth some distance up the valley, feed this old reservoir, and then make their way through the stones to the lake. Eight fig-trees and some elder-bushes, fed by the moisture, helped to hide the misery of the spot; and there were here and there a few oleanders, Christ-thorn trees, and other semi-tropical growths. Such is the village of Mary, whom we now call the Magdalene,<sup>1</sup> with a special meaning to the word, though we know nothing of her except that she came from Magdala, was possessed with seven devils—a calamity we cannot now understand—and was a person in such a position that she could minister to our Lord's needs.

The valley behind Magdala is famous in Jewish history. Now known as the Wady Hamam, or "the Valley of Pigeons," from the myriads of these birds which make their homes in the clefts and caves of its steep sides, it was in the generation before Christ the scene of one of the most daring feats of Herod the Great, when governing Galilee for his father. The slope on which we had looked down from Hattin ends in precipitous cliffs, little suspected till one sees them from below, and it is thus cut off from the lake by a great gorge or chasm, with upright walls more than 1,000 feet high. On the southern edge of this ravine lies Irbid, now in ruins, but once a great Jewish town, as is seen from the remains of a splendid synagogue. In the high walls of rock on the northern side a great number of small caves are to be seen, protected in some cases, for purposes of defence, by walls across their mouths. It is chiefly in these that the pigeons live, but they are also the nesting-place of great numbers of vultures, ravens, and eagles,

<sup>1</sup> Luke viii. 2; Mark xv. 41.

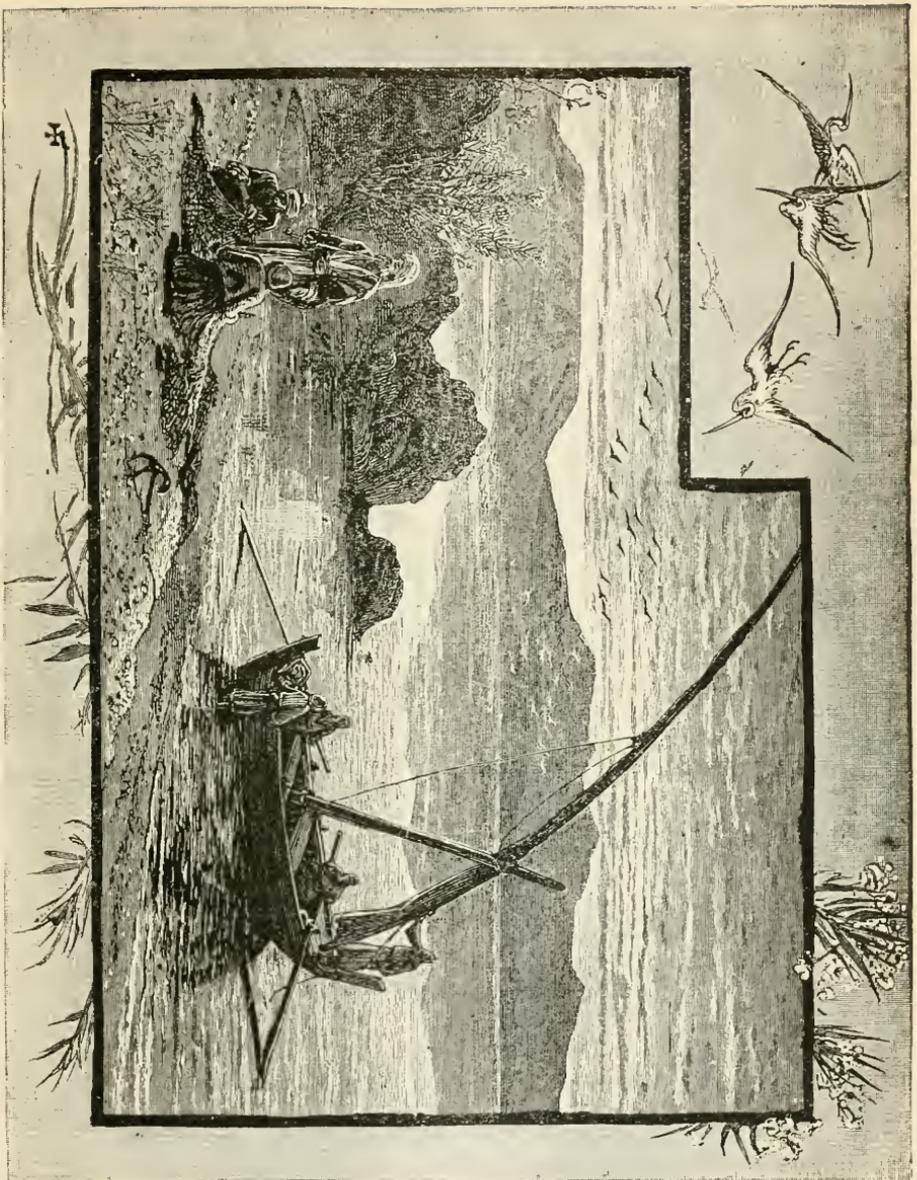
who may at all times be seen high in the air, wheeling overhead, on the watch for prey or carrion.

In the terribly troubled times of the last Hyrcanus these caves were the retreat of great numbers of Jewish zealots, who were furious at the presence of Antipater the Edomite in the council-chamber of the king, and wished to re-establish a pure theocracy. It was in vain to hope for the pacification of the country while these religious enthusiasts had such a natural stronghold, from which they could rally at will to disturb the government. Gathering together such a force as he could, therefore, Herod, then in his prime, marched from Sepphoris, which he had already taken, to the top of the cliffs, where he was met and well-nigh overpowered. But he was not to be daunted. The caves could not be reached from below, the rock stretching beneath them in perpendicular precipices of immense depth. They must, therefore, be attacked from above, and to this end he caused a large number of huge "cages," strongly bound with iron, to be made, and having filled them with soldiers, let them down by chains from the top till they reached the mouths of the nearest caves. The troops were armed, not only with their swords and spears, but with long hooks to pull out such as resisted and throw them down the rocks. By this means, and by landing where there was footing, their success, though gradual, was in the end complete. In many caves enough combustible material was found to fill the whole interior space with suffocating smoke, and this helped the terrible work, till, at last, many threw themselves headlong into the abyss below. One old man flung down his wife and seven children, and lastly himself, and the survivors submitted.<sup>1</sup> To win such a victory was wonderful, for the caves are in many cases of great extent, and were well fortified, besides being connected by galleries, and provided with water from numerous cisterns. In later times peaceful hermits took up their abode in them.

The Plain of Gennesaret begins at Magdala, and runs to the north, as I have said, for about three miles, with a depth of about a mile at its widest part. Flat near the shore, it is shut in by low, rounded hills, which are at some points half a mile, at others a mile, in the background. Ploughed land stretches here and there up the slopes of valleys, which in some cases show copings of basalt above. The cliffs of Arbela, or Haman, look from a distance very much like the crags at Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh: the same perpendicular wall above; the same masses of broken rock making a steep slope below. The plain itself is quite uncultivated and waste, and so is the gentle rise behind, which to the west has a background of high conical hills. So complete is the solitude of the whole region, that Tiberias and the wretched Magdala are the only inhabited places on the whole lake,

<sup>1</sup> *Jos. Ant.*, xv. 3, 6; *Bell.*, i. 16, 4.

Coast of the Sea of Galilee near Ain et-Tabira. (See page 547.)





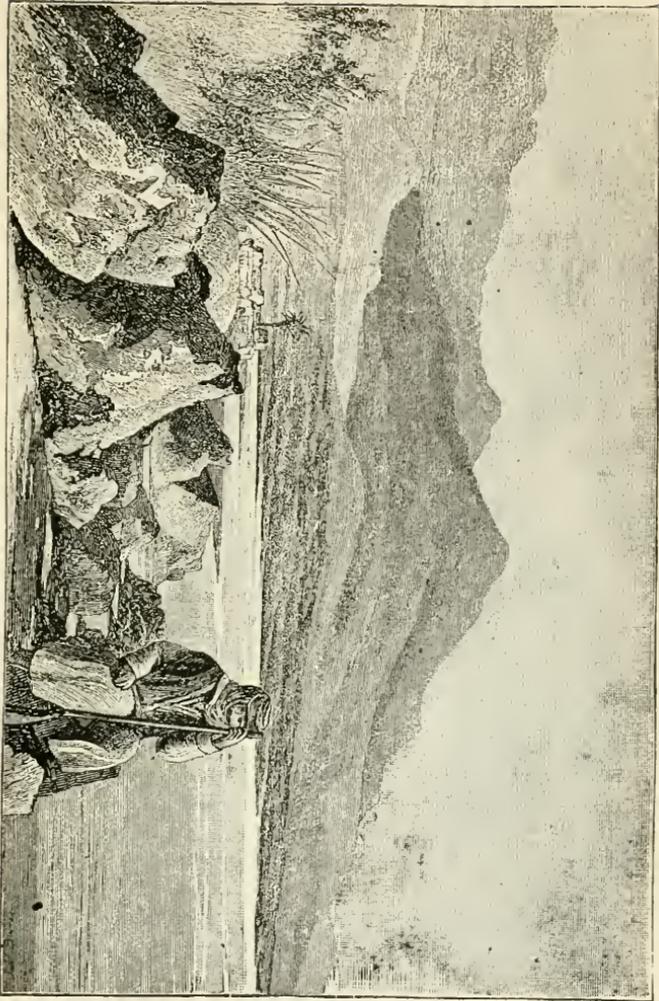
although in the days of our Lord nine towns and many villages, all populous, were found on its shores or on the hill-sides behind. At the north end is a khan, or resting-place for travellers—Khan Minieh—one of many which are found on the great caravan-track between Danascus and Egypt; Khan Tujjar, a short day's journey south, being the next; while four miles to the north is Khan Yusef. Between Magdala and Khan Minieh lies Gennesaret; a path along the shore leading down to Tiberias, sometimes almost on a level with the water, at others winding along the face or over the tops of the knolls and low hills, but always close to the lake.

No Christian could look upon the landscape around without emotion. The plain stretches away in all its potential loveliness, set in a frame of green hills, the peaks and varying outlines to the south and south-west adding not a little to the charm of the scene. It must have been beautiful indeed when human industry developed the wealth of nature, and turned the whole surface into a blooming paradise. Its Hebrew name, Gennesaret, was fondly explained by the Rabbis as meaning "a Garden for Princes," but it seems really to be connected with the Old Testament name Chinnereth, or Chinneroth,<sup>1</sup> which was given to the plain possibly because the rushing sound of its brooks resembled the vibrations of a harp; as it may have been given to the lake from the name of some ancient town on the plain, or perhaps from the shores having a harp-like shape. Josephus has bequeathed to us an enthusiastic description of its fertility in the time of our Lord. It was "admirable," he tells us, "both for its natural properties and its beauty." "Such," he adds, "is the richness of the soil, that every kind of plant grows in it, and all kinds are, therefore, cultivated by the husbandman. Walnut-trees, which need coolness, grow in rich luxuriance alongside the palm, which flourishes only in hot places, and near these are figs and olives, which call for a more temperate air. There is, as it were, an ambitious effort of nature to gather to one spot whatever is elsewhere opposed, and the very seasons appear as if they were in a generous rivalry, each claiming the district for its own; for it not only has the strange virtue of producing fruits of opposite climes, but maintains a continual supply of them, the soil yielding them not once in the year, but at the most various times. Thus the royal fruits, the grape and the fig, ripen for ten months of the year continuously, while the other kinds ripen beside them all the year round."<sup>2</sup> In those days universal irrigation aided these wondrous efforts of nature, and four permanent brooks, at times swollen to torrents, still wind over the surface and enter the lake, showing the ample means at hand for turning the whole into a "watered garden." The fruit of Gennesaret was the glory of the land, and its wheat the finest.

<sup>1</sup> Deut. iii. 17; Josh. xi. 2; xii. 3; xiii. 27. <sup>2</sup> Jos. *Bell.*, iii. 10, 8.

Over this Eden-like landscape our Lord often wandered. Its palm-groves, its fig-trees with intertwining vines, its soft murmuring brooks, its lilies, and countless flowers of other kinds, the deep blue of the lake, the brown tilth of the neighboring slopes, the waving gold of their harvest ripeness, must often have calmed His soul when He was disturbed by the waywardness of man. To the heights behind He must often have wandered when the stars had come forth, to spend the night in lonely devotion.<sup>1</sup> In the streets and open spaces of towns and villages long since vanished, He must often have had the sick brought to Him in the cool of the evening, that He might heal them.<sup>2</sup> His voice must often have sounded through the clear air from His boat-pulpit on the strand, or in the concourse of men, proclaiming as "one who had authority" the doctrines of His new spiritual kingdom.<sup>3</sup> Perhaps it was at the very spot where I stood that He revealed Himself after His resurrection to Peter and Thomas, Nathanael, the sons of Zebedee, and two others of His disciples,<sup>4</sup> when they saw someone in the grey of the morning on the beach, as they rowed to the shore after a night spent in fruitless toil. Man and nature were still hushed in the quiet of the dawn when He addressed these disciples as His "children," bidding them cast their net into the lake once more. And now it encloses a shoal, so that "they were not able to draw in" the widely-stretched meshes "for the multitude of fishes," and John at once whispered to Peter, "It is the Lord." One could think of the warm-hearted, impetuous Simon, as he heard such words, girding around him the "abba" which he had laid aside to struggle the better with the net, and casting himself into the lake to wade ashore to Him whom he so much loved; while his companions came more leisurely, rowing and poling, as they dragged the net with them, till they ran their boat up the smooth, shelly strand. With what followed we are all familiar, ending as it did with the ever-memorable, thrice-repeated, "Lovest thou Me?" and the touching answer, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

Our boatmen did not row together, nor did they sit, their invariable habit being to stand, with one foot on the seat to give them more power. It was curious to notice that their feet, never cramped by shoes, were much broader at the toes than at the instep; so different is the natural shape of the foot from that which our hard leather coverings produce. Striking out in a straight line to save a deep bend, we now got a good way from the land, keeping towards Tell Hum, which lies on the shore, about two miles and a half south-west of the entrance of the Jordan into the lake. Sometimes rowing, sometimes sailing, the whole landscape on both sides was within view. On the east, the table-land, sinking precipitously to the water, was scooped into terraces



Magdala and Plain of Gennesareth Looking North. (See page 519.)



and hollows, and seamed with deep gullies and ravines, down which the wind often rushes with terrible force from the uplands above, which stretch away to the Euphrates. Sir Charles Wilson encountered just such a sudden storm—though from the west—as swept down long ago on the boat in which Christ lay asleep, while His disciples were wrestling with the winds and the waves.<sup>1</sup> “The morning,” Sir Charles tells us, “was delightful; a gentle easterly breeze, and not a cloud in the sky to give warning of what was coming. Suddenly, about mid-day, there was a sound of distant thunder, and a small cloud, ‘no bigger than a man’s hand,’ was seen rising over the heights of Lubieh, to the west. In a few moments the cloud appeared to spread, and heavy black masses came rolling down the hills, towards the lake, completely obscuring Tiberias and Hattîn. At this moment the breeze died away, there were a few minutes of perfect calm, during which the sun shone out with intense power, and the surface of the lake was smooth and even as a mirror; Tiberias, Mejdél, and other buildings stood out, in sharp relief, from the gloom behind; but they were soon lost sight of, as the thunder-gust swept past them and, rapidly advancing across the lake, lifted the placid water into a bright sheet of foam. In another moment it reached the ruins of Gamala, on the eastern hills, driving myself and my companion to take refuge in a cistern, where, for nearly an hour, we were confined, listening to the rattling peals of thunder and torrents of rain. The effect of half the lake in perfect rest, whilst the other half was in wild confusion, was extremely grand. It would have fared ill with any light craft caught in mid-lake by the storm, and we could not help thinking of that memorable occasion on which the storm is so graphically described as ‘coming down’ upon the lake.”<sup>2</sup> Just such a tempest, indeed, as I have already noted, I had myself seen when descending from Hattîn to Tiberias; and the night that followed, with its wild carnival of wind and rain, was still worse. But, like the storm seen by Sir Charles Wilson, it soon spent its fury, leaving the morning to rise bright and beautiful.

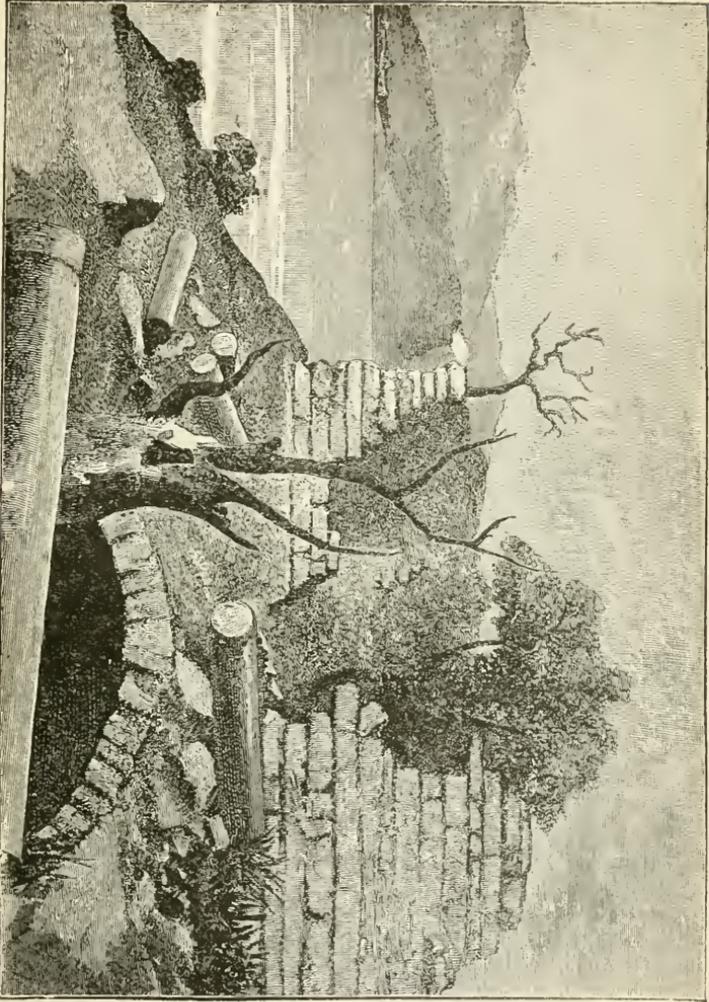
Behind Gennesaret, the slopes offer constant illustrations of the Parable of the Sower. Some spots one could see where the good soil invites the peasant, no path running through it, no thorns cumbering it, no rock cropping up, no stony wreck covering the ground. Perhaps quite close to it, a footway passes across the patch of tillage, so that at sowing-time seed must fall on it and be trodden under-foot, or picked off by birds; elsewhere, thorns and thistles engross much of the surface, while at a little distance, perhaps a few rods, the ground is fairly bedded with stones, or the occasional gleam of the rock shows that there is only a skin of earth, not enough to nourish the seed. As we sailed along, the steersman whined a doleful Arab song. There is

<sup>1</sup> Matt. viii. 24; Mark iv. 37; Luke viii. 23. <sup>2</sup> *Recovery of Jerusalem*, p. 340.

no such gladsome music in Palestine as in Western countries; a nasal sing-song, fit for a dirge, is all one ever hears. I had some talk on the way with the dragoman<sup>1</sup>—a Copt—about his wife. She had been bought for him by his mother, was betrothed at twelve, and married at fourteen. He could send her away for spoiling his dinner, if he liked, but would have to pay her a franc a day for her support. But Copts, he added, with a virtuous air, don't send their wives off in this way, and neither husband nor wife can marry again while the other is alive. In Palestine service is still, at times, accepted for a wife, in lieu of money, as in the case mentioned by Burekhardt, that greatest of travellers, who met a young man in the Haurân who had served eight years as a shepherd and peasant laborer, for his food and the promise, which was kept, that he should after that time have the daughter of his master, for whom he would otherwise have had to pay from 700 to 800 piastres. This was an almost exact repetition of Laban's bargain with Jacob,<sup>2</sup> but the parallel was made still more close by the young husband complaining bitterly that, though he had now been married three years, his father-in-law continued to require him to do the most servile work, without paying him anything, and thus prevented him from setting up for himself and his family.<sup>3</sup> Jacob's experience is illustrated in another point by the fact that in modern Egypt a father often objects to giving away a younger daughter till her elder sister is married.<sup>4</sup>

The hills at the upper end of Gennesaret are dotted with bushes and trees, so that they look more inviting than those on the south. The path from Khan Minieh to the lake runs up and down over the rocks along the shore, generally at some distance above the water-level. Indeed, at Khan Minieh it is hewn in the rocks, climbing a rough knoll of black basalt from that spot northwards, and winding along the face of the low cliff, perhaps thirty feet above the water, in a track made, ages ago, by excavation and levelling. Here, one may literally say that he is walking in the footsteps of our Lord, for there is no other way along the coast to get to Tell Hum by land. Landing at Tell Hum, I found it a field of black basalt ruins, strewn over a wide space, but in great part hidden, till you come close to them, by dense clumps of thistles and other huge wild growths. A moment's

<sup>1</sup> "Dragoman" means literally "interpreter," but the office includes not only talking the language of the traveller, but also acting as head of his travelling arrangements. In my case this dignitary, in all the glory of a "kefiyeh," was a young man employed by the Tourists' Agency during the season, spending the rest of the year, as he told me, among the Arabs beyond the Jordan as a shepherd, or, perhaps, in a less innocent capacity. He informed me that he had twice been in goal, in irons: the last time, quite recently, for stabbing a man. He was lazy, insolent, inconceivably ignorant, and, as a whole, worse than useless. Anyone intending to visit Palestine should try to secure the services of Mr. Rolla Floyd, of Joppa, in my opinion by far the best "dragoman" in Palestine. To obtain his aid insures conscientious lessening of expense wherever practicable, with the advantage of having by one's side bright intelligence, minute knowledge of the Bible, and earnest desire to please. Doubtless, however, there are other excellent guides. <sup>2</sup> Gen. xxix. 18. <sup>3</sup> Gen. xxxi. 7, 39—42. Burekhardt, *Syria*, p. 298. <sup>4</sup> Lane, *Modern Egyptians*, i. 197.



Ruins of Gamala, Showing Tiberias. From a Drawing by Lawrence Oliphant. (See page 533.)



glance shows it to have been a considerable place, for there are great squared stones in every direction, belonging no doubt to public buildings or the houses of rich men, for the ordinary houses of the common people must long ago have entirely perished. Everywhere, as far as the slope of the hill behind, the ground was sown with the wreck of a brilliant past, though kind nature strove hard by its rank herbage to conceal the melancholy sight. But when the hot summer burns up the grass and shrivels the weeds, so that the ground is visible throughout, the most cursory view of the extent of the desolation must be very striking. Close to the water, on a slightly projecting point, are some ruins, perhaps of a castle, possibly of a church: now roughly covered in as a shelter for sheep or goats. Foundations run hither and thither in every direction, the ground between them swollen into mounds by the ruins below. The site, as a whole, slopes gently upwards over a wide space to the hills, the side towards the lake rising into a slight bank. The walls of the ruins near the lake are adorned with pillars, but they rise only from fifteen to twenty feet above the soil. The heights on the west, seen from this point, run in softly-rounded outline towards the upper end of the Lake, and were covered with green. To the south, the lake spread before me almost to its lower extremity. On the east, the table-land rose, from a fringe of verdure along the shore, in high, slanting walls of rock, here and there green, and worn into clefts or gullies in every direction. A little back from the shore lie some ruins which especially attract attention: colossal squared stones, finely carved, of white crystallized limestone brought from a distance—once the frieze, architrave, and cornices of a magnificent synagogue. The Jews could not have built such a sanctuary except at a time when they were numerous and rich, which they ceased to be very soon after our Lord's day, so that I may perhaps have looked on the very prayer-house in which He often worshipped. It has, indeed, been thought by some that these stones may have belonged to the very synagogue built by the godly centurion from love to Israel.<sup>1</sup>

Tell Hum has been accepted by some of the officers employed in Palestine and others as the site of Capernaum, but the question can hardly be regarded as settled. Yet there is much to be said for this belief. The name, it is alleged, is an abbreviation for Nahum, Capernaum meaning "the Village of Nahum the Prophet"—for Kefr means a village. This may be correct, since, as we have seen, the Jews lived in Tiberias for centuries after the fall of Jerusalem, and the tradition appears to have been derived from them. It is also said that at the time of Constantine, Capernaum had an exclusively Jewish population, with many Jews among them who were counted heretics by their brethren, from their believing in Christ while still following Moses

<sup>1</sup> Luke vii. 5.

also, like the Jewish Christians of the Epistles. If this spot be Capernaum, the words of Christ, that it "should be cast down into hades," though then, in its own opinion, "exalted into heaven,"<sup>1</sup> are very literally fulfilled. A few oleanders, with pink flowers, on the edge of the lake, wild beans growing here and there, and flowers in odd spots, were the sole relief to the lonely sadness.

Returning to the boat, to which I was carried on the back of one of the boatmen through the water-plants and the shallow edge of the lake, we rowed north-west towards the place where the Jordan enters, and which we found to be a swampy flat of rich green, the delight of black, flat-headed buffaloes, which have horns curiously bent along the sides of the head. On the other side, beyond the marsh, a green valley ran up among the hills: the wide meadow where our Lord fed the thousands who wished to take Him by force and make Him king.<sup>2</sup> At the head of this valley stood Bethsaida Julias, once a humble village, but in Christ's childhood transformed into a fine city by Herod Philip, the one good son in the worthless family of Herod the Great. It was dignified with the name of Julias in honor of the daughter of Augustus, but its ruins consist of only a few fragments of basalt, though these have an imperishable interest from the connection of the town with some of the miracles of our Lord.<sup>3</sup> They lie above the plain and slopes of the Batihah, where the multitude, while being fed with the bread that perisheth, were told of the true bread that cometh down from heaven. Christ was then on His way to Cæsarea Philippi.

The tomb of the mild and just Philip once stood in Bethsaida Julias, but it has long since disappeared. This was the prince who married Salome, infamous for her share in the murder of John the Baptist. Philip had lived a bachelor till he became an elderly man, and then he fell in love with the daughter of Herodias and his half-brother Philip of Jerusalem—a girl a little over fourteen when she became the wife of the old man. The birthday feast of Herod Antipas, at which she danced with such fatal result, took place shortly before her marriage, and, as her husband died in A.D. 33, only a few years after the Baptist's death, she must have been still quite a girl when left a widow. Philip, in fact, was more than three times as old as his bride. Salome was then, apparently, a favorite name, for it was borne by a sister, a daughter, and a granddaughter of Herod the Great, and it was also given to a sister of Mary, the mother of our Lord.

Turning the boat's head, at last, towards Khan Minieh, where our tents awaited us, we ran close alongshore as we came near it. Just before we landed, one of the boatmen, a splendid fellow, taking off his loose cotton trousers and long jacket so that only his shirt remained,

1 Matt. xi. 23. 2 John vi. 15. 3 Matt. xii. 21; Mark viii. 22—26.



Black Basalt Ruins at Tell Hum. See page 551.)



stepped into the water at a spot where the low edge was thick with bushes of all kinds, the boat for the time lying still. Taking with him a round net, hung about at its edges with small leaden weights, and wading ashore, he gathered the meshes carefully into one hand, so that the weights hung free beneath, and creeping along the shore under cover of the bushes till he came to a little bend in the water, he then, in a moment, flung out the net with a whirl which spread it like a circle, the lead causing it instantly to sink. Four fishes—like good-sized perch—were his reward. The process was several times renewed, at different points near each other, till he had caught as many as he wished. The net was not drawn in, the fish being lifted from below it while it lay at the bottom of the shallow water. It would be difficult, therefore, to identify it with any of the nets mentioned in the Gospels. There is another kind of net, however, in use on the lake, and this also is cast by one man into the water, although larger than the one used by our boatman. The fisherman, stripping himself quite naked, swims out as far as he thinks fit, drops his net, and then returns with it, holding the cords at the sides. In this way a few fishes are easily caught in waters so well stocked. There is, indeed, no end of wealth in the lake, if proper fisheries were established, for the shoals are so great as frequently to cover an acre or more of the surface, the back fins ruffling the water like heavy rain-drops as they move slowly along, close to the surface.

The large net—the “sagēnē” of the New Testament, and our seine—is not now, so far as I know, in use, but it must, one would think, have been that used for the miraculous draughts in the Gospel. The word understood to mean a casting-net is found in only two places; neither of them connected with these miracles.<sup>1</sup> It is, at any rate, certain that the apostles used different kinds, for while Peter and Andrew are in one verse said to have been busy casting one kind of net into the sea, James and John are described two verses afterwards as mending another kind in their boat;<sup>2</sup> and, including the two cases of miraculous draughts, this second kind is twelve times mentioned.<sup>3</sup> But it is hard to dogmatize on the subject, for Mark describes Peter and Andrew as casting a net of the first kind and leaving nets of the second,<sup>4</sup> while the seine is only spoken of once, when the kingdom of heaven is compared to a net<sup>5</sup>—the one here intended being, no doubt, the largest in use. My boatman, as I have said, kept on his shirt, but as it was tucked up round him, he was really naked. Men such as he commonly work at their craft entirely nude, except for a skull-cap of thick felt. But we need not suppose that Peter did more, when he girt his coat round him,<sup>6</sup> than to put his “abba” over his inner tunic; for

<sup>1</sup> Matt. iv. 18; Mark i. 16. <sup>2</sup> Matt. iv. 18, 21. <sup>3</sup> Matt. iv. 20, 21; Mark i. 18, 19; Luke v. 2, 4, 5, 6; John xxi. 6, 8, 11. <sup>4</sup> Mark. i. 16, 18. <sup>5</sup> Matt. xiii. 47. The three words are ἀμφίβληστρον, δίκτυον, and σαγήνη. <sup>6</sup> John xxi. 7.

one can hardly imagine that, amid a population so dense as that round the lake in those days, men carried on their work in a state of absolute nudity. Perhaps the expression "naked" is used as Virgil uses it in his counsel to the ploughmen to work, as we might say, "in their shirt-sleeves," for this is what he means. Yet Roman games were exhibited in Christ's day, even at Jerusalem, in which the men who took part in them before great bodies of spectators of both sexes were entirely naked; so that we must not measure ancient ideas by our own. On the Egyptian monuments, moreover, fishermen using nets are naked.

The net once drawn to shore, its contents are examined to see what fish are too small and what are inedible—all such being thrown back into the sea, as was the custom in our Lord's day.<sup>1</sup> Then, however, the "bad" were chiefly those reckoned unclean, which meant all that had not fins and scales:<sup>2</sup> a distinction that may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that in Egypt, from which the Hebrews came, fish without scales are generally unwholesome.<sup>3</sup> By the way, did the Jews eat beetles? Egyptian women do,<sup>4</sup> and Leviticus says that the Hebrews were free to eat the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the beetle after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind.<sup>5</sup> But, I apprehend, the translation should rather be—"the flying locust, the kind known as 'the destroyer,' the leaping locust, and the young locust." One other Egyptian custom strikes me as throwing light on Mosaic ordinances. Women are "unclean" in Egypt for forty days after childbirth: Moses ordered that they should be reckoned unclean for forty days after the birth of a son, and eighty days after that of a daughter.<sup>6</sup>

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## CHAPTER XLV.

### KHAN MINIEH, KHERSA, CHORAZIN.

KHAN MINIEH is in a beautiful green plain, with a low crag on its northern side, and a copious spring spreading beneath it into a pool and marsh, in which there still grows the papyrus—a word which is the ancestor of our "paper." This wonderful reed rises slim and tall, with a reddish-brown tuft at the top, and at this spot is very plentiful. So also are the gigantic reeds which shake in every breath of wind,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xiii. 48. <sup>2</sup> Lev. xi. 9–12. <sup>3</sup> Lane, *Modern Egyptians*, i. 197. <sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, i. 238. <sup>5</sup> Lev. xi. 22. <sup>6</sup> Lev. xii. 2, 4, 5. <sup>7</sup> Matt. xi. 7; Luke vii. 24.



An Arab Boy Fishing. From a Drawing by E. S. Cuthbert. (See page 557.)



as they well may, for they are ten or twelve feet high. We had hardly settled in our tents before a caravan of Greek Church pilgrims from Damascus, about 500 in number, made its appearance, and took up its quarters on the green space beside us. Tents rose as if by magic, and were speedily filled with men, women, and children; for if a child is taken to the holy places, and especially to the Jordan, it is saved from the necessity of making the journey at a later period. Mules, horses, and asses were presently picketed, far and near; fires of thistles and thorns were kindled, and meals cooked and eaten. Groups gathered around the pleasant blaze as the night fell; singing, in one place to the clapping of hands, in another to taps on a copper ewer made to serve as a drum, in a third to the thrum of an asthmatic guitar with little more sound than a child's penny organ. But clapping hands in chorus to the singing was most common. The women sat among the men; and very merry they all were. Religious pilgrimages may have a strain of seriousness, but it is well-nigh lost to the common eye in riotous jollity, far from divine. It was a wild scene; not helpful to morals, I fear. Shouting, and firing of guns and pistols, went on incessantly till late at night, and then many persons lay down on the open ground, since the tents could not hold all; not a few sleeping among the horses, asses, and mules. It seemed, however, as if the noise would never cease. Long after I had hoped the madness was over, volley after volley was discharged, each followed by wild cries from all around; and even at the last, when I was fairly tired out, loud recitals of stories were going on round some of the fires; one leading, and the rest repeating the same chorus over and over after every second line. Was this scene—of course without the firing, for which the blowing of horns might be substituted—like that presented by the Passover caravans in Bible times?

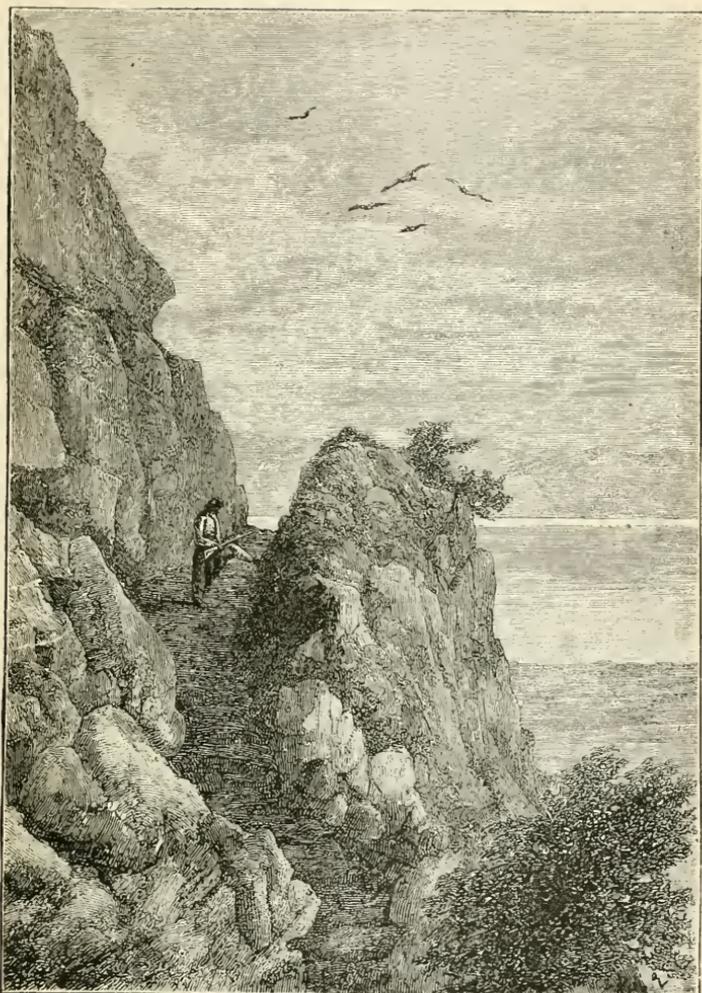
Khan Minieh has been thought by some to be the true site of the city of Capernaum—Christ's own city. It is certain that extensive ruins are hidden below its green sward, for the peasants find it profitable to dig to the depth of from eight to twelve feet into the mounds that dot the locality, for stones, some to build with, others to burn into lime. In these excavations rounded stones are first met, but below them, four feet or more from the surface, foundations of walls occur, built in some cases of finely-squared blocks of limestone. Pottery and remains of other kinds are also found. The arguments in favor of Capernaum having been here, rather than at Tell Hum, are various. Both it and Bethsaida are believed to have been in or near to the Plain of Gennesaret, because when our Lord, in crossing the lake after the miraculous feeding, would have come to Bethsaida and the wind prevented Him, He was forced to come ashore in "the land of Gennesaret;" the Gospel adding that the Jews who followed Him came next day and

found Him in Capernaum.<sup>1</sup> A fountain of Capernaum, spoken of by Josephus as in the tract of Gennesaret, is thought to have been the Ain-el-Tin at Khan Minieh, especially since he says that it was thought to be connected with the Egyptian Nile, from having in it fish like the coracinus of that river. In accordance with this, Dr. Tristram tells us that he found in the Round Fountain of Ain Mudawarah, about a mile north of Magdala and half a mile back from the lake, at the foot of the hills, a fish "like that of the lake near Alexandria." "A cat-fish," he adds, "identical with the cat-fish of the ponds of Lower Egypt, does abound to a remarkable degree in the Round Spring, to this day." In fact, he obtained specimens of it a yard long.<sup>2</sup> Josephus, moreover, speaks of a village of Capernaum as in this vicinity. Tell Hum, it is argued, cannot be said to be in "the land of Gennesaret," for it is three miles off to the north-east, and there is no fountain of any kind there; the ancient town which once stood on the spot having obtained its supply of water entirely from the lake. There was, besides, a custom-house at Capernaum,<sup>3</sup> and a Roman garrison,<sup>4</sup> which would be quite natural at Khan Minieh, where a Roman road comes down to the lake from the north, but which could not be found at Tell Hum, where there was no Roman road, and where the frontier was three miles off.

There is no reason to doubt that the true site, whether here or at Tell Hum, was still known in the fourth century, when a church was built upon it; but its position has been doubtful now for many centuries, so complete has been the ruin of this once flourishing region. The scene of our Lord's home for the last three years of His life, where so many of His mighty works were performed, and so great a proportion of His wondrous words spoken, would surely, it might have been thought, be kept permanently in memory by successive generations of His disciples. Yet it has utterly passed away, leaving it to conjecture and argument to fix its situation. The Jews have clung to Tiberias, but Christians have allowed Capernaum to be utterly forgotten, except for the pages of the Gospel. In this virtual disappearance of a place so immeasurably dear to all Christians, may we not read the lesson that the seen and the material are of little moment in a spiritual religion, and that the holy places of our faith have had a veil drawn over them designedly by Providence, to turn our thoughts from superstitious veneration of the accidents of faith to the great ideal in Christ Himself?

It would be interesting to go through the Gospels and note the strict correctness of their allusions to the scenery, topography, and customs of the people round the lake in old times. We still *go down* from Cana to Capernaum; <sup>5</sup> Safed is "a city set on an hill," and might have

<sup>1</sup> John vi. 21, 22, 59; Matt. xiv. 34; Mark vi. 53. <sup>2</sup> *Land of Israel*, p. 442. <sup>3</sup> Matt. ix. 9. <sup>4</sup> Matt. viii. 5. <sup>5</sup> John iv. 47.



Ancient Roman Aqueduct at Khan Menfeh. From a Drawing by E. S. Cutnbert. (See page 560.)



been pointed to from Hattîn when the words were uttered,<sup>1</sup> though, indeed, almost all the towns and villages of Palestine are on hills. The allusions to the fate of the seed as it falls from the hand of the sower; to the merchant seeking goodly pearls; to the fisher's craft on the lake; and all else in the sacred narrative, are always absolutely true to nature and fact. Even apparent contradictions to what may be supposed to be Oriental manners, such as the mention of women as present in public, notwithstanding the usual Eastern seclusion of the sex,<sup>2</sup> are true to life, for at this very day, the great excitements of life—a funeral, wedding, feast, or market—attract women and children in such numbers that they often form the majority of the spectators or participants.

In summer, on account of the heat and moisture, the shores of the Lake of Galilee are very much troubled with insects and similar plagues. The centipede, crawling from some heap of stones, bites, say the Arabs, with a result forty times as painful as the spider, for they maintain that it pierces the flesh not only with its jaws, but with each of its many feet. The scorpion may sting you as you lean against a wall, or put your hand carelessly on a stone used for temporary rest; and very disagreeable is the effect. This crab-like member of the *articulata* is very common in Palestine, where more than eight species are known. One place, indeed, mentioned three times in the Old Testament, gets its name from this pest, viz., Maaleh Akkrabbim—"the Scorpion Slopes"<sup>3</sup>—which Kiepert places a little to the north-east of Shiloh. The most dangerous variety is the black rock-scorpion, as thick as a finger, and five or six inches long; others are yellow, brown, white, red, or striped and banded. During cold weather they lie dormant, but at the return of heat they crawl forth from beneath the stones under which they have lain hidden, or out of the crevices of walls, and chinks of other kinds, and make their way not only to the paths where men pass, but into houses, where they get below sleeping-mats, carpets, or clothes, or creep into shoes or slippers. They are carnivorous by nature, living on beetles, insects, and the like; but they sting whatever frightens or irritates them, though their poison, while very painful in its effects, may be neutralized, except in rare cases, by the application of ammonia and sweet oil, or may be withdrawn by suction. But occasionally it causes death. Scorpions are four times mentioned in the Old Testament, twice metaphorically and twice literally, their number in the deserts of Sinai, which is still remarkable, being noticed in one text, and their habit of frequenting desolate and ruinous parts in another.<sup>4</sup> Ezekiel, bitterly persecuted, like all other earnest reformers of every age, was to be thrust out to live among scorpions; the guilty whom he rebuked treating him as unfit to live

<sup>1</sup> Matt. v. 14. <sup>2</sup> Matt. xiv. 21; xv. 38. <sup>3</sup> Num. xxxiv. 4; Josh. xv. 3; Judg. i. 36. <sup>4</sup> Deut. viii. 15; Ezek. ii. 6.

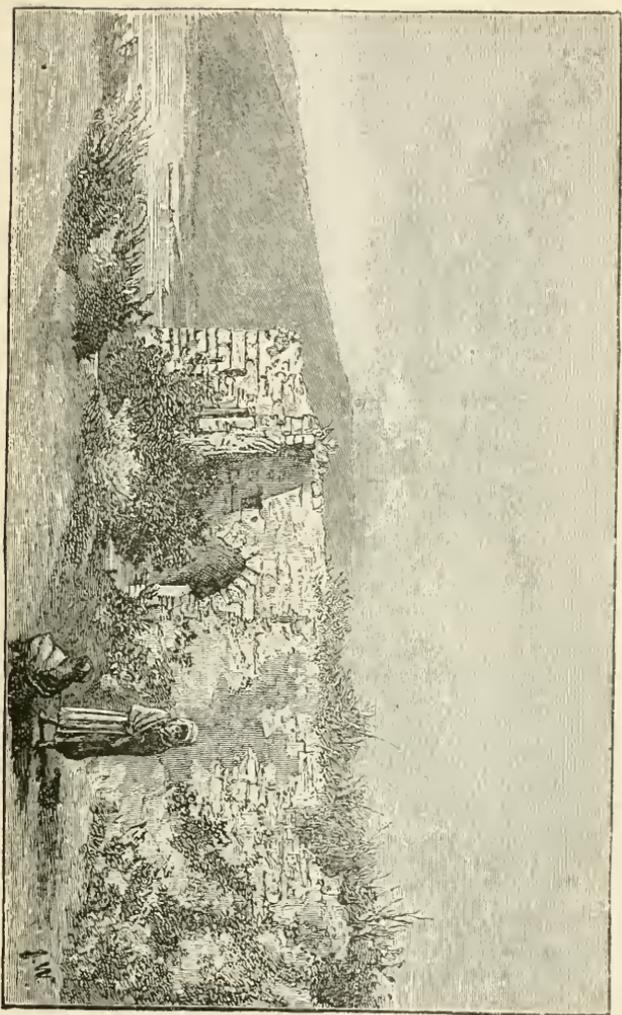
with men. Rehoboam was foolish enough to repeat, as from himself, the counsel of his flatterers, threatening to chastise the Ten Tribes with "scorpions"<sup>1</sup>—probably a scourge with sharp metal tips, the blow of which was cruel as a scorpion's sting. In the New Testament, the apostles are promised power to tread with impunity on these hateful creatures;<sup>2</sup> and our Lord inquires, as an encouragement to prayer, whether, if a son ask an egg, a father will give him a scorpion;<sup>3</sup> that is, evil instead of good.

But the mosquitoes are a greater trouble than the scorpions, for their number is legion, and on the shores of the lake they are of an unusual size. At Tiberias they swarm in myriads, so that the reproach of Christ, that the Pharisees would strain at a gnat, while they swallowed a camel, must have come vividly home to His hearers.<sup>4</sup> Fleas, however, are the supreme worry of this district. How they all get a living I cannot conjecture, unless it be that the thoroughness of their attacks, when they find a victim, sustains them till another comes in their way. Bedouins are often forced to change their camps on account of the number of these insects, and at Tiberias and elsewhere I have had cause to regret that my own tent should have been pitched on ground that had been used as an encampment by native travellers or tent people, perhaps long before. Nor is this only a modern trouble, for fleas appear to have been as pestilently common in Bible times as to-day, since poor David points out that his persecution by Saul is no less beneath the king than would be the chasing of a single flea.<sup>5</sup>

The Jordan leaves the lake through a green plain, which rises about twenty feet above it, but slopes very soon towards the south. The water is about 100 feet across, and four feet deep, with a swift current; and one has to get over as best he can, though the ruins of a bridge speak of greater facilities in old times. A village of about 200 wretched houses lies on the east of the river, at the edge of the lake, but the Moslems who inhabit it have a very bad name. Pity it is that so beautiful a situation should be so miserably occupied! Kerak, the ancient Tarichæa, stands on the west side of the lake a short distance from the exit of the Jordan; and on the east, half-way up the coast, is the village of Khersa, which is thought by many to have been the scene of our Lord's cure of the demoniacs. Gadara is mentioned as the place by St. Mark and St. Luke in the text of the Authorized Version, while St. Matthew gives the name as Gergesa. In the Revised Version, however, we have Gerasa in both Mark and Luke, while Gadara is, curiously, inserted in Matthew's account.

This last place—a Roman town, now Umm Keis—lay about six miles south-west from the lake, and was famed for its baths. There

1 1 Kings xii. 11, 14; 1 Chron. x. 11, 14. 2 Luke x. 19. 3 Luke xi. 12. 4 Matt. xxiii. 24. 5 1 Sam. xxiv. 14; xxvi. 20.



Mill and Ancient Aqueduct at Tabghah. (See page 564.)



are still numerous tomb-caverns to the east of the ruins, with a great many richly-sculptured basalt sarcophagi scattered over the slopes of the hill. The stone doors of the rock-tombs are in many cases preserved, the sarcophagi of the chambers within serving the lazy peasants as bins for their grain and stores. West of the tombs are the ruins of two theatres, in wonderful preservation, even the stages being complete, though covered with rubbish. Heaps of hewn stone and fragments of pillars lie scattered over the level plateau of about a mile in width; and in many places the ruts of wheels are still to be seen in the basalt pavement. That our Lord should have walked a few miles from the shore of the lake is not surprising; and besides its being mentioned in the Gospels, Gadara has in its favor, as the scene of His miracle, the fact that it was one of the places belonging to the league of the ten cities, called Decapolis, through which the demoniacs went proclaiming His greatness, after they had been cured. Yet this does not necessarily imply that the town where they had lived was a member of this alliance; it may mean only that it lay near the border of the district thus named.

Gerasa, the modern Jerash, once a splendid Roman city, and still famous for its noble ruins, lies forty miles south-east of the lake, so that it is impossible to regard it as the place in question; and thus we are shut up to a choice between Gadara and Khersa, or Gersa, a name which might easily be contracted from Gergesa. This is a small place, but its ruins are enclosed by the remains of a wall, which show that it was once much larger; and we have the assurance of Origen that a city, Gergesa, stood on the east shore of the lake, opposite Tiberias.<sup>1</sup> The accounts in the Gospels certainly imply that the city was close to the water;<sup>2</sup> and at Khersa, moreover, there is the steepest slope to be found on the banks of the lake, which is so close to the foot of it that a herd of swine, rushing madly down, would not be able to stop, but must be precipitated into the depths.

We broke up from Khan Minieh early next morning, to ride up the shore towards the entrance of the Jordan. The pilgrims were all gone before I rose, at six, but a band of Arabs, with horses, had come in their place. I was loth to leave a spot so beautiful; green on every side, with abundant waters flowing softly through the reeds, or shining in a lovely pool. A finely-dressed Damascene, by-the-by, riding his horse into this pool, presently found himself in trouble, for the beast, alarmed I suppose to see so much water, reared and threw its rider. He kept hold of the bridle, however, and picking himself up, walked out to dry land, his bravery sadly smirched for the time.

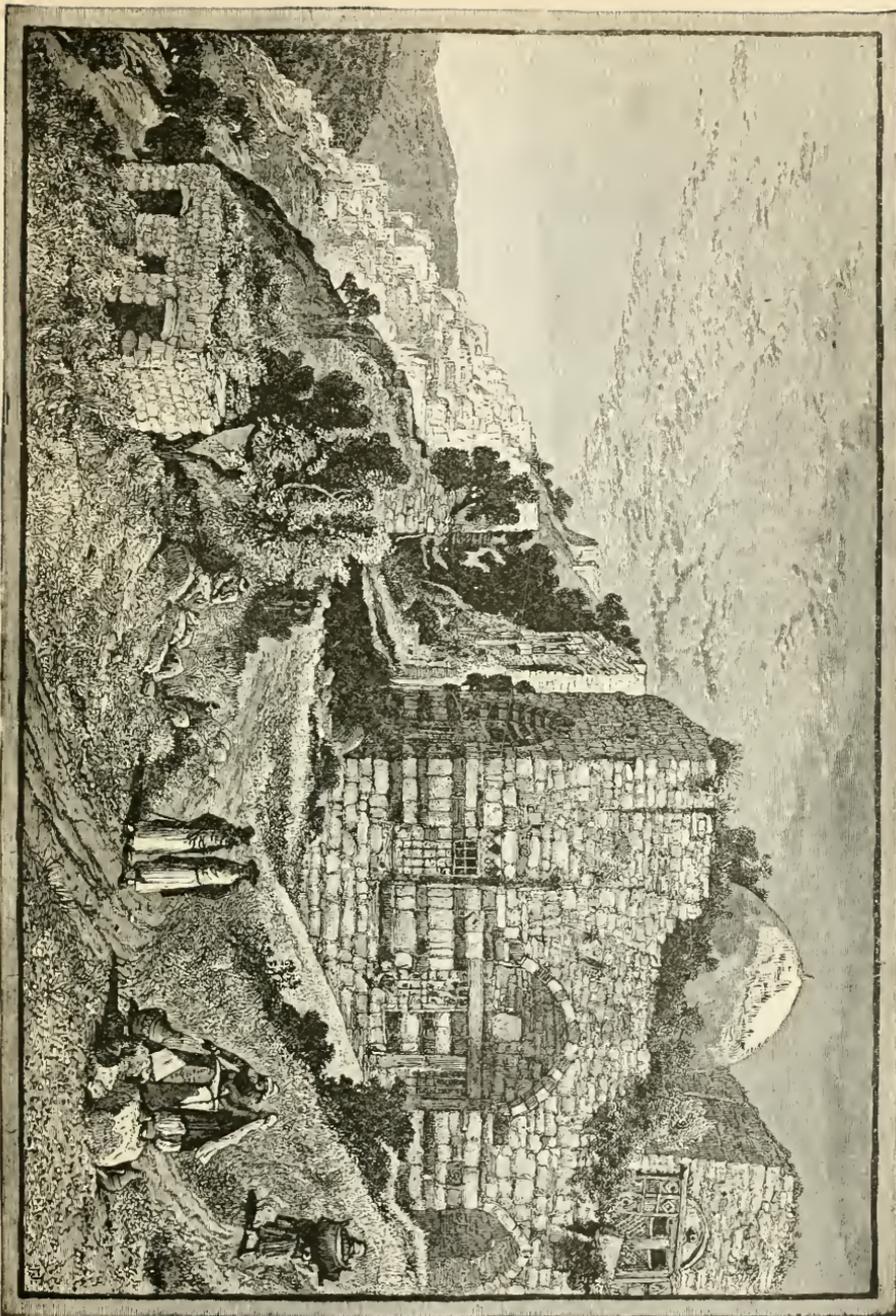
Passing round the low cliff, once I should think surmounted by a castle, we followed the old track, a very narrow one, cut in the face of

1 Orig. *Opp.*, iv. 140. 2 Matt. viii. 18; ix. 1; Mark v. 1, 21; Luke viii. 26, 40.

the rocks—the very path, as I have said, which our Saviour must often have trod. Our journey lay by the side of the lake, almost on a level with the water, for the crag was very soon passed, and the Plain of Gennesaret left behind. Less than a mile from it lies the supposed site of Bethsaida—now known as Ain Tâbghah—with a strong stream rushing past an old stone mill still at work, amidst a luxuriance of green spread over a small plain, a fringe of fine gravel bordering the lake. Before long, however, fertility was once more lost, for the slopes on our left, as we rode on, were thick with pieces of basalt of all sizes, though lovely oleanders fringed them, and ploughs were going on the next slope above, amidst thousands of stones, very little soil being visible. What could be seen, however, left no question of its fruitfulness.

We again passed Tell Hum, with its long-silent ruins, hidden among thistle-beds and rank herbage—once the scene of so much busy life; its streets perhaps daily trodden by our Saviour and apostles, and perhaps often honored by His voice speaking as never man spake; its open spaces filled with the nameless sick, pressing, if only to touch the hem of His “abba,” which they had found to be life-giving; the same bright heaven with its infinite azure shining over all, and the same blue lake whispering among the pebbles on the beach. I took the opportunity for a renewed survey of the ruins. The synagogue, of white limestone, the one pale building in a town of black stone, is nearly level with the surface of the ground, and most of its pillars have been carried off to be burnt for lime. It must have been about seventy-five feet long and fifty-seven feet broad; the roof having been supported by rows of pillars, the bases of which in many cases are still in position, while some Corinthian capitals lie in the rubbish, along with blocks of stone which had rested on them and supported the wooden rafters. Synagogues seem to have nearly always had some religious emblem over their main entrance—a seven-branched candlestick, or a Paschal lamb;<sup>1</sup> the device over this one, still seen on a large stone, was a pot of manna, which is very striking if this were the building frequented by Christ. Perhaps it was in sight of it that He cried, “I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead.”<sup>2</sup> The ruins of the ancient town cover a space about a half a mile in length and half as broad. On the north side are two remarkable tombs; one, of limestone blocks, built underground in an excavation made in the hard basalt; the other, a great four-cornered structure, above ground, made to hold a great many bodies, and apparently once white-washed: one of those tombs to which our Lord compared the Pharisees of His day when He proclaimed

<sup>1</sup> There is one, however, over which a hare—an unclean creature—is represented. <sup>2</sup> John vi, 48, 49.





them "whited sepulchres."<sup>1</sup> There are no traces of a harbor, so that the fishing-boats must either have been drawn up on shore when not in use, or kept in the little bend at Tâbghah, where the mill now is. This place, a mile and a half from Tell Hum, is believed by Sir Charles Wilson to have been the fountain of Capernaum, a distinction which Canon Tristram confers upon the "Round Fountain" away at the south end of Gennesaret. There are five fountains at Tâbghah; one of them quite a small river. Its waters appear to have been raised in ancient times to a higher level by works which still remain, and they were thus made to water the great plain to the south; a very stong reservoir raising their surface twenty feet, and an aqueduct from this leading the stream to the plain.<sup>2</sup> Sir C. Wilson thinks this a strong corroboration of the claims of Tell Hum to be Capernaum, but when so many doctors differ I feel it would be presumptuous in me arbitrarily to decide.

From Tell Hum we rode slowly on past a wady which turns sharply to the north-west, on the way to Chorazin, the present Kerazeh. The path for a time led along the bank, over the water; a long slope stretching slowly upwards on our left. The surface lay well-nigh buried under a rain of fragments of basalt of all sizes—the image of utter chaos—strewn there for untold ages before Christ's day, just as now; for the ruin from this fire-shower out of long-dead volcanoes was under His eyes, as He passed, as it was under ours. Half a mile beyond Tell Hum, the mouth of the Chorazin wady opened to the lake: a sight never to be forgotten. The soil which had spread itself over the basalt-covered ground, and which was the product of the action of rain, air, heat, and cold, in ages of ages, proved, when a section of the underlying bed was presented by the sides and bottom of the wady, to be simply a skin over a chaos of black boulders. The sides and bottom of the gorge, worn by floods from the hills, were only a heaped-up confusion of millions of black stones, of all shapes and sizes, offering a track up which no man or beast of burden could by any possibility have made way. This, too, must have been the same in Christ's day, and, for that matter, in Adam's.

Beyond this wild, dark Tartarus-mouth, some spots of soil were comparatively clear; at least, loose patches of grain were springing up among the stones. The banks were fringed with bushes, and here and there were actually spots which to some perceptible degree had been cleared of stones by industrious peasant-labor. Two donkeys passed, each bearing a side of wild boar flesh, a man with a long brass-bound gun walking at the side of his beasts. The flats of the Jordan, where the river enters the lake, had yielded this prize, for wild swine are very

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xxiii. 27. <sup>2</sup> What some authorities think an aqueduct is, however, asserted by others to be a road.

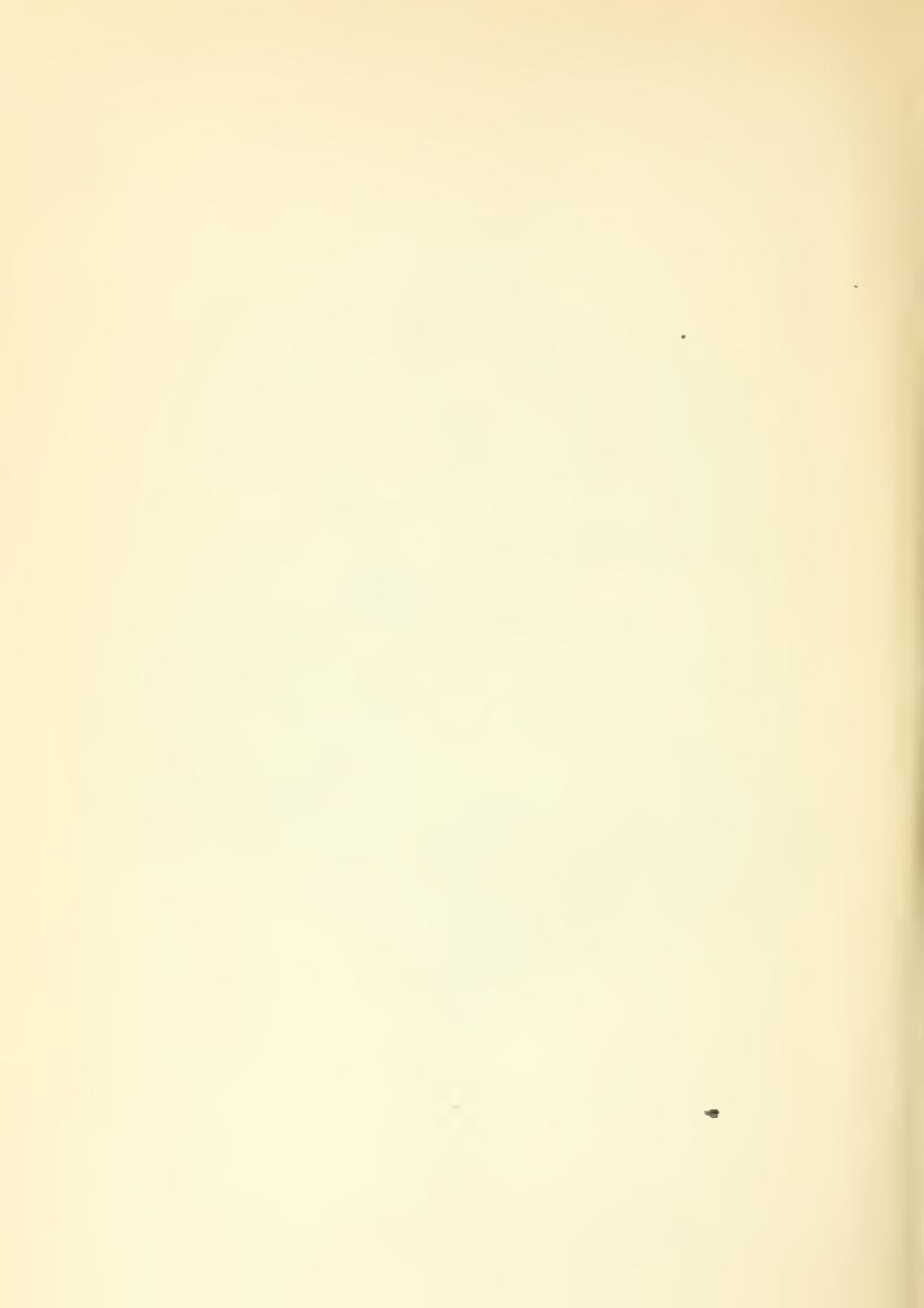
plentiful on the edge of the marsh-land, where they are sheltered by thickets of reeds and bushes. One could hardly imagine where such flesh could be used, with so many of the scanty population Mussulmans or Jews. But it is almost a figure to speak of population at all. The wilds of America, even in recently-settled parts, have as many inhabitants as once-crowded Palestine. I proposed that we should keep on, and go to the north by the path which skirts the west bank of the Jordan, but my dragoman would not hear of it. The Arabs, he said, would most likely plunder us. Two friends at Damascus afterwards told me they had ridden south by this track, without harm, "though," added they, "at one point a couple of Arabs from an encampment near rode down on us with their spears couched, yelling as they came, but they stopped when we drew our revolvers, and presently rode off."

Low hills trend back from the shore till you come to the delta of the Jordan, and the whole surface of the ground continues to be covered with black boulders; here smaller, there larger. The marshy plain through which the river enters the lake is wide and perfectly flat; sown in its driest parts; left to the buffaloes elsewhere. The peasants who cultivate the useful portion of it come from a distance, and live here for three months in tents; returning to their hamlets after the harvest. A large building on the eastern shore of the lake proved to be a magazine for grain, so that there must be considerable tillage. It stood on a pleasant green slope leading up into the hills, which were wooded with oak: a great contrast to the western side, where we were. Up the glen before us was perhaps the scene of the miraculous feeding of the multitude.

Turning to the north-west, towards Kerazeh, the path led over the slope of low hills, strewn with boulders of shining black basalt. There was, indeed, no path; nor could the country have been more utterly desolate. Chorazin itself stands in the midst of such desolation as must be seen to be believed. Millions of boulders cover the ground everywhere, as far as the eye can reach. The horses could hardly, in fact, get a footing between them, either in climbing the slopes on the way from the lake or among the ruins themselves. Yet even in this vision of chaos the stones lay less thickly in some spots than in others, and these the poor fellahîn had in some cases sown with grain. On one slope were a few Arab tents, before which a woman in her long blue gown, reaching down to her feet, and very graceful, was gathering dry thistle-stalks for fuel, while a few camels were grazing among the stones. Nowhere, however, did rock crop out: the rain of boulders was entirely distinct from the hills on which they lay so thickly. The terrible volcanic energy in this district ceased long before the historic period—how long no one can tell—and hence the aspect of the land-



Sarcophagi Among the Ruins of Kadesh Naphtali. (See page 577.)



scape must have been the same in Christ's day as at present. How any considerable community, such as Chorazin must have been, from the extent of its ruins, which cover as much ground as those of Tell Hum, could have lived in such a region, it is very hard to imagine. There was no Roman road passing near, to bring travellers, while the inhabitants could hardly have gained subsistence from the lake, since they were not less than two miles from it and as much as 700 feet above it. Yet the ruins speak of some wealth. Lintels, doorposts, heads of pillars, and carved stones, all of basalt, are scattered about, and there are the remains of a synagogue, also of basalt, with Corinthian capitals, niche-heads, and other ornaments, cut, not as at Tell Hum, in limestone, but in the hard black trap.

One very interesting feature of the ruins is that many of the dwelling-houses are still tolerably perfect, though in the days of St. Jerome,<sup>1</sup> Chorazin had long been deserted. In some cases the walls are six feet high, of square blocks of imperishable basalt, or lava, forming houses of different sizes, but generally square, the largest measuring nearly thirty feet inside; with one or two columns down the middle, to support the roof, which was apparently flat, as in the present houses of Palestine. As a rule, however, the dwellings are very small; in fact, only tiny hollow cubes. The walls are about two feet thick, sometimes of loose blocks, sometimes of masonry, with a low doorway in the centre of one side; the only windows being slits a foot high and six inches broad. One or two of the houses were divided into four chambers, but most of them had only one room, though some had two. These venerable remains have certainly not been built since Jerome's day, so that they have stood tenantless for at least fifteen hundred years, and may well have been standing in the days when our Lord from time to time wandered among them, doing those mighty works which were yet, as at Bethsaida and Capernaum, ineffectual to bring the population to thoughtfulness and repentance.<sup>2</sup> It helps one to realize better the daily life of our Saviour, to see in what poor, barren spots He labored; following the lost sheep of Israel to such a forbidding wilderness. There lay among the ruins a huge stone, four feet thick, round like a mill-stone, and as large, once the great roller of an oil-press, showing that in former times olives must have grown somewhere near, though it is hard to realize where they could have found soil, for the only trees to be seen were one or two figs, growing up in the houses so long abandoned.

From Chorazin to Safed the path, if such it can be called, led down one side of the wady over which Chorazin stands, and up the other. Such a scramble comes rarely in any man's life, for it was simply a dexterous effort of the horse at each step to get its feet safely between

lumps of basalt, the descent teaching a fine lesson in leaning back, and upward climb leading to the most endearing embrace of the quadruped's neck. The gorge passed, a rolling table-land succeeded, only a little less barren than the slope up from Tell Hum, with no population but some Arabs with black tents and white-faced cattle, the leanness of the beasts speaking for the barrenness of the soil around. Bedouins are found in all parts of Palestine, but chiefly in those that are easily accessible from the Jordan or from the southern desert, though they seem at different times to have intruded more or less thickly over the whole country. The Holy Land is so hemmed in by the great wilderness, dear to tent-life, that there is always a strong temptation to mount the passes to the hill-country, where springs and wells spread a fertility quite unknown in the desert, except after the rains. Encampments from the mountains of Gilead, the plains of the Haurân, the uplands of Moab, the great southern desert, and the plains of Philistia and Sharon, are at all times to be found making their way, like the tribes of Abraham or Jacob in old days, into the hill-country with its green plains and tempting valleys. Yet the settled population seem slowly gaining ground, for the nomads in Lower Galilee, and even in the Plain of Sharon, are only a miserable remnant of once-powerful tribes, destined, it is to be hoped, before many years, to disappear again into their sandy wastes. As in the earliest ages, the Arab and the peasant are bitter foes, for the one is an idle thief and cut-throat by nature, the other an industrious tiller of the ground. Though intolerably proud, the tent-dwellers, I fear, can hardly boast pure Arab blood, for I have often seen Nubians and other black men as slaves in their camps; refugees from Damascus and other towns, who, once admitted to a tribe, may marry into it. Tents are fixed in any spot only as long as the pasturage and water last; a few blows of a mallet, and the pegs are pulled up, the coverings rolled together, the poles tied in bundles, and the camp moves to some other haunt, just, one may suppose, as the Hebrews did in their forty year's wanderings. I have noticed already that encampments are rarely near water, perhaps because the lesson has been learned by experience that the ground near springs, since it usually lies low, is apt to be unhealthy. One might suppose that the situations chosen would at least always be safe, but it sometimes happens that when the bed of a wady has been, for some reason, selected, a sudden rain-storm floods down from the hills and carries away the whole camp, flocks and all, reminding one of the foolish man who built his house on the sand.<sup>1</sup>

East of the Jordan you sometimes meet with large numbers of tents; but in Palestine the stony pasture, and the comparative scarcity of water, cause a division of the tribes into numerous small camps, much like

<sup>1</sup> Matt. vii. 26.



Nahr el-Leddan. (See page 534.)



knots of gipsy tents as to number. The tent has generally nine poles, by no means straight, those in the centre being highest, to make the rain pass off. The open side is always turned to the sun, that the covered back may give better shelter; and the site is usually so carefully chosen that even strong winds rarely blow the tent down; in part, doubtless, from its being so low. The coverings are thick and well woven, so that rain does not easily get through them; but the Arabs suffer greatly in winter from rheumatism, which must in all ages have been prevalent, at least in the country parts of Palestine, from the poor provision for shelter in the cold nights.

The dress of these tent-people is everywhere much as I have described it in previous pages, and is in all probability the same as in the days of the patriarchs. A blue cotton shirt, reaching below the knees, or to them, with a strap round the waist to keep it to the person, is the general summer costume, with the addition of a sheepskin jacket, the woolly side inwards, and the outside dyed red, or of a woolen striped "abba," in cold weather; but the legs are always bare, and look miserable enough in a keen wind. The "kefiyeh" is the universal head-dress. Sandals are still in frequent use—mere shoe-soles, kept on the foot by a hide thong, brought from the heel, passed through the head of one of two short straps rising at the sides, then passed round the great toe, and secured by a button to the second strap, at the other side. This, no doubt, is the sandal of Scripture.

An armed Arab is a formidable-looking personage, but he could do little against modern weapons. A very long-barrelled gun, with a flint lock, brass-fittings, and a light stock, stones often serving for shot or ball; a sword like a large knife; and a long tufted spear or lance, form his full equipment; for shields, bows, and short spears are now out of use. On the east of the Jordan, however, one still finds a strange survival from the Middle Ages, in occasional coats of linked iron mail, down to the knees, and an iron helmet with a spike on the top, and a light plate in front to protect the nose. Some Bedouins, but not many, are in their way very religious, strictly observing the hours of Moslem prayer, with preliminary washing of the hands, arms, legs, and face, where possible. Education is regarded as a degradation, and is therefore despised; so that the traditions, exaggerated at each repetition, are strange confusions in the end, widely-separate events being jumbled together as well as sadly distorted. The ruling passion seems to be avarice, but in this the Bedouins are not different from the Orientals generally, old and young. Like the ancient Jews, they have a hatred of the sea, and would much rather walk round the Lake of Galilee than save any amount of time or trouble by crossing it in a boat.

Khan Yusef, about two miles north-west of Chorazin, was the first building we reached, and it stands alone for miles in every direction,

forming one of the resting-places for caravans on the so-called highway to Damascus. It is a large rectangular building of stone, with an arched entrance and battlemented walls; and there is the usual open space within for beasts, a well to water them, open chambers for merchandise, and others over them for travellers, reached by a balcony running round three sides. Everything, of course, is more or less in ruins; indeed, it was not easy to climb the steps to the top of the wall, or to the sleeping-places, which are only bare cells, often without doors. There were no visitors when I was there, and the only creature outside was a peasant—wondrously dirty in his cotton skull-cap and old whitey-brown shirt—tending a few cattle and sheep.

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## CHAPTER XLVI.

### SAFED, GISCALA, KADESH.

SAFED lies about five miles on the road, or no-road, to the north-west of Khan Yusef, but although the khan stands 800 feet above the Lake of Galilee, the journey to Safed is a continual ascent of nearly 2,000 feet more. The hill on which the town stands is a weary climb. The rocks shine out bare on its steep sides, looking like the ribs of a skeleton, all the "flesh" having been washed away by the winter rains of ages. The track is lonely and desolate, seldom showing even a goat-herd with his goats. Safed itself lies hidden by the top of the mountain, but the view looking down towards the lake in its deep cradle of hills is very striking; the dark blue of the water seeming additionally lovely because of the desolate setting of bare heights. The weather was beautiful, the sun setting in a cloudless sky, and lighting up the mountains with mild softened brightness before it was hidden in the west. At last, after descending a picturesque ravine watered by a fine streamlet, the path led up to the town, which rises in terraces on steep slopes, almost in the form of the letter Y, and passes over to the plateau above in three entirely distinct sections.

The houses are well built of stone, and surround a castle which rises above them; valleys and gardens, with vines, and olive and fig trees, lying between the different parts of the town. It is not easy to ascertain the exact population, for, while the *Memoirs of the Palestine Fund* say there are 3,000 Mahommedans, 1,500 Jews, and 50 Christians, Guérin speaks of 7,000 Jews, 6,000 Mahommedans, and 150 Christians. The castle, which is a memorial of the wonderful energy



Gorge of the Litany. (See page 557.)



of the Crusaders, having been built by King Fulke about A.D. 1140, stands in a great elliptical enclosure, surrounded by a ditch partly cut in the living rock, but now in great measure filled up. In its glory it was flanked by ten towers, but the outer casing of hewn stones has been removed for building material, and the inner rubble alone remains. The castle itself, which stood inside this circumvallation, had a second ditch round it, but the walls have fallen into a confused mass of rubbish, from which stones are constantly being taken away for new buildings. Great towers, now in ruins, once rose at the angles, and huge cisterns, still remaining, supplied water for the garrison, while in the centre a massive keep or citadel dominated the city. So mighty was the living force of the Western world seven hundred years ago, even in this sequestered nook of Palestine!

A great Rabbinical school which flourished here in the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth won for Safed among the Jews the high distinction of one of the four holy cities of Israel, in which prayers must be said several times a week, if the earth at large is to escape destruction: the supplicants who set so high a value on their intercessions being among the most wretched and ignorantly bigoted of men. The Safed Jews, long defenceless among their bitter enemies the Mahomedans, now enjoy peace and safety under the protection of Austria, most of them being from Austrian Poland. They are, however, for the most part, unutterably poor; owing their very bread to the doles of their richer brethren in Europe. To anyone not of their number, their life seems a mere loathsome misery, for they are intolerably dirty, and their quarter is so foul that fever breaks out when the rain stirs up the mud of the lanes. A few give themselves to trade, or, as at Hebron, to vine-growing, but all alike are blind fanatics, petrified in ignorant Pharisaism and in servility to their Rabbis, while indulging in a loose and casuistical morality. A false oath to a Gentile is nothing; to a Rabbi it is a mortal sin. They will not carry a handkerchief in their pockets on the Sabbath, because that would be bearing a burden, but they tie it round their waist, and then it is only a girdle. To walk with heavy-soled shoes on the sacred day would be to carry a burden, and to tread on grass during its hours is to offend, for is not this a kind of threshing? One cannot help thinking of the grave controversy in Christ's day, among the Rabbis, whether it was permissible to eat an egg that had been laid on the Sabbath! To wind up a watch after sunset on Friday would be a dreadful matter; but while shrinking from such an act, the precisian too seldom hesitates to live a profane and ungodly life.

The Safed Jews are very tenacious of Old Testament usages, and hence they favor polygamy; some of them having two or three wives. The duty of marrying the childless wife of a deceased brother is also

still maintained, in accordance with the old command: "If brethren dwell together, and one of them die, and have no child, the wife of the dead shall not marry without, unto a stranger: her husband's brother shall take her to him to wife; and it shall be, that the first-born which she beareth shall succeed in the name of his brother which is dead, that his name be not put out of Israel."<sup>1</sup> The custom which enabled Ruth to get Boaz for a husband is thus still honored in this spot of Palestine. In the synagogue, phylacteries are still worn on the brow and arm, as in Russia, in fancied obedience to the injunction, "Thou shalt bind them"—that is, certain words of the Law—"for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes."<sup>2</sup>

Safed has a climate very like that of Jerusalem, the cities being about the same height above the sea, so that it is hot in summer and cold in winter. It might seem natural, therefore, that well-to-do inhabitants would go down in the cold season to Tiberias, as the better class in Jerusalem used to winter at Jericho; but deadly fevers rage on the lake-shore in the winter. Safed, it should be added, is noted in summer for its countless scorpions and numerous snakes.

The view from the ruined castle is very fine. The Lake of Galilee in its whole extent lies at one's feet. Tabor rises above the hills around it, and to the west there is a glimpse of Esdraelon. The citadel was once considered impregnable, but in July, 1266, the Christian garrison quitted it under articles of capitulation to Sultan Bibars, whose promises, however, were shamelessly broken, the whole force, numbering 2,000 men, being killed, while the priests were only spared that they might afterwards be flayed alive. The castle was brought to its present condition by the great earthquake of 1837, after having stood the storms of time for more than six hundred years. The town beneath it shared in the destruction. In the Jews' quarter, especially, the ruin was terrible, the houses being built on a slope so steep that the roofs of one terrace seem to be the street before those of the terrace above. Badly built, one row fell crashing down on another, leaving no chance of escape, but burying the population in the wreck.

The great Rabbi Hillel is believed to have been buried at Meiron, about three miles west of Safed; a tomb cut in the rock, with about thirty places for the dead, being pointed out as his. Near this chamber, which is about twenty-five feet long and eighteen broad, there is a long stone building with a large space inside, at the end of which are three tombs that are especially venerated. Here Mr. Hackett,<sup>3</sup> an American professor, was fortunate enough to see a great celebration in honor of the dead Rabbis, some of the details of which are well worth quoting. Over the graves hung burning lamps, beside which crowds knelt at their devotions, while multitudes had spread their sleeping-

1 Deut. xxv. 5—10. 2 Deut. vi. 8. 3 *Illustrations of Scripture*, p. 242.



Summer Huts on Top of the Houses of Banlas, the Ancient Cæsarea Philippi. (See page 583.)



mats beneath stalls raised for the time along the walls. Strong drink was in great demand from numerous sellers, some of those praying being already drunk. Here, a couple of men exhibited sword-play, to the clash of cymbals; a little way from them was a group of dancers, for whom the spectators sang and clapped hands. But the special object of the gathering was to burn costly gifts in honor of the ancient teachers. The long court was densely crowded soon after dark to witness these offerings. At one corner of a gallery, placed so that all could see it, was a basin of oil, in which whatever was to be burned was dipped, to make it more inflammable. A shawl, worth fifteen pounds sterling, was the first article offered; the men clapping hands and the women shrieking for joy, as it was set on fire by a blazing torch. Other offerings of shawls, scarves, handkerchiefs, books, and the like, were then handed up, and burnt in the same way; the crowd from time to time yelling with delight, and the uproar continuing through great part of the night. What could this mean? Is it a confused tradition of the offerings to the Temple in ancient times? These, however, were *not* burnt.

About three miles north of Meiron, the village of El-Jish—the ancient Giscala—recalls memories of the great apostle of the Gentiles, for his ancestors lived here before emigrating to Tarshish.<sup>1</sup> It lies on a hill which falls steeply to the east, at the mouth of a flat, well-tilled valley, through which flows a strong brook bordered by rich green bushes. One of the leaders of the Jews in the last despairing struggle against Titus at Jerusalem was a native of the village, vindicating by his valor the old reputation of Galilee as the native land of brave men. The country around is without trees to the south-east, though both at Meiron and El-Jish there are fine groves of olive and fig trees. In the open landscape of hill and valley, a few herds of sheep or goats are to be seen, but there is not a little poor land, and the soil is not much tilled: more from the want of population than its own poverty. Here and there a traveller on an ass, often without bridle or head-gear, passes, but she-asses seem to be preferred, as being easier in their step. The colt running at its mother's side is a pleasant sight, recalling the simple dignity of our Lord's entrance to Jerusalem, and bringing back with force the full meaning of the prophet's words: "Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy King cometh unto thee; He is just and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass."<sup>2</sup>

The brook which waters the valley of Giscala flows in a permanent stream north-west, and then, bending in a wide arc to the south and east, runs at last into the Lake of Merom, or El-Huleh. Galilee in this part is a land of brooks and springs, for two perennial streams

1 Jerome, *de Viris Illustr.* 5. 2 Zech. ix. 9.

flow to the south in the neighborhood of Safed, uniting after a time, before crossing the Plain of Gennesaret, on their way to the Lake of Galilee. About four miles almost north of El-Jish, in a shallow valley, is the village of Yarus, which has near it the remains of a large church, built of great blocks of stone. Columns, and portions of moulded door-posts, with finely-cut capitals, are freely scattered about; many of them lying in and around a large rain-water pond. This grand building was once paved with mosaic, large pieces of which are still perfect below the soil; and not a few of its finely-carved spoils are seen built into the mosque.

This district is, in part, inhabited by a fanatical sect of Moslems known as Metawilehs, who keep rigidly aloof from the members of any other faith. To touch the contents of a fruit-stall belonging to one of them rouses the fiercest indignation, for the finger of any person not of their own creed pollutes. They would rather break a jar than drink from it after it had touched unclean lips—that is, those of anyone but a Metawileh. As contact with a corpse defiled an Israelite,<sup>1</sup> so a stranger touching the clothing of one of this fierce sect makes it unclean. As with the Jews, “it is an unlawful thing for a man to keep company, or come to one of another nation,”<sup>2</sup> a law so rigid that St. Peter, even after he had been enlightened by a vision from God, dissembled at Antioch, and needed to be rebuked for his bearing by the more manly St. Paul.<sup>3</sup> Such an attitude towards those round provokes universal hatred, which the Metawilehs liberally return. Unless, as Captain Conder thinks, they are Persian Moslems, they may be an apostate body of Jews, still retaining the ceremonial law of Leviticus, though accepting Mahomet as the Prophet of God.

From Safed to Lake Huleh, the ancient Sea of Merom, is a gradual descent of nearly 3,000 feet, over hill and dale, the valleys running mainly east and west. Some time before reaching the lake, the country opens, and the lake itself lies in one of the pleasantest valleys of Palestine. The sheet of water is about two miles broad at its widest part, and four miles long; but a great marsh of papyrus reed stretches for nearly six miles north of the clear surface, covering from one to three miles in breadth. Through this flows the Jordan, as yet only a small stream, several tributaries joining it from different wadys on its course, which, as it passes through the miniature forest, widens into small lakes, the haunt of innumerable water-fowl, as the outer beds of reeds are the lairs of swine and of other wild beasts. It was to this region that Herod the Great used to come in his early manhood, to hunt the game which then swarmed in the marshes even more than now, distinguishing himself by the strength of his javelin-throw, and the fierce energy which remained untired when all his attendants were

1 Num. xix. 11. 2 Acts x. 28. 3 Gal. ii. 12, 13.



Niche, Near the Source of the Jordan. Dedicated to Pan. (See page 559.)



exhausted. On the west, the Safed hills open out into long sweeping plains and valleys of pleasant green; but on the eastern side there is no such broad border of open land, the hills rising close to the pear-shaped basin of the lake. The water is from twenty to thirty feet deep, its surface lying almost exactly on the same level as the sea, but nearly 900 feet above the Lake of Galilee.<sup>1</sup>

It was in this district that the great battle was fought which threw Northern Palestine into the hands of Joshua. After Ai had been taken, and the Southern Canaanite league had been driven in hideous rout down the pass of Beth-horon, the Israelite leader seems to have found Central Palestine left open to him without further resistance, not a few towns being deserted in the terror inspired by his destruction of Jericho and Ai.<sup>2</sup> But the north was still unconquered, and found a champion in Jabin, King of Hazor. This ancient capital has been identified by Sir Charles Wilson with the ruins of Harrah, on a hill-top about a mile back from the west side of the lake; but Captain Conder finds it in Haderah, about three miles farther inland, almost in the same direction. Harrah has at least the more striking remains to justify the honor, for the hill-top is still partly surrounded by a strong enclosure, once flanked by square towers, both the walls and the towers being built of great blocks of rudely-hewn stone, put together without cement. A number of rock-cut cisterns still speak of the water-supply; and foundations formed of polygonal masses of stone show where the principal structures of the city have been, though the whole site has for ages been desolate, except when some poor shepherd has driven his flock to pasture among the ruins. Round the king of this primæval fortress-town were gathered the heads of all the native tribes which had not yet yielded to Joshua, including not only those of the north, but some from the "ghor" of the Jordan south of the Lake of Galilee;<sup>3</sup> from the sea-coast plain of Philistia; from the slopes over the plain of Sharon; and from the recently-built fortress of Jebus, the future Jerusalem. Indeed, even Hivite chieftains from the valley of Baalbek, under the shadow of Hermon, rallied for this last effort to drive back the Hebrew invasion. All these "went out, they and all their hosts with them, even as the sand is upon the sea shore in multitude; and when all these kings were met together, they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom, to fight against Israel."<sup>4</sup> At Ai and Gibeon the battle had, so far as we know, been one of infantry only; but the main strength of the enemy at Merom consisted in "horses and chariots very many," now first mentioned in the story of the conquest, though familiar to us in connection with even earlier ages, from the records of the early Egyptian kings in their Palestine campaigns. Such a force could not act in the hills, and therefore the

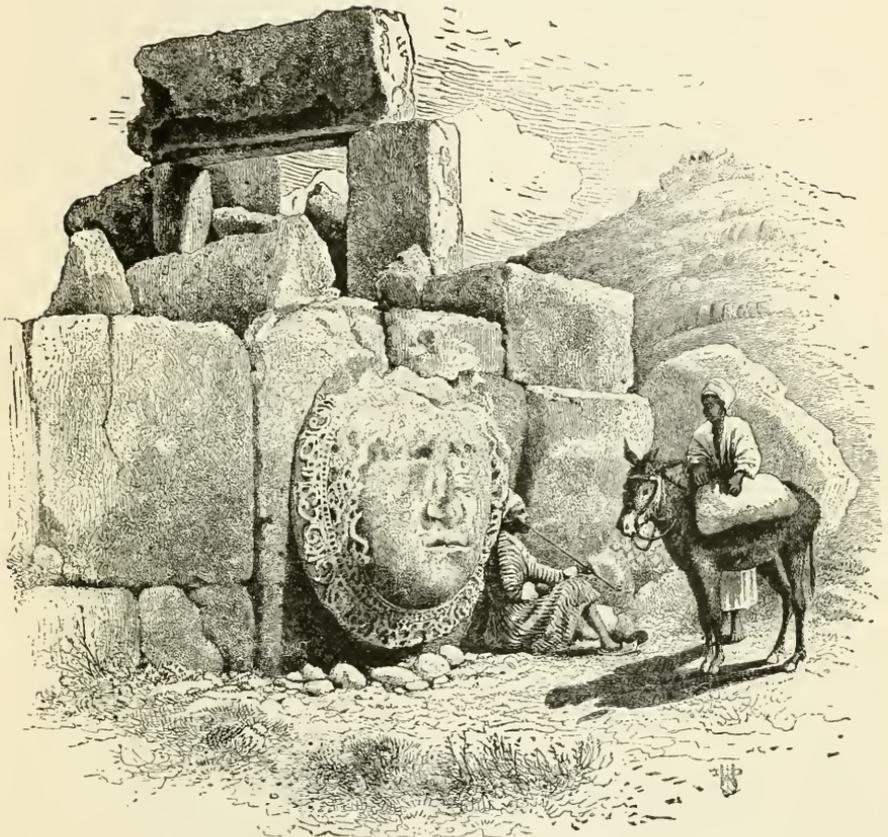
1 Riehm. 2 Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, ii. 403. 3 Josh. xi. 1. 4 Josh. xi. 4, 5.

wide plain beside Lake Huleh was chosen as a battle-field. The Hebrews, destined to live in the hills, could not employ cavalry, and for this, among other reasons, were prohibited from making use of it. A command was therefore issued to hough the horses and burn the chariots which they might take, thus delaying their introduction into the nation till the showy reign of Solomon, centuries later. No details of Joshua's movements are given, beyond the fact that on the eve of the battle he was within a day's march of the lake. The victory was apparently gained by the suddenness with which the Hebrews swooped down from the hills on Jabin's confederacy, throwing them into confusion which soon turned into panic and headlong flight. As had been commanded, the horses taken were ham-strung and the chariots burned; the chase after the fugitives continuing westward over the mountains to Sidon, on the coast, and eastward we know not how far. This victory closed the serious work of the Israelite campaigns, and left the land open to the tribes; Naphtali obtaining the region of Merom, and a wide stretch north and west. But the Canaanites, though stunned and overpowered for the time, still remained more numerous than their conquerors, so that Hazor, which Joshua had burned to the ground, was in after-times rebuilt, and became the capital of another Jabin, who long oppressed the northern tribes, till overthrown by the crushing defeat of his general, Sisera, in the great battle of Tabór, when Deborah and Barak led the Hebrews.<sup>1</sup>

Barak—"the Lightning"—was a native of Kadesh, the ruins of which lie four miles north-west of El-Huleh, on a hill overlooking a fine plain that bears the same name. A modern village, with a population of perhaps 200 Moslems, its stone houses very ruinous, stands on the spur of the hill, beside a good spring, and a rain-pond such as marks nearly every Palestine hamlet; the land around is arable, with fig and olive trees interspersed. There are no traces now of the Canaanite city, but it was one of the oldest in the land, for it is mentioned in the list of Thothmes III. of Egypt, who conquered Palestine about 1,600 years before Christ. Barak, a native of Kadesh,<sup>2</sup> was likely to feel the woes of his people intensely, living as he did in the very midst of their oppressors.

"Harosheth of the Gentiles," where Sisera lived, seems to have been a stronghold on the river Kishon, at the point where the northern hills come closest to those of Carmel; and still survives in the village of El-Harathiyeh. In Barak's battle the chariots of the Canaanites would be driven towards this point if they could move through the softened ground at all, and they must have been mixed in hideous confusion, horses, chariots, and men, as they crowded into the jaws of the pass, which is often only a few rods wide. The river, swollen at the

1 Judg. iv. 2. 2 Judg. iv. 6.



Ruins of a Temple in Rachel. (See page 531.)



time by the tempest, runs in constant curves, so that, in such a frightful pressure of men, wheels, and beasts, it would be impossible to avoid being hurled into it at many points: the deep mud as well as the waters destroying thousands. Harosheth lies about eight miles from Megiddo, where the entrance to Esdraelon could be most easily barred. An enormous double mound near El-Harathiyeh—the Arabic form of the word Harosheth—rises just below where the Kishon beats against Carmel. Here rose the castle of Sisera; the watch-tower of “the Gentiles” who then lorded it over Israel.<sup>1</sup>

If Kadesh has nothing to reveal of these old times, there are abundant remains of Roman splendor—ruins of temples, tombs built of huge blocks of stone, and elaborately carved sarcophagi. Such structures, in so secluded a spot, forcibly proclaim the wealth of ancient times, and the density with which regions now desolate for ages must once have been peopled; for what must that empire have been which could create, even here, such an astonishing display of architectural splendor?

Our tents were pitched on a rise of ground under the low rocky hills, some little distance from the lake. A beautiful pool below the cliff, which rose in successive steps mantled with green, was delightful in its trembling clearness, as the water moved towards the outlet through which it flowed in a soft stream to the lake, past a small hamlet of wretched huts. This camping-ground was evidently used by all who came or went up or down the lake, for the ground was littered with broken straw and refuse. There was plenty of space to set up the tents where these annoyances and the accompanying vermin would not have troubled us, but the ignorant peasants who managed the matter had no conception of choosing any but the one spot that had been used for ages. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to get the ground inside and around the tent swept as well as possible, and some of the largest stones taken out of the little circle which for the time was our place of rest. As the evening drew on, our solitude was invaded by a great drove of mules, laden with huge nettings full of brown jars, coming from Damascus to the south. To get these jars off without breaking seemed impossible, yet it was the simplest matter in the world when one knew how to do it. The loosening of a string enabled the sensible creature to walk from beneath its burden, which was sustained by two men on each side, and then carried to a corner, where all the loads were speedily set down in rows. Next came a dozen mules and asses with walnuts from Lebanon, the unclean crowd of drivers of both jars and fruit taking up their quarters for the night on the ground beside us, after cooking their simple evening meal. Some of the peasants from points near the lake soon visited the varied

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, Vol. II., p. 261.

gathering; among them a poor man ill of ague, and an unfortunate child so bitten by vermin that he seemed covered with a violent eruption.

The fellahîn, or peasants, of the Holy Land seem from their language to be descendants, though of mixed blood, of the old Bible races of the land. They may be regarded, in fact, as modern Canaanites, for it is quite certain that no vicissitudes of history ever destroy a whole people, and the Scriptures tell us that in the case of the Hebrew occupation of the country, many of the old inhabitants remained among the settlements of the invaders. In the same way large numbers of the old British race continued to live among the early English, after the successful descents on our country from beyond the sea; and our present population shows that when these conquerors were in their turn subdued by invaders, they were very far from being extirpated. The country dialect of Palestine is a survival of the old Aramaic, spoken by the mass of the people in the days of Christ, and closely connected with the Hebrew of the Bible. Thus, almost all words describing natural features, such as rocks, torrents, pools, springs, and the like, are the same on the lips of the peasantry of to-day as they are in the pages of the Hebrew Scriptures, though Arabic has necessarily, in the course of ages, influenced the local vocabulary, the Mahommedan conquest bringing with it that language.

The religion of Palestine is professedly Mahommedanism, but though the forms of that creed are maintained in large towns, I very seldom saw any traces of it in country parts, for mosques are almost unknown in small places, and prayer in public, so constantly seen in other Mahommedan regions, is very rare. There is, however, in nearly every village, a small whitewashed building with a low dome—the “mukam,” or “place,” sacred to the eyes of the peasants; the word for it being still that used in the Bible for the holy “places” of the Canaanites, “upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree.”<sup>1</sup> In almost every landscape such a landmark gleams from the top of some hill, just as, doubtless, something of the same kind did in the old Canaanite ages; or you meet it under some spreading tree covered with offerings of rags tied to the branches, or near a fountain; the trees overshadowing them being held so sacred that every twig falling from them is reverently stored inside the “mukam.” Anything a peasant wishes to guard from theft is perfectly safe if put within such a holy building. No one will touch it, for it is believed that every structure of this kind is the tomb of some holy man, whose spirit hovers near, and would be offended by any want of reverence to his resting-place. Nor is this superstition without countenance from

<sup>1</sup> Dent. xii. 2. The word is “makom” in Hebrew, and “mukam” in the present language of the country.



Springs of Jordan at Banias, the Ancient Cæsarea Philippl. (See page 592.)



another practice, for it is no uncommon thing to see an empty shrine of plastered brick, built so that the imaginary dead should lie on the right side, facing Mecca. But, amidst this fanciful simplicity, the spirit of true religion, found in some measure in even the rudest of faiths, is delightfully symbolized by the presence of a pitcher of cold water, put each day by kindly hands inside the door, to refresh the thirsty traveller.

The departed saints, or sheikhs, of these "mukams," are the local gods of the peasantry; some of them being supposed to have power for a greater, others for a smaller, distance round the shrines which commemorate them. To please them brings benefits of all kinds; to offend them is the worst of bad fortune: a belief so deeply rooted that a man would rather confess a crime, if taken to a "mukam," than perjure himself in the hearing of the saint, and thus incur his ghostly displeasure. No one will enter such a "place" without first taking off his shoes. If there be sickness in a house, the wife or mother will light a lamp and put it in the holy building; and sheep are at times killed near it, and eaten as a sacrificial feast in honor of the "sheikh." Processions, again, are made to these lowly sanctuaries, as I have myself seen on more than one occasion; the men, rich and poor, marching in their best clothes, with rude music before them, closing their pilgrimage by a solemn "zikh," in which, a ring having been formed, they chant verses from the Koran, amidst wild swaying backwards and forwards, and great excitement. It is a strange fact in connection with these "mukams" that in many cases the names of the "sheikhs" supposed to rest under them are simply those of apostles or other Christian heroes, such as St. Paul, St. Peter, St. Matthew, and St. George. The peasantry have, in fact, continued their own worship on sites once occupied by churches of the Crusaders, and, in their simple ignorance, have adopted Christian saints as their local divinities. This may, perhaps, show that amidst all the corruption and degeneracy of the European invaders of two Crusading centuries, there was not a little that was good: a conjecture which is supported by the fact that kindly traditions of the benevolence of the monks in their convents still linger in such names as "the Monastery of Good Luck," "the Charitable Convent," and the like, by which some of them are lovingly remembered even to this day. Depend upon it, there was many a good soldier of Jesus Christ in those times, in all sections of the Church, just as there are many, thank God, now.

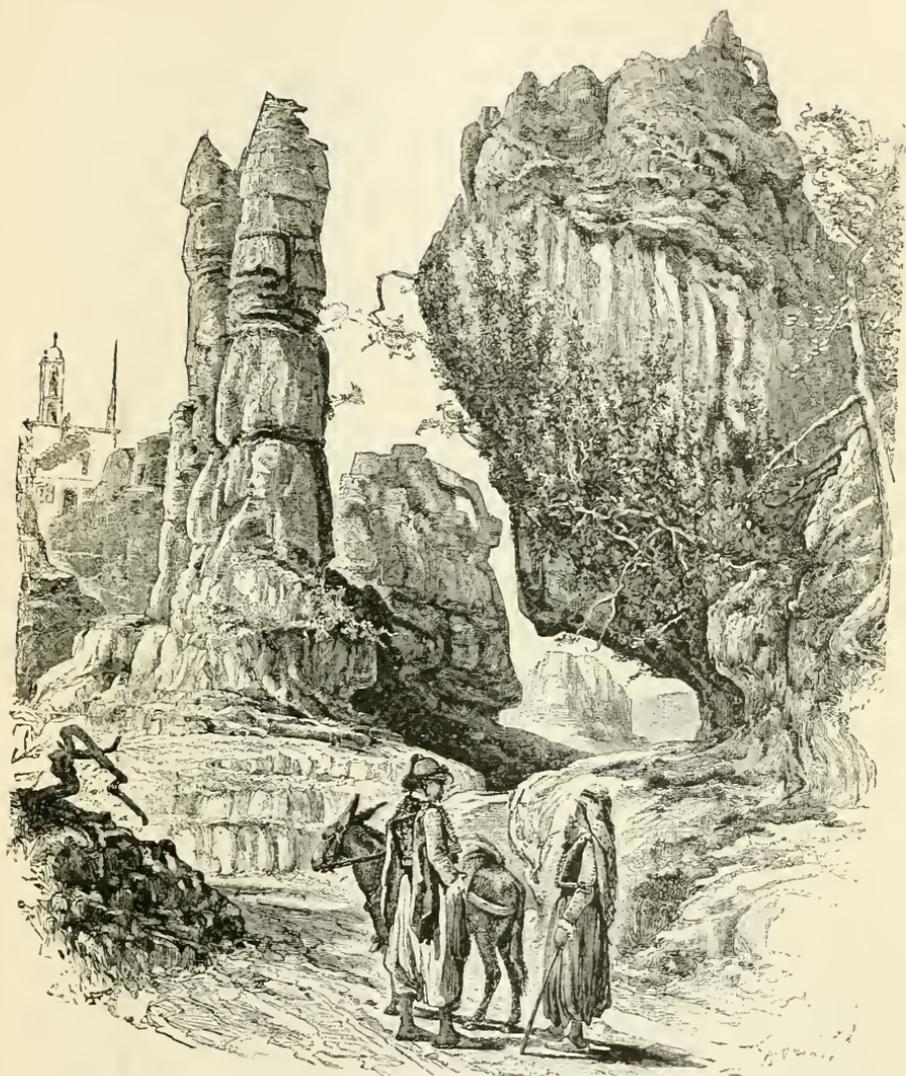
Utterly uneducated, generation after generation, the ignorance of the peasants is extreme. Nothing is too childish for them to believe. Dervishes, or holy men, wander over the land, often poor and filthy, and always living on alms, but everywhere greatly venerated. Some of them are snake-charmers, others eat scorpions, and still others pierce

their cheeks with knives; but many seem to rely principally on their dirtiness. Evil spirits have a great place in the thoughts of the peasant. The "jan," who has for a body the tall sand-pillars of the whirlwind, appals him; the "afrit" is the equivalent of our ghost; the ghoul of the graveyard feeds on the dead; goblins play all manner of antic tricks; and, to close all, there is Satan, the arch enemy. Along the roads, or rather tracks, little piles of stones often recur, at points from which some famous holy place is first visible.

A village in Palestine is wretched beyond conception, consisting of miserable cabins, stuck down in no order, with a lane a few feet broad for a passage between them; the material sometimes mud; sometimes mud and loose stones; the shape square; the flat mud roof supported on rough crooked poles and covered with grass, weeds, or stalks of maize; the door a mere apology for protection. There cannot be said to be any furniture, and any idea of cleanliness seems unknown. The men spend their time in agriculture, often miles away from their home; the children look after the sheep and goats; the women fetch water, grind the flour, and do what little cooking is needed. The food of the community is principally bread dipped in oil, rice, olives, syrup of grapes, melted butter, eggs, and vegetables.

But to resume: the mules, with their pottery and walnuts, were gone before daylight, at 5:30, so that at breakfast we had the place to ourselves. That Englishman should be passing was enough to bring a poor man, ill of dropsy, with his wife, mother, and child, to see if he could get relief. My companion fortunately had his tapping instrument with him, and operated on the poor sufferer, and as he gradually found relief, the gratitude of the little group knew no bounds. Several sick people had been gladdened the night before by doses from the few phials I had with me, and the news had spread, for, except in the case of a traveller passing, there is no such thing as even an approach to medical help. To see the poor folks crowding round the tent brought to mind the story how, "at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, . . . and all the city was gathered together at the door, and He healed many that were sick of divers diseases."<sup>1</sup> How wretched is the position of the poor now, as it was then, with no medical help available, or even any rude recipes resulting from hereditary experience and observation; doomed simply to endure, without alleviation, whatever ailments may befall them! Civilization has a bright side in this respect, if it have its spots in others.

<sup>1</sup> Matt. viii. 16; Mark i. 32.



Rock Images Near Ayeltun in the Mts. of Lebannon. (See page 595.)



## CHAPTER XLVII.

## MEROM, DAN, BELFOR.

THERE could hardly be a more beautiful place than the Lake of Merom, or El-Huleh. The rich plains, here brown with tith, there bright with crops, yonder stretching out in succulent pastures dotted with flocks; the blue lake sleeping beneath the hills, long reed-beds bending their feathery tops in the soft air, silver streams netting the landscape; the waters full of water-fowl, the trees vocal with birds, the flowers humming with bees; the native hamlet, the Arab camp, the herdsman afield, the ploughs, drawn by ox, or ass, or camel, slowly moving over the lea; the flat-headed black buffalo delighting himself in the pools and the soft marshy coolness; the whole canopied by a sky of crystal clearness and infinite height,—make up a landscape of exceeding beauty.

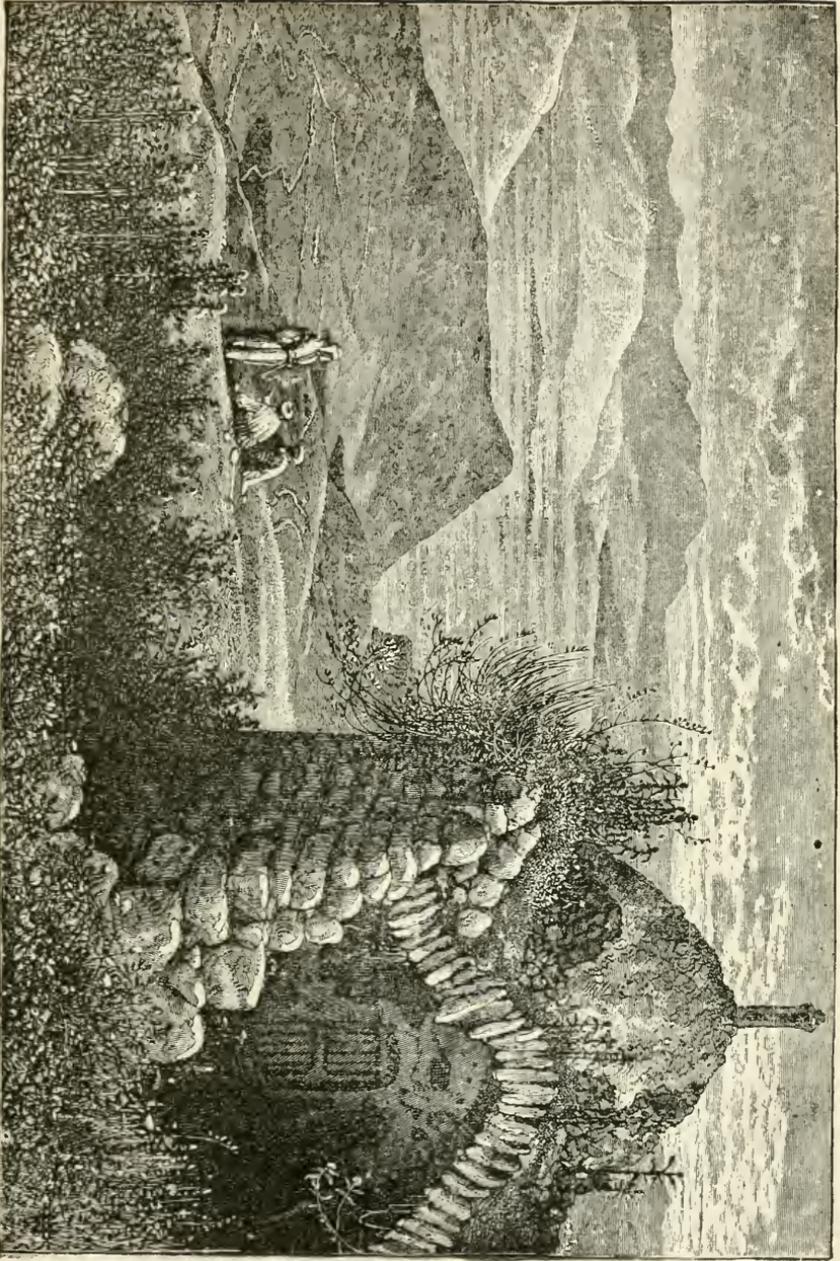
Twenty more asses, laden with tobacco from Damascus, passed us, going south; and at some parts oxen were busy ploughing. The stream from our camping-place ran, fair and broad, across the meadows to the lake; and the great bed of reeds, which till lately threatened to gradually cover the whole of the lake, had been in part cut down by a rich Christian from Beirout, who had bought a tract of the marsh, and, having drained it, was raising good crops from some portions of it. Even now, however, the reeds cover a greater surface than the clear water, and they have a tendency to advance, on account of the quantities of soil that are brought down by the streams from the north, and which fill up the hollow basin, and will, in the end, turn the lake itself into a meadow, with a channel passing through it. Flocks of sheep were numerous on the right, over the mile and a half between our track and the water, but the hills kept close to us on the left. To the north, the glorious snowy brightness of Hermon and Lebanon looked down from the upper skies.

As we went on, all the soil was given up to pasture, being too moist, I suppose, for any crop but rice, which is sown, though not on a large scale, by the Arabs. Black cattle with white faces—a cross, I should think, with the buffalo—became numerous. On the hill-side and towards it the ground was in parts stony. Broom, covered with golden blossom, carried one's thoughts to far-distant lands. Here and there, on the slopes, cow-houses of stone were to be seen with thatched roofs, slanting from a high back wall, with no windows, but only a door, the property of the Arabs of the district, a half-settled tribe, on this account reckoned degraded by the tent Bedouin. Their houses, built of reeds, with round tops, stand at intervals on the low land bor-

dering the lake, though at some distance from its margin. The reeds having been woven into coarse mats, these are hung up against a framework of poles, and thus flimsy but sufficient dwellings are made—sufficient, that is, in the warmer seasons; but there were black tents, also, showing that the traditions of the desert had not been forgotten. It was thus, I apprehend, in Israel, perhaps to the last, for even Zechariah speaks of “the tents of Judah,”<sup>1</sup> though he lived about 700 years after the occupation of Palestine by his nation, and the consequent adoption of settled life.

Sumach-trees, one of the glories of America, but not common in England, grew in great clumps along the road, and there were two or three fine oaks, low compared with our oaks, but high for Palestine. These are still sacred, as in olden times,<sup>2</sup> and their shade has not ceased to be chosen as the special spot for prayer. Idols were set up in Ezekiel’s time under such trees,<sup>3</sup> and incense used to be burned under them to the images.<sup>4</sup> Three Arab women were sitting on the grass beside one, chatting together, and enjoying the mild excitement of looking at our small cavalcade. As we came nearer the top of the marsh-bed, though still a good way from it, a fine stream flowed out from beneath the hills, which at this point came down roughly to the roadside. On the right there was more ploughed land; and one of the great tributaries of the Jordan was winding through the reeds half a mile off. I counted fifteen horses, besides a number of cattle, feeding on a sweet strip of meadow outside the marsh; and close to us flocks of black goats were nibbling among the cliffs on the left. In a field, or rather belt—for there are no separate fields—on the right, twelve yoke of buffaloes—that is, black, flat-headed oxen—were ploughing the land for sowing maize, reminding one of Elisha’s twelve yoke, which he left to follow Elijah.<sup>5</sup> Eight asses, laden with reed mats, poles, and household stuff, pattered slowly by. The mother of the family walked at their side, bearing a great bundle of long reeds on her head; the father, a grown son, and a child rode on asses; mean-spirited creatures that they were, to let the woman trudge along, laden, while they journeyed at their ease. At one place wheat was growing both right and left of the track. More stone cow-houses appeared on ledges of the hills, and new clusters of black tents and reed houses on the low ground. There were in all twenty-four of these houses in one village, some with the round top covered with camel-wool tent-cloth. A camel and some horses and cattle were about, and some very dirty children, in great glee, driving three kids. A man sat outside one of the houses, weaving in a rude frame the reed mats of which they are built; the reeds, twelve feet high, growing at this place up to the very road. A strip of beans was to be seen at the roadside.

1 Zech. xii. 7. 2 Isa. i. 29. 3 Ezek. vi. 13. 4 Hos. iv. 13. 5 1 Kings xix. 19.



View From Jebel esh Sheikh, or Hermon, Near Nazareth. (See page 555.)



A little further on, a man passed with a long goad in his hand, and on my asking him to let me see it, kindly handed it to me. On one end there was a small spud, or spade, to clear the coulter from earth when ploughing; at the other a sharp iron point stuck out, with short iron chains in loops below it: the prick to urge on the cattle; the chains to startle them into activity by the sudden noise when they were rattled. This is the goad against which it was foolish for the ox to kick: an implement so familiar to St. Paul from daily observation, that it could be used as a figure by our Lord in the heavenly vision.<sup>1</sup> As we came to the head of the reed-beds, the Arab reed and tent villages increased in number, and I was pleased to see long drains cut in the swamp, through the black soil, so that the now firm surface could be ploughed. The ground from the road to the hills on our left was very stony, and the reed houses presented the new feature of having their roofs anchored by ropes passed over them, and secured at each side by heavy stones. The stone cow-houses on the hill-slopes were even better than those I had passed—long and well built, with rounded roofs of small stones bedded deeply in lime. At one village, iron pots for cooking lay outside some of the houses—possibly from our own Birmingham; hand-mill-stones, water-jars, and home-made baskets were at several doors: the whole simple household apparatus of the family. Calves, hens, dogs, and dirty children enjoyed themselves in the sun. Mares and their foals nibbled the herbage; but few men or women were to be seen. They were busy inside, or elsewhere.

Rounding the head of the marsh, we saw a wide stretch of rich, flat, wet meadow reaching away to the south, with great numbers of cattle and buffaloes, belonging to the Arabs, feeding on it, but there were no peasants. The Arabs had driven them out. A piece of specially swampy ground had to be crossed, but in a dry space there was a very fine field of beans. The cliffs rose nobly behind us, swallows were skimming overhead, and wheat was growing strong and deeply green under the hills. Another reed village lay at this point, and there were more buffaloes, with green meadows stretching out for miles below the framework of hills. The soil appeared bottomless, if one might judge from the deep wading of the horses through the soft mud, half liquefied by springs oozing out everywhere to the marsh. The hills came close on our left, and rose stony and bare; covered at this place with boulders of black basalt, showing an old volcanic outburst.

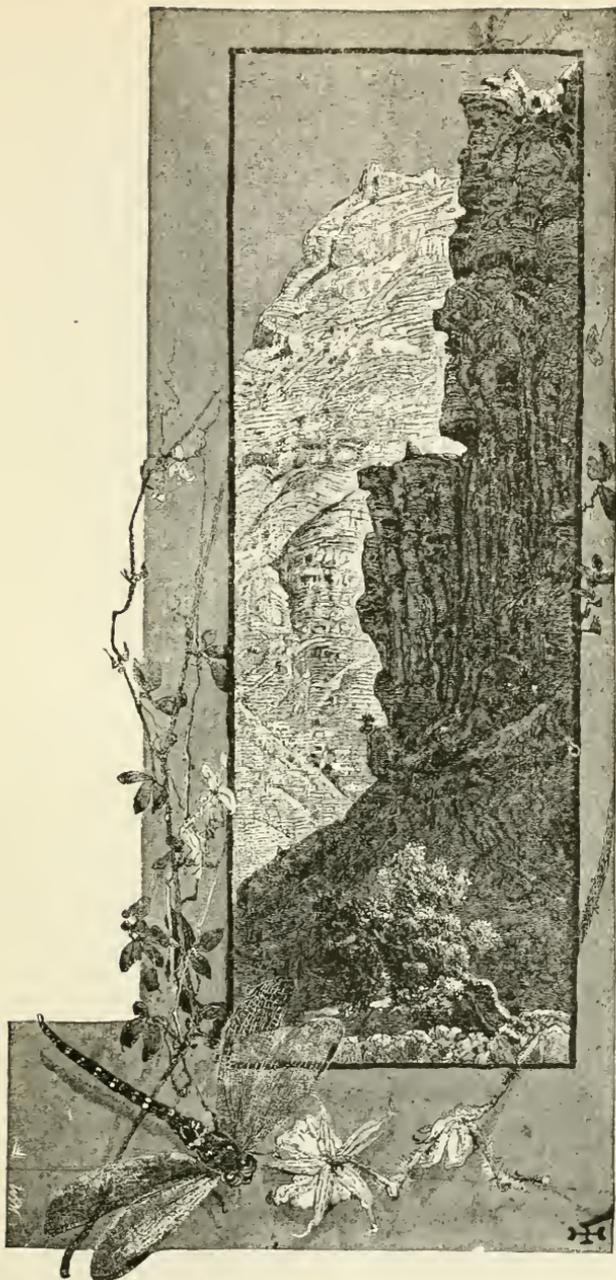
We now passed into the charming gorge of the river Hasbâny: the aggregate of many tributaries, rushing in a bright, musical stream towards El-Huleh. Green slopes below fine crags, a fringe of oleanders over the glittering stream, and the glorious sky overhead, made a

<sup>1</sup> Acts ix. 5.

lovely picture. We rested at the bridge El-Ghajar, in the middle of the day, for refreshment, amidst a paradise of waters and verdure. The bridge, dating from Roman times, has gradually disappeared, till only a single row of the keystones of the arch remains, and before long this, too, will have fallen. The strong buttresses are still in good repair, showing what the whole bridge must once have been; but decay has marked Palestine for its own, and the mock government of the barbarian Turk makes not the slightest attempt at improvement. The Hasbâny is much the longest branch of the Jordan, flowing from the distant glens of Lebanon, but, besides it, there are the Leddan, which is by far the largest, and the Baniyas, which is the most beautiful. There is also another stream of good size, which flows from the plain of Ijon, north-west of Dan, and helps to fill the channel of the Jordan. The whole region, indeed, is rich in fountains, the drainage of the mighty chain of Lebanon bursting, almost in full-grown rivers in many cases, from the foot of the mountains, or through the fissures of valley-slopes. The hills on the east side of the great papyrus-marsh of El-Huleh recede towards the north, leaving a wide tract dry enough for cultivation, and largely subdued by the plough, with results which make it the boast of this region for its fertility.

Towards Dan, on the slopes above the bridge over the Hasbâny, I noticed a circle of stones: the first I had seen in Palestine. There are hundreds of such stone monuments in Moab, and not a few elsewhere: the memorials of sun-worship, the primitive faith of the land. On each of the larger stones was a pile of small ones, and rags tied to the bushes around fluttered in the breeze. The piles of small stones were crowned in many cases with bits of pottery: votive offerings, I presume, of the simple peasant or Arab to the divinity supposed by his fathers to haunt the spot, and still half believed in by himself.

Tell-el-Kadi—"the Mound of the Judge," Kadi, like Dan, meaning a judge—is the site of the once famous place, at first known as Laish, which was for ages renowned as the northern ecclesiastical capital of the Ten Tribes. From the Hasbâny it is reached by crossing a delightful rolling country, rich in grass and more ambitious verdure. The "tell" is a great mound 330 paces long, 270 broad, and from thirty to thirty-eight feet above the plain around. On the top is a Moslem tomb, under a fine oak. Water abounds on every hand, but the most copious stream is on the west of the mound, amidst a thicket of oleanders. This thicket covers the rough sides of a stony slope, strewn with masses of basalt. Making your way down through the bushes, you come presently on a large pool, about fifty paces across: the outburst of the Jordan from the earth: at its very birth full as a river. This amazing fountain is twice as large a stream as that of Baniyas, and three times as large as that of the Hasbâny, and forms, with these,



Heights of Akura in Wady el Mureirije, Mountains of Lebanon. (See page 593.)



the sacred river Jordan after they all unite in Lake Huleh. Great myrtle-trees, figs, and brambles, mingled with the predominant oleanders, guard the pool from easy access, but it was not always so, for the stones of a fine wall, now for the most part fallen into the waters, show that the spring was once carefully fenced in by human hands. Besides this source of the river, there is another higher up the slope, down which it rushes till it mingles with its twin fountain.

On the mound, two great oaks, wide-branching, overlook a plateau covered with venerable ruins, now fallen to such utter decay as to be mere isolated stones and wreck. This, I should think, is the site of the citadel of Dan. Round the whole plateau, moreover, are mounds which appear to be the remains of the ancient walls, and, indeed at many points in the circuit, stones are still in their original positions. Patches of grain had been sown where crowded streets once extended, but the ground was too stony for a great crop. It was too early to distinguish, either here or elsewhere, any tares that might be springing amid the grain, but there must have been abundance of them, for the Arab "zawan," which is just the New Testament ζιζάνιον, or "tare," abounds everywhere, and is a great trouble to the peasant. Before it comes in to ear it is very like wheat, and hence is often left till the harvest, lest "while men pluck up the tares, they should root up also the wheat with them."<sup>1</sup> Sometimes, indeed, the stalks are pulled up while the grain is still green; the women I saw weeding the fields in Samaria were probably thus employed, though it is a very doubtful policy to attempt a separation of the weed from the corn thus early. After the "zawan" has come into ear, however, anyone can tell it from the wheat; but its presence is a sore distress to the husbandman from its noxious qualities, should any of its seed mix with the grain. It was a most hateful malignity, therefore, for an enemy to sow tares in the grain patches; involving in any case immense labor and anxiety, and threatening the ruin of the crop, for darnel or "zawan" left after threshing makes the wheat poisonous, causing dizziness, vomiting, and even convulsions. The whole of the inmates of the Sheffield work-house, some years ago, unwillingly illustrated this by a universal sickness, which was traced to the presence of this seed in their food.

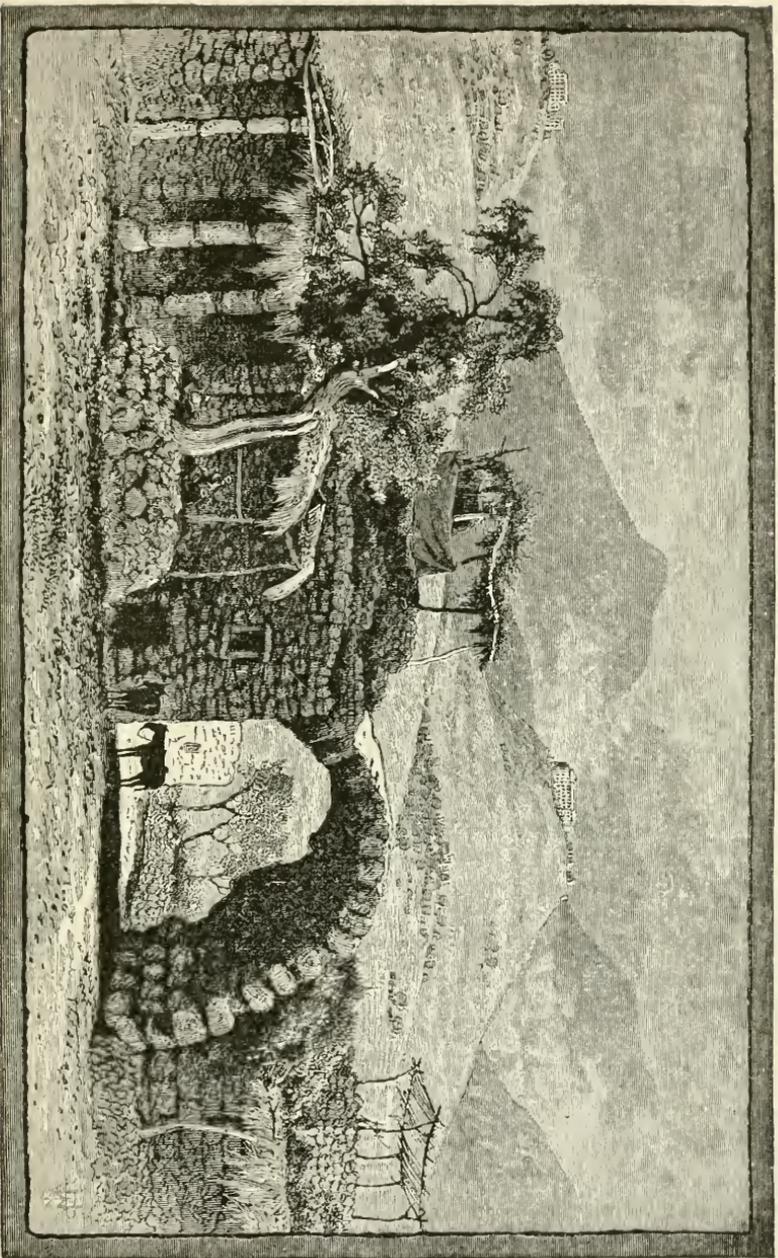
Dan and its neighborhood are famous in Bible story. Near it took place the surprise of Chedorlaomer and his allies by Abraham, with his retainers and confederates, when Lot and his family were rescued from slavery. It was a long journey from Hebron to this place, but the father of the faithful was as energetic in this his one warlike undertaking as if he had been a professional soldier. Hurrying past Bethlehem and Jebus, sweeping over the broad plains of Nablus and

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xiii. 25-30.

Esdraelon, and then climbing the hills of Galilee, he attacked his foe, if Josephus be right, on the fifth night from his starting. The paradise around Dan had lulled the enemy into that careless security which has been the ruin of so many Eastern armies. Like Gideon in after-times, the patriarch seems to have fallen upon the foe in the night, that darkness might increase the alarm, and make the rout more hopeless. In wild terror, the host fled through swamps, over hills, through thickets, pursued by their vigorous assailants, till they reached Hobab, on the left hand of Damascus.<sup>1</sup> Only then did Abraham return to Dan, collecting the booty cast away in flight, and adding it to the spoils of the abandoned camp.

Of the second great battle-scene of the district—the defeat of Jabin by Joshua—I have already spoken; a third strange episode in the local history, was the seizure of Laish by the foragers from the narrow limits of Dan, on the slopes above the Philistine plain, when the name was changed to that of the victorious tribe. Laish was a colony of Phœnicians from Sidon, who were busied, like their mother city, in the pursuit of gain, “dwelling carelessly, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure.”<sup>2</sup> Far from help, and injuring no one, they little dreamed what was to follow the visit of five strangers who one day strolled into their town: fresh customers, they might fancy, for their Tyrian wares. These visitors were spies, sent from Sampson’s country—Zorah and Eshtaol—to report to their brethren as to the likeliest field to which they might emigrate, far from the alarms of Philistines, and with more space than the hill-sides of their assigned district afforded. Six hundred men, fully armed, silently creeping up to the Laish gates, not long after, were the terrible issue of the story brought back by the pioneers. There was no mercy in those days to any, except where a treaty had secured friendship. To belong to another race was enough to justify massacre. Wholly unprepared, Laish fell an easy prey, but that did not save it; the town was burned to the ground, after every creature in it had been put to the sword. Foolish enough, one would think; for the destruction of the place was so much loss of capital and labor, that needed to be at once expended anew, and the poor citizens would have been useful at least as slaves. But antiquity knew no kindness beyond the limits of a tribe and its allies. Strangers were enemies, to be killed like wild beasts. The world has made some progress since those days, thank God. The mixture of religion and ruffianism in these Danites is passing strange. On their way they had plundered Micah of his gods, which were worth a great deal of money, and had carried off his priest, for they must have religion: and, finally, while their hands were still red with the massacre of a whole population, they set up the stolen idols, and

1 Gen. xiv. 15. 2 Judg. xviii. 27—29.



Old Bridge Near Dschuni (Lebanon) (See page 590.)



thought themselves safe under divine protection; especially as a descendant of Moses was their priest.<sup>1</sup>

A little to the west lies the village of Abil—known, in David's time, as Abel-beth-Maachah—on a hill on the east side of the Derdarah, one of the tributaries of the Jordan. Here it was that the embers of revolt headed by one Sheba, a Benjamite, were stamped out by Joab, after the latter had, on his march north, basely murdered his rival Amasa, David's nephew, at the great stone in Gibeon, leaving him wallowing in his blood "in the midst of highway," and striding on with the spurted blood of his victim all over him, from his girdle to his sandals.<sup>2</sup> The rams were already battering the town walls when a shrewd woman from the top of the battlements proposed to buy peace by throwing over the head of the rebel. This done, the assailants retired. In those days Abel-beth-Maachah was "a mother in Israel," that is, so prosperous that the villages round were regarded as offshoots from it—a chief place in the region, in fact; its position easily making it so, for it stood on a mound, in a landscape richly watered and very fertile.<sup>3</sup> Now, however, the wretched village squats on only a portion of the mound, and has but a small population of peasants, who lounge about in squalid rags among their dunghills. In Jeroboam's day, Dan became the Canterbury of the north; its golden calves, housed no doubt in a fine temple, were a "snare to Israel," till Sargon, after Shalmanezar's death, carried off the Ten Tribes to Assyria—their images with them.<sup>4</sup> Indeed, it is a question whether the idols had not been carried off earlier, for Dan was taken by Benhadad I.,<sup>5</sup> and is not mentioned after the time of Jeroboam II.

About seven miles north-west of this anciently populous but now long-silent spot, stands Khian, once a village in Naphtali, which was seized by Benhadad, and whose inhabitants were led off to Assyria by Tiglath Pileser, or Pul.<sup>6</sup> A few miles south-west of Khian, perched on a cliff of the river Litany, 2,343 feet above the sea, and close to the hamlet of Arnun, which is embowered among trees, is the great Crusaders' castle of Belfort. The rock sinks precipitously on three sides, allowing approach only on the fourth. Strong in its position, this imposing fortress was rendered still more so by a ditch round it hewn in the living rock, although on the east it needed no artificial protection whatever. Silent now, how often did those mossy walls echo with the soldiers' songs of distant Europe during the hundred years through which the Crusaders held them! This castle was the bulwark of their kingdom in the north. There had been another on the same site ages before their strong defences rose, for lines of chiselled stones, speaking

<sup>1</sup> Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, ii. 450. <sup>2</sup> 2 Sam. xx. 10; 1 Kings ii. 5. <sup>3</sup> "In the trench." 2 Sam. xx. 15, is, I fear, a wrong translation. The Greek has "in terror." "Close by the wall" seems a better rendering of the Hebrew. <sup>4</sup> 2 Kings xvii. 9. <sup>5</sup> 1 Kings xv. 20; 2 Chron. xvi. 4. <sup>6</sup> 2 Chron. xvi. 4; 1 Kings xv. 20.

of ancient masonry, are seen on the walls. A caravan-track from Damascus to Sidon passes close to the fortress on the east bank of the river; used, doubtless, for thousands of years as a settled route of trade. Hence it is very probable that the Sidonians themselves had a castle on the site of Belfort, to protect the road by which their wealth came to them. To-day, however, all is deserted, unless, indeed, when some goatherd and his charge at times seek rest in halls once sacred to the Knights of the Temple.

The view from the gigantic ruins is very striking. A sheer precipice of 1,500 feet in depth overlooks the Litany, which drives its foaming waters through a narrow passage in the hills. Eagles have their nests on the ledges overhanging the terrible abyss, numbers of them flying round whenever they are disturbed by the sight of a human being in their lofty haunts. As they wheel round, to the real danger of anyone standing on the edge of such awful depths, the picture of Deuteronomy rises naturally to the mind: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead you."<sup>1</sup> Nor can one forget the striking words of Isaiah, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles."<sup>2</sup> The opposite bank of the river is not so steep, but rises in a fairly well-cultivated slope, with a few small villages scattered over the landscape. Further to the east rises the ever-magnificent Hermon; its snow crown glittering in the bright spring sun. In the north the huge masses of Lebanon seem to bear up the sky, while to the west stretches out a gently undulating table-land.

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## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

THE way to Baniyas, the ancient Cæsarea Philippi, situated about two miles east from Dan, lies over well-watered land, which only needs a settled government to become a paradise. The hills were thick with scrub-oak, the old trees having been cut down. Many brooks ran over the slopes; and as we neared Baniyas, groves of olive and other trees lined the roadside and covered the neighboring heights and hollows. The way was a continual ascent of successive heights with valleys between, for Baniyas lies nearly 1,100 feet above the sea, 500 feet

<sup>1</sup> Deut. xxxii. 11. <sup>2</sup> Isa. xl. 31.



The Great Plane-tree in Damascus. (39 feet in circumference.)



higher than Dan. The remains of the ancient city extend fully half a mile beyond the present village; but it is to be hoped that of old the road was better than it is now, for such a chaos of stones, large and small, rolled or thrown into a narrow path between banks, or piled into loose walls, needs to be seen to be believed. The very horses seemed at a loss where to put down their feet. Pieces of old pillars lay at the roadside, or in the orchards near, with many squared stones, the wreck of once splendid buildings. Not a few fine stones were built into the rough walls at the sides of the track. We had to cross an ancient Roman bridge which spanned the Baniás, one of the main sources of the Jordan; but, like everything else, this venerable structure is left to sink into ruin.

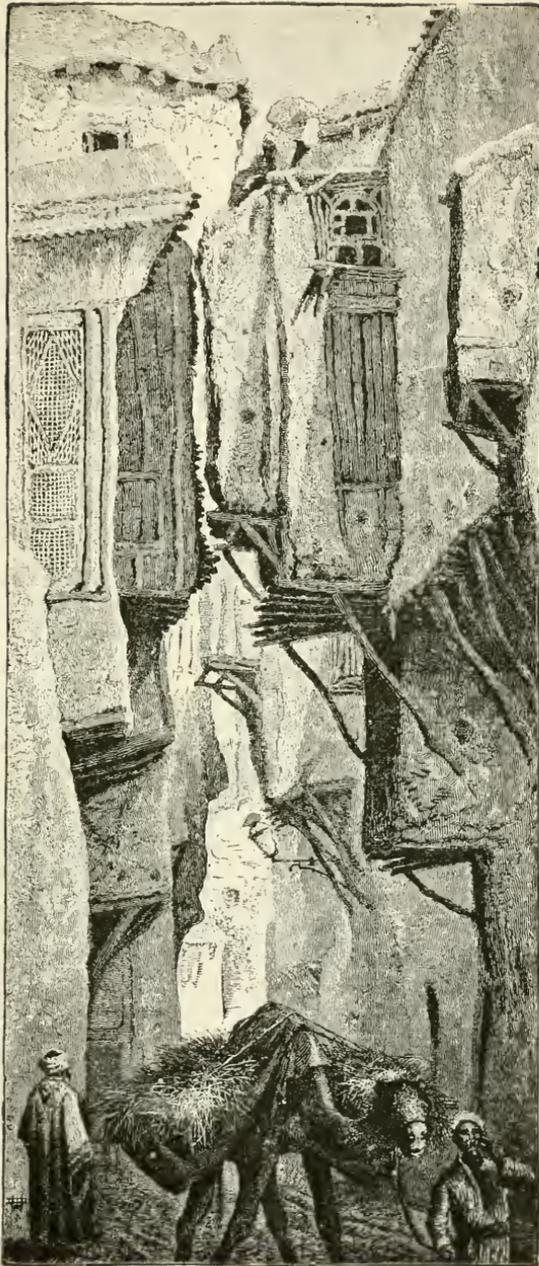
Nothing can exceed the romantic beauty of Baniás. High hills, clothed with trees and green crops, are mingled with great peaks or masses of naked rock and long stretches of sunny valleys glorious with verdure, especially that of the Baniás. Our camp was pitched in a great olive plantation above the village, near to the famous sanctuary of Pan, beside the cavern from which the Baniás rushes forth. News of our arrival seemed to spread at once, children gathering round the tents to watch the ways of the foreigners, and groups of women soon following, to see if they could be healed of their ailments, or procure any help for those of their husbands or children. Some of these mothers and daughters of Caesarea Philippi were very fine-looking, and all were clean, and very modestly dressed. It carries one back to the days of the Great Physician, for sufferers from dropsy, ague, blindness, tumors, swellings, and other calamities, thronged to get relief, if possible, from the Hákím who was for the time in their midst. My medical friend did what he could, and I contributed whatever my small stock afforded in the way of medicines, but we could do very little. It seems beyond question, however, that a Christian physician who would travel round the land from time to time, for the benefit of the people, now without any professional aid, would have a far better opportunity of speaking for the Master than any other missionary. The Edinburgh Medical Mission has admirable men at different parts of the Holy Land, and in Damascus; perhaps it might be arranged that they should undertake such circuits. Indeed, they may, for anything I know, already make them, for they are full of zeal as well as of intelligence.

After a short rest I strolled to the cavern fountain. What a voice of many waters in this lovely scene! What a fullness and variety of vegetation! The view as we went down the slope to the cave was beautiful; that from the bottom of the glen, if possible, still more so. At the foot of an upright wall of rock a stream of silver-clear water burst forth in the cave, from under heaps of stone which, in the course

of ages, had fallen from the cliff and from the roof of the cavern itself, earthquakes having probably aided the accumulation. Thick-branching vegetation hung over the banks of the infant river. A two-story house stood picturesquely on the east side, amidst oaks and olives, hiding Banias from view at this point. Little islands rose in the midst of the stream, like great baskets of flowers, kept in perpetual glory by the rushing waters that flowed round them. To the south-west a chain of hills shut out the distance, and to the east the prospect was still more circumscribed, but to the north rose the great castle of Banias, far up in the sky, perched on a hill almost surrounded by a deep valley. The cliff over the cave from which the river issues is about 100 feet high, and still exhibits ancient sculptures, now little above the mounds of broken rock below, but once, perhaps, far from the ground. They consist of three niches, as if for the statues of divinities, and two of them have Greek inscriptions. Memorials of the temple built here by Herod in honor of his brother Philip, tetrarch of Trachonitis, would naturally be associated with this cave, since it had been for ages a sacred spot as the birth-place of a river—if, indeed, the heaps of stone around be not in part the remains of the sanctuary itself. To Herod was due the name *Cæsarea Philippi*, by which the place is known in the New Testament.<sup>1</sup>

There are few antiquities in Banias, but the whole region is so beautiful that nature itself is an all-powerful attraction. The park-like scenery on the way from Dan, oak-scrub and trees of larger growth beautifying the hills and valleys, the luxuriant vegetation round the town as one approaches it, the rushing waters, falling in cascades and winding through thickets and overhanging vines, and the wealth of small streams flowing in every direction, are charms of which one cannot weary. The ancient Banias was naturally fortified on three sides by the river and deep valley, while on the fourth there was a strong wall, with three great towers, and a broad, deep ditch, probably flooded with water when necessary. A large square tower defended the bridge; buildings with fine granite columns—some of which are still lying about—rose in the town, and an aqueduct ran through it; nor can we doubt that then, as now, streams were led through artificial beds to drive the town mills. Such was the place when our Lord saw it, for it was on one of the green hills around that He was transfigured, when He had retired from Galilee to *Cæsarea Philippi* and its neighborhood to escape the wiles of "the Fox" Antipas. Here doubtless, as elsewhere, He not only taught the people, but healed their diseases. Indeed, at the time of Eusebius, there was a legend that the house of the woman cured of an issue of blood<sup>2</sup> was still to be seen in the town, and a statue was shown which was thought to commemorate the event;

1 Matt. xvi. 13; Mark viii. 27. 2 Luke viii. 43.



Street in Damascus. (See page 605.)



the woman, it was believed, having been an inhabitant of Cæsarea Philippi. "At the gate of her house, on an elevated stone, stands a brazen image of a woman on her knees, with her hands stretched out before her, like one entreating. Opposite this is another image, of a man, erect, of the same material, decently clad in a mantle, and stretching out his hand to the woman. This, they say, is a statue of Christ, and it has remained even to our times, so that I myself saw it when I was in the city."<sup>1</sup> It seems very improbable, however, that such a work of art should have been set up by a Jewess, as the woman apparently was, for images of all kinds, and even portraits, were abhorrent to the Jews, a fact which at once shows the worthlessness of all pretended likenesses of our Lord.

That the Transfiguration took place near Banias, and not on Mount Tabor, seems beyond question. As to Tabor, indeed, its broad top was enclosed with the walls of a fortification, and built over, to a large extent, in Christ's day—Josephus, when he says he built a castle and walls upon it, meaning only that he restored them. But which of the hills around Cæsarea Philippi witnessed the revelation of our Lord's glory is quite unknown. Nor can we tell in which of the green glades the grand confession was made by which St. Peter boldly acknowledged Him as "the Christ, the Son of the living God:" the first public declaration He openly accepted of His being the true Messiah; the inauguration, in fact, of the new spiritual society He had come to establish.

Heathen temples were very common in Palestine in Christ's day, and hence that of Pan at Cæsarea Philippi would be no novelty to Him. Already, in the time of Antiochus the Great, the district was spoken of as sacred to Pan, and the likeness of the god, playing on the flute, is still to be seen on local coins of the Roman period. All over this part of the country, indeed, the remains of temples abound, and yet Christ found that quiet and safety in this largely heathen district which were denied Him among His own people.

The castle which looks down on all this loveliness is reached by a long and steep ride. Who first raised a fortress on this proud summit no one knows. Its walls are built of great drafted stones, put together with much skill, but the draft in this case seems not to be a sure sign of antiquity, as the Palestine Surveyors, whom one would think the best possible judges, believe the fortifications to be the work of the Crusaders. They tower nearly 1,500 feet above the town, and extend for no less than 1,450 feet from east to west—very nearly a third of a mile: their depth from north to south being on an average 360 feet. At the back and front, deep valleys defend them; on the west, they are protected by a rock-cut ditch; and on the east, by which alone

<sup>1</sup> Euseb. *Hist. Ecc.*, vi. 18.

they are approachable, access is still difficult, as the rocks rise steeply from the narrow ridge to the castle walls.

The interior is an uneven area of four or five acres; the rock swelling up in some parts above the walls, while in others the ground is ploughed and sown. There is, indeed, a small village within the fortifications, depending for water wholly on the vast cisterns of the ancient structure, which supplied water to it in antiquity. Some of the stones of the walls are from six to eight feet in length, beautifully dressed, and bevelled; one round tower, with fine sloping work below, offering a surface not less finished and striking than that of the so-called Tower of David, at Jerusalem. Under your feet are many subterranean vaults, chambers, and passages, to which access is obtained by a stairway cut in the rock, but no one can now explore the choked-up wonders of this lower world. Who can realize the energy which dragged to such a spot vast mountains of building material; or quarried out the huge trenches in the rocks, and hollowed the very hill, over acres, into an underground labyrinth of dungeons, storehouses, immense cisterns, and much else? It helps to remove false ideas of the condition of the country in remote ages to see such triumphs of science, industry, and wealth in a sequestered spot like Banias. Assuming that the Crusaders only adapted or enlarged already existing works, there is nothing at all equal to this castle in Western lands, except of a date which is comparatively modern.

The position of this wonderful fortress shows that it could not have been intended for the defence of Banias, for it is more than two miles away. Not improbably it was built even before the town, though that boasts of a high antiquity. Like the castle of Kulat esh Shukif—the Belfort of the Crusaders—which towers in full view in the distance, it was raised to command the great caravan-route from Lake Merom to the Plain of Damascus; perhaps by the Sidonians, in the remote days when they had settlements in these parts.

After the death of Christ, Cæsarea Philippi, re-named Neronias by Herod Agrippa II., saw strange sights. When Jerusalem had fallen, Titus celebrated his triumph here by public games, in which Jewish prisoners were compelled to fight with wild beasts and with each other. During the Crusades, it was repeatedly taken and retaken, but finally came into the hands of the Saracens in 1165. A gateway alone now remains in any tolerable preservation, to attest the strength of the defences of the town. Its walls, over six feet thick, rise beside the bridge which spans the channel of the Jordan in one arch of huge stones. Below, the waters rush on over a wide confusion of rocks, mostly basalt: picturesque but wild. Into the streets, which are mere lanes, the stones of generations of houses, and from a wide extent of fields, have been allowed to fall, or have been thrown.



"Straight" Street in Damascus. (See page 606.)



## CHAPTER XLIX.

## THE LEBANON MOUNTAINS.

FROM Baniās we set out for Damascus, the road leading up long slopes, in many places very stony, with basalt cliffs breaking out at one place, ploughed land at another, and smooth rock at a third. Brooks of delightful sound ran down the hill-sides. Clumps of myrtles were not infrequent, and at some places terraces had been built along the sides to retain the soil. A few olives were to be seen now and then, and the great hill on which the castle stands was covered with them to the very top. Industry is a characteristic of the peasant in the Holy Land, and the Druses are no exception to the rule, so that I was not astonished to find, as the path still mounted from height to height, patches of green wheat, beans, or lentils, wherever the rock permitted. *Jebel esh Sheikh*, or *Hermon*, did not look so high as we were ascending it; and the snow, which at a distance had appeared an unbroken mantle, was now seen only to fill the hollows of the summit, with bare ribs of the mountain between. It was another instance of distance lending enchantment to the view. The vast mountain mass, which has risen so grandly to the heavens ever since we left Samaria, was in fact, when seen even at this distance, only a long awful slope of rock, up to the highest point. There was no peak, but simply a great ridge, bare and terrible, rising a little higher at one part than at another, with Druse villages far up the valleys. Our path lay down steep slopes, along valleys, up rough ascents.

The Druses, who number about 80,000 souls, are largely descended from the old inhabitants of *Iturea*, though they have adopted the Arabic tongue, through the influence of the Mahomedan conquest. In their social constitution they form a kind of republic, with a chosen leader, at times, as the first among equals. Their religion is kept profoundly secret among themselves, but appears to be a mixture of Mahomedan and Christian ideas, with some remains of the old nature-worship of ancient Syria. The whole population is divided into two classes—the Initiated and the Ignorant: the two sections forming distinct castes, of which the former is the dominant. There are no priests, but there are houses devoted to prayer and meditation; the repositories of their sacred writings and standards. Among themselves they are known as “Confessors of the Unity of God,” laying great stress on their lofty and pure conception of the Almighty. Incarnations have, in their belief, often taken place: the last of them having vanished from the earth in the person of the *Khalif Hakîm*, in A.D. 1021. He has left the earth to put their faith to the proof,

but he will return again, with power and great glory, and give his servants the empire of the world. With each incarnation of God there has always been that of the first of the Divine creations—Supreme Wisdom, which last manifested itself as Hamza, the son of Ali, the Apostle of the Unity of God. Only a certain number of human beings are created; souls passing at death, into a new body, so that they are always wandering, though steadily rising to perfection if devoted to the truth, or growing worse if given to sin. In late years, the worst characteristics of the Druses have been most prominently before the world, from their terrific massacres of the Lebanon Christians, in 1860, for seeking to cast off the Druse yoke, to which they had till then submitted; since then, these strange people have been peaceful.<sup>1</sup>

The wild path kept on, up and down, across the beds of torrents, now of course dry; the top of Hefmon reaching along, mile after mile; with snow, now, only on the slightly higher end. At ten in the forenoon the air was deliciously soft and mild. Good wide fields of strong wheat were frequent on our right, up the gentle slope of a wide valley; on the left, the great summit-ridge stretched skyward, in awful desolation. Still up, up, up, under the frowning black slope. The track was over gray limestone, but so rough that I wondered how the horse could pick its steps, or I write my notes. After a time great herds of black and red cattle appeared, quietly browsing along the south side of the mighty roof of the mountains, a very short distance below the snow; the ridge stretching on and on like that of a stupendous house, and slowly rising to the north. On that side of us the steep rose in desolate sublimity, though here and there a faint embroidery of green gleamed out amidst the rocks, while the southern ascent was more or less green nearly to the top. By-and-by a great ridge of sandstone rose on the one side, and just under the snow on the top of the chain was a rounded hill, beautiful with green corn. Then came a Druse village, of flat-roofed stone houses of one story, rising pleasantly up the slope: the top of the mountain towering aloft 1,500 feet higher.

At eleven in the forenoon we had been three hours climbing, but the air was still delightful, and great flocks of sheep and goats fed on better pasture than is common thousands of feet below. Two Druses tended a flock, one of them carrying a gun, to protect his charge from the wild beasts of the mountains. The snowy top was soon just above us, to the north, perhaps 800 feet higher than our rough track. The air grew perceptibly cooler as we got nearer the snow of the hills, but it did not prevent life of all kinds from enjoying itself, for there was a whole chorus of crested larks as we rode on. We had now reached the

<sup>1</sup> Some think the Druses partly Persian, and that their customs connect them with Media and Turkestan. It may be that they are not more republican than other Orientals although high authorities speak of them as being so.



Street Barber in Damascus. (See page 606.)



highest point of the pass, and from this point the mountains changed their character. The onward track lay across the wide crater of an ancient volcano, filled up with lava, and strewn thickly with it in masses, in the form of basalt, but even here, cleared and fenced patches, bright with grain, were not infrequent. A man and a camel which he rode were the only creatures that passed us as, after crossing the wide stretch of lava, we rode over a nice little sandy plain, with good grazing. Two oak-trees relieved the monotony around, and then came a large flock of sheep and goats, with a herd of sixteen horses, quietly grazing. Basalt showed itself in many places, but the limestone heights through which it had once burst up in molten fire rose like a fence round it on all sides, more or less far off; the strata so undisturbed that I almost fancied they had been deposited after the basalt eruption, instead of before it. All over the little plain, "gowans," so dear to our North-country brethren, whitened the ground, though snow lay on many spots around us.

We were now under the very top of Hermon—"the Lofty Height"—famous in Scripture; known as *Jebel esh Sheikh*—"the Mountain of the White-haired Old Man"—among the populations of to-day. From the earliest times, the summit rising a little above us had been familiar, as the everywhere visible northern boundary of Palestine;<sup>1</sup> originally assigned to the kingdom of Og, and then to the territory of Manasseh.<sup>2</sup> The Sidonians knew it as *Sirion*, the Amorites as *Senir*<sup>3</sup>—both meaning "the Banner;" a fitting name for the great white standard it raises aloft over the whole land. The mass of its gigantic bulk is of the age of the Middle Chalk, as shown both by the prevailing rock and by its fossil fish and shells, some of which I myself got, thousands of feet above the sea-level. But it has been rent asunder by terrible volcanic eruptions, as we were soon to see even more fully than on the ascent. On the southern point of the summit there are ruins, apparently of an ancient temple, but the whole mountain was once girdled with sanctuaries, for Hermon was a great centre of the worship of Baal. Snow covers the top for the greater part of the year, and in ancient times supplied ice during summer for cooling the drinks of the people of Tyre. Indeed, the Hebrews also perhaps availed themselves of this luxury, if we may judge from the proverb: "As the cold of snow in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him: for he refresheth the soul of his masters."<sup>4</sup> They could not get snow in the hot months, except from Hermon.

We rested for refreshment upon this highest plateau, with a limestone block for a support to our backs, and snow within six feet. Some Druse shepherds presently made their appearance and lay down

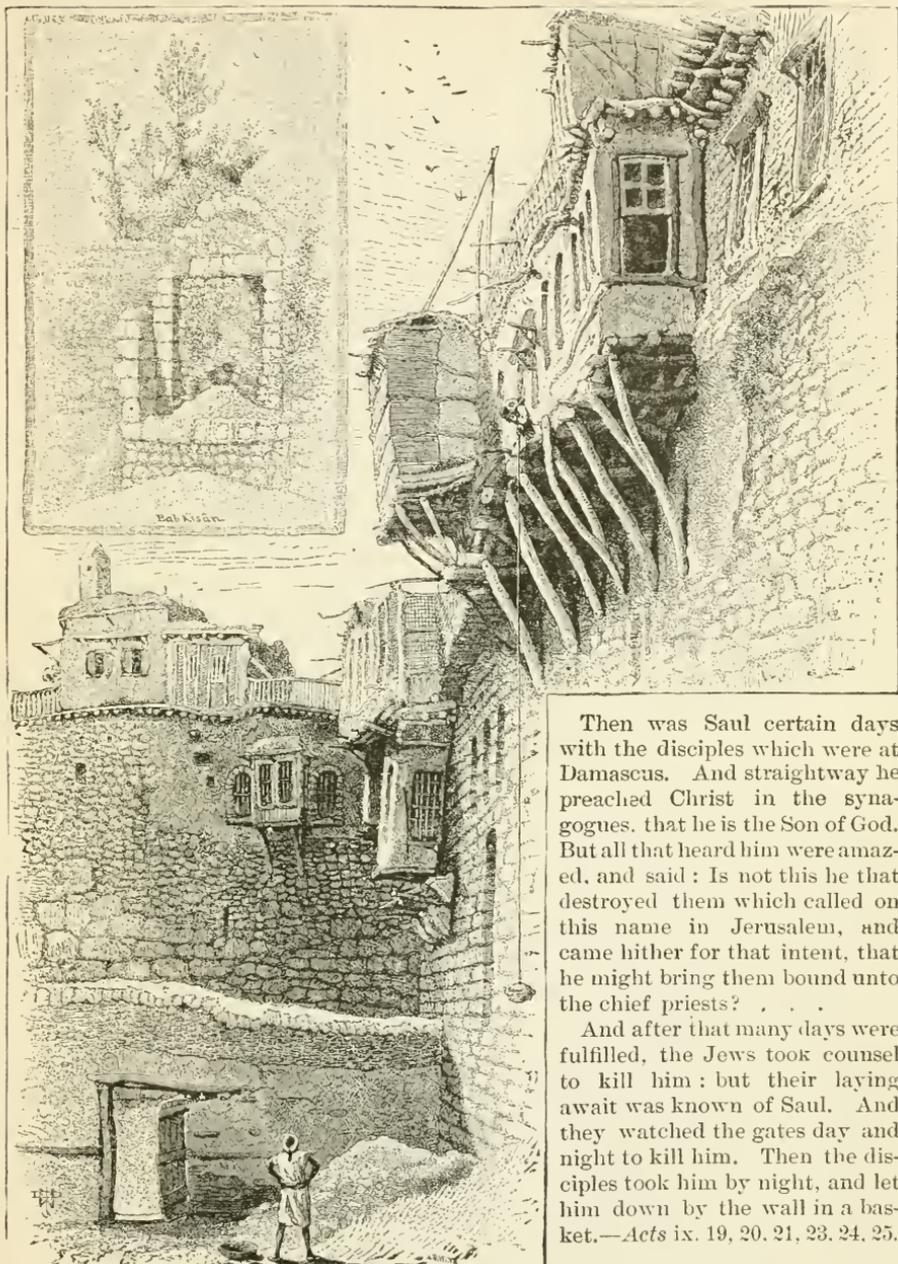
<sup>1</sup> Deut. iii. 8; iv. 48; Josh. xi. 17; xii. 1; 1 Chron. vi. 23. <sup>2</sup> Josh. xii. 5; xiii. 11. <sup>3</sup> Deut. iii. 9; Ps. xxix. 6; Ezek. xxvii. 5. <sup>4</sup> Prov. xxv. 13.

beside us. One had a double-barrelled gun for the wolves; another an ugly brass sheathed knife in his girdle. Some children were with them; one, a little girl in a "tarboosh," with her hair divided into six plaits down her back; plaited additions in red hanging still lower from each. A blue cotton wrapper and a colored sash completed her costume.

The descent towards Damascus was long and wearisome. No desolation, indeed, could be more extreme than that of the first few miles. Fire-deluges had swept down the mountain, wave on wave, leaving universal black ruin. Fences which enclosed nothing were piled up of fragments of basalt; their breadth as great as their height. With wonderful industry, the loose volcanic cinders and broken lava had, in places, been gathered off the surface to allow spots to be tilled, but they were as nothing in the far-stretching waste. Where we were descending, the congealed lava-currents wrinkled the whole face of the mountain into the roughest of steps. These, moreover, were made still rougher by being strewn over with tens of thousands of tons of lava-boulders, shot out, I suppose, in a frightful skyward cannonade from the central fires. The black wavy sea of lava under-foot is bedded with them, over an immense space. The track lay through this hideous ruin of nature, lifeless and terrible as when the sides of the mountain were cased in glowing fire. It is the regular road to and from Damascus, as we soon found by meeting a train of twenty mules, laden with boxes of tobacco and bales of cloth, on their way from that city to Jerusalem.

The view as we descended was magnificent; range beyond range of hills stretching away to the south—the hills of Iturea and Gilead. At last the mountains were behind us, or on the north, and open land, with rushing streams, once more cheered the way to Kefr Howar, our quarters for the night. Even before we reached our halting-place, however, rain began to fall, and continued at intervals; but the tent was, of course, a great protection, though by no means watertight. I have a vivid remembrance of that night, for it was largely spent in trying to balance the coverlet on a bed two inches broader than my shoulders; to keep my feet from exposure at the one end of the structure, and to forget a sweet hollow in the middle, which left one's back for quite a space suspended over nothing. Then there was the amusement of trying to set the howls of jackals and the barking of numerous dogs to music, and of watching the flapping of the canvas as the rainy wind made sport with it. Sleep, however, came at last, but I was soon roused by a pious jackass braying its morning hymn close to my ear.

The pass by which I had crossed the mountains must have been in use from the earliest times, and was most probably that by which



Then was Saul certain days with the disciples which were at Damascus. And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God. But all that heard him were amazed, and said: Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusalem, and came hither for that intent, that he might bring them bound unto the chief priests? . . .

And after that many days were fulfilled, the Jews took counsel to kill him: but their laying await was known of Saul. And they watched the gates day and night to kill him. Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket.—Acts ix. 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25.

HOUSES ON THE CITY WALL OF DAMASCUS. (See page 607.)



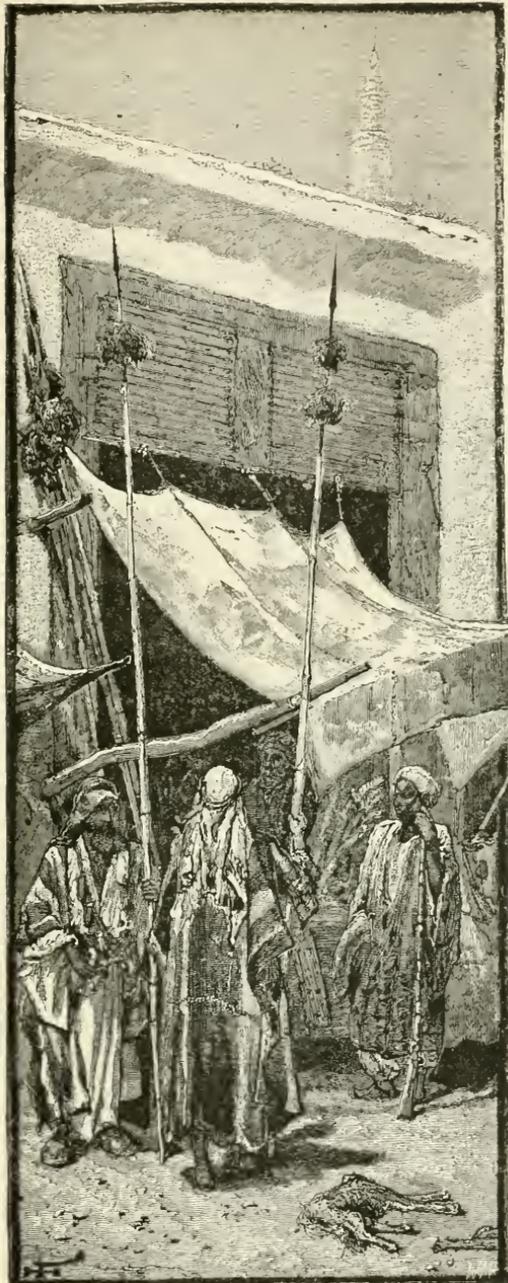
Chedorlaomer and his allies fled, when pursued from Dan to Damascus by Abraham. Over such a road the rout must have been terrible, for any attempt at order would be impossible, and it was equally hopeless to carry off any plunder. Did St. Paul, also, cross by it on his memorable journey to the Syrian capital? It is more than probable that he did.

Only the Mahommedans, I may here remark, seem to engage openly in prayer in Palestine, though some even of them are not too devout. I never saw any of the men who were with us praying, nor any of the country people, though it is very common to see men at their devotions in towns, where Mahommedanism is more scrupulously honored. The rigid formalities observed on such occasions are curious. The hands are first raised, open, till the thumbs touch the ears, the words, "God is great," accompanying the elevation. A few petitions having been recited mentally, the hands are lowered and folded over the body, while the first chapter of the Koran, and a few other brief passages from the same source, are being recited by the supplicant. He next bends forward, with his hands on his knees, and again repeats, three times, "God is great." Then, once more, he stands erect and repeats the same words. Presently he falls on his knees, bending forward till his face touches the ground, with his hands on each side of the head, repeating this prostration thrice; all the time reciting the appointed short prayers. Once more he kneels, and after settling back on his heels, continues a prescribed series of brief supplications. This ends the required devotions, but the whole is often gone over more than once, where there is special fervor.

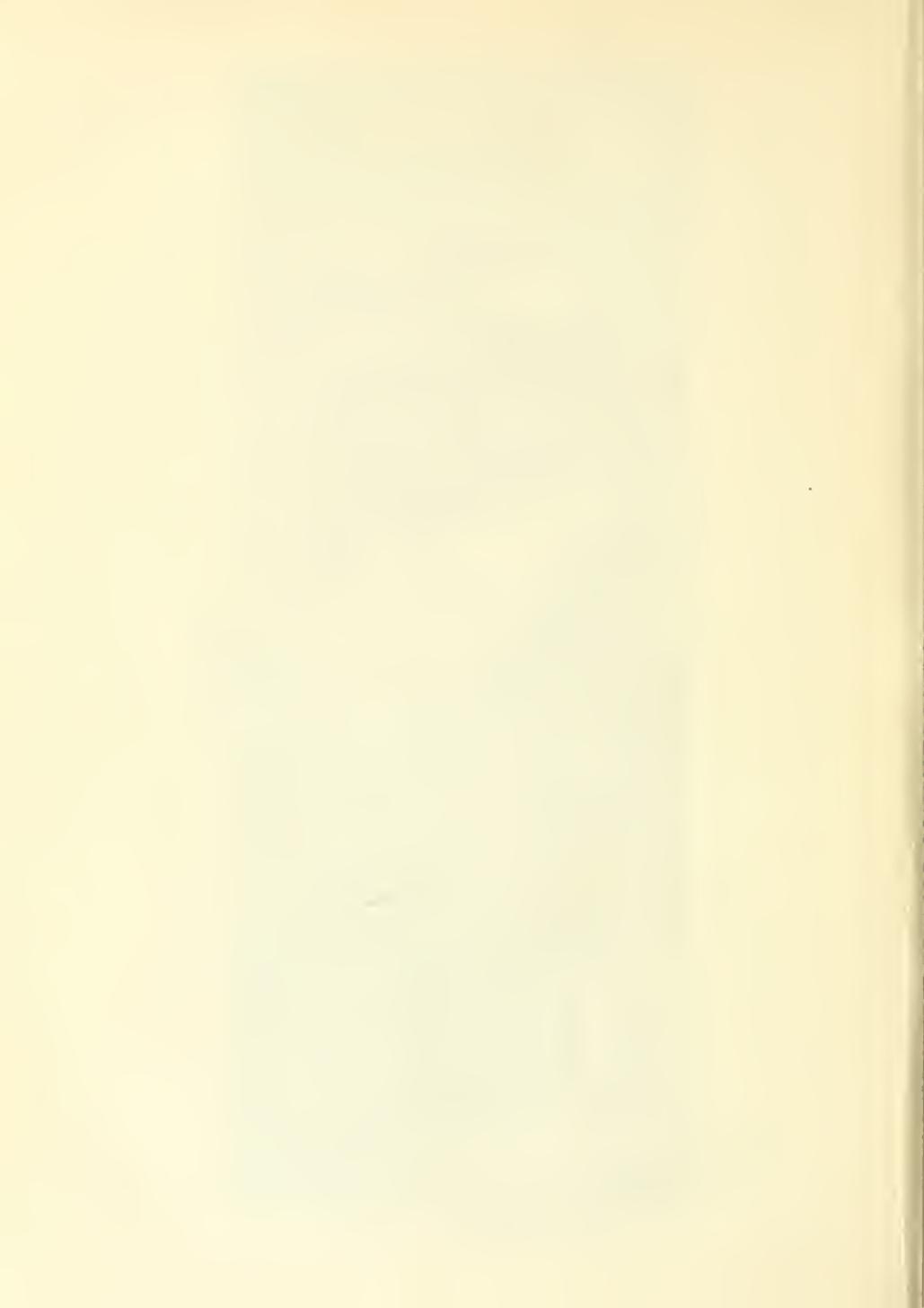
It is curious, however, to find that this striking religionism is in very many cases entirely independent of any really devout feeling, for even Moslems have their proverbs about those who are extra zealous in public prayers, and it is certain that men who have no idea of common morality in their daily life are as exact as Pharisees in their compliance with the ceremonial requirements of their faith. To pray standing in the synagogues, or at the corners of the streets, may not always be a mark of insincerity, and, indeed, must not be regarded thus harshly; but, on the other hand, it by no means implies the sanctity one might expect. The great stress laid by Mahommedanism on the exact observance of the prescribed ritual in religious acts is hardly realized in the Western world. Nothing can make up for a ceremonial error; ardent faith or the purest intentions are entirely neutralized, if any detail be amiss in the required formalities. There is a right way and a wrong in any religious observance, and there is no choice in the matter, nor is any detail indifferent, however small. The rules respecting efficacious prayer are an example of this. Mahomet's directions, which must be implicitly followed, enjoined that "when anyone says

his prayers, he *must* have something in front of him, and if he cannot find anything for that purpose, he must put his walking-stick into the ground. If, however, the ground be hard, he must place it lengthways before him. If he have no staff, he must draw a line on the ground, and after doing this there will be no injury to his prayers from anyone passing before him." To pass in front of a man when he is praying is a terrible offence, since it goes far to spoil the good of his prayers: a result so dreadful that the Prophet empowered a believer who might be annoyed in this way to "draw his sword" upon the criminal and "cut him down," and further declared that "if anyone did but know the sin of passing before a person engaged in prayer, he would find it better for him to sink into the earth."

No less important is the manner of carrying out the ablutions required before prayer. When the Prophet performed these offices, "he took a handful of water, and raised it to the under part of his chin, and combed his beard with his hand, and said, 'In this way has my Lord ordered me.'" On one occasion, moreover, when some of his followers, who were performing their ablutions in a hurry, had omitted to wet the soles of their feet, the Prophet said, "Alas for the soles of their feet, for they will be in hell fire!" Sin, in fact, according to Mahomet, is a material pollution, capable of being washed away, like so much physical uncleanness. Hence he ordered his followers in making their ablutions to be careful not to leave even a finger-nail unwetted, for, said he, "He who makes ablution thoroughly will cleanse away the faults from his body, even to those that may hide under his finger-nails," and will, as the result, be known on the day of Resurrection by "his bright hands and feet," the effect of his diligent and frequent purifications. The positions in prayer, which I have described, are no less important. "To rest on the arms while at prayer is pleasing to the people of hell," and so also are "hurried prostration, like a cock pecking grain," and "spreading the arms like dogs and tigers." The attitudes of Mahomet, handed down by tradition, are therefore the safest rule, and are rigorously observed. "The Prophet," says the authoritative account of his devotions—handed down, it is told us, from Ayesha, one of his favorite wives—"used to begin his prayers by repeating the *Tacbir* and reading the Koran, with these words, 'Praise be to God, the Lord of the worlds!' And when he made the bending of the body he did not raise the head, nor yet bend it very low, but kept it in a middle position, with his neck and back in a line. And when he had raised his head, after bending, he did not prostrate himself till he had stood quite erect, and after each prostration he sat for an interval, before standing up. He used also to lay his left leg down, and his right leg he kept up, and he forbade resting both arms on the ground, and finished his prayers with the *saluam*." How different



Bedouins at a Lance Bazar. (See page 608.)



this mechanical devotion from that of the New Testament, which says not a word about posture or gesture, but confines itself to the requirement that, to be accepted, all prayer must be offered "in spirit and in truth."<sup>1</sup>

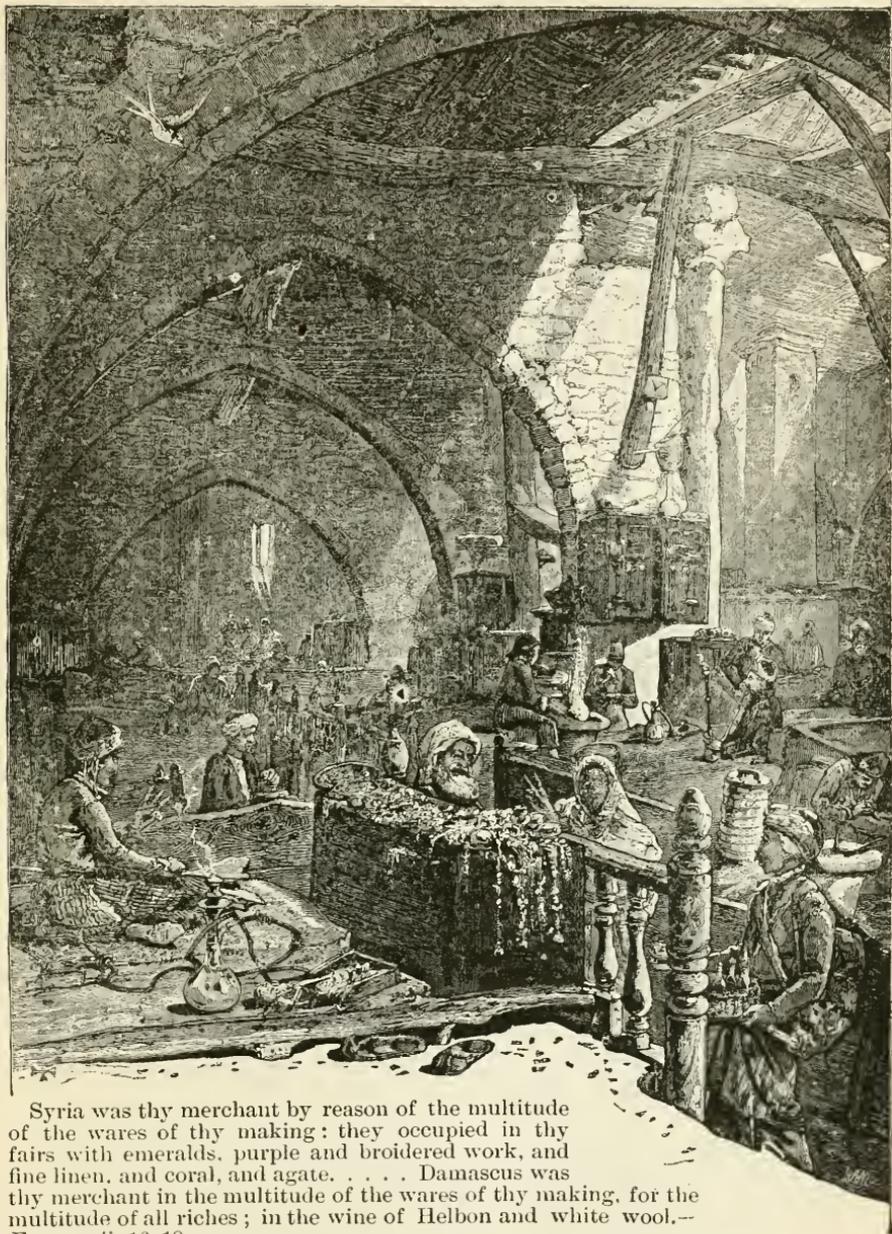
The power of Mahommedanism as a creed is very great—partly, no doubt, from the penalties of abandoning it; but still more, I fear, from the proud self-righteousness of its votaries. Conversions to Christianity are very rare, the excellent American missionaries in Cairo telling me that the only influence they could exert was to temper Mahommedanism in some homes with the purer spirit of the New Testament, taught in the schools to the children or women. The vast pilgrimages each year to Mecca and Medina, from all parts of the Moslem world, show the vigor of this faith, since they imply a universal zeal among the Mahommedan nations; the actual pilgrims being only those who are able to accomplish what is the highest ambition of all. Over a million pounds sterling, it is estimated, is spent on this annual journey to the great shrines, though the bulk of the pilgrims are of the poorer classes—which means more in the East than anywhere else. In 1885, 53,000 persons entered Mecca to pay their devotions at the Kaaba, or sacred stone, half of them Turks and Egyptians, the rest made up of over 16,000 Malays and natives of India, over 7,000 Moors, about 6,000 Arabs from all parts of Africa and Arabia, and 1,600 Persians. Imagine the influence of this number, returning, each year, ablaze with pride and fanaticism, to their homes. How fierce and intolerant must they make their less privileged fellow-believers around! It cannot fail, in fact, to have the same effect as that which we know the annual pilgrimage to the Passover at Jerusalem had on ancient Judaism, kindling it, both in Palestine and elsewhere, to a bigotry which looked down with contempt on all other creeds. We can understand, moreover, from the financial interests involved in the Mahommedan pilgrimage—its members spending, as I have said, a million pounds on their route and in Mecca—how keenly the local bigotry, like that of Jerusalem, must be seconded by lower passions, in resisting all religious change. Now, as of old, orthodoxy finds an all-powerful ally in the pocket.

The dress of the people in Lebanon and towards Damascus is different from that of Palestine, jackets and baggy trousers taking the place of "abbas" and blue cotton gaberdines. Among the peasants and Bedouins the shirt is, in many cases, the one articles of dress. Drawers of cotton are also worn by some of the better class, occasionally very full, in other cases like our own. The baggy breeches are a phenomenon to Western eyes, especially in their simplicity, for they are only a huge circle of cotton or cloth, tied round the waist by a sash or cord.

Where outer jackets are worn, as in Lebanon, there is frequently an inner waistcoat, glorious with many small buttons, and coming close up to the neck; but sometimes there is an inner jacket under the "abba," with pockets, as in Europe. In the towns not a few persons in good position wear a long open gown of cotton or silk, folding over in front, and secured round the body by a girdle, which latter may be of leather, cotton, silk, camels'-hair, or simply a shawl, according to the means and taste of the wearer. Even in the East, however, there are fashions. Some affect a gaudy jacket over the long silken or cotton gown, and this may be either a simple affair, or a triumph of tailoring, with sleeves finely slashed, or fastened to the shoulders by buttons, rich embroidery playing a grand part in specially splendid garments. Of the "abba" I have often spoken, but besides this a long loose cloak of white wool, with a hood for the head, is worn by a few.

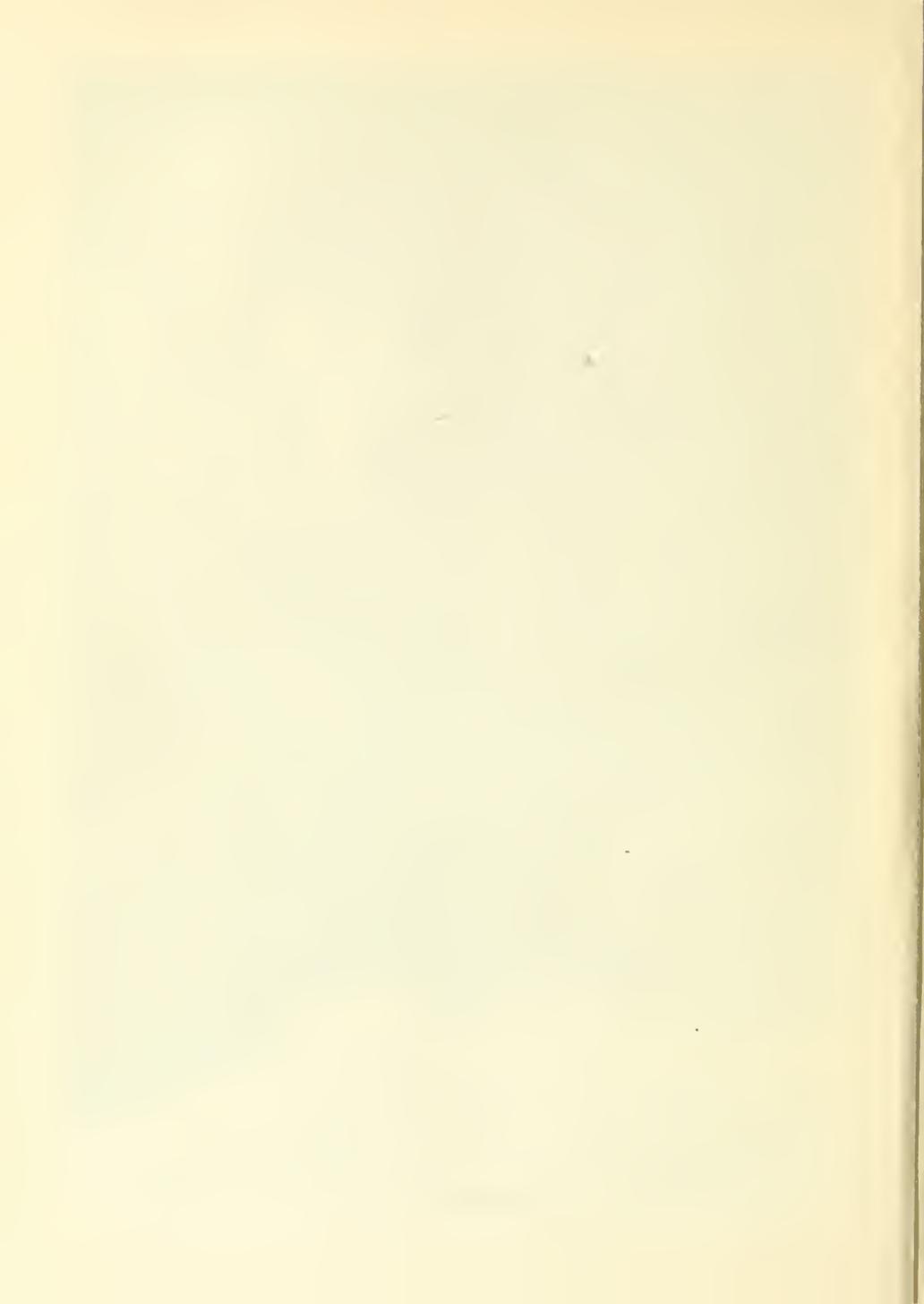
How far these varieties of dress resemble any in the Bible is not easy to say. In the time of the patriarchs, homespun cloth of wool, or goats'-hair,<sup>1</sup> was in use, and flax and linen became known to the Hebrews in Egypt,<sup>2</sup> though it is hardly to be doubted that intercourse with the Nile had much earlier caused their use in the encampments of Abraham and his descendants. In later times the Jews gloried in white, parti-colored purple, red, or scarlet clothes, of wool, linen, and cotton,<sup>3</sup> in some cases enriched by an interweaving of gold threads.<sup>4</sup> David's ephod, in which he danced before the ark, appears to have been a long, shirt-like garment, similar to that so common among the poor at this time,<sup>5</sup> a girdle binding it round the waist.<sup>6</sup> Over this an "abba" was worn on going out of doors, and this latter was the covering of the wearer at night.<sup>7</sup> But this simple dress gave place, among the rich, to as many varieties of costume as we see to-day. Human vanity is much the same in all ages, and as strong among not a few of the one sex as it admittedly is in most of the other. Dives had his purple and fine linen, and Jacob was only human when he dressed his favorite son in a long robe, instead of the short peasant's smock worn by his brethren; for the robe known as that of many colors seems to have been peculiar rather from its length than from its gay appearance.<sup>8</sup> The Hebrew ladies, indeed, seem to have been as fond of dress as any of their modern sisters, to judge from Isaiah's catalogue of the different parts of their wardrobe and from their jewel-cases: the ankle-chains, the golden discs and crescents for the hair, the forehead, and the neck; the ear-rings, arm-chains, and fine veils; the coronets, stepping-chains, and costly girdles; the scent-bottles and amulets; the finger and nose rings; the gala dresses and costly man-

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxxi. 19; xxxviii. 12. <sup>2</sup> Exod. ix. 31; xxviii. 42. <sup>3</sup> Judg. v. 30; 2 Sam. i. 24; Jer. iv. 30; Ezek. xxiii. 6; Nah. ii. 3; Luke xvi. 19. <sup>4</sup> Ps. xl. 10-14; 1 Macc. vi. 2. <sup>5</sup> 2 Sam. vi. 14-20. <sup>6</sup> 2 Kings i. 8; Matt. iii. 4; Jer. xlii. 1. <sup>7</sup> Deut. xxiv. 13; Luke xxiii. 11; John xix. 2. <sup>8</sup> Gen. xxxvii. 8.



Syria was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of the wares of thy making: they occupied in thy fairs with emeralds, purple and broidered work, and fine linen, and coral, and agate. . . . Damascus was thy merchant in the multitude of the wares of thy making, for the multitude of all riches; in the wine of Helbon and white wool.--*Eze. xxvii. 16, 18.*

BAZAR OF THE GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS AT DAMASCUS (See page 608.)



ties; the cloaks and purses; the hand-mirrors and fine linen underclothes; the turbans and large veils.<sup>1</sup> It would be hard to match this inventory anywhere in Palestine now.

The houses of Kefr Howar, our camping-place, were poor, but a wonderful improvement on those of Palestine, while a large cattle-barn behind our tents was a really excellent stone building, two stories high and of great size, with an arch in the centre for a passage to the back. One of the stones, set at the inner corner of the archway, had a long Greek inscription; so constantly does the remote past assert itself in these historic lands. I tried to take a "squeeze" of it, but, being a novice at the work, failed in a triumphant degree, though, as a German scholar was collecting all the inscriptions to be found in the neighborhood, this was not much to be regretted.

The road to Damascus is a slow and pleasant, indeed often imperceptible, descent through a country which, with ordinary government, would be wonderfully rich. For many miles on the west of the great city the landscape sinks into a plain, sometimes stony, but more commonly fine arable soil. Villages are very scarce, and there are few trees; yet the view was always delightful, for the high mountains of the Lebanon chain bounded the horizon on the north, and others rose at different points in other directions. We were travelling, in all probability, along the very same road—a mere track, which industry had never attempted to improve—over which Abraham and his tribe, with their mighty herds and flocks, had wandered towards Palestine four thousand years before, and along which Jacob, staff in hand, had plodded towards Haran.<sup>2</sup> Things must have been much the same around them as around us, except that the population and wealth of the district were probably far greater then than now, for Damascus is one of the oldest cities in the world. To the south rise the volcanic hills of the Lejja, a strange region, where lava has crystallized in a great triangular plateau, wrinkled and cracked into innumerable fissures as it cooled. In the days of our Lord it was part of the Tetrarchy of Philip, son of Herod the Great. The length of this extraordinary region is about twenty-two miles, from north to south, and fourteen across; the whole space being simply a chaos of basaltic rocks and boulders, crossed by fissures and crevices in every direction. The bubbles on the surface of the once liquid fire-stream still show themselves by the hollows left when they burst, and the top is roughened into low waves, marking its slow heavings under the wind before it finally congealed.

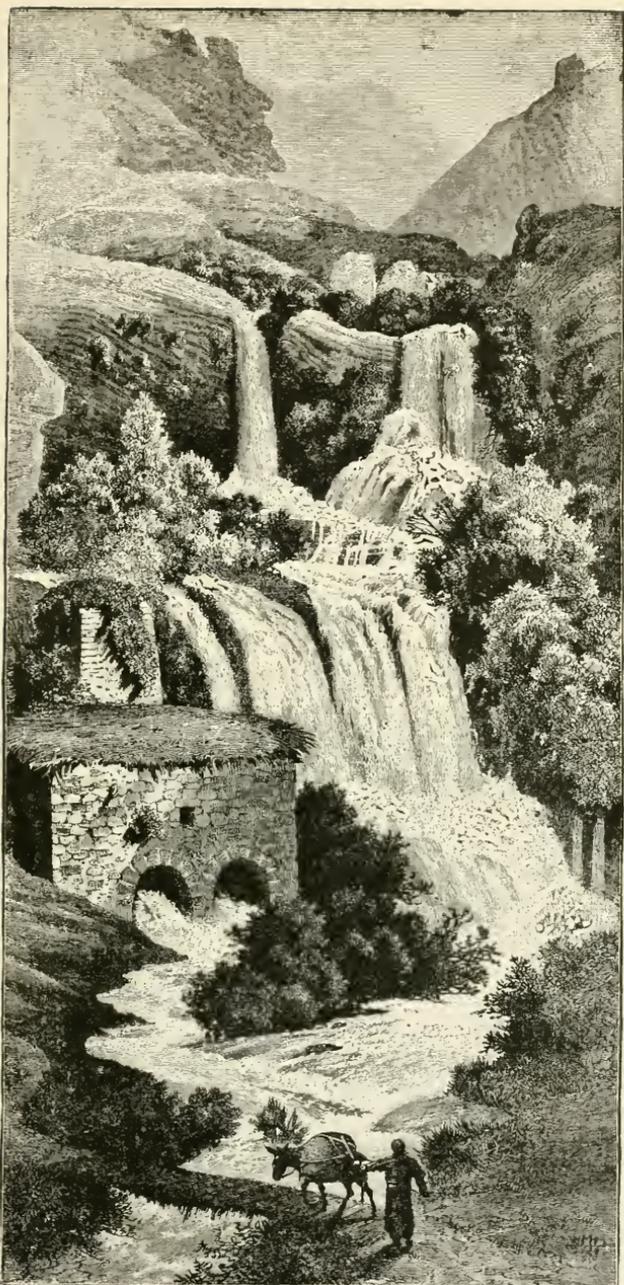
Strange to say, this forbidding tract is thickly studded with the remains of deserted towns and villages, built solidly of blocks of lava, and dating from early Christian times. No proof could be more strik-

<sup>1</sup> Isa. iii. 18—24. See Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, iv. 302. <sup>2</sup> Gen. xii. 6; xxix. 1.

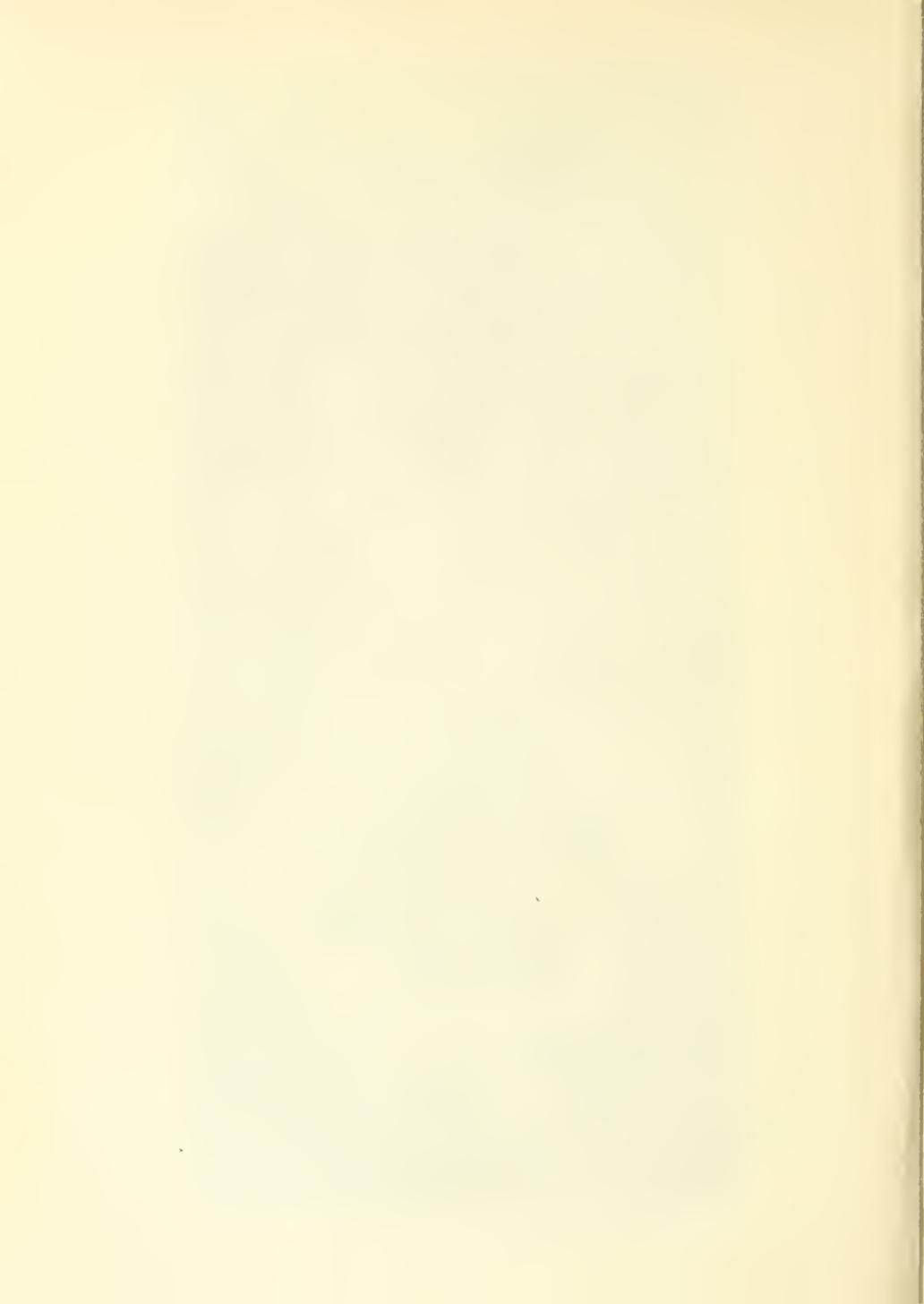
ing of the insecurity of life and property in the last centuries of Rome, since nothing but desire of safety can be conceived as the reason for such a place being peopled. At the time of the Hebrew invasion it was part of the territory of Og, and must have been almost impregnable. The fierce energy of the invaders, however, still in its early enthusiasm, carried all before it. But the district did not fall in the first campaign. The glory of its final conquest is ascribed to Jair, the head of a clan of the tribe Manasseh, who lived at a later time:<sup>1</sup> a mighty chieftain boasting of thirty sons—no small honor among Orientals—each riding as a chief on his own white ass; and the whole thirty finally ruling over various towns or villages taken by their father.<sup>2</sup> It had been a haunt of robbers for ages before Christ, but its rough population was at last bridled by the energy and genius of Herod the Great. This strange plateau is on the average about twenty feet above the plain around it, black promontories of basalt running out from it, here and there, like buttresses, though the whole stands up, sharp and distinct, amid the fertility on every side. At some places where the fissures are wide, the lava has crumbled into rich soil, which is still cultivated; but though there are many points on the upper surface from which the whole lava-sea is under view, it is impossible to cross it, so innumerable are the cracks and yawning rifts. Strange to say, there are not a few springs in this wild district, so that water is not deficient. The Romans, after Herod, held it with a firm hand, cutting a road through it, and stationing a garrison in one of its strongholds; thus subduing it so thoroughly that temples built by them, amidst what is now so strange a desolation, are still standing in fine preservation.

Half-way to Damascus, on the left hand, at the foot of the mountains, some miles off, lay the great village of Katana, surrounded with orchards and gardens, full of all kinds of fruit-trees, especially walnuts. The minarets of the great city soon glittered before us in the distance, but they proved still a very long way off: the clear air deceiving us as to their proximity. Only near villages were there any signs of the richness of the greatly-extolled plains which we were now traversing; but round them was a fulness of verdure which quite hid the yellow-washed houses. Signs of approaching a large city appeared as we rode on: the carriage of some rich person passed us, and also some hired carriages, with nondescript drivers, carrying their fares to their destinations. Mezzeh, a village outside Damascus, is virtually the commencement of the city, and a pleasant place it is, with vineyards, groves of olives, and clumps of fruit-trees of many kinds. The fields were irrigated by a canal from the river Barada, to which Damascus and the neighborhood owe their charms, and indeed their fitness for

<sup>1</sup> Deut. iii. 13; Josh. xiii. 30. <sup>2</sup> Judg. x. 3—5.



Water-fall on the Upper Course of the Barada or Ancient Abana. (See page 609.)



human habitation, for without this stream there could be only sterility. The sun shone from an unclouded heaven as we rode on, always at a walk, towards the city, over the same road, in all probability, as that along which the persecuting Saul was hurrying with his attendants when, on a day as bright as this, the Splendor of God, outshining even the noon, dazzled him to blindness, so that he fell to the ground, and heard the words "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"<sup>1</sup> Every feature of the surrounding landscape stood out in sharp distinctness—hills, bowers of green, towers, buildings, and houses, while on each side of the road, inside roughly-plastered walls which are no credit to the Damascus masons, great lines of fruit-trees stretched away in green perspective, with the slow waters of irrigating canals glittering underneath. In the west, behind us, rose the majestic Hermon, its blinding white crown reaching far up into the cloudless azure.

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## CHAPTER L.

### DAMASCUS.

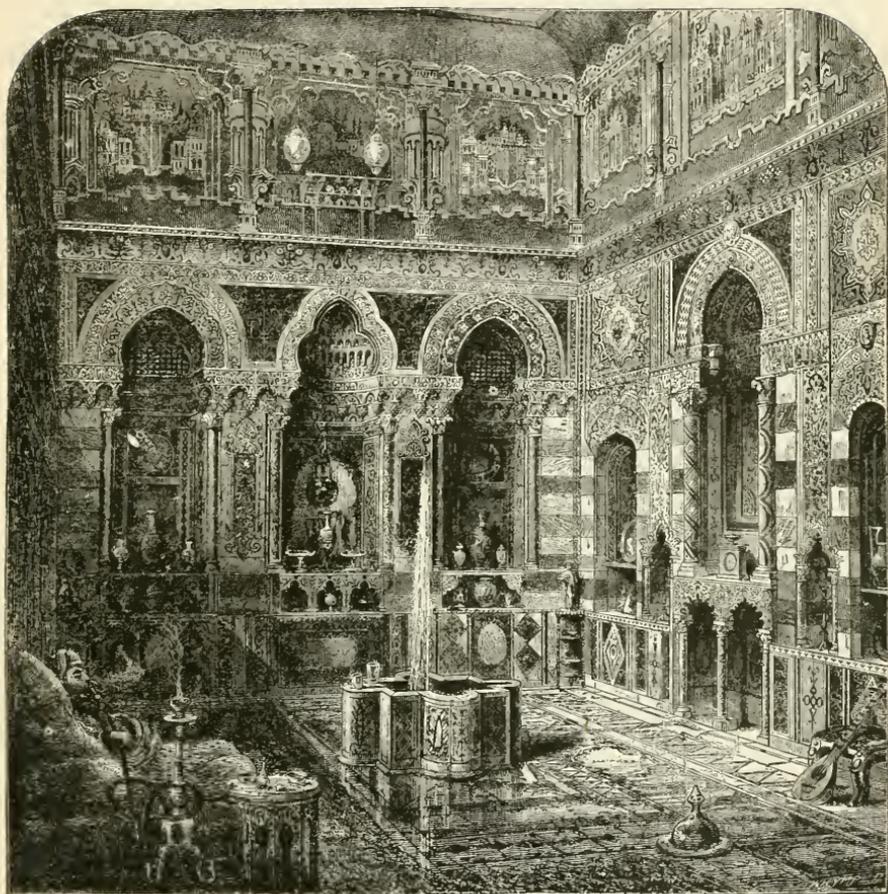
DAMASCUS lies hidden till the last behind a very wood of fruit-trees, interspersed with gardens—walnuts, apricots, figs, olives, pomegranates, apples, pears, cherries, and peaches mingling in rich confusion. The girdle of verdure round the city is about three miles in breadth, and deserves all the praise it has received as a magnificent display of the bounty of nature. Here, you come on an apparently endless grove of apricots. Yonder, on the banks of an irrigation canal, are long rows of poplars, which wave gently in the soft air. Further on is a thicket of every kind of fruit-tree, and, between, are patches of grain, tobacco, or vegetables. There is a small stream to cross almost every hundred yards. An alley of high walnut-trees, in blossom, lined the road for a great way, and, as might be expected in such a paradise of green, birds of all kinds are said to make music.

It is hard to realize the impression which such a glory of flower, and shrub, and tree must make on the weary caravan bands who arrive from Bagdad or Mecca, after their eyes have for weeks or months been tired with the monotonous tawny sand-waves of the desert or the scorched peaks of bare hills, as desolate as the sands around them; and when for weeks together they have been stinted for water in the

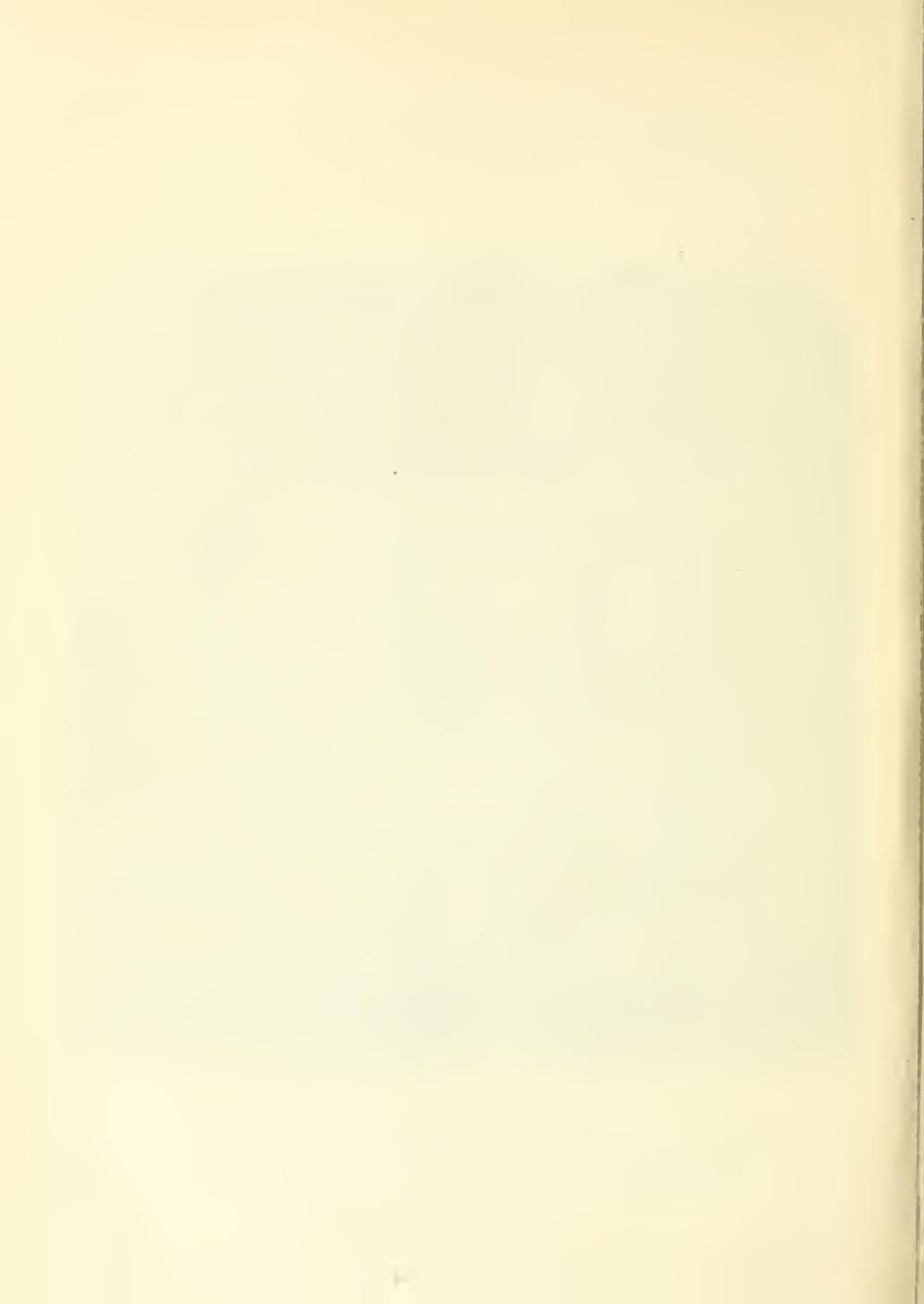
<sup>1</sup> Acts ix. 4.

burning heat. We must put ourselves in the place of those who have had such experiences to understand how naturally, and with what full sincerity, the apparently hyperbolic praises of Damascus have been given. To them it is, indeed, "the pearl of the East," "glorious as Eden," "fragrant as Paradise," "the plumage of the peacock," "the lustre on the neck of doves." Yet, compared with the environs of many European or American cities, those of Damascus would be thought hardly deserving such ecstatic praise. For, if nature be rich, art is wanting. There is no beauty except that which springs from the soil; no trim walls or fine houses; no general neatness. Nature has done much; man nothing. Disorder, semi-barbarism, and roughness mark universal neglect. Indeed, this is the characteristic of the whole city, for however splendid the interior of some houses may be, the outside is, apparently in every case, very humble, and generally in disrepair, probably from a desire to avert the cupidity of *caimacans* or *phasas*.

Troops of camels from Bagdad, with loads of tobacco and dates, lay outside the houses, which are finally approached by the road from Damascus to Beirut, made by a French company, and actually like a Western highway: a wonderful fact in Syria. Meadows sloped down, on the left, to the river, which flowed in a slow smooth stream, like a broad canal; flocks, horses, and cattle on this side; a promenade for the citizens on the other. Then came a hospice for pilgrims, built by Sultan Selim I. in 1516, covering a great space: a low building, the roof of which is a mass of small domes, with arches beneath; two slender minarets, with their balcony aloft for the muezzin when he calls to prayer, rising on one side. After a time, when we had crossed the river by a bridge, the scene was varied by open-air cafés, which were no more than an array of low stools set out in the shade of trees. The omnipresent water-carrier passed with his huge jar, or leather bottle, and brass cup, inviting you to purchase; men at the roadside sat behind a round table-head laid over a basket, displaying stores of thin "scones," made tasty with butter and grape-syrup, and sprinkled with sesame-seed, inviting customers now and again with the cry, "God is the Nourisher; buy my bread!" Ladies, veiled or unveiled, with Western parasols, rode by on asses, a bell or thick tassel hanging at the animal's neck, and the donkey-boy, stick in hand, at its heels; gossips sat in crowds, smoking water-pipes in the leafy shade; beggars, cross-legged, turbaned, and picturesque, squatted by the wayside, asking alms; passengers of both sexes, bent on many errands of business or pleasure, rode or walked, until finally we halted at the Victoria Hotel, close to the open space used as a horse-market: a two-storied house, with large, marble-paved rooms; the Barada flowing before the doors, between stone walls.



Reception Room of a Private House. (See page 611.)



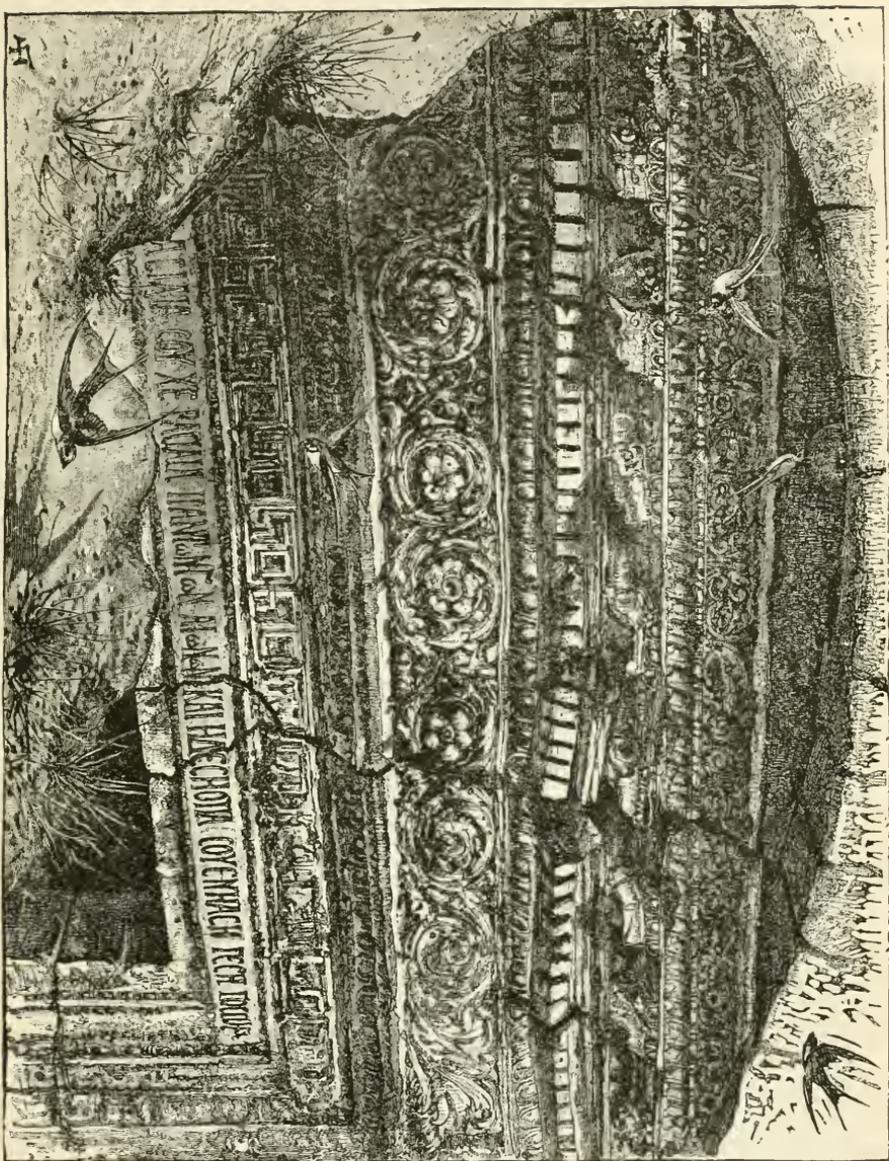
It is not too much to say that Damascus is the meanest-looking city I ever saw, as it shows itself from the streets. Day after day you hope to come on something respectable, but learn, to your surprise, that the humble, dilapidated streets, or dark, dirty bazaars, through which you have wandered, include the best parts of the place. Mud is the chief material of the houses, though stone could easily be obtained from the neighboring mountains. Some houses, and the mosques, are, indeed, of stone; but the bulk of the city can boast no prouder material than the sun-dried brick—that is, mud—of which the old city walls are built. Hence, though it is asserted that there are 500 mansions that may be called palaces, one would never suspect it, in riding through the narrow streets with scarcely any windows, and only low and mean-looking doors; the ground, a bed of dust in dry weather, and a quagmire after rain. Indeed, so perishable are the buildings generally, that the rains of each winter make great repairs necessary, while in summer they crack and crumble away in the dry heat.

The shops are mere holes at the sides of the streets, or bazaars, open in front, with their wares hung up, or spread out, before all passers-by. There is an old-clothes street which rivals Houndsditch. Saddle-bag shops, with the master and his helpers busy in what should be the window, sewing fresh stock, or mending what has been handed to them to repair; braziers, with a fine display of copper ewers, basins, trays, and bowls, sold by weight, the manufacture going on all the time, merrily, in the open arch or window, where the workmen sit beating and hammering, cross-legged, in turbans or tarbooshes; cooks, engaged in frying, seething, stewing, in the open air, or equally open cave, at a mud table, on the top of which are small holes for charcoal fires; butchers, with necks and legs of goat or mutton, the latter wonderfully small and uninviting—the heads of beasts being conspicuously absent, for no Oriental would eat them on any account; fruit-sellers, with a large but dusty show of the yield of Damascus orchards or vegetable gardens; huge stacks of crockery, neat, but brittle and unglazed; any quantity of bread, which you had better eat without seeing the process of baking; shoes for the pilgrims to Mecca; slippers for use at home or in the streets, and pattens to lift the fair sex above the mud or dust; piles of wheat in wayside granaries, open to the street; carpenters busy with hands and feet, for they steady their work with their toes, as they squat, while busy also with their hands; dyers, with little vats inside the open arch, hard at work at their craft, with hands subdued to the color they work in; piles of earthenware jars,—succeed each other in turn. The bazaars are simply great stone-arched lanes, dark enough to make detection of faults in anything purchased lamentably difficult. All trades, moreover, work more or less in the streets,

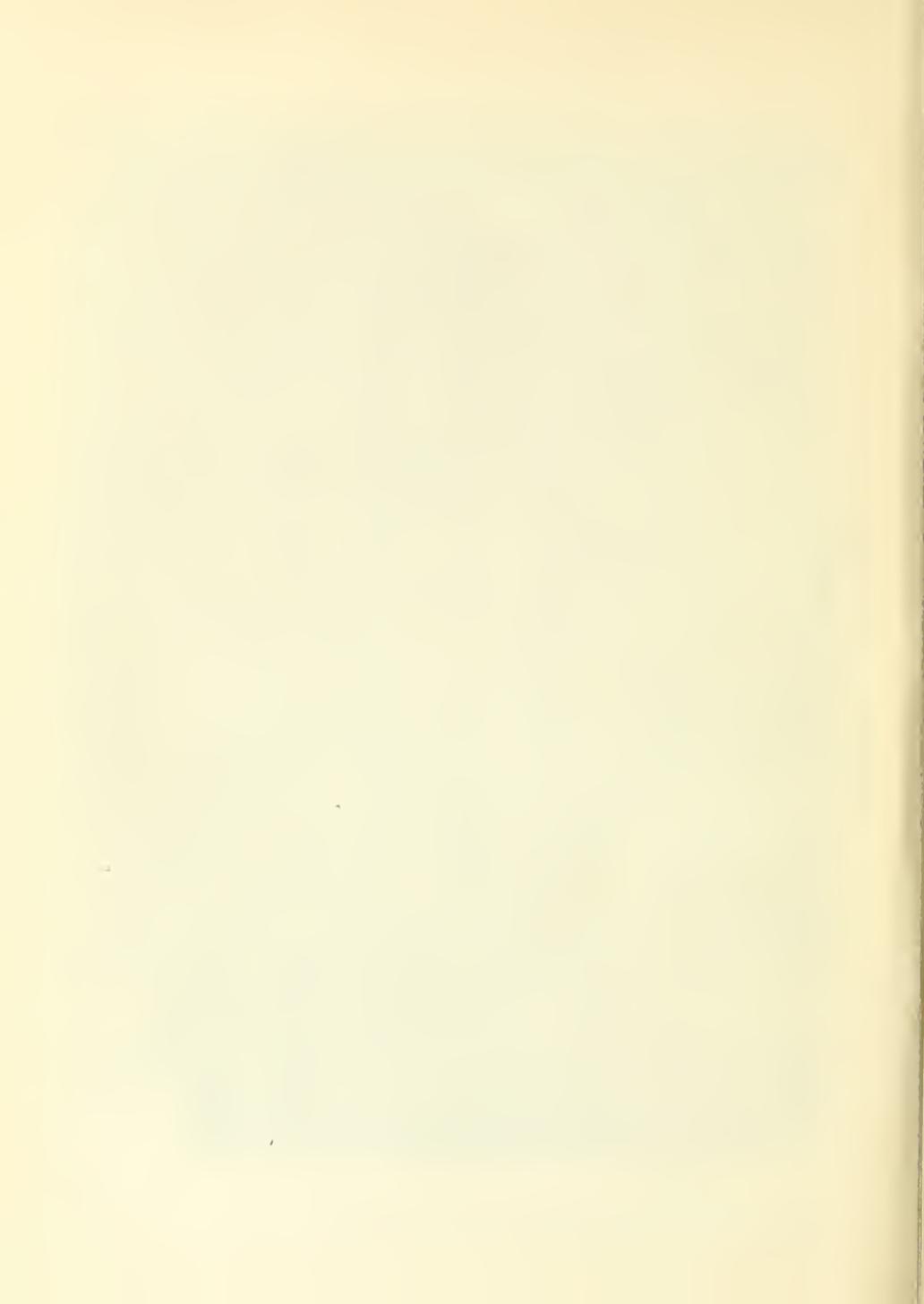
so that the sides of the roads are a varying picture of Eastern industry. Such, no doubt, was Jerusalem in Bible times, including those of our Lord. Many of the streets are roofed over, and they are often not more than eight feet broad; but everywhere is an indescribable air of decay and approaching ruin. In the side streets, the projecting stories often nearly touch each other; the successive advances on both sides propped up below by rough, thin poles, bent and unsightly, no tool having ever touched them. Straight lines in the projecting walls are not to be found; everything looks as if it had been done by the tenants themselves, in sublime indifference to the perpendicular or the horizontal. Under-foot the condition of things had better not be described. To get into the house of the Presbyterian missionary I had to circumnavigate a sea of horrors which no one in a civilized country could realize.

Yet, inside, the houses approached by such unspeakable filth were at times very fine. One, built by a rich Jew, long dead, had a great room of marble inlaid with countless small mirrors and endless precious stones; the snowy white of the marble showing these off to great effect. The cost of such a chamber must have been immense. Another, which was entered by an old, mean door, full of nails, from a street redolent of something very different from the perfumes of Araby—with high walls on each side, the roughest of pavements, and the poorest of shops—was, itself, delightfully clean. A court paved with marble had in its centre an octagonal fountain, with tiles round it; a lemon-tree rich with fruit rose in one corner; a cypress in another; and a jessamine clung to the walls. In the hall stood a great carved chest, the wardrobe of the mistress of the family, which she had brought as a bride. At the side, a door, a step up, opened into the divan, or company room, with a stone floor raised another step, and covered with fine mats; a sofa-like seat built along both sides, close to the wall, and adorned with cushions of shawl-patterned stuff, while the back of the room rose still higher, and had similar accommodations. On entering such a chamber visitors take off their shoes or slippers; partly from respect to the host, but still more because prayer may have been said in the room, making it holy ground. The house of the British Consul was much more splendid, though not more Oriental, with the same large court and fountain, but also arcades of marble pillars, inlaid with variegated marbles over the arches, and great marble rooms. Yet here, again, the approach was wretched and the outside poor.

A huge pile of stones, inside a high wall, but rising above it, lay on my way; it was a cairn raised over the supposed grave of Cain; every one casting a stone on the heap, in execration of the first murderer. In the same way, as I have already said, the Hebrews piled stones over



Gateway With Greek Inscription. (See page 612.)



the burial place of Achan,<sup>1</sup> in the valley of Achor, in the plain of Jericho; and thus they treated the King of Ai.<sup>2</sup> Thus, also, "they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him."<sup>3</sup> So, further, Jeremiah, speaking of his fate, tells us, "they have cut off my life in the dungeon, and cast a stone upon me."<sup>4</sup> There are no stately gates at Damascus, as in Cairo or Jerusalem, and even the mud walls of the city exist only in detached portions. Houses are still built on these, with windows projecting, so as to make it easy for anyone, even now, to escape, as St. Paul did, by being let down in a basket,<sup>5</sup> or as the spies were let down from the walls of Jericho.<sup>6</sup> One window is, indeed, pointed out as that from which St. Paul descended, but the tradition is worthless.

Damascus has been from the earliest ages a chief centre of trade between East and West, and it still connects Bagdad with Constantinople and Cairo, by its numerous caravans. But the discovery of the sea-route to India, by the Cape of Good Hope, gave a serious blow, not only to the commerce of the Italian cities, Venice and Genoa, but also to that of Damascus, which had absorbed most of the trade with farther Asia till this new path to the East was opened. But if the caravans have grown fewer, there has of late years been a proportionately great advance in traffic with the West, by means of the French road opened from Damascus to Beirut. Native industry, once famous for its silks and arms, is now almost driven from the market by European competition. The wares of Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham crowd the bazaars; those of Germany and France, also, are well represented. But the decay of the silk and arms manufactures must not be imputed wholly to Western rivalry. When the Tartar prince, Timur, took Damascus, in A.D. 1400, he carried away many thousand silk-weavers and arm-smiths to Samarcand, his capital, just as Nebuchadnezzar did with the best mechanics of all kinds in Jerusalem, in his first deportation of its inhabitants.<sup>7</sup>

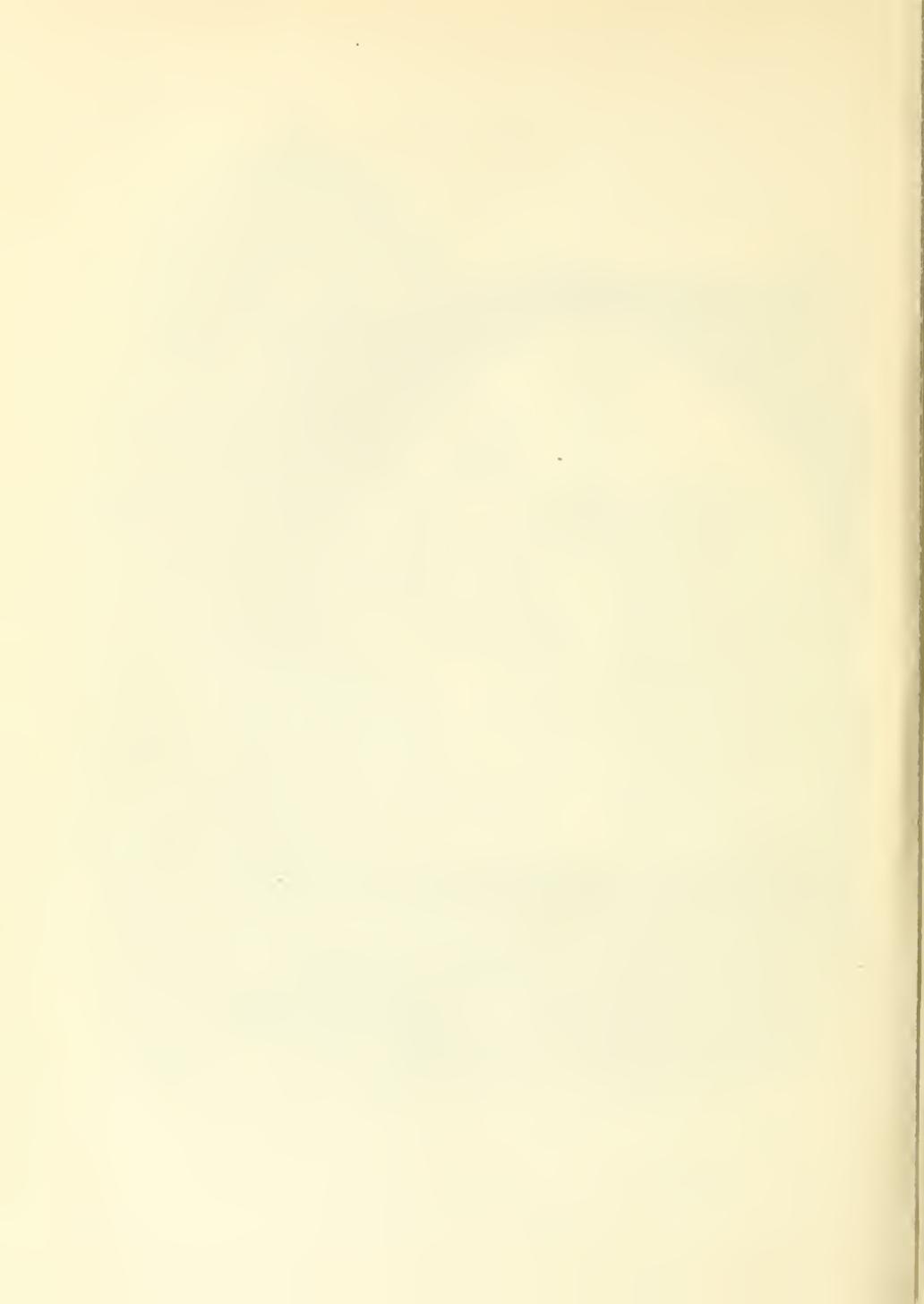
As in Cairo, though to a smaller extent, the most motley crowds are to be seen in the streets. Thick-lipped negroes, tattooed Arab women, Bedouins with fiery eyes and tawny beards, Jews with sleepy steps and cowed looks, Damascenes in every variety of colored turban and dress; women with great figured veils covering them all over, making the head look wonderfully like that of a grasshopper or locust; and not a few people with fair hair and blue eyes, natives of I know not what countries—throng past, helping one to imagine how it must have been in ancient Jerusalem, when that city was in its glory. Nothing could be more striking to a traveller from the West than the

<sup>1</sup> Josh. vii. 26. <sup>2</sup> Josh. viii. 29. <sup>3</sup> 2 Sam. xviii. 17. <sup>4</sup> Lam. iii. 53. <sup>5</sup> Acts ix. 25. <sup>6</sup> Josh. ii. 15. <sup>7</sup> 2 Kings xxiv. 14.

differences of feature, complexion, and dress. Nearly every religious sect has its own color of turban—blue, white, red, or green. Mixed with the turbans you see the mortar-like crimson tarboosh, or Turkish cap, with its tassel; the peaked felt headgear of the dervish; the “kefiyeh” of the Arab, with its band of soft camels’-wool rope; the black hat of the Greek clergy, with the rim at the top; and the broad dark wideawake of the European. Rich and poor, in grand array or in humble, on foot or on horse or ass, fill all the streets and bazaars. Here a well-fed Moslem, whose turban shows he has been to Mecca, strides on with slow pride, counting the beads of his rosary as he goes; yonder is a band of thick-veiled women, with colored “izars” all over them, completely hiding the human shape; their yellow slippers, without heels, the only other articles of dress to be seen. Now, a lean ass, generally very small, patters by, with two or three small half-naked brown boys astride it; presently, a Bedouin passes by on his horse; he and it equally gay and wild in their trappings. Everywhere the tradesmen and mechanics squat, out of doors or in the middle of their stock—the grocer, for instance, on some elevation inside his open arch, smoking, trading, reading, writing, or gossiping. As in ancient Jerusalem, each trade has its own street or bazaar. The saddle-market has its display of straps, girths, great spade-like stirrup-irons, huge bits, silver-embroidered pistol-holsters, and gay saddles with peaks before and behind; the coppersmiths hammer their wares into shape in a quarter of their own, some of their great trays measuring nearly six feet across; the second-hand dealers flourish in a market given up to them, offering everything one can imagine, like our marine stores; the Greek bazaar is devoted to sellers of weapons, shawls, carpets, clothing, and antiquities of which most were made yesterday; the street of the tailors is filled with busy knights of the needle, who display in their shops, or, rather, windowless holes, not only Eastern but European clothing, velvet caps, fezzes, white linen skull-caps, and brightly-dyed Persian and European stockings. The water-pipe sellers also have a street to themselves; some of their pipes rude enough, others gaily decorated on the long flexible tube, and mounted with gold or silver wire. A long row of stalls is sacred to the drapers; another row to the booksellers, a very bigoted set, too proud, in many cases, even to answer an unbeliever who may ask them a question as to their stock; and, not to mention others, there is the cloth bazaar, where all the materials of outside dress can be had in endless variety. There are no counters, anywhere, nor does any customer enter the shop. The dealer sits in wait for him, reading his Koran till he appear, or smoking a water-pipe hired from some street-purveyor of such articles, or repeating his prayers, or gossiping with his neighbor, turning with sublime slowness and condescension to anyone who stops to examine his goods, but never, or very rarely, rising.



Saladin's Tomb. (See page 615.)



The cabinet-makers struck me as peculiarly skilful in their art. Chests, tables, and the pattens used at Damascus, finely inlaid with mother-of-pearl, lay temptingly before their recesses. The shoemakers display long rows of sharp-pointed slippers and boots, of soft red or yellow leather: the slippers for women elegantly set off with all kinds of ornament. The perfumery shops are European in their appearance. Barbers, high and low, abound; in many cases performing their rites in the street, where you may see a grave Moslem sitting sedately while every part of his head is shaved except the one tuft by which he is to be pulled to his knees, after death, by the angel to whom he has to render an account of his life. The food bazaars are well supplied with ordinary bread, sweet cakes, milk, sugar, coffee, butcher's meat, and the fruits and vegetables of the season. Not to speak of oranges from Sidon and Joppa, or of dates from Cairo—dried figs, apricots, cherries, plums, grapes, pomegranates, almonds, and apples are all offered in abundance as they ripen, for at Damascus hardly a month is without its own fruit.

Like Christians, and probably from having adopted New Testament conceptions, the Moslem pictures heaven as having a great central metropolis, through which flows a river of crystal water, overshadowed by all kinds of trees, and giving off its irrigating streams all around. Standing on the edge of the waterless desert, Damascus has in all ages seemed to the Arabs, and Orientals generally, to realize this vision; nor, as I have said, can we readily conceive the vivid impression it creates in races who, outside its oasis, know only of sandy wastes where life is endurance rather than enjoyment. The source of this contrast is the river Barada—the Abana of the story of Naaman<sup>1</sup>—which rises in the uppermost heights of the Lebanon chain, and flows over the rocky plateau between the giant mass of Hermon and the main body of the mountains, to the north. Streams from both sides fall into it on its way, as it glides on towards the east, where the land is low and open, receiving still more tributaries on its course, and itself dividing into numerous natural and artificial arms. These, however, for the most part, afterwards reunite, and the whole stream finally loses itself in a marshy tract, interspersed with lakes, on the western edge of the great desert. Some miles farther south, a smaller river, rising in Lebanon, flows to the east, gathering on its way numerous streams from both sides, and finally vanishes in another swampy lake, south of that in which the Abana, or Amana, is lost. This is the Pharpar, Naaman's second river.<sup>2</sup> The wide plain watered by this network of rivulets and by these two main arteries, is the "Damascus Country;" and, as may readily be imagined, this fulness of water-supply turns into "a garden of God" what would, otherwise, be only a

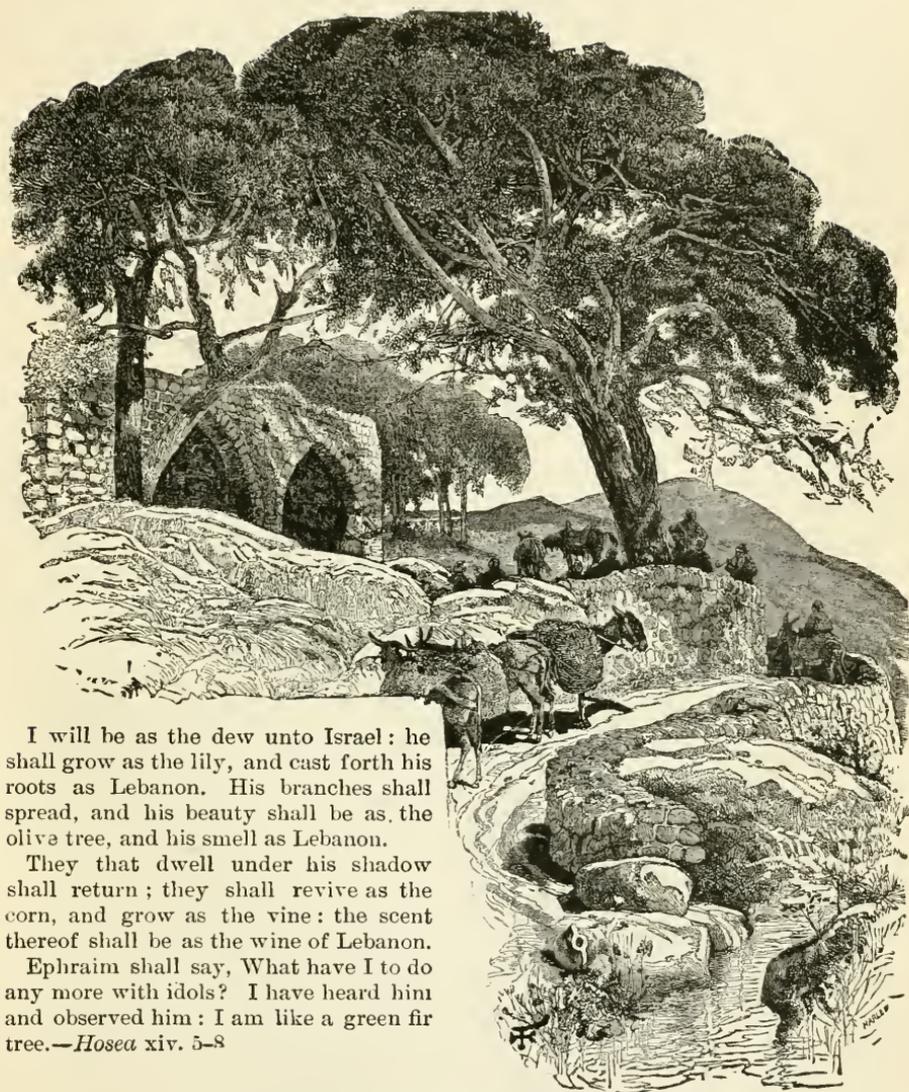
1 2 Kings v. 12. 2 2 Kings v. 12.

part of the great Syrian desert. Rich in any country, such a region is beyond the praise of words in the thirsty East, and hence, in all ages, Damascus—built on one of the main streams of the Abana—has withstood all vicissitudes, and it is still the busy hive of perhaps 150,000 inhabitants, although in past ages it has been repeatedly destroyed. The Damascenes are proud in the extreme of their rivers and of a remotely ancient system of irrigation connected with them, which provides every house with running water, and, according to local tradition, existed before the city itself was built. It is easy therefore, to understand the haughty outburst of Naaman, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"<sup>1</sup>

Damascus lies more than 2,000 feet above the sea, but is cut off from the cool sea wind by chains of mountains, while, on the other hand, it is open to the burning air of the desert. Its damp atmosphere, moreover, especially after sunset, exposes it to fevers. In winter it is sometimes cold; snow being not unknown, while fuel is scarce. Great mounds of dung stretch along outside the city wall, to be used as fuel for heating baths and ovens, showing that wood is not to be easily had. In the height of summer, the prevalent uncleanness of the streets, as well as the decay of vegetation, poisons the air with miasma; the services of hordes of town dogs, which eat up all kinds of carrion and garbage, alone preventing a periodical visit of the plague.

There are various "quarters" in the city, as in other Oriental towns. That of the Jews still lies, as in the days of the apostles, near "the street which is call Straight,"<sup>2</sup> originally a noble avenue, with a broad road in the middle, and a line of portico, like that of the Rue Rivoli in Paris, at each side. Now, however, only the portico on one side is open; the remainder being covered with houses or otherwise enclosed, although the great triple gate at one end of the street shows the original design. Some of the houses in the Jews' quarter, though mean enough externally, are wonderfully fine within. One of them showed what the mansion of a rich Oriental is like, better even than the rich houses I had already seen. At the outer entrance, a doorkeeper had his quarters, opening the wooden gate only after repeated knockings, like the porter who watches the gate in the parable of our Lord.<sup>3</sup> The court, when entrance was finally gained, proved to be paved with polished slabs of basalt, marble, and other costly stones. A fountain, and a flowing stream, with shrubs and trees, cooled the air. Round the open space rose the walls of the mansion, beautifully adorned with sculpture, but, fine as they were, they were altogether transcended by the interior. Mirrors, marble pillars, arabesques, and mother-of-pearl attracted in turn; the ceiling, of fine wood, as high as that of many a

<sup>1</sup> The Abana is further noticed in Canticles, where we read of the "top of Amanah" that is, the mountain in Anti-Lebanon from which the river springs. <sup>2</sup> Acts ix. 11. <sup>3</sup> Mark xiii. 34.



I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon.

They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.

Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? I have heard him and observed him: I am like a green fir tree.—*Hosea* xiv. 5-8

CAFE ON A STREET OF LEBANON. (See page 616.)



village church, was richly gilded. Like the poor mud huts outside the city, the show chamber was divided into a higher and a lower portion. A stream of crystal water murmurs through the under half in many houses, though it was absent in this one. Two or three marble steps led up to the chief seats. Costly carpets were spread over the floor, and a divan, covered with silken cushions, ran along three sides of the wall. The "chief room" in such mansions often consists of three halls; that is, of a covered room at each side, and a wide open space between, forming, together, one side of the hollow square of the entire house. On the flat roof, which is protected by a strong breast-work, it is very common to sleep in the heat of summer, steps leading up to this retreat from the outer court, and often, also, from within the mansion.

The contrast between the palaces of the Jewish merchants and the buildings of the Christian quarter is great. Looking over the latter from an elevated position, one sees from the ruins of churches, monasteries, streets, and rows of mansions, which, nearly fifty years ago, lay in hideous confusion, that it has by no means even yet regained the prosperity that formerly marked it. On the 9th of July, 1860, the Mahommedan rabble, stirred up by the chiefs of their faith, broke loose on the Christian population and massacred more than 8,000 of them. Twelve churches, various monasteries, and nearly 4,000 houses were destroyed in the outbreak; the pillars of the great Greek church being actually broken into small pieces by the wild fury of the mob. Outside the city, a low, whitewashed, square building at the roadside, with no windows, but only a door and one or two small square holes in the walls, contains all that is left of the victims. Bits of biers, clothing, and the wreck of human bodies are still to be seen when one looks in, and, even yet, the stench of corruption is overpowering. I never saw anything so horrible as that charnel-house. Fanaticism has not actually broken out since, but the spirit of the people is shown only too plainly by their firing at the walls of Christian tombs, whenever they get a chance.

There are very few fine buildings in Damascus; the great mosque, indeed, is the only one worth seeing. Originally a Christian church, as early as A.D. 400, the ground was seized by the Moslems soon after their conquest of Syria, and the church having been in great measure pulled down, the mosque, which is reckoned one of the wonders of the Mahommedan world, was raised in its place, only small parts of the original building being left. One of these, the top of the great gate, is still to be seen, by clambering to the top of one of the booths in the bazaar of the booksellers; the rich carving showing how magnificent the whole structure must have been. Over the gate—that is, over what is seen of it—there runs, in Greek, on a level with the flat roofs

of the bazaar shops, the touching legend so bitterly falsified in this particular instance: "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and His dominion endureth from generation to generation." But we may safely take it as a prophecy, in this case, of the future resurrection of Christianity from the grave in which it has so long lain buried in Damascus, for the words must some day come true!

One of the present gates of the mosque is so heavy that it takes five men to open or shut it, and everything else is on the same scale. Wonderful mosaics look down from the walls; wood-carving of the finest abounds, and the great pillars look grand, in spite of their drapery of whitewash. The plan of the mosque is that of a basilica, or ancient Christian church: a nave with two aisles, formed by two rows of pillars, and a transept with four massive pillars of colored marble. The dome towers high aloft, but, like everything around, it is in a state of decay. On the south side is a row of arched windows, filled with beautiful stained glass, and beneath these are prayer-niches, turned in the direction of Mecca. But the great gate still shows the Christian origin of the whole vast fabric, for on it you may see a chalice and paten, in bronze. In its glory, the mosque must have been very fine. The Khalif el Welid, by whom it was built, adorned its interior with a lavish hand, studding it with columns of granite, syenite, marble, and porphyry, brought to Damascus at a huge cost. Much, however, of the early splendor is gone. The original gigantic cupola was burnt; the present one being an inferior restoration. The first pavement was of mosaic, the work of a Byzantine artist. Seventy-four stained glass windows threw a rich dim light over the aisles and nave. Great hospices were built round the walls, for the entertainment of the countless pilgrims who flocked to the spot, and the ritual of worship increased in splendor with the fame of the sanctuary. The mosque soon became a place where prayer never ceased. The reading of the Koran, and supplication, says an Arabic chronicler of the fourteenth century, were never intermitted, either by day or by night; 600 orthodox Moslems being paid for constant attendance, that an audience should never be wanting. A single prayer in this mosque was affirmed to be worth more than thirty thousand elsewhere; the place being so holy that Allah would preserve it forty years after the rest of the world was destroyed, that men might still pray to him in it.

Damascus is first mentioned in the Bible as the place where Abraham bought the slave whom he made his steward.<sup>1</sup> It is said that the patriarch, who was at the head of a powerful tribe, made himself master of the then feeble town, but this may be only an unfounded tradition. We next hear of the city when the "Syrians of Damascus came to succor Hadadezer, king of Zobah," in the reign of David, who

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xv, 2,



Gate of the Tunnel Under Great Temple Court in Baalbek. (See page 618.)



soon after defeated their army and made himself master of their territory,<sup>1</sup> putting "garrisons in Syria of Damascus," and receiving tribute from it. But this state of things did not last long, for a revolt under one Rezin seems to have re-established the independence of Syria, in the days of Solomon.<sup>2</sup> The feud thus early begun between Damascus and Israel continued till the Syrian capital was finally taken by Assyria; the history both of the Ten Tribes and of Judah being greatly occupied with the invasions of their territory by the relentless Syrian foe. One inroad took place under Baasha, the northern kingdom being then assailed; while under Omri it was so weakened that the Damascenes obtained the right of opening a trade quarter in Samaria.<sup>3</sup> Benhadad II., pushing matters still further, actually besieged Samaria under Ahab, but was in the end forced to become for a time that king's dependent.<sup>4</sup> Three years later, however, Ahab met his death while besieging Ramoth Gilead, which had not been yielded to him, as it ought to have been under the treaty.<sup>5</sup> Under Hazael, Syria once more "oppressed Israel greatly," the king extending his inroads over Judah also.<sup>6</sup> For a time, after this, victory followed the Hebrews, but in the end, Pul, of Assyria, took Damascus and closed the struggle.

Mahommedanism is nowhere more bigoted than in Damascus; hence missionary work makes little apparent progress in winning converts from that faith, though I was told that some had secretly become Christians. But such proselytes are of little worth, even if they really exist, for if a man has not the courage to confess his faith, he helps error rather than the truth he claims to have embraced. Much, however, is being done in the city. The Irish Presbyterian Church has two missionaries, with, I understood, seventy communicants, but not from among the Moslems; and it also has schools in Damascus and the villages round it. A Bedouin Mission, under the Church Missionary Society, cares for the Arabs of the Haurân; its admirable agent, the Rev. W. F. Connor, by his arduous journeys from camp to camp, over a great district, amidst much fatigue of body and mind, and with great self-denial alike in food and lodging, helping to bring before us features of the early efforts of Christianity in these very regions, when the Church was scattered abroad everywhere, preaching the Gospel.<sup>7</sup> There are also a Jews' Mission, with a large Sunday-school; a Medical Mission from the Edinburgh Society for such work; a vigorous branch of the British Syrian school organization, with 150 girls under instruction; and a Blind School, with forty-five poor little sightless scholars. There is, besides, a boys' school, with an attendance of 135. Good is thus being done, beyond question.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Sam. viii. 5, 6; 1 Chron. xviii. 5, 6. <sup>2</sup> 1 Kings xi. 23—25. <sup>3</sup> 1 Kings xv. 19, 20; xx. 34. <sup>4</sup> 1 Kings xx. 13—34. <sup>5</sup> 1 Kings xxii. 1—4, 15—37. <sup>6</sup> 2 Kings viii. 28, 29; x. 32, 33; xii. 17, 18; Amos vi. 1, 2. <sup>7</sup> Acts viii. 4.

The view of Damascus from any lofty roof in the city is very striking. A vast sea of low, flat-roofed houses, with innumerable small domes rising from them like so many bubbles, stretches out on every side, the minarets and cupolas of nearly 200 mosques standing up from among them. Round this human hive a broad band of green marks the far-famed gardens, which, however, are very different from our beautifully kept grounds; owing much more to nature than to either art or care. In the distance, to the west, the silver head of Hermon glitters in the upper sky. To the north rise frightfully desolate and barren mountains, a vivid contrast to the laughing fertility of the plain at their feet. Eastwards, there stretches out beyond the horizon a great plain, alternating in tracts of luscious meadow, rich corn-field, and stony pasture. At the foot of the northern hills, on a site higher than that of Damascus, the rich suburb, Salahiyyeh, attracts the eye: a favorite resort in summer for the richer classes of the city, when the heat makes removal desirable alike for health and comfort.

With all the neglect of which they show signs, the gardens, in such regions, are a wonderful attraction, with their many spots of romantic beauty, where nature has its own way and water is abundant. You come in one place upon a broad stream, embowered in green, with a verdant island rising in the midst of the waters, and crowned by a mill. Farther on, part of the stream rushes along in a deeper bed; elsewhere, another arm of the river flows gently beneath bending trees. Over the banks there is, it may be, a balcony projecting from some suburban house or mansion, a lounging-place where coffee and nargilehs beguile the afternoon. The charm of such a retreat in the dry, fiery summer may be imagined. The Moslem thinks he realizes, in these many colored groves and shining waters, the ideal of paradise in the Koran, as a place of shady trees overhanging crystal streams; and, very possibly, the imagery of Mahomet was drawn from the sights that met him round Damascus, for they are nowhere else to be seen. But the paradise is only an earthly one, for in the summer time, when its coolness and beauty are of greatest value, the moist air is filled with countless stinging insects. Fevers, also, and other maladies are more plentiful than elsewhere. Hence Europeans, as far as possible, leave the city in the hot months, and seek a home in the mountains, as is also done at Beirout. Yet there are few places in the world so famous for fruit as this region. Here flourish apricots, cherries, almonds, plums, apples, pears, walnuts, pomegranates, mulberries, pistachio-nuts, olives, citrons, and magnificent grapes, of which latter is made a wine much prized throughout Syria. Eight larger arms of the Abana flow through the plain west of the city, and there are, besides, many noble springs which burst from the ground at different parts.

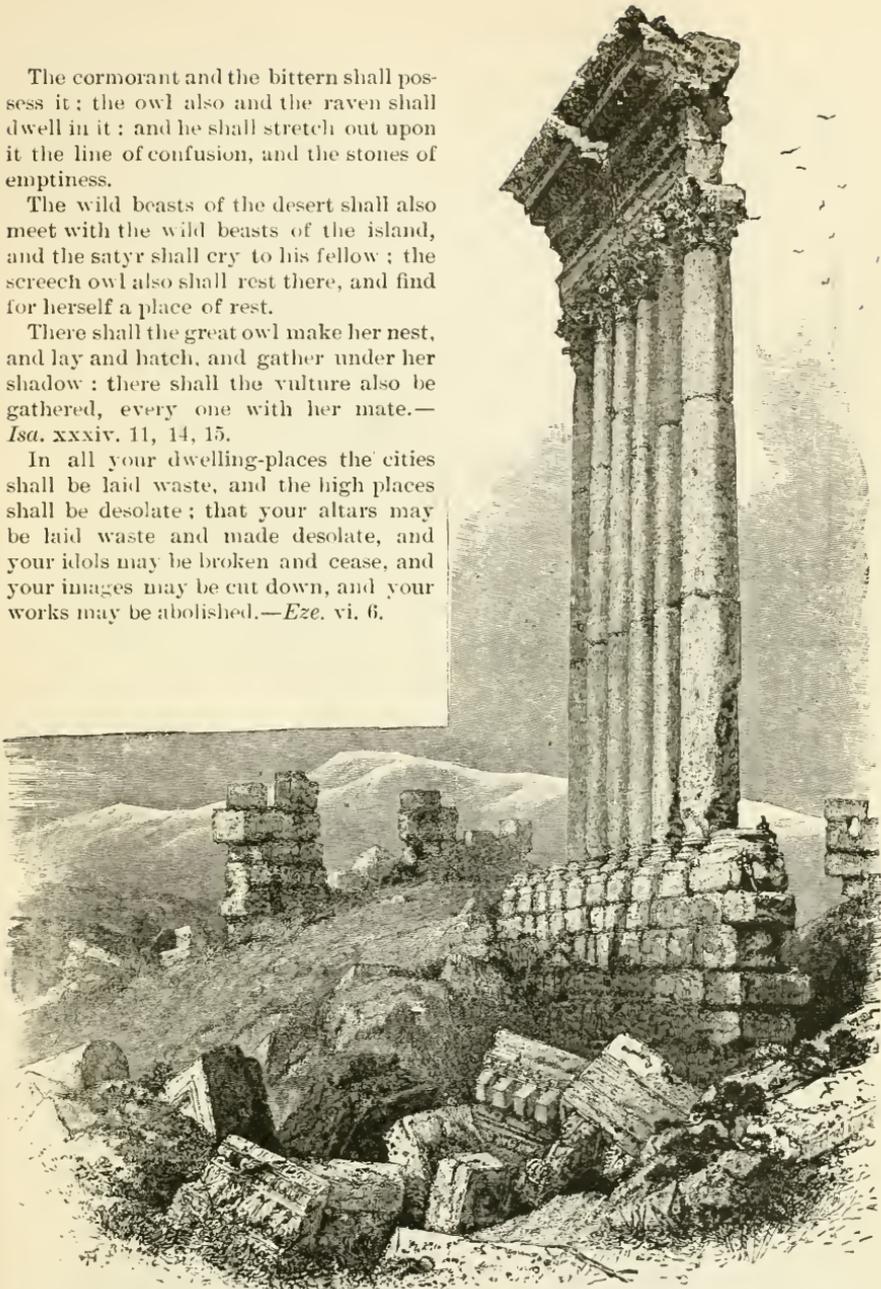
Before leaving Damascus I paid a visit to the tomb of Saladin,

The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it ; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it : and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness.

The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow ; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest.

There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay and hatch, and gather under her shadow : there shall the vulture also be gathered, every one with her mate.—*Isa. xxxiv. 11, 14, 15.*

In all your dwelling-places the cities shall be laid waste, and the high places shall be desolate ; that your altars may be laid waste and made desolate, and your idols may be broken and cease, and your images may be cut down, and your works may be abolished.—*Eze. vi. 6.*



THE SIX REMAINING COLUMNS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF BAALBEK. (See page 618.)



which I was able to see through the influence of some friends. It stands in a paved court near the great mosque, in a detached building, neglected and in very bad repair. Inside a moderately-sized chamber stood a raised tomb, very simple, built of inlaid slabs of marble: the whole about five feet high, with raised stones at each end; a huge green turban crowning that at the head. The old turban, they said, was underneath, but fresh swathings being added as each earlier one decays, the whole has now come to a vast circumference. At the side of Saladin's modest resting-place was that of his most famous general, but this tomb was still in the humble original wood, now nearly 900 years old.<sup>1</sup> On this also, at the head, rested a huge green turban. Such was all that remained of the glory of the favorite lieutenant of the great Sultan of Egypt and of Syria, and of that Sultan himself, the destroyer of the Christian empire of Palestine, but the most chivalrous of foes. The mouldered form that lay so near me had once led a victorious army into Damascus, Aleppo, Edessa, Nisibis, and Jerusalem, and had received the swords of the captive knights and princes of Christendom, after the great battle of Hattin. Once the glory of Islam and the equal foe of the mightiest kings, a lonely tomb now holds all his greatness! I could not help thinking of the grand lines on Hannibal's glory in life and nothingness in death, in the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

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## CHAPTER LI.

### BAALBEK AND THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

BEFORE leaving Damascus a curious illustration of the cost of war crossed my way. A British hussar officer accompanied by a veterinary surgeon arrived at the hotel, on a mission to the city to purchase 300 horses for the force in the Soudan sent to rescue General Gordon. From Damascus they were going to Barbary, on the same errand, and they asked my friend the army surgeon to go with them. I afterwards found that a great number of the students of the American College at Beirut had been appointed interpreters for our troops, and were away with them on the weary ascent of the Nile towards Khartoum!

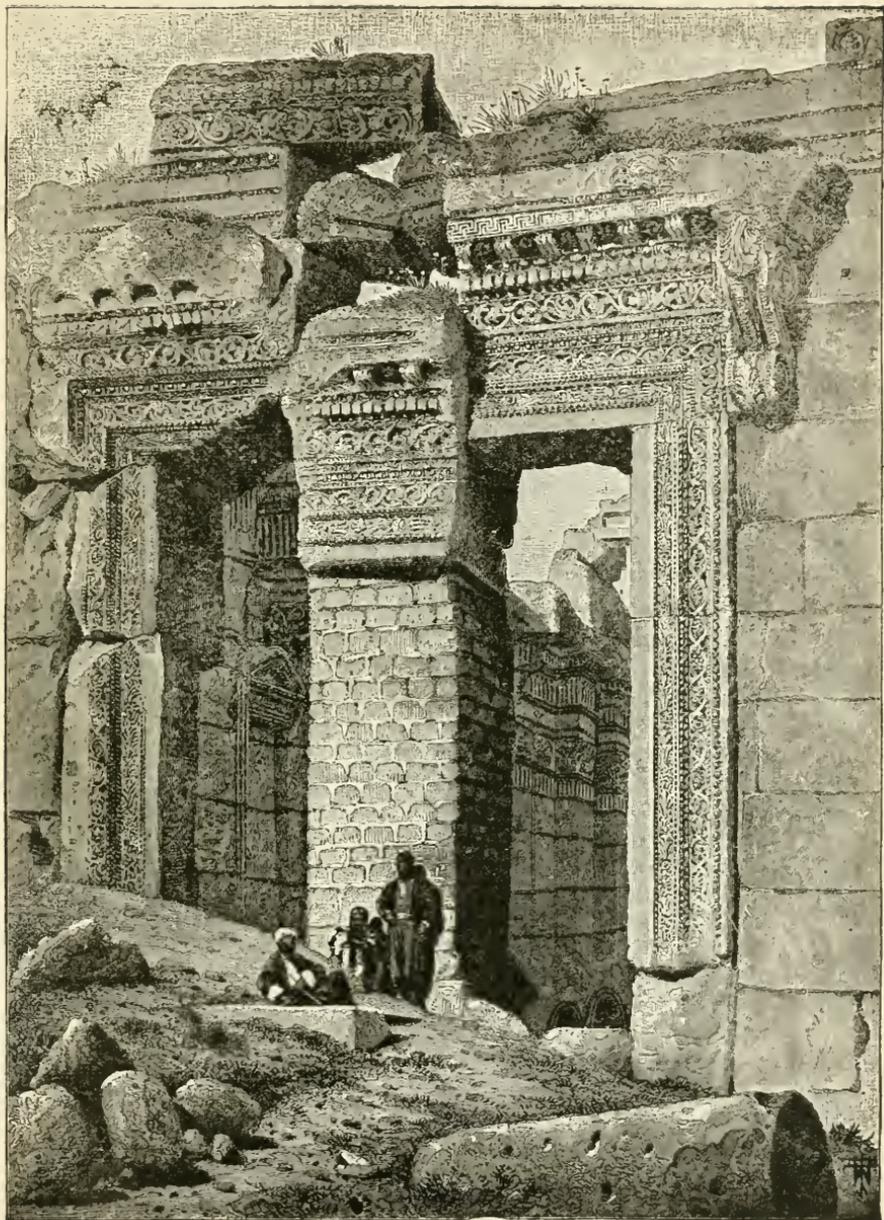
The diligence from Damascus to the coast started at half-past four in the morning, long before daylight. We were tired of tents, our experience in the entomological direction having been very unpleasant.

<sup>1</sup> Saladin was born about 1137, and died in 1193, being only fifty-six.

The road was excellent: the diligence horrible. I was perched aloft behind the driver, with two companions, in a space which could scarcely by any squeezing hold three. My companion had a seat inside, looking out through a window in front at the horses' tails. It was delightful, however, to sit, after the weariness of long weeks on horseback at a walk; and the rate at which we swept on kept one supplied with plenty of novelty in the landscape, after light had revealed the country round. The journey for five hours was up and down the long slopes of Lebanon, which rose and fell in seemingly endless succession. How far the road is above the sea at its highest point, I do not know, but it certainly climbs thousands of feet. Six horses, or horses and mules, dragged us upwards, very rarely ceasing to trot at a good rate. It was curious, as the day went on, to see European agency at various points—watering-carts, rollers to crush the stones on the road into smoothness, and wheelbarrows to carry material hither or thither. The stations were well built of stone, but there was no provision for refreshment. The driver faced the cold in a fur coat and manifold wrappings; and his assistant, at his side, covered his head with a "kefiyeh" and placidly slept, snug in coat over coat.

Our goal, on the way to Baalek, was Shtora, a small village in the magnificent plain that runs up between the two chains of Lebanon. At a small station-house at the roadside, a Montenegrin host offered refreshments prepared by his wife, a Greek; and to make the spot still more cosmopolitan, our fellow-guests were a German and his wife from Constantinople, where they were in business. Sheep must be abundant at Shtora, if one may judge from the huge array of stewed sheep's kidneys served at dinner: the one but ample dish. Fruit, and wine afterwards, completed the meal.

The Bekaa, or "the Cleft," as the broad valley on the edge of which Shtora lies, close under the western hills, is called, is a broad plain, known anciently as Cœle-Syria, or "Hollow Syria." In ages long past every part of this magnificent sweep of country, and far up the mountains on each side of it, was richly cultivated; and it is still at many parts green with crops, or rich with vineyards and gardens, though the population is not sufficient to use more than a small space of its wide surface. The road to Baalbek, simply a track with no artificial improvement, runs to the north along the foot of the hills, some of which, on both sides, rise into magnificent mountains. Our conveyance was a wretched affair, with seats of American cloth, so narrow and smooth that it was almost impossible to keep one's seat on them, and the two sides so close together that they could only have been occupied by passengers fitting their knees into each other, like the teeth of two combs. Luckily there was only one other passenger besides the doctor and myself, so that this trouble was escaped. The



Portal of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek. (See page 618.)



roof barely allowed us to sit up straight, but we could lean to one side. Had there been six travellers, as there are, I suppose, at times, figs in a box would not have been packed more closely than we should have been. Flat-roofed villages, chiefly built of stone, with great cattle-houses, brightened the slopes at intervals. Stems of vines trained along the ground, but not yet budding, spoke of future grape gathering; orchards of apricots, peaches, figs, pears, and many other fruit-trees abounded; brooks rushed down the hills, or flowed peacefully on their course to the Litany through fields which they fertilized; shining in great bends in the midst of the plain. The men were soberly dressed in jackets and baggy trousers; but the women were like so many tulips in their brightness and variety of color.

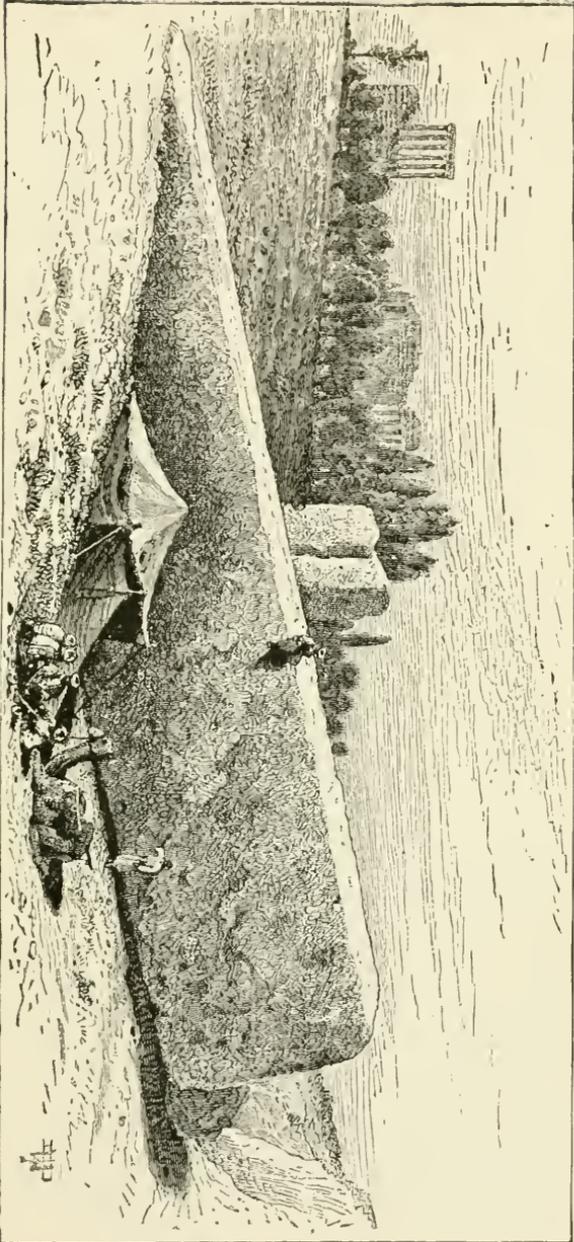
The driver, a mere lad, showed himself an adept at roguery. On changing horses he flatly refused to take us any farther without a present of quite a sum of money, and we were ultimately forced to give it, but he paid dearly for his cleverness. The teacher of the American school at Baalbek, hearing of the swindle, begged us to go with him to the Turkish kadi, who gave us speedy redress. Summoning before him the representative of the omnibus, who lived in the village, he made him, then and there, refund us what had been charged beyond the legal fare: a matter of joy to the schoolmaster, to whom we handed it over as our subscription to his Mission.

It was afternoon before we drew up at Baalbek, after stopping a short distance from it to look at a circular "weli," or place of prayer, with polished red granite columns carried off from the ancient temple. No interest attaches to this confused theft from antiquity. "The Victoria Hotel," at which we rested, is clean and comfortable enough when you get into your bedroom, but the entrance is like that of a stable-yard. Clean beds and good plain fare, however, left no ground for complaint, especially as the charges were moderate. We were at last at Heliopolis, or Baalbek, famous from the remotest ages for its temples, as one sees in the tract on "The Syrian Goddess," attributed to Lucian. Lofty pillars, proclaiming its situation, are seen from a great distance, standing on higher ground than the plain. The great ruins are to the west of the present village of Baalbek, close to the foot of the eastern hills. Their special glory seems to lie in the fact that Grecian art has here, in a way quite unique, imitated the colossal scale of the monuments of ancient Egypt, and yet has impressed on the whole the stamp of free, all-constraining genius. Rows of pillars, of huge girth and height, tower upwards in consummate elegance of proportion, seeming slender and graceful in their loftiness, and bearing Corinthian capitals, exquisitely carved, which look delicate as those of Greece. Yet two men cannot make their arms meet round the columns, and the capitals are more than seven feet across.

With the mouldings below, the colonnade rises to the height of seventy-six feet. The ruins extend over a vast space, which is well-nigh covered with fragments of huge pillars, or even whole ones, gigantic architraves and plinths, each carved with the most elaborate finish, and great hewn stones. Earthquakes have borne the chief part in bringing about this destruction, but barbarism also has lent its hand. Great holes are to be seen in many pillars, where the natives have cut out the clamps which held the different stones together; the iron and lead being of supreme value in their eyes. The pillars would be wonderful even if they rested on a natural surface, but it is still more astonishing to find that the whole series of temples is built on an artificial platform, so high that the colossal archways and substructures beneath, of themselves excite admiration.

The portico of the great temple is at the east end of the ruins, and must have been approached by flights of steps, as its floor is nearly twenty feet above the orchards below. It is thirty-six feet in width, and had, originally, twelve columns before it; the bases remaining of two of them record that the temple was erected by Antoninus Pius, who reigned from A.D. 138 to A.D. 161, and by Julia Domna, the wife of the Emperor Septimus Severus, who was married to him about A.D. 175, and ended her days in A.D. 217 by starving herself to death! A poor exit for one who had been empress of the world for more than forty years! Passing through this portico, you enter a six-sided court, sixty-five yards long and about eighty-three yards wide, more or less in ruin. From this you pass into the great court of the temple, 147 yards long and 123 yards wide; its walls elaborately ornamented, though in an inferior style to some other parts, having been built later. Chambers open at many points—once the cells of priests and the store-houses of the sanctuary; all richly ornamented. Before these stood rows of pillars; some of them of syenite, but all, or nearly all, long since fallen; their wreck lying about, or buried in the deep rubbish. Beyond this great court, which of course was never roofed, stood the chief temple; but of this little now remains. The six huge columns, seen long before reaching Baalbek, are, indeed, all that is left of it. Nineteen such pillars once rose on each side of the temple, and ten at each end, many of them still lying around in melancholy ruin. The sanctuary they surrounded stood on a basement fifty feet above the surrounding plain, but even its shape can no longer be traced.

Distinct from the great edifice, another temple, smaller in size but wonderful in its architecture, stands a little to the south-east, the far-famed Temple of the Sun. It has no court, and rises from a platform of its own, ascended in old times by a staircase from the plain below. Like the larger ruin, it was once surrounded by fine pillars, fifteen on each side, and eight at each end, but only a few remains of these sur-



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Giant Stone in the Quarries of Danabek. (See page 630.)



vive. A gorgeous ceiling of carved stone once united this grand arcade, all round, with the temple; but it is, of course, gone, although its beauty may be imagined from huge fragments strewn on the ground. The great gateway is famous as one of the most beautiful remains of antiquity. Door-posts and lintel, alike, are huge monoliths, carved elaborately with the most charming skill. Overhead, a gigantic mass from the centre of the lintel, fractured by its own enormous weight or by lightning as long ago as 1659, hung down, till lately, as if about to fall, nothing holding it in its place save a slight bulge at its upper side; but this Damocles' sword has now, after more than 200 years, been supported by an unsightly shaft of masonry, built by the Turks, under pressure from the traveller Burton, recently our consul at Damascus. A great pillar at each side of this gateway contained a winding stair, by which to reach the top of the building, but one of the two flights is now gone, and the other is partially in ruins.

The open area inside is no less elaborately ornamented than the magnificent entrance, twelve fluted Corinthian pillars adorning the sides, while the spaces between them are set off with finely-carved niches, originally filled with statues. At the far end was once the Holy of Holies, which had been roofed over with great stones, two immense pillars supporting the heavy weight, as seen by their fragments still lying about. Three arches had reached across as a screen, and between the pillars had risen a stone *daïs*, the base from which these arches sprang, four or five feet high, and carved with figures playing instruments. A statue twelve feet high, now in Constantinople, stood on this *daïs*. Round the bends of the niches and blind windows on the walls are wreaths of fruits; here grapes, there acorns, yonder figs; but it is striking to notice that some of the window-like niches have never been finished, the carving to complete them not having been added. Arches, from the wall, bend over towards those which faced the spectators—perhaps to bear up a gallery for some special purpose; and beneath the *daïs* are four chambers, built for what ends I know not. How grand the whole must have been, may be judged from the fact that the Corinthian capital of one fallen pillar measures nearly seventeen feet in circumference.

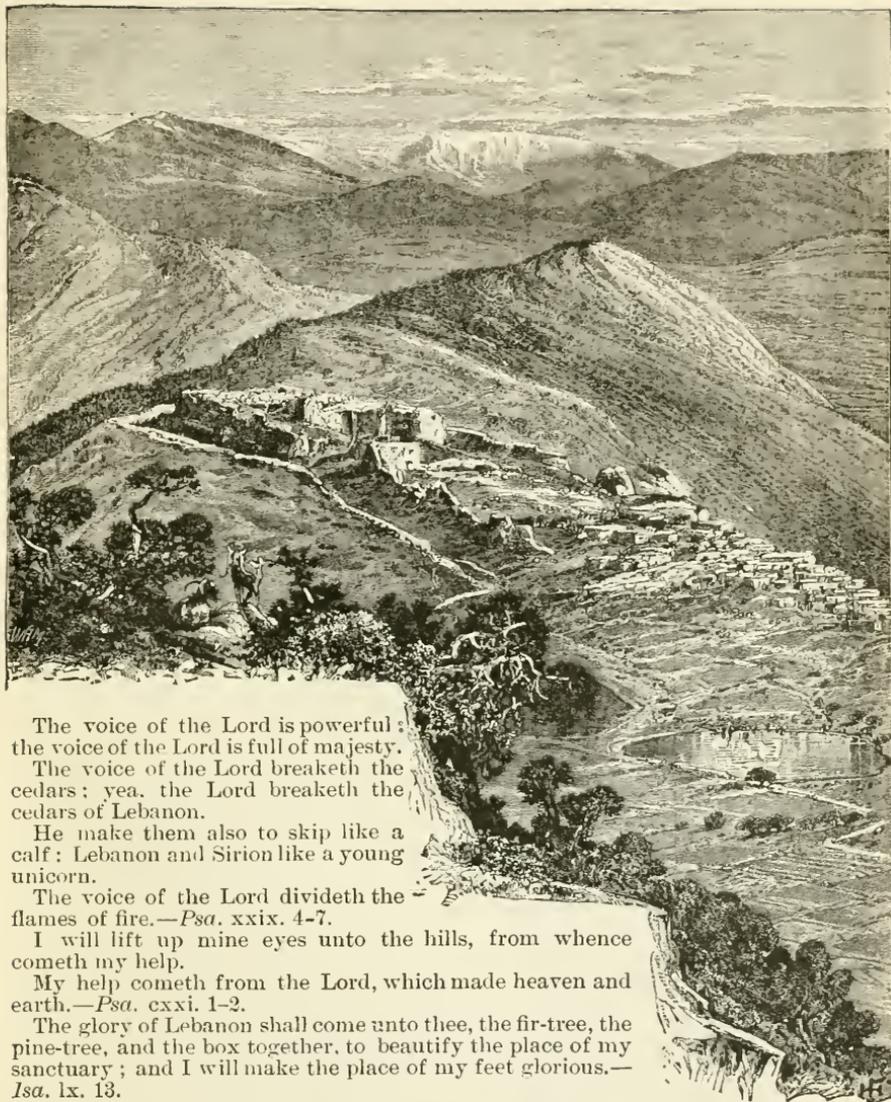
The vaults beneath the great temple seem to me almost as wonderful as the marvellous structure above them. The temple, with its throngs of worshippers, rested with all its incalculable weight on a series of substructions, through which one wanders as through the stone arches of huge bazaars, which branch out in every direction. Indeed, the seen bore but a modest proportion to the unseen, just as in the great Temple of Jerusalem. Nor is the size of the stones in the outer enclosing wall, which shut in all the magnificence of Baalbek, less amazing. At one place this wall is ten feet thick, and contains

nine stones, each about thirty feet long. These, however, seem nothing compared to three others in the western wall—perhaps the largest stones ever used in building. One is sixty-four feet long, and the shortest of the three is sixty-two feet, while each is about thirteen feet high, and probably as many feet thick, and these vast masses are fitted so exactly to each other that it is easy to overlook the place where they join. Indeed, it is difficult to thrust a penknife-blade between them. How were such masses separated from the rock of the quarry? How were they dragged to their present site? And, above all, how were they lifted to the top of substructions nineteen feet high, and then laid down in position as neatly as if they had been ordinary blocks? Who did it, and when? The engineers of antiquity, with no steam-power to help them, must have been wondrously clever. We are so accustomed to think ourselves, and the present generation all over the world, more advanced than the ancients, that it is well to have our pride abated by such miracles as this at Baalbek.

A third very beautiful temple, smaller than the two others, and well preserved, stands on the outskirts of the present village. Passing between dry stone walls enclosing gardens and orchards, and stepping over running brooks which keep all things brightly green, you enter a quiet spot, beautiful with flowing water and fruit-trees. Here is a semi-circular structure, with eight fine pillars outside; between these are niches, with shell tops; wreaths of foliage hang down above, but the whole is now slowly decaying. What god was worshipped here? The great temples, we know, occupied the place of older ones sacred to Baal, the sun-god, for the Greek name of Baalbek was Heliopolis, "the City of the Sun," but it is a matter of doubt to whom this miniature sanctuary was dedicated.

A quarter of an hour's walk to the south-east of the village brings you to the ancient quarries, where is another colossal block, probably intended to be built, like the other huge masses, into the outer wall of the Acropolis. The only thing I have seen to be compared with it is the vast obelisk in the quarries of Assouan, lying just as its hewers and polishers left it, unfinished, thousands of years ago. The Baalbek stone is seventy-one feet long, fourteen feet high, and thirteen feet wide with a weight of about 1,500 tons. The rock above and around it has been cut away, so that it stands in a wide, open space—a broad level yard, in which you wander round it at your will. The huge mass has never been quite detached from the parent rock below. It lies in an inclined position, one end considerably higher than the other; and it *will* lie, till the general conflagration, unless broken up by the manikins of these later ages, for who, now, could think of moving it?

Wishing to take a short cut back to the hotel, I clambered to the top of the quarry, and went through the field thus reached. It was



The voice of the Lord is powerful :  
the voice of the Lord is full of majesty.

The voice of the Lord breaketh the  
cedars : yea, the Lord breaketh the  
cedars of Lebanon.

He make them also to skip like a calf :  
Lebanon and Sirion like a young  
unicorn.

The voice of the Lord divideth the  
flames of fire.—*Psa.* xxix. 4-7.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence  
cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and  
earth.—*Psa.* cxxi. 1-2.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the  
pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my  
sanctuary ; and I will make the place of my feet glorious.—  
*Isa.* lx. 13.

MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON, SEEN FROM HUNIN. (See page 623.)



exactly like walking over a shingle beach. Not a particle of soil was visible; only deep beds of rounded stones, in which your feet sank. Out of these, to my astonishment, were growing stumps of vines, regularly planted over the whole surface. It was impossible not to laugh, for the stones had been carefully ploughed, and there was no question as to the presence of the vines. The teacher of the American Mission school, who was with me, supplied the much-needed explanation. There was good soil below the stones, and the vines struck down to that, and thus flourished in this sea of shingle. In this world things are not always what they seem! A short walk to the village, with a line of telegraph posts for company, and I was once more at the hotel. The posts ran past the great ruins! This, however, was only one illustration of the confusion of new and old in such a place. In the sitting-room, the stove bore the name of a Glasgow firm; the cane-chairs, of bent wood, were from Vienna; the marble top of the table was from Italy; the carpets from Persia; the curtains from England; the lamps from Germany; and the covering of the sofa, or divan, along the wall, was from Damascus. Nor was the modern world represented only by furniture and the telegraph. The American Mission school, taught by a Syrian, educated at the American College at Beirout, had thirty children, and in winter has fifty; the Roman Catholic school had about seventy boys and fifty or sixty girls; and a school of the British Syrian School Society, taught by a dear bright old lady, had 150 children of all ages—many of them Mahommedan girls. Women, the mistress told me, came to learn to sew and cut out; some, also, to the Bible class and to prayers. A Bible-woman reads in their houses among them, and, as I well believe, "does real good, though she never gets any of them to become Christians."

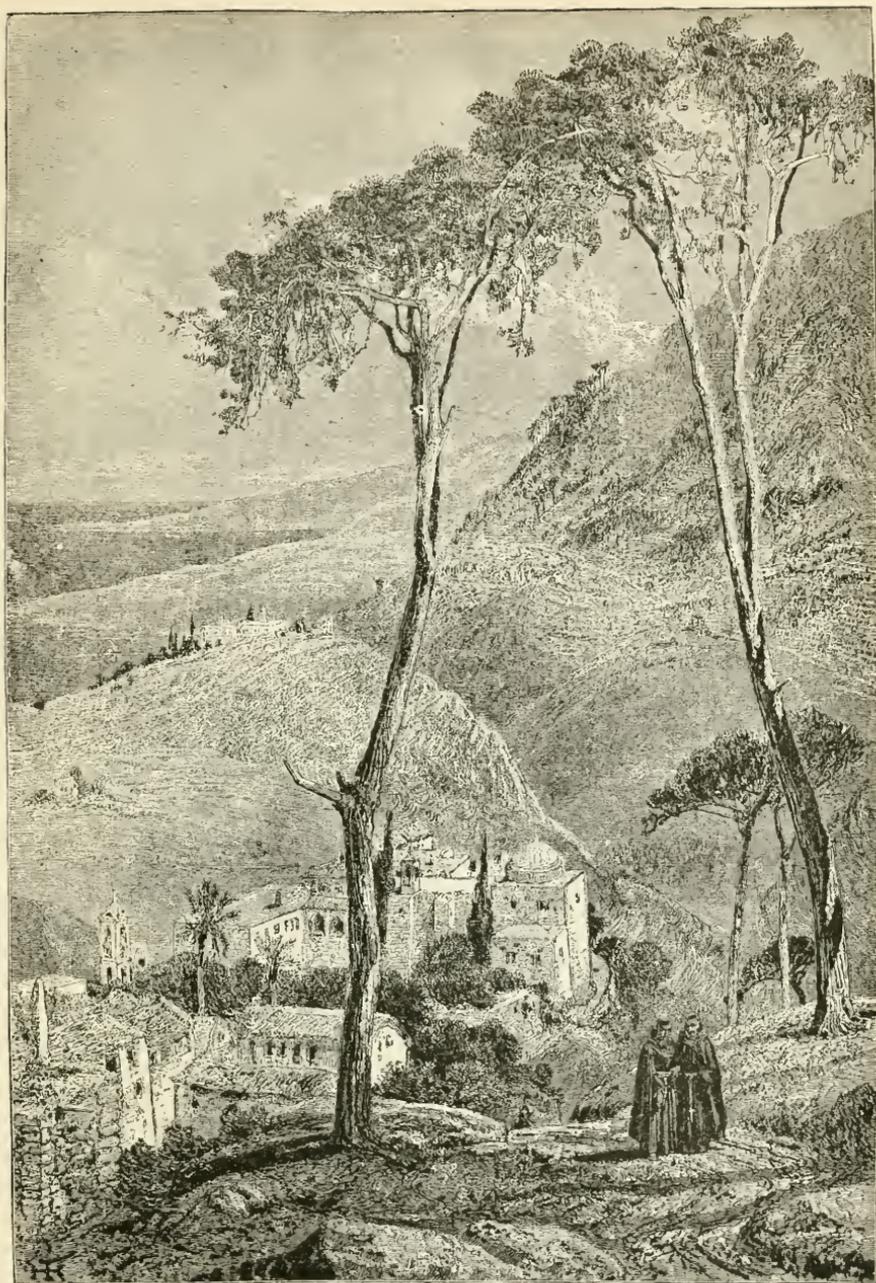
These wondrous temples of Baalbek raise strange thoughts. Built, as we have seen, in the second half of the second century after our Lord's birth—that is, after from a hundred to a hundred and fifty years of apostolie and missionary effort—they show that heathenism was then still triumphant within two hundred miles of Jerusalem, and within one hundred miles of Christ's own city, Capernaum, as to be able to raise temples of such magnificence that their ruins even now excite the astonishment of the world. The lavish wealth expended on local temples in a spot of the empire practically as far from its centre, Rome, as Canada is from London, excites amazement. How rich must the country around have been, to furnish means for such outlay; how unspeakably different from its present condition of exhaustion and decay! How slow, on the other hand, must have been the spread of Christianity, even in its native district, when public opinion remained so uninfluenced by it after a considerable time, measured by generations, as to raise these mighty fanes in honor of the

ancient gods, whom the new faith came to supercede! To expect a rapid conversion of heathen countries now, is clearly unreasonable. The spread of leaven, to which our Lord compared His doctrine, is quiet and gradual. A change in the hereditary creed of a nation can only be brought about by slow and unperceived degrees, like the silent progress of the shadow on the dial, from dawn to distant noon.

There is, however, still another thought. The Temple of the Sun, as we have seen, was never finished. The rough, uncarved tops of the niches in the walls show this conclusively. Baalbek was, therefore, the last sunset glory of an expiring faith, which could plan, and in great part carry out, the magnificent tribute to its divinities which these sculptured stone-wonders still show. But its strength failed before this last and grandest effort was completed, and left a monument to the past, rather than a gift to the future. Christianity was gaining ground while the old religion was slowly dying, and thus Baalbek became only a grand memento of that which was soon to pass away.

Baalbek stands nearly 4,000 feet above the sea, but it is a long and weary climb of nine hours to what remains of the great cedar-wood which once clothed the upper slopes of Lebanon. It lies slightly to the north-west, across the Bekaa, which, at Baalbek, forms the watershed between the head-waters of the Litany flowing to the south-west, and the Orontes making its way to the north-east. Riblah, where Nebuchadnezzar had his headquarters during the campaign against Jerusalem, is in this upper valley, on the Orontes, about forty miles beyond Baalbek: the armies of Assyria and Babylon coming down from the north<sup>1</sup> by this route. To this place were brought Zedekiah, King of Judæa, and his sons, and afterwards some of the most important prisoners; the king to be blinded; the others to be put to death, probably by impaling, which is the usual form of punishment seen on the Assyrian monuments, though flaying alive is sometimes to be noticed.<sup>2</sup> Here also Pharaoh Necho waited, after his victory over the Babylonians at Carchemish, and from this point he summoned Jehoahaz to his presence, from Jerusalem.<sup>3</sup> Riblah was almost the farthest northern limit of David's empire, during the short time of Jewish greatness;<sup>4</sup> Lake Hums, near which stood Kadesh, the sacred city of Hamath, and once the capital of the Hittites, being only ten or twelve miles north of it.<sup>5</sup> Hamath seems to have continued subject to Solomon,<sup>6</sup> who built "store cities" in it, but after his death it appears to have regained its independence. Jeroboam II., indeed, "recovered" the district of "Hamath,"<sup>7</sup> but he apparently destroyed the capital, as Amos speaks of it as lying desolate.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Isa. xiv. 31; xlv. 28; Jer. iv. 6; vi. 22; x. 22; 1. 9, 41; II. 48. <sup>2</sup> Jer. xxxix. 5, 6; lii. 9, 10, 26, 27; 2 Kings xxv. 6, 20, 21. <sup>3</sup> 2 Kings xxiii. 33. <sup>4</sup> 2 Sam. viii. 10. <sup>5</sup> Respecting Kadesh on the Orontes, see *Palestine Fund Reports*, 1881, pp. 163, 218; 1882, p. 253. <sup>6</sup> 1 Kings iv. 21-24; 2 Chron. viii. 4. <sup>7</sup> 2 Kings xiv. 28. <sup>8</sup> Amos vi. 2.



Slopes of Lebanon. A Maronite Village and its Fortified Monastery. (See page 623.)



After crossing the plain, the path from Baalbek to the cedars leads over the sides of the mountains; heights and valleys succeed each other, with little to notice except the roughness of the road and the magnificence of the view. The village of Ainita, or "Spring-town," lies in a gap on the hills; and, to justify its name, some streams flow past, from the melted snows of the upper heights. Though 5,000 feet above the sea, it is sheltered from the cold by high walls of mountain, but there is nothing attractive about it. Dwarf oaks and mountain junipers are, indeed, almost the only growth that one sees on the way to it, or in its neighborhood. From this point the road is much steeper, with less vegetation, and leads over what is the snow-bed in winter, though goats feed here when the first patches of ground are left bare of the melted snow. From the top of Jebel Makmel, about 8,500 feet above the sea, the most glorious view presents itself: on the south, Mount Hermon, rising in snow-capped grandeur, with mountains hardly lower surrounding it on every side; a little to the north, the highest summit of Lebanon, over 10,000 feet above the Mediterranean, lifts its awful head, the picture of sublimity. Far below, to the south, the great valley of Cœle-Syria, the Bekaa, stretches out in rich green—a plain worthy of the grandeur of the mountains which enclose it on both sides.

From this point begins the descent to the cedars. Viewed from Jebel Makmel, they seem only a speck of green, beyond the beds of snow lying on the way to them: 2,500 feet of winding paths, down the slopes of the giant hills, must be descended before the shoulder of Lebanon, 6,300 feet above the sea, on which they grow, is reached. The ground which they cover, though varying in its slope, is the top of a height of white limestone, on which the decaying cones and fronds have formed a dark-colored soil. The oldest trees are about nine in number, and the whole grove includes about 350 cedars, large and small. Unfortunately, however, no care is taken of them, goats being allowed to eat the young shoots, and monks and visitors alike using their branches for fuel. A Maronite chapel stands among them, and a festival which is held yearly helps greatly in the destruction, many fires being then kindled. Of course there are countless names cut in the bark—as if any one were the better for such vandalism! The oldest trees are of great age, one of them being forty feet in circumference, but even to it no respect is paid, branches being ruthlessly broken off when wanted for any purpose, however trifling.

The Jews used cedar very largely for their grander buildings, and it was in no less demand among other nations, so that it is a wonder that the forests which must once have clothed the slopes of a vast district have now any surviving representatives at all. In the Assyrian records we frequently read of great quantities of this valued timber

being carried away to the Euphrates, and when we add the home consumption by the Phœnicians, and their vast exports to many countries, the number of trees destroyed must have been enormous. In Bible times the forests were the ideal of sylvan grandeur, for there is no other tree in Palestine to be compared to the cedar for size. It was natural, therefore, for Ezekiel to picture the Assyrian, so dreaded in his day, as "a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature, and his top among the thick clouds.<sup>1</sup> The waters made him great, the deep nourished him, with her rivers running round about his plantation, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young."<sup>2</sup>

From Baalbek back to Shtora we travelled in the toy omnibus in which we had come, starting at five in the morning, so as to catch the diligence on its way to Beirout. The villages on the road strengthened my conviction that the people of Palestine, like those of Syria, have a veritable dread of water, especially if soap be along with it—in fact, that they labor under a universal hydrophobia. They seem never to clean themselves. The waiter at the hotel had such filthy hands that I told him I would not eat if he did not wash them; and the rest of the community were no better. The schoolmistress told me she had an unpleasant time of it in this respect. It rained a good part of the way, and the people looked wretched in their thin clothes, under the drizzling showers. Quantities of yellow lupins, from last year, showed where fields of that legume had been sown. Hawks were as numerous as elsewhere. Indeed, the number of predatory birds in Palestine and Syria is wonderful, but as they seem to be the chief enemies of the small birds, man taking little part in this form of destruction, there is no scarcity of these charming creatures. Vines abounded, the short stems bent from the north, so as to catch the southern sun, and propped by a short stick, to keep them from the ground. Hedges and trees were bursting into leaf, for it was the 28th of March. The houses were of stone, with flat roofs, formed of layers of brush laid on rough cross-beams, with a thick coating of mud, the whole being kept solid by frequent pressure of a heavy roller. Mud seemed to be used as the cement for the house-walls. Very few trees, except some poplars now and then, were to be seen on the plains or the hills; but orchards became numerous as we approached Shtora, while a broad stream ran alongside the road, with side channels at many points, leading off the water into runnels over the fields.

<sup>1</sup> Correct translation. <sup>2</sup> Ezek. xxxi. 3—6.



Cedars of Lebanon. (See page 633.)



## CHAPTER LII.

## BEIROUT.

FROM Shtora to Beirut is precisely like the journey from Damascus to Shtora: a long ascent of one side of a great mountain-chain, and then a descent on the other side. The French road is magnificent, and is kept in splendid repair. Hours of climbing steep heights, zig-zagged to make them easier; of galloping along the table-land thus gained, and then of climbing another ascent, filled the one half of the journey, and all this was exactly reversed in the second half. Near Shtora, the hill-sides are very generally terraced; flat-roofed villages clinging to the steep mountains, often very picturesquely. Long trains of wagons, filled with goods, met us, toiling on from Beirut to Damascus, with four horses to drag them up the hills. This is a wonderful improvement on the Oriental system of camels, mules, and asses, laden as heavily as they can bear, jogging on at two miles an hour; but that primitive mode is still used even on this line of travel, for we passed several long jingling processions of these unfortunate beasts. They seemed, however, to keep off the French highway, as I noticed them always making their way, as they best could, over tracks up and down the hill-sides near our road, but never on it, thus saving the tolls. No country shows a more striking continuity of usages than Palestine or Syria. The tent, just as it was in Abraham's day, is pitched in the open ground; the horse, the mule, or the ass is still the only means of travel, except one's feet, over most of the country. But we have, in other parts, such Western horrors as the toy omnibus to Baalbek, the omnibus from Joppa to Jerusalem, and the regular French diligence from Damascus to Beirut. The turban keeps its ground, notwithstanding an invasion of billycocks and tall black hats; the world-old plough, which a man can carry home on his shoulder, still triumphantly scratches the fields, although European ploughs, drawn by horses, may be seen turning furrows on the German settlements in the Plain of Sharon.

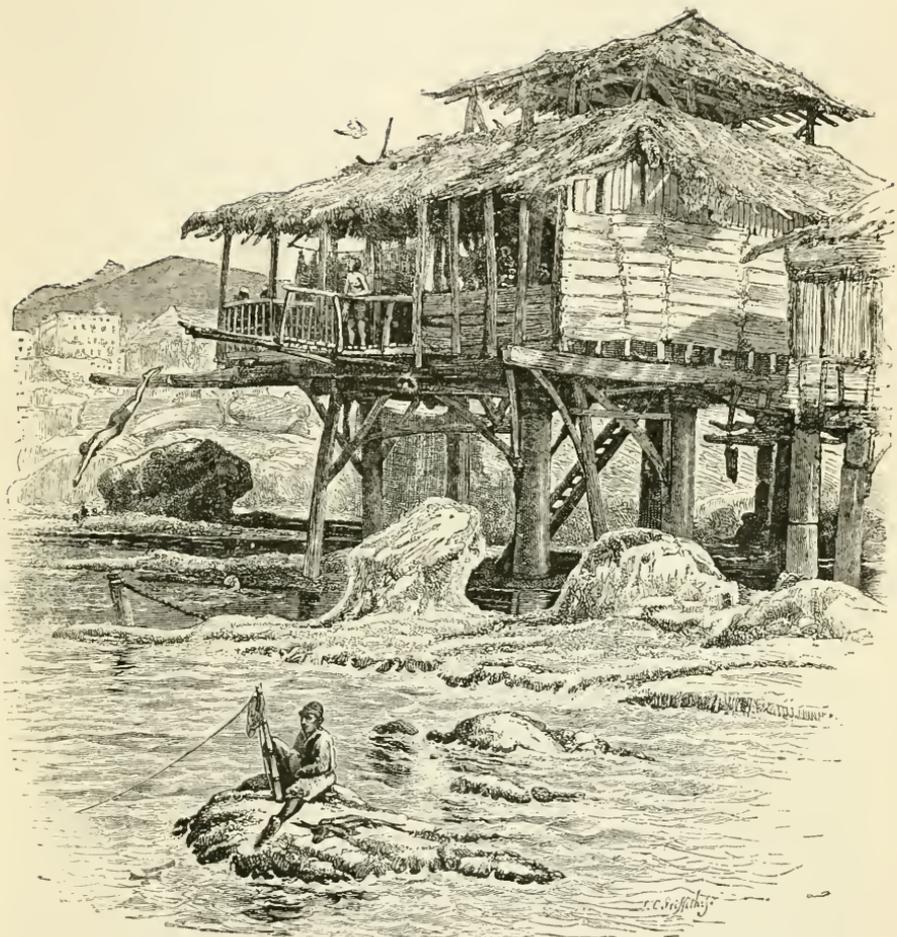
The country, as it slopes towards Beirut, is beautiful. After being almost amid the snow on the mountain-tops, you gradually find yourself descending towards comfortable villages, wide orchards, vineyards, and broad pastures, covered by great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats. Streams rush down from the hills at many places, on their noisy way to the valley, often far below. At the highest point of the journey, where the horizon is widest, the scene was magnificent. Hermon and its satellites rose to the south-east, bearing up the heavens, all their summits covered, low down, with dazzling white. Far

beneath us, beyond the multitudinous hills that sank in giant steps to the lower levels, were green plains, with a silver river winding through them. To the north, snow-covered peaks rivalled the grandeur of those of Hermon in the south.

The stations by the roadside are used as khans, at which the drivers of freight mules, camels, or asses rest at night. One of these was very full, many guests happening to come at one time, with the result, curious to notice in connection with the story of our Saviour's birth, that many of them had to sleep with the horses, mules, or other beasts, the inn being full.<sup>1</sup> How is it that the four-footed burden-bearers of the East are so strong on such miserable food? The loads they carry are enormous, yet their only recompense is some "teben" or broken straw, with an occasional handful of barley. Nevertheless, they are not particularly thin. Perhaps the chance meals in rare grassy parts help to make them strong, or at least to give them a better look. The cattle, however, that are left to graze on whatever the hills afford, are in most places very wretched; nor does their condition improve when the hot sun has withered the pastures, and they are left to draw sustenance from the universal "teben." That it was the same in Bible times is shown from the prophet's poetical anticipation of the Messianic Kingdom, as marked by the lion eating "teben" like the ox.<sup>2</sup>

It was intensely interesting to watch the change of scenery as the diligence trundled or galloped on. The broad valley of the Bekaa and the snowy glory of Hermon after a time gave place to waste mountain precipices, profound gorges, glens, and clefts, which brought to mind the description, possibly of the same route, by the Egyptian "Mohar," thousands of years ago, when his chariot was broken to pieces in crossing the Lebanon chain. At last, a turn of the road gave us a glimpse of the sea and of Beirout. From this point the road wound for some distance along a ledge cut for it high up on a mountain-ridge south of a mighty valley, into which it was half alarming, and quite entrancing, to look down. The north wall of the hills beyond rose, precipitously, to the snow-level, and above it. Numerous villages dotted the broad hollow below, or clung to the slopes, which were mantled with dark pine-woods, now seen by us for the first time in Syria. Pasture and grain fields enamelled the floor of the valley, through which wended a broad river. Thousands of mulberry-trees, all kept to a moderate height, but very leafy, showed that we had come into the region of the renowned silk industry of Lebanon. Even here fanaticism raged in the great outbreak of 1860, which is still the most interesting subject of conversation in these parts. Whole villages were destroyed, after their populations had been hewn down or driven out. The lower we came from the hills the more lovely was the

<sup>1</sup> Luke ii. 7. <sup>2</sup> Isa. xi. 7.



Greek Bath at Beirut. (See page 633.)



prospect, the sea stretching before us, with Beirout at its edge. The slopes beside the villages were carefully terraced, and sown with wheat and tobacco, or planted with vines, figs, or mulberry-trees.

Beirout stands on the north-west point of a broad, hilly cape, rising in a long bank over pleasant hollows and broad plains, all seeming to be one great wood, here of dark pines, yonder of bright green mulberry-trees; hundreds of lofty palms rising, from point to point, above the sea of verdure; the whole making a picture even more beautiful than the palm-groves of Egypt. The road, as we reached the level by which the town is approached, became at last alive with pedestrians, male and female, in picturesque dresses; riders on horses, asses, and mules; trains of camels, with their heads high in the air, and huge loads on their humps; gigs, carts, wagons, and carriages, some with liveried drivers. Many coffee-houses, in thoroughly Eastern style, invited the wayfarer; others had their Oriental features set off by a strange intermingling of Western innovations—pompous names for the establishment, among the rest. I was glad, however, when I at last found myself in the "Hôtel de l'Orient," a fine house by the seashore, where every comfort was supplied at the modest charge of ten francs a day, a third less than if I had had tourist coupons. The large dining-room was paved with marble; the windows looked out on the sea and the mountains north of the town, a view indescribably beautiful; the bedrooms were delightfully clean and comfortable.

Beirout does not seem to be mentioned in the Bible, for the Berothai of which we read<sup>1</sup> is not generally believed to be identical with it, though some have thought it is. The name may have come from the numerous "Beeroth," or wells, of the neighborhood, but this also is only a conjecture. The town had not, like Tyre and Sidon, a great name in remote antiquity, but comes gloomily enough into notice under Herod Agrippa, who, besides building baths and theatres in it, sought to please the populace by giving an exhibition of gladiators, with their cruel combats. Here also, as at Cæsarea Philippi, Titus made bands of Jewish prisoners, after the fall of Jerusalem, engage in mortal strife with each other, to grace a holiday. Silk has long been a special local industry, the Byzantines being supplied with it from Beirout and Tyre. Hence the great plantations of mulberries and the skilful cultivation of the silkworm are a feature of the district reaching back for many ages, though of late years greatly developed beyond its condition in the last century. The Crusaders once held Beirout, as they did the whole land south, as far as Gaza, until the disastrous battle of Hattin forced them to yield it to the Saracen.

The town slopes gently upwards from the narrow beach, but in itself has no special attractions. Nature, however, more than makes

<sup>1</sup> 2 Sam. viii. 8; Ezek. xlvi. 16.

amends. The wonderful mountains which shut it in at a distance, on every side, and the great azure ocean, between them, give it charms that never fail to please. In summer the richer inhabitants betake themselves to the hills, but in spring the climate is delightful. Indeed, even in winter, when there is much rain, flowers of all kinds flourish abundantly. It is no longer possible for the population to speak with their enemies in the gate,<sup>1</sup> for the town walls and gates have disappeared, except a few useless fragments. Such a change marks the advance of civilization, for gates imply danger of attack: the want of them speaks of peace. It is curious to see how even the New Testament imagery of heaven is colored by their indispensable association with an ancient city, for the New Jerusalem has twelve gates, though, as becomes the reign of celestial peace, they are not "shut at all by day," which lasts unbroken, "for there shall be no night there."<sup>2</sup> If "Revelation" were to be written now, the imagery would necessarily be different, for in civilized regions a city with gates is happily rare. Even so far back as Jacob's day, however, heaven could not be imagined as entered except through a "gate;"<sup>3</sup> but in these later ages, thank God, we can think of it differently.

The streets of Beirut are almost European, though Oriental characteristics are not wanting, for there are some narrow bazaars through which it is not easy to wind one's self amidst the throng. Others are broad, with Western shops, but there are filthy caravanserais as well as elegant hotels. Barbers shave their patrons in the open air, but there are others of the profession who follow it in the seclusion of shops, on the walls of which all kinds of European advertisements may be read. One establishment, indeed, boasted in a tablet that "its proprietor has cut the hair of princes"! In the streets, the confusion of tongues makes a miniature Babel, every native of any position speaking several languages.

It would have been unpardonable to leave the East without taking a Turkish bath. I therefore went to one which seemed the best in the town. The entry was through a filthy passage, which led to a large dome-shaped room, with a fountain in the middle, and a daïs or platform up three high steps at one end. The floor and steps were marble, which was once in better condition than at present. A table on the daïs was the receipt of custom, where the money-taker lightened your pocket of the fee for your ablutions. A seat ran along the back, and upon this you undressed, substituting towels for clothes; then, mounted on pattens, at the risk of a disaster, you scrambled down the steps, and across to a very shabby door. Inside this, the air was equatorial, or even hotter. There was a polygonal marble ottoman in the centre, heated from below, and on this I was instructed to sit, or lie back, on a

1 Ps. cxxvii. 5. 2 Rev. xxi. 12, 25. 3 Gen. xxviii. 17.



Wadi Mokatteb, Valley of Inscriptions. (See page 634.)



pillow, and await perspiration. To aid this beneficial result, cold water was proffered me, and I made away with two tumblerfuls. After a time, a scraggy, chocolate-colored personage, grizzled, lean-faced, and dressed in a towel, proceeded to crack my joints, knead and twist my muscles, and lift me by my armpits, which must have been a hard job, considering our difference in weight. Finally, this tormentor left me, but not until I had been under his hands long enough to study every feature of the roof, which in the centre was lighted by an army of bull's-eyes, far from clean, with a delightfully clouded surrounding of plaster, which had not seen white-wash in the memory of the oldest inhabitant; the walls around being in excellent keeping with it.

The next step was to waddle on my pattens to a small marble-floored recess, the walls of which were in a very poor way, while there were two or three holes in the pavement. A second tormentor now appeared, and made me sit down on a block of wood on the wet, warm floor, beside a large marble clam-shell, into which water fell, when permitted, from a tap which was stopped by a rag in the nozzle. I was now left for a time to myself, with no better occupation than to watch and keep clear of stray blackbeetles, which emerged on all sides from chinks in the wall.

The grizzled anatomy now reappeared, dressed in his towel. The block of wood was discarded, and I was laid down on the floor. Sundry small bowlfuls of hot water were then thrown over me, and next came a smart currying from head to foot with rough towels; sousing with new supplies of hot water varying the process. All this being over, while I still sat or lay on the floor, the anatomy left me for a moment, to return with a large barber's basin, in which were three pieces of brown soap and a pad of rough camels'-hair. Having made a strong lather, my hair was filled with it, and then rubbed by the attendant's hands and pad till I feared permanent baldness. To add to the pleasure, I was all this while, of course, in total darkness; my eyes firmly shut, to escape the cataract of suds pouring from above. My body then shared the same fate, as I lay, now on this, then on that side; the pad doing its best with every inch of epidermis in turn. At last, the scrubbing was over. The scraggy figure rose, stepped back, and retired, upon which I, also, rose.

But the cleaning down was yet to come off. The figure that had led me to the recess now returned, to reconduct me from it, after my purification. Taking the soap from the huge bowl, he emptied the suds over me, and then soused me with laver after laver of hot water, till he was tired. A towel was now put round my head, two round my loins, and three round my chest and shoulders, and I was led back with painful steps to the dais from which I had at first descended, to dry my evaporation. This effected, I could once more don my clothes,

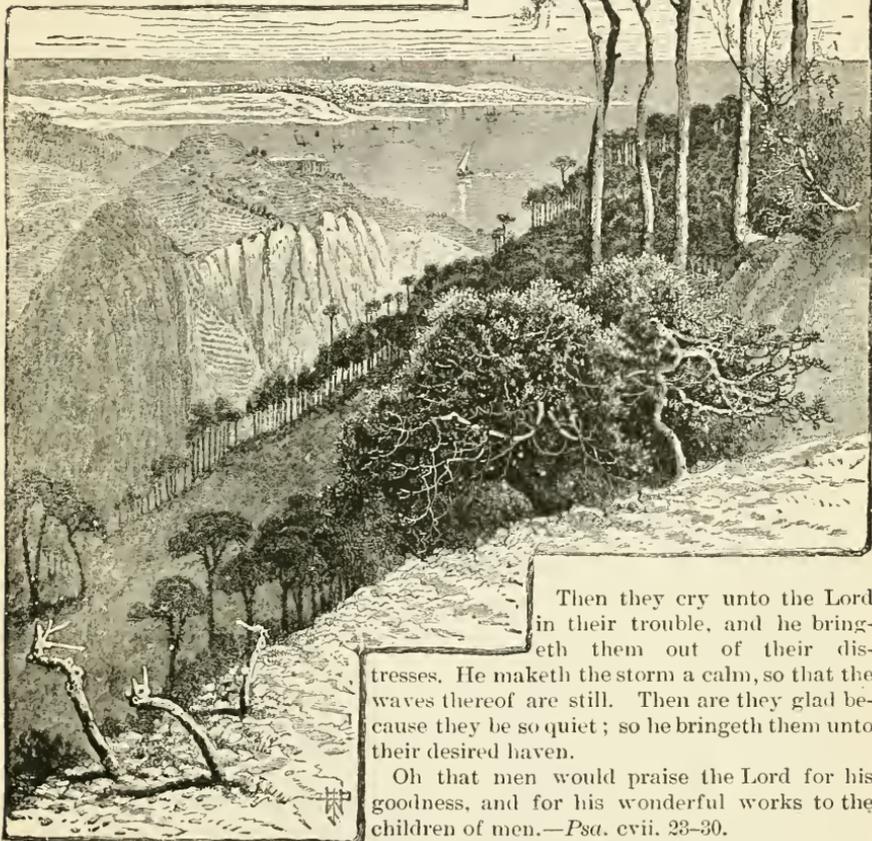
The whole operation had taken over an hour. The charge was two francs: little enough, in all conscience. Going out, I took the wrong door, and found a crowd of native women entering at their side of the establishment, some with babies. To them, I am happy to say, the fee is only half a franc, or even less. It was pleasant to see that hatred of water was not universal.

The American Presbyterian Missions at Beirout have a world-wide fame. Begun more than fifty-years ago, by men who now sleep in the quiet churchyard in the centre of their field of work, they have been quietly and efficiently continued, till Beirout has become a light to widely distant regions. Feeling that education, in the truest sense religious, from its resting on the knowledge of the Scriptures, was essential to any permanent results, they early began to use the printing-press to supply Arabic school books, and also to disseminate Christian knowledge. Year by year their primers, geographies, and other elementary school books of all kinds, have spread more widely, until they are now used in all missionary schools wherever Arabic is spoken. I met with them at the cataracts of the Nile; and, as I have already said, they are conned by dusky scholars on the Euphrates, and you find them at the Pillars of Hercules. Gradually, moreover, an Arabic Christian periodical literature has sprung up. *The Leaflet*, a weekly illustrated paper of four square pages, costing four shillings a year, circulates to the extent of 800 copies, while *The Morning Star*, a child's paper, illustrated, and published monthly, at fourpence a year for the twelve numbers, has a sale of 4,000 copies; every missionary school in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt taking some. That they can be sold so cheaply is due to the assistance of the London Religious Tract Society, which thus does good work where one might not suspect its presence. There are, besides, text-books in Arabic, for students at the Missionary College; but the greatest triumph is the Arabic Bible, translated by one of the missionaries, and used, far and near, through the Arabic-speaking world.

The College is a fine building, a little way out of Beirout, standing in its own grounds. There is also a Medical School, the aggregate number of students being, if I remember rightly, about 200 in the two establishments. Dr. Bliss, the president of the College, gets £400 a year, without a house, rent costing him £55; Dr. Post, the president of the Medical School, gets £300 a year, without a house, and no allowance for children, though he has liberty to practice as a physician, if his profession do not interfere with College duties. He has a hospital under his charge, a very fine institution, open to all creeds and nationalities. As a rule, I was informed, missionaries do not know their salaries till they are on the ground, remuneration being treated as altogether a secondary consideration, since they come for the

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.



Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be so quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.—*Psa. cvii. 23-30.*

THE BAY OF BEIROUT, FROM DSCHERTA. (See page 634.)



sake of their Master, not of the pay. "If they were men of the world," said President Bliss, "they might think about salary; as Christian soldiers, they are not on the same footing." Only the very best men are accepted for the Missions, a thing possible from the high ideal of missionary work kept before the mind of candidates. The salaries may be judged from examples. At Tripoli, the missionary, a married man, gets £185 sterling,<sup>1</sup> with his house-rent, £46, and £20 a year for each child till it is eighteen. A bachelor, when he keeps house, gets one-third less. Other "stations" get about the same salary, some of them even a little less. At Beirut the remuneration is £240 a year and house-rent, which varies from £50 to £90 a year, rents being very high, and houses hard to obtain. Children here, also, get £20 a year up to the age of eighteen; and medical expenses, and costs of itinerancy—undertaken for the Missions—are allowed in all "stations," as also postage, for Mission purposes. The rent in Beirut, I may say, includes that of a house in the mountains in summer, when the town is dangerous to the health of Europeans. Till lately the highest allowance for rent left the missionary, in some cases, nearly £20 out of pocket.

The results of a carefully systematic missionary system are very encouraging. An Arabic-speaking congregation of from 450 to 500 meets every Sunday in its own church, and there is a Sunday-school of 350 young people, all of them taught in Arabic by native teachers. The congregation were originally members of the Greek Church, Maronites, Druses, and Roman Catholics, while the Sunday-school children include quite a number of nationalities. At Damascus, the Arabic-speaking congregation numbers about 125, and the Sunday-school 150, a great increase in the last few years in that most bigoted city. Work among Mahommedans, as I have said more than once, is next to impossible, for if a man were to turn Christian he would have to flee. There is, hence, no progress made in gathering congregations from among them. When I was at the College some young men, of whom I have already spoken as chosen to be interpreters to the English army in the Soudan, were on the point of starting; twenty had already gone, and twenty more were to follow. This speaks highly for the instruction given. The language used in the College is English, but Arabic is thoroughly taught. Hitherto some teachers have known only Arabic, but all will know English also from this time forward. Candidates for the dignity of village schoolmaster have to spend three years in the preparatory school at the College, and four years in the College itself, before being thought fit for the office, though in the more simple village schools teachers are employed who have been trained in one of the "High Schools" for three years. The

<sup>1</sup> £200 (Turkish). The Turkish pound is equal to 18s. 6d.

number of village schools connected with the Mission is 118, with 5,180 pupils.

It certainly cannot be said of native preachers that they have "hands laid suddenly on them."<sup>1</sup> Candidates for the office must first be tried by actual practice at a missionary station for a year or two, according to circumstances. If recommended by the missionary, they are then allowed to attend the theological department of the College for three years. This is the demand from the humblest evangelist. From those who seek a higher training, a course of three years in the preparatory school and four in the College, in all the faculties, is required; but, even then, a graduate must go, after these seven years, to a missionary, for at least another year, to see if he has the qualities needed in a preacher and pastor. One of these students was ordained, in 1855, in Jerusalem, by Bishop Hannington, since murdered in South-eastern Africa. The simplest evangelist must prove himself able to lead a congregation in prayer, "apt to teach," and his life must "become the Gospel." Above all, every agent of the Mission, high or low, must give evidence that he is absolutely sincere in his devotion to Christ and the souls of men—that is, in the current phraseology, that he is a "converted man." The salary paid to native pastors is £5 10s. a month, with £1 a month for house-rent, but this item is not always given. Native pastors must teach at school through the week, as well as preach on Sundays and at other times. Native teachers may be licensed to preach, but they are not ordained, and cannot administer the sacraments. Their salary is from thirty shillings to £5 a month, with house-rent in some cases, in the country. In cities, they get from £5 10s. to £6 a month, without house-rent.

A number of the graduates of the Medical School were taken for assistant-service in the English army in the Soudan; an army surgeon having been sent to examine and accept them, if they proved fit. Altogether, the Egyptian war was a fortunate thing for the young fellows, for those taken as dragomans got £15 a month; interpreters, £20 a month; and translators, £25 a month, with rations and travelling expenses. Natives, I should add, are never put in independent charge of a missionary station; they are always under white missionaries. This is a fixed rule, and a very wise one.

"Zoar," the orphanage at Beirout, is very interesting. The house was hired in 1860, after the massacre, for widows, orphans, and the sick, but it has gradually become simply a hospital and an orphanage; the former under the care of the German Protestant Knights of St. John, who support it; Protestant sisters acting as the nurses. The number of orphans exceeds 130, but twice as many could be got, if there were room and money. There is also a boarding and day school,

<sup>1</sup> 1 Tim. v. 22.



Portrait of Ramses II. (From the Statue in Turin.) (See page 633.)



but in all the establishment there are no servants, the orphans doing the whole of the work. There are eight sisters in the orphanage, eight in the boarding school, and five in the hospital. The wonderful intermixture of races in Beirout shows itself in an institution like this; children of eighteen nations and seventeen different forms of religion receiving their Bible lessons together in the same school. There are English, Scotch, Americans, Germans, Russians, Austrians, Swiss, Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, Turks, Syrians, Bulgarians, Egyptians, Poles, Dutch, Hungarians, and Danes, among the girls, and they belong to the following medley of communions: Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Calvinistic, Zwinglian, Russian, Orthodox Greek, Romish Greek, Roman Catholics, Baptists, Quakers, Wesleyans, German Templars, Maronites, Jews, Mahomedans, and sometimes Druses. The good-natured sister, however, told me that "there were no quarrels, unless the Greek girls begin against the Quakers and such sects." The buildings are wonderfully clean, and everything is splendidly managed. Besides these, there are other missionary schools—those of Mrs. Watson, that of Miss Taylor, and those of the Syrian School Society—so that another generation must see great results. The Roman Catholics, also, are very active, and have great educational establishments.

A very pleasant trip to the Dog River, to see the Assyrian inscriptions on the rocks there, varied my stay at Beirout. A large party assembled to make a holiday of the little journey, and very delightful it was. Passing to the north, a long row of the humble work-cells of silk-weavers lined the street at the edge of the town; the looms being worked from the floor, in a very primitive fashion. Vast plantations of grafted mulberry-trees for the silkworms stretched away on both sides as soon as we were clear of the houses; none of the trees, I was told, were over twenty years old, silk-culture having greatly extended during that time. Cactus-hedges and stone walls alternated as fences, and water was everywhere abundant. The eggs of the silkworm are brought from the islands of the Mediterranean at twenty shillings an ounce, but this would not be necessary if proper care were taken. The people sit up night and day with the worms while they are growing, to give them a constant supply of fresh leaves; but, strange to say, with all this watchfulness over the insect, the trees are left without the pruning and care needed to make them thoroughly good.

Three-quarters of an hour's ride brought us to the bridge which crosses the Beirout river—a stream of considerable size in winter and spring, when swollen by the rains or melting snows from the mountains, and still strong in current when I crossed it. The left side of the road, towards the bridge, is a sandy plain, stretching back some miles to the hills, and well watered. Small white houses dot it pleasantly,

with gardens and orchards round them, supplying fruit and vegetables to the town. The men who work the ground live in huts made of tall grass, laid over a framework of sticks: frail houses, certainly, but good enough in such a climate, while the weather is dry. Beyond the bridge a lane edged with prickly pear led to the shore of the bay, to reach which another small stream had to be crossed, after which came a third—the Dead River—a little way up the sands. The track next led to the edge of the mountains which close in the Bay of Beirout on the north. We advanced round a projecting headland, our course lying along the remains of a Roman road which doubles this wild rocky cape, with a precipice on the one side down to the sea, while, on the other, steep cliffs rise up to the table-land above. The whole scene around and under-foot was wild and rough, for the great stones of which the road had been made 1,700 years before had apparently been left untouched ever since, and offered a honeycomb of holes and heights distressing alike to the rider and the horse. I was very much struck by the narrowness of the way, which must have been a great trouble for an army; the breadth in many places being, apparently, only ten or twelve feet. The rocks at the side were everywhere torn, as if by successive convulsions of nature; but a few small ledges and patches of green helped here and there to brighten the weather-beaten limestone.

On the land side of this old military road, portions of the rock have been smoothed into tablets by successive conquerors or invaders; whose passing has been duly recorded on them in sculptured characters by their obedient slaves. There is a second road a little higher up the cliffs, but running parallel with the lower, and some of the inscriptions are on the one, some on the other. The first tablet in the series is a memorial left by Esarhaddon, the third and faithful son of Sennacherib, who reigned from B.C. 681 to B.C. 668, and marched along this pass in the years B.C. 672—1. A revolt of Phœnicia, a state tributary to him, had broken out, in aid of Tirhakah the Ethiopian, then reigning over Egypt—the diplomacy of the Nile having succeeded in stirring up a confederacy of Palestine against Nineveh, as it did so often in the days of the prophets. Esarhaddon was victorious, and not only crushed Tirhakah, but crossed the sea to Cyprus, whence he returned, perhaps to Tyre, and marched back to the Euphrates laden with spoil. The tablet shows a full-length life-size figure of the victor in his royal robes, and records the leading incidents of his campaign in cuneiform characters. There he stands in rich embroidery, his royal staff in one hand, the other on his sword—sadly weathered by exposure for 2,600 years, but still looking out faintly from the stone, on which, at each side and underneath, the sculptor has recorded in strange arrow-head combinations the glories of his lord. Little more than a foot from this



Merneptah I. the Pharaoh of the Exodus.



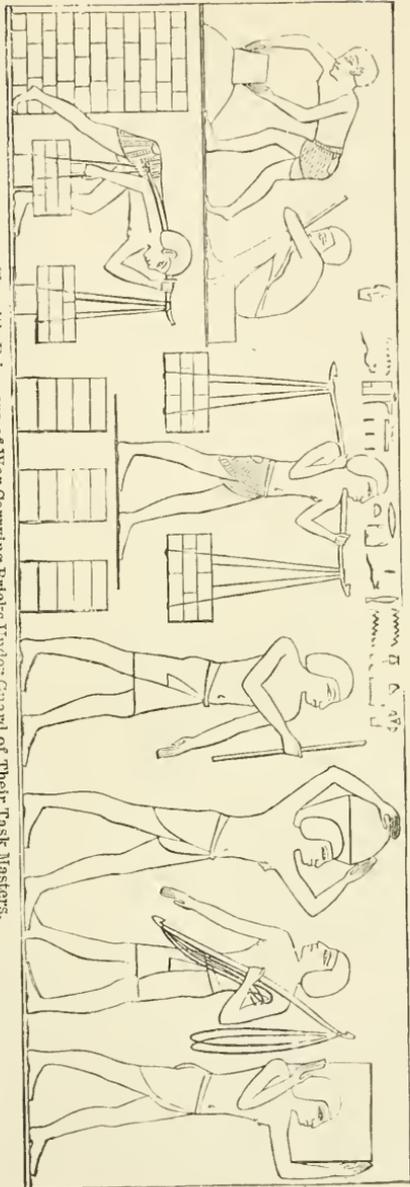
is a square-headed tablet, over six feet high, cut by order of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Hebrew oppression seven centuries earlier, as a votive offering to Ptha, the god of Memphis, then in its glory, to celebrate the great king's triumphant advance thus far against his powerful enemies, the Hittites. Esarlhaddon, the conqueror of Memphis, had noted this, and evidently cut his inscription at its side in silent irony, for the ancient power of Egypt had now veiled its head to that of Nineveh.

Next comes a round-headed Assyrian tablet, cut by Sennacherib, on his invasion of Palestine in B.C. 702: that campaign in which his army was destroyed, as we read in the Bible. The great king stands before us, with his high tiara and long staff of majesty, little thinking of the humiliation awaiting him, or the death he was to die at the hand of his sons, twenty years later, in Nineveh. After this, we have another square-headed tablet of Rameses II., dedicated to the sun-god Ra. It is much the best-preserved of the various Egyptian tablets, but even in it there are only traces of the hieroglyphics which once covered it. From the others they have been entirely effaced by time. In the upper part of this, Rameses stands in adoration before a seated deity: even the Pharaoh admitting that there were higher beings than himself, though he, also, claimed kindred with the gods. Passing this, we come to an inscription left by Shalmaneser II., of Nineveh, in the year B.C. 860, when he marched to the shores of "the Sea of the West," and here raised an image of himself, as his records tell us, after receiving the homage of the kings of Phœnicia. The figure is still quite perfect, even to the elaborate ornaments of the robes; indeed, it has often been copied as a portrait. Next comes another Assyrian tablet, round-headed as usual, glorifying the majesty of Sultan Assurnazirpal, the father of Shalmaneser II., who had just closed a victorious march through Syria, in which he had received tribute from the different local states. "This image of his majesty," he tells us, he erected over against the Great Sea, offering sacrifices and libations to his gods for the favor shown him. This was about the year B.C. 860.

Passing on, another Assyrian tablet, this time square-headed, meets us, only five feet high and half as broad, but of venerable antiquity, for it dates from the reign of Tiglath Pileser I., who was in his glory about 1,100 years before Christ, and carried the early Assyrian Empire to its highest power. This great warrior, after overcoming the Hittites at Carchemish and in Syria, marched along the coast to this part from the north, amusing himself as he did so by venturing into a "ship of the people of Arvad," in which he "rode upon the sea," and "slew a porpoise"—a deed grand enough to be commemorated in his annals. One aim he had in his advance to Beirout was, he informs us, to cut down cedars to decorate the temples of Nineveh: so early had the

fame of these trees spread over Western Asia. This king was succeeded by others in whose hands Assyria for a time grew so much weaker, that David was able to found an empire extending from the sea to the Euphrates, which he could not have done had Assyria retained its vigor. A companion tablet to this one is also Assyrian, but half a century older, and very inferior to the later monuments in its execution. The figures are low and squat, and the details of decoration of the hair, beard, and dress are given with far less care than in the later Assyrian tablets. The last inscription was originally Egyptian, dating from the remote days of Rameses II., when Moses was still young: this and the two others I have already noticed of the same king being votive offerings to the gods in gratitude for the victories which, as he fancied, they had enabled him to gain over the Hittites and Syrians. Luckily, this tablet was examined by Dr. Lepsius in 1845, while still as perfect as its great age allowed. Since then, in 1861, the French General of Division, sent to prevent the Druses in Lebanon from continuing to massacre the Christians, thought fit to obliterate what remained of the inscription of the ancient Pharaoh and substitute a French one telling of the presence of the force sent by that evanescent dignitary the Emperor Napoleon III. This is cut into a bed of stucco and yellow paint—fit material for such a record.

These are not, however, the only inscriptions in this great gallery of old-world memories. The very intelligent Danish Consul at Beirut has discovered another, higher up the crags, left by Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, who twice invaded Egypt, and in one of his campaigns, as we know, carried off the Jews from Jerusalem. I saw the "squeeze" of the inscription, which is of great size, and still legible in part; but, unfortunately, it gives no historical details, simply praising the wine of Helbon, a village on the east side of the great valley of Hollow Syria, still famous for its vintage. That such a series of chronicles should be visible from almost a single point is very striking. What sights this pass had seen! The bare-limbed archers and spearmen of the haughty Pharaoh, with their shields and battle-axes, as we see them on the monuments; the long squadrons of Egyptian chariots and cavalry; proud warriors, their eyes flashing with high hopes; the music of their bands floating far out over the sea; their flags and banners fluttering in the air—now all turned, these thousands of years, to pale ghosts in the silence of eternity! Past this spot their prancing chariot-horses had borne the great Sesostris—for by that name Rameses II. was known to the Greeks—Sennacherib, Esarhad-don, Sardanapalus, and Nebuchadnezzar, clad in royal majesty, with their great men in all their bravery, before and behind, and their long myriads of warriors! "Captains and rulers, clothed in blue, all of them desirable young men, horsemen riding upon horses—clothed most gorgeously,



Shemitic Prisoners of War Carrying Bricks Under Guard of Their Task Masters.



with girdles on their loins, and dyed attire of passing splendor, great lords and renowned,"—leading on, as they rode in their glittering armor, long hosts of chariots, and warriors from many lands, with buckler and spear and helmet,<sup>1</sup> full of life and eager for the foe!

The bronze gates of Shalmanezer II., now in the British Museum, offer a representation of the imposing ceremonial connected with the dedication of such tablets as those of the Dog River. Priests in a group sacrifice before a statue of the Great King, erected on the shores of Lake Van. They stand at a portable altar, planted before the statue, clad in sacrificial robes, no doubt chanting some appropriate litany, while their attendants cast into the sea portions of the sheep and other victims slain as offerings to the gods. Amidst grand military display, such rites were one day witnessed before each tablet I had seen. The narrow road was widened in front of each tablet, to leave fitting space to honor the lineaments of the Mighty Ruler; but these once sacred platforms are now encumbered with wreckage from the hill above.

About half a mile from the mouth of the Dog River is a last tablet, to commemorate the cutting of what was then a lower line of road, round the cape, by Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, one of the noblest men of the ancient world, a great emperor, but also a great man, valuing truth and goodness above his imperial purple. The inscription tells us that the "Imperator, Caesar, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Pius, the illustrious august one, [worthily surnamed] Parthicus, Britannicus, and Germanicus, the High Priest [of Rome], opened this road; the mountains overhanging the river Lycus having been cut away to make it." So he, also, was here, perhaps when he went on to Jerusalem, with the squalor and abominations of which he was so disgusted that he contrasted the sordid Sarmatians, and Marcomanni, and Quadi, beyond the Danube, with the Jewish population, to the disadvantage of the posterity of Jacob. The tablet dates from a little before the year A.D. 180, when he died. A shorter inscription, nearer to the sea, and a little way further on, breathes the loyal prayer of some Roman for one whom all men so deeply honored:—"Unconquered Imperator, Antoninus Pius, illustrious august one, reign for many years!" But he had soon to exchange his glory for a shroud!

It is from these hills of Lebanon, stretching away, height over height, from the Dog River, that the ladies come down who formerly wore long horns of metal to hold up their veils. I was not fortunate enough to see any. This strange ornament was worn by ladies of different races, but especially among the Druses, who live on the southern parts of the Lebanon range. At first these horns seem to have been of very moderate size, some, which are worn in out-of-the-way

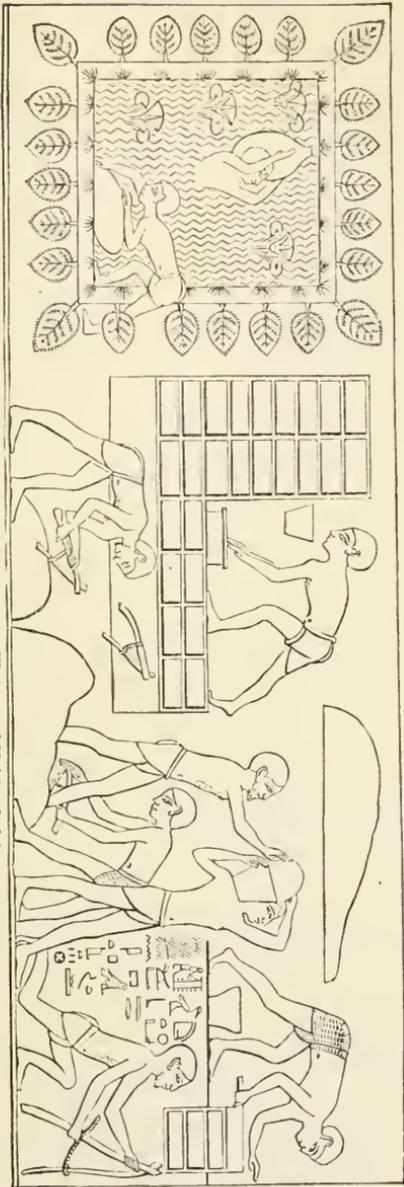
<sup>1</sup> Ezek. xxiii. 6, 12, 23, 24.

parts even now, being only a few inches long, and made of pasteboard, or even pottery. By degrees, however, they not only grew longer, but were made of more costly material; the poorest of tin, others of silver, and some even of gold. But the fashion is dying out. The "horns" so often mentioned in Scripture must not be supposed to be the same as this singular head-decoration, which, in all probability, was unknown to the Jews. That the horn is the natural symbol of strength in the lower animals, early caused it to be used as an emblem of power in any sense. "All the horns of the wicked will I cut off," says God, "but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted."<sup>1</sup> "The ten horns" in Daniel are "ten kings."<sup>2</sup> To "defile one's horn in the dust"<sup>3</sup> was, hence, equivalent to being tried by adversity and humiliation. In Habakkuk the strange expression—"he had horns coming out of his hand,"<sup>4</sup> should be read "rays of light from his side." The "horns of the altar" were projections of metal, so called from their shape, used for binding sacrifices on the altar, as where the Psalm says, "bind the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar."<sup>5</sup>

The Dog River is a broad and rapid stream, muddy with rain when I saw it. A bridge, strangely built in steps, crosses it, but there is nothing to see on the other side except wild rocks, among which flocks of goats pick a living; the shepherd, meanwhile, quietly walking along the top of the crag, above his adventurous charge.

I paid an interesting visit with President Bliss to some caves up the Dead River, which is nearer Beirout than the Dog River. The stream flows strong and full, springs bursting up with great force at various points in its bed. A scramble along rough paths led to a wild gorge, beautiful with trees of many kinds; and in this romantic spot lay the first cave. Masses of breccia covered the floor, and huge stalactites hung down from the roof, but as we had no hammers we could do nothing to discover prehistoric remains. These, however, have been abundantly found in this cave and others in the vicinity, and carry us back to a very remote age indeed, perhaps that of the primæval inhabitants of the reigon. Numerous flints, worked into scrapers and knives, have been recovered in the very cave I visited; and in others, worked flints, and numerous fragments of the bones of deer, goats, cattle, and horses have been found. How far back these take us, I leave others to determine. One thing they enforce: the innumerable multitude of the dead! What ages, long forgotten, have strewn the earth with the wrecks of humanity, as the autumn of each year covers it with the fallen leaves of summer!

1 Ps. lxxv. 10. 2 Dan. viii. 20—24. 3 Job xvi. 15. 4 Hab. iii. 4. 5 Ps. cxlviii. 27



Shanille Serfs Carrying Clay From the Water and Making Bricks.



## CHAPTER LIII.

## SIDON.

FROM Beirout to Tyre and Sidon is a wearisome journey along the seashore, through miles of deep sand, round wild mountainous headlands, or beside the dashing water, which is as unpleasant to the horse as to its rider. A brief familiarity with the noise and restlessness of the waves is romantic enough, but to have them for hour after hour advancing and retiring, hissing and breaking over the only firm footing there is, is monotonous in the extreme, especially in the heat of a Syrian day, when horse exercise, at the best, is a penance. But the beauty of the neighborhood of Sidon makes one forget such petty troubles. It lies in a green setting of gardens and orchards, watered by the grating "sakiyeh" or water-wheel, slowly turning its ponderous frame, raising its jars from hidden depths, and emptying them in wearisome succession into a small tank, from which the water is led off to the roots of the trees.<sup>1</sup> All the growths of warm climates flourish here in thick groves—pomegranates, almonds, palms, bananas, apricots, figs, olives, citrons, plums, pears, peaches, and cherries. Sidon supplies the market of Damascus with oranges, as I have had occasion to say in describing that city; for the yellow globes do not ripen in the gardens of the Syrian capital, which lies about 2,400 feet above the sea. Like all the old Phœnician cities, the "Mother of Tyre" lay on a rocky promontory, where it enjoyed easy intercourse with the distant lands to which its commerce extended. On the north the ground slopes gently to the beach and then falls back into a small bay, a low reef stretching parallel with the shore across its mouth, thus forming a natural breakwater, inside which the smaller vessels of antiquity could ride in safety. There is also a long, narrow island, to which the population could retire in time of danger, as there was at Tyre and at some other Phœnician towns.

Sidon was the oldest city of Phœnicia,<sup>2</sup> and in ancient times the most famous, for Homer, who never speaks of Tyre, mentions Sidon more than once. Ulysses, speaking of Phlyus in the Peloponnesus, tells us—

“The ship-renowned Phœnicians thither came,  
 Knaves, bringing many trinkets in their ships.  
 There was a woman of Phœnicia  
 In my sire's house, fair, skilled in beauteous works;  
 Her the Phœnicians, crafty men, deceived;  
 One spoke to her of love, as near the ships

<sup>1</sup> Ps. i. 3. <sup>2</sup> Gen. x 15.

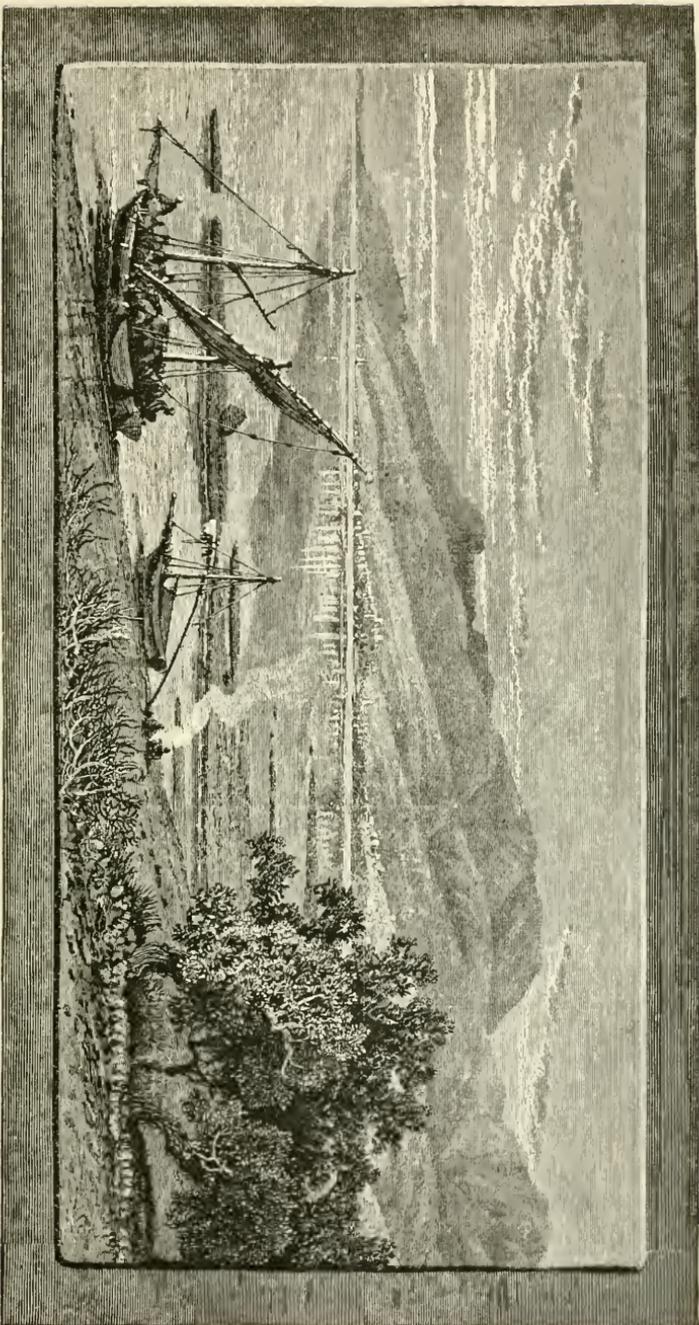
She washed the vests: a thing which captivates  
 Weak women's minds, though prudent one may be.  
 He asked her who she was, and whence she came;  
 She told him of her father's high-roofed house:  
 'From Sidon, rich in brass, I boast to be,  
 Daughter of wealth-o'erflowing Arytas:  
 The Taphians seized upon me, plunderers,  
 As from the fields I came, and hither brought  
 To this man's house, and he a fit price gave.'"<sup>1</sup>

The fair Sidonian garments woven by Sidonian women are extolled in the *Iliad*, and the silver and other metal work of the Phœnician city is praised, as famous beyond all other of the kind in the world.<sup>2</sup> The Hebrews assigned the whole district to the tribe of Asher,<sup>3</sup> but it never obtained the prize.<sup>4</sup> Sidon was taken by the Philistines about 1,200 years before Christ, and Tyre from that time became the chief Phœnician city.<sup>5</sup> Isaiah, however, centuries later, speaks of the merchants of Sidon,<sup>6</sup> and Ezekiel refers to the fame of its sailors<sup>7</sup> as late as the sixth century before Christ. Its timber-hewers were in great repute in the time of Solomon,<sup>8</sup> and in that of Ezra,<sup>9</sup> so that, although Tyre was still greater, Sidon continued to flourish. The "coasts of Tyre and Sidon" visited by our Lord were in all probability the plain, scarcely five miles broad at Sidon, on which these two cities stood,<sup>10</sup> so that He was very near the great heathen centres. Nor was Sidon, in its turn, without a band of Christian converts, even in the time of St. Paul; for the great Apostle, when he "touched at" it as a prisoner on his way to Rome, was "courteously" allowed "liberty to go unto his friends" there, "to refresh himself."<sup>11</sup>

During the two crusading centuries, Sidon was in the hands of the Christians several times, once for seventy-five years, but in A.D. 1291 it finally passed into the possession of the Mahomedans; and whatever life it now shows is only a gradual revival, the result of Christian energy and industry, especially on the part of the French, who were finally driven from it less than 100 years ago. The population is about 10,000, of whom 7,000 are Moslems and Metawilehs, 700 Jews, and the rest Christians of different sects. The Franciscans, who are very strong in Palestine, have a large monastery here, watched, as usual, by the Jesuits, to whom their liberality of mind is hateful—a Jesuit school supplying an agency for keeping the monks under supervision. There is also a Roman Catholic orphanage, and a school of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and the Americans have a missionary station, as efficient and well managed as one could well desire.

<sup>1</sup> *Odys.*, xv. 415—429; Barnard's translation. <sup>2</sup> *Iliad*, xxiii. 741 ff. <sup>3</sup> Josh. xix. 28. <sup>4</sup> Judg. i. 31; iii. 3; x. 12; Jos. *Ant.*, xv. 4, 1. <sup>5</sup> Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, iii. 347. <sup>6</sup> Isa. xxiii. 2. <sup>7</sup> Ezek. xxvii. 8. <sup>8</sup> 1 Kings v. 6; 1 Chron. xxii. 4. <sup>9</sup> Ezra iii. 7. <sup>10</sup> Matt. xv. 21; Mark vii. 24. <sup>11</sup> Acts xxvii. 3.

View of Sidon From the Site of Ancient Sarepta. (See page 632.)





The streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty, like those of other Oriental towns, but many of the houses are of stone—large and well built, especially those raised on the eastern wall; their positions giving them pure air and a pleasant view. There are six khans in the town, one of them—formerly belonging to the French—a large quadrangle, with a fountain in the middle of its hollow square, and covered galleries all round. A great four-square tower, very ruinous, but still forming the citadel, stands in the southern quarter, on the highest ground: a relic of the Crusaders. From its top the view is very fine. The town stretches out at one's feet, on its gentle slope, the boundless sea reaching away to the west, while the lovely plain on all sides of the town is set off with groves, gardens, houses, and villages, and far away to the north rise the snow-crowned tops of Lebanon.

Spring is very beautiful in this part, but it is not always to be counted upon. Heavy rain-storms sometimes fall as late as May, and the mountain-tops occasionally show fresh snow even in that month. This uncertainty is very hurtful to the crops, which, consequently, fail more frequently in Syria and Palestine, from untimely frosts, than in many other lands; from this fatality silk enjoys no exemption. The Hebrews were, therefore, in an especial degree, led to think of the need of Divine favor to give them harvests, everything depending so entirely on the heavens. The want of rain, its too long continuance, its coming at wrong times, the irruption of winter into spring, not to speak of dangers from insect plagues, have indeed, in all ages, forced the population, of whatever creed, to an outward religiousness of fear or selfishness; and this, in our day, occasionally makes Moslems, Christians, and Jews lay aside their fierce dislikes for the moment, and unite in fasts, processions, and prayers for the pity of the All-merciful on the drooping field.

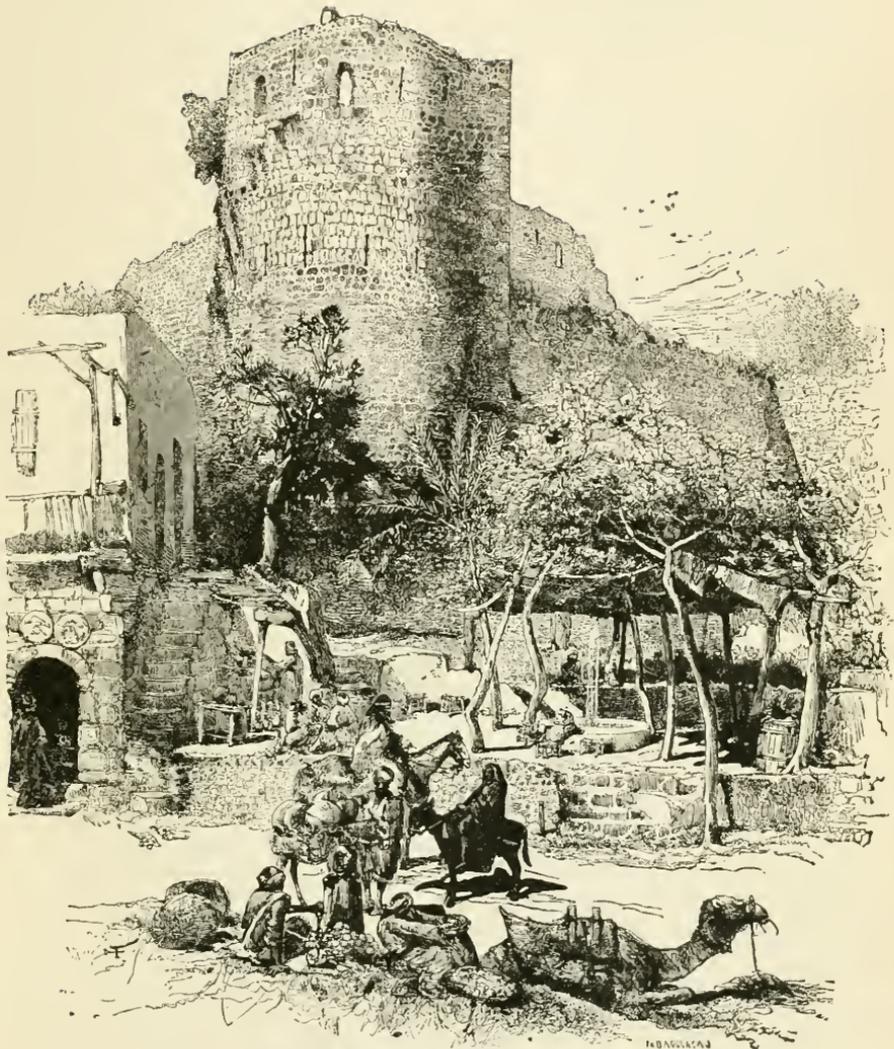
In Sidon, as elsewhere in the East, sacred mottoes are to be seen on the outside of some of the houses. In certain cases interlaced Arabic letters, comprising verses from the Koran, form an ornament similar to our cornices, round the walls of a room, and many houses have inscriptions over the door. This custom prevails in every Mahomedan country, and is so natural in those who honor a special book as sacred that it has held a place among widely-separate peoples in every age. We, ourselves, in the first generations after the Reformation, especially in Scotland, put pious mottoes from Scripture over our house-doors, as may still be seen in old buildings in Edinburgh and Glasgow; and in the same way I found the walls of the rambling mud-brick house of the Christian sheikh of Luxor, in Upper Egypt, ornamented with Bible mottoes in Arabic. It was in accordance with this instinctive propensity that Moses told the people of Israel, "These words which I have commanded thee this day, thou shalt write upon

the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.”<sup>1</sup> Just as sentences of the Koran are framed and hung as pictures on the walls of Moslem houses to-day, so we find passages from the Law on the dwellings of Oriental Jews. They, further, nail to their door-posts a small tin or lead case, or a glass tube, or “mezuzah.” In this there is a piece of vellum about three inches square, with the words of Deuteronomy vi. 4—9, and xi. 13—21, written on one side with great care, the vellum being afterwards folded to about half an inch wide, with the writing inside, and the word Shaddai, one of the names of the Almighty, on the back, a hole being left in the case, through which this can be seen in passing. Thus complete, the “mezuzah,” a name meaning simply a door-post, is nailed in a slanting position on the right-hand side of the outer door; another, exactly similar, being fixed, in the same way, at the side of every door within. A pious Jew never goes out to his day’s work without kissing the “mezuzah,” and seldom passes from room to room without bowing to it; and if he removes to another house, he takes it with him, unless a Jew is to succeed him in the tenancy.

The phylacteries which the Pharisees “made broad”<sup>2</sup> were two little boxes of leather which contained, written on strips of vellum, the words of Exodus xiii. 2—10, 11—17, and Deuteronomy vi. 4—9, 13—22. To this box were attached leather bands which could be made broader or narrower, and by these, one of the boxes was tied to the left arm, at the bend of the elbow, and the other put on the forehead. The breadth of the phylacteries used by the Pharisees referred to the thongs, and to the little boxes themselves: the greater size and width being used to attract attention. In our Lord’s day, such things were worn by all Jews, boys being required to use them when they were thirteen years and a day old, after which they were regarded as “sons of the commandments.” When phylacteries were introduced is not clearly known, but it is thought that they came into fashion during the exile, as a literal compliance with the command to bind the Law, “for a sign, upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes,” just as the “mezuzah” is a fulfilment of the injunction to “write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.”<sup>3</sup>

Sidon, like Tyre, was famous from the earliest ages for its dye-works, which produced the purple so much esteemed by the ancients. This was obtained from two species of shell-fish of the family known as *murex*—shells with rough points outside and a spindle-like prolongation at the upper end. The secretion which yields the dye varies in shade in different species. Originally whitish, it grows, when exposed to sunlight, first yellow, then green, and finally, in the different molluscs, red, or violet-purple. The abundance of these valuable shell-fish on the Phœnician coast led to the founding of Dora, and there, as at

1 Deut. vi. 9; xi. 20. 2 Matt. xxiii. 5. 3 Deut. vi. 8, 9.



Καΐ'Ατ el Messi, Citadel of Sidon. (See page 647.)



Tyre and Sidon, although they are now virtually extinct in the shallow water, whole masses of them are, at times, thrown up from the sea, after storms. From the earliest ages the smoke of the dye-works of Tyre and Sidon must have been seen from the hills behind, curling up into the clear sky; and the sight must have been familiar to the Jews, and to the Divine Child of Nazareth.

There are not many antiquities in Sidon, wave after wave of conquest having swept away most traces of the remote past. Tombs abound in the plain and on the sides of the hills behind the town; some of them with many chambers for the dead, like the so-called Tombs of the Kings at Jerusalem. I have often wondered at the bare and comfortless walls of these rock-cells in the Holy City, so different from the pictured beauty with which the Egyptians delighted to adorn their last resting-places; but the abhorrence among the Jews of representations of living creatures, or of the human figure, may in part account for it. Here, at Sidon, however, many tombs were coated with strong cement, in the Greek age at least, and on this are still to be seen inscriptions, sometimes written with a sharp point before the stucco was dry; sometimes added in red ink after the wall was hardened. Wreaths of flowers, small birds, and palm, orange, and various other fruit-trees, are met in one or the other, showing that the locality was very much the same in old times as it is now. Oranges and citrons, by the way, first became familiar to the Hebrews during the exile, the native homes of these trees being Media and Persia, where many Jews were settled. It is hard to say where there are not tombs round Sidon, for the whole ground seems to be honey-combed with them, though a great many are now covered with soil, and only found by accident. At the north-west angle of the harbor are some immense stones, each about ten feet square, the remains of ancient quays and sea-walls. The castle, of which I have already spoken, is very interesting. Part of it is nearly solid, with granite pillars built into the wall at regular distances; these buttresses being part of the wreck of ancient mansions, public buildings, and temples. The bevelled edge in masonry was formerly thought to imply antiquity, but I have before remarked that it is now found to characterize later work as well as earlier, so that its presence here proves nothing as to the age of the building. Columns, sarcophagi, broken statues, and other remains of the ancient city are often to be seen in gardens and orchards; not a few have been dug up from beneath many feet of soil, as similar relics of the long past are excavated at Ascalon.

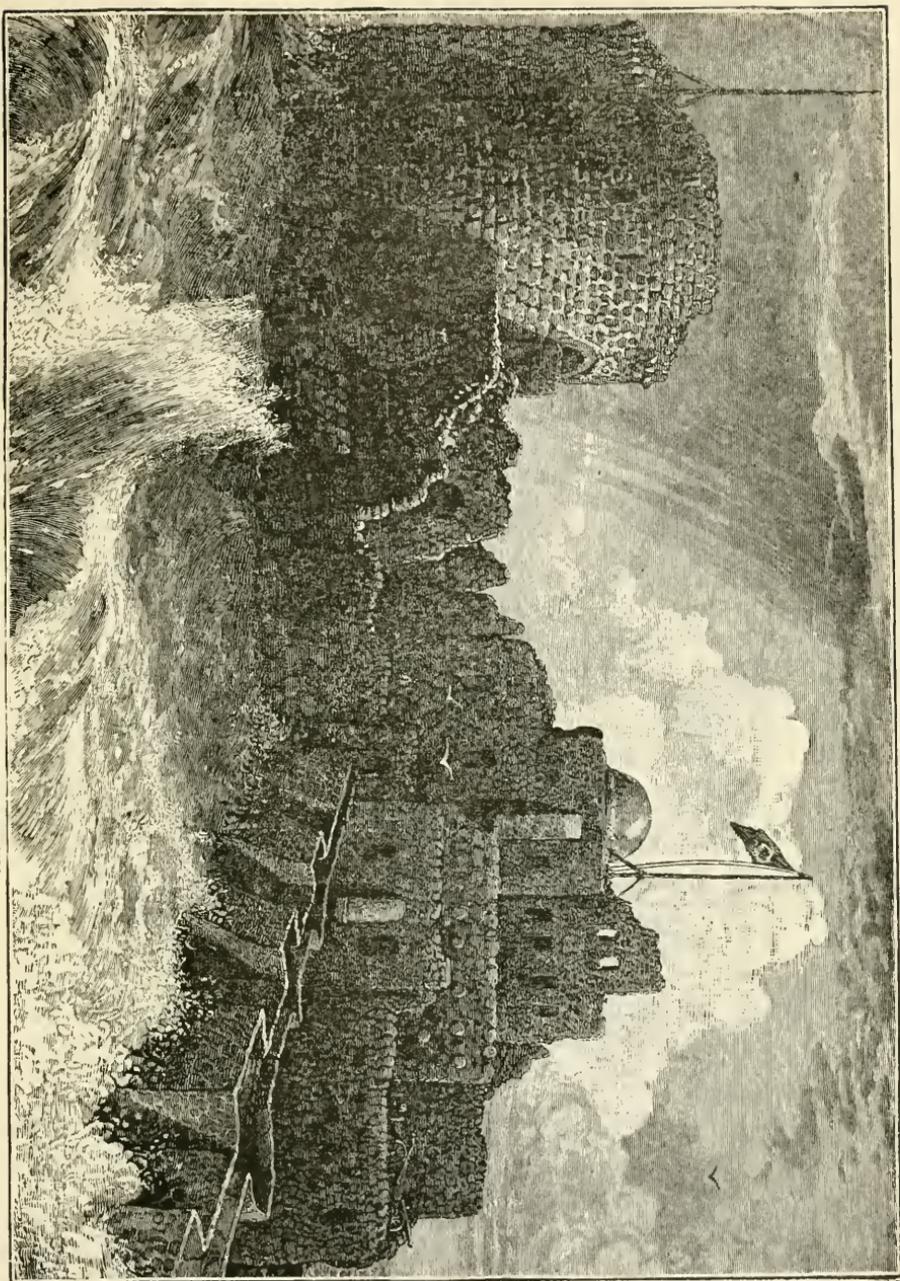
That so little stone is to be seen where a large city once stood, is at once explained by the custom of carrying off the remains of antiquity as building materials for modern edifices. The houses of to-day in the cities of Palestine are largely built, as I have often said, from the

stones of cities long deserted. Not a little of that used for ancient buildings was, moreover, soft, and though lasting enough when duly protected, crumbled to soil when left exposed to the weather. A great trade is done in calcining the ruins of ancient towns, where they are calcareous. Huge marble pillars are ruthlessly broken up for this purpose, and many sarcophagi, and even statues, have shared the same fate.

Buried treasures are not unfrequently found in the neighborhood of Sidon, and the number of ancient coins in circulation, here and elsewhere, through Palestine and Syria is wonderful, though many of them are of little value. The most famous discovery, for value and interest, took place about fifty years ago, when some workmen, as they were digging, found a number of copper jars full of gold coins of Alexander the Great and his father Philip, each worth more than a sovereign. How they came there it is of course impossible to say, but they must have been hidden from the time of the Macedonian world-conqueror, 2,200 years ago. In Beirout, the Danish Consul showed me a collection of coins made by himself, numbering many hundreds, for every city had its own coinage. The extreme poverty of most Orientals generates a superstitious reverence for money, and this is increased by the possibility that any spot may conceal stores large enough to make a man permanently rich. Hence the least suspicion of the existence of a hoard creates an excitement which we can hardly realize. The finding of a single coin may be enough to rouse the hope of "hidden treasure," and to lead to the most eager toil, in every direction, to find it. Indeed, treasure-seekers abound all over the country. This helps one to understand Job's expression about those in trouble who "dig for death more than for hid treasures,"<sup>1</sup> and the words of Proverbs, "If thou seekest her [understanding] as silver, and searest for her as for hid treasure, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God."<sup>2</sup> Nor is it only in modern times that such treasures have been found, as indeed these verses show: in the Gospels our Lord alludes to "treasure hid in a field, the which, when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."<sup>3</sup>

The greatest discovery ever made at Sidon, however, was not a hoard of coin, but the sarcophagus of Esmunazar, "King of the Sidonians," who lived in the fourth century before Christ. It was found, by the merest accident, not in a tomb or mausoleum, but almost on the open ground, in a field close to the town. How it got there is a mystery, for the Phœnicians took immense pains to make the tombs of their dead secure. Thus, at Tyre, they dug a shaft large enough to let down the coffin or sarcophagus into a spacious tomb below, and the

1 Job iii. 21. 2 Prov. ii. 4. 3 Matt. xlii. 44.



Kalat Bahr, Sea Castle in Harbor of Sidon. (See page 683)



small opening overhead was so carefully concealed that it is very difficult to find one, even now. At Sidon, the rock was cut away to make a large level space, now used as the threshing-floor for the neighborhood. Underneath this, however, reached by square shafts like those at Tyre, are countless tombs, opening, in many cases, from chamber to chamber, over a large space, according to the wealth of the family to which they first belonged, and the number who would need a resting-place in this last home. In many cases, still further precautions were taken, by laying down a special floor of large stones, or by cutting a deep trench in the floor and hiding away the sarcophagus in it, afterwards smoothing the surface above with coats of cement, as if all underneath were solid. To tap the threshing-floor at almost any point thus leads down to a wide-branching city of death, hidden in utter darkness. But, indeed, it has been tapped long before our day, in the eager search after the wealth supposed to be buried with the dead.

In January, 1855, the French Consul at Beirut heard of the discovery at Sidon of a wonderful sarcophagus of hard black basalt, finely polished, and instantly took measures to secure it for his nation. A long inscription on its lid, in an unknown character, heightened the general excitement, till all the town went out to see it. The lid is peculiar from its imitation of the Egyptian custom of having the upper end wrought into a likeness of the deceased; the head-dress, too, being quite unusual. The face is larger than life, with a rather low forehead, almond-shaped, projecting eyes, a broad, flat nose, thick negro-like lips, a small chin, and large ears standing out somewhat from the head. But there is nothing unpleasant in the countenance on the whole, for a smile plays over it and redeems it from plainness. A beard, like that seen on Egyptian coffins, hangs from the chin—a false one, as was usual in the valley of the Nile—and a bird, perhaps a dove, sits on each shoulder. The proportions of the lid—seven feet by four—do not admit of elegance in the figure, the whole surface being covered with it, contrary to all requirements of symmetry. The inscription occupies twenty-two lines, which are in perfect preservation. Such a relic of Phœnicia created as great a stir as that caused, at a later day, by the Moabite stone; no fewer than forty scholars having, since its discovery, made translations of the invaluable text which it supplies. The following is mainly the version of Professor Oppert and that of Renan, the last published:—

“In the month of Bul,<sup>1</sup> in the fourteenth year of the reign of King Esmunazar, king of the Sidonians, son of King Tabnit, king of the Sidonians, King Esmunazar, king of the Sidonians, spoke, saying:

“I am snatched away before my time;<sup>2</sup> my spirit has disappeared

<sup>1</sup> We cannot tell whether this was in the flowery spring or in the glowing sun-scorched autumn. <sup>2</sup> Deutsch.

like the day [which dies into night], and since then I am silent, since then I became mute, and I am lying in this coffin, and in this tomb, the place which I have built.

"O Reader! I adjure everyone, either of royal race or of lower birth, not to open my sepulchre to seek after treasures, for there are none hidden here with me; let no one move my coffin out of its place, nor disturb me in this my last bed, by laying another coffin over mine. If men command thee to do so, do not listen to them, for the punishment [of the violators of my grave] shall be: Every man of royal race, or of common birth, who shall open this sarcophagus, or who shall carry it away, or shall disturb me in it, he shall have no burial with the dead, he shall not be laid in a tomb, nor leave behind him any son or posterity, for the holy gods will extirpate them.

"Thou, whoever [thou art, who mayest] be king [after me], command those over whom thou mayest reign to cut off any, whether members of the royal race, or common men, who remove the lid of this sarcophagus, or take it away; command them, also, to cut off even the offspring of such men, whether royal or common.<sup>3</sup>

"Let there be no root to them, to strike downwards; no fruit to shoot upwards, nor any living being [to perpetuate their memory] under the sun.

"For I am to be pitied—snatched away before my time—the son of the flood of days, disappearing like the light, from the time I became voiceless and silent.

"For I, Esmunazar, king of the Sidonians, son of King Tabnit, king of the Sidonians, [who was] the grandson of King Esmunazar, king of the Sidonians.

"And my mother Amastarte, the priestess of Astarte, our mistress, the Queen, the daughter of King Esmunazar, king of the Sidonians:

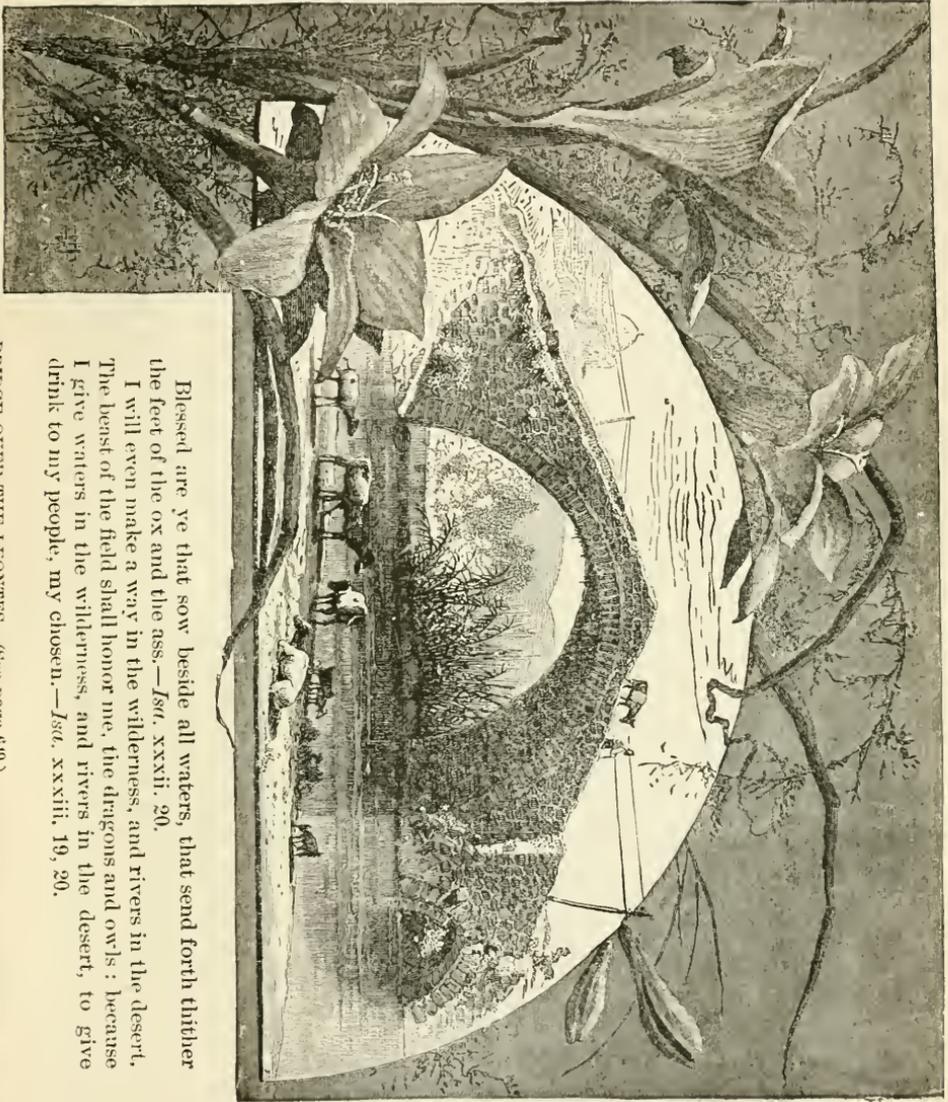
"It was we who built the temple of the gods, and the temple of Ashtaroth, in the seaside Sidon, and placed there the image of the Ashtaroth, and we built the temple of Eshmun.

"And it was we who built the temples of the gods of the Sidonians, in the seaside Sidon—the temple of Baal of Sidon, and the temple of Astarte, who bears the name of this Baal<sup>1</sup> [that is, Astarte Peni Baal].

"The lord of kings gave us Dora and Joppa [towns on the coast of the plain of Sharon], with the fertile corn lands in the plain of Sharon, and added it to the territory of our land, that it may belong to the Sidonians for ever.

"O Reader, I adjure every man of royal race, and every common man, not to open my coffin, or deface [the inscriptions on] its lid, or

<sup>1</sup> Renan renders this—"they, the gods, shall cut off any . . . they shall cut off even the offspring." <sup>2</sup> All Phœnician gods were Baal, and all goddesses Astarte.



Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither  
the feet of the ox and the ass.—*Isa.* xxxii. 20.

I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert,  
The beast of the field shall honor me, the dragons and owls : because  
I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give  
drink to my people, my chosen.—*Isa.* xxxiii. 19, 20.



disturb me in this my last bed, or carry away the sarcophagus in which I rest.

“Whoever does, let the holy gods extirpate them and their offspring for ever, whether they be of royal race or men of the common crowd!”

Thus we stand, for the moment, in this glimpse into long-dead ages, face to face with men to whom Baal and Astarte were supreme in heaven and on earth. Dora and Joppa, also, live before us, with their moving life of more than two thousand years ago; and Sharon waves, then as now, with yellow grain, the reward of the patient husbandman. Poor Esmunazar's dread of being disturbed in his tomb was not unfounded, and shows how ancient must have been the practice of rifling tombs for “hidden treasures.” Who first violated his last home, so carefully guarded, so surrounded with ghostly imprecations against disturbers, no one can tell, for his sarcophagus had lain under a thin coating of garden soil, having been buried for ages, before a happy accident brought it to light. It is very singular, however, to trace the subsequent history of this violation of the grave. The Duke de Luynes, who bought the sarcophagus and presented it to the French Government, fell in Italy, in the war with Austria, in 1859; and there, also, his only son perished. The Emperor Napoleon, who caused it to be brought to Paris, ended his days a disrowned exile, in England, and his only son met an untimely death in South Africa; nor is there a single descendant left of either the Duke de Luynes or Napoleon III.<sup>1</sup> I do not mean to suggest that the imprecations of the long-dead Sidonian king brought about this singular fatality, but the coincidence is one of the strangest of which I know.

The gardens of Sidon reach more than a mile to the south, ending at the bed of a broad winter-torrent, the flat bottom of which is piled with boulders of all sizes, in great numbers. A mile further on is the small stream Sanik, and at about five miles from Sidon you reach the small river Zaherany, once crossed by a bridge which has long since fallen, and, of course, has never been rebuilt. The road or track passes along the edge of the uplands bordering the sea, on which it looks down from a height of twenty or twenty-five feet. About a mile back, there is a striking gorge, with a village at its opening, and a ruined temple on a spur of rock above it. The hills around show, moreover, that a great population once lived near, their sides being everywhere hollowed into tombs, one of which is so large that it is sometimes used for religious worship. This spot was famous in early days for the great engineering works by which it was made to contribute a water-supply to Sidon. Far up among the mountains towering to the north and east, the Zaherany bursts from the rocks in a copious

<sup>1</sup> Geikie, *Hours with the Bible*, ii. 362.

spring, known as the Fountain of the Cup. The cold pure water of this stream had charms for the Sidonians such as can appeal only to the people of a hot climate. They determined, therefore, to take advantage of it, and for this purpose had an aqueduct led, at some parts in rock-cut channels, at others in strongly-built conduits, from the far-away spring to the lowly bed of the Sanik, in the plains far below, whence it was easily brought to the city. The water-course was, in part, carried on high arches over deep glens, then, down and ever down for more than a mile, along the face of precipices where goats can hardly find a footing, till it reached the torrent-bed. In some places, indeed, two separate aqueducts were built, one over the other. Such a display of skill speaks highly for the civilization of ancient Phœnicia in directions we should not otherwise have suspected. The world was not so far behind us in those distant ages as we are apt, in our vanity, to suppose. Perhaps, indeed, it was in some respects in advance of us.

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## CHAPTER LIV.

### SAREPTA AND TYRE.

THE bed of the Zaherany is bright with a thick fringe of oleanders, which relieves the monotony of the road now that the gardens of Sidon are passed. Numerous wadys cut up the sand and run back into the hills, water flowing in at least one of them, and making its banks rejoice in orchards of oranges, peaches, pomegranates, and other fruit-trees. The memorable site of Sarepta lies only a short way farther on, and is reached through a pleasant and comparatively fertile neighborhood. Herds of oxen and flocks of goats pasture here and there, and the soil is more or less fertile with crops. But agriculture at this spot, as elsewhere in the East, is very primitive. The only process before sowing is the ploughing of the ground with the wretched implements characteristic of the whole of Western Asia, half an acre a day being the most that ordinary labor can scratch into nominal furrows and then sow over. There is no harrowing, nor does it seem there ever has been, for the word rendered "to harrow," in the Bible, seems rather to mean a breaking of the clods with mallets, as is still occasionally done. The plough covers the seed, which is then left to Providence. The weakness of the coulter and other parts of the plough requires, moreover, that advantage be taken, in all but the most friable



Mount Hermon, From the North. (See page 650.)



soils, of the softening of the surface by the winter or spring rains; so that the peasant, if industrious, has to "plough in the winter,"<sup>1</sup> though sluggards still shrink from its cold, and have "to beg in the harvest."

The ruins of Sarepta are scattered over the plain, at intervals, for more than a mile: one group is on the coast, and may be the remains of the ancient harbor. These lie on a tongue of land which forms a small bay and pleasantly varies the monotony of the otherwise unbroken coast-line. Fine crops brighten part of the plain around, though only the small village of Surafend, the modern representative of the ancient town, is actually surrounded by green. Sarepta was famous for its wine in the early Christian centuries, but it got its name in the Hebrew Bible—Zarpath—from its being in still older days a chief centre of the glass-works of Phœnicia—the word meaning "melting-houses." It belonged to the territory of Sidon,<sup>2</sup> and must have been a large place, if we may judge from the number of rock-tombs at the foot of the hills.

Its supreme interest, however, to all Bible readers lies in its connection with the great Prophet Elijah. A place is still shown at the old harbor where a Christian church once stood, on the alleged site of the widow's house in which the prophet lived. But no value is to be attached to such a localization, though the spot is still called "the Grave of Elijah," in the belief that he finally died here. There is no end to such traditions, spun in dreamy brains.

During the reign of the Crusaders, Sarepta was strongly fortified, and made the seat of a bishop, who was subject to the Archbishop of Sidon; but as early as the end of the thirteenth century it had sunk into utter desolation. Legend has tried to identify it with the home of the Syrophœnician woman whose daughter Christ healed, but there is no ground for this fancy. Its fame must always rest, for Christians, on the noble lesson of faith in God taught by the prophet on the one hand, and by the great-hearted widow on the other.

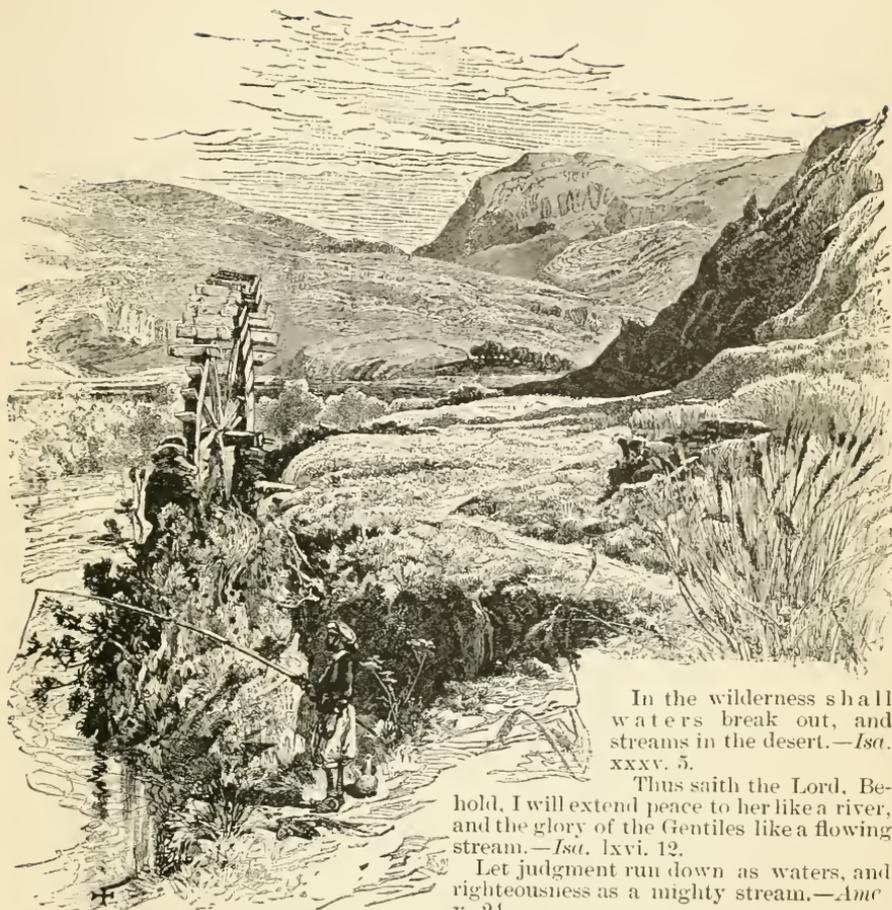
Riding south, towards Tyre, one sees some villages on the bluffs behind, but none on the plain, which does not offer the same security. Yet the landscape was once dotted with rich villas, for fragments of mosaic pavements, with finely-hewn stones, are still found. Patches of barley and wheat vary the level, and the yellow bluffs of rock also are frequently set off with green. It was strange to notice the solitude of the waters, once busy with the restless coasting and foreign trade of Phœnicia. The peasants have no boats, and no wish for them, avoiding the shore rather than coming near it. A stream called the Aswad runs into the sea a few miles south of Sarepta, with a safe ford at one spot, but dangerous at its mouth, on account of quicksands, which give way under man or beast if inadvertently stepped upon. The central

<sup>1</sup> Prov. xx. 4. <sup>2</sup> 1 Kings xvii. 9; Luke iv. 26.

arch of an ancient bridge spans the channel, but the approaches on both sides have long since disappeared, so that it is of no use.

The great river Leontes, known at this point as the Kasimieh, but along all the rest of the course as the Litany, pours into the sea about half-way between Sarepta and Tyre. Its course, including its many windings, is in all about 120 miles, in passing over which it descends fully 4,000 feet, from its highest source in Lebanon. It rises close to the source of the Orontes, in the broad plain of Hollow Syria, near Baalbek—its farthest, not its highest, permanent source being there. We crossed it, as may be remembered, at Shtorah, on the way to Beirut, and from that point it flows south-west, through the Lebanon mountains, fighting, most of the way, through a narrow chasm worn by its waters in the course of ages. Leaping from point to point, "it boils, it wheels, it foams, it thunders" on, at one place making its way through a tunnel, cut by it in a rock more than ninety feet thick, so as to form a natural bridge. At some places it is hardly more than six feet wide, but the depth is unknown. At others it rushes down in furious madness 600 or even 800 feet beneath your standing-place, till, at last, flowing almost at a right angle with its original course, it bursts from the grip of the hills and seeks rest in the ocean, to which it makes its way with many windings, between banks thick with rich overhanging green. Its current is swift, and it is too cold for bathing, except during the hot months, coming as it does from the snows of Lebanon. The low plain which it crosses is unhealthy, else one would expect to find a town at its mouth, for the fishing off the coast here is the best in this part of Syria. Yet, without doubt, the whole neighborhood was once thickly inhabited, proofs of its having been so presenting themselves in scattered ruins on every side. The view of Mount Hermon from this point is peculiarly grand. North and south its gigantic mass rises, covered on its long ridge with unstained snow; the middle somewhat lower than the two ends, but its majesty, as a whole, impressive beyond words.

As we approached Tyre, we passed some files of camels laden in most cases with merchandise, which they were slowly carrying north. On the humps of some, however, were women and children, swaying backward and forward unceasingly with the painful gait of the animal; but natives are so accustomed to this twisting and rocking that they do not feel it. Indeed, children even imitate it when learning by heart their lessons from the Koran in their rude schools, on the floor of which the little creatures rock to and fro all the time they are at their task. The Arabs are, happily, little known in this part, but their evil reputation is universal. Stories abound of their robbing travellers when they have a chance. One case I heard, of a poor European being set upon by fourteen of them, robbed of his knapsack, wounded on the head,



In the wilderness shall  
waters break out, and  
streams in the desert.—*Isa.*  
xxxv. 5.

Thus saith the Lord, Be-  
hold, I will extend peace to her like a river,  
and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing  
stream.—*Isa.* lxvi. 12.

Let judgment run down as waters, and  
righteousness as a mighty stream.—*Amc*  
v. 24.

LOWER PLAINS OF LEONTES. (See page 650.)



and turned adrift, after being stripped quite naked; a strange repetition of the story of the man who fell among thieves on the way to Jericho. It is, in fact, unsafe to go through any Arab district without the protection of companions. Ishmael is the same to-day as four thousand years ago; a wild man, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.

Tyre is now a small and wretched place, with the pretence of a bazaar, in which beans, tobacco, dates, and lemons are the chief articles for sale. The American Consul, a great man in the town, is a native. A collection of miserable houses, of one or two stories, with filthy lanes for streets, forms all that now calls itself Tyre. It lies on what was once the famous island-site of the ancient city. Alexander the Great, however, unable to reach it otherwise, built a mole to connect it with the mainland; stones and rubbish being thrown into the strait between it and the shore till a broad road rose above the waters; and this has been so widened by the sand, in the course of ages, that it is now about half a mile across. There were originally two islands, connected, in Phœnician times, by a mound; so that it is hard to restore the ancient topography, now that mainland and islands are run into one. Along the sea face, the rocks are rugged and picturesque, rising, towards the south, thirty or forty feet above the sea, and cut out at many points, by the ancient population, with great patience and ingenuity, into a series of small harbors, landing-places for boats, shallow docks, and salt-pans. The whole length of the site, including all its parts, is only about 1,200 yards from north to south, and about a third less from east to west, so that the Tyrians must have been wonderfully crowded if the city on the mainland did not give room enough for comfort; for the island was, doubtless, in great part covered with tall warehouses, landing-wharves, sailors' barracks, and all the other accessories of a huge commerce.

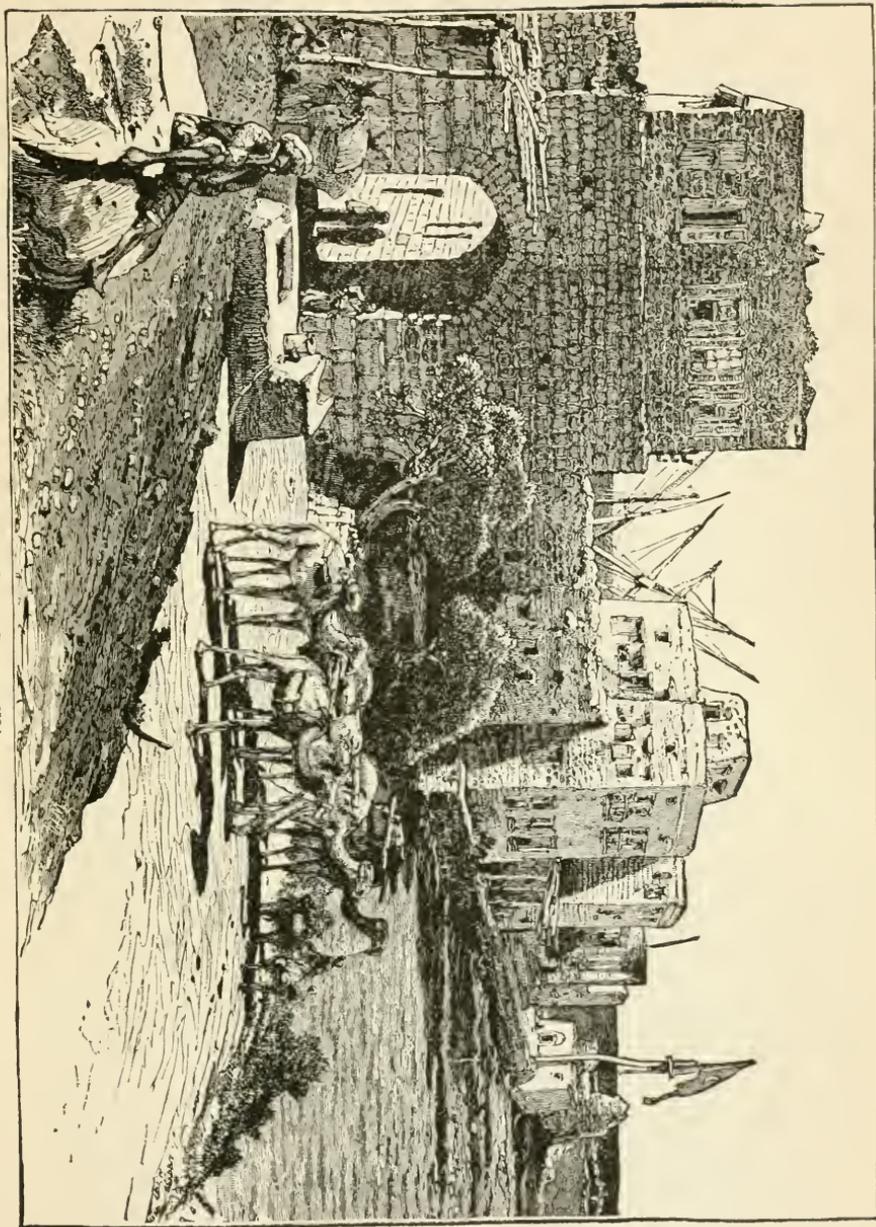
It is impossible, now, to trace the docks in which the great Tarshish ships lay safe from the winds, for the sea and man have long since removed nearly all remains of the past; but there are still two small bays, one on the north and the other on the south, which were part of the harborage. Along the whole sea face, to the west, and indeed everywhere, are seen fragments of fortifications dating from the time of the Crusaders; and pillars of granite and syenite taken by them from ancient temples or public buildings, for binding the wall, now lie, sometimes in numbers, on the sand and the rocks. At low water, moreover, remains of ancient concrete pavement are to be seen, full of bits of pottery, smoothing the roughness of the ledge, and enabling boats to land safely. There are still some remains of a mole, and at the very north of the island a stone nearly seventeen feet long, and six and a half feet thick, still shows the splendor of the sea-wall of Old

Tyre thousands of years ago. In one place nearly twenty great pillars, two feet in diameter, lie in the water together, black externally, but seen to be of fine pink granite when chipped. The harbors, however, are now entirely sanded up. Even small boats cannot enter, but must anchor outside, half-naked men carrying the cargo out on their heads, through the shallows.

The present town occupies only a small portion of the peninsula. Everywhere the ground is covered with fragments of stone pillars and masonry. Nor is the surface thus alone rich. The space east of the town is used as a quarry, excellent building-stones being found at a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, and occasionally coins and gems, once dear enough to their owners. Altogether, the area of the islands is about 200 acres, but when we remember that Byblos occupied only 100 acres, and Sidon not much more, the space covered by insular Tyre is seen to have been beyond that common in ancient Phœnician cities. What might not be found if excavations sufficiently deep were made in this narrow field?

The grandeur of ancient Tyre is hard to realize when on the actual site, the space being in every way so limited. The docks of London cover twice as much space as the whole of the ancient Phœnician capital, while of its two harbors, the northern only occupies twelve acres, and the southern about the same. Nor do there seem ever to have been works connecting the different parts of the two reefs which run north and south beyond both these ports, though the existence of the rocks was evidently the cause of Tyre being built where it was, for the sake of the safe anchorage obtained behind them, from whatever quarter the wind might blow. We must therefore understand the descriptions of the mercantile marine of the great city by a local standard suited to a remote age. Tarshish ships may have been in some cases large and splendid, but these must have been comparatively few in number, for there was no room at Tyre or Sidon even for the shipping of towns like Dundee or Aberdeen, while a single dock on the Thames would hold a greater number of vessels, of immensely greater tonnage, than could have found moorage in Tyre and Sidon together. What justly seemed wonderful to early antiquity would in our day be reckoned almost insignificant: a fact which must not be forgotten in reading the description of Tyre by the Prophet Ezekiel.

The site of Tyre may be compared to a short-stemmed key with the wards turned to the north; the barrel broadening out cone-like towards the straight general line of the coast. Remains of the wall built along the edges of the key-head still remain, showing that it once ran round the whole extent, looking down on the sea-edge, over the waves which beat ceaselessly, twenty to thirty feet below, on the countless rocks that fringe the shore. Between this old fortification and the modern



Gate of Tyre. (See page 632.)



town lies an open space on the south side, used as a quarry, but it is also, in part, ploughed and sown; in part used as a cemetery. At the south-east corner of the wall, close to the point from which an ancient mole ran out at an acute angle from the shore, stand the ruins of a Crusading castle, now in a garden. Not far from it are the remains of the Christian Cathedral, in which the mailed warriors of Europe worshipped our Lord, apparently on the site of the once famous Temple of Melcarth, the patron god of Tyre.

Of the ancient industries of Tyre—the glass factories and dye works, once so noted—the only traces remaining are fragments of glass, which have become consolidated into a hard mass with the sand of the rocky slopes, and thick layers of crushed shells of the murex, which, having yielded the famous purple, were cast out near the town. The ruins of the Cathedral are, in fact, the most striking feature of the place; for a mass of architecture so huge, raised by our fellow-Christians in such a distant spot, fills the mind with wonder. The choir, with its side-chambers, is still to be seen, and even the remains of a winding stair, by which, apparently, access was gained to the Cathedral tower. The walls of the church are from fifteen to thirty feet thick, and two huge granite pillars still show that its interior decorations were magnificent. They remain where they are, in fact, only because they are too heavy for the Turk to remove them.

The glory of Tyre has long since sunk beneath the waters. Splendid, according to Eastern ideas, even in the time of the Crusades, it was wholly deserted after the destruction of the Christian kingdom, till within, comparatively speaking, a few years back. The Metawilehs, who have latterly settled in it, have raised it once more to a place of human habitation; but it is still very poor and wretched, with little or no trade, harbors filled up and useless, and poor communications with the interior or the coast towns.

Ezekiel's prophecy<sup>1</sup> has, indeed, been fulfilled, for the fisherman spreads his nets on the reefs and ruined walls, and the once famous queen city is now only a fishing village, with a small coasting trade in cereals, fruit, and silk. Water is supplied by a fountain which was originally in the interior of the island, but is now, of course, apparently on the mainland, since the island has for ages been joined to the shore. The dip of the rocks from the hills, fortunately for the ancient Tyrians, enabled a vigorous subterranean streamlet to send its waters under the sea to the rock constituting the island, and, there, an equally fortunate crack brought them to the surface, in a never-failing supply. It was through this that the island city was able to stand the long sieges it endured, for it never seems to have been troubled by want of water.

As one stands amidst the squalor that now reigns, the imagination

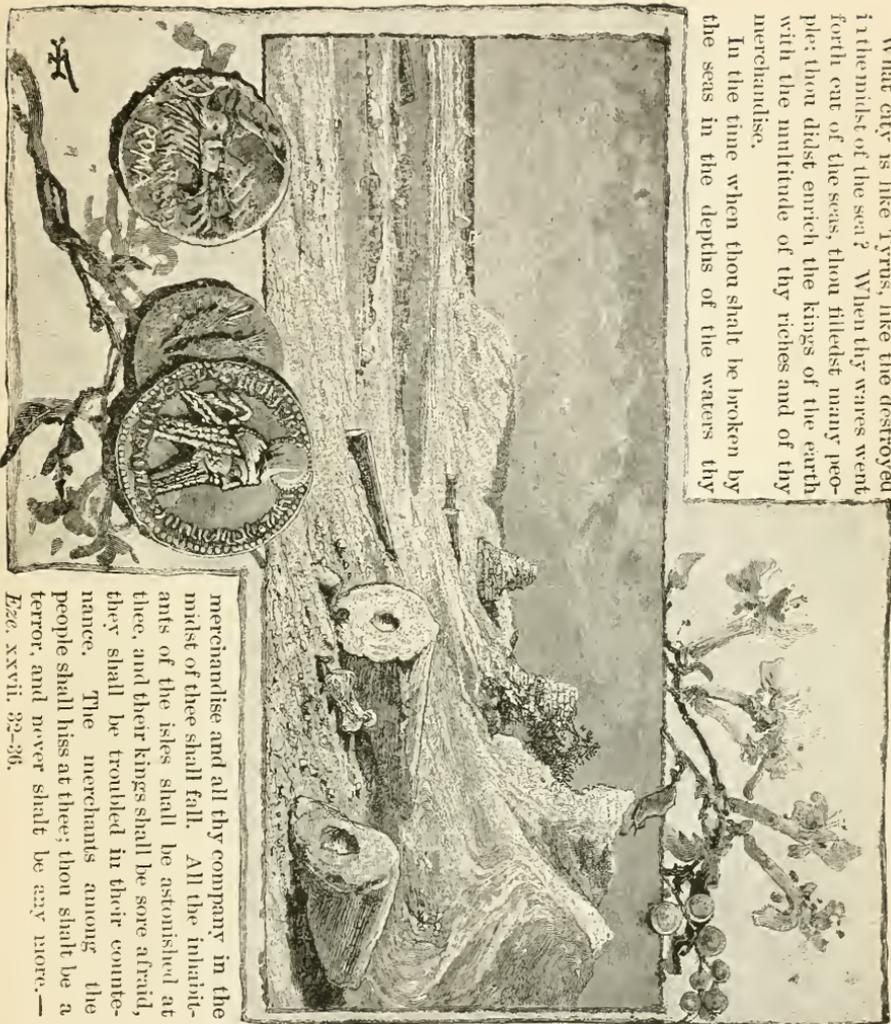
<sup>1</sup> Ezek. xxvii.

has food enough, assuredly, for dreams of the past! Eleven hundred years before Christ the silent space around was busy with many-colored life and industry: the capital of the Dutch of the ancient world. "Old Tyre" stretched back over the plain; insular Tyre—a small Liverpool—crowded itself, as it best could, on this reef. Architecture and ship-building among the Tyrians had already in the time of Solomon become so famous, that he borrowed from them the skill which built his Temple, carved its roofs, and doors, and walls, made its metal-work of all kinds, and built his ships. Sailing in the night by the stars is said to have been a result of their thoughtful study of navigation. From this little island they visited not only all the coasts of the Mediterranean, but fetched tin from Cornwall and amber from the Baltic. Gades, the Spanish Cadiz of to-day, was a Tyrian colony, and so was Carthage, in Africa; and there were lesser settlements in many parts of the world. The enterprising islanders, however, seem to have been as hateful oppressors as their children at Carthage, who finally perished, as a state, because of their tyranny over their neighbors. Tyre must, like that city, have been a hateful, cruel despot over the towns in the vicinity subject to her; for as early as the reign of the Assyrian, Shalmaneser III., the besieger of Samaria, all the Phœnician communities of Palestine, including even Old Tyre, on the mainland, put their flotilla at the service of the invader, to crush the island city. But her navy was too skilfully managed to be defeated, twelve of her ships driving off sixty sent against her by the allies, and bringing a siege of five years to a conclusion glorious for the defenders. Nor was Nebuchadnezzar able to take the haughty island, though he tried his best against it for thirteen years together, his battalions striving year after year, till, to use the words of Ezekiel, "every head was made bald, and every shoulder was peeled," but all for "no wages,"<sup>1</sup> the flag of Tyre waving proudly to the end! Under the Persians, who succeeded the Babylonians, the glory of Tyre, in keeping with the prophecies, was sadly dimmed; but she remained a powerful town for some centuries longer, able to resist even Alexander the Great, in B.C. 332, for seven months. Her story, indeed, for ages, has been only a slow dying, with intervals of recovery, followed by relapses into a lower position, till the place has become what we see it to-day.

<sup>1</sup> Ezek. xxix. 18.

What city is like Tyrus, like the destroyed  
 in the midst of the sea? When thy waves went  
 forth out of the seas, thou filledest many peo-  
 ple; thou didst enrich the kings of the earth  
 with the multitude of thy riches and of thy  
 merchandise.

In the time when thou shalt be broken by  
 the seas in the depths of the waters thy



merchandise and all thy company in the  
 midst of thee shall fall. All the inhabit-  
 ants of the isles shall be astonished at  
 thee, and their kings shall be sore afraid,  
 they shall be troubled in their coun-  
 tenance. The merchants among the  
 people shall hiss at thee; thou shalt be a  
 terror, and never shalt be any more.—

*Eze. xxvii. 32-36.*



## CHAPTER LV.

## CONCLUSION.

AFTER a journey over Palestine in every direction it is natural to contrast the present with the past. That the land was once very much more fruitful than it is now admits of no doubt. But could it at any time have been fertile, as a whole, according to Western ideas? It could, but only where water was plentiful. The plain of the Jordan, that of Shechem, Esdraelon, and similar level spaces, easily irrigated by springs breaking out at the foot of the neighboring hills, must, in all ages, have been exceedingly rich, and so must any other parts where the vital necessity, moisture, could be readily obtained. Round Casarea-Philippi, and at Dan, or along the valley of the Huleh, or in the little plain of Gennesaret, the country must always have been like the garden of the Lord. But it was different with the hills which cover so much of the land. Where springs sparkled down them, there would be abundance, but everywhere else the collection of rain-water in wells must have been the one resource for summer irrigation. That Palestine, in such districts, has always been waterless, is shown by the thousands of rain-pits dug in ancient times, and still remaining. The stores gathered in these might water the terraces painfully made along the hill-sides, but only after hard and constant labor; nor would they suffice if not supplemented by copious rains in autumn and spring. Drought would, indeed, cut off all hope, for in that case the rain-pits would be empty.

The hills of Southern Palestine, moreover, are incredibly barren; like a brain-coral, as I have said, with its numberless seams fretting the bulges of grey limestone. Industry, in a warm climate, does wonders with vegetation, if there be water; but to terrace these stony hills must have been infinitely harder work than to clear a far larger space of "bush" in Canada, and open rich virgin soil to the sun. Terraces, moreover, could only offer narrow banks for culture along the rounded slopes, and there must have been large districts in which no terracing could have repaid the husbandman, amidst such a bare and awful wilderness of rock. The amazing stoniness of the soil in very many parts, also, must have limited fruitfulness, for it seems as if stones had been rained down over most of Palestine. I have been in many countries, but I never saw anything similar, except perhaps some parts of Nova Scotia or of Dartmoor. The ground can in fact hardly be seen, in not a few localities, for the boulders and stony wreck strewn over it.

I cannot, therefore, suppose that even its best ages the Promised Land was one of which, as a whole, a Western people would have

thought much, however fertile it might be in parts. The praise of it in the Bible must, I apprehend, be understood by an Oriental standard, which regards any country as a paradise where, even in parts, there are living springs and green plains. Small things are always great by comparison. Alongside the thirsty desert Palestine was a dream of delight; compared with a country like England, or any rich European or American state, it seems very poor indeed. There is immeasurably more beauty and fertility in a single English county like Kent than in all Palestine, including its best spots. Indeed, Kent is too large for a fair comparison. Its sixty-five miles of width, and forty of depth from north to south, give it too great an advantage, against so small a country as Palestine, which is only 140 miles from Dan to Beersheba, and does not average anything like forty miles in its breadth. A much smaller county would hold its own against all the Holy Land, though the climate in Palestine stimulates vegetation so wonderfully that even barrenness which would be worthless elsewhere blossoms amazingly when there is the flow of water.

The future of Palestine no one can foresee. That any considerable number of Jews will ever return to it is most improbable. The Hebrew does not take kindly to agriculture. His delight is in trade, as a middleman, very seldom as a producer. Money-lenders, also, by instinct, from the wealthy financiers of London to the trembling Jew of Southern Russia, the race everywhere live by their head much more than by their hands. Their advantages among the busy populations of civilized countries are too much to their taste to permit of their ever gathering in any numbers on the stony hills of the Holy Land. Indeed, those in Palestine are, as a rule, quite miserable; drawing their sustenance largely from their brethren elsewhere, though the country virtually lies open to their industry, if they would turn to the plough. The Jew may have a deep traditional love for Jerusalem, but he prefers to edit papers, to fill professional chairs, to finance, and to trade, where he can thus employ himself, to sweltering for his daily bread on the thirsty uplands of Judaea. Nor is this a modern feature of the Hebrew nationality. For ages before Christ, the Dispersion—that is, the Jews in foreign countries—far outnumbered those in the fatherland; and it is not to be forgotten that when permission was given to return from Babylon to Judaea, only a very small number were willing to leave the rich plains and commercial advantages of the region of the Euphrates.

The future of the land, it appears to me, belongs to the hardy fellahin, if ever Divine mercy deliver it from the baleful presence of the Turk, who has been rightly called “the Scourge of God,” and bring it under the life-giving protection of some Christian Power.



Ruins of a Church in Tyre. (see page 633.)



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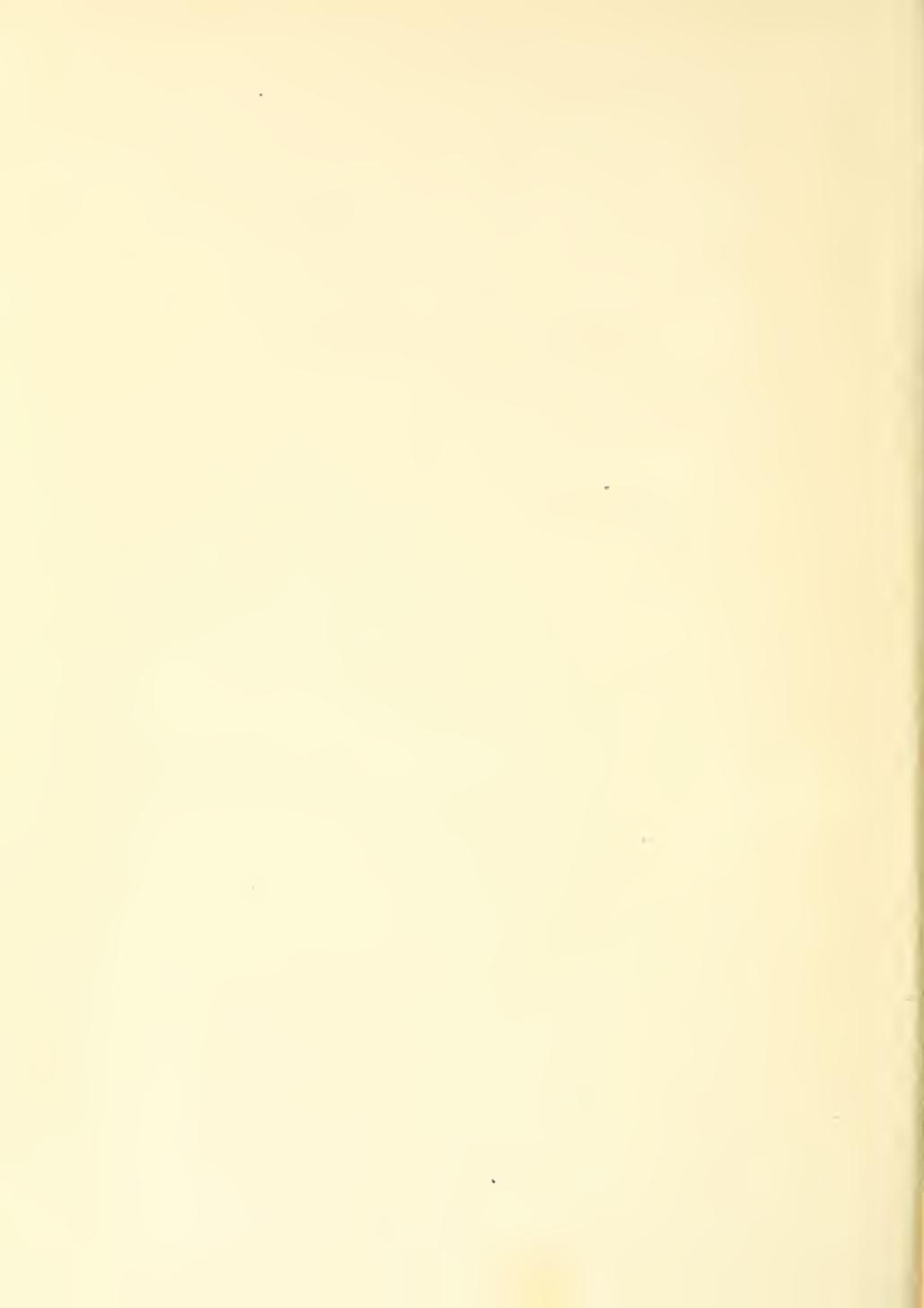
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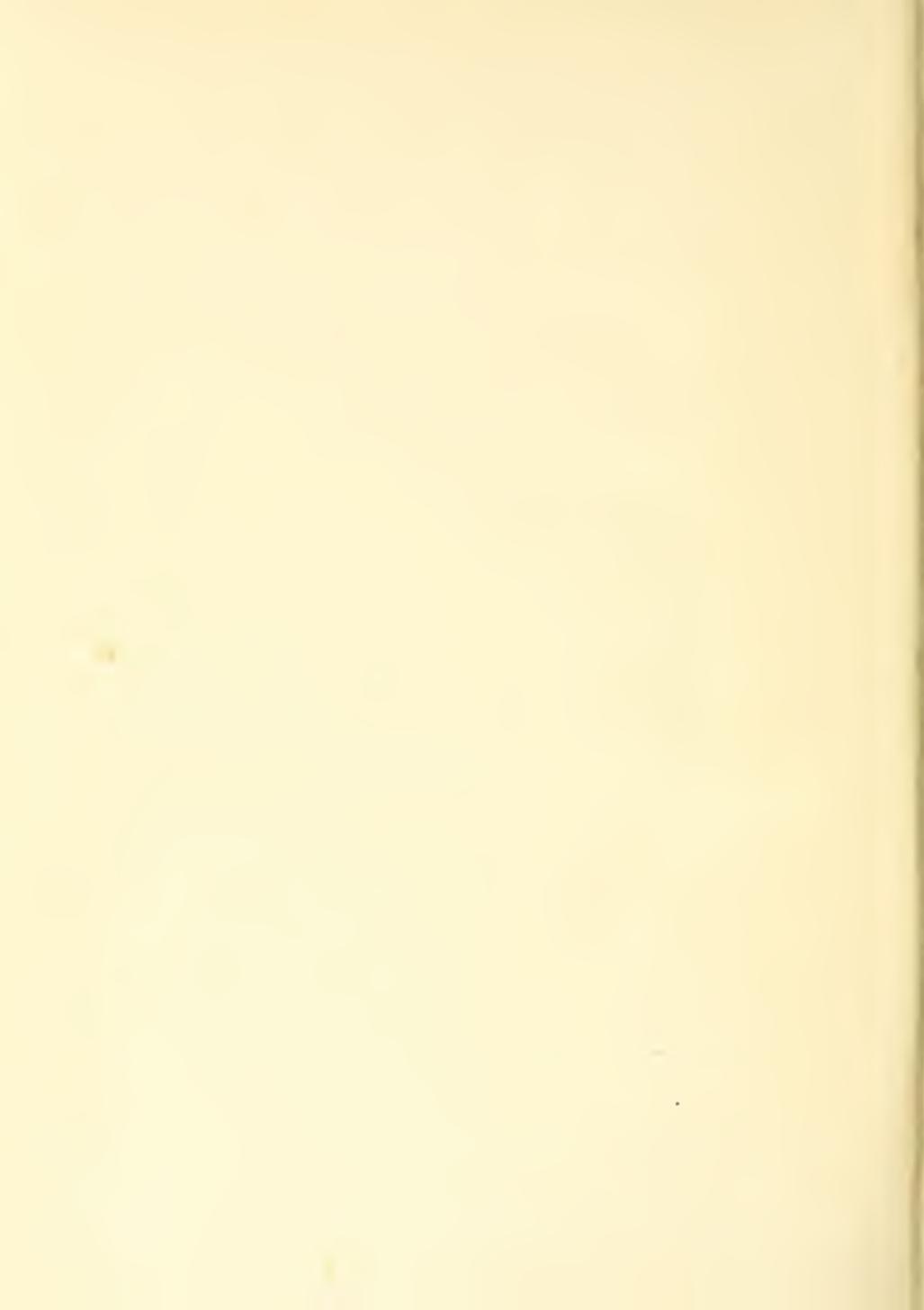












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