

In some of these tombs, bread, wheat, and fruits have been found, apparently as fresh as when deposited there, 3,000 years ago; and some of the wheat has been sown and produced crops. In other parts of the world, the whole would have rotted in a few years. I have heard of a gentleman who has two peas, taken from a mummy, growing in his garden this year (1854).

It is in Tomb Number 35 that the representation was painted of the Israelites making bricks, which I mentioned on page 300; and in another is displayed what is supposed to be Jehoahaz, after he was taken to Egypt by Pharaoh-Necho. (See page 139.) But I am ashamed to say that all the best paintings and sculptures have been destroyed by travellers. Some travellers once remonstrated with Mehemet Ali, because he pulled down the temples to build cotton factories and barracks; but he desired them to look at the tombs, and at what *travellers* had done and still did there. What a rebuke! In 1852, Belzoni's tomb was literally strewed with fragments. I grieved to see it, and I felt that I could cheerfully have assisted in sending the depredators back, handcuffed, to their own country, whether on this side the Atlantic or the other.

Some of the chambers are in an unfinished state. Death, it would seem, who respects neither king nor beggar, had laid his icy hand on the monarch before he had sufficiently beautified his tomb. Though all is gloomy, yet all is grand; though all were constructed from mistaken notions of futurity, yet all is beautiful, and excites our wonder and admiration.

From the paintings on the walls of the tombs, we are able to learn some of the customs of the people 3,000 years ago. On some are representations of agricultural implements; on others boats; on others drapery, couches, vases, basins, ewers, and musical instruments. Here are men slaughtering oxen, here others cutting up the meat, and there others cooking, &c.

The Tombs of the Queens, as some extensive excavations in the rocks are called, curious as they would seem were there no others, are not worth naming after the Tombs of the Kings. When I visited them, we had to disturb whole families of men, women, children, and donkeys, who had taken up their *united* abode in them.

I have already had occasion to remark that the ancient Egyptians always embalmed their dead, just as Jacob and Joseph were embalmed. (See Gen. L. 2, 26.) This was done by various methods, which I cannot well explain here. When embalmed, the flesh did not decay, but remained perfect on the bones. Several of these bodies may be seen in the Egyptian department of the British Museum. They are called



MUMMY, OR EMBALMED BODY.

mummies. It is said that the pits in Thebes alone contain at least ten millions of bodies. The people enter the tombs, strip the bodies of their ornaments, and chop or break off the arms and legs, to sell to travellers. I bought several, as also a considerable quantity of beads and other articles, which had been thus taken from the tombs. I also bought a beautiful coffin lid, and several idol-gods. The dealers boldly asked six and even ten piastres for a hand; but I bought as many as I wanted at a quarter of a piastre (a little more than a half-penny) each. In one place, the fragments of human limbs are so thickly strewn on the ground that we can barely keep from walking over them. The bones are, indeed, "scattered at the grave's mouth," having been chopped off from the bodies, "as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood." Nothing can be more expressive of Ps. cxli. 7, Jer. viii. 1, 2, and Ezek. xxxvii. 1-3.

The bodies of the rich were deposited in caves cut out of the rocks, while those of the poor were merely placed in pits dug to a great extent at the foot of the rocks and hills. Belzoni penetrated into several of these pits for upwards of 600 yards at a time. He had to crawl on his hands and knees, and at every step his face came in contact with that of a decayed Egyptian, and his weight crushed many to ashes; so that he was literally almost smothered with human dust; and he states that the *taste* of the mummies was not very agreeable. As the bodies of the poor were not embalmed in the most approved way, they crumbled; but those of the rich remain to this day as entire as they were 3,000 years ago. It was considered a great degradation for a rich man to be buried in a common grave. How much more, then, a king! (See Jer. xxvi. 23.)

In ancient times, when an Egyptian died, the priests, before burying him, inquired if any one had aught to say against him; and if not, or if charges made were proved to be false, then the funeral rites were proceeded with, and an image, signifying that he had passed the ordeal, in other words, that he had been "weighed in the balances of life, and found full weight," was

placed upon his bosom. These are the images which the people sell with the hands and legs of the mummies, as just mentioned. If, on the trial, the deceased were found to have been a bad man, the rites were denied him, and he was "buried like a dog," just as a Puseyite in England would bury a Dissenter.

I was at Luxor one market day, and was surprised to see such a market so far up the river. There were hundreds of people, with horses, donkeys, sheep, goats, &c. Vegetables, corn, and other food were plentiful and cheap. Here I purchased a small quantity of white wheat, much finer than any I ever saw in English barns. The price was 40 piastres per ardeb, equal to about 1s. 8d. per bushel. (1851.)

At Luxor there is a regular trade kept up of *manufacturing* antiquities. Unless a man be a good judge, he is sure to purchase a lot of these imitations. The *manufacturers* are all Copt *Christians*.

For the cry of "Bucksheesh," I think I must award the palm to Luxor. Little naked children, who could only just run alone, trotted after us by dozens, extending their puny hands, and calling out, "Aksees, aksees." They were neither old nor strong enough to pronounce the first letter of the word, "backsheesh;" for here it was pronounced *backsheesh*.

When in Egypt in 1853, I had with me a magic lantern. The Arabs were highly delighted with it, never before having seen anything of the kind. One evening I had quite an *aristocratic* audience in the house of Mustapha Aga, our consular agent at Luxor; the nazir of the district, two or three sheikhs and schoolmasters, and several others being present. Mustapha so fell in love with it that he would make me leave it, and gave me in exchange for it a large sepulchral case, containing four wooden vases. These vases contained the heart and other vital parts of the man to whose memory the case had been dedicated more than 3,000 years ago. The case had been taken from the tombs, and is now in the British Museum, as I succeeded, though with much difficulty, in getting it to England.

In addition to the lantern, I gave Mustapha two pocket-knives, with which he seemed pleased. The next day he told me he had given the knives to the nazir and the sheikh, which meant that he wanted two more; and these, having a reserve, I gave to him. One of his servants, a Copt Christian, followed me, and said, "What for you give my master two more knives when me want one?"

In Mustapha's presence I once imprudently took out my purse,—a birthday present. He whispered in my ear that he had long wanted a purse to keep his money in. I told him

if I lived to see him again he should have one; but as for *that one*, no money could buy it, as it was given me by the dearest friend I had upon earth. This he took to mean my mother, and so said no more. Had he suspected that it was *only* my wife, he would not have been so easily cooled; for wives in Egypt, as I have shown in a previous chapter, are but "reckoned in the scale of servants."

After the exhibition, my companion and I held a *conversation* with our audience. We talked of many things,—railroads, electric lights, and electric telegraphs, all of which excited their wonder. One of them had some years ago seen an electrifying machine at Alexandria, and this enabled him to form some idea of the electric telegraph.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THEBES TO ETHIOPIA.

In 1851, I did not advance farther south than Thebes; but in 1853, I proceeded onward to Nubia, or Ethiopia, accompanied by a Mr. G., from Manchester. We had with us a gentleman named Atkins, who was going to Kartoon, in Upper Ethiopia, for a hippopotamus, an antelope, and other rare animals, for the Liverpool Zoological Gardens. He was provided with a firman (that is, an authority) from the pasha, and had with him a guide, who knew the country and could speak "a littell" English. Being a good naturalist, he was able to tell us the names of most of the birds which we saw, which I often found interesting. He would sometimes get sight of a rare species, and would exclaim, "I would give £100 if I had that bird alive at Liverpool."

Our crew, on this occasion, was composed entirely of Nubians, and, with the exception of the reis, who was a useless and troublesome piece of mechanism, we had every reason to be satisfied with them. They were both good-natured and obliging, apparently striving to do their duty satisfactorily; and they certainly succeeded. They were exceedingly quick in their imitating powers, and would often afford us much amusement, watching our words and actions, and trying to follow us in everything. Sometimes, when there was no wind, they would go on shore, and entertain us by various antics, sham fights in the Nubian fashion, and so on. Instead of lances, which the Nubians always use in battle, they had long doura stalks, and it was remarkable with what precision they could throw them. The lances used by the Nubians are from 10 ft. to 14 ft. long, with iron points, some of them barbed.

Our dragoman, or interpreter, was named Haleel. He was brother to Hajji Selim, whom I had with me in 1851. He had some good points about him, but was not very clean, preferring his pipe to a scrubbing brush. He could not conceive why we should be so annoyed on account of the cockroaches. "Dey are noting," (nothing,) said he. "When dey coll (crawl) over my face, I do knock dem off." He once attended an English lady up the great pyramid, when one of the Arabs behaved somewhat rudely to her; whereupon Haleel shot him in the arm. Haleel was sent to prison, but our consul at Cairo caused him to be speedily liberated.* I once missed a card of knives which I had with me to give away, as knives and scissors are invaluable in this part of the world, and Haleel said he was sure it was Mr. Atkins's dragoman who had taken it before he left us. The card, was, however, afterwards found, when Haleel said he would give 150 piastres to the poor, and he hoped God would forgive him for suspecting an innocent man. He had had six wives, all of whom were living. Some he had divorced because they could not agree with his mother, and one because she went out of the house without permission. He said he could not trust the Arab women with a single piastre, but he could trust English women with anything.

Our cook was the same that I had in 1851, and an excellent one he was; but, having taken to drinking, I was disgusted with him. He also, like our dragoman, had had six wives, and had bought a seventh. He had "paid a deposit," but was 300 piastres (about £3) short of the purchase money. He hoped, however, to be able to "complete the purchase" when he returned to Cairo.

A few miles south of Thebes is Erment, where the Arabs say Moses was born. Here are the ruins of a temple, but not on a large scale.

A short distance from the temple is a large sugar refinery, belonging to the sons of Ibrahim Pasha, and having attached to it workshops and yards for mechanics and artisans. The engineer was an Englishman, a Mr. Fox; but he has now left, and the works are closed. Some differences arose between the owners and Abbas Pasha, the ruler of Egypt, and the result was, that the pasha withheld all protection from the village; whereupon the Arabs refused to work, and the works came to a stand. Upwards of 250 persons had been employed. The children were paid from threepence to fivepence

* I wish our consul at Cairo were always equally prompt and decided as in this instance.



RUINS AT ERMENT.

a week, laboring seven days a week, having no Sabbath's rest. The mills are capable of refining 128,000 lbs. of sugar a year.

We spent several hours with Mr. Fox. His house was truly comfortable, and his bread quite a treat. The price of bread in the village was $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. for $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., being a trifle less than a penny per lb.; and it was sweeter and better than any I ever bought in London. Flour was 1s. 8d. per English bushel.

On the 11th of January, 1853, we reached Esne. Here we found the pasha, with his suite and several steamers. They had indeed preceded us all the way from Cairo, and had devoured nearly all the fowls and bread in the respective towns, so that the prices were considerably enhanced. Several of the dancing women having taken up their abode here, the pasha had ordered them away, and we saw them departing, with looks sorrowful enough. In the market-place was a poor man, an idiot, said to be a santou, or saint, walking about perfectly naked, and helping himself to anything and everything he pleased. I saw him again on our return, and strongly suspected he was more knave than fool.

There are said to be between 200 and 300 Copts residing here. They are miserable-looking beings, and are enveloped in the most humiliating superstition. When the ignorant Mahometans speak of *Christians*, they judge them all to be like these degraded and idolatrous Copts, making the sign of the cross, and prostrating themselves before idols or pictures, as their brethren of Greece and Rome.

At Esne we were compelled to remain a whole day and night, for the crew to have sufficient bread baked to last them until our return, which might be a month. As I knew that the Arabs and Nubians stuff away while there is anything to eat, without caring for to-morrow, and as I also knew that bread could not be procured in Nubia at any price, as some of the people rarely even see it, I made my calculations as to the quantity the crew would be likely to consume in 30 days, and insisted upon their taking 400 lbs., besides 150 lbs. of flour as a reserve. The reis said 250 lbs. of bread would be enough; but I would not give way to him, as the men would certainly have deserted had they run short. All travellers proceeding into Nubia should pay particular attention to this, and keep a good reserve under lock and key, for, as I have just said, the Arabs and Nubians trouble not about the morrow. On one occasion, when I had bought some sugar canes for the crew, I told them they had better keep half of them until next day; but they replied they might be dead by that time, and then the canes would be of no use to them. And this is precisely their theory, and *practice* too, through life,—Don't leave until to-morrow what you can eat to-day. They stuff themselves like dogs, and then lie down and bask in the sun. One day a dead fish, much larger than a cod, was seen on the water. One of the crew was speedily splashing after it, and in an amazingly short time it was cut up, boiled, and devoured, though the greedy fellows had only just had their breakfast.

The food of our men, both Arabs and Nubians, was of the most simple kind. Occasionally, though rarely, they had small quantities of mutton, and sometimes we gave them a feast of pigeons; but, in a general way, they had nothing but brown bread and vegetables, or a stew consisting principally of lentils. Another dish, and of this they were very fond, was formed of onions, bread, eggs, and cheese. They boiled the eggs hard and then chopped them up with the cheese. The onions they ate raw, and often finished up with sugar canes! They always picked the bones which we had left, and even robbed the poor cat of her dinner, when they could. When I have seen them, without having clean hands, all dipping into the same dish, I felt that I should have to string myself up to 100 degrees of hunger before I could join them. When they had coffee, they invariably roasted it themselves, burning it quite black, and then pounding it to a fine powder. And this is the universal custom in Egypt, as coffee-mills are not used. By pounding the coffee, much of the flavor is preserved on boiling, which is lost if the coffee be merely ground. They

are not fond of tender meat, as they say it requires no chewing; and they generally supply themselves with tobacco and onions without any other trouble than that of jumping on shore and stealing them out of the fields. It is common enough for the men to get into squabbles with the villagers, and they often seem to be so fierce that a tremendous battle must be the result; but the best way is, to keep away from them till their disputes are settled, as their war is sure to end in words only.

The bakehouses at Esne being all employed for the pasha, we had to go to the governor and show him Mr. A.'s firman; whereupon he sent a messenger to command a miller to grind the wheat and a baker to bake the bread; otherwise we might have been detained an extra day or two. One of the officers on board the governor's boat asked us to give him a bottle of *brandy*, so much have the Turks, I am sorry to say, like the *Christians*, learnt not only to add drunkenness to thirst, (Deut. xxix. 19,) but, as a consequence, thirst to drunkenness.

Leaving Esne with a fair wind, we reached Assouan on the 14th of January. This was formerly the southern boundary of Egypt, and was called by Ezekiel (xxix. 10) Syene; but when Mehemet Ali conquered the Nubians, he annexed their kingdom to his; so that the whole country as far as Abyssinia now belongs to Egypt.

Near to Assouan are what are called the First Cataracts. Some writers have described these cataracts as terrific waterfalls, while others declare they are mere rapids; and Sir F. Henniker says they are nothing more than a rush of water, not worse than the Thames at the old London Bridge; but such a statement is simply ridiculous. I shall speak of them as I found them.

As no boat can ascend the cataracts without the assistance of a very important personage called the Reis of the Cataracts, we went, as soon as we arrived at Assouan, to the governor of the town, to induce him to order the said reis's attendance early in the morning; but we found that some travellers had been giving him brandy, and he had gone to rest. We, however, went to him with the pasha's firman, and insisted upon his giving the necessary orders. He tried hard to detain us for a day, but we would not hear of it, and threatened to inform the pasha; whereupon he despatched a soldier for the Reis of the Cataracts, and assured us all should be ready.

Soon after sunrise next morning I was on shore purchasing spears, war clubs, Nubian baskets, and other curiosities. The clubs are deadly weapons, made of Abanoss wood, which grows at Sennaar. The quay was covered with merchandise from

Abyssinia, as this is the port at which goods from Abyssinia are shipped for Cairo and thence for Europe. Ivory and gum were plentiful, and there were also a lion and other animals.

At 10 o'clock, the Reis of the Cataracts, an old but athletic man, came on board, with about a dozen Nubians, and we set sail. In about half an hour, having a good wind, (it is said that the wind almost invariably blows from the north here,) we reached the first falls. They reminded me strongly of Matlock Baths, where the river dashes over rocks and stones; but, compared with the Cataracts at Assouan, it may be said to be calm. The Nile at this point is about three quarters of a mile broad. All around are huge granite rocks, piled up in striking wildness, and rocks of various sizes lie in every part of the river, forming so many little granite islands. Then there is a sudden fall of the river of several feet, which causes the waters to rush impetuously against these stone islands, and angrily dash, and splash, and foam, while counter-currents return with equal fierceness, until they unite again in the roaring stream. In some places, the channel is not more than 12 ft. wide, being contracted by projecting rocks; and as the force of the waters is temporarily checked by these projections, the water rolls into the channel with redoubled fury.

As we drew near, the men stripped, and prepared for action; and then the clamour began. Ropes were produced and examined, and then made fast to the boat. Between us and the falls were a number of men swimming across the river to join us. They had their clothes tied in a bundle, and fastened to their heads as they swam; and their sticks, or staves, were sticking through their clothes, like horns out of their heads. They looked graphic enough. The other men were soon in the water and then on the rocks, having carried one end of the ropes in their mouths. These ropes they made fast to the rocks, which are worn quite smooth by the action of the water. Then began the song, "Hay, hay el eesa; Eyam-hammud;" (God help us, &c.;) and 20 men pulled away at the ropes, while six were on board the boat with poles, to keep it from knocking against the rocks. And thus we were dragged up the first fall. The sails were again spread, and we again proceeded, having now 30 men on board, which made the boat rock quite enough to be comfortable.

Now we reach another fall. Splash again go the men, and then they scramble up the rocks like cats. Their number was now increased to nearly 50. Some had their clothes on their heads, as already described, and some were bareheaded; some had long tufts of hair on the back of their heads, some

had their hair twisted, some curled, and some had it left on their crowns like skull caps; some wore turbans, and some brown and some white tarbooshes (caps); some had white calico shirts on but no drawers, some drawers but no shirts, and some neither the one nor the other; some were black, some brown, and some yellow. They looked to all the world like a set of savages, going to attack the boat.

What with perspiration and grease, (for the Nubians grease or oil themselves all over,) the men shone as if they had been well polished with Day and Martin's blacking, or dipped in a cask of oil and Stockholm or gas tar.

Well; the ropes were again made fast to the rocks, and the men began to pull and haul as before. I looked in every direction, but could see no channel, nothing but rocky islands everywhere, and the water from the rapids was dashing against us. The reflection of the sun's rays from the shining rocks was almost unbearable, and the excitement extreme. Though it was so hot, some of the men said it was cold, and seemed to shiver again, as though they had been brought up in an oven. We saw one man *warming*, or *cooling*, himself by burying his naked body in the sand. Our thermometer rose to 106, yet, despite the heat, we preferred the deck to the cabin, first because of the novelty of the scene, and next because we thought it was quite as *safe*; for, had the ropes broken, we might have been hurled back and made to swim for our lives, if swim we could, though I confess I cannot. However, we proceeded slowly but surely: "Hay, hay el eesa; Eyam-hammud;" "Hay, hay el eesa; Eyam hammud;" every repetition of the song by the men signifying an inch or two farther on our way. I now again looked before me, when I saw a fall of water of upwards of three feet perpendicular measurement, rushing between two huge rocks, and roaring like the discharge of a cannon. "Why," I said to my companions, "they are surely never going to pull us up that fall? They are! Upon my word, this is no joke." My companions were silent, and so was I after this. We approached, inch by inch, masses of rock hanging over and being dispersed on every hand. What pulling, and hauling, and bumping against the rocks, and banging, and bawling! Now comes "the tug of war." The bows of the boat dip into the fall, while the water rushes writhingly down, mercilessly bidding defiance to all who dare to resist its course. No matter; it must be done. We had now nearly 70 men at work, some of them up to their breasts in water, others using poles, and the remainder hauling away at four ropes and two thick English-made cables. I at first

doubted the possibility of our succeeding; but at last I saw the head of the boat rise to the top of the fall, dividing, as it were, the cataract; and in a few minutes more we were up, being about five hours from the time of our leaving Assouan. And then, of all the yells for "bucksheesh"—

I have had some thoughts, if I ever visit Egypt again, of taking Mrs. G. with me; but if I do, as she is rather nervous, I think I must spare her this scene.

Being now able to think, and to breathe a little more freely, I found that my head ached dreadfully, the noise, heat, and excitement having been too much for me.

While the men were on one occasion resting, they exhibited to us some of their feats on the water, and were seemingly as much at home in the water as on the land. Some of them took their children, little things that had not long been able to run alone, and threw them into the river, leaving them to swim to the shore; and others got across logs of wood, and paddled round the boat like Indians in their canoes. Having seen them thus accustomed, from their infancy, to the water, I could easily understand how it is that the Arabs and Nubians are such excellent swimmers.

Having thus passed the Cataracts, we were now in Nubia, or Ethiopia.* We had a fair wind, and we proceeded satisfactorily for several hours. On looking back toward the Cataracts, the view was stupendous and romantic. There were scores, perhaps hundreds, of little granite islands, all reflecting the sun's rays in the most dazzling manner, while the water, rushing round and in the midst of them, gave the scene a sublime effect. I call it the Egyptian Archipelago. I quite expect some travellers will smile at this, but I should like them to find a more appropriate name.

As we approached the island of Philæ, the river had somewhat the appearance of the Rhone in France, winding succeeding winding, hills upon hills; only that *here* the hills are all barren rocks, while on the Rhone they are covered with vines and villages.

Nearly opposite to Philæ, I observed a considerable number of characters cut in the rocks with a chisel, and I also saw the same thing in other parts near. It was formerly the custom to cut tablets in the rock in this way, as permanent memorials; and sometimes stone tablets were fastened into the rocks

* This is *not* the Ethiopia mentioned in Gen. ii. 13, which was near the Euphrates; but in every other instance where Ethiopia is spoken of in the Bible, it refers to the country of which I am now writing, now called Nubia.

with lead. This is what is referred to in Job xix. 24.* As the direct opposite to this, Jeremiah says, "They who depart from the Lord shall be written in the earth," or sand; *i. e.*, no sooner written than lost, like the writing of a child with his finger in the dust.

Nubia was formerly called Ethiopia. Many of the Nubians boast that they are descended from the Queen of Sheba, and it is believed that her kingdom was in Abyssinia, farther south. It is also believed that Matthew preached the gospel here. Certain it is that the Ethiopians professed Christianity prior to the time of Mahomet.

Many of the Nubians partake strongly of Roman features, though most of them are the colour of ebony. They are not negroes, neither do their features in any way resemble those of the negro, but they are evidently a mixed race. The higher we ascend the river, the darker the people become. In Lower Egypt they are the colour of unburnt bricks; in Upper Egypt they are baked brown; and in Nubia they are scorched black. Some of them have three or four deep and long cuts, dyed blue, in their faces, as beauty lines *i. e.* tattooed.

The Nubian women wear their hair in small twists, of equal length, all round their heads, forehead and all. Their hair is clotted with oil, (castor oil, the tree of which grows in Nubia and Upper Egypt, and is said to be the gourd mentioned in Jonah iv. 6,) and they have an ornament on their foreheads over their hair. Though many of them are black, I like the look of them much better than I do that of the Arab women. They are altogether better featured and handsomer. Sometimes, when taking our walks, we came suddenly upon a cotton plantation, with a number of Nubian women squatted down, picking cotton. They would always take a full view of us, and then either turn their backs or just half cover their faces, and hide themselves amongst the trees.

It is said that there are not now more than 100,000 inhabitants in all Nubia. Prior to the time of Mehemet Ali, the people enjoyed a state of independence, every man possessing his own little freehold, and living in comparative happiness. Now the country is nearly depopulated. The ravages of the Egyptian armies destroyed many thousands of people, and

* The ancient Hebrew books were rolls, like rolls of parchment, folded at both ends and meeting at the middle; so that, as the person read, he unrolled with his left hand and rolled up with his right. (See Ezra vi. 2; Isa. viii. 1; xxxiv. 4; Ezek. ii. 9; Rev. vi. 14.) In the British Museum, there is an ancient Egyptian papyrus roll, 100ft. long, without a joining.

many thousands were sent into slavery. Some villages, which once contained 3,000 inhabitants, have not now 200. In 1838, Kordofan was made by the pasha to send 5,000 slaves to Cairo; and from 1835 to 1839, no less than 100,000 were captured by the pasha's troops, besides those who were seized by private adventurers. The Nubians defended themselves bravely, but, not being provided with firearms, they could not stand against the Egyptians. When in battle, the Nubians principally use their spears and shields, (2 Chron. xxvi. 14,) as in old times; and the women join in the battles.

When first conquered, the Nubians had to pay to the pasha 90 piastres per year for every shakeyah which they possessed; but this was subsequently raised to 300; and, as a shakeyah can only water about five English acres of land, it follows that the tax amounts to about 13s. 6d. per acre. Besides which, they have to pay one piastre for every palm tree, and it is calculated that 20,000 palm trees are taxed within 10 miles from Derr, the capital town.

Then again, though the desert is gaining upon them on every hand, no reduction is made on that account; so that, what with one thing and another, I calculate that the taxes amount to about 20s. per English acre of cultivable land.

Nor is this all. The next village, or some poor peasant, has not, perhaps, paid the taxes demanded; but government *must* have them, and so their neighbors must pay for them. Neither oxen, cows, nor camels are kept inviolate, all belonging to the pasha, and held by the people only on sufferance. The pasha does indeed eat the "fruit of the land without money;" (Job xxxi. 39;) that is, without paying for it; and he "pants for the dust of the earth on the head of the poor." (Amos ii. 7.) The system is not only tyrannical, but annihilating, and "killing the goose that lays the golden egg." And thus, as one writer says, "agriculture is neglected, the inhabitants oppressed, and the increase of population destroyed; and on every hand are poverty and desolation." The people are reduced to one, the lowest, level of wretchedness. Tell them that, by increased industry and perseverance, they may make more money and amass wealth, they will quickly reply that it would only be for their rulers. I firmly believe that 95 parts out of every 100 are taken by the pasha and his underlings.

The people are frugal and industrious, and deserve better rulers; but here, as in England in some respects, *might* means *right*. Almost every man whom we saw at work in the fields had a small dagger on his left arm, so as to be able to defend himself at a moment's notice." How instinctively does this

fact carry one back to the time when the Jews were rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem, when every man worked with one hand while he held a weapon in the other. (See Nehem. iv. 17, 18.) In some villages we saw large granite pillars and other ruins, pointing to the fact that prosperity once reigned there.

Nubia is not much like the country we had just left. There was the same river, but it was narrower and more rapid, being more contracted between mountains; there was the same desert, but it was nearer to us; the same palm groves, but they were more numerous and flourishing.

Now and then we saw a solitary hovel, containing one family, who had to live entirely on green stuff. Where were their former neighbors and companions? Butchered, literally butchered, by the armies of the terrible Mehemet Ali.

As we advanced up the river, we found the country less rocky, and, consequently, better cultivated, though the desert is encroaching everywhere. Mr. Gliddon, an American writer, who was several years American minister, or consul, in Egypt, says the desert is not anywhere advancing; but this is sheer nonsense. I have seen whole villages and plantations deserted, the sand having advanced by strides, and swallowed up everything, even to the water's edge. In some parts, the sand was already upwards of four feet deep over the deserted villages. Under a free government, and with proper machinery, this might be prevented; but oppression drives the people mad, and the whole country is being left to the mercy of the desert.

In Nubia we found everything much dearer than in Egypt. Eggs were only six for a penny instead of fifteen, and fowls were more than doubled in price. Besides which, there were no pigeons; but how could there be, seeing there was but little for them to live upon? Occasionally we met with a few doves, which were much sweeter and more tender than the pigeons; but we could never kill more than two at a time. Birds of all kinds had disappeared, and the country altogether looked dreary enough. The river seems, in many parts, as though passing through a rocky desert.

Many of the villages look bare, and the cottages are built on the rocks in the rear of the cultivable tracts. Wherever the rocks recede a little, *there* is a village, often in a semi-circular form, so that, when the sun is up, the rocks form a kind of Dutch oven, to aid in roasting the inhabitants.

The people in the villages rarely, if ever, see any money except the copper coin called khamisa fudda, worth a little more than a farthing. Having experienced considerable inconvenience from this on my first visit to Upper Egypt, I took with

me, on my second visit, upwards of £10 worth of these farthings, and we did not find we had one too many. We procured them at the money changers in Cairo, who are principally Jews. They are made up in bags or baskets, of various amounts, as was the case in old time. (See 2 Kings xii. 10. Referred to also in Luke xii. 33.)*

The people in Upper Egypt keep their corn in large jars outside their cottages. And just so it was with the woman of Zarephath, (1 Kings xvii. 12,) for the word translated barrel signifies a jar. But the poor Nubians have no corn to keep.

Is it not remarkable that, amidst such poverty, the Nubians generally are unflinchingly honest? Pilfering is rarely known among them; and hence, while in Nubia, travellers repose in their boats with perfect security. It is also remarkable that the corn is rarely, if ever, stolen from the jars used in Egypt, as named above. Would it be equally safe in England?

In the evening of the day on which we left Assouan, we pulled up for a few minutes at a village in which our reis's mother and sisters lived. They met him on the bank, and kissed his hands. This seemed to me to be a mighty *cold* reception, though the thermometer outside was about 90°. It was the custom of the country, however, and was, therefore, as *warm* to them as a hug round the neck would be in England. All around was sandstone and desert, with the exception of patches of land about 20 yards in depth, close to the river. Wheat is never grown here. The people subsist almost entirely on green vegetables and dates.

Soon afterwards we came up to an English boat, *i. e.*, a boat with English travellers; and then, the wind having left us, we all landed together. Our new companions had just picked up the dead body of a man, which was floating down the river. He was handcuffed, and had evidently thrown himself into the river sooner than be sent for a soldier, or had been drowned in endeavoring to escape.

In two or three hours our sails were again filled, and we were again proceeding southward.

During the night we had another hurricane. I was awoke in the middle of the night by the bawlings of the boatmen,

* I remember once going with my American companions in Cairo, to have some gold changed for small silver coins, called piastres and half piastres, when Mr. S. put his bag into his jacket pocket. I cautioned him to be careful, when he looked very knowing, and said, "Don't fret. I guess if anybody gets my money, —" "Well," I replied, "I've done." In a few minutes, however, though he was on a donkey, his money was gone.

when I found that we had been driven on a mud bank, and that the men were in the water, holding the boat, to prevent its being capsized. It was, as usual, soon over, for, as I have already hinted, these storms come and go like gun-shots. It took the men more than an hour to get the boat off the bank, during the whole of which time they were in the water. The thermometer then stood at only 43° , being 63 degrees colder than it had been in the morning. The poor fellows suffered dreadfully from the cold, but there was no help for it. A cup or two of coffee soon cheered them up.

On the 18th of January we reached Korosko. Here Mr. Atkins was to leave us. We went with him to the governor of the village, to assist him in engaging camels and in making other arrangements for his crossing the desert. He was, as I have already said, going to Kartoon for a hippopotamus,* and other animals. It would take him 12 days to cross the dreary desert, to cut off an angle of the Nile; when he would again reach the river, and take a boat for eight or ten days more. He would then arrive at Kartoon, where the Blue and White Nile, as the two southern branches of the river are termed, unite; and here he hoped the pasha's firman would secure for him every attention.

We found the governor of Korosko holding "an open court;" that is, he was sitting in an open shed, transacting the public business, at the entrance to, or gate of, the village. This was probably the custom in the time of Job; and Job was evidently a man in authority, as is fully explained in xxix. 7-10. He prepared his seat by the gate; and the young men hid themselves, or covered their mouths, and the aged stood up. In many villages in Egypt we may see the same thing now. (See also 2 Sam. xix. 8; Job xxxii. 6, 7.) Some writers suppose that Job was the second king of Edom, called in Gen. xxxvi. 33, Jobab.

I must say that I felt greatly for Mr. A., as he was not by any means what I should call a good traveller, lacking many essentials. I read in the "Manchester Examiner," in April, 1854, that he reached the White Nile on his return home last January, and there died, just, perhaps, as he had concluded that his difficulties were all surmounted.

* The hippopotamus is probably the Behemoth of Job xl. 15. Some have supposed that Behemoth referred to the elephant; but it is now generally agreed that it is the hippopotamus, or sea horse. It is a gigantic animal, and, like the crocodile, is amphibious,—can live either in water or on the land. There is one in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, which was presented by the Pasha of Egypt.

On the quay at Korosko were bales of calicoes from England, which were going to Abyssinia, and packages of senna leaves, and other southern productions, which were going to England in exchange.

On leaving Korosko, the river for some miles takes a turn, and runs back again towards the south. This often causes a long delay, on account of the wind; but with us it was different, for the wind changed exactly when we required it; on seeing which, our dragoman came up to me, and said, "How good God is to us!" I felt rebuked. My mind had been running more upon poor Atkins than upon God's goodness and mercies. I had been thinking much upon his fate, and what would become of him, and had been forgetting that I had to that moment, though nearly 3,000 miles from home, been receiving innumerable mercies for myself.

In the afternoon of this day we saw a crocodile at least 12 ft. long; and we also saw a man and his wife crossing the river on a small raft made of doura straw. I also once saw a raft made of palm branches, supported by inflated bladders. The people have to form rafts of almost anything that will float, as there are scarcely any boats in Nubia. See V. II.

In the evening we went into a village, consisting of about 100 inhabitants, possessing several good cows and eight shakayahs. We here saw three children, not more than three years of age, grinding doura with small millstones. (See page 254.) *Of course* they ran away from us. We then went into a house, for, in this respect, the Nubians are not so particular as the Arabs are. The good woman of the house baked us some doura cakes. The Nubians do not object to their wives conversing with men, even unveiled. They are slow to suspect, but quick to execute when once they are satisfied they have good ground to suspect, the fidelity of their wives. Instead of merely divorcing them, they tie them up in a bag, and sink them in the Nile. But it is an undoubted fact that the Nubian women are the most virtuous of all in the east.

Nothing could exceed the loveliness of this evening. Indeed, nothing in the world can, I think, equal the sweetness of the mornings and evenings in Nubia. The very act of breathing is a luxury, as though the lungs were enjoying a holiday; and no sense of oppression ever distresses them. I could see to read by moonlight, when the moon was only in the first quarter. The air was calm, the leaves of the trees motionless, and the river rolling down its bed without a ripple. There was no need to call, "Silence!" for all nature seemed in a trance. If the stillness were in any way interrupted, it

was only by some large fish leaping up and causing a splash, or some startled pelican, screaming and moving its position, and then all was again hushed into repose. The moon had an almost phosphoric effect, not only upon the water but also upon the lofty hills beyond, which again reflected an unspeakable, a thrilling, though dreary, grandeur over the vast sandy desert; while every span of the sky, the whole without a cloud or a mist, looked like purple velvet bespangled with diamonds. Thousands of stars were visible, more than we ever see in England, even during our clearest nights, and each star reflected its image in the unruffled waters; so that we seemed to have the sky both above and below.

The phantasia at such times is altogether so enrapturing that we doubt the reality of the scene, though gazing full upon it. It is more like a vision, or the effect upon the brain of some powerful opiate, than a living reality. To say it is charming would express but little. It is literally enchanting; it is inexpressible. If we lose the sun, sinking below yon fiery horizon, it is only to find the more lovely moon and her attendant constellations. Gorgeous as the sunset may have been, we soon forget it when we are enveloped in the more placid reflections of the moon. So clear is the sky, that we can distinctly see the moon's form when only a few hours old, and both moon and stars appear to be much larger than when seen in England; and not only do both moon and stars appear unspeakably brilliant, but, together with every object around us, they also seem greatly enlarged, as though viewed through a powerful magnifying glass. The illusion is so complete that sandhills look like mountains, mud hovels like good-sized cottages, and the boats on the river like small ships.

Those of my readers who know how to appreciate scenes of this description may exclaim, "How lovely! How enrapturing!" But those only can fully enter into their beauty who have really beheld them.

It must not be imagined, because I refer to this night particularly, that no other night was equal to it; for if my reader do so imagine, he will be greatly in error. I have beheld many such nights, and can, therefore, well understand the meaning of Ezek. xxxii. 7, 8. Great indeed must have been the horror of darkness felt when the stars and moon were darkened after so gloriously shining.

In ancient times the moon was worshipped as well as the sun. The moon was worshipped, not merely on account of its clear and beautiful shining, but also because it was believed to be the mother of the dew drops; and it is probable that

Job xxxviii. 28 has reference to that belief. "The precious things put forth by the moon" may also refer to the refreshing dews which fall in the night. (Deut. xxxiii. 14.) Saul's armor was put by the Philistines in the temple of Ashtaroth, or the Moon, for this was the goddess referred to, and this goddess the Israelites served. (See Judges ii. 13; 1 Sam. xii. 10; xxxi. 10; 1 Kings xi. 33; and other passages.) Indeed, to such an extent did the Israelites carry their idolatrous and abominable practices, that Ezekiel says, "the daughters of the Philistines were ashamed of their lewd way." (xvi. 27, 57.) Jeremiah speaks of some who baked cakes and offered them to the queen of heaven, or the moon; and on some of the monuments in Egypt this very act is commemorated, and persons represented as offering cakes to the moon; thus confirming Jeremiah's statement. (See Jer. vii. 18.) These cakes are in form like the sacred cakes of the Copts, and they again are like the hot cross buns made in England for Good Friday, proving that the English, or rather un-English, superstition, is only one or two removes from the Pagan practice. So also, when Job says, "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand," (xxx. 26, 27,) he refers to the idolatrous worshipping of the sun and moon, and he emphatically declares that he had not been guilty of the act; he had not kissed his hand to the sun rather than to its Maker, nor had his heart been enticed to adore the moon because of its brilliant shining.

Solomon (Song vi. 10) compares his bride to the moon, "fair as the moon;" but it is not to such an obscured moon as we generally see in England, but to such as I have just described.*

Such, then, is the sweetness of a moonlight night in Upper Egypt and Nubia. Nor are the days less so, during the months of December, January, and February, except when

* When Job was asked by the Lord if he could "bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion," (Job xxxviii. 31,) what was meant was, Canst thou prevent the return of either spring or winter? for the term Pleiades referred to certain stars or constellations denoting spring, and Orion to certain others denoting winter, as was well understood by the people in the east. And when Deborah and Barak sang, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera," (Judges v. 20,) they merely referred to a belief of the superstitious Canaanites that certain stars were "lucky" and certain others "unlucky." It is said that the moon has a pernicious effect upon those who, in the east, sleep in its beams; and that fish, having been exposed to them for only one night, becomes most injurious to those who eat it. How forcibly does this illustrate Ps. cxxi. 6.

interrupted by occasional sand storms. If a cloud pass over the sun, so rare is the circumstance that you involuntarily raise your head to see what is the matter; whereas, in England, it seldom happens that there is a purely cloudless sky for 24 successive hours throughout the year. Referring to my journal, I find I wrote to the following effect to my dear wife on Lord's Day, the 23rd of January, (her birthday,) while resting near a well-cultivated plain: "It would be the extreme of folly to attempt to portray to you the beauty, the loveliness, the paradisaical nature of this day and scene. But imagine that it is the latter end of June; that above you there is a sky without a cloud and around you an horizon without a mist; that you are walking on the banks of the Thames, somewhere in Oxfordshire, where not a sound is to be heard but the rolling stream, the notes of the unmolestedly happy feathered tribe, or the rustling of the waving corn, just coming into full ear, on either hand of you, a gentle breeze blowing to soften the heat of the summer's sun; that beyond the cornfields are a desert of glass and numerous towering palm trees; and you may form a distant idea of what I would now describe to you. Men are to be seen smoking, women carrying water or washing their water pots or clothes in the river; children playing; bullocks, buffaloes, sheep, and goats grazing; donkeys trotting; camels stalking; scores of fowls running about; pigeons flying; wild ducks and geese floating, or darkening the air in clouds; pelicans on the sand-banks fishing; vultures and eagles looking after their prey; and myriads of smaller birds passing in flights. If you have had such weather and such a scene in England, which, however, is impossible, and if your mind has been enjoying a settled peace as mine has, I may well "wish you many happy returns of the day." *

It is true that Alpine peaks, Grecian hills, or Niagara falls are not here to be found; but the scene, though of another character, is so strangely wild and grand that it is equally

* When the Psalmist says he "*prevented* the dawning of the morning," what he meant was that he preceded it, or *rose before* the morning dawned, that he might cry unto God; and so, throughout the night, his eyes *prevented*, or he was awake *before*, the night watches. (See Ps. cxix. 147; lxiii. 1, 6.) There is not much *dawning*, or *twilight*, in any part of the east. It is soon "broad daylight" after the sun has risen, and soon dark after he has set. David calls the twilight the "*outgoings* of the morning and evening;" (Ps. lxxv. 8;) and Job calls it "*the eyelids of the morning*;" for so the original reads in Job iii. 9, *margin*; and I do not think there is a more beautiful expression in the whole Bible.

calculated to lead one's mind out of the ordinary world and to cause us to admire the varied and inimitable beauties of nature.

O how does the setting sun, after a day like this, remind one of the transient nature of every terrestrial happiness, as well as of the prosperity of the country once so highly favored, but whose glory has now passed away like a shadow!

I awoke one morning, and, hearing music, I breathlessly listened. At first I fancied it was a box-organ, and then it sounded like church bells in the distance. I started up, as though I had been suddenly transported to some village in England. I looked through my cabin window, and behold my disappointment! It was only the creakings of some shakeyahs, at work hard by. As the Nubians use on their own persons all the oil and grease they can procure, they have none to spare for their rude machinery; so that the creaking of the wheels is incessant, and may well be mistaken for music by a man only half awake, and who had just been dreaming of home. These shakeyahs are all by the river side, and the wells from which they work the water are cut out of the banks. Some of the wells are 20 ft. deep and several feet wide, yet every inch of the mud in forming them has to be taken out by the hand, such things as spades being unknown here.

On going into one village in our rambles, a number of boys all scampered off; but a man ran after them and fetched them back, and then made them sit in a line, with their faces towards a mud wall; after which he began to lay on their backs with a stick. He was the village schoolmaster, and the boys were his scholars. They were holding school in the open air. The village was strewed with graves, as, indeed, were many others which we saw in Nubia, it appearing to be the custom there to bury a man close to his own cottage.

Several of our men one day were wading on shore with a rope, to tow the boat, when they suddenly threw the rope down, and scampered off. They said they had seen a crocodile.

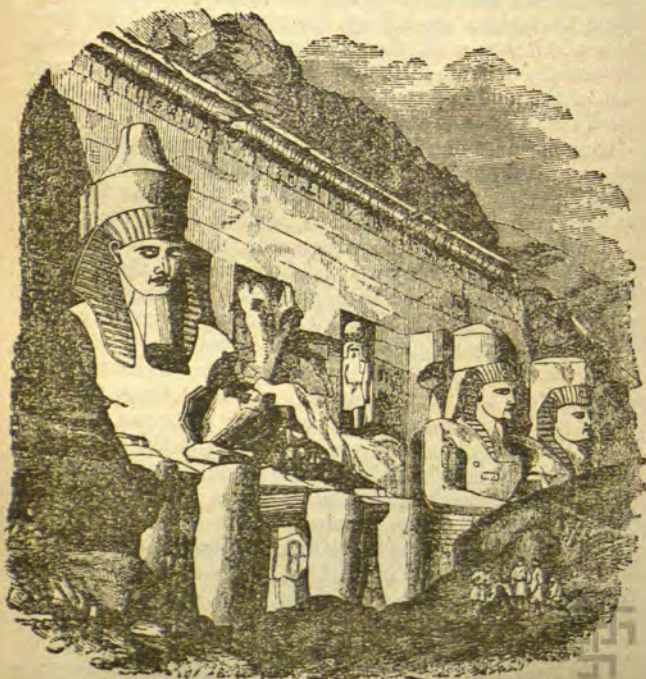
On the 22nd of January, we reached Wady Halfa; in other words, our journey's limit. I have gone hastily over the ground, not from choice but necessity, as I am quite determined not to exceed the promised space.

The Second Cataracts lay about six miles farther south, and the only means we had of reaching them was by walking over the Nubian desert. It was intensely hot, and the walk very trying. We, however, accomplished it. On arriving, we ascended the highest rock, which is about 200ft. above the level of the river, and from which we had a most extensive prospect. The rapids appeared to extend for miles and are similar

to the First Cataracts, which I have already described, the water swelling, and dashing, and roaring amongst hundreds of little granite islands. Everything was dreary and desolate enough, yet the whole displayed a majesty which few scenes can equal.

We were now in the district of Dongola, in the heart of ancient Ethiopia.

Having feasted our eyes, we descended to the river, and there feasted on cold fowl and delicious water. Surely no man ever relished anything more, or partook of a meal more gratefully. We then returned to Wady Halfa, but found the wind so dead against us that we could not start; we therefore strolled into the village. The women came out, all unveiled, and "Bucksheesh" was the universal cry. How these people live, I cannot divine, for every habitation appeared to be the abode of wretchedness. There seemed to be very little growing except senna, and the poor things cannot well live on that.



ABOU SIMBEL.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—RETURN TO CAIRO.

On returning to the boat, we found the village carpenter trying to mend the oars, but as he had no useable tools, I lent him mine, and gave him nails and screws, for I had with me a respectable tool chest; and my companion rendered him no little help.

We reached Abou Simbel early the next morning. Here are two temples, cut out of the solid rock. The larger one extends about 200 ft. from front to back, and is between 90 ft. and 100 ft. high. There are several colossal statues, one of which is 60 ft. high, and measures 15 ft. from the elbow to the end of the middle finger. The ears are 3 ft. 5 in. long. These works were executed 1335 years before Christ, in the reign of Rameses II., the same as the Memnonium at Thebes. Indeed, most of the principal temples, both in Nubia and Egypt, were constructed during his reign. These temples were buried in the sand until 1817, when Belzoni employed a number of men to open them. As fast as the sand was cleared away, other sand rushed down like a torrent, so that, for some time, they almost despaired of succeeding in finding an entrance. The sand is again accumulating, and filling up the entrances.

We next reached Ibream. Here are several chambers cut in the rock, about 30 ft. from the ground. Small holes having been made in the side of the rock, just large enough for a man's fingers and toes, two of our men climbed up, which was more than our English sailors could do, and fastened a rope inside one of the chambers. My companion and I were then pulled up by the rope; but there was nothing to see to repay us for the risk. These chambers had been tombs. The bodies must have been either let down from the top of the rocks, or pulled up from below as we were. The mountains all along the river in Upper Egypt contain hundreds of similar caves.

About noon on the 25th, we arrived at Derr, the *metropolis* of Nubia. Like all other towns in Nubia, it is neither more nor less than a miserable village, without a shop of any kind, thanks to the Turks. We were followed by crowds of women and children, but no men. We saw one woman kneading her doura cakes, which she did between two smooth stones. The dough was quite black with flies, and there must have been many mixed with it, as the woman kneaded it. Here we purchased some Nubian mats, made of palm leaves. The burying ground was half covered with vultures. "Where the carcase is, there will the eagles (or vultures) be gathered to-

gether."* In the centre of the village was a magnificent sycamore tree, the largest, I think, I ever saw. There were seats round it, and here the governor was transacting his business.

When we reached the boat, we found a wedding party on the shore. The women were dancing, and were all dressed in their *best*; that is, they were newly *oiled*. The oil and perspiration were running down their faces like dew drops, and they shone as if they had been dipped in a reservoir of varnish. Some of them had on five rows of necklaces, besides prodigious nose-rings. Some who had no rings had wooden pegs through their noses, to keep the holes open, I suppose, until they could afford to buy a ring.

In the evening we reached Korosko, where we landed to make our last inquiries about poor Atkins. We found he had been detained there some days, waiting for camels. It was some time before we could make any one hear us, as watchmen and people were alike fast asleep; but, having a railway whistle in my pocket, I stirred the people up.

I pass by, in my account here, Sabona and Maharraka, in both of which places are temples. The temple of Dakkeh we visited by moonlight, and the moon added grandeur to the scene of ruins. This temple was built in the reign of Ergamun, who was the first Ethiopian king who resisted the Pagan priests. Prior to his time, the priests used to send word to the king that the gods had ordered him to die, and he thereupon quietly allowed his life to be taken away. But Ergamun slew the host of them, and established a little *milder* sort of Paganism.

It is said there is still a people in the south of Ethiopia, whose king, when he feels death approaching, sends for the priests to strangle him, that he may not die like the common people,—in no such vulgar way; and near to his dominions is another king, whose body guard are all women.

I skip over the temples of Gerf Hassayn, Dendoor, and even Kalabsheh, though the latter is worth going a thousand miles to see, being Roman, and more like the ruins at Athens than any other ruins in Nubia or Egypt are. We saw it by moonlight as well as by daylight.

On Jan. 28th we were windbound, and had to make fast near a village. Almost every man, woman, and child came

* When the Redeemer (Matt. xxiv. 28) says, "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together," he not only refers to a literal fact, but also to the Roman armies, whose symbol was the eagle; and he means that wherever the ungodly Jews were, there would be the Romans to execute God's vengeance upon them.

out to see us, and to deal with us. We bought a host of necklaces, bracelets, &c. We also bought some calico, which a man had just woven; and I went to see him weave. His loom must have been invented soon after the flood; for nothing, I think, could be more primitive. I believe every part of it was made of the palm tree. A hole was dug in the ground for his legs and the treddles, (the treddles being merely two sticks,) with cords made of cotton. I found the weft (called "woof" in Lev. xiii. 49, &c.) very crooked, arising from his taking hold of the lathe too near one side; so every now and then he had to pass his shuttle only half way through the warp, (or shed,) to make the calico come even. I showed him that if he would take hold of the lathe in the middle, he would keep the



A PRIMITIVE LOOM.
No. XIII.—STEREOTYPE EDITION.

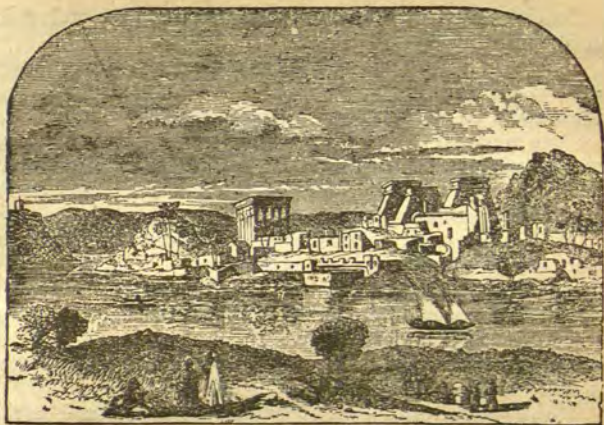
weft straight. He seemed glad of the information. Poor fellow! How it was that he had never discovered so simple a matter, I cannot tell. Near to the loom sat his wife and sister, both of whom were spinning; not with a spinning-frame or wheel, but with a distaff and spindle. I have seen numbers of both men and women spinning in this way in various parts of the east. Indeed, they have no other means of producing their yarn. "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." (Prov. xxxi. 19. See also Exod. xxxv. 25.)

One way of weaving is to wrap the threads round a stick, and then fix it between two trees. The ends of the threads are then tied to small stones, and suspended from the stick. This forms the warp. Another thread is then passed alternately between these with a kind of shuttle, and a coarse cloth made.

Our dragoman announced to us this day that the crew were eating the last of their bread. "Well," I said, "they must begin to mix their flour; they can use our oven." "But," replied he, "they have none, for the reis left it all with his mother." I was amazed, and immediately called the reis to me. It would really have been no more than he deserved had we taken him to the sheikh. There was no bread to be had thereabouts, and if the wind continued against us, I knew not what the men were to do, for we had but little food to spare. The next day we gave them some eggs, and in the evening we shared our bread with them; but we would not allow the reis to have either eggs or bread. Another time, I would take care to have the reserved flour locked up. (See page 355.)

In the night of the 29th we reached Philæ, and here we remained until Monday morning, sending two of the crew to Assouan for bread. I purchased a low stool,* cut in one piece out of the palm tree, and used by the natives as a pillow. I have often seen the people lie down in shaded spots, throw their outer garment over a stone, and then use the stone as a

* While tarrying at Philæ, several Nubians came to us with curiosities. But we gave to them our usual answer whenever the natives wished us to buy on a Sunday: "El Had; bookra bedree; shems teleat." (This is our Sabbath; come at sunrise to-morrow.) I have often remarked one thing, that there appeared to be more people come on a Sunday than on any other day. We could not keep even our dragoman right in this respect. As regularly as Sunday came, he would be sure to see a crocodile, or a flamingo, or an unusually large flight of pigeons, and want the gun, to have a shot; or he would ask for our dirty linen, that he might wash it; or wish to borrow some money, that he might make some purchases; and though we invariably lectured him, and he as regularly begged pardon, he was certain to repeat the offence the next Sunday.



ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

pillow. The first time I saw this, I was so overcome, reflecting on good old Jacob, (Gen. xxviii. 11,) that I called the man to me, and, after saluting him, "Es salaam aleykoom," (Peace be unto you,—See page 255,) I made him a present.

The island of Philæ is one granite rock, about 900 yards in circumference, just as Malta is one sandstone rock.

The view obtained from the propylon is not equalled by any other either in Egypt or Nubia. The lofty granite rocks extend in every direction as far as the eye can scan, while the river gently rolls round the island and the adjoining island of Biggeh, and the scattered villages with their stately palms and sweet-smelling gum trees, (shittim wood,) appear before us, and the ruins of the temples, heaps upon heaps, lie at our feet. Many of the pillars are still standing. Amongst the ruins I picked up part of an ancient Roman brick, almost as smooth as a school-boy's slate.

Having seen the ruins soon after sunrise on the Monday, we prepared for the descent of the Cataracts. A motley crew came on board, as on ascending, and off we went. We soon came to the first rapid, which hurled us on at certainly not less than 20 miles an hour, until we rushed down the fall, when we were within a hand-breadth of being dashed against the rock. A boat which had preceded us had, we were told, received considerable damage. Our own reis threw himself on his face, as he had not the courage to face it, and the rest of our crew were motionless as statues. The water splashed over us,

but we were carried safely down; and we passed the other falls in like manner.

Before 11 o'clock we reached Assouan, and immediately went to the governor to inquire for letters; but found none. What could be more depressing, not having heard from home for two months? And if we so felt it, after being only two months without hearing, what must those feel whose dearest relatives are in Australia, and who, through some irregularity, have not heard for a year?

At Assouan there were 2,000 soldiers, who were going to Kartoon, to murder and pillage the poor Nubians, because they had not paid their taxes. The bazaars were nearly all closed, as the people were afraid to expose their goods in presence of such a lawless horde. In most of the villages are two or more Albanian soldiers,* armed to the teeth, like locomotive batteries, to keep the people quiet.

We visited all the objects of interest both here and on the island of Elephantine opposite. From a quarry about a mile from the town, the granite was taken for the obelisks and monuments throughout Egypt. An incomplete obelisk lies in the quarry, partly buried in the sand. I measured it 31 yards in length, in addition to the part, said to be 10 yards, buried in the sand, making 41 yards. It is nearly 12 feet broad. No one can tell why it was left here, though some say it was broken; but such is not the fact. Probably an invading army put an end to the work.

Amongst the curiosities found in the ruins of Elephantine, are large numbers of small red tiles, from two to seven inches long. These have writing on them, and they are believed to have been tickets for the soldiers to receive their pay, or portions of corn. They are called "shreds of potsherd." It was probably something of this sort that Job took to scrape himself with; (ii. 8;) and it might also have been referred to in Ezek. iv. 1, where the prophet is commanded to take a tile, and to portray upon it (in ink) Jerusalem. Again, in Prov.

* The Albanian soldiers, to whom I have several times referred, are native Greeks; and a more ferocious set of brutes no where exists. The tales of horror which might be told of them would make the blood chill in the veins; but I have not room in my pages, and perhaps some of my readers will be glad that I have not. Mr. Eliot Warburton saw the body of a woman lying in the open street in Esneh, murdered by these wretches, because she refused to comply with their unhallored desires; and the bodies of her two brothers were lying by her side, who had been murdered for daring to interfere. On being remonstrated with, the colonel coolly replied it was a time of war, and the men must be allowed to amuse themselves.

xxvi. 23, a wicked heart is compared to a potsherd covered with silver; that is, a lump of hardened, garnished clay; and when, in xlv. 9, Isaiah says, "Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth," the figure used was probably these "shreds of potsherd," and the soldiers who used them.

Here my companion purchased an ancient mirror, or looking glass. All mirrors were formerly made of mixed metals, principally brass. It was of such that the brazen laver was made. (Exod. xxxviii. 8.)

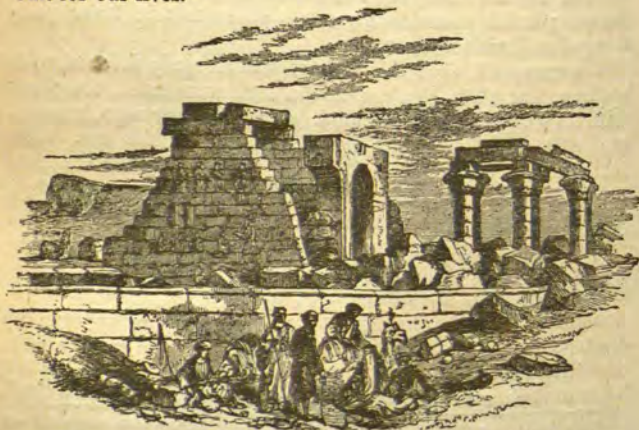
On Feb. 1st we left Assouan, and next day visited the temple of Kom Ombos and the sandstone quarries of Hagar Silsilis. The quarries are ten times more extensive than any I ever saw in England, though they have not been worked for 2,000 years. When I was there, they were more like a baker's oven than anything I ever before felt. Even on deck, the thermometer rose to 132°. Judge, then, what the heat must have been in these burning reflectors, facing the sun, and every breath of air being excluded by the cliffs. I remember that, in March, 1851, my thermometer once rose to 142° in the sun; but it was certainly much above that in these quarries, when I visited them.

We were told that this district was formerly infested with robbers, but that Ibrahim Pasha had surrounded the place with an army in the night, and destroyed every man, woman, and child. This was not *Lynch* law, but *Turkish* law. The same story is told of Beni Hassan. To this day the boatmen are somewhat uneasy when resting here. On leaving the boat, Haleel insisted upon our taking with us our firearms. We had no sooner reached the top of a hill than three fiend-like Bedouins came up to us, and asked us what we wanted. Haleel answered by taking his gun from his shoulder, in a prompt and determined manner. When the fellows saw that we were well armed, they galloped off. I had a six-barrel revolving pistol by my side, but it was not loaded. The mere *sight* of such a weapon is usually quite enough for the Arabs.*

* In 1851, a party of travellers from Manchester was stopping at Thebes, when a quarrel ensued between their crew and some of the people. During the night, the Arabs made an attack on the boat. The dragoman of another boat who saw them approaching, begged of them to go away; "for," said he, "they are Englishmen on board, and the English always carry firearms." Not listening to his advice, they rushed toward the boat. The Manchester travellers ordered them away, but they would not go; whereupon pistols were fired over their heads, to frighten them; but it only made them more furious, as they said the English were afraid to shoot them; and they began to jump on board the boat. The travellers now fired amongst them. There was a yell, and one man dropped; he was killed. The others decamped.

In a cave near Hagar Silsilis, M. Champollion says, is a representation of the king (Rameses II.) offering wine to the Nile, which is there called Hapi Môou, the Life-giving Father of all Existences,—the creature worshipped rather than the Creator.

On Feb. 3rd we reached Edfou. When going to see the temple, I was attacked by three dogs. I nearly felled two of them, but should have been worried, had not their owner run out to my assistance. The dogs in Upper Egypt are savage brutes, not like those of Cairo. (See page 222.) Though it is, I believe, a fact that the dogs never eat either the hands or feet of a corpse, (which fully explains 2 Kings ix. 35,) yet I had no desire that they should appease their appetites on even my legs. In India, where pilgrims die by thousands every year, neither the hyenas, jackals, nor dogs, ever touch either the hands or feet, though they greedily devour every other part of the body. My companion once, in self-defence, shot a dog in a village. The whole village was up, and we had to run for our lives.*



RUINS AT EL KAB.

* There is a law, that when a man kills a watch-dog, the dead dog is to be held up by the tail, at full length, with its mouth just touching the ground, and a stick is then to be stuck upright in the ground, the exact length of the dog, from the tip of the tail to the mouth. The man who killed the dog is then compelled to pour wheat over the stick until it is covered. Of course a large mound of wheat has to be formed all round the stick before the top can be covered, as the grain keeps slipping down and spreading on the ground. The wheat is the *fine*, which the man who killed the dog has to pay.

The temples at El Kab were on a small scale, but they are believed to have been more ancient than most of the others in Egypt. The ruins are not gorgeous, but are, nevertheless, well worth seeing, on account of their antiquity.

This day a wind sprang up in our favor, being the first we had had since we left Wady Halfa, and it carried us quickly to Esne. Here Haleel sent a boy, to whom we had given a free passage in our boat, into the town to buy some tobacco, and the little rascal cheated him out of a farthing. I could enumerate very many similar instances. These Ishmaelites begin to defraud as soon as they are able to think.

The temple at Esneh is almost buried in rubbish. It was partially cleared out by Mehemet Ali in 1842. The style of its architecture calls forth the admiration of every traveller who visits it. Many of the columns are remarkable for massive grandeur and magnificence.

On the 4th, we reached Mr. Fox's, and here I found letters from home. If any one wish to know with what eagerness I opened them, let him go and make the experiment under like circumstances. Mr. F. supplied us with green peas and other vegetables which grew in his garden. They were quite a treat to us.

The same evening we reached Thebes, and there remained until the 9th.

It will now be necessary for me to again incorporate my two trips from Thebes to Cairo, as I did those from Cairo to Thebes. Even Cairo sounded sweet to me, after so long an absence. "Sweet," like everything else, is a relative term. A man must go *from* home, and be pretty well knocked about into the bargain, to know fully the "sweets" of home. Then, though his path homeward lay through a quagmire, he would be glad to see the mire, knowing that it lay in the right direction. So Cairo sounded "sweet" to me, as I have said, because I knew it was on the highway to England. However much I had enjoyed some parts of my trip, however pleased I had been with the scenes I had beheld, the caves I had explored, the monuments I had gazed upon, the hieroglyphics I had tried to spell, and the ruins I had almost wept over; and however much my health had, with God's blessing, improved; still I could not forget my own dear home and friends. They would constantly rise before me like a ghost; and the more I tried to flee from the shadow, the more the figure seemed to grow, until it often became a giant, and marred my peace. (I speak now more particularly of my first journey up the Nile.) I could hardly see fowls running about but they

reminded me of my own little farm yard in Hertfordshire; I could scarcely see a woman with her children but they caused me to remember that I had a wife and children two or three thousand miles away; I could never refer to my almanack, but I involuntarily associated with the day some circumstance connected with either my family or my friends; I could not look at my thermometer without hazarding a speculation as to how much colder the weather was in England; I did not see a fire blazing but I was carried instinctively to my own fireside. And thus I might go on, and occupy a page, but I am sure my *feeling* readers will be in some measure able to fill up the gap. I remember, on one occasion, our cook, for the first time, burst out singing. I asked Hajji what he was singing about. "O," he said, "he wants to *cram* his eyes;" meaning that he wanted to feast his eyes with a sight of home. The very expression, "wants to cram his eyes," made *my* eyes overflow; and I said, "And so do I."

If any climate in the world can cure consumption, that climate is to be found in Nubia. To me my journey there was so blessed that I have had but few pulmonary symptoms since my return, not having once expectorated blood; and have certainly, for two years, had better health, on the whole, than for any other similar period since 1843. The air is so dry and pure in Nubia that the plague has never been known there, I believe; and as there are no marsh lands, there is no fever. Dew rarely falls, and rain still more rarely.

At Thebes we met with much attention both from our consular agent there and from M. Maunier, the French gentleman whom I named on page 346; and on leaving they showed us every mark of respect.

Our progress from Thebes was at first provokingly slow. Some parts of the journey down the Nile are, indeed, exceedingly wearisome. We were once stuck fast for eight days, for nearly three of which we could not stir a mile, the wind being dead ahead. Accustomed to a life of continual activity, I hardly knew how to accommodate myself to such a state of things. I emptied my boxes and then filled them again; I took down my bookshelves and then nailed them up crooked, that I might have the pleasure of again taking them down and putting them up straight; I turned over book after book until my eyes rebelled, the print seemed to dance before me, and the leaves felt as stiff as parchment; I wrote up my journal until I could not summon to my mind another sentence worth noting; I walked, I sat, I lay down, I sprawled, I threw up my legs, and put myself in all sorts of postures, short of stand-

ing on my head; and then I began to grumble, and I told the dragoman that having to stop so long was not in the agreement; which perfectly astonished him, until he saw my companions smile. Had I been very particular in my dress, I might have spent an hour or two every day at my toilette, in trimming my mustache and whiskers, arranging my cravat, examining my shirt collar, &c.; but on the Nile these things are unnecessary. It matters not whether a man has a beard or a clean-shaved chin, bushy whiskers or unfruitful cheeks, stockings or bare legs, a broad-brimmed beaver (as I had) or a Turkish tarboosh, a blue-striped shirt or a red one. Every man does as he likes, and no one does compel. This is, indeed, to an Englishman, the land of liberty. As I had not had on a white shirt for many weeks, I sometimes wondered how I should look when I again saw myself in one. When the wind moderated a little, we pushed off; but neither entreaties nor threats could induce the men to row against the wind. They made all sorts of excuses, and among the rest said they could not keep the boat in a straight course, with their oars. I ordered them to try; when, sure enough, the boat began to turn round. As I knew sufficient of boating to satisfy me that eight oars ought to have power enough to keep the boat in a direct course, however slow its progress, I suspected some trick, and hastily ran out of the cabin, when I found that the pilot had fixed his helm "hard a-port" so as to cause the boat to turn in spite of the oars. Seeing that their trick was discovered, they then said they could not row against the wind, as it was "working against God." They said they were "as anxious to go on as we were, but they did not repine; they *mourned*, but did not *murmur*; they would have been glad if God had given them a good wind, but they submitted to his will." Though we had no doubt that more than half of this meant idleness, yet we let them have their way. These were not the Nubian crew, but were all Arabs. We never had any such excuses from the Nubians. They often tried hard to row against the wind. Soon after this, the wind again moderated, and again we pushed off; but we had no sooner started than the crew discovered it was the time for their evening meal, and threw down their oars. If a restless man of business wish to learn patience he should go to the Nile, and take an Arab crew in his boat. The Arabs cannot enter into a man's feelings who has not seen his family for months, and is burning with anxiety to finish his journey, fearing that a single hour's delay may throw him too late for the steamer. "If we don't do it to-day, we

shall to-morrow," they will provokingly say. "Bookra, bookra," (to-morrow, to-morrow,) is their continual cry. (See page 159.) It is also a drawback to the pleasures of a Nile trip that the people are so utterly inattentive to the rules of propriety and modesty; nor does the presence of Franks, of either sex, seem to make any difference to them.

I may here mention that, in going down the river, with the stream, the men never tow the boat, but use their oars. When there is no wind, they go easily three miles an hour, but when the north wind blows strong, which is often the case, they cannot go at all, as the wind is more powerful than the current. When there is a gentle wind from the south, they can make eight or nine miles an hour. While rowing, the men rise on their feet with every stroke of their oars, to give them more power, gradually sinking on to their seats again, as the boat proceeds. When rowing in the night, their faces look like greased saucepans; and as they open their wide mouths to sing, the lights in the cabin reflecting from their shining visages and displaying their throats and large ivory teeth, they appear, every time they rise to pull, as if they were going to swallow you up almost, the beards of some and the wizened faces of others adding terror to the scene.

In passing the mountain of Aboufeyde, I observed the high cliffs full of eagles' nests, (Jer. xlix. 16,) and thousands of wild geese were resting on the ledges. On firing a pistol, they flew away in clouds, and the echo of the pistol's report was sublime.

On the 8th of March we visited the caves of Beni Hassan, said to have been constructed in Joseph's time. There is painted on the walls a procession of men with beards, and some suppose that it represents Joseph's brethren. There is also a painting of a great store house, filled with grain, and a man measuring it and filling the sacks of those who are carrying it. There is also a scribe, who is taking an account of, or numbering, the measuring. This throws light on Gen. xli. 49. Like most other caves in Egypt, the caves of Beni Hassan contain deep pits, in which the dead were deposited. As in the tombs of Thebes, the walls are covered with representations of trades, potters, goldsmiths, painters, &c.; agricultural and hunting scenes; wrestlings, fightings, and dancings; men and women being bastinadoed; catching wild fowls, and dragging nets full of fish to the shore; kneading paste and making bread; &c. In one tomb is a barber shaving a man, and in another a chiropodist cutting toe-nails.

Soon after leaving Beni Hassan, we arrived at Minieh.

where, as I said in a previous chapter, the pasha has a large sugar refinery.* One of the managers of the works invited us to accompany him to a village called Saff, about seven miles off. He knew the governor, Kaireen Effendi, and was sure he would be glad to entertain us. Rightly anticipating that we should see village life in its native form, we assented.

Our way lay through corn fields and sugar plantations, all belonging to the pasha. Wild hogs, which abound here, had greatly damaged the sugar canes; but I must not stop to relate particulars or incidents.

On arriving, we were very kindly received by the governor, and, after some conversation, were shown into a private room up stairs. Here supper was served in eastern fashion. It was all *finger* work, but we dipped unhesitatingly and unsparingly into the dish. (See page 249.) After supper, we arranged ourselves on the divans for sleep, but I did not get much of that,—dogs barking, frogs croaking, owls screeching, hawks calling, jackals howling, fleas biting; all of which were utterly unavoidable.

The next morning we were up and out before sun-rise. It was a magnificent morning. Having been carried across "Joseph's Canal," (See page 168,) which runs through this district, we arrived at a spot of loneliness and solitude, where were several large lakes, formed by the overflowing of the Nile, bounded by desert and sand-hills,—quite an oasis. There were thousands of wild geese, ducks, and widgeons. An Arab who was with us shot four ducks and three widgeons. We roasted some of them by a fire which we kindled on the sands, and made some coffee; and then sat down to breakfast, while the eagles and hawks were hovering about us. One eagle darted down a little way from us, and carried off the entrails of a duck we had thrown away. It is certain that eagles can

* The labor at this refinery is, like that in the cotton mills, all *forced*, and the nazir has to see that men are found. When he wants a supply, he generally pounces upon some that are tolerably well off, and then they pay him to release them; whereupon he pockets the money, and then tries again. The officers profess to pay the men promptly, but when their time of servitude is up, there is always a considerable balance due to them. They, however, do not trouble about that, being too glad to get away. Some time afterwards, the clerks, (Copts,—*Christians*!) receive the money, and then go to the poor fellows, and say, "Now, if you like, we will give you so much for your debt," being perhaps one-third. This is readily accepted; and thus are the people defrauded, while the Turkish governor and the enlightened "*Christians*" divide the spoil! This, I was told, is universally the case throughout Egypt. Sometimes the people are paid in bread and sometimes in sugar, the payer always fixing the value, and keeping the balance. Surely Egypt is the "basest of kingdoms!"

discern their prey from an incredible distance, even long before they can themselves be seen in the air; and having once perceived it, they are swift in hastening unto it. (See Job ix. 26.)*

We did not return to Saff until half-past one. The governor heartily welcomed us, and coffee was immediately served up. This is always done the first thing on being introduced or making a call in the east. It is brought, in small cups, by slaves, sometimes with sugar, but generally without. A slave having filled and lighted his master's pipe, and smoked a few whiffs to see that it was all right, the governor put the head of the pipe into his mouth, and smoked, and then handed it to me. Though I never do smoke, it would have been an insult to refuse it; so I followed the governor's example, took a whiff or two, and then passed it to my neighbor. This also is a universal custom in the east. I have more than once been amused at seeing the number of mouths into which a pipe has been put, going round and round, at one sitting.†

Having my six-barrel pistol with me, the governor carefully examined it, and then asked me why I did not load it with balls; but I told him I did not consider it necessary, as I felt perfectly safe in Egypt. The remark pleased him much.

Dinner was then served up, and our kind host joined us. In addition to the usual "Bismillah," and "Tafuddal," (See page 249,) I observed that he said, "Sooffra betatack," which was very expressive, meaning, "The table is yours." Here was genuine hospitality. We had a variety of dishes, and our host seemed unfeignedly pleased that we enjoyed our dinner. The slaves in attendance watched every motion, every look, of their master, and his wishes were most promptly attended to. Their eyes were up "unto his hand," (Ps. cxliii. 2,) each

* I was once on my donkey in one of the streets of Boulac, when I passed a man who was carrying some pieces of meat in his hand. An eagle darted down, and, before the man had time to look about him, it caught up two or three pieces of the meat in its talons, and flew away. I was so near the man that the tip of the eagle's wing touched my thigh, and I saw it soaring aloft with the meat in its talons. The street was full of people at the time, and several who saw it seemed as amused as I was amazed. I was once naming the circumstance in company, when a gentleman present doubted my word; but a lady declared that she, with others, had seen an eagle take a piece of meat off a dish which a boy was carrying to a boat for some of the boatmen.

† The Egyptians take their pipes with them wherever they go; but those who can afford, have a slave or servant walking behind them to carry it. They often calculate their distances by their pipes. Thus, if you ask, "How far is it to such a place?" They will answer, "Two pipes," or "Three pipes," as the case may be; meaning, "You can smoke two pipes, or three pipes, before you reach it." Some of the pipes are 5 ft. or 6 ft. long. The best are made of cherry sticks.

movement thereof being understood by them. He scarcely uttered a word to them; but *telegraphed* with his hand. One slave came with a tray, and asked for "something for the women," which was quickly dispatched to them, in the hareem.

Before leaving, we gave our kind host a good two-bladed knife, a looking-glass, and several other little things. He much wanted some leeches, but unfortunately we had none. I believe we were mutually pleased, and I shall ever remember this visit as a remarkable incident.

On returning to Minich, we found the town in mourning. Numbers of women were "sitting in the dust," *unveiled*, (the deepest mark of grief in the east,) and all having dust on their heads, and their clothes rent. (See Gen. xxxvii. 34; Josh. vii. 6; 2 Sam. i. 2, xix. 4; Esther iv. 1-12; Ps. cii. 9; Isa. iii. 26; and other passages.) Some were sitting on rough cloth, called in the Bible *sackcloth*, which is made of goat's hair, and is frequently black;* (See Rev. vi. 12;) and others had allowed

* This black sackcloth is referred to in the beautiful figurative language of the Bible, where the clouded sky is represented as covered with sackcloth and blackness. (Isa. L. 3.) I once brought home a cloak of camel's hair, like the one that John the Baptist wore; but it became so moth-eaten that I was compelled to burn it. (1851.)

As the women sit on the ground, the dust, or sand, accumulates around and upon them, for it is almost perpetually blowing about; but every now and then they rise up, shake the dust out of their laps, and then sit down again. This is the custom referred to in Nehem. v. 13; Isa. lii. 2.

When the people in the east are in deep distress, or when they have been charged with some capital crime, it is customary for them not to wash themselves, but to allow the dirt to accumulate both on their persons and dress. And thus it was with Joshua, as in Zech. iii. 1-5. Here Satan stood to resist him, or to *accuse* him, for that is what the text means; but the angel of the Lord ordered those that stood by (the officers of justice) to take his filthy garments off, as a mark of his *acquittal*, and to clothe him with a change of raiment, as an emblem of his *justification*.

We read in Job ii. 11, that the first thing Job's three friends did, when they heard of his affliction, was to weep, rend their mantles, and sprinkle dust on their heads; and this is precisely how it would be in the present day, under like circumstances.

By the rivers of Babylon the captive Jews *sat down and wept*, when they remembered Zion. Judea is represented as a sorrowful woman sitting on the ground; (Isa. iii. 26;) and to this day the disconsolate Hebrew women sit on the ground when they mourn over Jerusalem; and the women in the east assume the same posture when they visit the tombs of their departed friends. So, when the prophet says, "Come down, and sit in the dust, sit on the ground," (Isa. xlvii. 1,) he refers to the state of mourning into which the Chaldeans should be thrown; and when he exclaims, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust," (Isa. xxvi. 19,) he powerfully and sweetly proclaims "liberty to the captives." (See Isa. ii. 10; Lam. iii. 29.)

the dust to accumulate about their persons in considerable quantities.

What was the matter? We learnt that a conscription had been going on. Upwards of 150 men had been seized for soldiers, and all the rest in the town had run away.

A conscription in Egypt is dreadful even to think of. The pasha wants 20,000 or 30,000 men. He issues his orders to the sheikhs, and the poor creatures are hunted as by blood-hounds. If the sheikhs do not succeed in procuring the required number of men, they are liable to be bastinadoed, and sent to try again. Generally, some Albanian soldiers dash upon a village at unawares, and blockade it on every side, so that escape is difficult. This had been the case at Minieh when I was there. When the poor men *can* escape, they flee to the desert; but this is almost like "running from the rain, and sitting under the waterspout," as the Arabs sometimes say; or, as we say, "jumping out of the frying pan into the fire;" for they often perish in the desert by hundreds. In 1851, I saw 300 poor fellows all yoked together,* with halters round their necks, being marched to Cairo, having been seized for soldiers. I believe that 50,000 men have been sent from Egypt into Turkey, to aid in the present war. The pasha does not seem to know that, by thus draining the country of its very life's blood, he is diminishing the power of cultivation in a way that must eventually recoil upon himself or his successors.

Mr. Lane says that in Mehemet Ali's days there were only 400,000 men in Egypt fit for military service, and that Mehemet had taken 200,000 of them, that is one half of the most serviceable portion of the male population, to form and recruit his army and navy. It is also said that he made 20,000 Nubians into soldiers in one conscription, and had them drilled by French officers; but 17,000 of them died in less than two years.

"Such," says Mr. Eliot Warburton, "is the Egyptian peasant's lot, aggravated by privations that are incredible. If sick, he has no medicine or medical advice, and he dies; if starving, he must steal from his own crop, upon which the

* I once heard a minister say that the yoke mentioned in Acts xv. 10, Gal. v. 1, and similar passages, referred to the yokes that were sometimes put upon swine, to prevent their breaking through the hedges; but I think if this learned divine had ever beheld scenes like these, he would have better understood the custom to which the Scriptures refer. The "yoke of iron," mentioned in Dent. xxviii. 48, and Jer. xxviii. 14, points to the way in which the people should be bound in slavery, as with halters of iron round their necks.

pasha has set his seal, and he suffers the bastinado. If a conscript for war, he is kept in camp until no longer fit for service, and then thrown upon the world to beg and die." "The pasha must have workmen for his factories and laborers for his crops. He seizes those whom war spares, and they are torn from their homes, to work under the lash of a taskmaster, at the nominal wages of twopence halfpenny a day, but not more than half of which sum they ever in reality receive." "Can these men's fate be worse?"

Numbers of the poor women, deprived by these conscriptions of support, for there are no poor laws in Egypt, are compelled to give themselves up to vice, to prevent their infant children perishing. "Can any change bring additional suffering or humiliation upon this fallen race?" Amidst it all, the poor people submit. If they cannot escape, they say it is the will of God, and have little thought of ascribing it to the wickedness of man. The main *qualification* that such a people have for being ill used or beaten is that they have not courage to return the blow. Indeed, it would appear that the more roughly they are handled, the more readily they submit. I have read of a rich man who was rivalled by one nearly as rich as himself; but he caused him to be murdered; and then, never was a man more respected than he was. I also read of the captain of an English brig, who had put into a bay of the Red Sea, and asked for water for his ship, when the governor told him he could not have it, as it was very scarce; upon which the captain said if his casks were not filled in three hours he would blow up the place; and the governor caused them to be instantly filled out of his own tank, saying "the English were a great people, a wonderful people;" and he ever afterwards entertained for them a high degree of both affection and respect.

Every day after we left Minieh, we witnessed something of the horrors of the system,—hundreds of men, followed by women, screaming, wailing, and smiting their breasts. (See Luke xviii. 13.) Some of the women had drenched their clothes with water, and others had covered them with dirt. Some had plastered over their bare bosoms, stomachs, arms, and heads with mud, and others had scratched their faces to pieces, the blood streaming down as from deep-cut wounds. Some were screaming out, "My brother, my brother, my dear brother!" others were exclaiming, "My son, my son, my son!" and one poor woman, whose voice, though half choked with anguish, was heard above all the rest, poured forth her lamentations in tones which denoted the agony of despair, as though

her very heartstrings were cracking, "Ya ebne, ya ebne, ya ebne *wahed!*" (O my son, my son, my *only* son!) And then (in Arabic) she added, "What shall I and his poor sister do? for he supported us both." She had lost her husband by the unrelenting hand of death, and now she had lost her son by the no less unrelenting hand of despotism. The big tears rolled down her cheeks, mixing with the mud and blood upon her lacerated face, and causing my very heart to heave with pity and my blood almost to boil with indignation. Her wailing was, indeed, as my dragoman said, "the lamentation of Adam;" meaning that it had no bounds.

But the officers heeded not. Boat-load after boat-load of the poor fellows was sent off, and the great majority would never return.

The boats on the river, on these occasions, are all deserted, as the crews are liable to be seized; but the British, French, or American flag, floating from the flagstaff, protects all on board; so that our men were safe. On one occasion, one of our men was seized in a village where he had gone to buy bread; but we soon had him released, on going to the sheikh.

On March 14th, 1853, we reached Masghoon. Here we took donkeys to visit the pyramids of Dashoor, Abooseer, and Sahhara. The donkeys had old rags for saddles, but had neither stirrups nor bridles; so we made some of ropes. These pyramids, if we except the brick pyramid, to which I have referred on page 299, are hardly worth visiting after having seen those of Ghizeh.

We soon entered upon the Libyan desert, and, passing through Dashoor, &c., in five hours and a half reached Sahhara. Here we examined the mummy ibis and cat pits; for, strange as it may seem, the Egyptians often embalmed birds, cats, snakes, and crocodiles,* in the same way as they did human

* At Ababdeh, about six miles from Manfaloot, are the renowned crocodile mummy pits. The crocodile used to be worshipped at Manfaloot, as in other parts of Egypt. Several attempts having without success been made to discover these pits, it began to be doubted whether or no they really existed. Mr. Legh, accompanied by a Mr. Smelt and an American, in 1816, and Sir F. Henniker, in 1823, were amongst the number of those who made the attempt. The former had three guides with them, two of whom perished in the passages. Still various persons asserted they had absolutely found them, and the point was at last fully settled by a Mr. Muller, who explored them in, I believe, 1845. He says, "We now entered the chamber of crocodiles, the object of all our pursuit and adventure. There they lay, of all sizes, from five inches to twelve feet, and I dare say more; thousands packed on thousands, and so packed for thousands of years. I soon obtained a fine large head, and some half-dozen small crocodiles, all

beings. The birds and cats were all sealed up in earthenware jars, like small red chimney pots; and there were thousands of them, piled upon each other like bottles in a wine bin. These

bandaged in cloth. There was little to observe in this sanctum sanctorum, and no knowledge how far it continued. It evidently had not been much visited. At the end of the passage, which might have been 12 or 15 feet high, the bodies formed a solid mass. It was from the sides I obtained the specimens."

Mr. Legh gives the following account of his visit to these crocodile mummy pits: "We descended without difficulty. We formed a party of six, and each was to be preceded by a guide. Our torches being lighted, one of the Arabs led the way, and I followed him. We crept for seven or eight yards through an opening at the bottom of the pit, which was partly choked up with the drifted sand from the desert, and found ourselves in a chamber, about 15 ft. high. Here we saw fragments of mummies of crocodiles. We now entered a long gallery, in which we continued for more than an hour, stooping or creeping as was necessary, and followed its windings until at last it opened into a large chamber, which after some time we recognised as the one we had first entered. Our guides at last confessed they had missed their way, but said, if we would make another attempt they would undertake to conduct us to the mummies. We had been wandering for more than an hour in low subterranean passages, and felt considerably fatigued by the irksomeness of the posture in which we had been obliged to move, and the heat of our torches in these narrow and low galleries; but the Arabs spoke so confidently of succeeding in this second trial, that we were induced once more to attend them. We found the opening of the chamber which we now approached guarded by a trench of unknown depth, and wide enough to require a good leap. The first Arab jumped the ditch, and we all followed him. The passage we entered was extremely small, and so low in some places as to oblige us to crawl flat on the ground, and almost always on our hands and knees. The intricacies of its windings resembled a labyrinth, and it terminated at length in a chamber much smaller than that which we had left, but like it containing nothing to satisfy our curiosity. Our search hitherto had been fruitless; but the mummies might not be far distant. Another effort, and we might still be successful. The Arab who led the way now entered another gallery, and we all continued to move in the same manner as before, each preceded by a guide. We had not gone far before the heat became excessive. I found my breathing extremely difficult, my head began to ache most violently, and I had a most distressing sensation of fullness about the heart. We felt we had gone too far, and yet were almost deprived of the power of returning. At this moment, the torch of the first Arab went out. I was close to him, and saw him fall on his side. He uttered a groan, his legs were strongly convulsed, and I heard a rattling noise in his throat. He was dead. The Arab behind me, seeing the torch of his companion extinguished, and fancying he had stumbled, passed me, advanced to his assistance, and stooped. I observed him appear faint, totter, and fall in a moment. He also was dead. The third Arab came forward, and made an effort to approach the bodies, but stopped short. We looked at each other in silent horror. The danger increased every instant. Our torches burned faintly; our breathing became more difficult; our knees tottered under us; and we felt our strength nearly gone. There was no time to be lost. Our

pits are supposed to extend for a great distance underground. Hundreds of the jars have been broken and hundreds taken away by travellers; but there is no sensible diminution of their

companion, the American, called to us to take courage, and we began to move back as fast as we could. We heard the remaining Arab shouting after us, calling us Caffres, (infidels,) imploring our assistance, and upbraiding us with deserting him. But we were obliged to leave him to his fate, expecting every moment to share it with him. The windings of the passages through which we had come increased the difficulty of our escape. We might take a wrong turn, and never reach the great chamber we first entered. Even supposing we took the shortest road, it was but too probable our strength would fail us before we arrived. We had each of us, separately and unknown to one another, observed attentively the different shapes of the stones which projected into the galleries we had passed, so that each had an imperfect clue to the labyrinth we had now to retrace. We compared notes, and only on one occasion had a dispute, the American differing from my friend and myself. In this dilemma, we were determined by the majority, and, fortunately, were right. Exhausted with fatigue and terror, we reached the edge of the deep trench which remained to be crossed before we got into the great chamber. Mustering all my strength, I leaped, and was followed by the American. Smelt stood on the brink, ready to drop with fatigue. He called to us to help him over the fosse, or at least to stop, if only for five minutes, to allow him to recover his strength. It was impossible; to stay was death, and we could not resist the desire to push on and reach the open air. We encouraged him to summon all his force, and he cleared the trench. When we reached the open air, it was one o'clock, and the heat in the sun at 160°. Our sailors, who were waiting for us, had luckily a bardak full of water, which they sprinkled upon us; but, though a little refreshed, it was not possible to climb the sides of the pit. They unfolded their turbans, and, slinging them round our bodies, drew us to the top. Our appearance without our guides naturally astonished the Arab who had remained at the entrance of the cavern, and he anxiously inquired for his friends. To have confessed they were dead would have excited suspicion of our having murdered them. We replied they were coming, and were bringing out the mummies we had found. We lost no time in mounting our asses, recrossed the desert, and passed hastily by the village, to regain the ferry of Manfaloot. Our boat was moored close to the town, and we got safe on board by five o'clock."

The next morning, before they could get far away from Manfaloot, they were overtaken by four Turks and two Arabs, and compelled to return, to answer before the sheikh for the supposed murder. The third Arab guide, it appeared, had not perished, but had escaped by following the light of Mr. Smelt's torch; and he now joined their accusers; but by attributing the death of his comrades to the magic practised by the infidels, he unintentionally favored their cause, as it was, of course, an admission that no violence had been used. The result was that the travellers had to pay 12 piastres, or 2s. 6d., to each of the widows of the poor Arabs, and the like sum as a present to the sheikh. Some travellers say they have seen the skeletons of many persons who have died in exploring these crocodile mummy pits. I must say, for my part, that Mr. Legh's account was always sufficient to keep me from venturing in.

numbers. I have said there are thousands of them; but I should, perhaps, have been nearer the sum had I said millions.

The sarcophagi and tombs in which the sacred bulls were embalmed next had my attention. If there be one wonder in Egypt greater than another, the pyramids alone excepted, it is to be seen in the dark chambers of the sacred bulls. They have only been discovered within the last three or four years.

Descending a steep path, and having lighted our candles, we came to an avenue, or street, about 300 yards long. On each side of this avenue are spacious chambers, and in each of these chambers is a sarcophagus, in which a bull had been deposited. The sarcophagi, 33 of which have been found, are all of hard granite, beautifully polished. They are not all exactly of a size, but average about 10 ft. or 12 ft. long, by 6 ft. wide and 6 ft. deep; and each is supposed to weigh about 65 tons. Two of them are covered with hieroglyphics, and these were about to be removed to the French Museum at Paris. The labor required for the cutting and carrying from the quarries of these immense blocks, for they are all cut out of the solid,—one huge block, and the skill and labor necessary to their being formed and polished, exceed all possible calculation.

I think I never felt so *little*, as a human being, as I did when standing alongside these granite bull coffins. I was there at an excellent time. Information had just been received by the person who had charge of the vaults, that the English Consul-General, accompanied by Sir John Potter, of Manchester, would visit the place that morning. The long sepulchral avenue and all the death-still chambers were, therefore, lighted up; and as the candles flared from end to end, and as their light was reflected from the shining sarcophagi, the effect was truly thrilling.

These chambers had been discovered by a Frenchman; but it is evident that the Saracens had been there before him, as the massive lids were partially removed from the sarcophagi, and the bulls taken away and stripped of their ornaments. The whole district is strewn with bleached bones and mummy rags. Amongst the rubbish, I found a horn, which, beyond doubt, once belonged to a sacred bull. It appears to me to be in a semi-petrified state. When I look at it, I often wonder how many poor creatures have fallen down to worship the animal to which it had belonged.

I ought, perhaps, here to mention, that amongst the animals worshipped by the ancient Egyptians was the bull, called by them Apis. It was indispensable, however, that its colour should be a jet black, without a single white hair except a spot

on the forehead and on two or three other parts. Whenever a bull of this description was met with, he was covered with ornaments and taken by the people into the temple with unbounded acclamations and other expressions of joy; and to such an extent was their veneration for the animal carried, that on his death he was embalmed, and deposited in a sarcophagus, as already mentioned. A bull of gold was placed in the temple at Memphis; and to this the people resorted, in honor of their god Apis. Other bulls were sacrificed to the bull Apis; but they were pure white, without a single black hair.

It was from the Egyptians that the Israelites learnt to worship the calf, or bull, as recorded in Exod. xxxii. and Hos. xiii. 2; and they, as was always the case with the Egyptians, shouted and danced, sat down to eat and drink, and then "rose up to play." But to such an extent did they carry their abominable conduct, that we are distinctly told, in Exod. xxxii. 25, that it was "to their shame among their enemies." And Jeremiah (iii. 9) says they worshipped "stocks and stones."

My reader will have gathered from other parts of this work that the Egyptians did not confine their worship to the bull. Indeed, they worshipped almost everything. On the one hand, they worshipped the ibis because they believed it destroyed serpents; the cat because it killed rats; the hawk because it kept down the number of sparrows, &c.; the vulture because it eat carrion; and so forth; and, on the other hand, they worshipped the crocodile because they dreaded it, and Typhon, or the devil, because they believed he had power over their souls. These were some of "the gods of the earth," which the Lord said he would "famish," that is, bring to nought.* (Zeph. ii. 11.) The red heifer was offered by the Egyptians to the devil; whereas, in direct opposition to this, and to show the folly of sacrificing anything to Satan, the Israelites were commanded to offer the red heifer to God. (See Num. xix. 2.) Probably this was one thing that Moses referred to when he said to Pharaoh, "Shall we sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians before their eyes, and will they not stone us?" (Exod. viii. 26;) for it would have been viewed by the Egyptians as an abomination to offer the *red* heifer to God, seeing that *they* offered it to Satan; or Moses might refer to the offering of bullocks, which the Egyptians held sacred, but which were offered by

* It is recorded of Cambyzes that he took a sea-port town at one of the mouths of the Nile by putting a large number of cats, dogs, cows, and other animals in front of his army; and as these animals were held sacred by the Egyptians, they were afraid to shoot an arrow or throw a dart, lest they should kill some of their gods.

the Israelites by Divine command. The Hindoos to this day offer sacrifices to Vyravar, whom they call the Prince of devils, when they wish to be restored from sickness.*

Some writers have doubted whether the Egyptians ever sacrificed human beings to their gods; but that they did so is proved by the monuments, an instance of which I mentioned on page 344; and it is equally clear from the Scriptures that the Israelites did the same. They also devoted their children to the service of the temples, as referred to in Hos. ii. 4., and perhaps in Deut. xxiii. 18. It is supposed that when a child was dedicated to the gods, a ring was put through its nose, to show that it was under the protection of the gods; and this was probably referred to in Ezek. viii. 17. Isaiah speaks of the slaying of children in the valleys.† (lvii. 5.) The "smooth stones of the stream," (verse 6,) refers to the Assyrians, who had a high reverence for a certain kind of stone, as the Hindoos have to this day; and perhaps Jeremiah referred to them in iii. 9, "stocks and stones," already quoted.

There were so many gods amongst the Egyptians and other heathens, that the worshippers distinguished themselves by a certain spot on their foreheads, to show which particular god was theirs, as referred to in Deut. xxxii. 5 and Rev. xx. 4; just as the Roman Catholics have their various patron saints, and denote to which they belong by having their images in their houses. The same thing is referred to in Isa. lvii. 8, the "remembrance" there spoken of, as set "behind the doors," &c., being their household gods.

* Sacrificing to devils was not peculiar to the Egyptians, but was practised by the Greeks and Romans even in the apostles' days. Paul refers to it in 1 Cor. x. 20. Some of the Corinthian disciples supposed that they could not, without committing sin, eat any meat of the kind that was offered to idols; so they would not eat beef because the ox or the heifer was sacrificed; but Paul says they had weak consciences, for "neither is the idol anything, nor that which is offered anything;" nevertheless, "let the strong bear the infirmities of the weak;" and sooner abstain from meat altogether than "wound their weak consciences." For "by thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ died?" That is, Because thou knowest that these things amount to nothing, yet wilt thou destroy the peace of thy brother whose conscience, being weak, is not so satisfied about it? (See 1 Cor. viii. ix., and x.)

+ In Judges xi. 30-39, we read of a certain vow that Jephtha made. At first sight it might appear that he actually sacrificed his daughter to the Lord; but it was not so. The original of verse 31 reads, "Whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, shall surely be the Lord's, or (not *and*) I will offer it up for a burnt-offering." Therefore he dedicated his daughter to the Lord; and "the daughters of Israel went yearly to *talk with*," as the verse might have been rendered, "the daughter of Jephtha four days in a year."

It is true that when the heathen nations bowed down before the creatures of God, as the sun, the moon, the bull, &c., they did not at first *worship* those creatures, but merely viewed them as symbols, or "remembrances," (Isa. lvii. 8,) of an Almighty Being, and, as they believed, worshipped that Almighty Being through those creatures; but they soon lost sight altogether of any being beyond the one before which they prostrated themselves, as can be abundantly proved both from history and from Scripture. Just as the Romanists, in their catechism, say, "It is lawful to honor the images of Christ and his *saints*, with an inferior and relative honor, because the honor given them is referred to the things they represent;" and thus they worship *saints* and their images; and in order to allow this, they have left out of their first (our second) commandment the words, "Thou shalt not bow down to them;" and how many thousands are there who have no knowledge of any Deity beyond their images or their patron saints? And thus it is that, step by step, man slips into idolatry. "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" (Judges xviii. 24.) All Roman Catholic countries are full of idols now, as were those of the Philistines and others in the days of Isaiah.

However absurd it may seem, it is nevertheless said to be a fact that some of the gods seen by the Israelites, on their way to the promised land, were literally made of cow dung. And this is what is referred to in Deut. xxix. 17, for the word there translated "idols," is, in the original, "dung gods." Malachi also alludes to the same in ii. 3, where he speaks of spreading dung upon their faces. The worshippers of the Hindoo god Siva have to this day a spot on their foreheads made of the ashes of cows' dung.

Writers on India state that the women who have prostituted themselves to the use of the temples are always dressed in crimson or vermilion, and that the walls are covered with paintings of an infamous character. (See Jer. iv. 30; Ezek. xxiii. 14; Rev. xvii. 4; Isa. i. 18.)

The Dagon of the Philistines was half a fish, as the word signifies, and the god now called Vishnu by the Hindoos is also half a fish. Beelzebub, the god of flies, was esteemed the worst of gods; and hence it was that the Jews called him the Prince of devils. (Matt. xii. 24.) The Philistines had a temple to this god at Ekron, which was on the sea coast, and where, consequently, flies were more numerous than in inland countries. (See p. 336.)

The heathens considered that their gods always slept, or rested, like men in the east, during the heat of the day; and

hence it was unlawful for any one to enter the temples during that period. This was what Elijah so derisively alluded to in 1 Kings xviii. 27. At noon he mocked them; and it was not until the time of the evening sacrifice that the priests of Baal despaired of being heard; but *then*, knowing that their god could no longer be asleep, their case became hopeless.

A representation of some of the ancient gods is portrayed on the walls of the temples. The engraving which I here give will convey some idea of the character of those representations.



ISIS AND HORUS.

According to the ancient Egyptians, Phre, otherwise called Re, or On, meaning the Sun, married Rhea, and Osiris was their son. Rhea also had a daughter, Isis, by Thoth, or Mercury. Osiris married his half-sister Isis, and Horus was their son. Osiris was killed by Typhon, but returned from the dead, to console his wife Isis; and Typhon was pursued and conquered by Horus. The Egyptians believed that the overflowings of the Nile were caused by the tears which Isis shed every year for the loss of Osiris. Such were some of the gods of the

Egyptians. There was a temple of Osiris at Memphis, to whom the bull Apis was consecrated; and there was a temple of Isis at Philæ.

Some of these representations have been plastered over, to preserve them. (See Deut. xxvii. 2, 3.) Sostratus, a celebrated architect in Egypt, cut the king's name on the plaster, but his own in the stone *under* the plaster; so that the architect's name was left when the king's was destroyed.

I might enter more fully into the idolatry of the ancients, explaining their "high places;" (2 Kings xxiii. 15, &c.) their "altars;" (Num. xxiii. 1, &c.) their "groves;" (Exod. xxxiv. 13, &c.) their "green trees;" (Jer. xvii. 2, &c.) their "sacrifices;" (2 Kings xvi. 4, &c.) but I am warned to proceed with my wanderings.

On leaving Sahhara, we wended our way to Memphis, now called Mitrahenny.

The site of this ancient city, the capital of Middle Egypt, has caused as much discussion amongst writers as has the situation of the Land of Goshen. Some say that it was near the pyramids of Ghizeh, others that it was at Sahhara, and others at Dashoor. From all I have read upon the subject, and I have read the works of several of the disputants, I have no doubt, in my own mind, that they are all right, and that the city extended along the west bank of the Nile, from Ghizeh to Dashoor. Throughout the whole district, monuments and ruins of a great city have been and still are being constantly found buried in the sand; whilst the rear forms one unbroken cemetery, pyramids, tombs, and mummy pits; so that this vast receptacle for the dead separated the desert from the great city and from the cultivated lands. To attempt to fix upon any one spot and say that it was *there* that the palace of the Pharaohs stood would be the height of folly; for when Nebuchadnezzar conquered the place, he did all that man could do to erase it from the list of cities. Still, from the innumerable blocks of granite, covered with hieroglyphics and figures, which have been discovered at Mitrahenny, the probability is that in that locality was the seat of government. It is at this place that the immense statue, nearly 43 feet long, now lies, which, it is said, is to be removed to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. (Not done yet,—1858.)

Memphis is only mentioned by name once in the Scriptures, viz., in Hos. ix. 3-6, where it is said that Memphis shall bury Ephraim. This alone confirms me in the opinion I have given above; for where, in all Egypt, can such another burying-place be found? What anguish it must have caused the Ephraim-

ites who returned to Egypt, to know that they must be buried amongst the worshippers of cats, birds, and bulls! In Jer. xlv. 14, 19; Ezek. xxx. 13, 16, the destruction and utter desolation of Memphis, there called Noph, which has the same meaning as Memphis, (being in another language,) is foretold. Noph is indeed laid waste and desolate, and her idols have ceased.

We now again took to our boat, which had descended from Masghoon, and proceeded towards Cairo.

On arriving at Ghizeh, we were compelled to witness other heart-rending scenes, the result of the conscription. Here were the barracks, and in them were imprisoned the new soldiers, doomed, in all probability, never again to see their native villages; for *soldiering* in Egypt is not like soldiering in England. The place was surrounded by hundreds of women and old men. The women continued incessantly to rush to the water's edge, and violently, in the bitterness and anguish of their spirits, cover themselves with mud. Their friends tried to restrain them, but they "refused to be comforted."

On making inquiry I found that more men had been taken than were wanted, and that, therefore, a *ballot* was taking place to release one out of every ten. Now a *ballot* in Egypt means, First release those who can *bribe* highest. O if I could have singled out that poor woman whom I had two days before heard bewailing her son, her son, her *only* son, he should have been set at liberty, though it had cost me every piastre in my purse! But the thing was impossible. Indeed, as she would have to walk every yard of the way, she could hardly have arrived. Every now and then we saw one poor fellow let out at the door; and then, amongst that heaving, wailing mass, O the anxious straining eyes, to see if, in the person of that one, they could recognise a son or a brother; and when he *was* recognised, what hugging to the bosom, what tears of joy, what throbbing of hearts! But they tarried not in that infernal locality, but rushed towards their respective villages, as though pursued by wolves. I felt as weak as water. *Speaking* was out of the question, for my throat seemed dried up and my heart ready to burst.

The bear may roar when robbed of her whelps, (2 Sam. xvii. 8,) and no one care to ease her grief; but what man can look upon scenes like these and not be melted into tears?

We need not wonder that the poor destitute women of Egypt so mourn after their sons. I have shown in a previous chapter that that relationship, mother and son, is, in Egypt, the dearest and most sacred. Mothers will say, "I may lose

my husband, and, perhaps, get another; but who can give me back my son?" And sons will, if necessary, fight to the death for their mothers. Even Ibrahim Pasha,* the conqueror of Syria, and whose cruel nature spared neither age nor sex, once waited and entreated for a whole week, to be allowed to kiss his mother's feet, because he had offended her. The people sometimes say of a mother who has lost her children, "The water of her eyes runs down like a river." (See Ps. cxix. 136, which is a true eastern expression. See also Ps. xxxv. 14, which is expressive of the most extreme grief.) Zech. xii. 10 is equally affecting: "As one mourneth for *her* only son," for I believe the mother is intended, the pronoun *his* being in italic. So also are Jer. vi. 26 and Amos viii. 10.

No man ought voluntarily to visit Egypt who is not as blind as a bat or as unfeeling as iron; for, turn which way he may, something or other will often meet his eye that will make his blood run cold. I once met with a lady who was going to Egypt, who said the sight of only a caterpillar would send her into hysterics. My advice to her was, that she had better turn back. *There* is an Englishman beating his servant, merely for the amusement of his friends. Here is a Turkish officer unsparingly using his whip on the back of a poor half blind Arab, who, not having seen him coming, had not got out of his way. Yonder is a man with a koorbaj driving on boys and girls of only from three to six years of age, because they do not move fast enough with their little baskets of rubbish which they are carrying from that building belonging to the pasha. On this side is a poor fellow who has been nearly beaten to death because he had obeyed orders, as those orders had turned out to be wrong. On that side are a number of men at work in chains, merely because they are in debt to the Government. Before you is a troop of men tied together by the neck, because the pasha wants them for soldiers in a far country; and these are followed by their heart-broken mothers and sisters, as I have just been describing. Hear ye not their lamentations? Do not the shrieks of the poor Arab under the bastinado lash vibrate in your hearts?

Far be it from me to attribute all this to Abbas Pasha. On the contrary, I believe that, compared with the doings of his predecessors, his rule is mild. He has the power, given

* This ferocious being often, in his day, amused himself by firing at the skins borne on the shoulders of the water carriers. If he hit the skin he would laugh heartily at the joke; and if he happened to wound the poor carrier, he would promise to support him for life; but, it is said, he always forgot his promise.

him by the sultan, to take away one life a day, which is called the *tanzimat*; but this power he rarely exercises, though it is believed that, had he not that power, suspended, as it were, over the people *in terrorem*, he would not be able to rule at all. The people know that he *has* the power, and this keeps them in subjection. He suffers them not to "pull away their shoulder," (Zech. vii. 11,) but keeps their necks flexible, (Neh. ix. 29,) and their ears uncovered.* It is true he lavishes

* Lest my account of Turkish rule in Egypt should excite the sympathy of my readers against the Turks, and on behalf of the Russians, in the present war, I may be pardoned if I here give an anecdote or two to show that the latter are at least as barbarous as the former; and, indeed, in many respects, more so. For any man in Russia, no matter what his station in life, to imagine that he is free, is certain death, or exile to Siberia, which is worse than death. The laborers, called serfs, are not merely serfs, but are in reality more of slaves than the fellahen of Egypt are. Of these serfs there are said to be 42,000,000, 25,000,000 of whom belong to the crown. When a man buys an estate, he buys the serfs with it, and they are entirely at his mercy. It is true that, if they are ill-used, they can lodge a complaint against their owners; but, as Captain Jesse says, in his late work on Russia, they cannot leave the ground without the permission of their proprietor, and it is not likely he would give it for such a purpose. He also says, "Hundreds of serfs are taken from the eastern and central parts of Russia and sent to the Crimea, and there let out on hire for the benefit of their proprietors. Though in an indirect manner, I have known them sold in the streets and market-place of Kief. The men only are reckoned as souls. If young and healthy, they usually sell for 1,000 roubles a head; but a woman, that is, *no soul*, fetches only 500. Serfs are sometimes staked at the gaming table, and I knew of one who was exchanged for a pointer. * * * Their masters can, if they feel so disposed, flog them like a dog, without assigning any reason for so doing. * * * It is a fact, for I knew the instance, that a noble ordered a young peasant girl to be brought to him from his estate, and, in spite of her entreaties, sacrificed her to his profligacy." When soldiers are wanted, the czar (emperor) issues his orders to the nobles, and they are compelled to furnish from their estates the number required, the poor serfs having no more power of resistance than the Egyptians have. "Intimacy," says Captain Jesse, "is dangerous, friendship rare, and a common acquaintance is all that the Russians share with each other." The whole country is full of police spies. They are present at every table, in every drawing-room, in every barracks, and on board every man-of-war. "Even the fair sex in the very highest circles are sometimes the paid agents of this loathsome organ of the Government;" and if only a whisper, only a breath, be heard against the powers that be, the delinquent is hurried off to Siberia, never to be heard of more. Nay, it is of continual occurrence that, through the false report of some jealous or envious neighbor, innocent persons are banished without the slightest chance of appeal. Captain Jesse knew of two French booksellers who were dragged on a sledge, over the snow, night and day, 400 miles, for selling Polish songs, though the accusation, he believed, was entirely false. Last July, (1853,) a German lady, resident in St. Petersburg, having quarrelled with her servants, (Russians,)

hundreds of thousands of pounds on palaces and horses, which would be better invested in the land; but it is the custom of the country, and, if spoken to on the subject, he would doubtless say as one of our nobles did, "May not a man do what he will with his own?" I heard it stated that a single room in one of his palaces cost £100,000 for furniture and drapery alone, and he is reported to have upwards of 3,000 horses.

But I must now abruptly terminate my account of Egypt. In a short time after we left Ghizeh, we arrived at Cairo; and

the latter gave intimation to the Prefecture of Police that the former had spoken of the Russian Government in terms of reproach and disrespect. The lady received a summons to appear before the prefect, to whom she repaired accordingly, vowing vengeance on the whole tribe of servants. On her arrival at the office, the prefect most politely received her, and, ushering her into a small, box-looking apartment, commenced reading over sundry charges against her, which he had scarcely finished when down sunk the lady through a trap in the treacherous floor, above which nothing was to be seen of her portly figure but her head and arms; and, shocking to relate, 30 blows from an unseen hand were administered upon her. On the completion of the sentence, the lady's person reappeared again above ground, almost as suddenly as it had disappeared, and the prefect, in the most polite manner, bowed her out of the office. The Abbe Chapde d'Anteroche relates an execution of a female. He states that Madame La Pookin, or Pooschkin, who was one of the most beautiful of women, had been indiscreet enough to mention some of the endless amours of her imperial mistress, and was therefore condemned to undergo the knout. The beautiful culprit mounted the scaffold in an elegant undress. She was surrounded by the executioners, on whom she gazed with astonishment, and seemed to doubt that she was the object of such preparation. One of the executioners pulled off a cloak which covered her bosom, at which her modesty took alarm; she started back, turned pale, and burst into tears. Her clothes were soon stripped off, and she was naked to the waist, before the eager eyes of an immense concourse of people, profoundly silent. Two of the executioners then took her by the hands, and, turning her half round, they raised her upon their backs, inclining forwards, and lifted her a little from the ground, upon which another executioner adjusted her on the backs of his coadjutors, and placed her in the most proper position for receiving the punishment. He then retreated a few steps, measuring the proper distance with a steady eye; and, leaning backwards, he gave a stroke with the knout, so as to carry a piece of skin from the neck to the bottom of the back, striking his feet against the ground, to make a second blow parallel to the former; and in a few minutes all the skin of the back was cut away in slips, most of which remained hanging down. Her tongue was cut out immediately afterwards, and she was banished to Siberia.

O ye women of England! think on these things; and if your hearts are not as hard as the nether millstone, they will surely for once, at least, be lifted up in gratitude to God that yours is a happier lot! In Russia atrocities are committed which make one recoil with horror. But those who wish for further proof should read the histories of Russia and Poland, and the accounts of Siberia.

if my readers be as tired of reading as I am of writing, they will heartily wish that I had arrived at my journey's end.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—PREPARATIONS FOR THE DESERT.

In March, 1847, I joined company with a Mr. Gray, an American, and a Mr. Tait, a Scotchman, to cross the desert to Jerusalem. I had read so much of the desert, of its dangers, discomforts, and privations, that I could hardly believe I was going, even when I had mounted my camel for the purpose. I could have gone to Jerusalem another way, it is true, by taking a boat at Alexandria, and then proceeding along the coast to Jaffa, which is only about 35 miles from Jerusalem; but I had no wish to encounter the perils of the deep in an open boat, to say nothing of the risk I should run with regard to my health; and then, besides, I should have had to perform at least five days' quarantine at Jaffa, in a filthy Turkish lazaretto, only a shade or two cleaner than a main sewer; so it was clear to me, that my best plan was to rough it across the desert. And this course Dr. Abbott strongly recommended, saying the more time I could spend in the desert the better. Mr. Gray much wished to go round by Mount Sinai, and thence through Idumea; while Mr. Tait was anxious to make the journey as short as possible, and so go by way of El Arish and Gaza. To Mr. G.'s plan I objected in toto, as it would have occupied at least five weeks, during the whole of which time, as well as the two or three additional weeks necessary to reach Malta, my dear wife would be unable to hear from me, and would soon, in the inventiveness of her imagination, have concluded I was dead. As it was, I wrote to her on the day on which I left Cairo, but did not dare to say that I was preparing to cross the desert.

At last, acting under the advice of Mr. Lieder, the Church of England missionary at Cairo, we decided upon taking the *middle* route, going first to the Red Sea, and thence by the Wells of Moses to Hebron, through Kalaat el Nackell; but I consented to this only on the express condition that we should, if necessary, travel night and day, so as to enable me to reach Beyrout in time for the French steamer for Malta.

Having thus agreed between ourselves, we next had to agree with others; and so set about looking for a dragoman, and a Bedouin sheikh with camels. Of dragomans there was no lack, and each was well supplied with "recommendations;" but they all looked such double-distilled scoundrels, that we

feared to treat with them. My own man, Hajji Selim, refused to go, as he was afraid of ophthalmia. At length, however, we were singularly favored in meeting with a Maltese, who had been in the service of our consul at Jerusalem. He had come with a party from Jerusalem to Cairo, intending then to go to Malta by way of Alexandria; but when he reached that port, as he had left his passport at Jerusalem, the officers sent him back to Cairo, whence he would have to go again to Jerusalem. This was no joke; but such is the passport system. Had it occurred in Austria or Russia, he would not have got off so easily, but would have been sent to prison, "for travelling without a passport." In some parts, as I know by experience, a man cannot go from even one town to another without a passport. What should we English say if we could not go from London to the Crystal Palace, or from Manchester to Stockport, without a passport, or without a police officer at our heels? Depend upon it, we are not half enough grateful to God for our national privileges.

The name of this man was Antonio. We agreed to give him a dollar a day and his board; and he was to be not only our interpreter, but also our "maid-of-all-work," not omitting the cooking. As the Maltese language is very similar to the Arabic, and as Antonio understood "a littell" English and "a littell" Italian, we had no doubt he would do very well. The Maltese dragomans have the reputation of being honest; and, compared with the Arabs, whether Copt Christians or Mahometans, they certainly are; for though the Maltese will cheat you to the very last penny for their own benefit, they will take care that nobody else does so; whereas, the children of Ishmael will not only cheat you themselves, but encourage others to do the same.

Our next care was to find a Bedouin sheikh, who would furnish us with camels and be our guide. One soon presented himself; but on being told the route we intended to take, he "withdrew his shoulder," and declined, saying it was a bad road, and no one ever went that way. On the following morning, our dragoman introduced another, who, after some hesitation, agreed to go; whereupon we proceeded in a body, followed by several lookers-on, to the office of the British Consul, to decide upon the terms and to mutually sign the contract. This was indispensable, for, without such contract, signed in the presence of the consul or his agent, travellers would be subject to all kinds of extortion. Here, after wrangling for several hours, we at last agreed as follows. The sheikh was to furnish us with ten camels, with a man to each.

Indira Gandhi National
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and was to receive 160 piastres (about 31s.) for each camel. For this sum he was to conduct us as far as Kalaat el Nackel, finding everything that was necessary both for his men and camels. If, on arriving at Nackell, which place belongs to another tribe of Arabs, there were no camels ready to take us forward, then he was to go on with us to Dahriâ, for which he was to receive 100 piastres per camel more. And he was, moreover, to be responsible for anything we might lose or be robbed of on the way. All being so far settled, it was entered on the books by the clerk, and read over to the sheikh; and then G., T., and I signed it, in due English form. The sheikh now advanced to the table, and, in a most graceful manner, took his ring from his finger and handed it to the clerk; and the clerk, in his turn, dipped the ring into the ink, and sealed the contract with it. What a lively illustration I had here of Esther iii. 12; viii. 10; 1 Kings xxi. 8; Jer. xxxii. 10, 44; and similar passages. It is still the custom in the east, not only for the rulers but also for the people, thus to seal mandates, agreements, &c., instead of writing their names; which, indeed, few of them can do. And the custom is beautifully alluded to in Song viii. 6; John iii. 33; 2 Tim. ii. 19; &c. &c. "A spring shut up, a fountain sealed, is my spouse," &c., (Song iv. 12,) has not the same meaning as Ps. lxxxviii. 8, "I am shut up, and I cannot come forth," though I have more than once heard such a signification applied to it; but it means, that she is sealed with the "king's own signet," as a mark of his approbation and that she is sacred to him; and the same may be said of John vi. 27; 2 Cor. i. 22; Eph. i. 13; Hag. ii. 23; &c. &c. (See also Jer. xxii. 24.)

When Joseph was raised to be ruler of Egypt, Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it on Joseph's hand; thus giving him power to seal any proclamation or public document, in the name of the king.

The seals have engraved on them the name of the individual who wears them.* The name of our sheikh was Mohammed Abu Ellag, and he proved a most faithful, trustworthy man. The clerk having returned to him his seal, he took hold of my hand, and wanted to kiss it; but as I would not allow him so to humiliate himself, he kissed his own hand, which had touched

* On my last visit, as a curiosity, I had my own name engraved on a seal; and here it is: John Kadsby. There is no letter in Arabic, I believe, which sounds like our *g hard*, the *g* there being sounded gutturally in the throat, *gh*; so the Turkish *g* is used in this seal, but the Arabs pronounce that like our *k*, which makes my name Kadsby.



mine, and then put it to his breast, as a token of fidelity; and the consul assured us we might rest satisfied that he would adhere strictly to the contract; for the Sinai tribe of Bedouins, to which he belonged, would not violate their seal, although, while making an agreement, they might wrangle for an hour about a penny.

So far all went on well. Our next business was to purchase tents, canteens, water casks, beds, camp stools, water bottles, provisions, and every other thing necessary for the journey; for in crossing the dreary waste, there are no means of subsisting but such as the traveller takes with him. Having procured two tents, we had them fitted up to see how we should like them. In the larger one, there was just room for our three mattresses, side by side; so we decided that we would all sleep together, and let the dragoman have the smaller tent to himself, taking charge of the pans, kettles, and eatables. An open space near the hotel was like a fair. Several other parties were preparing for Jerusalem, some of whom were going by way of Mount Sinai and others by El Arish; and the accumulation of luggage and desert *materiel* was so immense that I wondered where the camels were to come from to carry it. I always, however, observed it to be the case that when the packing time came, one would say, "We can do without this;" another, "We had better leave that;" another, "This will be in our way," and so on; until the quantity was generally reduced by at least a tenth, and sometimes by more than one half.

All being ready, so far as we were concerned, we were anxious to start; but we had to wait several days for the camels, as they were kept in the desert, for fear the pasha might fall in love with them, and "seal them with his own signet," as he was taking the *forced loan* of all he could hear of. Mr. Lieder was unswerving in his advice and assistance. I am sure that, without his aid, we should have broken down before we started. His kindness to travellers in this way is invaluable. He lent me a map of the desert, which, ere my journey was concluded, I found, with my compass, worth its weight in bank notes. To the very moment of my departure his attention was unremitting; nay, even when my camel was turning the corner, so as to take me out of sight of the hotel, he was still there, to give me a parting look, a final salutation. Should these lines ever meet his eye, I trust he will accept of them as a sincere tribute of gratitude, though he may censure me for my remarks, on a previous page, on the lavish expenditure of missionaries.

At length the camels were announced; and then came the hubbub. The sheikh had undertaken to procure the camels, but it turned out they did not all belong to him. Each man had brought his own, and each seemed determined that his camel should not carry anything, if he could help it. However, my companions and I, having selected the three on which we would ride, left the Arabs to settle their disputes, and then went in to breakfast. For six hours did they continue their wranglings, until, accompanied by Mr. Lieder, I went to put a stop to them. Having required them all to fall back, I fixed on the largest camel, and ordered its owner to make it kneel down, and then to load it with the two canteens, one on either side, like panniers. These were very heavy, as they contained the ironware, &c. Next came the water casks, then the tents, then the bedding, and so on, until all the camels were loaded.

I have read that camels are able to carry 15 cwt. each; but I much doubt it. Ours were distressed with not much, if any, more than one fourth that weight. Those which carry the baggage of the overland passengers, from Cairo to Suez, walk 80 miles in 30 hours, without stopping; but they do not carry more than 3 cwt. That many camels are able to endure great privations and hardships is beyond doubt; but that they often sink under the trial is but too manifest from the innumerable bleached bones which we see as we pass over the desert. The camel which carried our canteens to Nackell was utterly exhausted on our arrival there, and could not certainly have continued the journey much farther without rest. Often have I, when a boy, been amused at tales about elephants carrying castles on their backs; but our camels really did carry our houses; only we must not forget that both walls and roofs were merely canvas. The only difference between a camel and a dromedary is, that the latter is light and trained for running, while the former is heavy and adapted for burdens; just as there is a difference between a cart horse and a carriage horse. No dromedary can go more than 10 or 12 miles an hour; but as some can keep this up, night and day, without stopping, for several days, which no horse in the world can do, they may well be called "swift dromedaries;" (Jer. ii. 23; Esther viii. 10;) and it is to such as these the terms may with truth be applied "patient, toil-enduring, hunger-supporting, thirst-defying."

The Arabs often eat the camel, but it was forbidden under the Mosaic law, because it "divided not the hoof." (Lev. xi. 4.) The hoof of the camel is only *half* divided. Were it *fully* divided, the foot would sink in the sand much more than it now does, and, consequently, the animal could not travel either

so far or so fast; and then again, were the hoof not *partly* divided, the foot would not be sufficiently pliant to move at all, except in a clumsy way. How unsearchable the wisdom of the Almighty Creator! Well may camels be called "ships of the desert."

Most animals are provided with some means of defence, as the elephant with its trunk; but not so the camel. It is entirely defenceless; but its *home* is the desert, where no wild beast can exist, and therefore no defence is needed. Here again is the wisdom of God manifested.

While being loaded, as also when their riders are preparing to mount, the camels always lie on their bellies, with their legs doubled up, like a carpenter's rule, under them. When ready for starting, they first raise themselves on to their knees, which, if the riders are not on the alert, will pitch them over their tails; then they spring themselves from their hocks, and now the riders must "look out," or they will be unceremoniously thrown over their heads; and then they swing their bodies back and abruptly rise on their fore feet, which gives the riders a furious jerk. All this has to be endured every time you mount, it being indispensable that, during the whole performance, you hold fast to the pommel with both hands. The same may be said of your dismounting, only the movements are reversed, the camel throwing himself first on his knees.*

CHAPT. XXXV.—THE DESERT.

CAIRO TO BEERSHEBA.

All being now ready, my companions and I "lifted up our feet," as Gen. xxix. 1. reads in the margin,—a purely eastern expression, and commenced our journey, accompanied by a sheikh and six other Bedouins, one youth, and two boys. Acting under the advice of Mr. Lieder, we passed through the heart of the city toward the Citadel, intending to go along "the Valley of the Wanderings," by way of Besatin. I had often looked at the Arabs, as they were mounted aloft on their camels, and thought their seats seemed dangerous and uncomfortable enough; but I was now myself in the same position. I had not proceeded many yards ere I found that the movements of the camel were very unlike those of an Egyptian donkey, and I felt divers twitchings in my back which at first

* In Gen. xxiv. 11, we read that Abraham's servant made the camels kneel down by the wells at evening time; and I once heard a minister say that this "proved the piety of the servant!"

boded no good; but these soon seemed to subside; so that I came to the conclusion that the accounts of travellers, as to the back-breaking, muscle-straining, and joint-cracking nature of a ride on a camel were greatly exaggerated. The next morning, however, I found out my mistake; for my spine appeared to be so rigid that it was painful even to walk; and as every stride of the camel, when I had remounted, caused me to swing backwards and forwards, I suffered almost as much as if I had had a stiff neck, and some one had pulled my head about. I was like the man who was sent to the treadmill, and ridiculed the idea of "walking up steps" being a punishment; but he found it out before the day was over. This I had been led in some degree to anticipate; but had no expectation that it would be so bad.

While in Cairo, our Bedouin Arabs seemed gloomy and seditious, and walked along the streets, at the head of their respective camels, in a moping, grave manner, as though they were forming part of a funeral procession; but no sooner had they passed through the gate and reached the outside of the walls, than they began to chatter, and laugh, and kick about, like boys let out of school with the prospect before them of a month's holiday. The truth is, the Bedouins are real "dwellers in tents." (See Gen. xxv. 27, and many other passages.) City walls are to them like prison walls.* They never feel at home or at liberty except when in their own beloved desert; and they look with contempt upon all Arabs who fix themselves in towns. After the first day, however, they do not talk much

* Shortly after my last sheet was sent to press, news arrived in England of the death of Abbas Pasha. There appears to be no doubt that his death was one of violence. Two of his slaves, who had witnessed the execution of several of their brethren, and had themselves been threatened to become victims to the cruel caprice of their master, are said to have strangled him in the midst of his debauches. Saïd Pasha, whom I mentioned on page 141, has, therefore, now assumed the government of Egypt. He is a man of considerable parts, and well understands the principles of trade and commerce. Much, consequently, is expected from him, and I hope the people will not be disappointed. If he improve the condition of the fellah, and encourage trade and agriculture, he must, ere many summers' suns have passed over his head, reap a good harvest, and insure the respect of all. Indeed, it appears he has already abolished the octroi duties, taken off the tax from all lands which shall be hereafter cultivated with wheat, and thrown open the wheat market to free trade. Prices have fallen in consequence. There are said to be 300,000 quarters of wheat released from the Government granaries by this wise measure. Alexandria and Cairo were illuminated for several nights. Abdallah Bey, the renegade Englishman, (See page 220,) has been removed from his office, and a Mr. Green, whom I well know, appointed in his place. (See Vol. II.)

while walking, for they know that talking excites thirst; but they become again as lively as larks as soon as they have halted. "The wandering Arabs," says Burckhardt, "have certainly more wit and sagacity than the people who live in towns. Their heads are always clear, their spirits unimpaired by debauchery, and their minds not corrupted by slavery; and I am justified in saying that there are few nations among whom natural talents are so universally diffused as among the Bedouins. In sensual enjoyments they are very moderate and abstemious. If an Arab has a sufficiency of food, he cares but little about its quality, or about those luxuries which we call pleasures of the table."

Our sheikh had with him a stick, not unlike a shepherd's crook, except that the bend was more angular. On this stick were some marks, which I was told were his name. (See Num. xvii. 2; Ezek. xxxvii. 15-20.) Most orientals carry with them a stick, or a staff, not only as a support but as a defence; and some carry a spare one in case of accident; but this the disciples were commanded not to take. (Matt. x. 10.) Zechariah had two staves. (See xi. 10, 14.) "With my staff, I passed over this Jordan," said Jacob; (Gen. xxxii. 10;) "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me," said David; (Ps. xxiii. 4;) both of which passages figuratively refer to the divine support they received, using their staves as the figure. (See also Heb. xi. 21; Isa. iii. 1; xiv. 5; and many other passages.)

In three hours we reached Besatin, supposed by some to be the Succoth named in Exod. xii. 37. A short distance from this place are the quarries from which the stone was taken for the erection of the pyramids. Here (at Besatin) our Arabs wished to halt for the night; but I would not consent to do so, as I knew that a single hour might throw me too late for the steamer at Beyrout, and as I foresaw if I gave way then, I must do so again and again. The easterns never will, if they can help it, go more than two or three miles the first day outside the city whence they started; and this is called the first day's journey. Thus, when Joseph and Mary missed Jesus, at the end of the day's journey, they were probably not more than two miles from Jerusalem. (See Luke ii. 44.) We accordingly went on until half-past 5 o'clock, when we pitched our tents in a narrow valley, with sand hills all around us, out of sight of all cultivation; in a word, enveloped in the desert. I confess, however, that we ought to have halted earlier, for, being our first night of encamping, it took us so long to arrange everything and make everything fit, as it were, that the sun went down some time before we had prepared our house;

and, there being no twilight, we should have been in total darkness had there not been a moon.

While the men were pitching our tent, fixing the poles, and driving in the stakes, I became greatly and strangely affected; as, indeed, who could be otherwise, who had read his Bible, and felt interested in the *historical* account of the patriarchs and their wayfaring lives, apart even from every other consideration? They had no other house to dwell in than one made of canvas or hair. The Arab expression for erecting tents is "Benoua al beiout," (They have built the houses;) and this will clearly account for the term houses being so frequently used in the Bible for tents. Our *parlor* furniture was simple,—a fold-up table with tressels, and three camp stools. All being at length adjusted, we sat down to dinner, or supper, for it happened to be both, partaking heartily of cold fowl and mutton, and finishing with tea, which we still more relished, as dyspeptics usually do.

The table being removed from the tent, we were not long before we prepared for retiring to rest. Our beds were merely thick flock quilts, and our bedsteads like a butler's tray-stand, closing or expanding at pleasure, and covered with sack-ing. These were worse than useless, as they broke down the first night. We purchased them at Cairo; but I advise all desert travellers to discard everything of the kind, and scheme for themselves something like a sailor's hammock, which will not only protect them from scorpions and other vermin, but also keep them warm and dry. We several times saw scorpions under the loose stones, and had always to look carefully to see if any were there. If there be any, they will naturally crawl into the beds for warmth; and should the traveller happen to roll upon them, they will sting him. Mr. Fox, whom I have several times mentioned, assured me he knew two children who lost their lives through the stings of scorpions.*

* The apostles had power given them to tread on scorpions; (Luke x. 19;) and it must be borne in mind that they were probably bare-footed, or, if they had shoes at all, they were merely a piece of goat-skin on the soles of their feet, as I have elsewhere described. Where the scorpion has stung, the part becomes inflamed, and reddens; it is now chilling, now burning. The pain soon rises higher, when sweating succeeds, with shivering and trembling. The extremities become cold, the groin swells, the visage becomes pale, and the skin feels throughout a sensation of prickling as of needles. Well might John speak of the "torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man." (Rev. ix. 5.) They are classed with serpents in Deut. viii. 15 and Luke x. 19. Genesis xlix. 17 refers to adders, or scorpions, concealed in the grass or under stones. The white scorpion is said to be so much like an egg in shape, in body, that a child can hardly tell the difference. (See Luke xiv. 12.)

When the camels had been fed, they were made to lie down around our tent, having one leg doubled up and tied, to prevent them running away; and the Arabs threw themselves on the sand within the circle of camels, having no other covering than their cloaks, keeping watch in turns, two at a time.* What with the noise the watchmen made, to keep each other awake, and the novelty of the situation, I slept but little. Besides which, the wind got up, so that I was in momentary expectation of the tent being carried away; but, having been made tolerably secure, it outlived the gale. My companions slept well.

The next morning, before sunrise, I aroused the dragoman to prepare breakfast; and we were on our way shortly after seven o'clock. The valley soon became wider, and more regular and even; and I cannot deny that it was well adapted for the march of a large concourse of people; but the Israelites could not have traversed it, being nearly 70 miles from the Red Sea, they having only two days for the task, with their flocks and herds. The whole district was apparently a solid rock, formed of shells, a portion of which I now have in my possession, and the ground over which our course lay was thickly covered with loose stones and Egyptian jaspers. I picked up several of the latter, and have some of them still by me. One I have had cut, polished, and set. It forms a handsome brooch, and is highly valued by the highly-valued individual who calls it hers. Seeing me industriously examining stone after stone, my camel attendant, Mousa, (Moses,) of whom I shall have more to say anon, became most assiduous in assisting me, or rather hindering me;† for, not knowing the kind of stone for which I was looking, he picked up and submitted to me al-

* Saul lay in the trench, or midst, as the verse means, and his people round about him, to protect him. (1 Sam. xxvi. 5, 7.) Travellers usually put their fire-arms under their pillows. (Ezek. xxxii. 27.) Some Americans, in 1846, had their fire-arms stolen from under them while they and their watchmen were asleep; but the sheikh had to pay for them.

† When carrying away the bricks from Dashoor, (See page 300,) the people wondered what we were about. Our dragoman said, "Feloos kooa;" (There is money inside.) "Yes," they replied, "we know that. The English can make steam and get money out of stones and these old things, but we cannot;" and they looked truly sorrowful. Our dragoman then said that we were coming back in a few months with a hundred cantars of charcoal, to smelt down all the pyramid, that we might abstract the gold. The poor things believed him, and all my assurances to the contrary could not shake their faith. "Why else," said they, "should you be at so much trouble?" They have no idea of anything being valuable which cannot be turned into money.

most as many as would have filled a wheelbarrow, only one of which was worth anything; but even this partial success amply repaid him; for when he saw me put it into my camel bag, his joy knew no bounds.

After about two hours' ride, we dismounted, and went a short distance to the left, to see a pit which the pasha had had sunk in search of coal. It had been cleared to a depth of 1,700 feet, and then relinquished in despair. We soon afterwards came upon the eastern portion of the Petrified Forest, which extended further than the eye could see. One thing which struck me as remarkable was, that the trees lay the thickest in the ravines. (See page 305.)

At half-past 11, the sun being very powerful, we halted for two hours, and took lunch, consisting of cold chicken, mutton, and potatoes. We had intended staying only one hour, but found it impossible to get the Arabs off again in less than two hours; so we decided not to halt in the middle of the day any more, if we could possibly help it. All the refreshment that we had any day afterwards, therefore, until we stopped, we took on our camels, or while walking; but I rarely had anything but a biscuit and an orange. It is, however, usual for travellers to "rest at noon," and shepherds will cause their flocks to lie down in shaded places. (See Song i. 7; Jer. xxxiii. 12.)

In two hours more we reached a point where two valleys, like two turnpike roads, appeared to meet, when our sheikh told us that the one to the left would lead us to the Red Sea in a day and a half, and the other one would require three days. After some deliberation, we came to the conclusion that, as we had travelled a portion of the way which one party says the Israelites traversed, we would turn off and get into the other way, as by that means we should be better able to judge for ourselves which was the more probable. We, therefore, turned off; and I am sure T. and I were each secretly glad of any excuse for doing so, as we had already had enough of camel riding.

The valley into which we now entered was strewn with bones of dead camels and other animals, many of them bleached as white as chalk. There were the remains of one camel recently dead, and no less than 14 vultures were feasting upon them. When a camel is taken sick on the road, the Bedouins have no means, at least use none, for its recovery, but leave it to die. They believe that the Jews and Christians know of a remedy, but will not reveal the secret.

This day we went on until six o'clock, but were not long in fixing our tent. The night was cold and foggy, and we all

suffered greatly. I had a sore throat, and was very hoarse, and feared I should have inflammation of the lungs, as I felt great pain at the old spot in my chest. I proposed and urged a return, and was seconded by T.; but our American companion, though he had been expectorating blood, would not hear of it, alleging that we were bound in honor to proceed. I therefore began to make up my mind for the worst. Strange, however, to say, the sun had been only a few hours up, ere both soreness of throat and hoarseness were removed.

On packing up our bedding this morning, a great rat darted out; and we also found we had pitched our tent over an ant bed. The ants were all black, and many of them three quarters of an inch long.* The Aeneze tribe of Arabs consider the rat of the desert, or jerboa, a great dainty. We often saw also large numbers of beetles.

We this morning met 18 camels, all laden with coffee from Mocha, accompanied by Ishmaelites. How did this call to my remembrance the history of Joseph and the Midianitish merchants, who were travelling to Egypt, and who, perhaps, passed over that very ground.† We also saw several solitary, roving Arabs; but they did not approach us.

The hills now began to assume a loftier character, and everything to look more and more dreary. Not a vestige of any kind of vegetation was to be seen, all around being rocks, sand, and stones; sometimes a boundless expanse of sand, and then a rugged, rocky pass; and yet, within a short distance, we came upon a lonely tree, standing like a beacon in an ocean of dreariness. It was, I believe, the gum acacia, or shittim tree. Were

* At the moment I write, I have no distinct recollection of this circumstance, but I find it so recorded in my journal, and I have no reason to doubt its correctness. Not that I wrote my journal in full while in the desert, for I was always too much fatigued; but I invariably entered the memoranda on the spot. However much interested I had been in the course of the day, I was too glad to lie down in the evening to think of writing. Had I been able to write on the instant, some of my descriptions might have been more vivid.

† There were two tribes of Midianites; one descended from Midian, the son of Cush, who dwelt near the Red Sea; and the other from Abraham's son Midian, who dwelt beyond the Moabites, on the east of the Dead Sea. It was to the former tribe that the merchants belonged who bought Joseph; but it would appear that there was a number of Ishmaelites in their company. Caravans often united then, as they do now, for the sake of safety. This will explain the apparent discrepancy in Gen. xxxvii. 28. Some commentators say that the Midianites were often called Ishmaelites; and they point to Judges viii. 22, 24 in proof; but I think the explanation which I have just given is the more probable one in both instances; viz., that they were mixed.

"the fir tree, the pine, and the box tree to spring up together" in such a spot as this, we should know assuredly that "the hand of the Lord had done it." (Isa. xli. 19, 20.) Those who imagine, as I once did, that the desert is all sand, are in error; for the greater portion of it is gravel, while sandstone hills and limestone rocks are scattered all over it. I have read of one traveller who calls some of the desert mountains, "the Alps stripped naked."

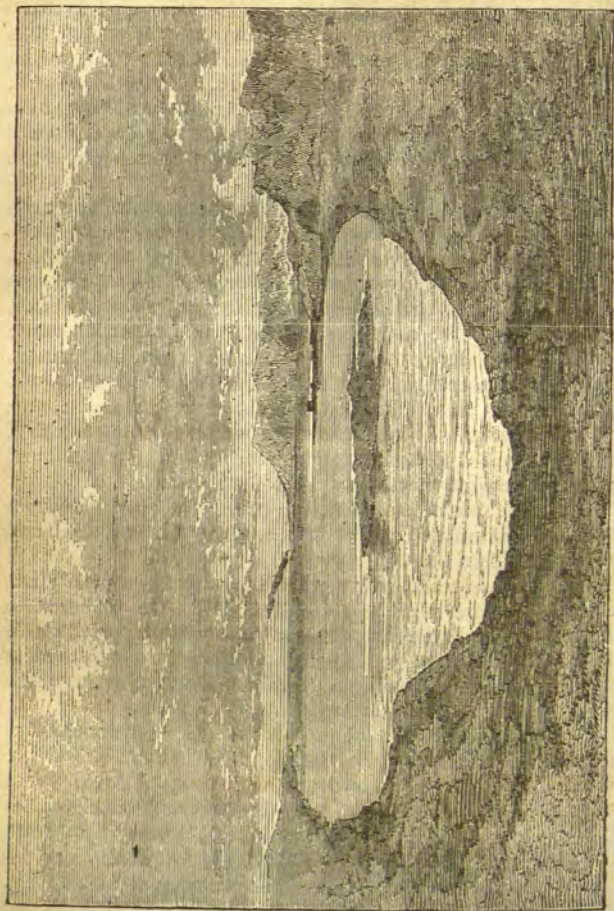
This night we encamped within sight of one of the telegraph towers on the overland road from Cairo to Suez. (See page 223.) Sleep was still far from me, for, though my cold was gone, I was in an agony of pain all over me. The dews were so heavy this night that we could not start before nine o'clock next morning. We soon reached the Suez road, and, though still desert, we met numerous caravans of Arabs and camels. It was quite cheering. Our Arabs frequently ran up to the Arabs we met, and, falling on their necks, embraced them; and our dragoman always said they were "brothers," until I began to think it must be a large family; but at last I found out that he meant they belonged to the same tribe.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, being the fourth day from Cairo, we arrived at Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, and encamped within the walls.

Suez was a miserable town when I was there in 1847; but it was still more so on my visit in 1851. The cholera had swept off many hundreds. The town contains a comfortable inn for the overland passengers, and there is a considerable import trade carried on from Arabia and India, whence the goods are taken on camels to Cairo and Kenneh.

Passing through the bazaars, which were poor enough, we went to the British consul's, but found he had gone to Cairo. His dragoman, however, a Greek, who spoke English, went with us to the head of the bay, or Red Sea. Here the water is so shallow that camels can easily wade across. I said to the Greek, "Now where do you think the Israelites crossed?" "Why," he replied, "if there was no miracle performed, they crossed here; but if there *was* a miracle performed, they crossed yonder," pointing to a valley, which he called the Valley of Miracles, leading into the Valley of the Wanderings, about nine or ten miles down the gulf. I was not long before I came to the same conclusion; and my visit to the spot in 1851, when I passed down the sea in a steamer, confirmed me in my view.

The next morning we sent our baggage camels across the gulf, to make the best of their way towards Nackell, while we



THE RED SEA.

crossed in a boat, and then went to visit Ayoun Mousa, or the Wells of Moses, about nine miles down the gulf on the Arabian side, and, consequently, opposite the Valley of Miracles. We reached these wells in about three hours. The shore from Suez was covered with shells of all sorts and sizes, and the bottom of the sea was encrusted with corals, the water being as clear as crystal. There is a clump of seven palm trees by the wells, all growing from one ancient root; and

there are also a few tamarisks. These wells are on the edge of the Wilderness of Shur. (Exod. xv. 22.)

From a sandhill near the wells, I had an excellent view of the sea and of the mountains opposite, the sea being about 12 miles across. On one side of the Valley of Miracles is "the Mount of Deliverance," supposed to be Baal-Zephon; and on the other, "the Mount of Miracles," (such at least are the *traditional* names,) the Valley between them being about seven miles wide. Pihahiroth, (Exod. xiv. 2,) is said to mean "the Mouth of Hahiroth;" and this would well correspond with the mouth of this valley. Had we continued our journey along the Valley of the Wanderings, instead of turning off, as mentioned on page 411, we should have reached the sea between these two mountains. On this hill I stood for some time, carefully and anxiously surveying the mountains opposite and the head of the gulf; and I confess I am totally at a loss to conceive how any man, professing to believe the Bible, can seriously think that the Israelites crossed anywhere else than opposite to the place where I then stood. An east wind, as described in Exod. xiv. 21, would, in the hand of Omnipotence, cut the sea in two, and form a highway for the people to pass over, the waters forming "a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left." Whereas, had they crossed the shallow waters at the head of the gulf, there would not only have been no occasion to *divide* the waters, but Pharaoh and his host might have followed them safely, as there would not have been depth enough to swallow them up,—to "cover the chariots and horsemen, so that there remained not so much as one of them;" and the emphatic declaration that "the sea returned to his strength," would have been simply absurd. (See also Ps. lxxviii. 13.) Neither can I see how a whole night could have been consumed in going only about a mile. And yet this view Dr. Robinson, an American, and some other writers, principally Socinians, and *all* modern religionists, labor to establish, just as they endeavor to qualify the other miracles recorded in the Bible, to suit their own carnal understandings. Dr. Robinson says the miracle was wrought by natural means supernaturally applied; but if his logic be sound, there was no miracle at all, except it be that the whole host of the Egyptians should have been swallowed up, should have "sunk to the bottom as a stone," in a part where the water would not reach much higher than their shoulders. Some of his reasoning is so absurd that it can only be accounted for by the fact that, as he himself tacitly implies, his mind was made up even before he had seen the spot. One argument which these writers

use is, that the term "east" wind in the Bible, not only means east, but also north-east; which is true enough; (See page 320;) and that, as a north-east wind would blow the waters from the head of the gulf, so as to make the land nearly dry, they have no doubt that this was what took place. But this is simply ridiculous. Would the waters by this means be *divided*? Would they form a *wall*, on the *right* hand and on the *left*?

But when, with my Bible in my hand, I looked at the water before me, I could there see a gulf which could entomb a host of millions, worthy the performance of an almighty God, having "made bare his arm" (See page 239) in awful justice and majesty, causing the gulf to open its jaws, and form a continuation, as it were, of the Valley of Miracles, until the Israelites had passed through, and then close them upon the pursuing Egyptians. O what a scene must that have been from this very spot, when the Israelites saw their enemies dead on the opposite shore! Did Miriam, with her timbrel, stand on that very hill on which I stood? Or did Moses stand there, to offer up praises to their Almighty Deliverer?

It is unnecessary for me here to enter into any argument as to how the Israelites reached this Valley of Miracles. It was *not* in the direct road from the Land of Goshen to Canaan; and with this fact, and the declaration that "God led the people *about*, through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea," I am satisfied and willing to abide. Had they crossed the gulf at its head, it would have been more in their *direct* course; but God led them *about*, that he might manifest his power; and I may mention that the entrance to the valley from Egypt is by a winding ravine. Etham was in the *direct* road to Canaan; but the Israelites were commanded to leave that road and turn toward the south. There really was no way of escape for the people, for had they gone further toward the south, Mount Attaka, which runs some distance into the sea, would have stopped their progress; the west led to Egypt again; and from the north, in all probability, they saw the Egyptians advancing. But they could not have been so hemmed in, had they been nearer to Suez.

I leave all carnal-reasoning writers to the enjoyment of their unscriptural sophistries. Such had some weight with me in times gone by, when I could not see how *this* could be, or how *that* could be; but now, having seen the spot, not only has my judgment been enlightened, but my faith strengthened in the written word. I had then, as I have had more than once since, many solemn reflections upon the wonder-working

power of God. Who can stay his hand, or say unto him, "What doest thou?"

Some writers consider that the wells I have just mentioned were used by the Israelites as soon as they had crossed the gulf, before they were led into the Wilderness of Shur. The water is brackish.*

* About 40 miles from this spot is Marah, now called Howara. The waters are still too bitter to be drunk. Burckhardt says that there is a plant, called Elvah, which grows near these wells, the berries of which will make the waters palatable; and Dr. Robinson seems to confirm the statement; but this is only seeking to carnalise a direct and positive miracle. (See Vol. II., page 165.)

A few miles from Marah is Elim; and about 100 miles further on is Mount Sinai, which once quaked, and was altogether on a smoke, "because the Lord descended upon it in fire." (Exod. xix. 18.) Here the Divine law was given, and here it was broken as soon as given, not only by Moses, but also by the whole camp of Israelites. How sad and humiliating the reflection! The mountain is said to be several thousand feet above the level of the Red Sea; and about half way up is a Greek convent, tenanted by monks, who profess hospitality to travellers, but whose hospitality, unlike that of the wandering Bedouin, extends only to the amount of value received. Until the time of Mehemet Ali, they were often attacked by the Arabs; so now they never open their doors, their visitors being drawn up in a basket to the window above, 30 feet high. The convent is surrounded by a strong wall. The monks, like all other monks, are exceedingly superstitious. They point to a stone which they say is the head of the calf which Aaron made, now turned into stone; while the Arabs are content to believe that it is only the *mould* in which the calf was cast. On the summit of the mountain a spot is pointed out on which the monks say Moses sat, while he surveyed the battle between Israel and Amalek. These men also sell to travellers what they call manna, being a kind of gum which exudes from the tamarisk; but this can have no relation to the manna which fell like dew for the Israelites every morning except the Sabbath. Many attempts have been made to explain the manna with which the Israelites were fed, so as to nullify all Divine interposition; but it is certain that the whole host would have died in less than six days had they not been miraculously fed.

The region about Mount Sinai, which is, in truth, the district of Horeb, as the term Horeb applies not to one mountain merely but to the whole range of mountains in that locality, of which Sinai forms a part, is described as the most awfully grand of any in the Desert, which a man cannot even imagine unless he sees.

Dr. Olin says he visited the rock Horeb, from which water flowed for the Israelites, (Numb. xx. 11,) and describes it as "an isolated mass of granite, nearly 20 feet square and high, but as its base is concealed in the earth, we are left to conjecture to what depth. In the face of the rock are a number of horizontal fissures at unequal distances from each other, some near the top, and others a little above the surface of the ground. The colour and whole appearance of the rock are such, that if seen elsewhere and disconnected from all traditions, no one would hesitate to believe that they had been produced by water flowing from these fissures. I think it would be extremely difficult to form such fissures

Having gone some miles out of our way to see the wells, and having sent our baggage camels in a direct way toward Nackell, our next business was to turn across the desert to

or produce the other appearances by art. It is not less difficult to believe that a natural fountain should flow at the height of a dozen feet out of the face of an isolated rock. Believing, as I do, that water was miraculously brought out of a rock belonging to this mountain, I can see nothing incredible in the opinion that this is the identical rock, and that these fissures and other appearances should be regarded as evidence of that fact."

Mount Hor, being part of Mount Seir, is on the borders of Wady Mousa, and Kadesh Barnea is a little to the north of Mount Hor. All travellers describe Mount Hor as being very difficult of ascent; and state that from its summit nothing is to be seen but ruggedness and desolation. At the top there is a building, about 30 feet square, which is revered alike by Greeks, Romanists, and Arabs, as the tomb of Aaron. On the top of the building is a stone, on which the Arabs offer sacrifices. That Aaron died on the summit of Mount Hor is certain; (Numb. xx. 25—28;) but the tomb is of comparatively modern construction.

About 90 or 100 miles north-east of Sinai is Akaba, near to which was Ezion-Geber, where the Israelites rested, and where Solomon "made a navy of ships," for the purpose of trading to India. (Numb. xxxiii. 35; Deut. ii. 8; 1 Kings ix. 26—28.)

About 70 or 80 miles north of Akaba is Petra, the capital of Idumea. This region is inhabited by some of the worst of Arabs, probably descended from Esau. All travellers agree in their accounts of them and their wild-ass propensities. The Edomites, or children of Esau, would not suffer the Israelites to pass through their territory; and to this day, fear and interest alone induce them to allow travellers to visit the country. Burckhardt says, the only time he ever felt fear was while he was in the land of Edom. They even stripped him of some rags which covered his wounded ankles.

In Gen. xxxii. 3 we are told that Jacob sent to his brother Esau, in "the land of Seir, the country of Edom." Esau was called Edom, signifying *red*, because of the red pottage which he had from Jacob; (Gen. xxv. 30;) therefore the land in which he dwelt was called after his own name, "Edom." Now the capital of Edom was called in Hebrew Selah, in Arabic Hagar, and in Greek Petra,—all signifying *a rock*. Petra is the name it still retains. God calls it "the land of his curse," and declared by Isaiah, that it "shall lie waste for ever and ever;" (Isa. xxxiv. 10;) by Ezekiel, that he would make it "perpetual desolations;" by Joel, "a desolate wilderness;" (Ezek. xxxv. 9; Joel iii. 10;) and by Amos, that he would not "turn away the punishment thereof." (i. 11.) Edom was a kingdom upwards of 500 years "before there reigned any king in Israel," (Gen. xxxvi. 31; 1 Sam. viii.,) and about 300 years before the children of Israel wished to pass through his kingdom. (Numb. xx.) That it was a *great* kingdom and thickly inhabited, has been proved beyond any possibility of doubt. It was the centre of commerce between Persia, India, and Egypt, and its remaining monuments show that its wealth was equal to its population. But what is it now? A field of waste "desolations." The sand from the Red Sea has absorbed nearly all its springs and streams, and made it one sheet of desert, from Mount Sinai to Moab. The sand is so deep

meet them; but now came the difficulty. We had foolishly allowed our dragoman to go with the baggage, and had with us only two men and my youth Mousa; and it was evident that they could not agree about the road. While discussing what steps we should take, an Arab from one of the mud cottages near the wells came up to us, and said, "Consul,

that it is utterly out of the power of man ever again to cultivate the land. Eight hundred years before the coming of Christ, Amaziah, king of Judah, took the country, and slew 10,000 of the people. Four hundred years afterwards the prophet Malachi describes it as *already* laid waste; but he adds, "Whereas Edom saith, We are impoverished, but we will return and build the desolate places, thus saith the Lord of hosts, They shall build, but I will throw down," &c. (Mal. i. 4.) Subsequent writers name that many cities existed there 400 years after this time, and Josephus says they were inhabited by one of the tribes of Ishmael, showing that they had been rebuilt. But nothing now remains of the buildings but ruins. They are "thrown down," and Edom is a "perpetual waste."

For upwards of a thousand years was the land of Edom lost sight of, no one daring even to approach it; and, though it was once the highway from Persia and India to Egypt, and was the "fatness of the earth," (Gen. xxvii. 39,) to this day the denunciation remains true, that no man, that is, no trading merchants, shall pass through it, as before. Even the pilgrims to Mecca skirt only its borders, for upwards of 30 of them were murdered in one year. It is, as one writer says, "a desolate monument of Divine wrath." Petra was its capital, and was the most wonderful city in the world, consisting exclusively of houses and temples cut in the solid rock. Of these houses or caves there are said to be hundreds to this day, extending for nearly two miles, the rocks being, on either side, from 500 to 1000 ft. high. But where are the inhabitants? Gone; for ever gone. It was to these rock-houses that Jeremiah refers in xlix. 16. Obadiah also has them in view in verses 3, 4; and Isaiah in xxii. 16, when he speaks of "graving a habitation in the rock." It is difficult to say how the inhabitants passed to and fro; but it is certain that they did so, and that, in these fastnesses, they considered themselves secure. Lot dwelt in a cave; (Gen. xix. 30;) and so did many others, and many do to this day. The mountains of Judea contain numbers of caves. They were not merely refuges for the persecuted, (1 Sam. xiii. 6; Heb. xi. 37, 38,) but also strong-holds, (Num. xxiv. 21; Judg. vi. 2; 1 Sam. xxiii. 14—29; Isa. xxxiii. 16,) and hiding places. (Job xxxiv. 22; Isa. ii. 19—21.) David doubtless refers to these caves, as a figure, when he says, "Thou art my rock, my fortress," &c. (Ps. xxxi. 3; lxi. 2; lxxi. 3; and many other passages.) David fled to the cave of Adullam; (1 Sam. xxii. 1—5;) the five kings hid themselves in the cave of Makkedah; (Josh. x. 16;) and the Israelites hid themselves in caves, &c. (1 Sam. xiii. 6.)

Josephus gives an account of some famous robbers who dwelt in caves, who were destroyed by Herod the Great. He caused some of his best men to be let down in baskets from the tops of the rocks, which was the only possible way of getting at them, and then "sent fire into them."

About 90 miles north of Petra is Hebron.

consul." "Consul Ingleese?" (*English Consul?*) I asked. "Heighwa," (Yes,) he replied; and immediately led us to the cottage of an Englishman, Captain Lindquist, agent at Suez to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Packet Company. This was indeed finding a friend in need! Captain L. not only invited us in, but hospitably entertained us, and then gave us all the information we required. We asked him if he really were the English consul; when he laughed, and said, "No; but I make the people believe I am, and therefore they respect both my person and property. I only come here to get away from Suez, when business does not require me at that wretched place." The Arabs fancy that an English consul has the same power over his countrymen as the pasha has over the Arabs; and they well know that the consuls are all respected at Cairo by the pasha and others.

We soon afterwards took our departure, and in a few minutes lost sight of everything except moving, burning sands. I had often heard and often read of the desert, and had already had four days' march through it; but this part of it beggars all description. We were surrounded on every hand with hills and hills of loose sand, which bore evident marks of continual shiftings. No track was visible, no human footstep having been there, perhaps, for years. Our Arabs had to ferret out the way in seeming uncertainty,—now round this hill of sand to the right, then round that to the left, and now to turn completely back again, until they appeared to be bewildered, one pointing this way and another that; and then they began to dispute, and at last got to high words. It was not long before their bewilderment attracted my attention, and I directed the notice of my companions to the fact. They became alarmed, and, at first, I must say I was myself very far from comfortable; but I was so full of the Israelites, the Red Sea, &c., that, except for a few short intervals, I seemed quite indifferent about anything else. And yet our situation was by no means desirable. It is true we were on the earth; but such an earth I had never before beheld,—an earth formed of shifting sandhills, into which the feet of our camels sank at every step. Traces of whirlwinds were but too visible; and had a storm arisen suddenly, I cannot see what could possibly have prevented our being buried alive. The scene, for natural grandeur, exceeded conception, but it was as dreadful as it was grand. There was nothing but hills after hills of sand, as fine as powder, and almost as hot as cinders, for the sun was pouring his rays upon them, at a temperature of upwards of 100 degrees. Moses doubtless referred to these sandstorms when

he said, "The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust. From heaven shall it come upon thee until thou be destroyed." (Deut. xxviii. 24.)

My Scotch companion, having dismounted, tried to ascend one of the hills, to see if he could find the way, but his feet slipped in the sand at every attempt, till he was compelled to give it up. The American was as grave-looking as a lamb. "What shall we do," said he, "if we cannot get out of this before dark?" and for a moment I feared that my wanderings would soon end. Burckhardt went this way in 1812, and says, the plain was full of moving sands, and had in some places collected into hills 30 or 40 feet in height. I doubt much if any



SAND-STORM.



other Franks, besides my companions and myself, ever ventured. At length, the dispute of the Arabs ceased, and I found that the two men had given way to Mousa's opinion; and he thereupon at once took the lead. This struck us all three with astonishment; but, having no interpreter, all that we had to do was to submit. I, however, called out to my youth, and said, "Mousa! Battall kateer! (Very bad!) when, in a most graceful manner, he put his hand to his breast and then pointed to the skies, thus taking oath that he knew the way. I was forcibly struck with his attitude and the solemnity of his manner. I now recollected my map and compass, and, halting to examine them, I told my companions I was satisfied we were going right. After this, I took upon myself to assist Mousa as guide. No traveller ought to be without a map and a compass.

In about another hour, I fancied I could see something moving in the distance. I took out my telescope, and distinctly saw camels, which I pronounced to be ours with the baggage. I called to Mousa, and, pointing to the spot, said, "Sheikh, sheikh!" but his reply was, "La, la," (No, no.) I then offered him the telescope to look through, but the poor lad ran away from it, frightened.* It turned out, however, that I was right, and in another hour we joined them, and were then in the regular pilgrims' road from Suez to Mecca.

Though the road in this part was dreadfully bad, there being nothing but rugged paths, or rather tracks, chalk and sand-hills, and chains of barren mountains all around us, yet it was a paradise compared to the part we had just left.

At half-past 3, we reached what are called the Wells of Mourka; but O what a disappointment! Though this was the fifth day from our leaving Cairo, and though our camels had not had a drop of water during the whole time, yet, when we reached these wells, at which our Arabs had calculated on getting a supply, and consequently had not provided themselves at Suez, as they would have had to pay for it there, some one had been there before us, and the wells were nearly dry! The Arabs at first looked aghast, but very soon squatted themselves down with their usual composure, and began to share what little water there was. All that the camels had was about a pint each, and they, not being quite so submissive as their owners, roared again for more; but it was not to be had. The wells were merely holes in the sand in which the water lodged. There was an old house close by, but it was

* Belzoni once lent an Arab sheikh his telescope to look through, when the man declared it brought one of the palm trees so near that he felt it touch his nose.

filled up with sand, probably blown from the hills we had so recently left. Though, as I have said, the camels had only had about a pint of water each, yet even this drop made them so hungry that we could not possibly get them forward. They would stop to eat the tamarisks which grew near the wells; so, after trying in vain, for about half an hour, to make them go, we pitched our tent.

This night I slept well, but it was bitter cold. In the morning the thermometer was down at 48° , with a beautifully clear blue sky. We had no idea we should have to encounter weather so cold as even this, and therefore none of us were prepared for it. I was, it is true, better off than my companions, as I had with me a Macintosh coat and a large travelling rug, but these seemed almost nothing after such a hot day as the one preceding had been. It will, however, be seen presently that we had to suffer still more, both from cold and heat.

Soon after 7 o'clock, March 4th, we were again on our way. No tracks were to be seen, as the wind, which had been high during the night, had covered them all with sand, some to a great depth. Every now and then the Arabs would leave us and run to certain spots to gather some kind of herbs like our dandelion and sorrel, which they ate greedily, having first offered them to us. At half past 10 we came to a deep ravine, between two limestone rocks, and here was a pit of excellent water. Our Arabs filled their goatskins which they had with them for the purpose, and also took a supply for the camels. Near to this spot was a solitary tree, and several dead camels, with vultures feasting on them.

Our way now for some distance lay along narrow passes, between limestone rocks. It seemed hotter than ever, as, in the passes, there was scarcely a breath of air. In the afternoon we saw on one of the hills a number of wandering Arabs. There were two women amongst them, and they were making their way towards us. Our Maltese, who, though a faithful servant, was a sad coward, took out his pistols to prepare for action; but our sheikh told him that they were *brothers*. At length one of them came up to our sheikh, and, having embraced him, told him they were all starving, not having had either bread or water for three days. If a little money could have relieved them, we would cheerfully have given it; but, as our sheikh would not allow us to stop to give them bread, it was clear to us that he was not altogether comfortable, though they *were* brothers; and this was still more evident from the fact that he urged on the camels faster than ever, and put on

a double watch during the night. It is a curious fact, that though it was miserable not to meet anybody, it was much more so when human beings came in sight. We were sure to set them down as robbers.

Near this spot are the remains of a very extensive wall. What it can have been for, I cannot conceive, as such a place as that surely never could have been peopled.

After looking about for 20 minutes, for a suitable spot for our tent, as we generally tried to pitch it under shelter of a hill, we stopped about half-past 5; but there were no hills to the windward; therefore we were very much exposed. A little a head of us, we saw some high hills, and desired the sheikh to push on to reach them; but his only answer was, a very significant grin.

Just before sunset, the view around us was terrifically grand, being a vast expanse of sand and barren rocks, without a blade of grass to relieve the eye.

Finding that this night was likely to be colder than the previous one, I did not take off my clothes; and the result proved that I had acted wisely. The night was exceedingly damp on account of the dews. Our tent was as wet as if it had been soaked in water, and our bedding was not much better, though, as I had thrown my Macintosh over my quilt, I was nice and dry compared with my companions.

When preparing to start the next morning, we discovered that, through the carelessness of our dragoman, the peg of one of our watercasks was lost, and that nearly half the water had run out of the cask. We spent an hour in looking for the peg, and, consequently, did not get off till 8 o'clock; but even then the dews were so heavy, and the air so bleak, that I had to wear my Macintosh coat and overalls, my teeth chattering the while. Soon afterwards, however, the sun broke through, and the dew was dispersed like smoke, which led me to reflect a little upon Hos. xiii. 3. Nothing of the kind ever takes place in England. We often have heavy dews, and we frequently see them totally dispersed; but their dispersion is gradual; whereas, in the desert, no sooner does the sun show his face, than the dews disappear, as I have said, like smoke. The prophet's figure was, therefore, exceedingly appropriate and beautiful: "The morning cloud, the early dew, the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the threshing-floor, the smoke out of the chimney." These dews are not peculiar to the desert, but are frequent all over the east. They tend to support vegetable life when the rains cease; which may be the literal meaning of Isa. xxvi. 19; Job xxix. 19; &c.

We had not long to complain of cold, for the sun soon became so powerful that, though our heads had been filled with dew, and our locks with the drops (dew-drops) of the night, (Song v. 2,) and though my companions' bed clothes had been so wet that we could have wrung them out as Gideon did the fleece, yet in an astonishingly short time everything became as dry as tinder; and before 9 o'clock we were stripped almost to the skin. While writing, I am as though I just saw myself at the time unrobing, and leaving Mousa to put my outer garments into the saddle bags. G. wanted to stop; but I would not consent, as I felt willing to endure anything rather than miss the steamer at Beyrout. Our camels, therefore, went on their heavy pace, three miles an hour, three miles an hour, from morn until eve. On two or three occasions, I measured the length of their strides, and counted the number of their steps; when I found that, as a general rule, the former were rather more than 3 ft. each; and as they took nearly 5,000 steps in an hour, step after step, with almost the regularity of a pendulum, this made about three miles. It must not be forgotten, however, that we were pushing them hard, the usual pace of the camel being only about two and a half miles an hour. When pushed still harder, they would step 3 ft. 3 in., but this they could not keep up. Still we did not seem to get any nearer to the hills which we had seen the evening before, and under shelter of which we had wanted to encamp; and it was not until 3 o'clock that we came up to them; so that they must have been 20 miles distant when we thought they were close at hand. Such was the clearness of the air. Well might the sheikh grin, when we proposed to reach them the evening before; and yet I declare seriously they did not appear to be more than two miles off. So greatly are we at fault in our calculations as to distance in the desert, that it often looked almost as if we were going on without progressing.

As we wended our way over the dreary waste, we occasionally came upon spots where parties had been recently encamped, leaving behind them the ashes of their fires, and now and then some broken crockery. Much that I might have said about the desert, with its Atlantic of sand, and its rugged and savage rocks, I have anticipated in my remarks on the Nile. The scenery has a grandeur peculiar to itself, which cannot be uninteresting, though it may appear terrific. If anything can make the desert smile, or give joyousness to scenes so desolate, it is the *faithfulness* of our Bedouin attendants. I *did* trust my life in their hands, humanly speaking,



CROSSING THE DESERT

and I should not fear to do so again. Their simplicity, too, is most remarkable. They know but little of times and seasons, and still less of hours. If we asked them at what time we should reach such a place, they would point to a particular spot in the sky, signifying that the sun would be about *there*; and I generally found them correct.

From the engraving on the opposite page, some idea may be obtained of what crossing the desert is. The sheikh is pointing out the road. One or two of my friends who have seen the engraving fancy that the features and figure of the first traveller bear some resemblance to mine.

One day we started a gazelle, or antelope, called in the Bible the "roe." Its speed is much swifter than that of the hare. Indeed, it is said that few animals can exceed it. And another day our Bedouins killed a serpent which was crossing our path. It seems half childish to mention little things like these, but I assure my readers that they were to us quite events, giving variety, and forming topics for conversation. It was not often, however, while on our camels, we could converse at all, as we could not keep the animals side by side, the only way of walking to which they had been trained being to follow each other.

About 4 o'clock we came to some more tamarisk shrubs, which the camels began greedily to devour; and to a lot of old sticks, which the Arabs began to gather; so we deemed it best to halt, though we had to pitch our tent on the vast plain, without protection on any side. To make matters worse, the wind began to rise, and clouds appeared in the sky, causing us to anticipate a stormy night. We therefore "lengthened our cords and strengthened our stakes." (Isa. liv. 2.) If the pegs to which the cords of the tent are fastened are driven into the ground too near the tent, a storm will easily draw them, and blow down the tent; but not so if the cords are lengthened, especially if the stakes are also strengthened; that is, if iron stakes be driven well into the ground instead of the usual wooden ones. This was the case with us, having four iron ones, about a foot long, with us for the purpose.* Our precautions, however, proved unnecessary, as the wind dropped, and our canvas walls remained uninjured.

The next morning, after passing between two sandstone rocks, we reached Nackell. Being Saturday, we were anxious

* It is believed, and I have no doubt correctly, that the nail which Jael drove into Sisera's temples, as he lay in her tent, was one of these pointed iron stakes; and the "hammer" she used was doubtless a wooden mallet, similar to those which are to this day used for driving in the stakes. (Judges iv. 21, 22.)

to proceed at once, that we might rest on the following day; but other scenes lay before us, which made us but too glad to get away, even on the Sunday.

Nackell is a resting place for the Mecca pilgrims. Here are some large wells and reservoirs, but the water is brackish. We could not drink it, but preferred the water we had left in our casks, though, owing to the heat and the casks being new, it was gone black, and tasted as though the wood had been boiled in it. One of the wells is 9 feet in diameter, and very deep; and one of the reservoirs is 30 yards by 18 yards. The reservoirs are kept as a reserve, as the wells are sometimes dry. Doubtless these reservoirs are what are several times in the Bible called pools. We found a tolerably formidable fort, a large court yard, several rusty guns, a governor, and 16 soldiers. In the castle yard is another well, from which the reservoirs are supplied, being pumped up by a bullock. Here also, by the wells, is a kind of tower, probably similar to those referred to in 2 Chron. xxvi. 10. Towers were built by wells in the desert, to protect them.

When we had pitched our tents, we went into the fort, to pay our respects to the governor. He received us very graciously, ordered coffee for us, and passed round his pipe in the usual way, putting it into his own mouth first, and again last to finish up with. He and several of the soldiers were blind in one eye, and much wanted us to cure them. I gave them some pills, with which they seemed highly pleased.

We soon learned that we could not proceed that day, as the camels were at a distance; so we returned to our tent, and there, for the first time since we left Cairo, had a thorough good wash. The thermometer inside stood at 98°.

We had not been long in the tent before we heard a fearful noise outside; and, on going to ascertain the cause, we found that it was a quarrel between our sheikh (Abu Ellag) and the camel sheikh of Nackell. Our sheikh insisted upon his right to take us forward to Daheriyeh, as he was bound to do, seeing there were no camels ready for us; while the Nackell sheikh, who, it seemed, belonged to another tribe, would not suffer him to cross the boundary, with his camels. The quarrel continued for some time, and then the parties retired into the castle, where it was renewed; and we, in a very uncomfortable state, soon afterwards retired to rest.

Early in the morning we learnt that there had been a fight between the two sheikhs, our poor faithful fellow being determined to fulfil his contract, and carry us onward, unless the Nackell sheikh could produce his camels immediately. This

being the case, we went with our dragoman to the governor, to demand an explanation; when we found the whole garrison in an uproar. The Nackell sheikh drew a pistol, and swore he would shoot Abu Ellag if he dared to move a step with us; and the oath was accompanied by a look so horrible and fiend-like that I had no doubt he would put his threat into execution. Mr. Fisk's sheikh was really killed by the sheikh of another tribe. Still our man could not be daunted, asserting that as he had sealed the contract he would fulfil it; whereupon the Nackell fellow rushed upon him with the pistol in his hand, and I, scarcely knowing what I was about, rushed between them, and pushed the Nackell sheikh away. We then said that rather than get our faithful man into trouble, we would go back to Cairo; but the Nackell fiend, who fully justified all that I have ever read of the ferocious wild Arab character, said if Abu Ellag moved a step with us, backwards or forwards, it would be all the same; and two slaves, who sat at the gate with pistols in their hands, seemed to signify that they were ready for us, if we intended to fight. I now took out my passport, to which I recollected I had had attached the Turkish seal at Constantinople; and, showing it to the governor, I desired the dragoman to say that if he did not protect us, come what might, we would go back to Cairo and report him to the pasha. The seal was examined carefully by the scribe, who was present; but my American companion stepped up to me, and peremptorily *demand*ed that I should take it away. "What good," said he, "can an *English* passport do here?"* "Well," I replied, "try yours. I care not by what means we succeed, if we can but get away from these fiends." The scribe having pointed out to the governor something on the passport, the governor said if we would wait two hours more, he would protect our man on his way, should the other camels not, in the meantime, be forthcoming; and to this we readily assented, and went to our tent.

After a little while, we returned to the fort, to make the governor a present; and meantime the camels hove in sight. This was the signal for another squabble. The sheikh insisted that we should take ten camels, though, our baggage having been reduced, nine were sufficient; but, as he said if we would not pay for ten, Abu Ellag should, we gave way. In this we

* There are three classes of persons with whom no man ought to travel, unless he is prepared to submit to many annoyances: 1, Officers in the army or navy; 2, Half-educated schoolmasters; 3, American slaveowners, as Mr. G. was; for these are all so accustomed to command, that, as I know to my sorrow, they expect everybody to obey.

were wrong, as it was only an encouragement to further extortions; for the sheikh insisted upon having 200 piastres for bucksheesh; but we positively refused to give it. Some one outside then fired a pistol, to frighten us; but we would not give way; whereupon the sheikh raised his demand to 500 piastres. We now again appealed to the governor, who proposed that we should give 150 piastres; but the sheikh said he would not agree; upon which the governor took the pipe out of his mouth and sprang upon his feet, (an act which I never saw a Turk or Arab do before or since,) and said he would send him to Suez, if he said another word. This silenced him. We paid one half deposit for ten camels, at 100 piastres each, and 150 piastres bucksheesh. Though we would gladly have remained until the following morning, we considered it would be both imprudent and unsafe to do so; and we therefore set to work to load the camels, being actively assisted by our old companions. When all was ready, our faithful fellows came up to shake hands with us, and seemed to feel the parting very much. We gave them about 150 piastres bucksheesh, to divide amongst them, with which they seemed highly pleased, and I gave my Mousa, privately, fifty more for himself. When I had mounted my camel, Mousa came alongside, accompanied by our dragoman, and, with tears rolling down his cheeks, desired the dragoman to say, "Tell the gentleman I shall never see him again." I looked round and saw two or three others crying also. It was too much for me. I shed tears also, for I could not help it. Again we shook hands, and then we parted,—a parting which I believe I shall never forget while I live. I saw Mousa again in 1851 and again in 1853; and on each occasion his joy seemed unbounded. When, in 1851, I referred to the above scene, he seemed greatly affected, and wanted to kiss my hand. Not only from him, but from the whole of this party, we proud English might learn many a lesson of endurance, perseverance, self-denial, and faithfulness.

When I mention that, what with one thing and another, I was almost heart-broken, my friends will not wonder at it, especially when I remind them that the above circumstances occurred on a Lord's Day. I have said in a previous chapter that a man, while travelling, may become callous, so as to make little or no distinction between the Lord's Day and other days; but really, on crossing the desert, as well as crossing the seas, he can have but little choice in the matter. Nevertheless, I felt greatly depressed, and was glad when we halted, that I might retire among the hills, where no human eye could see me. I had a deep sense of the deliverance I had experienced;

and I am sure if I ever knew what true gratitude to God was, I felt it that day. I hardly seemed to be in the world, everything was so dreary and desolate; and not a sound, not a breath, of any kind was to be heard. I spoke in a previous chapter of the sweet stillness of the Nile. The same stillness prevailed here; but it was more awful, and seemed to strike into my very heart a feeling of terror, instead of, as on the Nile, exciting my admiration; and yet, had I heard a noise, though it had been only a rustling, I should have been more afraid of it than I was of the stillness itself. Seeing about me, while in this lonely spot, a number of heaps of stones, set up as memorials, as indeed I had seen throughout the journey, for the custom still exists, (See Josh. iv. 9; 1 Sam. vii. 12,) I too set up my Ebenezer, as I *could* say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

The next morning, I cast my eyes around, to view the track along which we had come, for I had noticed nothing on my way the afternoon previously. Look which way I would, I could see nothing but deep ravines and sand or limestone hills. In one of the torrent beds our tent was pitched; but this was unwise; for in these parts the rain sometimes falls so suddenly and heavily as to cause the waters to rush impetuously down the ravines and carry all before them. I have read of several travellers who had greatly suffered, having their tents washed away, and of others who had narrowly escaped; and yet the Arabs prefer such spots, because there is generally some rough herbage or bunches of coarse grass, for their camels. Not only here, but in other parts of the desert, these dry river beds are to be seen, bearing evident marks of rushing torrents. When it *does* rain in these parts, the clouds, as it were, descend in cataracts. This is what is referred to in Luke vi. 49. It is indeed curious that the rains should be so heavy here, while in Egypt, only 150 miles off, there is scarcely any rain at all.

A little way off I saw some women with goats. One woman drew near to sell us some goat's milk; but she was afraid to come too near. The milk was, however, very acceptable.

On loading our camels, I was surprised to find that we had only nine, though we had paid half deposit for ten. I asked the dragoman where the other was. "O," he said, "all right. Pay ten camel, no ten come? No, no, no!" And then he added, "Bad sheikh! All kill one him (Abu Ellag) first, and den all kill him one me." Such was Antonio's *English* which we had to translate. The detention of the tenth camel was another trick of the Nackell sheikh's; but it will be seen by and by that he was for once out-generalled. We now had

with us five men and three boys; but they were not to be compared to the Bedouins with whom we had just parted. We did not feel half so safe in their hands as we had done in those of the Mount Sinai tribe. We were afraid the Nackell sheikh would himself accompany us; but he sent his brother instead, and he, happily, proved the best of the lot. The father of one of the boys was then in prison for robbing a party. Mehemet Ali certainly *conquered* these wild beings; but it was only just to make them promise that they would be his subjects if he would not meddle with them, but let them have their own way. One thing that galled the Bedouins more than any other was, that the old pasha so far conquered them as to prevent their going to war with each other; a lesson they found exceedingly difficult to learn; for, prior to Mehemet Ali's days, they were ever slaying each other on the slightest pretext. When the pasha was at war with the Bedouins, the Wahabys gave him more trouble than any others. A Wahaby priest was once asked why the lives of *honest* Turks, Christians, and Jews, were not spared; when he replied, "If you wish to grind a heap of wheat in which you know there are a few peas intermixed, do you not rather grind the whole together than take the trouble of picking out the peas, one by one? Nevertheless, I believe firmly, if you can persuade a Bedouin to take bread with you, and then tell him you place yourself under his protection, he will not suffer any one to injure you, nor will he do so himself. (See Ps. xli. 9. In my Second Volume I speak more fully upon this subject, and also upon the "covenant of salt.")

Then there was another annoyance. The sheikh had not sent a morsel of food for the camels; so that all they would have to live upon during the journey would be what they could snatch up while passing along the valleys; and, therefore, perpetually, as they wended their way, they would poke down their necks, first on this side and then on that, jerking us furiously each time, that we foresaw we had four or five days' sore time of it before us. This is just what the wild ass does, as described by Job; *i. e.*, "searcheth after every green thing." (xxxix. 8.) These camels, too, were a very inferior lot to those we had just left. One of them was really a ferocious brute. Twice he ran away, and tumbled his baggage into the sand, causing considerable delay.

The morning was deliciously beautiful; but the reflection of the sun from the limestone hills was truly painful to the eyes. In a short time we had to cross a hill, on the top of which were 30 or 40 "Ebenezers," some of large dimensions; and

then we descended into a vast plain, strewed with pieces of volcanic-like iron. In every direction there was a sea of dreariness, with chains of hills, which seemed to be suspended above the horizon, in the distance.

In the afternoon, we passed to the south of some hills we had seen the day previously, a distance of 35 miles. I remarked that, not only then, but invariably, when passing hills, our Arabs showed evident marks of fear, expecting some of their wilder brethren to pounce upon us, out of the holes or caves with which the hills abounded.

About 4 o'clock, we came to a grave. It was the grave of a murdered man. Such an announcement, if passing only through the fens of Lincolnshire, would startle one quite enough to make one uncomfortable; but in such a place as this it came upon me like a peal of thunder; and I began to imagine all sorts of things and all manner of evils; and my forebodings were not at all dispelled when we had pitched our tents; for a strange Arab made his appearance amongst us, and we heard the report of a pistol a short way off. Our men, however, kept good watch all night, and nothing of importance occurred.*

The next morning we started before 7 o'clock. The thermometer then indicated 50°. At 9.30 it was 108°; at 10, 110°; and at 11, 120°. When, at the latter hour, I told my companions what the temperature was, they declared they would not stir another inch; and thereupon prepared to dismount. I reasoned with them upon the absurdity of this, as, there being no shelter, we should really suffer more while resting on the hot sands than if we proceeded. But Mr. G. had made up his mind, and that was enough. We therefore decided upon sending the baggage camels on, as we could easily overtake them, by causing our dromedaries to trot. No sooner, however, did our Arabs learn our intention than they expressed the greatest alarm. They pointed to the hills through the passes of which we had just come, and, drawing their fingers across their throats, making signs of firing pistols at each others' heads, and other gesticulations of fear, they called out, "Arab, Arab!" signifying that they were afraid the wild Arabs would attack us, if we divided our force. But nothing could move Brother Jonathan; so we halted, retaining only two men and a boy, and sending our dragoman on with the baggage.

* The Arabs often bury themselves in the desert. When they feel sick, they make a shallow grave, lie down in it, and cover their whole body, except their faces, with sand; and there they die, leaving the friendly wind to cover their faces.

As I had anticipated, so I found it. The heat was more oppressive while resting than while going on; so, in about a quarter of an hour, I resolved upon proceeding, and my resolution was strengthened by the thought, that the trot of my dromedary would be ten times worse than even the heat. I therefore remounted, and left with my boy. I threw off everything but my shirt, a pair of drawers, a pair of slippers, and my broad-brimmed hat, around which I had twisted some calico, like a turban, to keep me from being sun-struck, a precaution which every traveller in the east ought to take.* I put up my umbrella, but that made the matter worse, as it kept from me the little air which my own movement caused. My face was as red as a boiled lobster; but it was better to be scorched than suffocated. There was nothing around me but dreariness, a burning sandy sea and sun-scorched sandy mountains. It was dreadful. I never felt so lonely, never so fearful. I now not only *saw* but really *felt* that I was in the desert. I could see the camels before me, nearly a mile off, and felt anxious to reach them; so, bidding the boy jump up behind me, we made all speed. The stirrups were so hot that I could not bear my feet to touch them, as they burnt through my slippers. Being parched with thirst, I took up my water bottle, but found the sun had cracked it and let all the water out.† I felt that I would have given a £5 note for a pint of the Nile. Had a cloud just then passed over the sun, I should have been able to say with Isaiah, "He bringeth down (or subdueth) the heat in a dry place with the shadow of a cloud;" but such, this day, was not my lot.

I spoke in a previous chapter of not knowing how to accommodate myself to an eight-days' detention on the Nile; but that was as nothing compared to these hot days in the desert. You cannot walk, for to do so is not only to try your strength beyond endurance, but also to burn your feet on the sands. You can hardly ride, for to do so is to add the heat of the

* See the engraving, page 416. Mr. Madden says two of his party were sun-struck on crossing the desert, and died.

† The water bottles are made of leather. Before we started in the morning, we always filled them, and hung them by the camel bags. If constantly filled with water, they will last a long time; but if left to get dry, they crack, and will not hold water. Probably the "old bottles" referred to in Matt. ix. 17, and in Luke and John, were dry, cracked bottles of this sort. (See page 124.) Certain it is that no other kind of bottles were used in old times but such as were made of leather or skin. Of this kind were the bottles which the inhabitants of Gibeon took with them to Joshua, "old, and rent, and bound up;" i. e., mended, for they can be mended; just as their shoes (sandals) were mended, as the word clouted means. (Josh. ix. 4, 5.)

camel to that of the air; and the exercise of camel riding is at times more painful than walking. You cannot rest under your tent, for that is to add suffocation to heat. These are the times when a man wants shelter, and would gladly embrace a rock if one were near. (Job xxiv. 8.) It is in spots of this description that we learn the force of such passages as Ps. cxxi. 5; Isa. iv. 6; xxv. 4; xxxii. 2; &c. &c. The beautiful figures used in the Scriptures can be best appreciated when we thus realise them. If at that moment a spring (springs are called *living* water in the east) had bubbled up at my feet, or a stream or a river had rolled unexpectedly by me, (Isa. xxxv. 6, 7; xli. 18,) would it not have been a "new thing," (Isa. xliii. 19,) and marvellous in my eyes? Or if I could have heard the gracious invitation, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," (Isa. lv. 1,) should I not have eagerly obeyed the call? How forcible the figures, how expressive every word when applied spiritually! (See also Ps. lxxxiv. 6; cvii. 35; cx. 7; Isa. xlix. 10; Jer. xxxi. 9; Rev. vii. 16, 17.) How many thousands have died in the desert for want of water! What a situation for a rich man! "He is dying for a cup of water," as one writer says, "and no one gives it to him. He offers all he possesses for it, but no one attends to him. *They* also are dying, though perhaps if they could walk a few miles farther all might be saved; but no one has strength to walk. The eyes grow inflamed, the tongue and lips swell, a hollow sound is heard in the ears, deafness follows, the brain seems on fire, and death ensues; and all this from the want of a little water!" O to give such a one a cup of water would be more to him than giving him the golden wedge of Ophir! Well might this be called that great and terrible wilderness! (Deut. i. 19.)

It took me nearly an hour to come up with the camels, and I was really so done up that I said if the hot weather continued I must propose a halt for a day or two in the first cave we reached, ensue what would. The perspiration poured from me as if I had been in a vapor bath; as, indeed, I was. What must it be in summer? I know not how high the mercury stood now, as I was too exhausted to care about it; but I should say it was at least 140°.*

* Men may bear many degrees of heat when they cannot endure cold. Dr. Thomas Watson gives an account of a man who was in a room for 10 or 12 minutes in which the temperature was 288°; and Drs. Fordyce and Blagdon remained in a room for some time, the hot air of which cooked a beefsteak in 33 minutes. They cooled their finger ends by breathing on them.

Some writers say that the Arabs often, in cases like these, kill their camels that they may take the water out of their stomachs; but Burckhardt states that he never heard of such a case, and thinks it very doubtful.

In another hour my companions joined us, when we determined upon unloading the camel with the casks, and taking our fill of water; but we found that the one on the sunny side was cracked and quite empty, and the water in the other was as warm as new milk, as well as black. However, we all declared we had never before had so delicious a draught.*

My companions now asked me if I knew the danger I had escaped. "No," I replied; "what danger?" They then told me that, just after they had started, they saw a wild Arab skulking after me, crouching to the ground, with a musket in his hand; and that, as soon as he had reached within what appeared to them musket-shot of me, he raised his gun; but, looking wildly around him, as a man will do who is about to perpetrate some desperate act, he caught sight of them, and disappeared. I made no reply, and nothing more was said about it, but immediately these words rushed into my mind:

"Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

I had often read and even sung the words, but never so *felt* them before. Jeremiah knew something of the ways of these Arabs when he wrote iii. 2: "In the ways hast thou sat for them, as the Arabian in the wilderness;" and the simile is used in Ps. x. 9, 10; for the Arabs wait and watch for their prey with the greatest eagerness and perseverance.

We soon recommenced our journey, considerably refreshed. Our guides said that there was a well at no great distance, and we must reach it, if possible. The wind suddenly rose, and the sand, or rather small pebbles, which battered against me in showers, so cut my face that I was glad to make a veil of my handkerchief, though that was suffocating. This wind was a Khamseen, (See page 319,) and was really a wind which I could *see*, as expressed in 2 Kings iii. 17. It was quite dark when we arrived at the wells, and we were completely prostrated, having been travelling upwards of eleven hours.

* When the water was spent in Hagar's bottle, she cast, or put, the child under one of the shrubs for shelter, expecting, nevertheless, that he would die. (Gen. xxi. 16—19.)

It is said that when the French army was in the desert, Napoleon alone was proof against it; and that, while his officers tore off their epaulettes and trampled them under their feet, and the men asked, "What shall we drink?" he stood calm and unmoved.

And yet we found the water in this long-looked-for well so brackish that we preferred the black water in our cask. The poor Arabs, however, and the camels drank the water greedily. The camels appeared to me to know where water was as well as their masters, for they always stretched out their necks and quickened their speed for at least an hour before we reached it. I am never now at a loss to know the meaning of such passages as Num. xx. 19.

On opening my carpet bag, I found my dressing case so warped that I could with difficulty unlock it, and was not able to lock it afterwards; and my ivory thermometer indicator was in a similar state. Our bread was as hard as wood, and our butter had melted into oil. I have often wondered how I was carried through this day. I may, if spared, visit Egypt again; but nothing can be farther from my thoughts than again trying the desert. The Israelites, having left the fruitful valley and delicious waters of the Nile, groaned under the trials of the desert; and I am sure I should have done the same, had I been left to my own will similarly situated.

The next morning we found our camels had strayed away, and two or three of the men had gone to look for them. I went to the sheikh, to know what was to be done, when he put his hand to his ear, implying that he could hear them coming; and I have no doubt that instinctively he could, for they made their appearance shortly afterwards.

In about an hour we came to several wells of what the Arabs considered good water, though it was strongly tainted with the excretions of camels and goats, which went to the wells to drink. Ezekiel speaks of the wells being fouled, and here we had an instance of it. How did these wells remind me of Eliezer, who made Abraham's camels to kneel down, that is, to rest, as I have already explained, by a well; of Jacob and Rachel; of Moses and Zipporah; of the Woman of Samaria; and of other incidents recorded in the Bible relating to wells. I by no means wonder at there having been, and at there still being, at times, such contentions about wells; that they should have been the scenes of the noise of archers; (Judges v. 11;) that the Philistines should have destroyed Abraham's wells; (Gen. xxvi. 15;) and that there should be so many beautiful figures used in the Bible taken from wells and fountains; (Isa. xii. 3; John iv. 10-14; &c. &c. ;) for wells in the east are invaluable. The people in the cultivated parts assemble round the wells now, with their flocks and herds, as they did of old. In Isaiah xli. 18 the Lord says, "I will open rivers in high places," &c. We in England, having abundance of water on

every hand, and knowing comparatively nothing of drought, of being parched up, and of a desolate wilderness, might say, "Of what particular use can *that* be?" But ask an eastern if he sees the force of the figure, and he will tell you he not only sees, but *feels* it.*

I have been speaking here, of course, of *real* wells, *real* waters; but there are in the desert delusive waters, or, as Jeremiah calls them, "waters that fail, or deceive." (Jerem. xv. 18.) I allude now to "the mirage," of which, doubtless, most of my readers may have heard, or read. One day, I well remember, was full of interest; not that any day, while crossing the desert, was devoid of interest, though it might be of incident; but the day to which I refer was full of interest, even to overflowing. We had on several occasions seen what appeared to be a lake; and though we *knew* that it could not possibly be so, yet we could hardly *believe* it was not, if my reader can make that out, the illusion was so complete; but this day, a little before us on the left, there was the appearance of a river, winding and winding in a most beautiful manner. So powerful was the illusion that, despite our former experience as to the lakes, we could not persuade ourselves that this river was not real, and that our sheikh had not taken us out of the way. In the distance on our right, the illusion was still more beautiful. There we beheld the appearance of the sea, with little islands, rocks, and several ships distinctly visible, the masts and rigging being perfectly represented, and the waves rolling continuously. As we knew there was no sea in that direction, the Mediterranean being to our left, we were at no loss to decide that this was the "mirage;" and certainly the representation was sublime and panoramic. What was more singular was, that the ships were all inverted, topsy-turvy, upside down, and the waves were rolling the wrong way; but this is, I believe, a natural con-

* In Gen. xxix. we have an interesting account of one of the wells, of the flocks which were gathered round it, and of the customs which then prevailed. We find, in verses 7, &c., that, although there were several flocks of sheep gathered around the well, the owners could not water them until the stone was rolled from the well's mouth, and this might not be done, except in presence of the owner or his representative. "We cannot," said they, "until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they (the owners) roll the stone from the well's mouth." Some have supposed that the stone was so great (verse 2) that they who had assembled were unable to remove it without farther help; but the fact was, that no one presumed to use the water until the owner of the well came up. Hence we find that as soon as Rachel came up, whose father owned the well, "Jacob went near, and rolled the stone from the well's mouth." To have done so before she arrived, would have been an act of hostility and a direct robbery.

sequence of the mirage, which is caused by the refraction and rarefaction of the air, the rays of the sun elevating the objects above the horizon. No doubt there were real ships in the Mediterranean reflected, as no mirage could make such artificial objects as vessels. Whatever may be the cause of this, however, I am persuaded that the appearance of the lakes is caused by the reflection of the sun from the shining pebbles, with which some parts of the desert abound, giving the appearance of glass. The Arabs call it *Serab*, which means a glowing plain, and the Jews call it *Sharab*, which has a similar meaning. Doubtless, therefore, Isaiah referred to the mirage when he wrote xxxv. 7, as I understand that the words literally mean, "And the *sharab*, or mirage, shall become a pool;" that is, it shall not be merely an illusory appearance, but shall be a reality,—real water, not a deception. The illusion is sometimes so complete that not only the people but even the camels are deceived. When dying of thirst, they have caught sight of these illusive waters, and, struggling hard to reach them, have found, alas! that the waters have failed. Job had, perhaps, the same in view, in vi. 15 and xiv. 11.

Nor is the mirage the only phenomenon which makes its appearance in the desert. In February, 1851, I left Suez with my friend Maxton for Cairo, in a desert van, as I have mentioned on page 223. As we did not leave until nearly 5 o'clock in the evening, it soon became dark, especially as it had been raining a little, causing a haziness in the atmosphere. On reaching No. 13 Station, we had to change horses. Several teams were tried, but as the horses had all been out to *clover*, they were as wild as March hares,—kicking, plunging, jibbing, tearing, and rearing. This detained us for a full hour. At last we had a team that we thought would do, and off we went; but we had not gone more than a quarter of a mile before one of the horses turned as restive as any of its predecessors, and we insisted upon returning to the station. While waiting for another horse, we saw a brilliant light making towards us. It was about the size of a meshal, (See page 223,) but more dazzling and more phosphorescent. We thought it was the light of some van coming specially from Cairo. It came nearer and nearer, and then, to our amazement, for some time gradually receded.* It then turned to our left, and sud-

* How different was the pillar of fire which went before the Israelites! When they journeyed in the night, which they no doubt often did, to avoid the heat of the day, the pillar which guided them was no illusion, but a living reality. There was no receding and then disappearing there, but the pillar was their unerring light.



A PHENOMENON IN THE DESERT.

denly disappeared.—“Here it comes again,” I exclaimed; “again from our right! Gone again! What can it be?” It could not have gone behind a hill, for there was only a vast plain for miles; neither could it have turned a corner, for the whole space was, as it were, an open sea of sand.

The horses being now all right, we started off again. “O, Maxton,” I cried out, “look at that beautiful light in the horizon! Now it expands, now concentrates. How beautiful! See! Here is a light coming this way. How fast it is making up to us! It *must* be another van.—Hollo! Why it is going back again, like the other; now it turns to the left; now it is gone!—Here it is again. Now it is before us.—Now it stands still. We are making up to it. It is a Bedouin’s fire, surely. No, it is far too bright. How brilliant! Now it seems as if it were a large pillar of fire in the middle of a lovely garden. Now we are opposite to it; now we pass it. Still in sight. What *can* it be? I never saw anything so enchanting.”—So said we all. The scene all about, though dark and dreary enough, was awfully grand. We were going on in a direct way, nevertheless it seemed as if we were going round, and round, and round, and as if large animals were constantly passing us, in all shapes, in rapid succession; but it was all an illusion. Our eyes ached while admiring the scene; and I believe if we had each had all the eyes of Argus, they would have strained in vain, had they attempted to scan its magnificence. An Arab youth, who stood behind the van, seemed perfectly horrified, and clung to the door as if he had been followed by a ghost. I think this was withal the darkest night I ever saw in Egypt.

I have never met with any one who could explain these phenomena. The light could not have been a will-o’-the-wisp, as it was too large and as the desert is too dry for that; neither could it have been caused by a burning *aërolite*, or fallen meteor, as it was not stationary. It was almost as dazzling as the electric light which some of us have seen in England.

But to return to the point whence I digressed. After leaving the wells, we suddenly came, about noon, upon some ploughed lands in a beautiful valley; beautiful, I mean, to us, who were just leaving a sandy waste. If a man wish to form an idea of the real beauty of any cultivated spot, he should bivouac for two or three weeks amongst rocks and sands, and then be suddenly transported to a prolific valley. Barley was growing on every hand, though some of it was literally scorched. We soon again, however, entered a sandy plain.

About 4 o’clock we halted, for we were too fatigued to pro-

ceed. Indeed, my American companion was really ill, though he would not acknowledge it. A large flight of birds, probably sand quails, passed over us here.

While dinner was preparing, I walked outside the tent, when I saw our Arabs kneading and baking their bread. They took their meal, (doura or barley,) and mixed it with water, adding a little salt; and then pressed it into flat cakes. Their kneading troughs were strong wooden bowls, one of which I have by me, about the size of a boy's cap. No doubt the kneading troughs mentioned in Exod. xii. 34 were of a similar kind. The salt they had gathered in the morning off a rock, on which it lay in patches, being unquestionably left there by the evaporation of sea water. It was not *very* salt, as it had necessarily in part lost its savor by exposure; (Matt. v. 13;) yet the Arabs were glad of even this. They then made a hole in the sand, and put in a few sticks and some dry camels' dung which they had picked up on their way. When these were burnt almost to charcoal, they raked out the embers and supplied their place with some more, which they burnt in a similar manner. Over these a cake was then thrown and the embers first named put upon it; so that there was burning charcoal on both sides of the cake. Each Arab had his own fire. In ten minutes the cakes were done, and in ten more they were eaten. It is probable that the cakes made by Sarah were baked in this way; or they might be made in a larger oven, dug in the ground, and having its sides plastered with mud, hardened by fire, which was, and still is, the usual way, except when travelling. The wafer cakes mentioned in Lev. ii. 4 were probably very thin cakes, which were baked in a few seconds by being placed on the sides of these ovens, when hot, the burning charcoal being still at the bottom. In these ovens they can, and often do, bake even a lamb. Sometimes a number of small stones are put together in a circle, and an "oven" made in that way.

During the night, I heard a dog bark. I jumped up, lighted a candle, and aroused our men, who were all fast asleep; and I then distinctly heard the footsteps of a man running away. The dew was so heavy that I could not see three yards from the tent, and the air was so cold that the thermometer sank to 36°. I had felt something of the force of Gen. xxxi. 40 on going to Ephesus, but it was nothing to this. The dew lay on my Macintosh, which I every night threw over my bedding, as though it had been exposed to a heavy shower of rain; but my companions, having no such protection, were in a pitiable plight. Poor G.'s cough was dreadful. I fear

he never reached home, as I have not, since we parted at Jerusalem, been able to hear anything of him. Yet, despite all, my general health continued good.

In the morning we saw the traces of a man's feet and a dog's paws in the sand, close to our tent. It was clear that my getting up had driven them off.*

* Sometimes when Arabs attack a party at night, they suddenly knock down the tent poles; and while the aroused sleepers are disentangling themselves from the ropes and canvas, the robbers steal whatever lies in their way, and trot off the camels. If they should be pursued, and can only succeed in reaching any Arab's tent, and snatching up the smallest piece of bread, it is considered they are under that Arab's protection; and, as a rule, such Arab would die sooner than give them up, or in any way injure them; but the stolen property must be restored. "The richest men," says Burckhardt, "are sometimes, in a few days, reduced to beggary."

I might say much more about the peculiarities of the Bedouins, but their manners are, in many respects, so very similar to those of the Egyptians, that I deem it best to refer my reader to the preceding parts of this work. The marriage ceremony of the tribe of Aenezes is, however, so different to that of the Arabs in towns that I may be excused if I refer to it. When a man desires to marry a girl, he sends some friend of the family to her father, and a negotiation commences. The girl's wishes are then consulted. If they agree with those of the father, (for it is never supposed that she should be compelled to marry against her inclination,) and if the match is to take place, the friend holding the father's hand, says, "You declare that you give your daughter as wife to —?" The father answers in the affirmative. The marriage day being appointed, the bridegroom comes with a lamb in his arms to the tent of the girl's father, and there cuts the lamb's throat before witnesses. As soon as the blood falls upon the ground, the marriage ceremony is regarded as complete. If a man charge his wife with unfaithfulness, and her guilt be proved, her brother, or her father himself, instantly cuts her throat. A man has the exclusive right to the hand of his cousin. He is not *obliged* to marry her, but she cannot, without his consent, become the wife of any other person; and if he give his consent, he usually says, "She was my slipper. I have cast her off." So it was with Boaz and Ruth. Boaz was not Ruth's nearest kinsman, or cousin; (Ruth iii. 12;) so he could not marry her unless he could obtain her cousin's consent; therefore he purchased the right. Whereupon Ruth's cousin drew off his shoe, and probably made use of the very words which are used at the present day, as given above, though not recorded in the Bible. (See Ruth iv. 5—11.) Ruth went and lay, crossways, at the feet of Boaz, and uncovered his feet, that is, covered herself with his cloak, or skirt; just as my guide lay at my feet on going to Ephesus, (See page 124,) a custom common all over the east. By this act, Ruth cast herself under the protection of Boaz; and by afterwards requesting Boaz himself to spread his skirt over her, she merely asked him to acknowledge her right to his protection. Hence says Boaz, "I will do to thee all that thou requirest, for all the city of my people doth know that thou art a virtuous woman. If thy kinsman will not take thee to wife, I will." The same custom is referred to in Ezek. xvi. 8: "I spread my skirt over thee—and thou becamest mine." ^{al}

We this day passed a heap of stones, as large as a grave. As we drew near to it, our Arabs all picked up stones and threw them with violence on to the heap. On inquiry, I found it was a robber's grave, and every *honest* Arab who passes marks his indignation by casting a stone upon the body. What a living illustration I had here of Josh. vii. 26; viii. 29; 2 Sam. xviii. 17.

In the afternoon we reached the point where several roads unite, the one from Petra falling in on our right.

In a short time we came to some valleys covered with verdure; pastures fresh and green, often alluded to by the Psalmist; and large flocks of sheep and goats were seen in every direction. One shepherd was sitting down, playing with his flocks, and they really seemed like children about him. We could see his lips moving, but were not near enough to hear what he said. Probably he was "calling them by their names," as such a custom still exists in the east. Another shepherd was leading his flocks to a distant part of the valley. There was no driving here. The shepherd led the way, and the flocks followed.* (John x. 3, 4.) The sheep in this part have large, wide, long tails, composed chiefly of fat, and probably referred to in the first part of Exod. xxix. 22. Dr. Russell says the tail sometimes weighs one-third of the whole sheep, and seldom less than one-fourth. It is never eaten alone, but mixed with lean meat, and often used as butter. In some parts the tails are supported by a thin board on wheels, to keep them from dragging on the ground. I did not see any enclosures such as are referred to in John x. 1; but I believe they do still exist in some parts. I have seen many sheep with red fleeces, and goats with long, fine hair. The shepherds' tents are merely a piece of hair cloth thrown across poles, to protect them from the heat; and these can be removed in less than a minute. (See Isa. xxxviii. 12.)

I made the remark, on page 173, that "every simile the Bible uses, every figure it displays, every scene it portrays, is eastern;" and I repeat the remark here that my readers may not forget that, however vague some expressions in the Bible may appear to them, every word has its significance in reference to Oriental customs, many of which are still existing.

* A traveller once asserted to a Syrian shepherd that the sheep knew the *dress* of their master, not his voice. The shepherd on the other hand asserted it was the *voice* they knew. To settle the point, he and the traveller changed dresses, and went among the sheep. The traveller, in the shepherd's dress, called on the sheep, and tried to lead them; but "they knew not his voice," and never moved. On the other hand, they ran at once at the call of their owner, though disguised in the traveller's dress.

Proceeding onwards, we saw on our left the ruins of a town on a hill, which our guide said was Eboda; and in three or four hours we reached Rehoboth, where Isaac digged a well. (Gen. xxvi. 22.) From this place Gaza is not more than about 40 miles, on the left.

We soon afterwards passed over the ruins of a town, which our dragoman said had been inhabited by Christians, but was destroyed by the Saracens. Many wild flowers were growing about the ruins. There was a wall nearly 9 ft. in diameter, and the remains of several watch towers. (2 Chron. xiv. 7.) A dry torrent bed nearly surrounded the place, and the country was covered with heath for miles round. (Jer. xlviii. 6.) Here were lizards by hundreds, and birds were sweetly singing. From Dr. Robinson's description, I believe this was Elusa.

We were now out of the desert. I have read over my remarks on the desert since they were in type, and I am grieved my accounts are so meagre. The whole seems to me like a dream. If I could only express what I feel, I might have some hope that my readers would really appreciate the efforts of my pen.

We next came to a village, in the most lovely spot I had seen since I left Europe. There was an abundance of food growing for both man and beast. Hills and valleys were alike covered with verdure, and the number of flocks of sheep and goats was exceedingly large. Here I saw two white camels, and here we pitched our tent. An Arab supplied us with milk, and would not accept of anything by way of payment. We were now on the borders of the "promised land;" in fact, at Beersheba. It was here that Abraham dwelt. (Gen. xxii. 19.) For aught I knew, our tent might be standing on the very spot on which his tent was pitched. Here also are two or three ancient wells, one of them perhaps the very one that Abraham dug. The Arabs call the place Bur-es-Seba.*

* Beersheba was first given to Judah, but afterwards to Simeon, though, from 2 Sam. xxiv. 7, it would appear that it was popularly spoken of as belonging to Judah. It struck me as singular that there was no natural boundary between the place and the country we had just left. I had expected to see either some formidable mountain, or some other unmistakeable "landmark," especially as I knew that, at every other point, the Holy Land was bounded by either mountains or water; but the fact appears to be that, while on its other sides it is bounded by water or mountains, as I have said, *they* separated it from the lands of *strangers*, such as the Ammonites, Moabites, &c.; whereas, at Beersheba, it was merely a line between the descendants of Abraham, as the south of Beersheba was occupied by Ishmaelites, who were to dwell in the presence of their brethren the Hebrews; and the promise given to Abraham was that his seed, which included the Ishmaelites, and not merely the children of Israel, should be as the stars.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BEERSHEBA TO JERUSALEM.

The Holy Land, or the Land of Canaan, otherwise called Palestine, which name it derived from the Philistines, or Pales-tines, who originally inhabited the coast, is a narrow strip of land, bounded on the west by the Mediterranean, or "Great Sea," and on the east by the river Jordan, though three of the tribes, Reuben, Gad, and Manasseh, had their portion on the east of the Jordan. During the reigns of David and Solomon, however, the kingdom extended beyond the Jordan, even to the Euphrates, from which river, Tadmor in the wilderness (2 Chron. viii. 4,) now called Palmyra, is distant about 110 miles. This ancient city is now in ruins. Solomon's kingdom also included a great part of Syria, even beyond Damascus, and extended to the Persian Gulf, embracing all Edom, or Idumæa. This did not, however, stand beyond the lines promised in Gen. xv. 18.

In the time of Moses, the population amounted to about two millions and a half; but in the reign of David, they had increased two-fold, viz., to five millions, besides the tributary nations who had been conquered by them.

After the kingdom of Israel fell before the Assyrian conqueror in the year 721 B.C., the country was the scene of continual changes and revolutions, until, in 1317, it was swallowed up in the Turkish empire.

"Trodden down

By all in turn, Pagan, and Frank, and Tartar,—
So runs the dread anathema,—trodden down
Beneath the oppressor; darkness shrouding thee
From every blessed influence of heaven;
Thus hast thou lain for ages, iron bound
As with a curse. Thus art thou doomed to lie."

On leaving the place of our tent, we found the valley covered with ruins, broken tiles, &c. Just as we had passed these ruins, three men on horseback, and armed to the teeth, rode up to us and ordered us to stop. Our dragoman, at the risk of breaking his leg, immediately jumped from his camel, and seizing two horse pistols which he had in his bag, showed most determined signs of resistance. Meantime our camels were proceeding, and the robbers fell into the rear. Instead of going away, however, the fellows turned round, and began to "take stock," or make calculations of our strength. Seeing this, we halted, and Mr. Gray took out of his box two pocket pistols. They were not loaded, but, as the robbers did not know this, they galloped off. It was curious enough that,

not only were G.'s pistols not loaded, but one of our dragoman's was in the same state, and the other had no firelock; so, had we come to close quarters, we should soon have got the worst of it. We saw no more of the men for some time, and then they were galloping along the plain on our left, evidently, as we supposed, going for reinforcements. We saw one of them fire a pistol, and they were soon afterwards out of sight. Several Arabs, with long hair and their heads uncovered, were galloping about, having lances in their hands. As the wind blew their long hair over their faces, and in all directions, they looked wild and ferocious in the extreme. An Arab boasts that he can pick up anything from the ground with his spear while his horse is at full gallop.

A little farther on, the fields looked quite black, as though covered with soot. On arriving at the spot, we found the appearance was caused by locusts, which were jumping about by millions. They ate everything in their way, and then moved in a body to another spot.* They have been known to consume, in a single hour, everything that was green on 100 acres. (See Deut. xxviii. 38; Prov. xxx. 27; &c.)

Locusts are eaten in the east. They are often gathered in sacks, and boiled, sometimes in water, at others in butter. Some say John the Baptist ate them, though others think the locusts he ate were a fruit called carouba, or locust. There are two kinds of locusts, some having four legs only, which the Jews were forbidden to eat, and others with six, four for walking and two for leaping; and these might be eaten. (See Lev. xi. 20-22.) Birds, foxes, &c., devour great numbers, and a high wind or cold rain is said to destroy millions; and it is well it is so.

So plentiful were the crops everywhere except where the locusts had been, that I think the time must have been when the ground groaned to be relieved of its produce. There were hundreds of camels, horses, donkeys, cattle, sheep, and goats,

* The Arabs call them "Faras-el-purdy," or Soldiers' Horses; and this is doubtless why they were compared to horses in Rev. ix. 7, 9. In Joel ii. 2-11 their movements are fully described. Their leavings seem as if parched with fire; (verse 3;) their heads resemble those of horses; (ver. 4;) when they leap from place to place, the sound is like the crackling of burning stubble, as I can testify; (ver. 5;) they rush straight on without regarding obstacles; (ver. 7;) if they alight on anything sharp, it hurts them not; (ver. 8;) nothing is impassable to them, no height of wall being sufficient to prevent their entering in at the windows; (ver. 9.) The earth (the common people) quakes before them; the heavens (the kings) tremble; the sun and moon (the nobles) become dark, &c. Such are the figures used in verse 10.

grazing all around. In various parts, we saw stakes driven into the ground, and in others large stones placed, to divide the fields, instead of hedge rows, of which there were none. These stones and stakes are the "landmarks" mentioned in Deut. xxvii. 17.

We next came up to an Arab encampment. I counted 75 tents, in the form of a crescent, and most of them were black,



AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT.



"black as the tents of Kedar," made of goats' hair. In one of these tents we saw 12 men; so, if they each contained an equal number, there must have been 900 men, besides women and children; but this is not probable. The only *furniture* we saw inside any of them was a water pot and a mat for prayers. Indeed, these wandering Arabs never possess much, except a copper boiler, a pair of corn mill stones, a leather churn, some water skins, a wooden kneading trough, a goblet or two, and a coffee pot. They never have to work for their living, or at any rate only in a very small degree, but live upon the spontaneous productions of the earth. If, in the Bible, we read of the patriarchs, we read a true description of the "dwellers in tents" of the present day.* As the patriarchs lived, so these wanderers live now. They still drive their flocks from well to well, from pasture to pasture, as Joseph's brethren removed with their herds from Hebron to Shechem, and from Shechem to Dothan. (Gen. xxxvii. 14-17. See also 1 Kings xviii. 5.) A plurality of wives is tolerated by the Koran; and where they exist, the women with their children dwell in separate tents, just as Rachel and Leah did; and the "furniture," that is, the saddles, &c., of the camels, still

* Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents. (Gen. xxv. 27.) To this day the richest sheikh amongst these nomade tribes dwells in a tent; and, moreover, he is expected to pitch it nearest to the spot where wayfaring men are most likely to arrive, that he may entertain them.

The Rechabites also were dwellers in tents. They built no houses, planted no vineyards, nor drank any wine. They probably, like the Bedouins of the present day, considered that those who built houses, and dwelt in them, might be more easily brought under the yoke of a tyrant than those who wandered about with their flocks, living on the simple and spontaneous productions of the earth. (See Jer. xxxv.)

The expression in Isa. liv. 2, "Enlarge the place of thy tent," signifies prosperity. The tabernacle in the wilderness was a tent, and was beautifully hung with curtains, &c.; (Exod. xxvi. 1;) and so was Solomon's tent. When the Psalmist and Isaiah speak of "stretching out the heavens as a curtain," they use the beautiful figure of a tent, and its graceful wavings in the wind. So, when Paul compares our life here to an "earthly tabernacle," he forcibly expresses its uncertain duration, pitched here to-day, in health and vigor, but removed to-morrow, the place thereof knowing it no more. Nor is he less happy when he contrasts this mere temporary house, this transient home, with one of abiding stability, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." (2 Cor. v. 1.) The same striking comparison is made in Heb. xi. 9, 10, and viii. 2, where Abraham's dwelling in tabernacles is set against his hope of a city which hath immovable foundations,—of "a tabernacle which the Lord hath pitched, and not man."

Job (xxx. 11) says, "He hath loosed my cord;" by which he means, He hath cast down my tent, or destroyed my prosperity; and the same figure is used by Jeremiah, in x. 20, tabernacle meaning tent.

forms seats, as the Arabs in the desert have neither chairs nor tables. (Gen. xxxi. 33, 34.)

A little farther on, we stumbled upon another encampment. As soon as we came opposite to the tents, a great number of men and boys ran up to us, and, taking hold of our sheikh's camel, threw both sheikh and camel to the ground. Our dragoman and men all trembled with fear, and I wondered what would come next. My companions and I immediately dismounted, and ran to the sheikh's assistance; but what could we have done amongst so many? My eye was, however, directed upward, and I certainly did not feel the slightest fear. We imagined that they had been apprised of our approach by the three robbers I spoke of on page 446. Presently we saw a man in a rich silk gown running toward us, and he immediately ordered the people to stand back. He was instantly obeyed, being, as he soon told us, the governor of that district. He had come from Daheriyeh, to collect taxes from these wandering tribes. He told us if we would give him two dollars, he would conduct us safely to his village. My reply was that I was an Englishman, and that I expected he would conduct us without fee; at any rate, he must leave the amount of his bucksheesh to us. He thereupon led the way, and we passed on in safety, Daheriyeh being about six miles farther on, and the said governor walking all the way. We soon reached the southern mountains of Judea, passing over some of them, and then along deep, narrow valleys. The hills were full of caves and the valleys of wells.

We arrived at Daheriyeh earlier than we had expected; but we found it impossible to learn, with anything like accuracy, the distance from one place to another.

Daheriyeh is a good-sized village, partly built of stone, which contrasted favorably with the mud cottages of Egypt. The valley all round was quite full of corn in ear. The governor inquired if we should like to sleep in a house, and the very thought of doing so caused a momentary pleasure; but, on seeing the said house, we soon changed our minds. It was built of mud, and consisted of only one room, with a partition about two-thirds of the way across it. At the farther end of it was a baker's oven, flat cakes being then in course of preparation, and about a dozen Arabs being squatted in front of it, with their long pipes, smoking. On the right side were a henroost, pigeon box, &c., the tenants of which had retired to rest; and on the left were a goat and a donkey. The floor was, of course, only dry mud, and it very much resembled a half-ploughed field. There was no chimney, nor window, nor any other aperture,

except one in the front, about 5 ft. high, which had to serve the offices of smoke escaper, light admitter, ventilator, and doorway. We soon scrambled out of this hole, and told the governor we were afraid it would be too *hot* for us. We therefore again pitched our tent, and the villagers soon supplied us with eggs, bread, and milk. One thing I remarked in this bakehouse, that there was a quantity of mixed stubble lying on the floor, for burning, instead of wood. This is a very common custom in the east, where wood is scarce, and I saw no trees growing anywhere in this district. Does it not beautifully explain Matt. vi. 28-30? Shortly after our arrival, we took a guide from the village, and went to inspect an old sheikh's tomb, held in great veneration; but it was nothing particular. On turning a corner, we came upon a well, where were several women with their water pots; but immediately that they saw us they ran away, leaving their water pots behind. I took one of the pots up, to taste the water, which was good, and I observed that as soon as I was gone, the owner poured out the remainder and re-filled her pot. One of my companions ventured to look into one of the cottages, when a woman rushed out, and, raising an alarm, aroused half the village.

On our return to the tent, we found our dragoman in a sad fright, for some one had stolen one of his pistols, the only one that was worth anything; namely, the one with a firelock. We immediately sent for the governor, but he pretended to be perfectly horrified at the thought of such a thing, and declared we must have lost it. He, however, said he would cause a diligent search to be made; but this was without effect, as the pistol was not forthcoming. My companions then went, very imprudently, I think, to take a walk, and, as it was my day to superintend the *domestic* arrangements, (for we took it in turns,) they left me to manage in the best way I could. After thinking for a few moments, I ordered the dragoman to prepare some coffee, which he did; and I invited the governor, the schoolmaster, and three or four others, to come into the tent and take coffee with me; an invitation which, having first taken off their shoes, they readily accepted. Having partaken of coffee, I offered them biscuits, which they also took; but, as was also the case with the coffee, I had to take some myself first, to satisfy them it was not poisoned. And now it was *my* turn. I directed Antonio to tell the governor once more that I was an Englishman, and to exhibit my passport in the way he had done at Nackell, where the experiment had succeeded so well, and to say that, as he had now taken bread with me, he could not break faith with me; but that if he did,

and if the pistol were not immediately forthcoming, I would report him next day to the governor of Hebron, who would send some soldiers to seize them all, as the sultan would not allow an Englishman to be ill used or robbed, without punishing the perpetrators. Upon hearing this, the governor turned pale. He had not seen the trap that I had laid for him. It was on this account that the prophet was forbidden to eat bread or drink water in Bethel; for, had he done so, he could not have prophesied against it, without violating all the existing laws of hospitality. (1 Kings xiii. 7-9.) And again, in Joshua ix. 14, it is said, "The men took of their victuals and asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord;" and then Joshua "made peace with them;" which, indeed, he was bound to do, having taken of their victuals. So the governor of Daheriyeh, finding he was caught, said something to a man that was standing by, and in less than three minutes the pistol was brought into the tent, thus proving that the governor was as deeply implicated in the robbery as any of his men. When my companions returned, they seemed greatly astonished; but one of them, I regret to say, carried his national prejudices to such an extent as to be more than half vexed; and he took the opportunity of ridiculing the Royal arms, which were at the head of my passport. However, I passed over this, knowing that we should very soon separate.

The governor, with perfect self-possession, now informed us that, as this was a *bad* neighborhood, we had better have a man to guard us during the night. To this we made no objection, as we knew that by this means we should make the whole village responsible for anything that might be stolen. We therefore engaged one, after a good deal of wrangling as to the amount of bucksheesh, but which was finally settled at five piastres. Afterwards, however, we had to engage two more men, as the first one pretended he was afraid to watch alone. One had a kind of hatchet, another a spear, and the third a club.

Here we had to change camels again, and again had we to endure the torture of bargaining for a fresh lot, though not so bad as at Nackell. Of course we had also to pay the remainder of the money for the other camels; but we positively refused to pay for the tenth camel, which had not been sent. The sheikh cried and raved, but the governor took our part, and we triumphed.

The next morning, the roars for bucksheesh exceeded anything I had ever heard before, the governor taking the lead, though we had given him our water casks and a host of other

things. The attempts at robbery were most provoking. Every man, every boy, seemed as though he thought he had a right to help himself to anything we had; and we had each to look after ourselves. From the eldest to the youngest, they were the greediest wolves I had ever met with. We got off, however, tolerably well; and I can truly say I felt thankful for it. A few years must have made a great difference in these people, as Mr. Fisk describes them as being, when he was there in 1842, civil, and having none of the peculiarities of the wild Bedouins.

Our way lay over rough hills, the hills of Judea, and through divided fields of corn, stones being put up as landmarks, though in some places were walls. We had now only seven camels, two men, and three boys with us. My camel was an exceedingly uncomfortable one; so much so that, despite the heat of the day and ruggedness of the path, I preferred walking the greater part of the distance; but I walked cheerfully, knowing that I was treading the very path which had been trodden by holy men of old, and by Joseph and Mary on their flight into Egypt, being the direct way from Bethlehem to Beersheba. The scenery was romantic, and the cliffs, in some parts, were huge and precipitous, greatly resembling the old coach road between Bakewell and Buxton, in Derbyshire. The whole district bears marks of having once been densely populated.

Our voices echoed and re-echoed most melodiously among the hills. Wild roses and other flowers were growing in abundance, and wells of good water were also plentiful.

In about five hours, we passed over a hill, and then Hebron, in its picturesqueness, stood before us, on the opposite side of the valley. All the houses are high and built of stone, not *rough* stone, but *hewn* stone, well squared. Having flat roofs surmounted with cupolas, and the town being built on the hill side, the effect is most striking. Olive groves, vineyards, fig plantations, pomegranate trees, and general fruitfulness lay on every hand, with the plains of Mamre below. (See Exod. iii. 8.) From one of these hills, Abraham cast his eyes toward Sodom, and, behold, "the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." (Gen. xix. 28.)*

* The ancestors of Abraham were idolaters, and probably Abraham also, until called of God. (Gen. xii. 1.) The Arabs say that Abraham's father was a priest, and a maker and seller of images; and that one day Abraham broke all the images except one, and then told his father that this one had destroyed all the rest, just to show his father the absurdity of worshipping images. The Jews add to this, that he was cast into a burning furnace for the act, but came forth unburnt.

Hebron is called by the Arabs El Hhalil, "the Friend," and sometimes Hhalil Rachman, "the Friend of the Merciful," or, "the Friend of God." (See 2 Chron. xx. 7; Isa. xli. 8; Jas. ii. 23.) The town is said now to contain about 10,000 inhabitants, one-fourth of whom are Jews. Here 10,000 Jews, who had escaped from Jerusalem, at the time of the siege, were sold into slavery. Until the time of Mehemet Ali, quarrels were ever arising between the inhabitants of Hebron and the Christians of Bethlehem; but when Ibrahim Pasha marched his army into Syria, he put a stop to them.

We pitched our tent outside the town, near a pool of good water, which was, perhaps, the well over which David hung the bodies of Rechab and Baanah. (2 Sam. iv. 12.) There were flights of steps down at each corner. There is another well not far off, and one of them is assuredly the one. Both are very ancient. We were speedily waited upon by the governor and doctor of the town, both Turks, accompanied by a guard of soldiers. They told us we should have to perform 15 days' quarantine before we could proceed, as no man from Egypt was allowed to enter any part of the Turkish dominions without. This announcement would, had it been possible, have made my hair stand on end; for, come what would, I had felt determined to reach Beyrout in time for the steamer. We had understood when we left Cairo that we should be detained some little time, and, being Saturday, we should have been willing enough to remain until Monday; but to be prisoners for 15 days was horrible to anticipate. But what could we do? The governor and doctor, having fulfilled their mission, returned to the fort, and left us to ruminate.

After dinner, we went into the town, and found it, like all other towns in the east, very deceptive, imposing when viewed from a distance, but consisting of dark, narrow, dirty streets. One of the first things we went to see was the mosque, now standing over the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah were buried; but we were not allowed to enter. Helena erected a church over the cave, about the year 326, and this is now converted into a Turkish mosque. All the sepulchres are said to be covered with rich carpets of silk, magnificently embroidered with gold, furnished, from time to time, by the sultans of Constantinople. "More than 100 persons are employed in the service of this mosque, affording, with the decorations lavished upon the structure, a remarkable contrast to the simple life of the venerable persons to whose memory it is meant to do honor."

No one hardly doubts that here is really the piece of ground

which Abraham purchased of the children (descendants) of Heth, (Gen. xxiii.,) which was over against Mamre, *the same* as Hebron, and not merely *near* it, as some writers suppose.

Josephus says the monuments of the patriarchs at Hebron are of the finest marble; but this is probably a mistake; though, as no Christian or Jew, or even Mahometan of recent times, has been allowed to see them, nothing positive can be known. Whatever they are, they are excluded from view by the mosque which covers them. No one prevented our examining the exterior of the mosque, part of which is said to be Jewish work. Indeed, the Jews believe that the foundations, which still remain, notwithstanding Mahometan destructions, were built by Solomon. The entrance is by a long flight of steps. Burckhardt was admitted into the mosque, but it is certain he was not allowed to go below, into the caves. The entrance to them is guarded by iron gates, and wooden doors plated with silver, having silver bolts and padlocks. The missionaries from the Church of Scotland, being accompanied by the English Consul from Jerusalem, were conducted up the staircase, but not a foot was suffered to tread on the marble floor of the mosque.

A few yards from the mosque is shown what is called the sepulchre of Abner, in which David caused the head of Ishbosheth to be buried. (2 Sam. iv. 12.) Some Jewish writers insist upon it that Adam and Eve were also buried at Hebron.

The town, until ruined by the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pasha, was a place of considerable importance. There is still a large manufactory of water skins and glass lamps and bracelets. I saw a large quantity, ready packed to be sent to Egypt.

My Scotch companion conversed in Italian with one or two Jews. They described the Jews in Hebron as being comfortably off compared with their brethren in Jerusalem, though they had suffered greatly, in 1834, when Ibrahim Pasha stormed the place, and let loose his soldiers, like blood-hounds, upon the people. Since then, however, travellers have been allowed to visit the place unmolestedly. The price paid was an immense sacrifice of human blood; but Mehemet Ali certainly accomplished much good thereby. "You are safe here," he once said to our Consul-General in Egypt, "and you should also have been safe in Palestine and Syria, had you allowed me to retain possession of them;" referring, of course, to the English driving the Egyptians back, after the siege of Acre.

In the valleys between Bethlehem and Hebron, David once lived as a poor shepherd boy, and he therefore well knew even the literal meaning of his own words, "He maketh me to lie

down in green pastures;" and at Hebron he was afterwards anointed king over all Israel. For seven years and a half, he made Hebron the royal city; that is, until he was made king over all Israel, for, prior to that, he had been king of Judah only; and then he removed to Jerusalem; but, during those seven years and a half, it is probable he wrote many of his psalms. As Absalom's rebellion commenced in Hebron, it is likely that he stirred up the people on this account, promising them that if they made him king in the room of his father, he would restore to them their privileges. Indeed, I think this fact is confirmed by 2 Sam. xv. 10: "Then ye shall say, Absalom reigneth in Hebron." Here too it was, that "Abraham and others enjoyed peculiar communion with God, and here that God brought Abraham forth, and said, Look toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them! So shall thy seed be."

Hebron was one of the cities of refuge appointed by the command of God. (Num. xxxv. 13, 15; Josh. xx. 7.) Hither the man-slayer was to flee from the avenger of blood. Prior to the time of Moses, it was with the Israelites as it was and still is with the Bedouins. If a man slew another, the family, or tribe, to which the slain belonged never rested until either the murderer, or some one belonging to his family or tribe, had been slain by them. This was called blood revenge. It was not considered cruel, but was a point of honor; and it was as much the duty of the next of kin to the slain to pursue and take away the life of the slayer as it now is in England to aid in bringing a murderer to justice. As it was, however, a barbarous custom, God commanded that it should be put an end to; and for this purpose the cities of refuge were appointed, so that the man-slayer might be protected until he had been tried by "the congregation."* (Num. xxxv. 15-28.) Jewish writers say that the people had to furnish him with every necessary until his death. To this day the Bedouins often say, "There is blood between us!" and that blood must be revenged. They insist upon having "like for like,"—"blood for blood, life for life." (See Matt. v. 38, 39.) I have before me several most appalling accounts of the consequences of this custom; but I must pass them by. I may mention, how-

* Need I refer my readers to the heart-stirring figures which are used, both in the Old Testament and the New, drawn from these cities of refuge? I feel sure many of them will already have anticipated me. See especially Ps. xlv. 1, 7, 11; xlviii. 3; lvii. 1; Heb. vi. 18. The term "sanctuary" sometimes means refuge, as in Isa. viii. 14 and Ezek. xi. 10, the idea being taken from these cities of refuge.

ever, that sometimes the relatives of the person slain will accept of money or camels in lieu of blood; and this is called "the price of blood;" but the Israelites were not permitted to accept of any compensation for the life of a man who had been proved to be guilty of wilful murder. (Num. xxxv. 31.) A Mahometan is by no means to lose his life for killing "an infidel."

In the plain behind the hills, Abraham and Isaac fed their flocks; (Gen. xiii. 18; xxxv. 27;) and here the Lord promised Abraham a son. The ruins of a house a little way off are pointed to as having been the house of Abraham; but this is a "pious" mistake, as Abraham never lived in a house, but always in a tent. A well is also shown, near which Abraham is said to have received the angels. (Gen. xviii.) The plain is still very luxuriant. In or near the plain, probably Jacob and his sons sojourned, prior to their going down into Egypt to Joseph.

Shortly after we had returned to our tent, the doctor came alone, and lectured us severely for daring to enter the town without having received pratique. (See page 93.) It certainly had not occurred to us that we were doing wrong; though, according to the law of all nations, a man who breaks the quarantine rules is punishable with death. However, he told us that, though he had the power to detain us for 15 days, if we would give him 100 piastres he would let us have pratique immediately, provided we would promise not to leave before morning. The money was speedily in his hand, and we soon engaged mules, for we had now done with camels, though we had not much faith in the doctor's assurances. Shortly afterwards, we threw ourselves on our mattresses.

During the night, the town appeared to be surrounded with wild animals. The howling of wolves, the screaming of jackals,* and the crying of foxes, were incessant and appalling; and these were answered by the barking of the dogs in the town, bidding defiance to the threatening invaders. The noises kept me awake every minute of the night. Our watchmen had a fire burning, and I believe it was necessary to keep off

* The word translated foxes in Judges xv. 4, 5, probably means jackals, as jackals were and still are very numerous all over Palestine. When it is said that Samson caught 300, it does not mean that he caught them with his own hands, any more than Solomon built the temple with his own hands, though he is said to have built it. Samson was ruler over Israel, and, therefore, had plenty of men at command to obey his orders, and they could doubtless have caught 3,000 jackals if necessary. These jackals were probably "the little foxes" which destroyed the vines mentioned in Song ii. 15.

the wild animals. This is the custom, not only in the east but all over the world, and is figuratively referred to in Zech. ii. 5. As a set-off to these noises, however, I may mention that I heard the nightingale, warbling its sweetest notes, and soothing the otherwise unqualified wretchedness of the night.*

In the morning, having no desire to see the doctor come and tell us he had changed his mind, we were off betimes. Our way lay along the valley of Eshcol. (Num. xiii. 24.) The road was rough, but on both sides of us were numbers of vineyards,† and olive groves and watch towers were standing in every direction. These towers are occupied by the people during the time of the vintage, so that few persons are then left in the town. Here also were the ancient winepresses. (Matt. xxi. 33.) The grapes of Hebron are still considered the finest in all the Holy Land. The abundance of grapes which fell to Judah's lot no man can doubt who sees the country even in its present deplorably neglected state. This abundance was foretold in Jacob's blessing, as given in Gen. xlix. 11, 12. Walnuts, pears, apples, cherries, and plums will not thrive well here; but other fruits, such as pomegranates, citrons, oranges, apricots, &c., grow to perfection. Bunches of grapes, weighing from 6 lb. to 7 lb., are said to be by no means uncommon; and Sir Moses Montefiore said he saw one bunch at Hebron a yard long. It was probably such a bunch that the spies carried betwixt two, though it might have been carried in that way to keep it from being injured. (Num. xiii. 23.) Dr. Kitto says the Duke of Portland produced a bunch of grapes at Welbeck that weighed 19 lbs., which he sent as a present to the Marquis of Rockingham, 19 miles distant, borne by men on a staff. Even travellers from Italy, where the finest grapes in Europe are grown, have expressed their astonishment at the size of the grapes and clusters in Palestine. The finest grapes are dried as raisins, and the juice of the rest, after being trodden or pressed out, is boiled down to a syrup, which, under the name of *dipbse*, corresponding

* The nightingale is heard all over Palestine, especially about the banks of the Jordan. The lark also is a native. Game is abundant, especially partridges, which are fat and heavy.

† See Isaiah v. 2—4. Here we read of "*wild grapes*." These probably refer to a plant which the Arabs call *Anebel dib*, or wolf's grapes, or hoary night-shade. Like the true vine, it is a creeper, and somewhat resembles the true; but it is very pernicious to the true vine. It is, indeed, poisonous. "O thou man of God," cried the men who were eating of the pottage made of the fruit of this wild vine, "there is death in the pot." But Elisha cast meal into the pot, and the pottage became wholesome. (2 Kings iv. 30—41.)

with the Hebrew word for honey, is much used by all classes. We also passed a large number of ruined walls and some ancient wells; and a stream of water, from a *living* well, ran along the valley for some distance. Probably this was why, in Num. xiii. 24, the valley is called the *brook* Eshcol. The hills, the valleys, and the springs are all here, as of old, "a land of brooks of water and fountains," some of the streams flowing fresh and cool from the mountains.

The vineyards do not now extend for more than three miles; but the prospect, for about 12 or 15 miles, is truly beautiful, rivalled only by Greece, a succession of hills and dales, craggy rocks and sheltered nooks, rugged glens and peaceful plains. No sooner did we leave one luxuriant vale than another opened before us, seemingly still more beautiful; and as we crossed this hill or traversed that valley, I was constantly reminded of the Divine assurance to the Israelites that it was "a land of hills and valleys, clothed with woods," "a *good* land," a land in which bread should be eaten "without scarceness." (Deut. viii. 7-9.) Many of the hills contain caves, and in the crevices bees often take up their abode, whence the honey flows down the sides of the rocks, *literally* confirming the assurance that it was a land "flowing with honey."* (See also Deut. xxxii. 13 and Ps. lxxxi. 16.)

The valleys, I believe, bear plentiful crops of tobacco, wheat, barley, and millet. If the vegetation now seem in some places to languish, or even, during the extreme heats, to become extinct, such exceptions to the prevailing luxuriance must not be ascribed solely to the general character of all hot climates, nor to the barrenness of the soil, but more to the state of barbarism into which all Turkish provinces have sunk. Though loneliness and barrenness are now in many places beheld where fruitfulness and prosperity once abounded, the *face* of the country remains the same, the rocks, mountains, and valleys being unchanged. Many ruins are to be found of walls which the

* Bees are so numerous in some parts of the east that they are often very troublesome, and whole villages have been forsaken on account of them. Park, in his "Travels," relates that some of his companions once attempted to rob a hive, when the little animals rushed upon them with so much fury that the whole company, men, horses, and asses, had to scamper off in all directions. The horses were never caught again, and the asses were so severely stung that they died the next day. May not this explain Deut. i. 44? In the east, bees usually make their nests in rocks or hollow trees, or under stones. Honey is, therefore, often found "on the ground," as in 1 Sam. xiv. 25. The words translated "honey-comb," in Ps. xix. 10, and in several other places, mean literally the *droppings* from the honey-comb, which are always considered the sweetest of the honey.

ancient cultivators built to support the soil, in terraces, on the declivities of the mountains; of the tanks in which they collected the rain water; and of the little canals by which this water was distributed over the fields; all of which have now fallen into disuse.

About three miles from Hebron is a well called Ayun Derwa, which is probably the one at which Abner was treacherously seized by Joab's messengers. (2 Sam. iii. 26.)

In about five hours, the road became more and more rugged, and the hills wearisome, as they were almost destitute of cultivation. We had passed, on our right or left, several places mentioned in the Old Testament, but it would be tedious to name them all. It is only with the Bible in our hand that we ought to visit Palestine; for, on every other account, its annoyances would greatly outweigh its pleasures.

About noon, we reached the Pools of Solomon, three deep reservoirs, supplied by very powerful springs of excellent water, and thence conveyed to Bethlehem and Jerusalem, by means of an aqueduct. Dr. Robinson measured these reservoirs, and describes the lower one as 582 ft. long, and 207 ft. wide at one end and 148 ft. at the other. The others are not so large. They are constructed of stone, covered with cement. The springs have been all so secured as to leave no way of escape for the water but into the aqueduct. The people of Bethlehem say that, in allusion to these springs, Solomon called his spouse "a fountain sealed."

That these reservoirs were constructed by Solomon, few seem to doubt, as they bear unmistakeable evidence of high antiquity; and it is probable that it was to these pools and the gardens around them that he referred, when he penned Eccl. ii. 5. When I was there, the water was rushing with violence from the lower pool, but there was not much water in the upper pool. The water flows from the upper one into the middle one, and thence into the lower one.

This spot is supposed to be the Etam referred to in Judg. xv. 8, 11; and Tekoa was not far distant. (2 Chron. xi. 6.)

On leaving the pools, cultivation almost entirely disappeared, and we wended our way along a narrow valley, the hills on either side being nothing but barren rocks, on which the rays of the sun were reflected with such intense heat as to make the journey most distressing. In less than an hour we beheld Bethlehem, which is, indeed, "a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid," and is, I think, when viewed from a distance, the prettiest little town I ever saw. But

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;"

for, like all other eastern towns, the interior is dirty; only this is "more so."

Having reached the summit of the hill, we entered the town, and were immediately conducted to the convent, said to be erected over the spot on which the stable stood in which the Redeemer was born. As I rode along the main street, I forgot all the pains I was enduring owing to over-much fatigue, and felt a serenity of soul I cannot describe; but the moment I entered the convent, I became as unfeeling as brass, for the mummeries of the place were revolting. A lighted candle being put into my hands, I descended into the vault below the church, excavated in the rock, and paved with marble. The vault, which is called the Grotto of the Nativity, was lighted up with dozens of lamps and tapers. It is in the hands of the Romanists, Greeks, and Armenians.

At the extremity of this place, a circle in the floor, composed of jasper, &c., surrounded with silver, and having rays like the sun, is shown as marking the *very* spot where the Son of Man first appeared in human flesh. A *marble* manger is also shown, in which the friars insist that the Infant of Days was laid; but this is playing upon our credulity rather too much.* Certain it is, that the Redeemer *was* born in Bethlehem, and it is equally certain that Bethlehem stands now where it stood then; but I am not prepared to say that the cave here shown must be the stable of the nativity, though the fact of its being a cave is no argument against it, as I have myself seen caves used as stables in the east, and doubtless they were so 2,000 years ago; but the probability is, that the stable was in the court of one of the public khans, or caravanserais, which are common in the east, and of which I may have to speak presently. Nevertheless, it is remarkable, as one writer says, that almost every occurrence is represented as having taken place in a cave. Thus, if you would see the place where St. Anne was delivered of the blessed Virgin, you are carried to a cave; if the place of the Annunciation, it is also a cave; if the place where the blessed Virgin saluted Elizabeth, if that of the Baptist's or our Saviour's nativity, if that of the agony, or that of St. Peter's repentance, or that where the apostles made the creed, or that of the Transfiguration; all these places, as pointed out, are caves.

* The present Pope, a short time ago, sent a piece of *wood* to the Duke of Brabant, as part of the manger; yet the manger, as shown at Bethlehem, is a marble one. One traveller says the friars admitted to him that this was not the real manger; but, if they did, they were not equally honest with us.

In the upper church there is a star inlaid in the floor, immediately under the spot, as the priests say, where the supernatural sign became visible to the wise men, and being directly over the circle. Mr. Stephens, an intelligent American, who was at Bethlehem a few years ago, says, "The friars sometimes show a grotto where they say the Virgin took refuge from a shower of rain, and her milk overflowed; and now there is a faith among the people that, if a woman to whom nature has denied the power of nursing her children comes to this grotto, and prays before the altar, the fountain of life will be opened to her. Nor was the virtue of the place confined to those who should resort there in person; for the friars having prayed for, had obtained, a delegation of the Virgin's power; and a small portion of powder from the rock, swallowed in a little water, would be equally efficacious to women having faith." The hand of one of the children murdered by Herod, the corner in which Joseph waited to hear the news of the birth, the spot on which the wise men sat when they went to offer their gifts, and even the place where Herod murdered the innocents,—all these, and many others, the friars of the convent are, in their way, sufficiently learned in historical details to be able to show. I did not see them; but it was, I presume, because I did not give the friars time to show them to me, for I left the place in disgust; and then I began to thank God I was not as other men,—not as these Papists. My mouth was, however, afterwards closed in a way which it would be out of place to name here; and I was compelled to exclaim, "O wretched man that I am!"

Not only was Bethlehem the birth-place of the Saviour, but it was also the birth-place of David; and other objects of interest attach to the place, which crowd upon the mind at once. Here Samuel first anointed David king over Judah, the Lord passing by his elder brothers; (1 Sam. xvi. 13;) and here his great grandmother was a poor gleaner, picking up the handfuls that the reapers of Boaz dropped for her. (See Ruth.)

Bethlehem is said to contain at present only about 1,500 inhabitants, all of whom are professed Christians,—Romanists, Greeks, &c. These often quarrel with each other, while the Mahometans around look on with delight. The women are fair,—fair, I mean, as compared with the Egyptians, and seemed especially so to us who had not seen woman's face for so long a time; and they were all unveiled. The young ones wear a kind of hood, descending on each side of the face, and closing across the bosom, but not covering the face.

When Ibrahim Pasha entered the city with his Egyptian

army, he drove out all the Arabs whom he did not kill, saying that Mussulmans and Christians could not live together; but he took a number of Christian boys to work at the factories at Cairo.

The people principally obtain their livelihood by manufacturing Romish devices,—beads (rosaries) made of the kernel of the olive, crucifixes, the Virgin and Child engraved on mother-of-pearl shells from the Red Sea, &c. &c. They all appeared to me to be far more cheerful and high-spirited than the Egyptians, though they were equally persevering as the Arabs at Thebes,—crowding round us and offering for sale the various religious devices; but we purchased nothing.

The hills near Bethlehem are covered with gardens, and the prospect from the town is delightful. Fruits and provisions of every kind appeared to abound.

A ruined village, behind the convent, is pointed out as the spot on which the angels appeared to the shepherds, announcing the Saviour's birth; and a field is shown near, by which "the Virgin once passed and asked for beans. The owner of the field told her there were none; so, to punish him for his falsehood and lack of charity, the beans were all changed into stones, and the country has remained barren ever since!"

Towards the east are the mountains of Moab, from which district Naomi and her daughter travelled to Bethlehem; and a little beyond is the wilderness of Engedi, to which David fled, and where the Ammonites, Moabites, &c., united against Jehoshaphat, but destroyed each other. (2 Chron. xx.)

We had now come 20 miles from Hebron, and had six more to go to Jerusalem. On descending the hill toward Jerusalem, a ruined tower, called, I know not why, the Tower of Simeon, was pointed out. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," said Simeon, when he clasped the Saviour in his arms, "for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The place in which Habakkuk lived is also professed to be shown.

The tomb of Rachel is on our left, having a dome top, similar to the tombs which the Mahometans erect over their saints, or saints; and near to it is the well of which David longed to drink, and from which his three mighty men, breaking through the host of the Philistines, fetched him some of the water. (2 Sam. xxiii. 15.) We also passed a village, said to be on the site of the one in which the shepherds lived, to whom the angels appeared to announce the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth. The birth-place of John the Baptist lay on our left on the other side of the valley. We met many pilgrims returning from Jerusalem, who all bade us welcome.

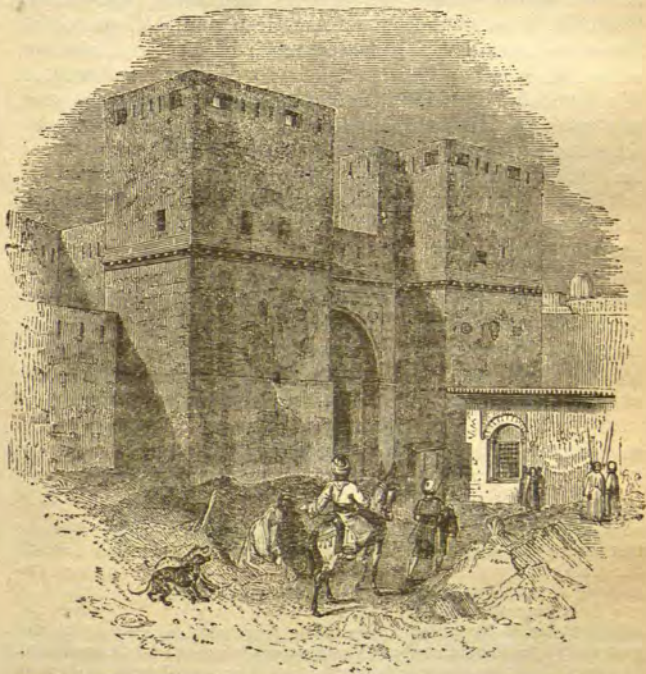


THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

On rising from the valley, we came up to the Greek convent of St. Elias; but we did not tarry to visit it. Here the friars say Elijah rested, on his flight to Beersheba. (1 Kings xix. 4.) A little farther on is a well, which is probably the well of Nephtoah. (Josh. xv. 9.) We see traces of an aqueduct in several places. As it is in some parts formed of earthen pipes, while in others it is constructed of stones and cement, it is probable it has had to undergo repairs, and that the repairs have been executed by ruder hands than those of the original architect. It is believed to have been constructed to convey water into the temple, where much must have been required, in consequence of the frequent sacrifices and washings.

At length Jerusalem opened upon my sight. I was greatly disappointed, for it appeared by no means what I had anticipated. I had read such glowing accounts of first impressions, and magnificent appearances, and so forth, that I had, perhaps, expected too much. The prospect is by no means equal to that of Constantinople. As far as grandeur of appearance goes, I ought to have seen Constantinople *after* I had seen Jerusalem, and then the latter place might have struck me with greater force. As it was, the view of Jerusalem seemed flat and uninteresting. It is true I saw its walls, its domes, its minarets, &c., but similar buildings I had seen

elsewhere, over and over again. Nevertheless, as we drew nearer, it became really imposing, and I unhesitatingly came to the conclusion that it was one of the grandest spectacles in the world. The Mount of Olives rises gracefully beyond the city, while the deep valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat encircle it. But I may say more of this by and by. It was to me a moment of breathless interest.



AN EASTERN GATE.

Just before sunset, we arrived at the Jaffa Gate, where we had to give up our papers, received at Hebron. An officer inquired how much we had paid at Hebron, and we told him, expecting that he would say we had not paid enough. We were, however, allowed to enter the town, riding on our mules. Formerly, no Christian was allowed to ride through the gate, but was compelled to dismount outside. We had pushed hard from Bethlehem to reach the gates before sunset, as we knew there could be no admission into the city after sunset, until

the next morning.* Even at that late hour, I observed several lepers sitting at the gate begging.† We all went to an hotel which had been recommended to us, and ordered tea; shortly after which, our consul, Mr. Finch, sent his janissary with cards for each of us, conveying also the consul's assurance that he would be happy to render us any service in his power. T. and I immediately tendered our cards in return; but our fellow-traveller pushed the consul's card away, exclaiming, "Tell Mr. Finch that I am an American, and shall go to the *Prussian* consul!" I had seen much of Brother Jonathan before, but was hardly prepared for so deliberate an insult as this. "Well," I said, "it is not necessary for you to send any message, but common decency would require that you should at least send your card in return." "No, no, no," said he. "No Britisher for me!" Shortly afterwards, T. and I left him, and took up our abode in the Latin Convent, which stands on Mount Acra. In various parts of the east, there are convents belonging to the Romanists and Greeks, the inmates of which are, I was informed, considered bound to entertain strangers, and to find them bread and water for a certain time, without charge. The Greeks are not, however, very liberal in this respect, while the Latins, or Romanists, open their doors to all. As it was the time of Lent when we were at Jerusalem, we were apprehensive that the friars in the convent would not allow us to have any animal food; but we were mistaken; for they found us bread and wine, and cooked for

* I mentioned on p. 191 that most gates in the east are closed at sunset; which is done as a matter of precaution. When Isaiah (lx. 11) says of Zion, "Thy gates shall be open night and day," he implies perfect security from danger and rest from enemies. Nehemiah ordered the gates of Jerusalem to be kept closed all the Sabbath, to prevent the men of Tyre selling their fish to the Jews on that day. (Neh. xiii. 16.)

+ It is generally believed that lepers are not allowed to enter the city; but Dr. Robinson says they reside together in a few mud hovels just within the Zion Gate; and I cannot say it is not so. It is certain, however, that they are strictly confined to their own district. All that I saw, and I saw many, were most deplorable objects, half starved, and wasted, and some even deformed, by disease. The disease now called leprosy is not exactly like the leprosy described in the Old Testament; but resembles elephantiasis. The disease first makes its appearance in reddish spots, in a circle, which are soon covered with a whitish skin; and this in a little time falls off, leaving the skin red and rough. The circles increase in size, being at first about as large as a shilling and then of a half crown; but they have been known to extend six inches. It is said not to be in any way infectious, but is certainly hereditary. The lepers never marry except among themselves, and their children show symptoms of the disease when from 10 to 14 years of age. They suffer little or no pain, but are said to die by inches, though often living to be 45, and sometimes even 50.

us everything we chose to send for from the butcher's. It is usual for travellers to make the inmates a present on leaving, and it is, indeed, considered unhandsome if they do not do so, unless they are poor.

The bread of the convent was excellent. All travellers who have ever partaken of it are loud in its praises; and justly so; for there is none to equal it in all Palestine, if even in Europe. Some say it is the best in the world, and certainly I never tasted any that surpassed it. The friars make their own wine, and the bread is, I believe, made of the yeast from the wine.

The room in which we slept contained several beds, and, having no carpet and but little furniture, it looked cheerless enough; but to me it was a palace. I had not slept under a roof, except a canvas one, for fifteen nights; and I can have no hesitation in saying that, for the first time in my life, I really knew the value of a house.

On retiring to rest, my bosom glowed with gratitude to God for his mercies. O how I could look back to the time of my leaving home five months before, and trace the way I had been brought! I had lacked nothing, and had been protected and preserved amidst a thousand perils.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—JERUSALEM.

The next morning, as I lay awake on my bed, my thoughts were turned toward Jerusalem. "Am I *really* in Jerusalem? Impossible! What! in the very city which was 'the joy of the whole earth!'" (Ps. xlviii. 2.) Well might I doubt the fact, for to this day I sometimes try to reason myself out of it. But I must not weary my readers with too much about my sensations.

After breakfast, though I could scarcely walk, I hired a guide, and went into the city.

Jerusalem is built on several hills, or mounts, such as Mount Moriah, Mount Aera, Mount Zion, &c., and all on the summit of one larger hill. It is surrounded on all sides, except the north-west, by a deep ravine, with still higher hills,—the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Evil Counsel, &c.; so that the city is almost like an apple in a bowl.

The ravine which embraces the city on the west is Gihon. It commences outside the Bethlehem Gate; or, rather, is a continuation of the plain of Rephaim. From this point it continues toward the south, until it runs into the valley of Hinnom, which skirts the south of Zion, and, at its south-east corner, unites with the Tyropean, or the Cheesemongers' Valley and

the Valley of Siloam. The Tyropean Valley separates Ophel from Zion; and the Siloam Valley, is, strictly speaking, a continuation of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The Valley of Jehoshaphat embraces the north of the city, winding round the east, until it runs into the Valley of Siloam. The ravine Kidron runs along the Valleys of Jehoshaphat and Siloam, and then continues its course along the Valley of Kidron into the Dead Sea; and along this valley also the waters, which, during the rainy seasons, rush down the Valley of Gihon and from the neighboring hills, pass into the Dead Sea.

The valley which, in Josh. xv. 8 and elsewhere, is called Hinnom, is, in 2 Kings xxiii. 10, called Tophet. Here many of the idolatries of the Israelites were practised; and here a murderous Manasseh caused the blood of his human victims to flow, and he and a guilty Ahaz burnt their children in the fire. (2 Kings xxi. 6, 16; 2 Chron. xxviii. 3.)

Direct south of Zion, and on the south also of the Valley of Gihon, is the Hill of Evil Counsel; so called because it is said Caiaphas had a house on its summit, in which the priests and elders met to take counsel how they might kill Jesus. On the east of this, over the Kidron Valley, is the Mount of Offence, on which it is believed Solomon set up the idols to strange gods; and to the north of this is the Mount of Olives, separated from the Hill of Offence by only a depression. These are some of the "mountains which are round about Jerusalem." (Ps. cxxv. 2.)

A short distance from the Bethlehem Gate is the Upper Pool of Gihon. Here Solomon was anointed king by Zadok and Nathan. (1 Kings i. 33, 38, 45.) Here also Rabshakeh stood with his great army, and defied the living God; (Isa. xxxvi. 2-13;) and here the prophet announced to the people that "a virgin should conceive and bear a son." (Isa. vii. 3, 14.) Around the pool is a Mahometan cemetery. On the rising ground above, we obtain a most commanding view of the rich plains of Rephaim, in which David twice defeated the Philistines. Farther on, opposite the south-west of Zion, is the Lower Pool. (Isa. xxii. 9, 11.) Both these pools are in the valley of Gihon.

Following the course of the valley, we arrive at Aceldama, or the Field of Blood; so called because it is believed to be the Potter's Field which was bought with the thirty pieces of silver, "to bury strangers in." (Matt. xxvii. 7, 8; Acts i. 19.) A square pit, or charnel house, sunk in the earth, is still shown here. Some travellers have asserted that the earth is of that peculiar nature that it caused the dead bodies to decay

in 24 hours; but more careful and recent visitors have not been able to authenticate this. A medical gentleman a short time ago examined a sepulchre here, and found a number of skulls, not those of Jews, but of various other nations, "strangers."

Near to this is the well of Job, (Joab?) or Nehemiah, called En-Rogel in 2 Sam. xvii. 17 and 1 Kings i. 9. It is upwards of 120 ft. deep, and the water is excellent. From this well, in old times, the line was drawn which divided the allotments of Judah and Benjamin. (Josh. xviii. 16.) Here Adonijah made a feast when he aspired to the throne of David, assisted by Joab; (1 Kings i. 9-41;) and it is not unlikely that, from this cause, the well derived the name of Job, or Joab. (See also 2 Sam. xvii. 17.) There are several fruit trees round.

A little to the north of this, is the Lower Pool of Siloam; and between this and the well En-Rogel, at the junction of the valleys, is the place pointed out as "the king's gardens;" and I should say if it be merely a discovery of the priests, they were exceedingly happy in their selection, as it is a sweet spot. But there can be no doubt that it is the identical site referred to in Neh. iii. 15 and Song iv. 15. The wall of the pool may be the one which was rebuilt by Nehemiah. In this pool the blind man was commanded to wash, when he received his sight. (John ix. 7, 11.) This well and that of Joab are the only *living* (spring) waters at Jerusalem.

By the hill, or rock, Ophel, stands a mulberry tree, which is said to mark the place where Isaiah was sawn asunder by order of Manasseh.

Proceeding northward, the village of Siloam is on the brow of the Hill of Offence, on the right of the Kidron; and a little farther on, on the left, is the Upper Pool of Siloam, called by the friars the Fountain of the Virgin. The water passes under ground from this pool to the Lower Pool. It flows as softly now as it did when Isaiah wrote viii. 6. Dr. Robinson, who was a truly enterprising man, explored the whole passage, from the upper to the lower pool, and found the distance 1,750 ft.

Crossing the ravine, (Kidron,) we reach the tombs (said to be) of Zechariah, James the Just, Absalom, and Jehoshaphat, the "tombs of the prophets" being in the hill above them. It is probable that Absalom is buried here, as the Jews to this day cast a stone upon the place as they pass. At any rate, this is believed to be the pillar which Absalom reared for himself. (2 Sam. xviii. 18.) There does not appear to be much known about the other tombs, though it is thought that Christ re-

ferred to that of Zechariah, in Matt. xxiii. 35 and Luke xi. 47, 48. (Compare with 2 Chron. xxiv. 20, 21.)

A little further north, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, is the Garden of Gethsemane, and the alleged tomb of the Virgin Mary.

Mount Moriah, on which the temple stood, and on which Abraham prepared to offer up his son Isaac, is on the east of the city, over above the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and directly opposite the Mount of Olives. Ophel, called in the Bible Millo, on which Solomon built a tower, or castle, (2 Chron. xxxii. 5,) is on the south of Moriah, and Zion on the west of Ophel. Mount Bezetha is on the north of Moriah, and Mount Acra on the north of Zion and surrounded by Bezetha.

There are now four gates to the city,—St. Stephen's on the east, leading to the Mount of Olives and Jericho; Zion on the south, which connects the populous parts about the Armenian Convent with Mount Zion *without* the wall; Jaffa on the west, which leads to Joppa and the "Great Sea" and Bethlehem; and Damascus on the north, which leads to Samaria and Galilee. Besides these four *open* gates, there are four which are closed up; viz., the Gate of Herod, the Dung Gate, the Golden Gate, and another without a name. These do not exactly agree with the ancient gates; but it would be a waste of time to explain the deviations.

Jerusalem has usually been described by travellers as almost forsaken, and the streets as narrow and filthy in the extreme. I found it otherwise. The streets are narrow, but are neither so dirty nor so badly paved as those of Constantinople and Smyrna; and most of the people seemed as busy as bees. Many of them were dirty enough, it is true; but these were principally Jews, who are indeed the *Irish* of the wide world. Though, in the principal streets, or bazaars, all was activity, yet there seemed to me to be a kind of deathliness over the whole. There was no hilarity, no joyousness, no mirth, the "voice of gladness" having ceased. (Jer. vii. 34.) In all Jerusalem there is not a single wheeled carriage of any kind; at least I never saw or heard of one; and it is certain that there are no roads around along which one could travel. The only modes of conveyance are horses, mules, asses, and camels. Compared with what it was in the days of Solomon, Jerusalem is indeed desolate; but, compared with other eastern towns, it is by no means so forlorn as has been represented. The houses are built of stone, like those of Bethlehem, and the roofs are surmounted with cupolas, three or four being sometimes on one house. These may, in part, be intended as cr-

namental, and they certainly give the city a picturesque appearance; but I think they must be useful as well as ornamental. Probably they are meant to break the force of the heavy rains during the rainy season, as the roofs, which are all flat, are not very strong, owing to the scarcity of timber. (See page 187.) All the rain water is preserved in deep tanks, cut out of the rock, as at Malta, the people principally depending upon it for supply. The former rains spoken of in Jer. v. 24 and elsewhere refer to the commencement of the rainy season, when the husbandman sows his seed; and the latter rains to its termination; after which, a warm and almost unclouded sun soon ripens the crops. During the summer, there is no rain at all in the Holy Land, and hence sometimes arises the drought of which we read in Jer. xvii. 8; but there is generally more or less rain throughout the winter; that is, from October to April.

The Jews' quarter is on the east of that part of Zion which is now within the walls; and the Christian, or Frank, quarter on the west and on the west also of Acra, between the Armenian and Latin Convents.

I have thus given a rough sketch of the situation of the city, with some of its heart-stirring associations, which may in some measure prepare my readers for my subsequent remarks, though it is not my intention to enter fully into descriptions, as my limits will not allow me.* My desire, indeed, is to be as concise as possible, and yet to give such a description of this ancient city of the living God as will be likely to excite interest.

I everywhere in Jerusalem met with civility and obliging behaviour, except in the house of Mr. Nicolayson, the Protestant Missionary, to whom I had a letter from Dr. Kitto; and he seemed almost unable or unwilling pleasantly to answer a single question. I did not view this as disrespectful to me, as Mr. N. knew nothing of me personally; but as a slight upon the gentleman whose letter I presented. I tried the people over and over again, asking many frivolous questions, and found the same readiness to answer or serve me in every street. Provisions and fruits were as plentiful as at Bethlehem.

I now revert to my first day's excursion, after my arrival at Jerusalem.

* Those of my readers who can afford it, and wish to see a thorough searching critical account of the city, indeed of all Palestine, Arabia, &c., will do well to procure the American work, Dr. Robinson's "Biblical Researches," as it is decidedly the most minutely-written work on the subject I have ever perused; but they must be prepared to wade through three octavo volumes, which might with advantage have been comprised in two; and also to encounter some unintelligible prejudices.

The first object to which my guide directed my attention was an ancient tower, which is called the Tower of David, said by some to have been built by Solomon, but more generally believed to be the Tower of Hippius, built by Herod, on the site of one which David or Solomon erected.* Probably it was on the spot of the strong-hold of Zion which David took from the Jebusites. (2 Sam. v. 7.) It now forms a portion of a castle, which is surmounted by a few rusty guns.

From the tower we went to the new English church, not then completed, which stands on Mount Zion. It is a neat building, in the Gothic style. Here I found some English masons at work, which was like finding a cup of water in the desert. In digging for the foundations of this church, I was told the laborers had penetrated to a depth of at least 50 ft., before they could find a rock, all being rubbish and old ruins. Many parts of the new city are built on the ruins of the old. (Jer. xxx. 18.) If, in the erecting of this church, no more can be accomplished than the convincing of the Mahometans and Jews in Jerusalem that all professed Christians are not idolatrous Greeks or Romanists, the money will have been well laid out; but only let the mummeries of Puseyism be introduced, and then farewell to all hope of good.

We next went to the Armenian Convent, which I was assured stands over the spot on which the apostle James was martyred, and in which his ashes are said to be deposited. The walls are covered with porcelain and rude paintings, or rather daubs, and dozens of ostriches' eggs are suspended from various parts. One of the side chapels has two doors covered with mother-of-pearl. The convent stands on that part of Mount Zion which is still within the walls.

I was then conducted to the governor's house, on the site of Pilate's house, from which the Redeemer was led to be crucified. The street leading from this house to Mount Calvary is called the Via Dolorosa, or, the Dolorous Way. The street at first gradually rises, but afterwards becomes much steeper. If this really be the way along which the Redeemer was led to Calvary, and I see no reason to doubt it, probably it was at this point he sank under the weight of his cross, when Simon was compelled to aid him in carrying it. Near the house are the ruins of an ancient arch, which spans the street; and over it is a window, from which the priests say Pilate ex-

* The tower which Solomon built, and called after David his father, was not only strong but greatly ornamented; and it is to this that Solomon refers when he says of his bride, "Thy neck is like the Tower of David," referring to her neck ornaments. (Song iv. 4.)

claimed, "Behold the man!" The arch is evidently an ancient one; but I should not like to endorse all that the priests and friars say about it.

This brought us to the Mosque of Omar, which, beyond all dispute, stands on the site of Solomon's Temple. It is the most imposing building in Jerusalem, and was partly constructed out of the ruins of the second temple. My guide would hardly suffer me to approach even the gate; but, seeing "the coast clear," I went into the outer court. My guide was alarmed, but I desired him to be quiet, as I should be sure to retreat if I saw any danger. I had a good, though a hasty view of the exterior of the building, for, I believe, nothing could have saved me had I been caught. This mosque is considered by the Mahometans to be so sacred that even the sultan has no power to grant a firman to view it. The governor was once asked, "Suppose any Frank came with a firman from the sultan, would you not suffer him to enter?" "Yes," replied the governor, "but I would not insure his coming out again." Dr. Richardson, an English physician, who for some time resided in Jerusalem, was permitted to enter twice, as, on account of his skill in "the healing art," he was greatly respected by the Turks; but I need not trouble my readers with his description of the interior. The mosque is an octagonal building, each of its eight sides being about 60 ft. The lower part is of white marble, and the upper part is faced with glazed porcelain, of divers colors. On this spot the lambs were daily slain, setting forth the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, and here God dwelt between the cherubim. But now, "the mountain of the house is become as the high place of the forest;" (Mic. iii. 12;) that is, it has become a place for heathen worship, like the ancient groves. (1 Kings xiv. 15, 23.)

On leaving the gate, my mind became absorbed in the contemplation of the glory which once rested upon that spot, and upon the desecration that has succeeded it; until I became unmistakeably conscious that the excitement was affecting my health, and that if every scene were to affect me as much as this and the Via Dolorosa had done, I should suffer greatly.

Near to this gate is a large reservoir, then dry, about 350 ft. long and 130 ft. broad; and this my guide said was the Pool of Bethesda. Travellers differ upon this point, however, though some say they have discovered two out of the five porches. (John v. 2.) Dr. Robinson thinks it was merely part of a trench which protected the ancient fortress of Antonia; but, as we know that the Pool of Bethesda was within the city, and nigh unto the Sheep Gate, and as this is nigh to St.

Stephen's Gate, which is supposed to be on the site of the ancient Sheep Gate, I can see no reason to doubt the authenticity of this being Bethesda.

We now passed out of the city by St. Stephen's Gate, which, as I have said, is near the pool. Here I was shown the spot where Stephen is believed to have been stoned, when Paul held the clothes of the young men. Stephen's supposed tomb is also shown. The council before which he was arraigned held its sittings by the grounds of the temple; and Stephen seems not to have been regularly conducted from the tribunal, but to have been jostled away by a furious mob, and put to death as soon as they got him outside the gate. "Behold," said he, "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing* on the right hand of God," and he "fell asleep." (Acts vii. 56-60.)

Nearly opposite to St. Stephen's Gate is the Mount of Olives, and the view from outside the gate is magnificent, the deep bed of the Kidron, or the Valley of Jehoshaphat, lying between. On the left were fields of corn and hills covered with verdure, and on the right the Hill of Offence. How sweet the contemplation of these hills and valleys, which are not deformed by Popish absurdities!

A little to the left of St. Stephen's Gate is a pool, called by my guide the Pool of Bathsheba; but this is perfectly absurd. I really believe the guides have been of great service to the priests in finding names for places. If any pool at all, that is now known, be the Pool of Bathsheba, it must be a small one on the western side of the city, near the castle of David; where, indeed, the house of Uriah and Bathsheba's gardens are professedly shown.

Turning to our right, we went alongside the walls of the city, which here form part of the Mosque of Omar, until we reached the Golden Gate. This is now blocked up. The original arch is still standing, and is richly carved. Some suppose that this gate was called the Golden Gate on account of its great beauty, or because the gate was covered with gold; while others say that it was near this gate that the money-changers sat, whom the Saviour drove out with a whip of small cords, and that it derived its name from the fact of the money-changers meeting there. I can give no opinion of my own upon the subject. I measured some of the stones near,

* How expressive this is! In every other place in the Bible, as in Rev. v. 13, Matt. xxvi. 64, &c. &c., the Son of Man is represented as sitting; but here he was *standing*, having, in his condescending majesty, risen from his seat, as it were, to receive his martyr Stephen's spirit.

and found them from 15 ft. to 24 ft. long, and from 3 ft. 3 in. to 3 ft. 6 in. deep, all squared and moulded. There are many pillars built horizontally in, and through, the wall, so as to form a colonnade inside the court; and the ends project outside. These pillars belonged originally to the temple. On one of these projecting columns the Mahometans believe their prophet is to sit, and, with Christ, judge the world in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Advantage has been taken by some writers of the circumstance that the original gateway is still left standing, to prove that the Redeemer did not prophesy truly when he said, "There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down;" but they overlook the fact that the gate formed no part of the temple, but merely led to one of the outer courts. Until recently, the Turks would not suffer any but Mussulmans to approach this gate, as they have a tradition that the Christians will one day retake Jerusalem, and that they will enter through this gate; but, as the valley below is very deep and the hill precipitous, I apprehend it would be about the worst place that could be attempted. The Beautiful Gate, at which the lame man sat, to whom Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none," &c., (Acts iii. 1-11,) was probably in the court beyond the Golden Gate.

Having carefully examined this locality, my guide next conducted me across the Tyropean Valley to that part of Mount Zion which now stands *without* the walls. Here is an Armenian church, said to be built on the site of the house of Caiaphas. The building in which Christ and his disciples are said to have partaken of the last supper, was also shown to me. It is about 17 yds. by 10 yds. inside, and is supported by pillars, erected, I believe, many years *less* than 1800 ago.

The tomb of David adjoins this building. No one that I know of, except Dr. Robinson, doubts the reality of this. Even the Jews hold it in great veneration; but, in Dr. R.'s estimation, it is, I suppose, not possible that they should know anything about it. I was not allowed to enter, as it was well guarded by Turks. A few years ago, Sir Moses Montefiore, a rich Jew, obtained admission; but he had to bribe unsparingly. "Mr. Nicolayson was with Sir Moses at the time, and so obtained admittance also, and heard the Jews recite a long form of prayer and read many of the Psalms, such as xv., cxxii., cxxvi., over the tomb. He described the scene as solemn and affecting." A Turkish mosque now stands over the tomb. Some old pillars lie about, and these, my guide assured me, had belonged to David's palace!

The Romanists' cemetery is close by. Here the form of a

cross is cut in the wall, marking the spot, as the priests affirm, where Mary once rested to suckle her babe! And not far off is shown the place on which the cock that crowed stood when Peter denied his Lord and Master! It is only for a priest to assert a thing, and the poor votary,—Greek, Romanist, Armenian, or Copt, will believe it, however absurd it may be. It is well known that the “cock-crowing” spoken of by the evangelists, (Matt. xxvi. 34, &c.,) did not refer to the literal crowing of a cock, but to the night watches of the Roman soldiers, in whose hands Jerusalem was in the days of the Redeemer. The night was divided into four watches, viz., from 6 to 9, from 9 to 12, from 12 to 3, and from 3 to 6. Each watch was announced by the blowing of a trumpet, and the third blowing was called the “first cock-crowing,” and the next the “second cock-crowing.” “And the second time the cock crew,” says Mark; and this was the second “cock crowing,” or trumpet. This fact not only shows the ridiculousness of the people pointing to the spot where the cock stood, but also the folly of those who call the Saviour’s remark an absurdity. See also Mark xiii. 35, where the third watch is distinctly called “the cock-crowing.” The Greeks, Armenians, and Americans have also each a cemetery here.

The whole of this part of Mount Zion, except the parts I have mentioned, is now under cultivation, and has become heaps. (See Jer. xxvi. 18.)

Having seen all that is shown on Mount Zion *without* the present walls, I returned, and, entering the city at the Zion Gate, proceeded to a chapel belonging to Syrian Christians, said to be built on the site of the house of Mary, the mother of Mark. This chapel is believed to be the oldest entire building in Jerusalem. Leaving this chapel, I was taken to the house of Thomas, the house of Annas the high priest, &c.; and then, passing through the Jews’ quarter, we came again to the walls of the city, where I was shown the spot which the Jews visit every Friday, and where they wail and lament over their city. As I was not at Jerusalem on a Friday, I had not an opportunity of seeing them in any numbers; but there were several, principally women, before the walls when I visited the place. Some of the stones are worn smooth with their kisses. I find in my journal the following, as being the exclamations of the Jews when wailing; but I am unable to say from what book I copied them:

“The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning. Our inheritance is turned to strangers—our house to aliens. The crown is fallen from our head; woe unto us that we have sinned.”

For this our heart is faint; for these things our eyes are dim.
Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever; thy throne from generation to generation.

Wherefore dost thou forget us for ever and forsake us so long time?

Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord! Renew our days as of old."

The Jews in Jerusalem are not so thrifty as those in Hebron and some other parts of the east. They are, indeed, principally supported by contributions from their brethren abroad. These contributions sometimes amount to as much as £3,000 in the year. It is still the height of a Jew's ambition to be "gathered to his fathers," *i. e.*, to be buried in or near their ancient sepulchres; (See page 275;) and hence it is that so many spend their little all in travelling to the city, and close their days in idleness, wretchedness, and filth. None of the Jews are "tillers of the ground." I believe that, to a man, they are too idle for this. A few of them are shopkeepers, a few more are hawkers, and a *very* few operatives. So say the Scotch missionaries, and I have no doubt they are right. They have so little trade that their avariciousness and cheating are turned upon each other, even the rabbis excelling in this essentially Jewish propensity. It was really sickening to pass down some of their streets.

A Mahometan named Damoor is said to have prophesied that, on the 15th of June, 1834, the Jews would be despoiled of their property. On the day named, everybody turned out to see whether, and in what way, the prophecy would be fulfilled; when Damoor dashed among the Jews, and, taking the lead, was speedily joined by hundreds of Turks and Arabs, who soon made good the prediction. From this time Damoor was looked up to as a great prophet.

The remains of an ancient bridge were shown to me, which had led across the Tyropean Valley from Mount Zion to Mount Moriah, on which the temple stood. Doubtless the bridge was erected by Solomon. These ruins were, I believe, discovered by Catherwood, in 1833, though Dr. Robinson claims the credit of the discovery, five years afterwards. Dr. Robinson measured the width of the valley here, and found it about 116 yards.

I was next shown what is called the prison of Peter, which is a cave cut in a rock; the house of Simon the Pharisee, now in ruins; the house of John, in which, with the Virgin Mary, he lived after the crucifixion; (John xix. 27;) and other things which I need not enumerate, as they were most of them equally doubtful. Of course I could not say that that was *not* Peter's prison, and that those were *not* the ruins of

Simon's house; but I am sure the probability is that nobody knows anything about them. Still, the mentioning of Peter's prison called to my mind his miraculous deliverance, when the doors of the prison were opened for him, while the brethren were making supplication to God on his behalf; and the ruins referred to presented to my view Mary Magdalene washing her Lord's feet with her tears and wiping them with the hairs of her head. (Luke vii. 37-50.) Indeed, every place pointed out was as full of interest to me as if its identity were indisputable, as it summoned before the eye of my mind circumstances recorded in the Bible, and as I knew that I must, at any rate, be not very far from the spot where those circumstances actually took place.

In the afternoon, I visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; that is, a church which is believed to be standing upon Golgotha, where the Redeemer was crucified. If I were to say that I viewed this place with indifference, I should do violence to my own feelings; for, despite all the arguments that have been used by Dr. Robinson and others to prove that this could not have been the place of the crucifixion, and despite my most determined hostility to priestcraft in every shape, I could not then, nor can I now, bring my mind to believe that this is not Mount Calvary. And one thing that strikes me as the most singular is, that not one of the objectors is able to point to any place, except this, which in any way answers the description given by the evangelists. We know that the rocks were rent; and here is shown a cleft rock which could not possibly have been accomplished even by wonder-working priests. We know also that *in* the place where the Saviour was crucified was a garden, that *in* the garden was a rock in which a new sepulchre was hewn, and that in that sepulchre the body of Jesus was laid; (Compare John xix. 41, with Matt. xxvii. 60;) and here is a rock in which is a cave that has evidently been a sepulchre. Other sepulchres are also shown hard by, which are said to be those of Joseph of Arimathea and his family; and what more likely than that a man's family should all lie near to each other? Yet Dr. R. smiles at the priests, who have "contrived" to bring all these things so close together! Why, had it been otherwise, John's particular account could not have been true; for, as I have already shown, it was *in* the place where the Saviour was crucified that there was a garden, and *in* that garden the sepulchre. Let the objectors find some other place which will equally well answer the description given in the New Testament, and then I may see good ground for altering my views;

but until this be done, I must be content to believe that, for once, the priests are right.

It is quite true, as urged by Dr. Robinson, that the site of Calvary, if this be Calvary, is *within* the present wall; whereas, we know that the crucifixion took place *without* the gate; (Heb. xiii. 12;) but my answer to this is, that the wall of the city is not now situated as it was at the time of the crucifixion, and that no man can tell where the wall then stood. Indeed, there were, at one time, two walls, both of which were utterly destroyed by the Roman army under Titus; and there can be no doubt that, in this direction, the *city* wall extends farther west now than it did then, having been rebuilt hundreds of years afterwards. The sepulchre is situated on the hill of Acra. Now, nowhere, that I know of, is either this hill or that of Bezetha, to the N. W. of Acra, mentioned in the Bible. Supposing, therefore, that the walls which existed at the time of the crucifixion, included Calvary, they were, in all probability, the work of Roman hands, and, consequently, would not be revered by the Jews. As the hills enclosed by them formed no part of the ancient city, the Jews would not have considered it polluting their city to execute malefactors within those walls. It was the Jews, not the Romans, who crucified Christ, though they were assisted by Roman soldiers. But the probability is, that the ancient wall commenced at the Tower of David, skirting Zion and Moriah on the north, while it embraced the whole of Zion on the south, the greater part of which, as I have already shown, is *without* the existing wall. Lord Nugent, indeed, partly, perhaps, in consequence of Dr. R.'s remarks, searched diligently for traces of the ancient wall, and found them, commencing at the Tower of David, *excluding* not only Calvary but also the Pool of Hezekiah, which fully agrees with both the Old and New Testament accounts. Hezekiah made a pool and a conduit, and brought water into the city; that is, by means of the conduit he brought water into the city from the pool; showing that the pool was *without* the city; and, this being the case, Calvary, from its relative situation, must have been without the city also. We know that it was "nigh to the city;" and the distance, as measured by Lord Nugent, would be about 100 yards.

One fact appears to me to be incontestable, viz., that as there must have been many Christians in Jerusalem at the time of its destruction, which was only about 37 years after the death of Christ, and as their numbers did not diminish but greatly increase, year after year, it is absurd to suppose that they did not know the exact spot on which their Lord

and Master, their only hope of salvation, suffered death. Several of our martyrs in England were hung at Tyburn. Will it ever be forgotten where Tyburn Gate stood? And yet of how much less moment was *their* death than that of the Saviour! There were hundreds of disciples at the time of that event, for we read in 1 Cor. xv. 6, that, after his resurrection, Jesus appeared to above five hundred brethren at once; and can we for a moment suppose that *they* cared not about the scene of the Lord's death, and that they pointed it not out to their children and their children's children, from generation to generation;—that the resurrection should have so alarmed the chief priests and elders, (Matt. xxviii. 11–15,) and yet no one be sufficiently interested in the *site* of the sepulchre to transmit it to posterity? To imagine such a thing is to fancy that the people of those days were a different race of beings to ourselves, that they were not, in fact, human. Are not the sepulchres of the old kings of England visited and viewed with interest by thousands to this day?

Besides, it was not quite 300 years after the crucifixion when Helena, the mother of Constantine, caused a church to be erected upon the spot. The Christians had the writings of the evangelists and apostles before them then, as we have now, though, of course, they were not circulated to the same extent. Was there not one amongst them who could have pointed out the error of their pastors if they had fixed upon a wrong spot,—a spot, for instance, that was *within* the old gate? And would not the unbelieving Jews have ridiculed them for their folly? If the priests were cunning enough, in the reign of Constantine, to *manufacture* a sepulchre, it would be irrational to suppose they were not acute enough to fix upon a spot which would answer the New Testament description.

We must not assert that the persecutions of the Romans and Jews prevented the Christians from meeting and sympathising with each other, for the more they were persecuted the more they grew; and the death and resurrection of their Saviour must ever have been one of their leading subjects of conversation, when they spake one to another. Say not that those in Jerusalem were all slain when the city was besieged; for, on the contrary, it is said that they all left the city and escaped without hurt, acting upon the advice of their Lord, as recorded in Luke xxi. 20–22. Even Josephus, who was not by any means a *believing* Jew, states that large numbers fled to the mountains; and Eusebius says that these were the Christians, which is rendered the more certain by the fact that the Jews to a man almost believed that their city was impregnable.

It is indeed said, and Dr. Russell calls it an "undeniable fact," that the emperor Hadrian erected a statue of Jupiter over the sepulchre, and one of Venus on Mount Calvary, only about 100 years after the crucifixion; and Eusebius, who wrote about 260 years subsequently, refers to them, calling them idols, which had stood on the spot from that emperor's reign. But I need not dwell on this, as, to my mind, the evidence as to identity is sufficient without it.

We cannot, indeed, wonder that Dr. Robinson doubts the identity of the Saviour's sepulchre, when he doubts that of David's on Mount Zion, though, singularly enough, he implicitly believes in that of the sepulchres of the patriarchs at Hebron, and that of Rachel near Bethlehem. What! The Jews, whose race has never been extinguished, and who are as much Jews now as they were 3,000 years ago, these not know the sepulchre of their favorite king, the sweet singer of Israel, and yet remember those of his forefathers, and even of Rachel, a thousand years farther back? How very absurd! Besides, Peter, who was a Jew, says expressly in Acts ii. 29, "His sepulchre is *with us* (known to us) to this day." And here I leave it.

On reaching the doors of the church, I was accosted by several poverty-stricken creatures, who had travelled many, some perhaps, hundreds, of miles, on a pilgrimage to the Holy City, to be present at the festival at Easter,* either by way of penance or to obtain the Pope's or Patriarch's blessing, but whom the door-keeper would not admit, because they were un-

* This festival is held every year, commencing on Good Friday. It consists of a disgraceful representation, by the priests, of the crucifixion of the Saviour. An image, life size, of a bleeding man, is exposed to view. This is carried, first to the pillar, to which, they say, the Lord was bound when he was flagellated, then to the prison, then to the spot where, it is affirmed, his garments were parted among the soldiers, and then to Calvary, where the image is nailed to the cross, and the cross is afterwards fixed in the hole in the rock. At the commencement of the ceremony, the church is put in total darkness. After a sermon has been preached, two miracle-mongers go into the sepulchre, and pretend that holy fire descends from heaven to light their torches. They also assert that this fire will not burn or consume anything; but, as one person who witnessed the fanaticism states, no one who made the experiment on his hands, face, &c., could endure it long enough to confirm the statement. I did not remain to see this disreputable drama, as, to have done so, would have thrown me too late for the steamer at Beyrout. The pilgrims consist of Romanists, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Syrians, Abyssinians, Maronites, &c., and I believe they assemble by thousands, riots often occurring, in which the Turkish soldiers have to interfere. One traveller says that between 200 and 300 of the pilgrims were trodden down and trampled to death in one year;

able to pay the entrance fee demanded. They complained bitterly of the avariciousness of the holy fathers, but, remarkably enough, never once seemed to doubt their integrity. I paid for some bread for them, but did not feel justified in aiding the priests in their extortions by paying for their admission. Having a decent coat on my back, I was admitted without let or hindrance. I was also surrounded by the vendors of curiosities from Bethlehem. No one can form any idea of the quantities sold to the pilgrims during Lent and Easter. I purchased several this day.

The nave of the church is of a circular form, enclosed by pillars which support the galleries, and is covered by a large dome. In the centre is a small marble building, surmounted by a cupola, standing upon columns; and this is erected over the sepulchre. Lamps were burning, tapers flaring, and music playing; all strongly savoring of the profanity of a theatre, while priests and friars were walking about, and pilgrims by scores prostrating themselves before the various relics pointed out to them, and kissing them with ecstatic delight.

A friar soon waited upon me to be my guide. I was first shown a marble cistern, something like a shallow bath, in which I was gravely assured the body of the Saviour was washed! This was protected by rails, and six wax tapers, nearly as large as my body, were placed inside them. I then entered the sepulchre, though it was with difficulty I could do so, as the pilgrims were pressing hard, and as only four or five could enter at a time. A white marble sarcophagus is seen inside, which occupies about one-half of the cave; and in this I was told the body of Jesus was laid!*

In one place is a block of polished marble, which is said to mark the spot where the angel appeared to Mary; in another

and that their companions carried them away in triumph, as martyrs to the cause of Christ! Surely the ceremony of the Doseh, which I described in Chapter XXVII., cannot be called worse than this! Indeed, is it not a wonder that the Mahometans do not send missionaries among the Christians? The Protestant missionaries, who, by the way, do not often die prematurely through hard work, have not only to combat Judaism and Mahometanism, but also to show the absurdities of these superstitions, as both Jews and Mahometans point tauntingly to them. These various sects of Christians hate each other with a deadly hatred, and all unite in hating the Jews; so that, to this day, no Jew dare pass the door of the Holy Sepulchre.

* It is said, in John xix. 39, 40, that the body was "wound in linen clothes with the spices," "about a hundred pound weight." The Jews, in endeavoring to throw doubt on the Saviour's burial, object to this quantity of spices as not only unusually but ridiculously large; but it could hardly have been less at Asa's burial. (2 Chron. xvi. 14.)

is a stone which we are solemnly assured is the one that was rolled away from the door of the sepulchre, though the Armenians say *they* have the genuine one; and in another is a pillar, to which it is affirmed the Redeemer was tied when he was flagellated. Indeed, somebody has fixed upon a spot for everything. Here, they say, is the hole into which the Saviour's feet were put while he was scourged; there is the prison into which he was thrust when he was brought from the house of Caiaphas; here is the place where the crown of thorns was put upon his head; there the soldiers parted his raiment; here Mary Magdalene slept on the night of the crucifixion; and there the Lord appeared to Mary, after his resurrection. All these things are, of course, perfect nonsense, and only excite disgust in sober, and infidelity in doubting, minds. If the priests would but lay aside these extravagances, they would certainly do much to remove doubt in cases where there is less room for scepticism. Nevertheless, it does not follow, because they have something for everything and make everything represent something, that therefore they are wrong in all, any more than that a cathedral is not a building because the mummeries of Puseyism are practised in it.

Descending a few steps, we reached the chapel of Helena, mother of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, where the priests say the true cross was found, during that empress's visit to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, &c. That *a* cross was found there, no one doubts; but that it was a gross imposition of the priests, who had previously buried the cross there to deceive that kind-hearted lady, and who then pretended to dig it up in her presence, is equally certain. She had promised to build a church on the spot, if they could find the cross, and they could not withstand the temptation to deceive. They fleeced the empress of her money; they fixed upon this spot as the scene of such an occurrence and upon that as of such a one; they produce a manger in which they say the Infant was laid at his birth, a table on which the last supper was partaken of, and a cistern in which his body was washed after his death; with a host of other things from the cradle to the grave; and the unsuspecting woman, not knowing their craft, believes it all, and aids in perpetrating those delusions which so often serve to throw contempt upon Christianity, and to cause the realities of the Cross to be ridiculed. How great and awful was the responsibility that they incurred!

Ascending from the chapel, we were shown a hole in the rock into which the cross was said to have been fixed; and about a yard and a half distant was a "rent" in the rock,

which extended downwards beyond our sight, though we subsequently went in the vault below to examine it. "That this rent," as one writer justly observes, "was made by the earthquake that happened at our Lord's Passion, there is only tradition to prove; but that it is a natural and genuine breach, and not counterfeited by any art, the sense and reason of every one that sees it may convince him; for the sides of it fit like two tallies to each other, and yet it runs in such intricate windings as could not well be counterfeited by art, nor arrived at by any instrument."

While in the church, notwithstanding the glare, and glitter, and mummeries with which I was surrounded, I felt a softness of heart which caused my tears to flow. Whether the dear Redeemer died here or was buried there, though I had no doubt such was the fact, was comparatively a matter of little moment to me. The great question was, "Did he die for *me*?" "Did he shed his blood for *me*?" And though I was not able to say with Job, "I know that *my* Redeemer liveth," yet I had a sweet hope that I was interested in his precious sufferings and death,—in the atonement made, on or near that very spot, for sinful, yea, backsliding and rebellious man. (Ps. lxxviii. 18.) And this hope held me, as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, and was more precious to me than the value of all the churches and temples in the world, notwithstanding that it was suggested to my mind that I was every whit as superstitious as the poor pilgrims who were crossing themselves and kissing the priest-made relics.

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?

And did my Sov'reign die?"

Would he devote that sacred head

For such a worm as I?

"Was it for crimes that I had done

He groan'd upon the tree?

Amazing pity! grace unknown!

And love beyond degree.

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,

And shut his glories in,

When God, the mighty Maker, died

For man the creature's sin.

"Thus might I hide my blushing face,

While his dear cross appears;

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,

And melt my eyes in tears."

On two other occasions I visited the church, not because I was pleased with the performances going on there, but because I was anxious to be fully satisfied that the position of the little mount, Calvary, and of the sepulchre, really did agree with the

Scripture account; and that the cleft in the rock was not a deception, but was caused by the earthquake,—the work of God and not of man; and each visit tended to confirm my previous convictions that the whole was indeed an incontrovertible reality.*

On my last two visits to the church, I was accompanied by my old companions, G. and T.; and on each occasion we gave the friars 10 piastres for their trouble and to pay for the candles with which they furnished us to examine the vaults; that is to say, we *intended* that they should have that amount; but it turned out that Abdallah had only given them a piastre and a half, putting the balance into his own pocket, though to their very faces he declared he had handed over all.

I shall not attempt to describe the "Tombs of the Kings," as almost all travellers are agreed that the name is assumed, and that the sepulchres, or rather sepulchre, so called, was that of the Empress Helena; nor is it worth describing, as it is by no means equal to any of those at Thebes.

The "Tombs of the Judges," so called, are at the head of the Valley of Jehoshaphat; but it is certain that, at any rate, *all* the Judges could not have been buried here, as Jephthab, Ibzan, Elon, Samson, and others of them, were buried in different places.

Going out at the St. Stephen's Gate, and passing round the walls, we came to the Damascus Gate. This gate opens into a beautiful park-like spot, covered with trees and corn. Near the gate is a deep pool. Here the walls were built on a rock, and they looked as though they had absolutely taken root, they were so embedded in the rock. The cave in which it is said Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations is near this spot.

Some travellers have complained bitterly of the pavements of the streets, and they are certainly bad enough; but if those

* Maundrell says, "When a person was crucified, he was nailed to the cross as it lay on the ground, through each hand extended to its utmost stretch, and through both the feet together. The cross was then erected, and the foot of it thrust with violence into a hole prepared in the ground to receive it. By this means the body, whose whole weight hung upon the nails, which went through the hands and feet, was completely disjointed, and the sufferer at last expired by the force of pain. This kind of death, which was the most cruel, shameful, and cursed death that could be devised, was used only by the Romans for slaves, and the basest of the people, who were capital offenders. Sometimes those who were fastened upon the cross lived long in that condition. Andrew is believed to have lived three days upon it; others nine days. Guards were appointed to observe that none should take them down and bury them." Hence it was that Joseph had to beg the body of Jesus ere he could remove it.

who complain would walk the streets of Leicester for a month, with thin shoes on, they would be better prepared to encounter those of Jerusalem, and would think less of them.

The present walls of the city are about two miles and a half in circuit, and are in most parts very broad. I walked along them for some distance.

The best view that I had of the Mosque of Omar was from the roof of the governor's house, which stands on the site of Pilate's house. On being introduced to the governor, we found him lounging on his divan, *à la Turk*, with his unfailing companion, his long pipe, in his mouth. Abdallah commenced making known our request, viz., to be allowed to ascend to the roof of his house, when the governor silenced him by putting up his hand, and beckoning for us to be seated. Not being then so well initiated in Turkish customs as I am now, I wondered what was the matter; for a dead silence prevailed for several minutes. Presently, however, my anxiety was relieved by the entrance of a black slave, with coffee. (See page 384.) When we had returned the governor's salutation, on taking the coffee, and handed over the cups to the slave, the governor again telegraphed with his hand, and Abdallah proceeded with his request. The governor's reply was merely a nod, and he then entered into conversation with us. He was most anxious, he said, to learn the English language, as he believed the English to be a worthy people, and he was much attached to them. He made some inquiries about Sir Charles Napier, who had stormed Acre, and also about other persons of whom he had heard. At last he ordered a servant to accompany us to the roof; but, suddenly calling him back, said he would go himself; and he led the way in a most polite manner; an act of great condescension. Though I had prepared myself for a great scenic treat from this elevation, I must say I was taken by surprise. The view was thrilling; not gigantic, but beautiful; not wild, but picturesque. The governor was delighted to see that we were so much gratified, and, on leaving, shook us heartily by the hand. I slipped a few piastres into the servant's hand who accompanied us to the door, and we then went into the street. Suddenly, however, missing Abdallah, I turned back, and found him trying to extort from the servant a share of the "bucksheesh;" but I compelled him to desist, and took him away, telling him he must be content with his own wages, or he might get into trouble with us.

On one occasion, I heard loud wailings; and, running to ascertain the cause, I found it was a funeral procession. I described an Egyptian funeral in a previous chapter. This

was similar, except that here the women, about twenty in number, were all dressed in white, and were twirling white handkerchiefs over their heads, and before their faces, while the poor Egyptians were dressed in blue.*

There are said to be about 11,000 or 12,000 people in Jerusalem, 5,000 of whom are Jews, and about 3,000 Christians of the various sects. The number of Jews in all Palestine, the Scotch missionaries reckon at about 12,000. They are, as Moses foretold, "only oppressed and crushed away." Their condition may not be quite so bad now as it was a few years ago; but, as a whole, they are a living mass of poverty and wretchedness. They, as well as the present comparatively forlorn state of Jerusalem, are sad witnesses to the reality of the Scriptures.

Provisions are much dearer in Jerusalem than in Egypt, but fruits are quite as cheap. The city contains several soap manufactories, but no other works of any kind, that I could hear of.

In Jerusalem, every Englishman is free, free as the air he breathes; more free, indeed, than he is either at Malta or Corfu, though these places are called our own. The missionaries in Jerusalem may act unmolestedly, at least so far as the Turkish Government is concerned, in distributing their Bibles and tracts in any way they please; but not so in the Ionian Islands, as I have shown in a previous chapter. One writer states that there were 60 Jewish converts in Jerusalem; but as most of these were of the lowest order, they had to be supported out of the missionary funds; and it was feared this might grow into a serious evil, for we have had many proofs, even in England, that a Jew will go a long way in profession when his temporal interest is affected. If the missionaries can only raise money enough, I have no doubt they may soon have large numbers enrolled under their banners. Still I am persuaded that their labors have not been altogether in vain,—especially of the Americans, who are ever more indefatigable, nay, I will say, more in earnest, than the English. Many Jews told Lord Nugent they considered Christ was an innocent man,

* In the time of David, mourners were always left for three or four days to fast and to give vent to their grief; but after that time they were visited by their friends, taken to a bath, and made to put on a change of raiment. This was what caused the attendants of David to be astonished when David arose and washed himself as soon as he heard the child was dead, not following the usual custom of throwing himself on the ground, and fasting, and weeping. But, said David, "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept;—but now he is dead, why should I fast? Can I bring him back again?" (2 Sam. xii. 15—23.)

though not a prophet; and yet, strangely enough, they connected this with a belief that his having been unjustly put to death had turned away the favor of God from them.

The climate is said to be very healthy, the diseases which prevail being principally those arising from filth and indolence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JERUSALEM TO JERICHO. &c.

Having ascertained that I could reach Beyrout in less time than I had anticipated, I felt a strong desire to go to Jericho and the Dead Sea, and I desired Abdallah, my guide, to make the necessary arrangements. He soon, however, told me that I could not go without a Bedouin guard, which would cost me £10; and as this was confirmed by our consul, who indeed told me he would not sign my *teskari*, (permission to leave Jerusalem,) or be in any way answerable for my safety, unless I took a guard, I gave up all thoughts of going. The district between Jerusalem and Jericho is as notorious for robbers now as it was when the Redeemer spoke the parable of the good Samaritan; but if a party take with them a guard of Arabs, of the tribe which occupies the district, their lives and property are alike respected, as I shall presently more fully show, the whole tribe sharing the money received by their sheikh.

Seeing that I was determined not to go, Abdallah said he would try to procure a guard for £8; and then he came to £5; but my price was £2, for myself and Mr. Tait, who was to accompany me; and I said I would not give another piastre. Greatly to my surprise, Abdallah said the sheikh would take it; and he immediately went to engage him, as also to hire mules and purchase the necessary provisions. That he would have had a large share of the £10, had I given it, I have no doubt; and I fear that there was at least negligence on the part of our consul; for as he assured me that £10 (1,000 piastres) was the lowest sum that could be received, I cannot look very charitably upon his part of the transaction. I am quite sure, as has been remarked by other travellers, that the interests of British subjects are less attended to by their consuls all over the east than the people of any other country, notwithstanding that they are much better paid. The American consuls especially put ours to the blush.

It was nearly 10 o'clock before Abdallah called at the convent to say he had completed the arrangements; and I then retired to rest. I had, however, very little sleep, as my mind

was in too excited a state, and as the room swarmed with bugs. Invalids ought to be careful how they go sight-seeing.

The next morning, March 16th, 1847, I was up betimes, but it was half-past 9 before we could start. Even then our "guard" had not arrived; so we left without them, under the assurance that they would follow.

Passing out at the Bethlehem Gate, we turned to our left, and were then on the edge of the Valley of Gihon, the Lower Pool being below us, together with the aqueduct. The prospect was pleasing, even apart from the associations of the place. Many olive and fig trees were growing on the sides of the ravine, and human labor alone was necessary to convert the whole into beautiful terraced gardens.



ABSALOM'S PILLAR.

Following the course of the valley, we came to Aceldama and the well of Joab; and then, turning toward the north, we entered the dry bed of the Kidron. I say *dry* bed, because there was no water in it when I was there. Indeed, it is always dry, except during the rainy season, and then the water sometimes rushes down it from the neighboring hills, and carries all before it. The blood of the sacrifices in the temple was conveyed by means of a sewer into this ravine, and the refuse of the city was also thrown into it. When Josiah destroyed the altars and images of Ahaz, he cast the dust thereof into this brook; and Asa did the like with the idol of his mother. (See 1 Kings xv. 13; 2 Kings xxiii. 6; 2 Chron. xxix. 16; &c.) It was in allusion to these things that Hart penned that incomparable verse:

"O Kidron, gloomy brook, how foul
Thy black polluted waters roll!
No tongue can tell, but some can taste
The filth that into it was cast."

Passing, on our left, the Pool of Siloam, in which a number of women were washing, and, on our right, the village of Siloam, many of the houses being merely old sepulchres with walls in front, we came to the *Upper* Pool of Siloam; and then, crossing the dry brook by a bridge, we examined the tomb of Jehoshaphat, the pillar of Absalom, and several other sepulchres; for in the sides of the hills there are many; but these ancient tombs are now all tenantless.

We now turned to our right, and began to ascend the Mount of Offence. Here we passed the "Tombs of the Prophets," and the Jews' burying ground, in which every Jew is so desirous of having his body laid, not only because his fathers are buried there, but that he may enter into bliss without having to pass under ground to the Valley of Jehoshaphat; for the Jews believe that, be buried where they may, they will have to pass under ground to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, to meet the Messiah at the resurrection. This cemetery has been a burying place for Jews from time immemorial.

Proceeding in a south-easterly direction, we soon arrived at the south side of Bethany, "about 15 furlongs from Jerusalem," where Abdallah pointed out what he called the ruins of the house of Simon the leper.* Turning to take a glimpse of

* Spikenard was a highly aromatic plant that grew in the Indies, from which was made the precious ointment with which the woman anointed her Master's feet in the house of Simon the leper. It was always closely sealed in pots, or ornamented boxes. When it is said she *brake* the alabaster box, it merely means that she broke open the seal which secured the aroma of the ointment. (See Mark xiv. 3.)

the way we had come, I was struck with the magnificence of the view. I say, without fear of contradiction, that in England we have nothing to equal it. Bethany itself stands on a lovely spot, though it is left to run wild. From this height, I also caught a glimpse of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, the former winding its dazzling course along, with the mountains of Moab beyond, about 30 miles from us. In about half an hour we began to descend; but the road was so rough and steep that I had great difficulty in keeping my seat on the saddle. In the valley is an excellent spring, called the Fountain of the Apostles, because of a tradition that Christ and his disciples often retired to it, and drank of its waters. We must have passed the ancient site of Bethphage, which was nigh unto Bethany; but no positive traces of the village have yet been found.

As our "guard" had not yet joined us, it was thought desirable that we should wait for them; and I confess I did not myself feel very comfortable in so lonely a spot. At length Abdallah called out, "Here come de guard!" I looked, expecting to see at least half a dozen men, armed like walking batteries, and stalking along in most formidable majesty; but what *did* I see? A single Bedouin, bareheaded and barefooted, and without a rag about him except an old camels'-hair cloak! Armed, of course? Not a bit of it! His only "arms" was a long stick, like a lance without the point, which he used as a staff. "Bless me, Abdallah," I said, "what do you mean?" and I felt as though I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. "O!" he replied, "we sall be safe wid him as if a million! All de Arab will know dat you paid." "And was it for this," I said, "that you tried to get £10 out of me?"* and I began to wonder how I should fare before I reached Beyrout; for I had irrevocably engaged him to accompany me all the way.

* An intelligent lady who arrived in Jerusalem a few days after I had left, and who subsequently published an account of her travels, took with her to Jericho ten armed guards, for which, of course, she had to pay. I find she had the same guide as I had, the said converted Abdallah; and he appears to have succeeded in extorting money from her and her companions. When near the Dead Sea, there was a report that "the Arabs were coming;" whereupon a party sallied out, and shortly afterwards returned with two or three muskets as trophies of victory; but this, I am persuaded, was a mere *ruse* of Abdallah's. I saw this nice man in Egypt, in 1852. He remembered all about me, and said he had used me very badly; but he "was young then, and knew better now." He was taken prisoner in Cairo, for forging a signature to a passport, and was sent under guard to Alexandria. What became of him I know not; but I can only say, if he be in his proper place, he is in prison yet.

I had selected him from others who tendered their services, principally because he said he was a Druse Christian, and the first convert of the English missionaries; for I had not then learnt that the term "Christian" in Egypt and Palestine too often meant a consummate scoundrel. But more of this presently. The valley, if a deep ravine may be called a valley, was very narrow, and the road rough. Where the water from the spring ran, there was considerable vegetation, and there might be much more if the land were properly cultivated; but the hills were barren and dreary enough. It was just such a place that I would sooner hear of than visit, unless in good company.

In about three hours from the time of our leaving Jerusalem, our guide announced to us that we were entering into "the Wilderness of the Temptation." "The Wilderness of the Temptation!" I exclaimed; every circumstance at the same time rushing into my mind connected with that awful period when Christ was "driven into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." "The Wilderness of the Temptation!" And was it really *here* that the Saviour fasted for 40 days, while Satan hurled at his holy soul every temptation which ever was or ever will be endured by all his redeemed family? (Heb. iv. 15.) Well might the challenge be given, "Behold and see if ever were sorrow like unto my sorrow!" And well might I, as in sincerity and truth I did, boldly answer, "Never, never! Impossible!" And I had such a sight of his sufferings, and so powerful an application to my soul of his redeeming love and pardoning mercy, that I was overwhelmed with grief and joy; while my own sinfulness and unworthiness so covered me with shame that I could hardly believe it possible it was a reality, though my heart was broken and my eyes ran down with tears. My whole frame was so affected that I had to hold fast to the pommel of the saddle to keep me from falling, for I felt as weak and helpless as a child; and my very heart leaped and palpitated to a painful degree. "The Wilderness of the Temptation!" I over and over again exclaimed; and, casting my eyes about me, O what a scene I beheld! If, in crossing the desert, I had beheld sterility and deathlike desolation; if I had passed over rugged hills and along deep ravines, such as appeared to me to be unsurpassable for fearfulness; all, all sank into nothing compared with what was now before me. Limestone mountains rose one above another, without a blade of vegetation in any part, while towering cliffs and terrific precipices stared wildly over our path, and gulf-like ravines yawned below us. And through this wilderness our

road lay. It may appear as of little moment to those who are used to it; but to me it was altogether the most awful scene I ever beheld. Over and over again the track was so dangerous, so narrow, steep, and rugged, that a single slip of our mules' feet, to the extent of only a few inches, would have inevitably dashed us into the gaping chasm below. I am certain that no English-trained horses could traverse these passes.* The sun burnt with an intensity that must have been at least 10 degrees hotter than the hottest day I had in the desert; and the reflection of its rays from the chalk rendered it impossible for me to keep my eyes even partially open. It seemed as though I were at the mouth of a furnace, and there was not a breath of air to mollify the burning heat.

"'Tis raging noon, and vertical the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the raging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all
From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze.
In vain the sight dejected, to the ground
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending streams
And keen reflection pain."

My every limb seemed to have lost its power; and I wonder to this day how it was I did not drop off my mule like a dead man.

Abdallah called to me, and aroused me. My mule had fallen considerably into the rear, and had not for some time been observed by him; for, I may mention that on no part of this road can two mules go side by side. At last he missed me, and then stopped until I came up to him. What with the heat of the day and the excitement of my mind, my clothes were dripping wet, and my shirt collar was literally drenched with my tears. When I came up to Abdallah, he pointed to an object in the distance, and exclaimed, "The banks of the Jordan!" "Are you ready to pass the swellings of Jordan?" was a question immediately suggested to my mind; but my answer was as instantaneous: "Yes, yes; if it should please the Lord to take me; and bless his dear name for it!" The guide pointed out to me several places on the road; but I was not able to pay any attention to him. Those may call this superstition who please, but I would sooner they called it *insanity* than that I should lose the recollection of that precious time; for I often to this day feel something of its savor.

* When at Beyrout, I met with a party of Americans who had lost a mule with their baggage, having fallen from a precipice, though, I believe, not nearly so dangerous as those of which I am now writing.

At last, about 3 o'clock, we reached the top of a hill, and then a gentle breeze passed over us; and never surely was anything received more gratefully. The vast plains of Jericho lay at our feet, but behind and on either side nothing was to be seen but the dreary waste I have just been describing. The view was as sublime as it was wild; nay, it was wild to sublimity; softened indeed by the green banks of the Jordan on the east of the plains, and enriched by a lovely stream which was gently rolling from a powerful spring before us. Mount Quarantana, which is said to be the "high mountain" mentioned in Luke iv. 5, was on our left, and the mountains of Moab and Ammon were beyond the Jordan, on the east. The trees by the Jordan and the green herbage in the plains afforded a sweet relief to the eye after the scenes of desolation we had just left. We had been hemmed in by impending mountains, and now we had before us an almost boundless view. I never saw the prairies of Mexico or America, nor the gigantic mountains of that vast continent; but I am convinced, from all I have ever read, that, taking it all in all, there is no scene in the world to equal "the Wilderness of the Temptation." I never before had any real idea of what savage sterility really is. It seemed as if the very earth were turned inside out. "If any scene can make a traveller's heart sink within him, it is such a scene as this;" but *my* heart was made to rejoice.

Probably these were some of the "dark mountains" referred to by Jeremiah: "Give glory to God, before he cause darkness, and before he cause *your feet to stumble on the dark mountains.*" (xiii. 16.)

Speaking of this district, an American writer says, "The mountains seem to have been loosened from their foundation and rent to pieces by some terrible convulsion, and then left to be scathed by the burning rays of the sun, which scorches this naked land with consuming heat." "And," says another writer, "nothing can be more savage than the appearance of these gloomy solitudes." They are, indeed, still and lifeless as some "dispeopled and forgotten world." Mr. Fisk says, "The route from Jericho to Jerusalem is, in many places, fatiguingly steep and difficult, and so shut in by mountain-heights and savage crags, that scarcely any breeze can reach the traveller; and when, as in our case, the vertical sun sends down his beams into the narrow passes, the heat reflected from the chalky sides of the ravine scorches like a furnace. I felt the effect of it on the skin of my face for a long while after; but we experienced no real or lasting injury. It was by far the

most trying part of our expedition, and occupied six hours. By the mercy of God, we reached Jerusalem in perfect safety." And Lord Nugent says the way was "sometimes up steep stairs hewn in the rock, sometimes winding along abrupt hills and deep ravines, on the opposite sides of which rocks arose to a great height, in many places upright as a wall for a long space, and curiously variegated with strata of bright red, yellow, and grey stone."

I give these authorities, not merely to supply my deficiencies, but to show that my account of this wilderness is not an exaggerated one.

There never could have been any better road than this from Jerusalem to Jericho; so that kings and people must have alike been compelled to ride on horses, asses, or camels. The war chariots, of which we read in the Bible and in history, could have been used only in the plains; for it would have been absolutely impossible to employ them on such hills as these.

The Redeemer could not have selected a more suitable spot as the scene of the parable, not only as to the fact of the place being the noted haunt of the most desperate robbers, but also as to the gloominess of the prospect. To stop to pick up a man here, bleeding in his wounds, would be doubly merciful, as the deliverer must know that the robbers were near and he might himself be the next victim. Travellers have been and still frequently are robbed and murdered amongst these mountains; but it is only when they refuse to take an escort of the tribe of Arabs to which the district belongs. To take one from any other tribe is tantamount to a declaration of war; and war, in such a case, they are certain to have; for parties are continually lurking amongst the hills, and the news of the approach of travellers flies over them like electricity, and a large opposing force is soon collected together. Lord Nugent was in this position; but he was not at the time aware that his sheikh was not one of the right tribe. He had with him 16 men, some on horseback, and the rest on foot, all armed to the teeth; but they had soon to sound a retreat; for muskets were fired from so many parts of the hills at once that it would have been madness to attempt to proceed. Lord Nugent, however, and his companions at once threw themselves upon the protection of the strangers, and they were then as safe as if they had been in their own country. This Arab law of hospitality and protection, as I have elsewhere explained, is rarely, if ever, violated; and I believe firmly, notwithstanding that an American writer has endeavored to throw doubt upon the fact, that

the more confidence you repose in these wild sons of Ishmael, when partaking of their hospitality, the more safe you will be. So it was with me. I had only, as I have shown, one poor Arab with me, but, as he was of the right tribe, I was as safe as if I had had a thousand of them; whereas, had I had a hundred men of any other tribe, blood must have been spilt. Each tribe has its ruler, or sheikh, called in the Bible, "king;" and these exist now as they did when the Bible was first penned. Robbery does not appear to them a dishonest work, unless they violate their noble rules of hospitality to accomplish it; and then it is considered degrading. They welcome the stranger with calm dignity, and would die sooner than desert him. (p. 452.)

About half way between Jerusalem and Jericho, there is a ruined khan; and it is by no means improbable that the Redeemer had this place in view when he spoke of the wounded man being taken by the good Samaritan to an inn.

Sir F. Henniker, in 1820, was stripped of everything, and left for dead, his servants having fled and left him to his fate. He was afterwards conveyed to Jericho.

In these narrow passes, poor maniacs sometimes roam, and they are often so "exceeding fierce that no man may pass by that way." (See Matt. viii. 28.) A gentleman, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, but who is well known to some dear friends of mine, was on one occasion riding on horseback with his son, somewhere in Palestine, when they came to a narrow pass, and there saw a deplorable object in the way. It was a poor maniac, with a club in his hand. The gentleman looked at him, and believed he was saved for the moment by his European dress, which took the poor creature's attention, so that he passed in safety; but the next instant the maniac sprang upon his son, who was riding behind; and a most deadly encounter ensued; until at last, by striking the maniac over the eyes, he was blinded by the blood which flowed as the effect of the blow, and they were thus enabled to get away. The gentleman said he could himself have easily escaped, as he had a good horse; but his son was not so well mounted. When they reached the next caravanserai, they told the porter what had happened; but he said he was not surprised, as that very man had murdered many. Yet these poor maniacs are looked upon as saints, and allowed to be at large. It was the same in the time of the Lord Jesus on earth; and it may be interesting to know that it is so still.

My readers must pardon this digression.

Being too weak to retain my seat on my mule while descending the hills into the plains, I dismounted, and supported my-



self by the animal's head; but, on reaching the bottom, I again mounted, and we wended our way across the space. Our guide had so many names for places, that I could not retain half of them, nor indeed did I trouble much about them, for the only one which at all interested me was the ruins of the house of Zaccheus the publican, as Abdallah was pleased to call some old walls; though I should not think he had much authority for his assertion. The ruins were probably those of an old monastery.

In about half an hour, we arrived at the stream, having passed by many foundations of buildings, and over millions of pieces of earthenware. Here we alighted, and partook of some refreshment; and truly refreshing I found it, particularly the cool waters of the brook, for I had tasted nothing, not even a drop of water, for nearly eight hours; and what with the heat of the day, the exercises of my mind, and the fatigue of my body, I was so weak and faint that I could hardly stand; yet I was as happy as a child in the full vigor of health, and as calm as the air in which I was enveloped.

Being considerably strengthened by my dinner, cold though it was, I left my companions, and followed the upward course of the stream, until I came to the spring-head,—a fountain of what the easterns call *living* water. I have seen many springs in the valleys of Scotland and Wales, but have no recollection of ever seeing one so powerful as this. The waters were gushing forth, not in mere bubblings, but as though they were in earnest. The fountain was overhung with wild fig and other trees. One tree was literary black with fruit; but the figs were all dropping off, as there was no one to care for the fruit. The banks of the stream also were lined with trees and green bushes, which, to me just then, looked paradisaical; but I am always in ecstasies when I see a clear running stream or a living spring, and have often gone miles to see only an ordinary waterfall. Indeed, I cannot pass along a turnpike road, and see the water from a spring or surface-drain flowing through a pipe into a common horse trough, but I almost involuntarily stop to admire it. Here, however, on these plains of Gilgal, there was no deception about the loveliness of the whole. The water was as transparent as glass and the stream abounded with fish, while the notes of the cuckoo and the nightingale were heard a little way off.

Is this fountain mentioned in the Bible? Yes. It is the very spring into which Elisha cast salt, when the waters were healed; (2 Kings ii. 21;) and there is no better water in the world. It is called the Fountain of Elisha.

On returning to my companions, Abdallah scolded me for leaving them, as, he said, I might have been murdered; but I desired him to be silent; as I had not felt the slightest fear. Travellers have, it is true, been sometimes robbed and ill-treated here; but I was in too happy a state of mind even to think of such a thing.

We now started for the village, supposed by some to be on the site of Jericho, while others say that the city stood a little way off. As there were two Jerichos, Old and New, perhaps both are right; but these differences of opinion gave me no concern, as it was enough for me to know that these were the plains of Jericho, and that somewhere not far off the walls had stood which fell down flat at the sound of Joshua's rams' horns.

We had soon to turn out of our way, as we suddenly found ourselves in a marsh, our mules' feet sinking deep in the swamp. This was caused by the overflowing of the stream, or rather because there was no human hand to bank up the waters, and rightly direct their course.

These plains must at one time have been exceedingly fertile. Josephus ascribes this to the peculiar nature of the water, and says, "It affords a sweeter nourishment than other waters do." No traveller who has seen them, not even the infidel Volney, doubts the fact of their having been all that the Bible says of them; but now they are for the most part left to run waste. Situated about 1,500 or 2,000 feet below the mountains, the climate may be said to be tropical, and the soil is excellent. Cotton, indigo, sugar, tobacco, everything, in short, which grows in Egypt would grow here to perfection. Yet, such is the desolation of these plains, surrounded as they are by all the elements of prosperity, that the wonder is, not that they could ever have been what they have been represented, but that they could ever have become what they now are. Joshua cursed the city: "Cursed be the man that buildeth this city. He shall lay the foundation in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it." The meaning of which is, "He shall lose all his children while the city is being built." And this really befel Hiel, who presumed to brave the curse. (1 Kings xvi. 34.) Jericho is called, in Deut. xxxiv. 3, the City of Palm Trees; and history informs us that the plains once abounded in palms; but now there is not one, except it be a solitary wild one near the Fountain of Elisha.

Herod the Great frequently resided here, and died here. He showed his cruel disposition to the last; for, while on his death bed, he summoned about him all his nobles, and then caused them to be shut up, charging his sister to have them

all put to death the moment he expired, that there might be an appropriate mourning all over the land; but his sister, as Josephus says, did not obey his orders, but set them at liberty.

As we drew nearer to the village, we saw several lots of barley growing, and one man at work amongst the crops. The people, however, never attempt to grow much, as sometimes the Arabs beyond the Jordan come down in a body and carry off the corn, just as it is ripe. Near the village there is a Turkish fort with several Turkish soldiers; but Abdallah said the Arabs from the desert would sometimes come in such numbers that the soldiers shut themselves up in their fastnesses.

At length we arrived; but of all the miserable places I had ever beheld, or have even now ever beheld, this village is the most miserable. The cottages are merely mud walls, with dried leaves and branches of trees for roofs. These were intended only to keep out the sun, for a heavy shower of rain would speedily sweep through the whole. There are no windows nor any doorways except a hole about as large as the entrance to a decent-sized pigsty. No Irish mud cabin that I have ever seen was half so wretched. And had we to take up our temporary abode in one of these? Yes; for our "Christian" guide had told us our tent would be unnecessary, as we should have good lodgings; therefore we had disposed of it. However, I was not in a mood to be angry, so quietly resigned myself. "And which," said I, "is to be *our* happy home?" "Dat!" replied Abdallah, pointing to one just before us. I looked, and saw a woman beating out a donkey; and then she quickly returned to fetch a goat; and then she got some dried branches; and then she bustled about and began to sweep out the dirt which the donkey and goat had left; and then she looked (for she was unveiled) as if she had performed some extraordinary exploit; and then I laughed; and then she looked wonderfully pleased; and then quickly retired, calling out, "Tyeeb, tyeeb!" (Good, good!) doubtless imagining that I was as pleased as she was; but she was wrong; for it struck me as being somewhat cruel to turn a couple of quadrupeds out of their quarters to make room for bipeds, and no less cruel for the bipeds to be compelled to occupy their places. However, it was no use making any trouble of the matter, for that would not have mended it; so we dismounted, and took possession of our tenement. The poor woman, we found, might have done her work better, as she had left in the place a large quantity of decayed rubbish, which the animals had refused to eat and had trampled under foot. Having a small kettle with us, Abdallah soon made tea, which, though it was

getting dark, we thought would be quite as sweet if taken outside our hovel as inside; and then I strolled through the village.

The people were the most squalid of any I had anywhere seen; and no wonder; for I was assured they lived on herbs, rarely tasting even barley bread more than once a month. I saw some women sitting round a large pan, and eating out of it, dipping into it, of course, with their fingers. The mess was composed exclusively of herbs, the greater portion of which appeared to me to be sorrel, (green-sauce,) with a little salt. Can anything be thought of worse than this? One woman was smoking, not tobacco, but herbs; and for two whole hours I do not believe she had the pipe out of her mouth, except to refill it. When I retired, I left her apparently as far from leaving off as when I first saw her. My very heart ached for the poor miserable wretches. Wretched they are born and wretched they die. They tried hard to persuade me to give them the price of a sheep; but my finances were too much exhausted. I, however, gave them all the money I had about me, as I knew there was no place on the road to Jerusalem where I could spend any.

The lips of the women were all dyed blue and their chins tattooed. I greatly wished they had been veiled, like the Egyptians, for they looked pitiable objects.

Several girls were shelling a hard nut called Zaccum, from which oil, or balsam, is extracted. It is said to be excellent for wounds. The nuts are pounded in a mortar and then put into hot water; and the oil rises to the surface.

I now returned, and entered the donkey's palace. I found Mr. T. fast asleep; but I was soon convinced that there was no sleep for me. Abdallah had, it is true, brushed round a square place on the mud floor, and then spread my quilt and placed my carpet bag for a pillow, which looked comfortable enough; and I felt my heart drawn out in gratitude to God for his mercies toward me. But the vermin was beyond all endurance. T. rolled about, and yet slept on. Fatigue had mastered him for the time being. I threw myself down, and, doubling myself up, covered my whole body, head and all, with my rug; for, cockroaches, crickets, and other creeping things were continually dropping from the leaves which formed the roof. And as for fleas, there is nothing in all Egypt to equal them. The frogs in the marshes were croaking by thousands; and all sorts of noises except the barking of dogs, prevailed throughout the night. There was not a single dog in the village, as there was nothing there on which dogs could live; and yet human beings were eking out their miserable

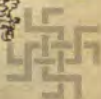
existence,—*vegetating* with a witness; at any rate they were *vegetarians*. Instead of these annoyances making me angry, as, I fear, on some occasions much less would have done, I felt doubly thankful to the Lord that mine was a happier lot, and those words, “Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?” were still resting with weight upon my mind.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

JERICHO TO THE DEAD SEA AND JERUSALEM.



THE JORDAN.



About 4 o'clock in the morning, I aroused my companion and suite, and we were soon afterwards on the move. I could feel that my clothes were swarming with vermin; but I quietly rode on until daylight, and then stripped. I would recommend any one who wishes to learn early rising to visit Jericho.*

We soon left the wild meadows of Jericho, and entered on a sandy desert, reaching the banks of the Jordan in less than two hours. That part of the plain which is now sand might easily be again cultivated, as there is an abundance of water near; but the "pride of Jordan is spoiled." (Zech. xi. 3.)

The point of the Jordan at which we arrived is the one in which, as is believed by the Greeks, Jesus was baptized by John, when the Holy Ghost descended upon him like a dove; though the Latins will have it that it was a little more to the north. Here also the Israelites are believed to have crossed, when the waters were driven back, and stood on a heap, (Josh. iii. 16,) a circumstance which could not have arisen from any "natural cause supernaturally applied;" but was the effect of a direct miracle. Thence too it was that Elijah was taken up in a chariot of fire, his mantle resting upon Elisha.

The water was rushing down with great force, though the river was not then very high. When there is no flood at all, the current is, of course, not near so strong. Here the pilgrims who visit Jerusalem at Easter come in a body to bathe, men and women rushing in indiscriminately; and it frequently happens that several are drowned through the force of the current. There are sometimes as many as 3,000 in one party, and the wild Arabs have often a rich harvest in *picking up* stragglers. When Dr. Olin was there, the governor of Jerusalem accompanied the pilgrims, and 13 camels with their baggage were stolen, and two Italians were stripped quite naked; but falling in with some Bedouins from the other side, the governor threatened to beat them to death if the lost property were not restored. This had the intended effect, as it was all brought back during the night.†

* I counted no less than 150 punctures on one wrist, and my whole body was in the same state; for the fleas in the east always bite through my skin, and leave a mark as if pierced with an awl.

† Dr. O. gives a graphic description of the pilgrims, who had assembled to the number of 2,500, not only as to their variety of dress, but also as to their mode of living. There was the Egyptian dining upon an onion and a doura cake, the Syrian with his hands full of curds, the Armenian feasting on pickled olives or preserved dates, the Cossack devouring huge pieces of boiled mutton, and the European and American seated around a box, serving the purpose of a table, covered with the usual variety of meats demanded by the pampered appetite of civilised man.

The pilgrims often take with them shrouds, which they dip in the river, and preserve for their burial or that of their friends.

I was afraid to venture into the river; but I had a good wash, which was worth something. The river here is not much, if any, wider than the Irwell at Manchester or the Cam at Cambridge; and certainly not so wide as the Ouse at Bedford, nor half so wide as the Thames at London Bridge. Still it is a noble river, having its source in the mountains of Anti-Lebanon, about 12 miles north of Cesarea-Philippi, passing through the Lake of Gennesareth, and emptying itself, after a course of about 160 miles, into the Dead Sea, after the rate of six millions of tons a day. The river has two banks, an upper and a lower one. When it is full to the upper bank, which is the meaning of Josh. iii. 15, &c., it is much wider; and this is always the case shortly after the "latter rains." The water is turbid, but sweet and good. The banks are lined with willows, tamarisks, oleanders, and other trees, and green bushes fill up the spaces between.

On the other side of the river, is a vast field of mountains,—the mountains of Moab and Ammon; and mountains they are, in the true sense of the word; but it is impossible to say which is Pisgah, as the chain does not vary much in height. Neither can it be said which is Peor, on which Balaam stood when the king of Moab wished him to curse the Israelites; but this must have been on the other side, as well as Pisgah, though some writers have labored to show that Pisgah was on the west side of the Jordan.

Bashan is in the plain beyond the hills, running toward the north, and is said to be still a suitable place for cattle, (Deut. xxxii. 14,) a very fertile and beautiful land.

Abdallah, with his usual and unfailing knowledge, pointed out what he called the spot on which the house of Rahab had stood; but he knew a great deal too much for me.*

* Some writers have expressed surprise that the spies sent by Joshua should have taken refuge in the house of a harlot, and others have endeavored to prove that Rahab was not a harlot but an innkeeper, or one who had charge of a caravanserai; but there can be no doubt that she really was what she is called in the Bible, a harlot. It must not, however, be forgotten, to say nothing of any Divine agency in the matter, that she was the only woman who would have dared to open her doors to the spies; and hence it was that, knowing this, the king of Jericho sent to her immediately he heard that spies had entered the country. But the woman would not give the men up, any more than Lot would give up the angels who had gone "under the shadow of his roof." (Gen. xix. 8.) They had eaten of her bread and cast themselves under her protection, and that was enough. The "scarlet line" was probably the rope by which she let them down from the window.

Some travellers have busied themselves in looking for the stones which Joshua set up; but this is labor in vain. Jericho and Gilgal have passed through many phases since Joshua's time, and the stones must have disappeared long ago. When Joshua says, "And they are there unto this day," he refers, of course, merely to the day on which he wrote the account.

We now proceeded to the Dead Sea, our way being over sands and sandbanks, totally destitute of verdure. Numbers of pelicans were strutting about, but they flew off as soon as we neared them. Occasionally we saw a solitary one, moping alone, as though it had lost its way. Probably such were referred to in Ps. cii. 6. The scenery on both sides was mountainous and wild.

In about an hour and a half we reached the Dead Sea. We had not followed the course of the Jordan, as that would have been too circuitous, but had crossed the sandy waste.

It has been generally believed that the whole of the Dead Sea covers the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah; but this has been proved to be incorrect. The lake certainly has not always been as extensive as it is now, but there can be no doubt that from the Creation, at any rate from the Flood, there ever has been a lake here. Besides, there is nothing said in the Bible which warrants us to conclude that the sites of the cities were covered with water after they were destroyed by the fire which was rained down from heaven upon them. On the contrary, in Gen. xiv. 10, we read of "slimepits," that is, pits of bitumen, into which the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fell, *as they fled* toward the mountains; and as these "slimepits" are now only to be found at the bottom of the sea, on the south, it is clear that Sodom and Gomorrah could not have been situated there; and it also proves that the lake must now extend farther south than it did then.

Dr. Robinson places Zoar on the south-east of the sea, in the land of Moab, while other writers place it at the north, or north-west. So again some say that Sodom was on the south-west and Gomorrah on the north-west, and that Admah was to the west of Sodom and Zeboim to the south-east of the sea; but all these opinions are speculative, and not worth following up. I am content to know that these cities were somewhere within a few miles of the place where I stood, and that, in accordance with the word of God, they exist no longer. Near the south-east end is a place called Ain-Jiddy, which was probably the ancient En-Gedi.

There is no doubt that, at the bottom of the lake, there exists, as I have hinted above, an extensive bed of asphaltum, large

quantities of which are often cast up to the surface by earthquakes; and some writers, who would wish to make it appear that every miracle recorded in the Old Testament was the result only of "natural causes supernaturally applied," have argued much to prove, from this circumstance, that the cities were destroyed through the ignition of this asphaltum; but if it were so, I cannot see how the brimstone and fire could have been *rained from heaven*. (Gen. xix. 24.) Perhaps, however, these acute reasoners can. Dr. Robinson, (a Doctor of *Divinity* by the way,) with his usual ingenuity, says, "The country, we know, is subject to earthquakes, and exhibits also frequent traces of *volcanic* action. It would have been no uncommon effect of *either of these causes* to heave up the bottom of the ancient lake, and thus produce the phenomenon in question. But the historical account of the destruction of the cities implies also the agency of fire. *Perhaps both causes were at work*; for volcanic action and earthquakes go hand in hand; and the accompanying electric discharges usually cause lightnings to play and thunders to roll. In this way we have all the phenomena which the most literal interpretation of the sacred records can demand!!" * And this from a Doctor of Divinity! Tom Paine could not have written anything much worse.

The Arabs who accompanied Dr. R. gave him an account of one piece of the asphaltum, which was so large that it looked like an island as it floated on the water. When cut up, it sold for £500. Sulphur and nitre are also frequently found on the shores, and of these the Arabs make their gunpowder.

It has also been supposed that before the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the Jordan flowed directly along the valley into the Red Sea; but it has been satisfactorily ascertained that this never could have been the case, as the Red Sea is considerably higher than the Dead Sea.

In all the accounts which writers have given of the nauseousness of the water, there is not a shade of exaggeration. I drank a small quantity, perhaps a quarter of a wineglassful, really not more; and this not only acted unpleasantly medicinally upon me, but my mouth was not quite free from the taste of it until the next day. A piece of black stone, which abounds near the shores and has been frequently mistaken by travellers for as-

* In a note on a previous page, I partially recommended Dr. R.'s work to my readers. I now regret having done so, for the more I search into it, the more I find the writer imbued with semi-infidel principles, and the more incorrect I find him in many of his accounts. Perhaps the only point on which he is throughout correct is the distances of the various places from each other; but even here the work is clogged with so many unknown names that it is difficult to follow the writer.

phaltum, though perfectly dry when picked up, turned my keys quite black, on putting it into my pocket. I still have this piece by me, less a few fragments of it which I have given to friends. On putting a piece of this into the fire, it cracked like a lump of cannel-coal, which is well known in the north of England, and emitted a peculiar smell, something between pitch and sulphur, perhaps partaking of both. Its appearance altogether is greatly like the cannel-coal.* A piece of it was submitted to the Microscopical Society at Hull, when the members of the Society unanimously pronounced it to be lava.

I did not try the buoyancy of the waters by bathing in them; but I think most travellers who have tried it agree in saying that it is impossible to sink themselves. Those travellers who have found it otherwise always tried near the mouth of the Jordan, where, of course, the water is half fresh, and, consequently, not a fair test. Those who were never able to swim in other waters could here swim with ease. This buoyancy of the waters is caused by their specific gravity, arising from the strong solution of salts which they contain, principally muriate of lime, magnesia, and soda; and this is also what causes their extreme nauseousness. Though I did not, as I have said, bathe in the lake, I struck the water with my hand, and it so resisted the stroke that it seemed more like mud than water; yet it was transparent as glass. I wiped my hand on my pocket-handkerchief, but for some time afterwards my fingers seemed as if covered with a weak solution of gum.

I have read in more than one book that no animal can live near this sea; and, indeed, that if birds were to attempt to fly over it they would die in the passage; but this is an idle tale. I myself saw many birds flying over and about it. It is, however, true that no fish have yet been found in it, except near the mouth of the Jordan, having been carried down the stream; but even these were either dead or dying.

It is a wonder to many, as it once was to me, how the waters of this lake, which is not more than 50 miles long and 12 miles broad, supplied principally by the Jordan, should perpetually retain their nature. No outlet has yet been discovered for them; so that it is clear the amount of evaporation must be equal to the supply from the Jordan, the Arnon, and other streams, as well as the rains from the mountains. Of this, however, there need be no wonder, as the lake is encompassed

* Dr. Johnson spells this canal-coal; but it ought to be cannel-coal, being a corruption of the words candle-coal. It has nothing to do with canals, as it was used long before canals were thought of. In the *Penny Cyclopædia* it is spelt as I have given it.

on three sides by mountains, which serve to reflect a burning sun, and as it lies in its own "deep caldron" 500 ft. below the level of the Mediterranean and 3,000 ft. below Jerusalem. The height of the water varies much, being, of course, higher during the rainy season than during summer.

In the Bible, this sea is called the Salt Sea, the East Sea, and the Sea of the Plain. The Arabs call it Bahhr Lout,



THE DEAD SEA.

(the Sea of Lot.) The mountains of Moab are on the east, and those of Judea on the west.

The air around was so sultry that it considerably affected my breathing, and in every breath I took I seemed to inhale a bitter vapor. As no other traveller that I know of has mentioned such a sensation, it *might* be fancy; but I do not think it was, and have no desire to try it again. It was probably caused by the steam that arose from the waters, which I am by no means the only one to have noticed. It had the appearance of hot water in a pan.

An Irish traveller, named Costigan, had a small boat taken to the Dead Sea, for the purpose of exploring it; but, having neglected to take with him a sufficient supply of fresh water, he was seized with a fever and died. His remains were interred in the Armenian cemetery on Mount Zion. Through the carelessness of his servant, his diary was lost.

I remember, when in Nubia, seeing a fine plant which the Arabs called Oosher, or some such name. It bore a fruit as round as an orange, and of a pale colour. On pressing the fruit, it burst, and "went off" like the noise of a pop-gun. The inside was filled with a silk-like fibre, or like a spider's web, and the stalk yielded a milky juice like that of the dandelion. I did not, of course, try it, but it is said to be rank poison. This fruit is believed to be what is referred to in Deut. xxxii. 32, as the vine of Sodom. Dr. Robinson states that he found it in abundance on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea.

The shores of the sea are as sterile as aught that can be conceived. How can they be otherwise, surrounded as they are, by high limestone cliffs, with a burning sun above and a salt lake beneath? On the south of the lake is a hill, called the Salt Mountain, which is formed of rock salt, but too bitter to be used. Indeed, all the hills around are encrusted, more or less, with salt and sulphur, sparkling under the beams of the sun. The hues with which the hills are *beautified* have been spoken of by many, and not without good reason; for the variety of tints is marvellous; while the clear waters below dazzle the eye like diamonds. The whole scene is desolate, dreary, and death-like enough; and yet I called it lovely, and was sorry when Abdallah told us we must be going, as we were still nine hours from Jerusalem. I unhesitatingly pronounce this prospect,—the fantastic mountains, with their varied tints, the extended lake with its clear sparkling waters, the boundless heavens above, with their unclouded sun, and the utter sterility of everything around below, as *unmatchable*.

"Lovely it is not," says Dr. Robinson; "yet magnificently wild, and in the highest degree stern and impressive."

We now turned toward the west, to return to Jerusalem. Most visitors to the Dead Sea tarry a night at the Greek Convent of San Saba; but my time would not admit of it. Abdallah, who, to give him his due, was an excellent guide, said he would take us another way, that we might see the "tomb of Moses." The Bible says no man knows where Moses was buried; but the Arabs fancy they know better. However, as it was a matter of indifference to me which way I returned, so that I arrived at Jerusalem before sunset, I desired him to lead on.

Our way lay over limestone hills, similar to those of the "Wilderness of the Temptation," forming, indeed, a portion of that wilderness, no living thing, not so much as a beetle, being visible, until we arrived at the alleged tomb of Moses. A mosque had been erected near the site, but it was, if I remember right, then in ruins. I was not allowed to enter the open court, as I was a "Christian;" but my "Christian" guide walked in, and soon joined the Bedouin "guard" and the muleteers in their Mahometan devotions. I was not, however, surprised at this, as I am quite sure he was just the man to do anything for a loaf of bread. On coming out, I tried to convince him that this could not be the tomb of Moses; but he turned upon me and called me an infidel. "Well, Abdallah," I said, "you are a pretty *convert*, certainly."

The hill all about the tomb was strewed with a black mineral similar to the black stone which I picked up at the Dead Sea, only much harder and not so brittle. It is capable of bearing a high polish, and is cut, squared, and engraved by the Bethlehemites for sale to the pilgrims.

Passing over the mountains, ascending and descending like ships on a stormy sea, we many times caught sight of the Dead Sea, gradually appearing less and less, until it died away in the distance, and we saw it no more.

After a most wearisome ride, we reached Bethany, entering it on the north side; and this time we went through the village. Here Abdallah was able to point out, in his way, the house of Mary and Martha; but I have not much faith in the stones and mortar of a house nearly 2,000 years old. The tomb of Lazarus, at the mouth of which the Redeemer stood, when, with an almighty voice, he called, "Lazarus, come forth," I viewed in a different light. It is hewn out of a rock, and is, beyond doubt, an ancient Jewish sepulchre. A flight of 26 steep steps, cut out of the rock, lead into the

chamber, which is large enough for more than one body, and probably belonged to the family. Even earlier than the time of Eusebius, this was considered as the tomb which it has ever since been represented to be; and no other of so great antiquity has been found anywhere near.

Bethany now contains only about 20 families, all poor enough, though, the houses being built of stone, the village has a far different appearance to that of Jericho.

We now wended our way to the top of the Mount of Olives. Here is a church said to be built on the spot whence the Redeemer ascended up into heaven; but Luke says expressly, "He led them out as far as Bethany; and while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven." It is true that, in Acts i. 12, we read that, after the ascension, the disciples "returned unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet;" but this is by no means a contradiction of the previous statement, as the direct road from Bethany to Jerusalem was over the Mount of Olives; and this is what the passage means. Indeed, as the Acts of the Apostles were penned by Luke, it is not likely that he would or could have been left to contradict himself. Was it on this very way that the multitudes spread their garments, and exclaimed, "Hosanna to the Son of David?" In all probability it was, as the direct road to Jerusalem has ever been over the Mount of Olives. Bethany was often visited by the Redeemer, and there many of his mighty works were done.

Up this mount David fled from the face of Absalom, as recorded 2 Sam. xv. Poor old man! He had stood against whole armies, Goliaths and even wild beasts falling before him; but he could not stand against his son! "O Absalom, my son, my son!"

The olive trees on the mount, for there are still many there, were in full bloom, and there were many patches of corn below in full ear. From the summit I had a full view of Jerusalem, but it looked diminutive, as I was on too elevated a spot. About half way down, however, the case was altered. Here it is said is the point whence the Redeemer viewed the city, when he wept over it, and whence also he pronounced its doom. (Luke xix. 41, &c.)* The city was not at my feet,

* How exactly the predictions of the Redeemer were verified is well known to every one who has read the history of Jerusalem. In the reign of Nero, in the year 66, A.D., the war broke out between the Jews and the Romans, which was indeed caused by the perpetration of the most abominable actions by that cruel tyrant. The Jews submitted to much, until Florus, who had been made governor of Jerusalem by

but almost on a level with me, the deep ravine of Jehoshaphat lying between. Every street is, from this spot, to be distinctly traced, and I was struck with the difference in their appear-

Nero, seized the treasures of the temple, and then all obedience to the Romans, on the part of the Jews, was at an end, and the war commenced. The Jews were at first victorious, and succeeded in expelling the Romans from the city; but their victory was only temporary; for Vespasian, the Roman general, arrived with his son Titus and an army of 60,000 men, and, attacking all the fortified places in Galilee, slaughtered 40,000 Jews, and took 1,200 prisoners, amongst the latter of whom was the celebrated Jewish historian Josephus. On the death of Nero, Vespasian was declared emperor, but the war was continued by Titus. On the 20th of April, 70 A.D., he commenced the siege of Jerusalem, and in 15 days broke through the external wall, (that is, the third wall, which had been erected during the reign of Claudius,) and, in less than three months, nearly 116,000 Jews in the city had perished. Still the survivors in the interior of the city held out, believing that God would yet appear for them, though the Christians, as I mentioned a few pages back, had fled to the mountains, in obedience to the warning of their Lord. (Luke xxi. 20, 21.) So vigorously did Titus press the siege, that, according to Josephus, who was an eyewitness, numbers of Jews perished through famine, and the most horrid barbarities were practised. Then it was that Maria, a woman of distinction, put her own child to death and roasted it, to satisfy the cravings of her hunger, boldly offering the insurgents one half after she had devoured the other. The news of this soon reached Titus, and he "called the gods to witness that he was guiltless of such cruelties;" and he at once determined to destroy the city. On the 10th of August, the porches were burnt down, and Titus and his army entered the inner courts of the temple. Still that Roman general wished to spare the temple; but it was too late. A soldier threw a flaming brand through the golden doors which led to the chambers on the north of the holy of holies, and, as if directed by a higher hand, in an instant the whole was in flames. Titus now declared that the time of mercy had gone by, and the Jews were condemned to indiscriminate massacre. It was not, however, until the 8th of September that the Romans completed the entire conquest of Jerusalem. Josephus says that 1,100,000 Jews died during the siege, besides 12,000 who subsequently perished from hunger, and 97,000 who were taken prisoners.

It is remarkable that this, the second temple, was destroyed on the corresponding day and month with those on which Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the first temple. When Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, that conqueror compelled the Jews to purchase the water of their own wells and the wood of their own trees; which was precisely what Jeremiah had foretold, as expressed in Lam. v. 4. Darius gave Nehemiah permission to rebuild the temple, and Xerxes renewed it. This was what caused the Jews to support the Persians against Alexander. (See Chapter V.)

When Christ was crucified, the Jews exclaimed, "His blood be on us and on our children;" and how fearfully this imprecation was verified, the above account painfully shows. The expression, "His blood be upon his head," is more than once used in the Bible. It was indeed an ordinary expression of the Jews, when a man had been lawfully put to death, to show that they were not guilty of his blood. The blood which

ance, the vicinity of the bazaars being all life and activity, while in the other localities I could hardly see a human being. "How does the city sit solitary!" The houses present an appearance of sameness, similar cupolas, or domes, surmounting all; but the Church of the Sepulchre, the Armenian Convent, and especially the Mosque of Omar, stand out in grand relief. I fixed my eye on "Pilate's house," and traced the street (Via Dolorosa) as far as Calvary; but I had no time for reflection, as the day was drawing to a close, and we had to proceed.

The road, or track rather, pursued a somewhat winding course until we reached the bottom. What is that enclosure at the corner, surrounded by that stone wall, overlooking the Kidron, and so carefully preserved? The Garden of Gethsemane! Yes, the Garden of Gethsemane! "It is," as Mr. Fisk says, "a place of loneliness and seclusion, overhung by the Mount of Olives on the one side, and the western heights of the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the embattled walls of Jerusalem on the other. It is just such a spot as a soul desiring to be alone with God would choose, when the shades of evening were gathering over it."——

I entered it, not having a doubt as to its identity. I believed I was alone, and enjoyed a few moments of sweet reflection.

O to think that it was *here*, yea, even while his disciples were asleep, that Jesus was in an agony of soul, and sweat great drops of blood! And all for those very disciples who could not watch with him a single hour! And all for millions of his creatures, as sinful and weak as they!

The Garden still contains eight olive trees, all very ancient, and probably offshoots from stems which were in the Garden 1,800 years ago; for it is well known that the boll of the olive will send forth shoots which will live for centuries after the tree has been cut down. After walking amongst them, I raised my hand to break off a small branch from one of them, and *then* I found I was not, as I had supposed, alone; for two friars, whom I had not seen, sprang up, and frantically hallooed. I decamped, having seized only a few leaves, the friars following at a full run, until I reached the wall, which I scaled, and thus joined my companions. Now, I confess I did wrong in

was found on the sword was sometimes wiped on the head of the slain; which circumstance may perhaps explain the expression. Probably Hosea had the custom in view, when, speaking of Ephraim, he says, "Therefore shall he leave his blood upon him." (xii. 14.) On the occasion of the crucifixion of Christ, the Jews reversed their ordinary imprecation.

trying to break a piece off the trees; for surely, if it were a pleasure to me to have a twig in my desk, it must be more so to the thousands who visit these gardens to see the trees flourishing and undisturbed.

Near to the Garden is a building believed by some to be over the Virgin Mary's tomb; but it is more probable, as I showed on page 125, that she was interred at Ephesus.

We now crossed the Kidron, and, winding upwards, entered Jerusalem by the St. Stephen's Gate, having been travelling nearly 13 hours, 11 of which I had been on my mule. I was completely exhausted; but my anxiety to reach Malta, that I might hear from home, buoyed me up, and made me adhere to my resolution to leave for Beyrout next morning, if possible. On giving my orders to this effect to Abdallah, he seemed half petrified, perceiving how exhausted I was; but I told him that point was for me to decide. All he had to do was to obey, and get ready. We had spoken for the mules before we left for Jericho, and I had expected all would be in waiting; but I found myself again thwarted.

In the course of the evening, one of the governor's officers called to see me, and inquired how much we had paid the doctor at Hebron; and on my again naming the sum, as we had done when we first entered Jerusalem, he desired me to write it down, telling me at the same time that we ought only to have paid a dollar (4s. 2d.) each, and that that sum was all that the doctor had entered on our papers. As Abdallah spoke English unusually well, I took the opportunity of telling the officer, through him, what annoyances we had met with on the road, at Nackell, Daheriyeh, &c. He was evidently much irritated, and desired me to write down every particular, except about Nackell, which, he said, belonged to Egypt. This I did, in a faithful manner, my Scotch companion and myself signing the paper. I then asked the officer what would be done in the case; when he replied that a troop would be sent for the sheikh of the Bedouin tents, the governor of Daheriyeh, and the doctor at Hebron, and they would all be punished. Whether this were done or not I cannot say, as I had no desire to stop to see.

Another disappointment now sprang up. My guide told me that the mules were all out at grass, and that we could not possibly start for Beyrout the next day. I told him in that case I would change my route, and, instead of going through Nazareth, as I had intended, would go by way of Jaffa, which was a day or two the shorter road, where I would, if possible, take a boat for Beyrout; and by this means I should be able

to rest on the Lord's Day, as I had purposed doing had I had more time and gone the other route. Most travellers go by way of Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee; and this is by far the more interesting way; but as my only alternative was either to give up that or miss the steamer at Beyrout, I unhesitatingly chose the former.

This night, though I was a little plagued with vermin, I slept for full 10 hours. I had not had such a night for years.

The next morning, (March 18th,) being a prisoner at large, I again strolled about Jerusalem. I went to the back of Mount Calvary, that is, outside the Church of the Sepulchre, but saw nothing particular, except an ancient arch, two pillars lying prostrate in the street, and a heap of rubbish of all sorts. Hardly a human being was to be seen.

In the course of the day I had the pleasure to learn that my *teskari* was obtained, that my mules had arrived, and that everything was ready for an early start next morning. Our consul told me he hoped the road would be safe; but, as the pasha of Jerusalem had lately been discharged, and as his successor had not yet been sent from Constantinople, the people between Jerusalem and Jaffa were all arming, and he was afraid some parts, particularly the village of Abou Goosh, were preparing for a disturbance. My only reply was that I was sorry to hear it, but go I must; and I felt a humble confidence that the Lord would be with me still.

CHAPTER XL

JERUSALEM TO JAFFA AND BEYROUT.

I must now abruptly leave Jerusalem. If my readers have, in the perusal of my hurried remarks, realised only one-tenth of the pleasure I experienced on the spot, they have had a feast which no man has a right to expect more than once in his life; but I have no reason to anticipate that they have experienced anything of the kind. My *first* view of Jerusalem was one of disappointment; my *last*, one of admiration, sympathy, gratitude, and regret. Every spot pointed out to me had excited renewed emotions in my mind, and I had over and over again felt my heart throb at the recollection of the sacred incidents which each place called to my recollection. I can, nevertheless, sometimes scarcely believe that I have explored that hallowed spot.——“Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces!” Before 7 o'clock in the morning of March 19th, I was on my way to Joppa. Another look, and I bade Jerusalem adieu, I thought, for ever. (See Vol. II.)

The morning was cold, cloudy, and threatening. Going out at the Bethlehem Gate, outside which were already several lepers, begging, in two hours I came to a spot little better than a desert. The mountains were barren, but still had a magnificent appearance. In about an hour I reached a valley containing some wild fig trees, Shechem being on my right. Passing a village, I crossed the dry bed of a stream, and then arrived at the brook from which David took his pebbles.* Here I dismounted, and also took up a stone, taking care that, like David's, it was a *smooth* one. Not that this was the exact spot in which the battle was fought, as that was considerably to the left, in the Valley of Elah, (*i. e.*, the Valley of Turpentine Trees;) but this brook runs down the valley. The place well answers the description given in the Bible, the two armies being on the hills opposite to each other, with the valley between them.† Ramah, the birthplace of Samuel, was a little on our right, and Bethel some distance beyond.

* I have often thought of the circumstance that the stones which David selected were *smooth* ones, and yet only *one* was necessary to slay the great Goliath. This sank into the giant's forehead quite as deep as a *rough* one would have done; nay, probably deeper than a rough one *could* have done. If some of us, who are too apt to be hasty in our expressions and sarcastic in our remarks, could only ever remember this fact, adding to it Solomon's wise expression, "A soft (*smooth*) answer turneth away wrath, but grievous (*rough*) words stir up anger," we might not only avoid the infliction of many an unnecessary wound on our friends, but also often preserve the peace of our own minds.

"Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall, as manna did
On some high-fainting heart."

Goliath's height was about 9 ft. 4 in. There was an Irish giant, named O'Brien, who stood 8 ft. 4 in., and the King of Prussia had a guard who stood 8 ft. 6 in.

When Job says, "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook," he refers to a dry watercourse with its smooth pebbles, which, when the sun shines upon them, look like a stream of water; but, on nearing it, the traveller finds he has been deceived. (See also my remarks on the Mirage.)

+ It was the practice amongst the Arabians, and still is amongst some of the Bedouins, according to Burckhardt, that, when two hostile tribes meet, one goes forth and challenges another from the opposing tribe. "O horsemen, horsemen," says he, "let such a one come and meet me;" but sometimes the challenger challenges the whole host, like the Philistine, daring any one of them to single combat. And often, by agreement, the fate of the whole army is made to depend on this single combat. This is an excellent plan, and had I my way should prevail universally, as well as amongst the Bedouins; and, moreover, the combatants should always be the rulers who caused the war.

The next place pointed out to me was Emmaus, standing on a hill, to which the two disciples were going when they were joined by their Divine Master, after his resurrection. "Did not our hearts burn within us," said they, "while he talked with us by the way?" There appeared to be many buildings there, but my guide said they were in ruins. The country all round is very hilly, being part of "the Hill Country" of Judea.

In a little less than three hours from the time of my leaving Jerusalem, I came to the village of Abou Goosh, a *governor* who had been a notorious robber, and who had put all law and power at defiance, until subdued by Ibrahim Pasha, and sent a prisoner to Damascus. The valley in which it is situated is lovely and fruitful. Dr. Robinson thinks this may have been the ancient Kirjath-jearim, where the ark of God remained for 20 years. It is now called Koriah. The ruins of a Greek church lie near this village. Every man whom we met hereabouts had with him his musket and other arms, but I received not the slightest molestation. Indeed, my guide told me it was the Greek pilgrims, whom we met in shoals, going to Jerusalem, who had most to fear. Six poor Greeks, who had been to Jerusalem, and who were returning to Jaffa on foot, to take boat for their own land, asked to be allowed to travel with me, as the inhabitants would not dare to touch them, if they could pass as my servants. I told Abdallah they looked far more forbidding than even the armed natives, but he could do as he pleased. A small present to him from them secured *his* good graces; so they followed as my attendants until we reached Ramlah.

Early in the afternoon we entered upon one part of the plains of Sharon. Nothing, I think, can exceed the richness of the land. This part of the plain is not flat, but undulated, and well cultivated around Ramlah; and the crops were most abundant.* But thousands of acres are left to run wild, and are "like a wilderness." (Isa. xxxiii. 9.) Strangers, especially Englishmen, whose lands are so highly cultivated, may well be "astonished" at this, (Jer. xviii. 16,) as the land is capable of producing to an unlimited extent. Wheat, we are told, pro-

* Some writers say that the corn does not grow half so high in Palestine as in England. This may be the case, but I much doubt it, as I think I should have noticed it if it had been so. I saw barley in Egypt growing as high as my shoulders. I do not remember that I saw any oats growing in the east, except one small field in Egypt; but none are required, as the horses are fed principally with barley. I noticed this particularly while travelling from Jerusalem to Beyrout. In England, we consider that barley would be too heating for our horses.

duces seventy fold and doura a hundred and in some parts many hundred fold.

At 3 o'clock I arrived at Ramlah,* the Arimathea of the New Testament. Here lived Joseph, who begged the body of Jesus. (Matt. xxvii. 57.) A mosque now stands on the site of Joseph's house, having been erected from the ruins of a Christian church. Gardens, groves, and plantations surround the place. There is a convent here, at which travellers may rest; but the word "rest" was not in my dictionary. I pushed on. Dr. Robinson doubts whether this be the place that it is represented to be. He also doubts the identity of Emmaus, and many other places. His principal reason for objecting to the site shown as Emmaus seems to be that it is threescore and ten furlongs from Jerusalem, while, in the Acts it is said to be threescore only; but it says *about* threescore.

In less than another hour I came opposite Lydda, (Acts ix.,) which is "nigh unto Joppa." The road now lay along lanes of gardens, with millions of oranges, nearly ripe, on the trees, literally filling the air with their perfumes. Prickly pear, fig, pomegranate, almond, and other fruit trees also abounded. Flowers, in immense variety, even at this early period of the year, covered the plain. Not only do the rose, the narcissus, the white and orange lily, and the carnation, rejoice together here; but there is also a highly fragrant species of perpetual flower, the name of which I have not been able to learn. And this led us to Joppa, now called Jaffa.

I gave myself up unreservedly to the deliciousness of this ride, for such a one I had never had before nor have ever had since. I was the more delighted, as I had not been prepared for it, having no expectation of such a treat.

* On the left of Ramlah, to the borders of Egypt, and all along the sea-coast, was the land of the Philistines. It now consists principally of huts, or "cottages for shepherds and folds for flocks," built of dry mud. (Zeph. ii. 4—6.) The nearest way to Egypt, from Jerusalem, is through this country, Gaza, more than 40 miles distant, being the first town to which the traveller comes after he leaves Ramlah. But Gaza, ancient Gaza, is one field of ruins. "Baldness has come upon it." (Jer. xlvii. 5.) Many of the ruins have disappeared in the sands, but innumerable pieces of broken pottery, marble, &c., clearly mark the site. The present town which goes by the name of Gaza is situated much nearer the shore than the ancient city was. It contains about 15,000 inhabitants. Gaza has now no gates; but the places of the ancient ones remain. One of these is shown as the gate whose doors and bars were carried off by Samson. The "hill before Hebron," to which he carried them, is about 40 or 45 miles off. The land all around is said to be exceedingly fertile. Askalon, Ashdod, Gath, and Ekron also lie in that direction.

I entered the gate, which is remarkably handsome, at 5 o'clock, having been rather more than ten hours in coming from Jerusalem. The governor was seated with some attendants near the gate. We saluted each other as I past. Numbers of men were squatted about the streets smoking, as is always the case in eastern towns. I went direct to the Latin Convent, where an acceptable room, though full of cobwebs and very dark, was allotted to me.

After partaking of some refreshment, I went with Abdallah to engage a boat for Beyrout; but as it blew a little fresh, no one would undertake to go. I therefore put up for the night.

Jaffa, the Japho of the Old Testament and the Joppa of the New, is built by the sea side, and forms a commanding position; but it is abominably filthy. It must at one time have been a place of some importance, as piles of ruins, marble pillars, &c., are to be seen all round. Here Noah is believed to have built his ark, and here Jonah embarked for Tarshish.* It was also the port used by Solomon to receive the timber from Tyre for building the temple, and by all the kings of Judah, to connect the city of Jerusalem with foreign countries. A few years ago it was destroyed by an earthquake, and thousands of people were buried alive.

I was shown what were called the ruins of the house of Simon the tanner, in which Peter had the vision of the sheet knitted at its four corners. I see no reason to doubt its *position*, as it answers the New Testament description; but the *building* itself is more questionable. The house of Tabitha, whom Peter raised from the dead, is a little way off.

On the following day I again endeavored to hire a boat, and offered a large sum for one; but no one would venture. As evening approached, I increased my offer, when one man came forward, and said he would take it. We went to the

* When Jonah embarked at Joppa, he made up his mind to go to Tarshish, believed to be Tartessus, in Spain. The ships used in those days, and even in Paul's days, were not like the ships of Europe, but just such as those still used in the east; being neither more nor less than large fishing boats. It was one of these that I wanted to engage. Had I had more time, and been as well up to travelling as I am now, I certainly should have gone to Nineveh, as I was not more than 500 miles off. I am well acquainted with a gentleman who accompanied Mr. Layard when he explored the district, and sent so many invaluable monuments to the British Museum; and his description, each time he gives it, almost sets me on a flame. What an amazing and yet awful proof of the truths of the Bible the ruins of Nineveh are! According to Jonah iii. 3, the city and suburbs were three days' journey (say 40 miles) round.

British Consul's, (who, by the way, was an Arab, and could not speak a word of English,) to have the contract ratified, when the boatman drew back and would not seal it. I had now not an hour to lose, and became exceedingly anxious; and therefore reluctantly engaged mules, to set out the next morning. Before fixing upon the price, my nice guide called the muleteer aside; but, knowing that his object was to induce him to ask a larger sum than was just, that he might have his share, I would not suffer him to say a word except in the hearing of the consul. During the whole of this transaction, we were attended by many noisy men, all of whom seemed to know better than myself what I ought to do; for the Arabs never will allow you to make a bargain quietly or alone. They seem to spell every word you utter, and carefully pry into your hands every time you take them out of your pocket. They have no business of their own to mind, and therefore fill up their time in minding other people's. Gladly would they have done my bidding for a penny; for they stand idle all the day now, as when the Redeemer was on the earth, "because no man hires them." It took full two hours to come to terms with the muleteer, every Arab, who is a shade higher than a common servant, being so fond of wrangling.

Our consul's house was built of stone, but the entrance to it was up a number of steps outside, like going into a loft. There was no glass to the windows. It had a mud floor, full of holes, and all the furniture it contained was three or four old wooden chairs, a deal table, shabby dirty ottomans, and four twopenny prints, representing the seasons. There were two maces in the room, and the Royal Arms were over the door. The consul himself was dressed in a dirty red cloak, and had on a fancy turban. And such was the representative at Jaffa of Queen Victoria! He receives no pay as consul, but is exempted from all Turkish burdens, and also charges a dollar for every contract he draws up. He was an Arab-Greek Christian.

As the Arabs never do at 6 o'clock what they can put off until 9, I was unable to get my muleteer ready the next morning before the latter hour, being three hours after the time fixed. I was sorry enough to be travelling on the Lord's Day; but I felt that I had no alternative. I had been anxious to leave early, that I might have to myself as much of the day as possible, for our first stopping place was to be at a place called Mahharlet, only six hours from Joppa. Had I been able to start at 6 o'clock, I should, of course, have arrived by noon; whereas, as it was, I did not get in until 3.

The road lay on the edge of the Plains of Sharon, along the coast of the Mediterranean, or "Great Sea." In some parts it was over sands, into which the feet of the mules sank deep; in others it was almost like a desert; and in others like a rude park, with stunted oaks; but the plains on our right were in a good state of cultivation, often reminding me of my own land; while the deep-blue waters of the sea rolled and dashed along the shore on my left. The wind continued to blow fresh, and, indeed, did not cease for more than a week afterwards; so that it was well I had not waited longer for a boat. Several short but heavy showers fell during the day. The Plains of Sharon extend all the way from Jaffa to Mount Carmel.

We forded a stream, which Abdallah said ran from the Sea of Galilee; but here he was at fault, as it was clear it took its rise among the hills not far off on our right. The stream is sometimes not passable, during heavy rains; and I could see no bridge.

In about six hours from Jaffa, we reached our destination, Mahharlet, or Mahhalid, which Mr. Buckingham thinks may have been Antipatris; but Antipatris was certainly more inland, and nearer to Lydda.

The houses at Mahharlet, being built of stone, looked inviting, particularly the one in which we were to take up our lodgings; and I congratulated myself on the prospect of continued comfort; for in the convent at Jaffa I had met with but little to disturb my rest. Ascending by a flight of steps outside, I was shown my room; but I soon found it was not to be mine only. The floor was not boarded, nor paved, but simply of dry mud; and at the farther end of the room was a mud divan; that is, a raised platform, formed entirely of earth, instead of a divan, or sofa. On the left of the room was a door, which led into another room, in which were the female part of the establishment; and under the whole were the stables, belonging to the Turkish post. Abdallah soon brushed the accumulated dirt from one corner of the divan, and then spread upon it my quilt; which, of course, meant that that was to be my berth.*

* This was a mark of honor, for the corner seats, corner beds, and corners of the divans or couches, are always occupied by the most distinguished persons. Thus, when the Lord said, "The children of Israel shall be taken out that dwell in Samaria, in the *corner* of a bed," he meant that even the most honorable should not escape. (Amos iii. 12.) So again in Nehemiah, (ix. 22,) where it is said the Lord divided the lands into *corners* for the Israelites. The meaning of which is, that the Israelites possessed the lands and were *honored* as the lawful owners.

Having, with, I trust, a grateful heart, partaken of a little cold fowl, I went out, to enjoy a walk alone. I found some of the houses built of mud, with nothing but turf, or peat, for the roofs, and the whole village, which lies about a mile from the shore, with the hills of Samaria on the east, seemed to be surrounded by a fever-breeding marsh. Here I saw a man chastising his son. Having shaken him well by the shoulders, he took him by the hair of the head, and threw him on the ground, and then stamped violently upon his stomach. He afterwards took a thick stick to strike him, but the boy managed to escape. Several women stood by, and seemed to enjoy the sight. I shook my head at the man and said, "Battall;" (Bad;) when he seemed half ashamed, and the women ran away.

After I had paced about for nearly two hours, I returned to the house, and found the inmates all on the *qui vive*. It appeared the governor of Acre, with his suite, was coming, and they were making preparations to receive him. Abdallah played his part well on his behalf; for he brushed away at another part of the mud divan, without heeding that I was being half smothered; nor would he cease, until I forcibly took the rude besom out of his hands. When "his Highness" was introduced, he made directly up to me, saluted me *à la Turk*, and then took possession of the place prepared for him next to me. We were friends immediately, and ate our bread together. He also took several pinches of snuff out of my box, and seemed highly amused that it should make him sneeze so. He said he had never taken any before. Though I never take snuff myself, I find a box very useful when travelling. It secures one many a good office from persons to whom one could not well offer money. The governor was a fine, well-made man, and had a benevolent-looking countenance. The Turks have highly esteemed the English ever since the siege of Acre. One traveller denies this, and says they are ungrateful; but I must speak as I found them. I met with the greatest civility everywhere in Turkey, and think the said traveller must have been himself at fault.

While taking my tea, there were no less than 13 men in the room, all smoking away out of their long pipes; and there was also a wood fire on the floor, without any way of escape for the smoke, except the doorway, the room having neither chimney nor window. Two or three of the women of the house, contrary to all rules of eastern decorum, seemed determined to have a look at me, and made trifling excuses to come into the room; but their visit was transient, just as though they had come to see a lion and found he had broken loose.

At length the time for sleep came. Without undressing, I threw myself on my quilt, and dozed; but it was only momentary, for, greatly to my surprise, I found that this night was to be a counterpart of the one I had had to endure at Jericho. I bore it as long as I could, and then jumped up and lighted a candle; when for the first time I discovered that just by my side was a large dust bin, the dust in which was literally alive with vermin. I started to go outside, but stumbled over the poor Turks and Arabs* who were sprawling on the floor, and plunged over shootops into a hole of filthy water. After standing outside for some time, it began to rain; so I took a stool, which was the only piece of furniture in the room, and seated myself in one corner, having my candle burning. "His Highness" was very restless. Awaking up and missing me from my place, he stared with astonishment about the room until he fixed his eye upon me, and then burst into a loud laugh, for he well knew what was the matter.

On this stool I sat until 4 o'clock. I then awoke my dragoman and the governor. We took some coffee, and in an hour were on our way towards Cesarea. It was not quite dark, as the sky was tolerably clear; but we missed our way and got on to the marshes, our mules sinking up to their fetlocks. However, we soon righted ourselves, and proceeded.

In about three hours we reached Cesarea, where Cornelius the centurion and Philip the evangelist resided, and where Paul made Felix tremble. The city was built by Herod the Great, and is reported to have been a magnificent place, containing many sumptuous palaces and stately edifices. Josephus says "it was built of white stone, and was adorned with the most splendid palaces and private dwellings, and had also a harbor, having within it two stations for ships." "This harbor," Dr. Keith says, "formed one of the most wonderful

* There were 12 of these poor fellows. They all lay on the mud floor, without any covering but their bare cloaks. As they lay tolerably still, I imagine their skins must have been case-hardened. They were packed close together, to keep each other warm. We often in England say, "As close as three in a bed;" and here there were a dozen; but *what* a bed! Solomon says, "If two lie together, there is heat; but how can one be warm alone?" Now, as the people in the east who have beds, always sleep in *separate* beds, no two persons, not even man and wife, sleeping together, I used to wonder what Solomon meant; but there can be no doubt he referred to the custom, which was generally practised, of the aged and infirm having young, healthy persons with them in bed to keep them warm, and even, as they supposed, to impart *vital* heat! It was so in the case of David and the young damsel, as in 1 Kings i. 2-4: "And let her lie in thy bosom, that my lord the king may get heat." This was recommended by the doctors.

works of antiquity, built as it was of stones 50 ft. long, 18 ft. broad, and 9 ft. deep, and which were placed 20 fathoms deep. The mole built by the sea side was 200 ft. wide, with towers of sufficient strength to break the force of the severest tempest. A quay encircled the whole haven, and around it was a street of polished stone. There was a lofty temple, visible at some distance from the sea, in which was a statue to Cesar and another to Rome. Its glory soon ranked with that of the first city of the Roman empire, until its king, arrayed in royal apparel and seated on his throne, addressed the people in such lofty strains, that they shouted, 'It is the voice of a god.'* But he was smitten of God, and "eaten up of worms."*

When I saw it, Cesarea was one mass of ruins. Marble pillars, huge stones, &c., met the eye at every turn, and hills upon hills of ruins lay in every direction. In one place it appeared as if a rich colonnade had fallen in a mass, the white marble pillars lying in the ruined wall, horizontally, and pointing toward us like so many cannons. Part of a wall was standing, nearly 24 ft. thick. But an accurate description is out of the question. "Its palaces, churches, temples, forum, theatres, walls, moles, all its polished houses, and many of its mighty towers, now lie in undistinguishable masses of undefinable form." All these desolations and destructions must not be attributed to the Saracens and Turks, as there is no doubt that the Crusaders had a large hand in them.

There is not now in Cesarea a single human being. It is often visited by wild boars, but not often by wild Arabs. The ruins abound with scorpions.

Having stayed here a short time, and picked up a few fragments and some old coins, we proceeded onward, and in about three hours more reached Tanturo. It now began to rain in torrents, and the governor entreated me to remain for the day; but this I could not do, as I had not an hour to lose. We therefore shook hands and separated.

For some hours it rained incessantly, and the winds from Mount Lebanon, the tops of which I could descry covered with snow, blew furiously. In one instance, I and my mule were blown into the water.

Our road lay through well-cultivated fields, with an abundance of cattle, though but few habitations were to be seen.

* This was Herod Agrippa, the brother of Herodias. It was he who put to death the apostle James, and shut up Peter in prison, on the occasion when the doors were opened by the angel. (Acts xii. 1—19.) Herod left a son, Agrippa, and two daughters, Berenice and Drusilla. (See Acts xxv., xxvi.)

Now we began to ascend a hill, winding and winding in our course, and having in view a large stone building near the summit. That hill was Mount Carmel, and the building was the Latin Monastery. By 4 o'clock we had arrived at the monastery, and in a few minutes more I was under a hospitable roof. I was greatly exhausted, and drenched to the skin, notwithstanding that I had on a Macintosh coat, as the rain had run down my back. The superior of the convent was soon with me, and having, as is usual, forced upon me a glass of absynthe, to give me an appetite, showed me into a palace of a room, where I speedily changed my dress, sending my wet clothes into the kitchen to dry. I then took some refreshment, and went to bed. In a few seconds I was asleep; for, to say nothing of my having had no sleep the previous night, nor of the fatigue of travelling, the bed was so comfortable, and so clean, that to have kept awake would have been almost impossible. I had not, however, been asleep long, before one of the monks came to me, and announced that dinner was ready. I told him, in the best Italian I could muster, I did not wish for any, and begged of him to leave me; but he would not, but insisted upon my dressing and accompanying him. I wished the dinner was far enough, but the monk's hospitality was not to be frustrated; so I got up, and went down with him. At the table I met with an English traveller, who had come from Beyrout and was on his way to Jerusalem. To meet unexpectedly with an Englishman under such circumstances, or indeed with any one who can speak the English language, is one of the most cheering things imaginable. My sympathies were soon drawn out, and for a little while I felt almost at home. Having exchanged information as to our respective routes, we did full justice to the table. We had pigeons, fowls, green peas, olives, &c., our hosts telling us over and over again that *all* was produced on Mount Carmel.*

* It may not be out of place here to mention that the convents in the "Holy Land" have been established on the principle of pure hospitality. The monks and friars delight in entertaining strangers, and setting before them the best they can produce; but they themselves are strictly forbidden ever to eat animal food of any kind. Of wine, however, (ours this evening was made from grapes grown on Mount Carmel,) they partake copiously. Travellers may stay as long as they please, and they are at liberty to depart without giving a farthing for what they have received. Few, however, I hope none except the poor, ever do this. The convents have all been several times destroyed by the Turks, but now that the power of those semi-barbarians has been diminished, or kept under by the Europeans, the monks live in peace.

The convent on Mount Carmel is one of the best in existence. It is fitted up exactly like an hotel, with all its comforts. It is a fine square building, and is capable of accommodating many persons.

The next morning, (March 23rd,) having had a sumptuous breakfast, one of the monks accompanied me over the mount. The view from the top is most magnificent. Almond, orange, fig, olive, and other fruit trees grow on the plains in a soil richly covered with corn, pasture, and wild flowers. As I stood on the summit, the "Great Sea" was before me, with Acre, stretching out, as it were, on a low peninsula, into the water; the Mountains of Lebanon beyond on the right, and the ruins of Cesarea on the left; and, behind me, the great plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel, with Mount Tabor in the distance, and the hills of Galilee, Samaria, and Judea. "On this side of the Mount," said my friendly guide, as we walked together, "sat Elijah, when he obtained fire from heaven, to destroy the captains and their fifties. Near the banks of that stream (the Kishon) he destroyed the 400 prophets of Baal. There, or near there, he 'cast himself down upon the earth,' and said to his servant, 'Go up now, look toward the sea,' &c." (1 Kings xviii. 42-45.)

Returning to the convent, my guide took me into the chapel, where, under the altar, he showed me the cave in which he said Elijah had resided. A priest was bowing before the altar.

There are other caves on the mount besides those I have mentioned. To some of these Amos referred, when, as the mouth of God, he said, "If they hide themselves in the top of Carmel," (*i. e.*, in the caves,) "I will *take them out thence*."

Carmel is not a lofty hill, not being more than 1,500 ft. at its highest point above the sea; but the chain runs for six or eight miles inland. In former times, this range of hills was fruitful to a proverb; but now it has "withered," little except wild bushes appearing on the summit, the principal cultivation being in the plains and the convent gardens.

The plain of Jezreel is said to be about 15 miles square. It was here that Barak went down with 10,000 men and discomfited Sisera and all his chariots; and it was here that Josiah, king of Judah, disguised himself, that he might fight with Necho, king of Egypt, and where he fell by the arrows of the Egyptian archers.

The whole country, as far as the eye could scan, was clad with verdure, displaying one "beautiful carpet of grass and wild flowers," and proving how vast were its resources for wines and every luxury, as well as for cattle and every necessary.

Such was once the "excellency of Carmel," and such still is the district around.

I was so much overcome by the kindness I had received, the comforts of the convent, and the associations of the mount, that I emptied my purse on departing, and regretted that I had not more with me to give. Abdallah seemed annoyed, but I told him he would have to find money for the rest of my journey to Beyrout. After all, I did not give much more than I should have had to pay at an English hotel.

Our way from Mount Carmel lay still near the sea. Passing through a little town called Hhaifa, fording the river Kishon, and wending our way round the lovely Bay of Acre, on the shore of which I observed many large pieces of sponge lying, washed up by the waves, we arrived at the town of Acre about 11 o'clock.

This town fell to the lot of the tribe of Asher, but they never entirely drove out the inhabitants. The district abounds with olive trees, and it is remarkable that this was prophetically referred to by Moses in his blessing of Asher. "And let him dip his foot in oil," said he; just as, in allusion to the abundance of grapes which fell to Judah's lot, Jacob said, "He (Judah) washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes." Of course I speak here only of the *literal* figures, not venturing to attempt to explain their *spiritual* meaning. The oil of olives is as invaluable in the east now as it was in the days of Israel's prosperity. Before the invention of mills, the oil was extracted from olives by pressing or pounding. "Thou shalt sow," said Micah, "but thou shalt not reap; thou shalt tread the olives, but shalt not anoint thee with oil."*

Acre is the same as the Acccho of Judges i. 31, and as the Ptolemais of Acts xxi. 7, where Paul touched on his way to Jerusalem. It was one of the principal places on this coast, and some of its buildings are superior to those of any other. The port is bad, but better than that of either Jaffa, Tyre, Sidon, or Beyrout. Here, about 50 years ago, the celebrated Djazzar Pasha† resided, who built himself a palace, with

* The fruit of the olive was formerly beaten off the trees by the owners, with long sticks; and the Israelites were commanded not to go over the trees the second time, but to leave some fruit for the poor gleaners. (Deut. xxiv. 20.) These *gleanings* were always left on the trees until fully ripe, and then, by merely shaking the trees, the fruit would fall. This fact fully explains Isa. xvii. 6 and xxiv. 13.

† The real name of this man was Achmed, but he named himself Djazzar, to express his own character, *i. e.*, the butcher. He spread

fountains, the rich ruins of Cesarea serving him for a quarry. To this place, Bonaparte, in the early part of his career, laid siege; but, being defended by the English, under Sir Sidney Smith, the French were compelled to raise the siege and retire, after making 12 unsuccessful attempts to storm the forts. This was called the Siege of Acre, or St. Jean d'Acre. In 1839, Ibrahim Pasha and the Egyptians having taken possession of Acre, with other places in Palestine and Syria, the city was bombarded by Napier, in Oct., 1840. Mehemet Ali sent to Louis Philippe, then King of the French, for assistance; but he returned for answer that it would be the worst thing he could do; as, though he might succeed temporarily, it would ultimately end in his entire defeat. The buildings had been so shivered by the English guns that they looked, when I was there, as though they had been shattered by an earthquake.

Pliny and other ancient writers say that it was at the mouth of the river Belus, near Acre, where vitreous sand, that is, sand proper for making glass, was first discovered. Though Acre itself was allotted to Asher, yet this part of the country belonged to Zebulun. Probably the Belus divided the two territories. Moses, perhaps, prophetically referred to this discovery of glass-sand, when, in his blessing of Zebulun, he spoke of "treasures hid in the sand." (Deut. xxxiii. 19.)

From this place, Nazareth lies about 20 miles to the south-east.

The country was still, as we rode on, like a garden, abounding in fruits and flowers; but we at length had to pass over some rocks by the sea-side, which were both formidable and dangerous. The mules stepped with the greatest caution, as they threaded their way on the edges of the precipices, putting their feet into holes in the rocks which had been made by constant use for hundreds of years. Some camels which were before us had to step short, to avoid missing the holes, while our mules had to step a little more out to reach them. This is, I believe, the ancient pass known as "the Ladder of Tyre," said to have been constructed by Alexander the Great. The view from the summit amply repaid me for my fears.

About five or six miles farther on, we came to three reservoirs, or large cisterns, containing a great depth of water.

terror over the whole country, and caused many flourishing towns to be reduced to mere villages, and their verdant gardens to be given up to the prowling Arabs. With his own hand he slaughtered seven of his wives, because he suspected their fidelity; and was often, in his own person, judge, jury, and executioner.

These, it is believed by some, are the tanks which, in the days of Hiram, supplied Tyre with water; but others think they were constructed by Alexander the Great.

About 11 o'clock in the morning, a thick cloud obscured the sun, and there was every appearance of a deluging fall of rain. I called to Abdallah, who was a little in advance of me, to bring my Macintosh; when he coolly turned round and exclaimed, "Where is de rain?" I looked upward, and saw this dense, this "thick cloud," passing off like a vapor, or like smoke before a gale of wind. How beautifully did this open to my mind the force of that passage, "I have blotted out thy transgressions as a cloud, and thy iniquities as a *thick* cloud!" for in less than a quarter of a minute there was not a vestige of it to be seen. It served me for reflection and meditation for several hours.

We did not reach Tyre until nearly 7 o'clock. Here, for the first time, I think, for several months, I slept on a boarded floor, though my bed, as usual, was merely my cotton quilt; but I had become used to hard beds, and thought nothing of them. Here too I had the luxury of a little cow's milk in my tea, which was the only time I had had any after I left France. Here also I had a tolerably comfortable night, for the house was comparatively clean.

Nothing can possibly be more desolate than the ruins of Tyre; but, were I to attempt to describe them, my description could only be a repetition of what I have already said about Cesarea, Ephesus, and other places. The prophecies in the Bible respecting these cities, as well as of Sidon, &c. &c., have been fulfilled to the letter. Tyre is now neither a "strong city" nor a "strong hold." (Josh. xix. 29; 2 Sam. xxiv. 7.) Though sought for, the ancient city can "never be found." (Ezek. xxvi. 21.) I counted no less than 200 columns, either whole or broken, lying about the site thereof. Some of them were of granite and others of marble; some were submerged in the sea, and some were literally embedded in the rocks and shingle. "Great waters have covered" the ruins of the ancient city, and her ships have been made to "howl." (Ezek. xxvi. 19-21; Isa. xxiii. 1.)

The destruction of ancient Tyre was foretold by Isaiah. (xxiii. 1.) It was accomplished by Nebuchadnezzar, 573 B.C.; but the people had removed with their property to the island, which lay opposite to the ancient city, but which is now joined to the main land, forming a promontory, the sea between the island and the shore having been filled up by sand and ruins; a work which Alexander began when he laid siege to the

island, and which the natural course of events has completed. After 70 years, the place recovered its wealth, as was also foretold by Isaiah. (xxiii. 15-17.) It was taken and burnt by Alexander, 332 B.C., but again recovered. It was finally laid waste by the Saracens, and became, as it is now, little better than a fishing village, "a place for the spreading of nets." (Ezek. xxvi. 5.) The ancient port is fast filling up, so that instead of being, as it once was, a great place for ships and merchandise, only small boats can now enter. There is no trade, so far as I could learn, except that of fishing, and the exporting of "mountain tobacco." This tobacco, grown on Lebanon and the other hills, is highly appreciated in Egypt. Some of the houses look ludicrous enough, being built partly of mud and partly of pieces of richly-carved marble, the vilest and the most costly materials compounded together.

Here lived the Syro-Phœnician woman out of whose daughter the Saviour cast the unclean spirit. "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." "Truth, Lord," said the woman, "yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table." (Mark vii. 24-30; Matt. xv. 21-28.) The Tyrian disciples "all brought us on our way, with wives and children, till we were out of the city; and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed." (Acts xxi. 5.)

The present town stands on the peninsula. Dr. Olin calls it "the *shadow*" of ancient Tyre; but we can hardly call mud cottages a *shadow* of gorgeous palaces. He might with more propriety have said it was the *refuse*.

The next morning was very wet; but my watchword was, "Onward!" much to Abdallah's annoyance. In about three hours and a half, we reached a place strewn with ruins,—pillars, pieces of marble, very old fragments, and cisterns, "broken cisterns, which could hold no water." This was Sarfa, or Sarphan, the ancient Zarephath and Sarepta, where Elijah sojourned with the widow, whose "meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail;" and whose son the prophet raised to life. (1 Kings xvii.) There is a mosque a little way off, which the Mahometans believe to be standing on the site of the widow's house.

We forded several streams which flow from Lebanon, and crossed one river, by a bridge.

The plain from a few miles south of Tyre to a little way north of Sidon was the celebrated Phœnician Plain. It is nowhere very wide, the mountains on our right, which mark its boundary, always being within two miles from the sea. The stone buildings on the hills, bristling, as it were, amid gardens

and groves, look pleasingly picturesque. Some of the houses appeared to be covered with vines, reminding me of Psalm cxxviii. 3: "Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thy house." In one part the hills approach so near to the sea, that we can distinguish a large number of ancient caves or sepulchres. In another hour, we came to a lovely spring in a mulberry plantation; and figs, vines, olives, and oranges were growing close to the sea. Luxuriant orchards and gardens covered the plain, extending, like a forest of loveliness, far on toward the north, and reaching the foot of the mountains on the east; and, to complete the scene to *my* fancy, streams were rippling through the whole. Gardens, to represent which our Devonshires, our Warwicks, and our North-umberlands, spend so many golden thousands, are here to be seen flourishing in perfection, almost without the aid of man. The earth pours forth its luxuries in abundance, while the indolent inhabitants sit quietly smoking and carelessly looking on. The whole scene was to me most enchanting. If Solomon had this spot in his mind when he penned Song iv. 15, "A fountain of gardens, a well of *living* water, and streams from Lebanon," his allusion was most felicitous. How faithful was the description of this land given by Moses in Deut. viii. 7, 8! And what might the land not become, if God should be pleased to place it in civilised hands!

We now forded a stream, the ruins of a bridge being on our right; then crossed another field of ruins; and we were then at Sidon, our day's work having been comparatively short, not quite eight hours.

As the convent was said to be full, we went direct to the public khan, or caravanseraï. Of these khans I have had occasion to speak before. There are many of them, and have been for ages, in every part of the east. Travellers, with or without camels, horses, or donkeys, are freely welcome to put up within their walls. They are usually square buildings, with an open court in the centre. The animals are made to rest in the court, and their attendants usually sleep by their side; while travellers lodge under the roof. A part of this khan was allotted exclusively to Franks, and was superintended by a French-woman, who prepared their food. In other cases, the traveller has to provide himself with everything, not only beds and bedding, but cooking utensils and seats, if he require any; and he must, moreover, light his own fire, and find the fuel, unless he have a servant with him to do the work for him. All that the khans afford is shelter; but how acceptable that shelter is in tens of thousands of instances! Though by no

means all that a European or American traveller could desire, yet it is quite as good as he has a right to expect in that quarter of the world.

It is probable that these caravanserais were referred to by Jeremiah, when he exclaims, "O that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place for wayfaring men!" (ix. 2.) The inn in which Joseph's brethren rested, (Gen. xlii. 27,) was doubtless also one of the same kind.

The *buildings* are not all alike; but the engraving will give an excellent idea of the groups which take shelter in them.



PUBLIC KHAN, OR CARAVANSERAI.

Much has been said and written about the remark of the Saviour in Matt. xix. 24: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God;" and some commentators think it referred to the small gates which, in some parts of the east, are open exclusively for foot passengers, on either side of the large gate used for vehicles, very much like Temple Bar, London; as, they say, these smaller gates are sometimes called "The Needles." But I must say I was not able to learn that these side gates ever were called "The Needles." I incline to the opinion that at the time the Redeemer spake the parable he was with his disciples in one of these public khans, there being no other resting-place for them; and there seeing the people mending their camel saddles, &c., for which purpose they used a long needle like a straight packing needle, he pointed to them, and said, as it were, "Those camels can as soon pass

through the eyes of those needles as a rich man can enter into the kingdom of God." There is nothing fanciful in this interpretation. Dr. Gill, in his Commentary, says, "the expression was an ordinary one of the Jews to express an impossibility;" and so it might be; but this, to my mind, is by no means a satisfactory elucidation; and probably if Gill had been better acquainted with the manners and customs of the East, he would have given a more *practical* explanation of the text; as we know that the parables of the Saviour, as well as the addresses of the apostles, were always suited to the circumstances with which they were at the time surrounded.

In my perambulations in the course of the day, I saw several persons dying silk, and others making silk purses. I purchased a purse of a deep crimson colour, and made many inquiries of the people. I saw no other colour but crimson. The whole country, from Sidon to Lebanon, is famous for its production of silk, and has also ever been renowned for its beautiful crimson dyes.*

In the high ground on the south of Sidon, stretching into the sea, stands a citadel, said to have been erected 600 years ago, and the city is enclosed by a wall on the land side. Like Tyre, and indeed all other cities in the east, the streets are narrow and dirty. The houses are mostly built of stone; and this makes it the more provoking that the town should be so filthy. The bazaars were, however, well supplied.

In some of the walls I was shown cannon balls, which had been deposited there by English guns. A good-natured Turk, who went round the city with me, told me that the English had driven out the Egyptians; "but," added he, "they could not have done so if we on shore had not been helping them." There is a causeway of nine arches, leading from the barracks to the castle.

Sidon (now called Saida) is not what it was in days of yore. It is, however, still a place of some importance, and contains about 5,000 inhabitants. Until within the last half century, the rich products of Lebanon were all exported from this place; but it has been entirely superseded by Beyrout.

It has been thought, from Gen. x. 15, 19, that Sidon was first founded by Sidon the son of Canaan. There can be no doubt, at all events, that it was a much more ancient city than even Tyre.

* In Exod. xxv. 4, we read of blue, and purple, and scarlet. Purple is said to have been a deep red, tinged with blue; and scarlet was purple twice dyed. Thus Horace says,

"The wool with Afric's purple double dyed."

As usual, the next morning, March 25th, I was moving with the "eyelids of the morning;" and was soon afterwards on my way to Beyrout. I was really weary of taking notes, and yet I kept myself up to my work, often writing while on my mule.

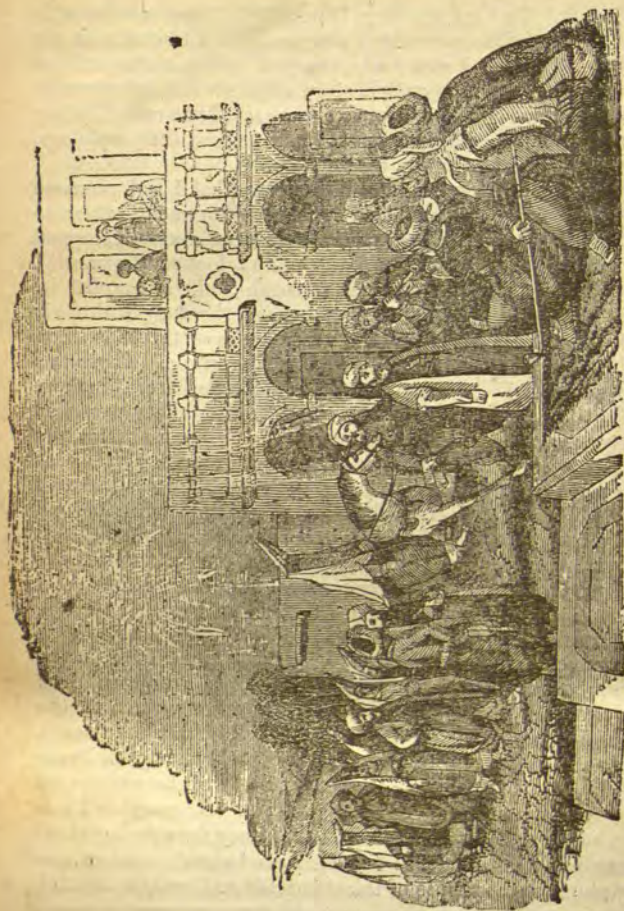
We had not gone far before we came to a khan called Nabby Yunas, (the Prophet Jonas,) as it was near here, the people say, that Jonas was cast up by the whale.

In the course of the morning I saw what I had nowhere observed before, several black beetles rolling before them to their holes pieces of dung nearly as large as walnuts. I stopped my mule to watch them, and the more I looked the more I was puzzled to know how their strength could accomplish it. They stood on their hind legs, and rolled the dung with their fore legs; and I assert positively that some of the balls stood higher than the beetles which were rolling them. There was only one beetle to each ball. These beetles are, I believe, called the *Scarabæus sacer*, or Sacred Beetle. They were formerly worshipped by the Egyptians; and representations of them, carved in hard pebbles or gems, were worn by them as brooches and ornaments. Though on the sand, yet all around their holes there was a tuft of green grass, proving, beyond doubt, that the whole district might be easily cultivated.

I also saw an extraordinary procession, and was told it was a Druse wedding. There were several women on camels; and one was on horseback, whom Abdallah said was the bride. She wore on her forehead what is called the *tantour*, being a tin tube of considerable length, projecting about 15 inches in a semi-horizontal position, "like the horn of a unicorn," and was covered with a light veil. Several other women in the procession also had on the *tantour*. As Abdallah was a Druse, I wanted him to give me some particulars of a Druse wedding, but he declined doing so.* Some of these tubes are made of silver, and studded with jewels; and some which I saw were perhaps 20 in. long. What the fancy for wearing them sprang from, I cannot say; but there can be no doubt they have been worn by the people of this district from time immemorial,

* The Druses reside on Mount Lebanon. and are amongst the most independent people in Syria. They are nominally under Turkey, but the Turks have never been able really to subdue them. The women are unusually clever with the needle, and make many articles of embroidery. I have in my possession a lady's reticule and a pair of slippers which, for beauty, rival the work of any French lady. The people in this part were noted for their embroidery and fine work even in the days of Solomon.

It is said that the Turks once cut out the tongues of the old people of some parts of Syria, to prevent the Syriac language from progressing.



DRUSE WEDDING PROCESSION.

and that the value of the tubes, or horns, is made the criterion of the wealth of the wearer; just as gold chains and rings used to be looked upon as a mark of respectability in England. Every particle of dress, which was worn 3,000 years ago, with its every shade of colour, from the badger's skin, or sandal, (Ezek. xvi. 10,) to the diadem, or turban, is still in use. The women, I believe, rarely take off the tantour, but, I am told, wear it even at night.

One thing connected with the tantour is particularly worthy of notice; viz., that while some wear it obliquely from the forehead, as I have described, others wear it on the crown of the head, and others almost perpendicularly. The former denotes a *married* woman, the second a *single* or *young* woman, and the latter a married woman *who has children*. So it was with Hannah, as recorded 1 Sam. ii. 1, 10. When Samuel was born, she said, "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord; my *horn* is *exalted*—not merely on my head, though that is a mark of honor among women, (as it shows that God has blessed me with a child) but—in the Lord, and that is a great deal better." The same figure is used in Ps. xcii. 10; cxii. 9; and elsewhere.

The engraving opposite, though not exactly like the procession I saw, will still give a tolerable idea of it, and of the tantour.

Mount Lebanon was now in full view before us. The higher parts were crowned with snow, which, in the distance, had the appearance of glass, as the clear sun shone upon it; and the sides were dotted with villages, rejoicing in the heart of mulberry groves.* New beauties appeared in view at almost every turn; yet our road, after the first few miles, was by no means so agreeable as it had been hitherto. We had to toil for several hours through deep sands, which tried the strength of the mules as well as the patience of their riders; until, in about eight hours from leaving Sidon, we ascended a hill, and then Beyrout lay stretched before us. I came upon it unexpectedly, and was therefore the more enraptured. The whole city seemed to be embosomed in orchards and groves, and the suburbs formed one paradise of detached villas and gardens, with the sea majestically rolling into the bay below.

Passing along a lane of prickly pears and oranges, similar to the one leading into Jaffa, we came to some trees which Abdallah called cedar trees. As these were unlike any cedars I had ever seen in England, I told Abdallah he must be mistaken; but he assured me that all the cedars of Lebanon were the same; *i. e.*, having no branches except at the top, where they spread out like a mushroom. Having never visited the cedars of Lebanon, I am unable to speak from personal knowledge, but I find several travellers give the same account of

* The highest part of Lebanon is said to be 9,500 ft. above the level of the sea. The mountain is composed of two ridges, parallel with each other, the western ridge being called Lebanon, and the eastern Anti-Lebanon; but the Jews did not make the distinction. It formed the extreme northern boundary of the Holy Land.

them, though others give a very different one. Lebanon is still famous for its cedars, though by no means to the same extent as in Solomon's days. Mr. Fisk says, "I have seen noble cedars in Europe, the growth of centuries; but compared with those of Lebanon, they are but saplings."

Abdallah led me direct to the Hotel de l'Europe. While dinner was preparing, I went to inquire after the steamer, and found, as it was behind time, it would not leave until the next afternoon. This was annoying, as I had hurried so much to save it; but I soon came to the conclusion that it was better than being too late. After dinner, I went to Mr. Black's, the banker, to borrow some money, as I had not a piastre left, and was in debt to Abdallah. He kindly offered to let me have £100, if I wanted it; but I took only about as much as would carry me to Malta.

My next business was to send my letter of introduction to Mr. Eli Smith, the American missionary, as I knew he would be able to give me much information. I then wrote up my journal, and retired to rest.

March 26th.—Slept well last night, but rose early, to enjoy the balmy freshness of the morning. Mr. Smith called soon after breakfast, and invited me to dine with him; an invitation which I gladly accepted. His house was some distance from the town, but situated in a lovely spot. Indeed, the whole district was lovely. If I had aught which, without repetition, I could say of charming plantations, shaded groves, fruitful orchards, delicious vineyards, and fragrant gardens,—*paradises*, I would say it of Beyrout and its environs. When I speak of gardens, however, I must not be understood as meaning such gardens as we have in England, with neat gravel walks, and flower-beds tastefully laid out with box or sea-pink borders, displaying all the neatness of a lady's drawing room; for the gardens in the east are of a totally different character. The trees are different; the flowers are different; the arrangement is different. Indeed, arrangement there often is none, the trees being jumbled together like trees in a wood; and yet the gardens are beautiful, and seem to have grown more so every time you visit them.

So far as he had it in his power, Mr. S. was as kind to me as his countryman, Mr. Buel, had been at Athens. It is not probable that this book will ever meet his eye, as I know not where he may now be; but I should be ungrateful if I did not thus publicly acknowledge his kindness.

Beyrout is supposed to be the Berothai mentioned in 2 Sam. viii. 8, and the Berothath in Ezekiel xlvii. 16. It now con-

tains about 15,000 inhabitants, and carries on a brisk trade. The products of Lebanon and Damascus are exported hence.*

The missionaries at Beyrout have, I believe, been more successful than those in any other part of Syria. Their labors are extensive and their reward encouraging, principally amongst the various sects of professing Christians,—Greeks, Romanists, Armenians, Maronites, &c. I repeat, that the American missionaries have more energy and zeal than the English. At Beyrout they have a printing office, which I inspected, and found everything in excellent working order. From this office they issue books in many languages. It would be folly to suppose that all are read; but many of them are, and these must at any rate cause the people to think. Speaking of Smyrna, the Scotch missionaries say, "Not a single instance of the conversion of a Mahometan has occurred. * * * The Spirit seems at present withheld, and the opposition of man is great." But of Beyrout they say, "They have a regular Arabic service every Lord's Day, attended sometimes by more than 100 hearers, who are chiefly Christians of the

* I longed to visit Baalbec and Damascus; but it was impossible. The way lies directly over Lebanon. The ruins at Baalbec are said to be well worth a visit, being only two days' journey from Beyrout. There can be no doubt that it is the "Baalath in Lebanon," mentioned 2 Chron. viii. 6.

"Perhaps," says one writer, "no spot on the globe can present a spectacle so beautiful as that which is unfolded from the apex of Mount Lebanon. A boundless horizon, glowing and radiant, is spread out before the view, and the eye expatiates almost without interruption from the waters of the Mediterranean to the confines of the Persian Gulf. On such a scene, the spectator loses for a while all sense of individual weakness. His faculties feel as it were an enlarged vitality, and he dwells with a rapturous delight on the splendors by which he is encompassed, till their united glories torture the imagination, and the sense aches with gazing."

The people of Damascus are still amongst the most bigoted of the Mahometans. Before the establishment of an English consulate there, it was not safe for a Frank to visit the city. There was a footpath raised in the principal streets a little above the ordinary road; and even in the early part of the consul's time, it was death for either a Christian or Jew to walk upon it.

Damascus is said to be so charming a spot, that the people believe the Garden of Eden was situated there. It is recorded of Mahomet that when he drew near to Damascus, and saw its richness and beauty, he refused to enter it, saying there was only one paradise for man, and he had chosen his in the future world. The city is believed to contain 100,000 inhabitants.

Antioch lies about 170 miles to the north of Beyrout; Tarsus, Paul's birth-place, to the north-west of Antioch; and Derbe and Lystra west of Tarsus. Derbe was the birth-place of Gaius and Timothy, and at Lystra Paul was stoned.

Greek, Latin, and Armenian churches. They have very efficient Sabbath schools for the young, and their week-day schools are attended by 60 boys and 40 girls."

CHAPTER XLI.—BEYROUT TO MALTA.

Burning with desire to go on board the steamer, as though my very life depended upon it, I left Mr. Smith's as soon after dinner as I decently could, and returned to the hotel. Here I had my last altercation with Abdallah. The waiter brought up my bill, charging me 70 piastres per day; but I told him I should pay no such money. "O," said he, "that is what Abdallah assured me you would pay." Upon hearing which, Abdallah came forth, for he had been concealed within hearing, and said I *must* pay it; but I coolly altered the figures from 70 to 50, remarking, at the same time, "That is 40 for the landlord and 10 for the servants." Abdallah was half wild; but I told him if he said another word I would have him taken to the police office. The waiter thanked me and said it was very good. Abdallah then affected to cry, and said he hoped I would give him "a character." "Certainly," I said; and forthwith sat down to write him one:

"This is to certify, that Abdallah accompanied me from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, and from Jerusalem to this place. I found him well acquainted with the country, able not only to point out accredited spots, but also some which he must have himself discovered, as no one else has ever heard of them. Travellers may do very well with him if they will keep the key of their own purses, otherwise they may find that all their money has changed hands by the time they reach their journey's end. Abdallah says he is a Christian, and this ought to be a strong recommendation; but I found him the most barefaced knave I ever had to do with.

"Beyrout, March 26th, 1847."

"J. GADSBY."

This "character" I carefully sealed, and told him to give it to Mr. Gray when he reached Jerusalem. He cordially thanked me, and then accompanied me to the boat.

At 4 o'clock I went on board; and no event of my life ever gave me more pleasure than did the simple putting of my foot, on this occasion, on the gangway ladder. My pleasure had, however, well-nigh been marred. I had not been long on board ere I heard some one calling out my name; and, turning to ascertain whence the voice came, I saw a Government officer, with two men, in a boat. "Dear me," I said to myself; "what's the matter? Is anything wrong with my passport?" But I made up my mind, be wrong what might, as I *was* on board, not less than two of the men should haul me off; and I pre-

pared to run below. Again was my name called, and again I looked; and then I saw in the officer's hand five or six letters. How soon the scene changed! "Is Mr. Gadsby on board?" "I'm the man," said I; "what is there to pay?" "Two dollars." "How did the letters reach you?" "They have followed you all the way from Egypt." "Ah, very well. Here's the money." A bason of water was then held out to me, by one of the men. I put the money into it, and the letters were thrown on deck; for, as the steamer was in quarantine, any one touching it would have been put in quarantine also; and even my money had to be thus cleansed with water before it could be handled.

My reader will naturally suppose that on quitting the "Holy Land," at any rate on viewing its shores as I stood on the deck of the steamer, and on gazing upon the majestic Lebanon, with its snow-capped summit and its luxuriant beauties, my mind was occupied with most delightful reflections; and so it was, but not such as my reader might suppose. My eye was directed *westward*; and not all the beautiful panorama before me nor even the rich associations of the country could turn it away. I first reckoned up the days and then the hours when I might reach Malta; and then, in rapid succession, followed Avignon, Paris, Marseilles, Boulogne, and London, until I fancied myself almost at my journey's end.

About half-past 6, the paddles were put in motion, and we were off for Alexandria. The wind was high, and, being abeam, the steamer rocked like a cradle. I think I was the only passenger who was not ill. I read my letters a second time, and then went to my berth, sleep quickly succeeding.

In 46 hours we reached Alexandria, but we ought to have arrived in much less time. As we were still in quarantine, I was unable to go on shore, though we were detained 50 hours. Several persons put off in boats to see me, and one, at my request, brought me a large jar of Nile water; which was very acceptable, as the water on board the steamer was not good.

A number of Moors came on board, as deck passengers to Malta, whence they would proceed to Gibraltar and Tangiers. They had been to Mecca on pilgrimage. We had also on board a Circassian, one of the people whom Russia has hitherto so ineffectually labored to subdue. He had on a conical hat with a fur border, yellow shoes, and a snuff-colored loose tunic, with fur down the front. He wore a belt, in which were inserted 16 bone cases, each containing a cartridge. I asked him what they were for, when he replied, they were "to play music for his enemies,"—the *Dead March*, I suppose he meant. The

captain took away his pistols, telling him he should have them again when he arrived at Malta. There was also with us a Hindoo, from India, who retained full possession of his religious superstitions. He would not even drink water unless he had himself drawn it from the cask. Besides these, there were on board 10 Americans. They, with myself, constituted the whole of the cabin passengers. Five of the Americans slept in the same cabin as myself; and I have no desire to have more agreeable companions than four of them were.

The weather was delightful all the way from Alexandria to Malta, the thermometer in the shade ranging about 65° , with a clear blue sky and a gentle refreshing breeze; and we made about 10 knots an hour.

The sailors used the poor Moors most shamefully, sousing them with water, running against them with their scrubbing brushes, and so forth, until I spoke to the captain, and had it put a stop to. The Moors were so pleased that one of them wanted to make me a present of a pipe, but I refused to accept of it. This man had with him a little boy, about three years of age, whom, during the whole passage, he was teaching to smoke. I gave the little fellow a couple of figs. The father thanked me, and then took them from him and ate them himself. Another of the Moors had with him a black slave. On one occasion I saw the slave take hold of his master's nose, and ring it until it bled. I expected something desperate to ensue; but soon learnt that it was by the master's desire, as he was suffering from headach; and this was the remedy!

In the evening of April 2nd, we arrived at Malta, having had a pleasant passage. We were soon visited by the captain of the quarantine port, and were equally soon put in possession of the disagreeable news that we had to perform 10 days' quarantine; that is, to be shut up like prisoners in a large building called the Lazzaretto, without being allowed to touch any one until the 10 days had expired. However, we knew that, by paying, we could have every comfort we could desire, as the lazaretto at Malta is one of the best in the world. My American fellow-passengers and I therefore agreed to mess together, and took our rooms next to each other, each having two rooms to himself. The rooms were furnished with iron bedsteads, but the bedding we had to hire. We engaged a servant to wait upon us, and he, of course, was thrown into quarantine with us, and was subjected in all things to the same restrictions as we were. I had a letter of introduction to the captain of the lazaretto, but he durst not touch it until it had been fumigated.

My first duty was to send letters home, and my next to inform my friends in the island of my arrival. On visitors being announced, we were accompanied to the reception room by a *guardiano*, or guard, to see that we did not come in contact with any of them; for, had we done so, all whom we touched would have had to perform quarantine with us. We could converse with each other over a kind of counter, but were not permitted to approach nearer. The *artistes* of Valletta are allowed to go into the reception room, to sell their wares; but the travellers are not suffered to finger the goods until absolutely purchased; and then the money is laid hold of by a pair of tongs and immersed in water.*

Our clothes had to be turned out of our portmanteaus, and exposed to the air every day; and we were enjoined to attend to the cleanliness of our persons,—a piece of excellent advice, but which to me was unnecessary, because, as a hydropathist, I wash myself all over every morning, when I can find water; and I must say, if people generally only knew the importance of attending to the skin, we should not, with God's blessing, have so many fevers and agues as we have.

The quarantine laws are now greatly modified, if not altogether done away with, in Malta; but in Italy they are carried out most rigidly. Formerly, the time of seclusion required was 40 days, as, indeed, the word quarantine signifies; but when in 1853 I returned from Egypt, I had only 22 hours.

Our time passed over quite agreeably. I principally employed myself in reading and writing; but we sometimes took a boat, and, accompanied by a *guardiano*, rowed about the harbor; and at other times we were allowed to walk round Fort Manoel and the outer parts of the *lazzaretto*.†

* Our cook's boy was once plucking a goose while we were waiting in the harbor for pratique, when he accidentally let it fall into the water. It floated, but no person durst touch it, as any one doing so would have been thrown into quarantine. At last a noose was slipped round its neck, and it was pulled on deck. How very absurd such a regulation seems! We were not allowed to send any note on shore, but we wrote our orders on a board, and the board was conveyed, instead of a note. Paper is considered to be *infectious*.

† On one part of Fort Manoel, some Americans once sketched the American flag, with its stripes and stars, and wrote over it, "The Flag of Liberty;" and, by way of retaliation, some Englishman sketched a slave chained to the flag, and a man standing over him with a lash. It was rude in the Americans sketching their national flag in such a way, and silly in the "Britisher" chaining a slave to it, as it is well known the northern states of America are much opposed to slavery. The value of the slaves in the southern states of America is said to be 800 millions sterling, as much as all our national debt.

At length the tenth morning arrived.* Soon after sunrise the doctor came to visit us, and, after asking us a few questions, gave us pratique; in other words, set us at liberty. Boats were soon brought over for us, and we went to our respective hotels. The gentleman whom I mentioned in my third chapter as connected with the London Missionary Society, kindly invited me to stay with him; but I was determined to proceed homeward the next day, and, therefore, had no time for friendly gossip.

CHAPTER XLII.—MALTA TO ENGLAND.

The next morning, April 14, 1847, I went on board H. M. steamer "Spitfire," and about noon was on my way to Marseilles. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of the weather, so that we all flattered ourselves we should make a splendid passage; but in the evening it became very foggy, causing us to slacken our speed; and the next morning the wind rose right ahead of us, and so continued. Early on the 16th, we were opposite the bold coast of Sardinia, making our way to the Straits of Bonifaccio; and these we passed about noon. In the Straits I saw an immense number of porpoises, the appearance of which is said to be a certain sign of foul weather. It was so in this instance, at least, as well as in several other instances, which I can distinctly remember. Just as we had passed through the Straits, it blew so hard that I was glad to throw myself on my back in my berth, to prevent sickness, which is a much surer preventative than all the nostrums that are advertised by quacks or recommended by the faculty. I was soon asleep, and I slept for some hours. Upon awaking, I was surprised to find we were in still water and that the engines had stopped; but I soon concluded that we were at Marseilles. When daylight arrived, however, I found I was mistaken. It had, it seemed, blown so hard that the captain had "made a fair wind of it," turned round, and run into Ajaccio, in Corsica. A French steamer, which had been ahead of us, had set us the example, having run in before us.

* I say the *tenth* morning, because, though we performed nominally ten days' quarantine, yet in reality it was only eight days. We did not land until nearly 9 o'clock in the evening of the first day, and we were liberated at 6 o'clock in the morning of the tenth day. The same mode of expression still exists all over the east which existed in the days of the Redeemer on earth. Thus the Redeemer is said to have *lain* three days and three nights in the sepulchre; whereas, he lay only one *clear* day; but it was the mode of expression used by the people, and its meaning was well understood by them.

After breakfast, we proposed to the captain that we should go on shore; but he said he understood the antipathy of the people to the English was so great, as Ajaccio was Bonaparte's birthplace, that it would hardly be safe for him or the officers to land in their naval dress. He, however, consented to put out a boat for the passengers; and he then went below. In a few minutes he again appeared on deck, though I at first hardly knew him, as he was in plain clothes. The officers quickly followed his example, and we all went on shore together.*

The houses of Ajaccio are all built of stone and really good. Some of them are very lofty, six and seven stories high. The room in which Napoleon was born is homely enough; but no other house in Corsica can boast of having sheltered so great a man. The streets are good, and contain several fountains, constructed of granite. The scenery around the town is most striking. The sides of the hills are all richly cultivated, being

* In an earlier part of this work, I spoke of the levity of both officers and men on board the French war steamers. We find no such laxity of discipline on the English. The men are there treated as mere machines, and are not supposed to have a thought beyond the orders of their officers. I remember, when on board the "Volcano," in 1846, while it was blowing hard, one of the officers sent a man aloft to take in one of the sails. As the man was longer about his work than the officer thought he ought to have been, he called out to him to let go one of the ropes, which he pointed out. "If I do, Sir," the man replied, "the yard arm will come down upon you." "You come down, you lubber," roared the officer; and he forthwith put the poor fellow on the black list; that is, made him drink his grog out of a pint bason, with five parts water. I told the officer I thought that was rather hard, as both he and I might have been killed. "That was no business of his," said he. "All that the men have to do is to obey orders." I was thankful, however, for my part, that the man had *not* obeyed orders *that time*.

I will now give an instance in which a subordinate *did* obey orders with a witness. I once travelled with an intelligent officer who was on board Her Majesty's steamer, "Spitfire," when she ran ashore off Ithica, two or three years before. The master had retired to his cabin, and being short of hands, had left the ship in charge of the quartermaster, ordering him to steer N.W. Some time afterwards the look-out espied "land ahead." The quartermaster, however, took no notice of it. The engineer then went up to him and told him he was just on the land. "I've nothing to do with that," said the fellow; "my orders were to steer N.W., and N.W. I'll steer." The engineer then ran below, and got all ready. In another instant the ship struck, when the engineer stopped the engines. It would have been "against the rules" to have done so before. Now, though it was the quartermaster's duty at once to have announced to a superior officer that there was "land ahead," yet his only punishment was two years' extra service, before he became entitled to his pension; that is, that he should serve 23 years instead of 21. The steamer was much damaged, but not lost.

covered with olives, figs, vines, myrtles, &c.; and their summits were crowned with snow.

On returning to the steamer, we found the wind had increased, and the barometer had fallen to 28 inches. I never saw so wild, so terrific-looking a sky. The wind howled, nay, bellowed, fearfully; and hailstones came down like marbles. The captain told us we might take our rest, as he should not attempt to leave before the next morning. The wind was N.W., and consequently came over the Pyrennean mountains and across the Gulf of Lyons. When from that quarter, it always blows strong, and causes what the sailors call "a nasty sea."

Early on the morning of the 18th, we weighed anchor, and left the harbor. The wind had gone down, but there was still a heavy swell on the sea. By daylight on the 19th we passed Toulon, the principal French naval arsenal, which the English destroyed in 1793, though they were afterwards driven out of the place by Bonaparte; and in a few hours more we were at Marseilles.

Having had my passport examined and having endured the ordeal of the customs house, I made my way to the diligence office, and in the evening was *en route* to Lyons. It would have been an easier way to have booked only to Avignon, and then to have proceeded up the Rhone; but this would have required an extra day, as the steamers did not then travel in the night.* I was told that I should arrive at Lyons in about 32 hours, which would be in time for the steamer to Chalons; but, as this would not have answered the purpose of the diligence proprietors, the driver detained us a few miles outside of Paris for nearly two hours, and thus threw us half an hour too late. I was, however, determined I would not proceed in any conveyance of theirs, and therefore booked by rail to Roanne, whence I went on by diligence to Orleans, and thence by rail to Paris, through St. Germain, Varennes, Moulins, Nevers, Briare, and other towns; this journey occupying 48 hours. The same evening I left for Havre, and the next morning went on board a steamer for Shoreham, where I arrived in nine hours; and then proceeded, by the London and Brighton Railway, to town. Being too late for the last train on the Eastern

* On returning home in 1853, I learnt that there was a steamer running which was called the *English* boat. It left Avignon at 3 o'clock in the morning, and reached Lyons in 17 hours, making about 12 miles an hour against the stream. The engines were high pressure, and the steam was kept "blowing off" the whole distance. The French people were afraid of it at first, and there can be no doubt that it was extremely dangerous; but I found it convenient, and patronised it.

Counties line, I took a cab to Cheshunt, and reached home about midnight on April 25th, having had 140 hours of incessant travelling, night and day, from Marseilles.

I may easily be believed when I say I was completely exhausted; but I had, with the blessing of God, gained so much strength during my tour that I felt equal to anything; and I had besides increased 23 lbs. in weight, being 14 lbs. heavier than I had ever in my life been before.

CHAPTER XLIII.—LONDON TO GIBRALTAR.

On the 27th of November, 1850, I left London for Southampton, by the South Western Railway, and took my berth on board the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Packet Company's boat, the "Iberia," for Gibraltar.

We left with a fair wind, which, to me, was quite a novelty, as, on my previous trip, I had experienced little but adverse gales. The wind continued in our favor until we had nearly crossed the Bay of Biscay; and then it veered round, and went right ahead of us. Everybody has heard of the Bay of Biscay, and of its rough sea. It is said to be one of the most dangerous passages in Europe; but I do not think it is half so bad as the Gulf of Lyons. A little while previously, this very steamer had been nine days and eight nights in crossing the bay. They were given up by the people at Vigo and Lisbon, and I should think they must have given themselves up. To avoid the swell of the sea, we had to keep a little to the east, as though running into Corunna, where, in 1809, the battle of Corunna was fought, in which Sir John Moore lost his life; and then we steered along the coast until we turned the point and passed Cape Finisterre. We were now fully exposed to the roll of the Atlantic; but, on the fifth morning, we safely entered the Bay of Vigo, in Spain.

As the captain told us he should not venture out of the bay until the wind dropped a little, we all went on shore. The air was delightfully mild, and the atmosphere clear. There was no one in the town who could speak English, except our consul and his family; and he told us there were no residents with whom he could associate. The town is small and poor, but it is a useful port, in consequence of its exports, conveyed from the interior. The consul said the country abounded with game, but he did not often venture far from home, as the people were not to be depended upon. I went to the "hotel," (pardon the libel,) and into two or three of the houses, as I always like to see everything. There appeared to be a great

lack of furniture and comfort, but an abundance of dirt, though not so bad as in the east. Beef and mutton, I was told, sold for 2d. per lb.; hares were about a franc, or 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. each, and rabbits might be had for the powder and shot necessary to shoot them, as there were thousands of them, and any one might have them who knew how to pull a trigger. Our consul said that a family with only £100 a year could live well; but he, I believe, has £500, though the governor of the town has only £130, such is the liberality of the English tax-payers.

We had with us on the steamer an English merchant who resided in the interior of Spain; and he told us some curious tales about the Spanish brigands, or robbers. He was once attacked on his way home, when all his money was taken from him, except a trifle to pay for refreshments; and the brigands then gave him a ticket to show, as his passport, to any other band who might stop him, that they might let him pass unmolestedly; and this, he said, they generally did; a trait in their character which may, perhaps, be termed, "honor among thieves."

The next day we left for Oporto, but the sea ran so high that the captain said it would not be safe to go in; so we passed it, and made for Lisbon.

We had on board a Roman Catholic priest, who spoke English well, and also a Portuguese gentleman, who spoke "a littell" English. On entering the river Tagus, the priest pointed to Cintra, where, he said, was a monastery, containing 1,200 monks. I asked him how they were supported, when he looked as if he wished he had said nothing about it. The question led, however, to a discussion, in which the captain took part. The priest argued well, and kept his temper, until the Portuguese gentleman said he was sure some things which the captain and I had said were true, and he desired to know more; which made the priest more angry than our remarks had done.

We had also on board a poor Portuguese captain who had been washed overboard some days before, and who had been in the water, supported only by a plank, for 36 hours, until he was picked up by an English steamer. He said his family would all be in mourning for him, but he was going to cheer them up.

In the evening of the 3rd, we arrived at Lisbon, and I went on shore for the night. The Portuguese gentleman took me under his care, and conducted me over the city; but it was too late to see much.

About 10 o'clock, as we were going to the hotel, we heard some one roaring out in English, "Who'll help me? who'll help

me?" accompanying the question by most horrid oaths and imprecations. On running to the spot, we found it was an English sailor, from one of the men-of-war in the river.* He was in a state of intoxication, and had, it appeared, been insulting the police; and they, in their turn, had felled him with their batons, or some other weapons. We had him conveyed to the guardhouse, and begged of the soldiers to take care of him until morning; which they promised to do.

In the morning, before breakfast, I walked round the town alone, as my Portuguese fellow-traveller was not up. The fish market was groaning, as it were, under its abundant supply; but the vegetable market was only scantily supplied. Ripe oranges had not made their appearance, and were not indeed expected for several weeks. Lisbon oranges are excellent; but they are not often met with in England. What I mean is, that hundreds of chests are sold as Lisbon oranges which were never near the Portuguese coasts; and hundreds are sold as "*real* St. Michael's and Lisbon," before a single orange has left either the Azores or Portugal.

Scores of persons were carrying water from fountains, supplied by an aqueduct from the interior of the country, as there are but few wells in the city.

Lisbon is said to contain upwards of 300,000 inhabitants. How they all live is to me a mystery.

Some of the squares in the city are truly magnificent, far surpassing anything we have in England. The Black Horse Square is superb. Its appearance is somewhat like Greenwich Hospital, on an enlarged scale and extended elevation. The buildings in the new town being modern, the streets are more regular than those of ancient cities were. Many of the houses are five and six stories high, and, having balconies and verandahs outside the windows to the very top, the effect is pleasing and good. Some of the buildings are covered with glazed porcelain; but this must be painful to the eye when a Portuguese summer's sun is shining upon them. Most of the streets are much better paved than those of Paris, and cannot be fairly called dirty, except by those who have never been much out of England. If the houses in some of the streets of Aberdeen were a story higher, and had balconies and verandahs to the windows, the streets would have more the appearance of Lisbon than those of any other city I can just now call to mind.

* We have generally several men-of-war lying in the Tagus, not only to protect our trade, but also to be ready for any emergency, should they be wanted in the Mediterranean.

In 1755 the whole lower town was destroyed by an earthquake, and 30,000 persons were buried beneath the ruins. This occurred a few years after Whitefield was there, and that ever-memorable man gave a vivid account of it in his little tract, entitled, "Whitefield at Lisbon."

As there appeared to be a good deal of trade going on,* the quays being full of life, and as the country round is proverbially beautiful, I thought I could very well spend a month there. The hotel was comfortable and the charges reasonable. To my breakfast in the morning, I had a fried sole; and I must say I have never relished soles since, though I have had them fresh out of the water from our own coasts; for the flavor of this was so delicious, and the flesh so tender, that I have never met with its equal. On mentioning this circumstance to the captain, he said there were no soles in the world like the Lisbon ones; which convinced me, had I needed convincing, that it was not mere fancy on my part.

It was a lovely summer's morning, yet the 4th of December! The people in England were shivering with cold, while I was revelling in sunshine, and enjoying the beauties of the Tagus;—not beautiful either, if compared with the Rhone river, the Salamis gulf, or the Bosphorus straits. The country looked naked, there being scarcely any trees, as the land is kept clear for vines; but even these are beautiful to an English eye.

About midnight on the 5th, we reached the lighthouse on Cape St. Vincent. We doubled the Cape, and then made for Cadiz.

The lighthouse of St. Vincent is, perhaps, one of the most useful in the world. Ships arriving from the Atlantic always make for it, and are then at no loss to know where they are. It is like finding a solitary finger post in some of our agricultural districts, the index on which, *by accident*, has not been quite obliterated.

We entered the Bay of Cadiz early in the morning of Dec. 6th. As the lieutenant in charge of the mails had never been

* The Portuguese government is weak, grasping, and idle,—exact-
ing to the last degree. Were it not for England and France, the present
monarch could not hold the throne for a year. Not many years ago,
during the civil war between Don Pedro and Don Miguel, several
steamers, fully equipped, worked their way up the river to seize the
town; and they could and would have succeeded, had not the English
men-of-war quietly taken possession of them. Yet, notwithstanding
this, the government, to support its own luxury, a little while after-
wards nearly doubled the import duty on English goods. Cutlery, for
instance, was charged 3s. 6d. per lb. weight; so that a pair of scissors,
weighing less than 2 oz., would be taxed 5d.

out before, I persuaded him to go with me to see the cathedral and the city generally. We called first upon our consul, to deliver the letter bags, and desired him to have his bags ready in two hours. The night at sea had been cold and stormy, and it was then quite cold enough to be comfortable, the sun not having been long up; yet our well-paid functionary did not ask us to have even a cup of coffee. How different would have been the treatment of the "barbarous" Turk or the "wild-ass" Bedouin! We therefore adjourned to a café, and had some chocolate.

Cadiz is a pretty city, more imposing than even Lisbon. The houses are all high, and faced with balconies and persianas (outside Venetian blinds.) The streets are narrow, but straight. Narrow streets are, indeed, indispensable in these warm parts, to protect the inhabitants from the sun's rays. The public squares were filled with orange trees, the perfume from which was delicious. The cathedral is a noble building, and the roof is supported with marble columns standing on alabaster bases.

On the north side of the bay is the district in which sherry wines are made.

About four hours after leaving Cadiz, we passed the Bay of Trafalgar, where the great battle was fought between the French and Spanish fleets, on one side, and the English, under Nelson, on the other. Here Nelson received his death-wound, while standing on the deck, giving orders.*

* The French under Admiral Villeneuve, and the Spaniards under Gravina, ventured out with a number of troops on board, Oct. 19th, 1805, and on the 21st, about noon, the action began off Cape Trafalgar. Lord Nelson ordered his ship, the "Victory," to be carried alongside his old antagonist, the "Santissima Trinidad," where he was exposed to a severe fire of musketry; and not having taken the precaution to cover his coat, which was decorated with his star and other badges of distinction, he became an object for the riflemen placed purposely in the tops of the "Bucentaur," which lay on his quarter. In the middle of the engagement, a musket-ball struck him on the left shoulder, and passing through the spine, lodged in the muscles of his back. He lived just long enough to be acquainted with the number of ships that had been captured; and his last words were, "I have done my duty; I praise God for it!" The mighty spirit of Nelson was epitomised in the signal which he hoisted on commencing this action—"England expects that every man will do his duty!" a sentence that not only testified the pure Spartan love of country which animated his own breast, but proved the philosophical act which inspired him to strike upon the strongest chord that could vibrate in every surrounding bosom. His remains were brought to this country, and buried with unprecedented honors in St. Paul's cathedral, where a suitable monument has been erected to his memory. In this great engagement 20 ships of the Spanish and French fleets were either destroyed or captured, which was the exact number that Nelson had predicted.

In the evening we arrived at Gibraltar.* As it was quite dark, rockets were sent up from the shore, to pilot us to our anchorage; and I then retired to my berth, where I slept both sweetly and gratefully.

Early on the morning of the 7th, I called upon a commercial gentleman whom I had known in London, and who had gone to reside at Gibraltar on account of his health. I wished him to recommend some lodging-house to me; but he insisted upon my taking up my abode with him; and I was, therefore, soon comfortably housed.

Gibraltar is a high rock, projecting about three miles from north to south into the sea, and is the most southerly point of the continent of Europe. It is connected with Spain by an isthmus of low land, the southern part of which belongs to the English, the northern to Spain, and the central to neither, being called *neutral ground*. If convicts escape from Gibraltar, and succeed in crossing the neutral ground, they are safe, as the Spanish authorities will not give them up. The muskets of the sentries are, however, always loaded with ball, and the sentries must fire on any convict who is seen endeavoring to escape. Our officers often go across the lines into Spain to hunt and shoot; but they are compelled to go well armed, as kidnapping is by no means uncommon.

As you look upon the rock from aboard ship, nothing can be seen of the batteries; but they look terrific when one walks amongst them. There are, I believe, upwards of 900 guns, all of which, in case of alarm, could be brought into play in a

* Gibraltar has been justly called "the key to the Mediterranean." The straits being only about 15 miles broad, it is clear that the power which holds the rock and bay must also command the passage from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean. Like all other fortified and important places, it often changed hands, until, on the 24th of June, 1704, it was taken by an English and Dutch fleet, under Sir George Rooke and the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt. From that time to the year 1779, several attacks were made to drive the English out, but all proved unsuccessful. In 1779 a siege commenced by the combined fleets of France and Spain, which lasted between three and four years; but so bravely did the garrison, under General Elliott, defend the place, notwithstanding that they suffered the greatest privations both from famine and disease, that the enemy's fleets were at last destroyed. This success was owing principally to the red-hot shot which were fired upon the ships from the batteries, setting the ships on fire. Some of the battering ships were of so formidable a construction that the heaviest balls rebounded from them. When a boy, I remember to have heard it said that the French covered their ships with bales of cotton, to resist the balls from the forts; but I cannot find any authentic account which mentions this circumstance; so presume it was not the case.

few minutes; and as all are converging, many could be made to bear unitedly upon any given point,—a ship, for instance. In the Alameda, or public gardens, about half way up the rock, there is one battery of 21 guns which is called, “The Snake in the Grass.” It is so concealed that an enemy could not see it until its murderous fire was opened upon him.

Leading from one side of the rock to the other, there are two galleries, or tunnels, formed, I believe, by the English, and cut right through the rock. From these galleries are port-holes with heavy guns, frowning over the neutral ground; so that, in case of an attack from that quarter, the enemy could be cut to pieces, while the men in the galleries could not be touched.

The rock abounds with caves, the most important of which is St. Michael’s. The entrance to this cave is about 1,000 ft. above the sea. It consists of a spacious hall, the roof of which is apparently supported by massive stalactite pillars; and below this is a succession of other caves. I descended into some of these, and should have gone lower, but our lights went out.

The streets and buildings of Gibraltar are far inferior to those of Malta; but no beggars are permitted to be seen in them. There is no harbor; so that the ships are compelled to anchor in the open bay, and are, consequently, liable to damage during storms.

The markets are well supplied with everything,—fish, flesh, fowl, fruits, and vegetables. Oranges were only eightpence per hundred when I was there.

Bread is quite as dear as in England, but butchers’ meat is cheap. Both bakers and butchers are licensed by the Government. The former are compelled always to have on hand 200 barrels of flour each, and the latter a large reserve of bullocks and sheep. Besides which, seven years’ provision is kept in the Government stores. These precautions are to provide against famine, in case of a prolonged siege.

Nothing of consequence is produced on the rock, except in gardens, all being imported from Barbary, on the opposite coast, or brought in from Spain, over the neutral ground. A small octroi duty is levied at the gates on each article taken in by the Spaniards.

As it was moonlight when I was there, I often walked up to the Alameda, to hear the firing of the 8 o’clock gun. The effect was thrilling. The echo traversed the bay, from point to point, like peals of thunder, until it died melodiously away among the Spanish hills. Simultaneously with the firing of

the gun, the bugles sounded, the drums beat, and the bells rang; and soldiers were seen, in every direction, running for their lives, lest they should be shut out of the barracks; but in a few minutes all was over, and everything quiet as death.

One morning I visited the convict establishment. Here I saw men who had been "transported beyond the seas," as the judge at our assizes expresses it, living, as compared with our agricultural laborers, in idleness and luxury. The work they have to do is by no means so exhausting as that of an English "hedger and ditcher," and yet they are each allowed weekly, 7 lbs. of bread; 2 lbs. of salt pork; $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of fresh beef; 2 lbs. of peas; $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of vegetables; 7 oz. of cocoa; 7 oz. of sugar; 3 oz. of salt; and nearly a pint of rum. There are about 700 convicts, consuming weekly nearly 80 gallons of rum.

The inhabitants of Gibraltar can hardly be said to be free. Immediately that the gun fires, announcing sunset, the draw-bridges are pulled up and the gates closed; and no one is allowed to pass in or out afterwards until sunrise next morning. This precaution is indispensably necessary to prevent "a surprise" during the night; but even the English residents are kept down by the present governor with so despotic a hand, that they are not so much as permitted to hold meetings; neither is any newspaper allowed to be published except the *Government Gazette*, which gives no news, only the rates of exchange and the state of the markets. The soldiers of the garrison are so rude and dissolute that it is not safe for a female to be seen in the streets after dark. There is, perhaps, no place in Europe so deplorably depraved as Gibraltar; and yet few dare to publish the fact. Prostitution and villany rival each other. If I may judge from what I saw in the streets, I should say that some of the finest women that Andalusia can produce are brought into the town by our officers. While there, I sent a letter to the *Daily News*, in which I exposed the system of government, the treatment to which the inhabitants are subjected, the rapacity of the police, and the licentiousness of the garrison. This letter was translated into French and German, and inserted in several of the continental papers. It gave so much offence to the officials, that, as my friend informed me by letter, they declared if I ever went to Gibraltar again, I should not leave the place alive, or at any rate unmaimed; but every word that I wrote was true, *too* true; and I here publicly declare it to be scandalous that the Home Government should tolerate such excesses.

My intention had been to remain at Gibraltar three or four days, and then to proceed to Malta; but the gales from the east,

called *Levanters*, blew so unremittingly, that I could not get off for 12 days, as no steamers could come in from England. I at last said I would take the first boat that arrived, whether going to Marseilles, Italy, Sicily, or Malta; and I kept my word. On the following day, the Liverpool screw steamer "*Genova*," bound for Genoa, came in. I took my passage by her, having then decided to go on to Rome immediately from Genoa, so as to be present at the Romanist festivals at Christmas; but this I was unable to accomplish, as I shall show presently. On the 18th of December, I went on board. The vessel was called a good boat, but I never wish to see her again. I tried another of these Liverpool screw steamers in 1853, from Alexandria to Malta; and I am satisfied I shall never try another, unless compelled. They are altogether unfit for an invalid. Not only do they roll about, if there be the slightest wind, but the table is served with the coarsest food and in the rudest manner.

We soon doubled the rock, and proceeded along the coast of Spain, passing, on our left, Malaga, Carthagená, Alicante, Valencia, and Barcelona. The coast is bold, and we could distinctly see the respective towns as we passed them. Thus far all went on well; but no sooner had we passed Barcelona, and entered the Gulf of Lyons, than we encountered the most terrific gale I ever in my life experienced. On the morning of the 20th, a sea struck our windward side, carrying away our quarter deck bulwarks, staving in one of the boats, and nearly washing away the man at the helm. The captain rushed on deck, and ordered the ship to be "kept to;" that is, to keep her head to the wind, so as to meet the waves, and prevent them striking her side. We now pitched head and stern, and rolled about in a most alarming manner. I even wished myself on board the "*Volcano*," bad as that had been, as described in my second chapter. The speed of the engines was slackened, so as to just keep us from being driven back; for, to have kept them at full speed, in such a sea, would have been certain destruction. The continual battering of the waves against the ship were like the heavy strokes of a great sledge hammer. In the evening, we attempted to take tea; but vain was the attempt. We were all holding fast by the table, which was, of course, fixed firmly to the ship, when we heard a noise like thunder. A sea had broken over us, and, in another instant, the water rushed in, smashing the cabin window to shivers, carrying away the companion, that is, the bulk head at the top of the cabin stairs, and almost deluging us. We were all drenched to the skin, and not only the saloon but also

our sleeping cabins were nearly two feet deep in water. For a few moments it seemed as if we were going down, and the screams of some Spanish women on board thrilled through my very heart. As the vessel rolled from side to side, the water splashed into the lower berths, and covered the bedding, washing out carpet bags, portmanteaus, clothes, books, and everything that was lying loose. The captain's dog swam backwards and forwards, and hardly knew what to do with itself, howling the whole time. My fellow-passengers and myself were wading knee-deep in water, and the poor stewardess, who, instead of taking care of the ladies, had been ill all the way from Gibraltar, put her head out of the ladies' cabin, and exclaimed, "I wish to goodness I was dead!"* A young Scotch-

* On board a steamer we necessarily meet with a variety of character; and, as a rule, I should set it down as our own fault if we did not derive a considerable amount, not only of information but of instruction; if, in a word, we did not become wiser during every voyage. We ought indeed to be able, like the bee, to

"Suck honey from a weed,"

and to find

—— "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

In Dec., 1852, I was going from Malta to Alexandria, when I had, for fellow-passengers, one prince, five clergymen, several captains going to India, and one doctor. Was it possible to have such companions, and not increase one's little stock of knowledge? There were 30 of us altogether, and only 10 berths to divide amongst us. "Steward, steward, steward!" exclaimed a dozen voices at once, "Which is to be my berth?" "The table or the floor," replied the steward; "which you like best; for the berths are all full." And so it was, that every two feet in width of the table, and of the floor around the table, were speedily occupied with a mattress and its sleeping occupant.

We had on board, on this occasion, three men, the quartermaster, boatswain's mate, and another, who were in the "Birkenhead," when she struck off the Cape of Good Hope in 1852, when no less than 500 soldiers who were going to the Kaffir war, at the Cape of Good Hope, were lost. I felt considerable interest in conversing with them, as I never in my life read any accounts so harrowing to me as those of the loss of the "Birkenhead" and the burning of the "Amazon." The quartermaster was in the water for 31 hours. He stated that he was as calm and collected then as he was at the moment when he was speaking to me, though he considered that it was all over with him, and though he saw hundreds of poor fellows perishing in the water. He with others endeavored to get down the paddle-box boat, but the breaking of the steamer had so wedged the boat that it was impossible to move it. He then exclaimed, "The Lord have mercy on my soul, for it's all up with my body." He, however, clung to the wreck until the great mass of the soldiers were clear of her, as he knew if he jumped into the water while so many were struggling in it, he could not have got away. The ship then parted, and in doing so released the paddle-box boat, except at one end. He soon, however, cut the rope, and the boat floated

man, one of the passengers, tried to assure her there was no danger, yet he was himself pale as death, and he trembled from head to foot. The captain hurried on deck, knocking everybody out of his way as he splashed through the water, and the stewards were paddling about, without knowing what steps to take.

In a short time, the captain returned, and said he had made all as secure as he could, and he could do no more. "Bad," said he, "is the best; for the water has broken into the engine room in the same way as into the saloon, and if another sea strike us, we shall fare worse." He then turned to me, and said, "You may bless your stars that you are in a good boat;" but my eye had long before been directed beyond the stars; and I said if it depended only upon either the boat or my planet, there would be no hope of our arriving safely. One man had, it seemed, been washed overboard; but he caught hold of a rope and pulled himself on deck again; and another man had been so dreadfully bruised that he was rendered unfit for duty. The men at the helm had with difficulty saved themselves, and the captain then had them lashed to the wheel, to secure them. He had also caused to be thrown overboard a considerable number of casks of tallow, which were on deck,—a step which I told him he ought to have taken much earlier; but his reply was, that, had he done it before damage had actually occurred, he could not have recovered his insurance; so the lives of passengers and crew were to be placed in jeopardy for the sake of a little paltry insurance.

One thing the captain said was certain, namely, that it could not possibly blow harder, as it was a regular West India hurricane. "Indeed," he added, "I have been several times to the

bottom upwards. He, with Ensign Lucas and nine soldiers, got upon it, and remained on until a sea came, and, washing over them, turned the boat right. She was, of course, full of water, but they all succeeded in getting into her. Lucas afterwards left her and swam to the shore. While in the boat, they saw numerous sharks amongst the poor fellows who were swimming. They distinctly saw the sharks pass by every man who had on his blue dress, and seize those who were naked; for some had stripped themselves that they might be the better able to swim. How dreadful it must have been to see them taken down by the sharks, one after another! The poor fellows in the boat dropped down one by one, until all perished; so that our quartermaster had nine dead soldiers with him in the boat. At last another sea came and carried him on to a rock. When he reached the shore, he saw a cart passing, and begged of the people to give him some water. They, however, refused to do so; but he seized a bottle, and drank off about half a gallon. The people then, seeing he was really destitute, gave him some wine and a little bread.

West Indies, and never witnessed anything like it;" and I heard him tell the steward he would never venture out in that boat again.

I changed my clothes as quickly as possible; but I nevertheless took a severe cold, of which I did not get quit until I arrived at Malta.

The next morning, the captain would have me on deck to look at the sea, holding me firmly by one hand while I held to the ship by the other. The scene was awfully grand. The waves were rolling higher than the top of our masts, and it seemed as if each succeeding billow must swallow us up; but the captain said so long as he could keep the ship's head to the wind, she would ride well. No person who has not witnessed a storm like this can form the most remote idea of its nature. The steamer looked like a mere stick on the water, rising and falling with the raging billows. I stayed only a few minutes, and then returned to the saloon.

About midnight, I went to my berth, but could not close my eyes. Two hours afterwards the captain came in and told me I must not be alarmed if another sea broke upon us, as he was going to "risk it," and "take her off;" that is, to turn the ship's head, and put the ship in her proper course, though a wave might any moment break over our windward side, and clear the decks. We had then been "lying to" (the ship's head to the wind) for 48 hours, and we were, the captain said, running short of coals. Providentially, nothing serious again occurred. In the afternoon we came in sight of the French coast, the next morning passed Nice, the gigantic Alps towering aloft in the distance, and in the evening, Dec. 24th, arrived at Genoa, having seen something of the "wonders of God in the deep," and had a voyage which, until the day of my death, whenever reflected upon, will call forth shuddering and yet grateful recollections.

Had there been a steamer going at once to Civita Vecchia, for Rome, worn out as I was, I would certainly have gone on board; but I learnt that there would not be one until the 26th. I was, therefore, unable to reach Rome in time for the Christmas festivals. On that day, (26th,) I left by the Sardinian steamer, the "Lombardo," for Leghorn, and thence to Rome, where I remained several days, and afterwards proceeded to Naples, and from Naples to Malta. As, however, I spent much more time in Italy in 1853, on my last return from Egypt, I shall leave my account of Italy for a separate chapter.

I arrived at Malta on the 5th of January, 1851, and remained there until the 14th, when I left for Cairo and Thebes.

my account of which places I have already given. Again in 1852 I visited Malta, having travelled, as on my first tour, over France; and then proceeded to Cairo, Thebes, and Nubia, returning in the spring of 1853.

I am sensibly conscious that "my wanderings" are somewhat confused, having felt considerable difficulty in incorporating my three tours; but I must leave them as they are, and crave my reader's indulgence.

CHAPTER XLIV.—MALTA TO ROME.

On the 18th of April, 1853, accompanied by Mr. G., who was with me on the Nile, and a Mr. M., from Somersetshire, I left Malta in a French steamer, bound for Italy. The next day we arrived at Messina, in Sicily, where we remained a few hours; but, so suspicious is the Government, that it was not without some difficulty that we obtained permission to land; and even then a guard was sent with us into the city to take care of us, as we were "dangerous characters."

Messina can boast of several excellent buildings and one or two good streets. It contains between 60,000 and 70,000 inhabitants, and carries on a brisk trade in the spinning and weaving of silk. It also exports various wines and fruits, and a large quantity of kid skins. Like all other towns in the Mediterranean, Messina, viewed from the harbor, has a most pleasing appearance, the buildings being lofty and built of stone and partly covering the sides of hills. The harbor is one of the best in the Mediterranean, and is more than two miles in circumference. The country around presents a beautiful and varied prospect of mountains and woods, and the whole district is exceedingly fertile.

About 100 miles to the south of Messina is Syracuse, where Paul "tarried three days;" (Acts xxviii. 12;) and between Catania and Messina is Mount Etna, which so frequently pours forth its volcanic fires.*

* The base of Mount Etna covers an area of nearly 90 miles in circumference, and is calculated to be upwards of 10,870 feet above the level of the sea. Travellers differ as to the size of the crater, or mouth, some calling it three miles and others four in circumference; and the depth is said to be about 600 or 800 feet. In 1693, a violent earthquake in Sicily killed 60,000 persons, and the cone of the mountain sank considerably. History records no less than 60 eruptions of this mountain, the last of which occurred in November, 1832, when the burning lava spread over the country for several miles, destroying cultivated fields and luxuriant gardens. From the recesses of the mountain were vomited forth the purest streams of fire and a burning torrent of smoke.

Many travellers ascend Mount Etna; but as I well knew it would be beyond my strength, I did not make the attempt.* Those who do ascend, even though in the height of summer, pass through all the gradations of climate, from an Italian sunshine to the Arctic regions. The valley at the base is burning hot, while the summit is covered with ice and snow.

The Straits of Messina separate Sicily from Calabria, the most southern part of Italy. "The view over the straits, the opposite coast of Calabria with its towns and villages, and the lofty Appennines behind them, and on the other side the low promontory of Faro, with its tower advancing into the sea as if to meet the Italian coast, form a splendid landscape, which is one of the finest even in the Mediterranean, a sea whose shores are remarkable for a variety of beautiful scenery."

Kidnapping by banditti is by no means uncommon in Sicily, though not of so frequent occurrence as in former years; but few persons venture to travel in Calabria, as there the people run wild over the hills. About six years ago, an Englishman and an American were kidnapped while taking an evening walk together outside Palermo, on the north-west coast of Sicily. A large sum was demanded by the brigands for their ransom, which was paid by the Government; and afterwards, through the acuteness of the American, who left his marks on a table in the hovel in which they had been confined the whole time blind-folded, the brigands were discovered, and several of them seized and executed.

On the 14th we arrived at Naples, where we purposed staying for several days. The ordeal of the customs house had to be gone through, but as the officers in Italy will pass anything if you will only "bucksheesh" them, travellers need never experience much difficulty. I had not with me a great deal of luggage, however, as I had sent the principal of my baggage by sea. Mr. M. had with him a violin, which was stopped by the officers; and, not having the thought to fee them, we lost

* "The ascent of Etna is a work of great fatigue, especially in the upper region, both on account of the heat and of the feet sinking and receding at every step in the loose ashes. But, under favorable circumstances of weather, the labor is amply rewarded by the magnificence of the vast prospect, varied as it is by the view of Sicily itself, spread out like a map, by the islands with which the surrounding sea is studded, Stromboli pouring forth volumes of smoke, and by the distant shores of Italy. If to this we add the grandeur of the scenery of the mountain itself, so diversified and majestic in all its features, the splendor of the heavens at night, and of the rising of the morning sun, the whole presents a combination perhaps not to be found on any other spot of the earth."

a full half day in getting it released, and then had to defray the charges, amounting to about 7s. 6d., besides having to go into various rooms in the customs house, to procure the signatures of no less than 25 officials, each of whom keeps a check upon the other; so little can the Government trust its own servants. A gentleman who accompanied us said he once had to procure 49 signatures before he could have some goods released.

As soon after our landing as it was discovered that we were Englishmen, we were, *of course*, beset with lackeys of all sorts; but I brushed them aside and left them to storm and rave as they pleased. Firmness is indispensable in Italy.

Naples is the capital of the Two Sicilies. As is the case all over Italy, the people are kept down by foreign bayonets, the native army not being sufficiently strong, so averse are the Italians to their present rulers. The population amounts to about 350,000. It would have been higher, but 16,000 persons were swept off by the cholera in 1836-7, and 10,000 this year (1854.) No one who passes through the streets can wonder at this, for they are filthy beyond even Constantinople. The lower classes, amounting to at least 40,000, were formerly called Lazzaroni. They lived literally from hand to mouth, and slept in the open air; but the city is now much improved in this respect, though we still see thousands of poor poverty-stricken wretches, who hardly know how to live one hour over another. Hence it is that Naples, more than any other city in Europe, swarms with pickpockets.

In the town are several spacious and massive palaces, and some rich and elegant churches. The theatre of San Carlo is said to be the largest building in the world. By paying the door-keeper, I one morning obtained admission by a private door, when there was no performance, and was struck with the magnitude of the place. It contains six tiers of boxes, and it looks as though either our Drury Lane or Covent Garden theatre could be deposited in the centre. The boxes alone will seat nearly 2,000 persons.

"The town is abundantly supplied with provisions of every kind; fish and shell-fish are plentiful, as well as vegetables and fruits. Snow, of which a great quantity is used, especially in summer, for cooling the drink and for ices, is brought from the mountain Castellamare, where it is kept in large reservoirs. The great street of Toledo is thronged with people and carriages at all times of the day and until late at night, or rather until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, when fashionable people retire to rest. It is decidedly the noisiest street in

Europe, as the people are in the habit of vociferating at the top of their voice; and others must do the same in order to be heard. The motley groups which are seen mixing pell-mell in the streets, the crowded balconies above, the numerous venders of provisions, the *acquaiuli*, or sellers of ice water, at the corners of the bye-streets, the life out of doors, which is a general habit in this country, all render the streets of Naples, and especially that of Toledo, most curious to a foreigner."

Many of the houses are seven stories high. I often saw the people drawing up meat, vegetables, &c., in baskets, and letting down their money in the same way.

The Museum is one of the richest in the world. It contains a large number of ancient bronzes, vases, and mosaics; besides an invaluable collection of ornaments, instruments, pans, and other household goods, dug out of the ruins of ancient Herculaneum and Pompeii. The library and the galleries of paintings also claim the attention of visitors; but to give any detailed account of them would be foreign to the object of my work.

The Royal Promenade may, for splendid equipages, be said to rival our Hyde Park. It is 2,000 yards in length, and the walks are adorned with parterres, fountains, and orange trees.

In the church of St. Gennaro is preserved some blood believed by the people to be the blood of Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, with which the bishop professes to perform a miracle every year. This is only done, however, it is said, on a certain day in the year. When Murat was King of Naples the blood would not liquefy; but Murat planted two cannons opposite the church, and told the bishop he would blow it down unless he performed the miracle. The bishop protested it could not be done; but at last, seeing that Murat was in earnest, he contrived to succeed. The miracle consists in the blood becoming liquefied instead of remaining congealed,—a feat easily enough accomplished by chemical means.* A year or two ago, Dr. Cumming exposed the trick at Exeter Hall, London, and showed how the blood was made to flow, which he accomplished by means of æther, &c.; to the no small amusement of his audience; yet thus are the Italians duped.

In the vestry are 45 statues of solid silver, some of them life size and others three-quarter size.

* The story goes that when Januarius was martyred by the Pagans, the bishop (*arch*-bishop, I mean) carried his blood into the city, and that immediately four evils, war, pestilence, hypocrisy, and famine, all ceased. If they did, the three former must have soon returned, for the city is full of them to this day.

In the small church of St. Severus are two statues in white marble, which struck me as being equal to any in Italy. One is "Modesty," which is veiled, and the other is "Deceit," which is a figure throwing off a covering of net-work, all being beautifully carved out of the solid block.

The manufactures of Naples consist chiefly of jewels, corals, gloves, and cameos; and of these the people export largely.

The Bay of Naples is said to be unequalled by any other view in the world; but those who have so said have not visited Constantinople, as it will not bear comparison; though no lover of rich scenery will regret having been to Naples; as the landscape is superb.

About a mile and a half from Naples is the Campo Santo, an immense cemetery, consisting of 365 vaults, or pits, one of which is opened every day for the reception of the dead, which, after the performance of the funeral ceremonies at the different churches, are promiscuously thrown in without any covering. The decomposition of the bodies is assisted by the use of lime, so that at the end of a twelve-month, the bones only remain.

A short time before I was at Naples, the Government had forbidden the wearing of broad-brimmed hats, or "Kossuths," as we call them in England, inasmuch as all who wore them were considered to be Revolutionists; and the people were also ordered to cut off their beards. The English residing in Naples paid no attention to the order; and one day a policeman took hold of the beard of an Englishman, and said, "This must be cut off;" but the Englishman knocked him down. Another policeman came up, but he was served the same. At last John Bull was overpowered, and taken to the police office; but our ambassador had him speedily released.

On the 16th an English gentleman who resides at Naples accompanied us to Herculaneum and Pompeii. As there is now a railroad* the whole distance, the journey is easy; but, partly that we might see the country and partly that we might see the people in the villages, we took a fly as far as Herculaneum. We had three horses abreast, each having his head decorated with cocks'-tails feathers. Italian life in the villages is the very opposite of Arab life, the former being all activity and enjoyment, the latter a dull monotonous listlessness. The people in some of the villages through which we passed had more the appearance of an Irish mob than civilised

* A railroad is in Italian called "Strada di Ferro," the literal meaning of which, in English, is, an Iron Street,—not a bad description.



A NEAPOLITAN PUBLIC CONVEYANCE.

beings. They were all rags and dirt. The engraving above gives a faithful description of a Neapolitan public conveyance, several of which I saw.

As every one of my readers must have heard or read more or less of the ancient cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were buried by an eruption, or eruptions, of Mount Vesuvius, it would be tedious to say much about them in this work; and yet, as I visited them both, I cannot pass them over altogether.

Vesuvius, like Etna, has ever been, and still is, active in eruptions. The last occurred in 1850, when the burning lava extended for seven miles, rushing into the sea, and filling up a large portion of the bay. In 1737, the solid contents of an eruption, which also passed into the sea, were estimated at 33,587,058 cubic feet; and in 1794, at 46,038,766 cubic feet, being greater than the size of the mountain itself; but this can easily be explained by supposing that Vesuvius was "merely the channel, not the food, of the internal fire." Had this fire no vent, it would be alarming to conjecture what must soon be the fate of Italy. But the eruption which buried the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii occurred in the year 79 A.D. Six years earlier than this, the mountain gave the inhabitants several warnings, the principal of which was an alarming earthquake, that occasioned considerable damage. The people were, at this time, living in all manner of abominations, as the relics found in the city but too plainly prove. Vesuvius sent forth its thunders; and red-hot ashes and cinders were showered upon the cities. In two hours, it was all over, and Herculaneum, Stabiae, and Pompeii existed no longer. Stones of 8lbs. weight fell upon Pompeii, while Stabiae was overwhelmed with fragments of about an ounce in weight. What became of the people, no one seems able to tell. It is certain that comparatively few were buried beneath the ruins, as not many bodies or bones have been found.

Vesuvius was smoking when I visited the spot; and as the quantity of smoke had been increasing for several days, there were some apprehensions that another eruption might soon take place. I have not, however, heard of such having been the case. The forewarnings of an eruption are black smoke, rumbling noises, and earthquakes. Some travellers have not only ascended to the mouth of the mountain, but literally descended a short distance into the crater. This can, however, only be done when the mountain is quiescent. A Frenchman once threw himself into the smoking abyss, and his body was shortly afterwards seen hurled upwards into the air.

The pumice stone, which is so useful for many domestic and other purposes, is neither more nor less than the cinders thrown up by volcanic mountains.



RUINS OF POMPEII, WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS.

It is remarkable that while Pompeii was principally overwhelmed with ashes and loose fragments, Herculaneum was buried with lava. It was not until nearly 1,600 years after the eruption of 79, that the city was discovered. A man was sinking a well, when he suddenly fell into an open space.

This turned out to be the theatre, the steps and seats of which are still perfect. The Neapolitan Government some time afterwards commenced the work of excavation, and many valuable antiquities were found; but as the lava is almost as hard as iron, and as the ashes under the lava filled up the parts excavated as fast as they were cleared, the work was at last abandoned. We descended into the theatre, having candles and a guide. There are 60 or 70 steps of modern construction, and 33 ancient ones, just as they existed before the eruption. In another part, a whole street has been excavated; and here was a prison, in which were found several skeletons, in irons. While the inhabitants generally were fleeing from destruction, the poor prisoners were left to their fate. There are iron bars to the prison windows, and there is also the stone on which criminals had been beheaded. The week before I was there, a house had been excavated, in which were a variety of kitchen utensils and two skeletons; and a small idolatrous temple had also been opened, in which were found the bodies of two priests.*

I cannot call to mind anything that I ever beheld, not even the indescribable ruins of Karnak nor the gigantic pyramids of Ghizeh, which filled me with so much awe as I experienced while walking along the ghastly streets and death-like ruins of Pompeii. It is true that only about one-third of the city has yet been excavated; but there is quite enough to fill one's mind with dread. Here is the theatre, capable of seating 5,000 persons; there the forum, surrounded by pillars, pedestals, and ruins of arches, temples, and other public buildings. Now we reach the court of justice, a building 200 ft. long and 80 ft. wide; and now a kind of Exchange, 130 ft. by 65 ft., with a double gallery and a portico in front. Yonder is the amphitheatre, 430 ft. long and 335 ft. broad; and a little nearer to the former are the public baths, in excellent preservation.

But it is not individual buildings which give Pompeii its solemn appearance. It is its general aspect,—its *whole*. As we pass along the narrow and roughly-paved streets, streets

* In the opinion of some of the most able writers, it was no single eruption of Vesuvius which buried Herculaneum, but a series of eruptions. Distinct layers of volcanic matter are, it is true, found; but this does not, in my opinion, establish the truth of the notion that there must have been consecutive eruptions; because, as the mountain is not the *food* but merely the *channel* of eruptions, the various kinds of lava or thin volcanic matter must necessarily have been vomited forth in the order in which they were supplied by the respective feeders. Now might gush forth a cloud of ashes, now a volume of red-hot cinders, and now a torrent of burning lava.

which, having been cleared of the ashes, retain the same appearance as they had 1,800 years ago, we have on either side of us about 100 houses and numerous shops and fountains. On this side was a money changer's, and there stand the jars in which he kept his cash; and on that was an oil shop, a wine seller's, and a baker's. All these, as well as houses of a worse character, are clearly to be recognised by their marks, cut in the stone. The rooms of the houses are mostly small, but neat; and many of the walls are covered with frescos, in excellent preservation. The upper stories and the roofs appear to have consisted principally of wood, and these were all destroyed. I have in my possession a large piece of carbon, or charcoal, which I took out of one of the walls, the wood having formed the bond-timber.

In one of the gardens, which is said to have belonged to a theatrical gentleman, are numerous little marble statues and a miniature stage, all of marble, with marble steps; and there is also a fountain, supplied by means of lead pipes and brass taps, soldered together in precisely the same way as our plumbers do their work now; so that it would appear our modern *artists* in this department have made little or no progress for the last 2,000 years. Perhaps the workers in lead and brass had even then arrived at perfection.

In a vault below the house of the governor, the skeletons of 17 persons, including the governor's daughter, in her jewels, were found. They were leaning against the walls, and the marks of their bodies are still visible. This vault, or rather subterraneous gallery, extends some distance underground. Doubtless here the poor creatures thought they would be sheltered from the fiery shower; but they were buried alive, and remained undiscovered for nearly 1700 years. The jewels, with many other invaluable relics, are now deposited, as I have already mentioned, in the Museum at Naples.

The ancient walls of the city have also been traced. They are about two miles in circumference, with six gates and twelve watch towers.

It is said that the British Government once offered the King of Naples £200,000 to be allowed to excavate the remainder of this ancient city; but, though the king hardly knows how to pay the expenses of one month over another, he was either too dignified or too proud to accept of the offer. The Goldsmiths' Street has not yet been discovered. When it is, it is expected to yield a rich harvest; but this, I think, is exceedingly problematical. So comparatively few articles of even less value have been found in the houses already disinterred, that

it is not probable the people would leave much gold and silver when they fled from the scene of the catastrophe.

The engraving on page 564 will give my reader a miniature idea of the ruined city, with its roofless houses, its standing columns, and its death-like streets.*

I must not omit to mention the cemetery, or street of tombs, situate outside the north-western gate, and part of which has been excavated. Here stand a large number of tombs, lining the road on both sides, making the death-like city still more deathly. Many of the tombs are really handsome.

While picking up a few fragments of the tessellated pavement in one of the courts, I had the misfortune to prick my finger; and I soon afterwards found it was poisoned. My hand swelled to so great a degree and the pain was so excruciating that I became seriously alarmed, for I knew not what kind of poison might have been inserted, seeing that it occurred in such a place as Pompeii. I applied several things which were recommended to me and which were suggested by my own little knowledge of the "healing art;" but it was not until I arrived at Florence, about 10 days afterwards, that I succeeded in inducing suppuration, and obtaining consequent relief.

On leaving Pompeii, the English gentleman I have already mentioned as residing at Naples and who accompanied us, asked me what I thought of it. My reply was, "It is awfully wonderful." He turned quickly round, looked me in the face, and then said, "That is the most striking description of it I ever heard."

On the 17th of April, I went to the English Chapel, where I heard a Gospel sermon, but a good deal of Puseyistic music and singing.

On the 18th, I again visited various parts of Naples, and in the afternoon went on board the steamer for Civita Vecchia, still accompanied by Mr. G. and Mr. M. We were ordered to be on board at 3 o'clock, but, as is usual in Italy, the steamer did not leave for several hours afterwards; and it was 9 o'clock before we had our *dinner*.

We had a beautiful passage, and arrived at Civita Vecchia about half-past 7 the next morning. It was nearly 10, however, before we were permitted to land, so much time was required by the police to examine our passports. At last we saw a boat put off from the quay, and soon afterwards several

* The Pompeiian Gallery in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham shows rather a court as it is supposed to have existed at Pompeii before its destruction, than as it now exists.

officers came on board. All the passengers were then ordered abaft the funnel, and then made to march rank and file past the officers while they counted us. This is invariably the case at Civita Vecchia and one or two other of the Italian ports. Had there been one passenger less than was certified in the captain's bill, the officers would have taken it for granted he had died of plague on the passage, and would have refused us pratique. I remember on one occasion, I think it was at Leghorn in 1850, we had to be counted three times over; that is, we had three times to pass, like sheep, "under the hands of him that telleth them;" (Jer. xxxiii. 13;) and still there was one short. The captain swore and implored; but it was of no use as we could not land. At last, on going into the cabin, an ugly little Italian was discovered fast asleep in one of the berths. He had been on deck all night, and thought he would take advantage of the berth being temporarily vacated to revel for a few hours in sheets and blankets. He was soon produced above board, to the great relief of us all.

Civita Vecchia, as I have elsewhere explained, is the port of Rome, though 36 miles from the city, just as Leith is the port of Edinburgh. Here the baggage of passengers undergoes but little examination at the customs. A small charge is made for each bag or portmanteau, and both passengers and baggage are then set at liberty. Conveyances are usually ready to proceed at once to Rome, the journey occupying from six to ten hours, the time depending upon the hands into which the traveller falls; for tricks are as common in the Papal States as they are in France. (There is now, 1860, a rail.)

There is nothing particular to note on the road between Civita Vecchia and Rome. Formerly the carriages were often attacked by banditti, but since Rome and Civita Vecchia have been occupied by French soldiers, robberies seldom occur.*

On arriving at the Gates of Rome, the travellers are waited upon by two or three comparatively well-dressed personages, who, though generally above asking for "bucksheesh," are never above detaining the carriage until they have received some. On my first visit, (Dec. 28th, 1850,) two of these worthies came to the carriage door at least half a dozen times,

* I read in the papers in 1851, that two Englishmen were travelling with other persons in a carriage from Genoa to Leghorn, when several bandits on horseback ordered them to stop. One of the Englishmen, having a double-barrelled gun, shot one of the brigands dead. As the fellow was falling from his horse, his companions tried to save him, when the Englishman shot another of them also. As this was a warmer reception than had been anticipated, the other brigands galloped off.

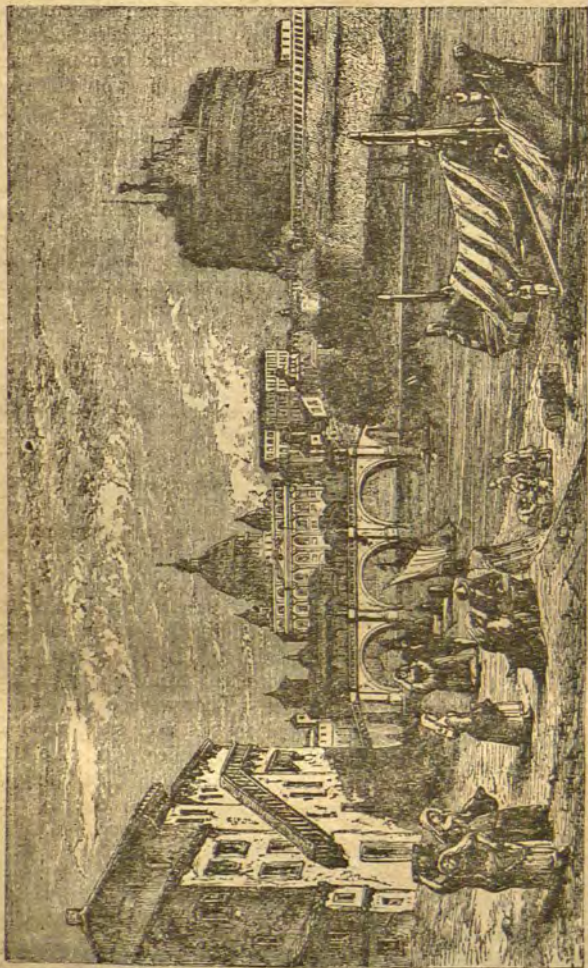
on various frivolous pretences, and at last sent an under-strapper to say we must have all our baggage taken off the roof and examined, notwithstanding that it had been paid for and "plumbed" at Civita Vecchia, and that this would detain us at least two hours, unless we would hand over two scudi, (about 8s. 9d.,) to the poor "gatekeeper." This, however, my fellow-travellers (an Irish gentleman and two ladies) and I positively refused to do. A ladder was therefore put against the carriage; but, seeing that we heeded it not, the demand was suddenly lowered to two paoli (10½d.) each passenger, and, included in that sum, the driver was to take us direct to our respective hotels. To this we readily agreed, as it was well worth the money to be escorted to our temporary abodes without change of carriage, or being made to endure the annoyance of porters. Having given the money, two soldiers came to the door, and said, "Senty, senty;" ("Sentries, sentries;"), and then, having given them a trifle, two others came, and said, "Poor sojey;" (soldiers;) and these were followed by, "Pulliss, pullis;" (police;) and then by postilion, and guard, and gatekeeper, and porters; strongly reminding me of the old stage-coach days in England, when a portly landlady used to stand on the steps, while coachman, guard, waiters, boots, and porters were pecking at, if not plucking, the departing or newly-arrived travellers.

On my second visit to Rome, (April 19th, 1853,) the officers told us we must all go into the police office, as one of our passports was missing. My companion, Mr. M., who spoke Italian fluently, endeavored to convince them they were in error; but it was all to no purpose. They were *certain* they were right. At last I recollected myself, and said, "O! I know all about it." I stepped into the office, and gave the senior officer two francs; (1s. 7d.;) when, quick as thought almost; he discovered that he had *accidentally* overlooked the missing passport; and we were speedily on our way.

CHAPTER XLV.—ROME.

So much has been, and is still constantly being, said and written about Rome, its people, government, religion, and oppressions, that it would ill become me to occupy much space on the subject. Indeed, most of my readers must be pretty well informed in the matter, though they only read occasional newspapers. I shall endeavor, therefore, to confine myself principally to my own experiences and observations, incorporating my account of my two visits in the best way I can, and bearing in mind that I have only a few pages to spare.

"This large and magnificent city, the capital of the Roman States, is nearly 13 miles in circumference. The Tiber, which divides the city into



FORT ST. ANGELO, WITH ST. PETER'S, ROME.

two parts, is a deep and navigable river, though of little breadth at Rome. The churches, the palaces, the country seats, the hills, the squares, the streets, the fountains, the aqueducts, the antiquities, the ruins, all bespeak the ancient magnificence and grandeur of this celebrated city, which, even in its present fallen state, commands the admiration of the world. Rome contains a greater number of monuments of art than any other city in the world. It would require months to see all its beauties, and years to become thoroughly acquainted with them."

Dec. 29th, 1850.—This was Sunday. In the morning I went to the American Chapel, which is within the city. Nothing could be more dry and formal than the discourse I heard, alike destitute of the threatenings of the Law and the glad tidings of the Gospel. It was a mere lecture on simple philosophy, and did not contain a single sentence of even the precepts of morality. I am happy to believe that *all* religion in America is not of the same stamp.

I afterwards went to the English church, which is without the city. There could not have been less than 700 persons present, and there were 24 carriages at the door. These "Lords English" will show off, be where they may. It is remarkable, that while the Americans are permitted to have a place of worship *within* the city, the English are compelled by the Pope and cardinals to go *outside* the gates.

Dec. 30th, 1850, to Jan. 1st, 1851, and April 19th to 23rd, 1853.—Went sight-seeing, first visiting the churches, or rather Romanist temples. These I wish I could describe. Describe, did I say? The thing is impossible. They are one continued succession of splendor and gorgeous magnificence; not mere "Birmingham" tinsel, like much that is to be seen in Constantinople, but of real sterling value and beautiful architecture. Some are in the form of a Greek cross, +, and some of a Latin cross, †. Some are circular, some hexagonal, some octagonal. The roofs of some are supported by pillars of marble in endless variety of vein and size; and those of others by columns of granite and porphyry. The floors of several are inlaid with precious stones, and are so highly polished as to require care when walking over them; and the floors of others are of diamond-shaped marbles and mosaics. The altars of many groan, as it were, beneath the weight of silver and gold, of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and jaspers, with which they are burdened; the ceilings and walls are decorated or ornamented to the highest degree; and the entablature of the whole hung with drapery, with the most tasteful display. Had the respective architects and priests been well versed in the luxurious tales in the "Arabian Nights," they could not have more effectually carried out their gorgeousness. And it must not be forgotten that the whole has been wrung from the bowels of the poor deluded people, or snatched from a dying votary, under a pretence of paying for masses, that his soul might be delivered out of the pains of purgatory.

My readers! You, I mean, who remain quietly at home, and think of nothing beyond your daily avocations, *you* know nothing of the iniquities of the Popish system. Would that I had ability and opportunity to lay it before you in its true colors. I have given you a few hints in my third chapter. Read those hints again; but remember, I have only given you a slight glance of even that which appears on the surface. The iniquity is *within*. I could tell you of inquisitions, and martyrdoms, and tortures, and imprisonments which would make your blood run cold. As the Church of Rome has ever been, so she is now,—unchanged and unchangeable, the prisons of Rome at this day too lamentably testifying to the fact. The prisons were full when I was there, and full they still remain. Of whom? Of housebreakers or murderers? No; but of respectable citizens,—men who, having long groaned beneath the Papal yoke, had determined to throw it off, and declare themselves free; and free they would have been, had it not been for the French army pouring into the city, and crushing them by brute force. I remember my guide, an intelligent and honest Italian, (one of the only two honest guides I ever met with, for I never met with more than two,) once making remarks to me, in a low whisper, about the Pope and the cardinals, which

so surprised me, that I said to him, "Are you not a Catholic?" "Hush!" he replied, "de valls can hear you; and dey can speak, and send me to prizon!" And then, putting his mouth close to my ear, after looking about him to see that no one was near, he said, "Yes; I *am* a Catolic to my God, but not to de brigand cardinals! Look, Sare," he continued, pointing to a particular spot in the city walls, beneath which we were then walking; "Dare, (there,) dare, *dare* is de spot vare I stood ven ve fired at de beggarly French."*

There are, I believe, upwards of 40 churches in Rome, every one of which is worth a visit; but there are only three or four which I shall particularly notice, and even of these shall say little or nothing of the architecture.

The Church of S. Bibiana contains a beautiful statue of the "saint"† to which the church is dedicated, and an exquisite alabaster urn, 18 ft. in circumference. This urn surpasses for beauty everything of the kind I ever remember to have seen.

In S. Prassede is shown a pillar, said to be the identical one to which the Saviour was bound when he was flagellated. On reminding the priest who accompanied me that this pillar was also shown at Jerusalem, he said, "Yes, I am told so; but if so, the pillar must have been broken in two!"

S. Pietro in Vincoli, or St. Peter Bound, contains a chain which is said to be the identical one with which Peter was bound, when in prison; and in S. Pietro in Carcere, or St. Peter in Prison, is shown a subterraneous cave, in which it is said Peter was confined. But I do not believe that Peter was ever in Rome at all, at any rate for any length of time. There are no authentic records to prove it, though the Romanists profess to show the spot on which he was put to death, and assert that he was crucified head downwards, in the reign of Nero. Peter is never once named throughout the New Testament as having ever been at Rome; and if he were ever there, it must have been after he wrote his Second Epistle, which was not until the year 66 A.D., the very year in which Paul was put to death.

In S. Giovanni Laterano are statues of the twelve apostles, and several columns of granite, verd-antique, and gilt bronze. There is also a beautiful sarcophagus of porphyry, said to contain the ashes of Agrippa. Near to the church is a chapel, the ascent to which is formed by a staircase, or flight of steps, declared to be the very staircase by which the Redeemer ascended to the Judgment Hall in Pilate's house! These steps are of marble; and though it is not probable that there were many marble steps in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion of the Saviour, except such as were connected with the temple or the palace, yet the

* In Naples, a pamphlet, supposed to be published under the sanction or permission of the Government, contains the following passage: "The world will never have peace till all the sovereigns united shall be able to destroy this plundering people, (England,) and wipe them away from the nations of the earth—until the English people are dispersed like the Hebrews—until London, like Jerusalem, shall be in ruins and ashes; then Europe will be safe. Let us console ourselves in God. France will do it. The time approaches."

† There is no end to the list of Romanist and Greek "saints;" but some of us English Protestants have not much room to talk when we look over our own list, such as St. George, St. Mary, St. Margaret, St. Ann, St. Martin, St. Bride, to say nothing of other human beings, Evangelists or Apostles though they may have been, to whom our churches are dedicated; all which are but a few removes from idolatry.

throats of the Romanists are so wide that the people experience no difficulty in swallowing down anything and everything,—portraits, tables, pillars, chains, stones, or marble steps. The probability is that the steps were made by direction of the Empress Helena, at the time she ordered the marble tomb and other things at Jerusalem, which have now become almost deified in the Romanist world. These steps are held to be so sacred that no person is permitted to pass over them except on his hands and knees.* As this was an ordeal through which I was not disposed to pass, I was allowed, on paying a small sum, to ascend another way; and here I was shown what the priest said was the Judgment Hall! I think it is in this church also where are a painting, said to be a portrait of the Saviour when only 12 years old, the table at which the disciples partook of the last supper, and a host of other things too absurd to enumerate. Were it not for the solemnity of the subjects, these "relics" would cause considerable amusement; but, as it is, they excite only feelings of pity and sympathy.

The Basilica di Sta. Maria Maggiore, or Mary the Virgin, stands on the summit of Mount Esquiline, on the ruins of the Temple of Juno Lucina. The interior roof is supported by 36 Ionic marble columns, besides the four of granite under the two large arches of the nave. The ceiling was gilt with the first gold brought from Peru. The grand altar, composed of an antique porphyry sarcophagus, is supported by four angels, of gilt bronze, and covered with a superb canopy resting on four Corinthian columns of porphyry, over which are six angels, sculptured by Bracci. The magnificent Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, erected by Sixtus V., from designs by Fontana, contains the tomb of that pope, and is richly ornamented with variegated marbles, paintings, frescos, and basso-relievos. The Borghese Chapel, erected by Paul V., is one of the most magnificent in Rome. It contains the tombs of Paul V. and Clement VIII., both of which are ornamented with basso-relievos. The magnificent altar of the Virgin is adorned with an image placed on lapis lazuli, and surrounded by precious stones. The paintings by the windows over the tombs, and those of the arches over the windows, are by Guido. The Chapel Sforza was built from designs by Michael Angelo. The church likewise contains several curious mosaics, and various tombs by Giacomo della Porta and Algardi. In the square fronting the church is a marble column of the Corinthian order, which is considered a model of elegance.

This church, and that of S. Paolo, or St. Paul, about two miles from the city, attracted my attention more than any other in Rome, except St. Peter's. St. Paul's, indeed, in some respects, exceeds St. Peter's. It contains, I think, nearly 200 pillars of granite, marble, and alabaster. The floor of one of the side chapels consists of no less than 60 kinds of marble, highly polished, and inlaid hexagonally; and the walls are faced with lapis lazuli, alabaster, &c. The church was burnt down in 1824, and is not yet completed since the fire. It is said to be erected over the tomb of that highly-favored apostle. We know that he suffered death, having been beheaded by order of that cruel emperor, Nero. He himself was aware that he was condemned; and hence, when brought before Nero the second time, he wrote to Timothy, "I am now ready to be offered.—Do thy diligence to come unto me.—At my first answer, (to Nero,) no man stood with me; but the Lord delivered me out of the

* It was up these stairs that Luther was crawling to obtain an indulgence, when he heard the voice of God sounding in his heart those memorable words, "The just shall live by faith." O what mighty results followed! The great Reformation in Germany.

mouth of the lion;—but *now*, the time of my departure is at hand." (See his Second Epistle to Timothy, which was probably the last he ever wrote; a knowledge of which fact makes every sentence, as it were, doubly impressive and affecting.)—"But the things which have happened unto me have fallen out rather to the furtherance of the gospel; so that my bonds in (for) Christ are manifest in all the palace." (1 Phil. i. 12, 13.) And this, it is said, was what caused Nero to have him put to death. So long as conversions to Christianity from the old-established Paganism were, as it were, at a distance, Nero was content to have Paul merely confined in prison; but when they extended within the very walls of the palace, to some of Nero's attendants, then he thought it was time to put an end to them. But how futile the attempt!

On the way to St. Paul's, we pass the Temple of Vesta, the Roman Pyramid, and the English burying-ground.

A few words about the Church of St. Peter, and I have done. This is, indisputably, the most magnificent building in the world. The visitor, having read so much in its praise, may be, as I was, disappointed at first sight, as it looks low and unimposing, not by any means equal to our St. Paul's, London. But it is its size which detracts from its height, its extent which causes it to look comparatively diminutive; for, in reality, it is 66 ft. higher than St. Paul's, and the diameter of the cupola 50 ft. greater than the dome of St. Paul's. Including the colonnade, the fountains, and the Vatican, which adjoin, it covers a space of 20 acres. The church alone occupies eight and a half acres, and is said to have cost £12,000,000, which at this time is equal to £36,000,000, and to have taken 100 years to complete. But we must go *into* it to rightly appreciate it. Here is a display of magnificence which never can by possibility even be imagined. Every idea of splendor may be strained, but St. Peter's will outdo it. There are no paintings, but every part of the walls and ceilings is covered with rich mosaics, so exquisitely inlaid that it requires a tolerably close inspection to distinguish the subjects from the finest paintings. The extreme length of the building is 673 ft. and the width 444 ft. It contains nearly 100 marble pillars, 135 statues, 29 altar pieces, and 18 superb monuments. The great altar is situated under an immense canopy, supported by four spiral bronze columns, each 36 ft. high, being nearly four times as high as the room in which I now write.

One thing in this church struck me as remarkably curious, viz., the font in which the emperor Constantine was baptized. It is of porphyry, and measures about 6 feet by 3 feet inside measure, which is somewhat different to the fonts used now-a-days in England. It was not only curious, but instructive, as it shows how people were baptized 1,400 years ago.

The old church is *under* the present one, and is remarkably curious, rich in ancient monuments and tombs. In visiting it, the priests accompanied us with torches.

From outside the great cupola, we obtain an excellent view of Rome which, I think, greatly surpasses for beauty the view of London from St. Paul's, though by no means equal in extent.

So much for the churches. Should any of my readers ever visit Rome, and then cast their eye again over these pages, they will exclaim, with much truth, "What a beggarly description!"

Nor does Rome abound in magnificent temples merely. Its palaces also, museums, and picture galleries, as a whole, surpass those of every other city in the world. In England and France we see casts of inimitable statues; but the *originals* are at Rome, or Florence. Look at the "Dying Gladiator!" Can a man gaze upon that, as it lies in the Museo

Capitolino, Rome, and not regret that he must at last turn his eye away? Or can he come suddenly upon the "Sleeping Fawn," in the Palazzo Barberini, and not step aside and blush at his own littleness, when he views such exquisite workmanship? If he can, he must himself be the *cast* of a man and not the *original*.

But though I content myself by naming these two statues only, is it because there are no others in the city of perhaps equal merit? Certainly not. There are at least two dozen palaces, each containing a museum within its own walls, and each abounding in works of art. And what makes it better still, all are open to the public, under certain regulations, without any fee being required except a small gratuity to the door-keeper. How differently are things managed in England, especially when objects of interest are under the paternal care of Deans and Chapters!

The museum of the Vatican alone will find you employment for a month, if you can only devote so long a time to it; for here, in fact, are several palaces united,—spacious halls, long corridors, majestic galleries, elegant chapels, all full of valuable paintings, invaluable relics, and exquisite sculpture. You may ascend and descend eight flights of staircases, each wide enough, as near as my memory now serves me, for two coaches abreast; and weary, but not surfeited, you may then regale yourself in the garden,—an *Italian* garden, below.

When I was in the Vatican in 1853, men were busily employed in taking casts of various statues for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. This is all very well; but the *originals* are still at Rome.

If in our National Gallery in Trafalgar Square an additional painting by Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or Salvator Rosa, or Titian, or Guido, or Rubens, be introduced, why, half the artists in the kingdom are mad to run up and have a look at it; but in Italy we see the productions of those masters in every gallery, their pictures in every palace; and each time we see them they are new to the eyes as at first sight, unless indeed they seem to have acquired fresh beauties.

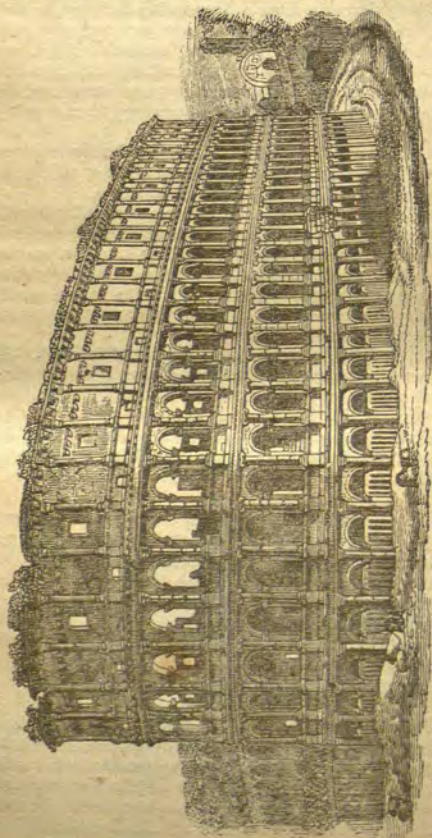
There is, in truth, in Rome no end to the objects of interest. If you are tired of the Ancient, you can turn to the Modern; if weary of paintings, go to the next gallery, and there are the statues; if surfeited with basso-relievos and bronzes, try the libraries, and then take a walk in the gardens, or visit the shops and inspect the cameos. And if this do not make you wonder at the gifts with which man has been endowed by his All-wise Creator, then I say, as I have already hinted, the spirit of man is not in you.

The streets of Rome, many of them really handsome, are beautified with fountains, columns, figures, and obelisks, the former in great variety and the latter covered with hieroglyphics, having been conveyed from Egypt by the Romans, when Egypt was under their rule. The largest obelisk in the world is in the Piazza di San Giovanni Laterano. It is 106 ft. high, and originally stood at Thebes.

The triumphal arches of Titus, Constantine, &c., are still standing, and, especially that of Constantine, are truly magnificent. Then there are the ruins of palaces and baths, temples and bridges, &c. &c., which I cannot enumerate.

But one of the most stupendous relics in the world is the Colosseum. This superb building was commenced by the emperor Flavius Vespasian, in the year 72 A.D. It is composed of travertine marble, was externally surrounded by three rows of arches, intermixed with half columns. Each row was composed of 80 arches, and the edifice terminated by a fourth row of pillars. The first row of pillars is of the Doric order, the second

of the Ionic, and the third and fourth of the Corinthian. The form of this immense amphitheatre is oval; the exterior circumference is 1,702 English feet, and the height 163 feet. The space in the centre, termed the Arena, was surrounded by the Podium, on which were placed the seats for the emperor, senators, &c. The space above was occupied by the various classes of the citizens. The seats altogether were capable of containing 87,000 spectators, and more than 20,000 could be accommodated in the piazzas above; making altogether 107,000 spectators. Only imagine for one moment that immense mass of people, congregated together to witness savage games and barbarous feats, such as wrestlers, gladiators, and bull-fights! "But," says one writer, "it was not until the latest period of the Republic that the Romans were debased by the gladiatorial and other shows which led to the use and construction of amphitheatres; and to the gratification of this passion for demoralising public



THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.



spectacles may be attributed, in some degree, its eventual overthrow, in all but form, and the establishment of the despotism of the emperors. All the powerful in the state, who aimed still higher, sought favor with the people by these barbarous entertainments; and the sums expended and the numbers of men and beasts engaged, and for the most part destroyed, in furnishing them, seem almost incredible."

On a tablet over the main entrance to the amphitheatre is inscribed the very astonishing announcement that the building had been purged from idols and idolatry; and yet, on one side of the gateway, a cross is carved in the marble, with the following inscription: "Baciando la Santa Croce si acquista un' anno e XL. giorni d'Indulgenza." (If you kiss this sacred cross, you acquire, or shall have, one year and 40 days' indulgence!) The cross was nearly black with kisses when I was there. Was the Pope not right when he caused it to be inscribed that the building had been purged from idolatry? Again, in a small chapel in one of the archways inside the building are these words: "Indulgenza plenaria perpetua." (Plenary perpetual indulgence!) But over the door of the Pantheon is an inscription that exceeds all: "Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana perpetua pro vivis et defunctis." (A daily perpetual plenary indulgence for the living and the dead!)

O ye worshippers of stocks and stones; ye adorers of cats, snakes, and crocodiles! Can you bring anything worse than this?

I am confident that I never could, as a printer, obtain a livelihood in Rome. I should be so perpetually leaving my work to run to this palace or that, to visit yonder church, or step over to that cathedral, so near at hand, *just once more*, as I should say to myself, to perambulate amongst the ruins of the Forum, or again walk round and round the unparalleled Colosseum, that I should make sorry work of types and grammar.

Nero's Tower is still standing; that is, the tower on which Nero sat and played on his lyre while Rome was in flames. This tyrant's cruelty knew no bounds. He is said to have caused many of the Christians to be covered with pitch, and set on fire in his garden. But mark the judgment of God! Nero made one of his attendants kill him, after having vainly attempted to kill himself.

The river Tiber takes its winding course through Rome, for the length of about three miles; but it is both narrow and sluggish.

The city is entirely enclosed by walls and gates. The French cannon made sad havoc of many of the buildings when they laid siege to the place in 1849, after the people had driven out the Pope. Some of the houses which I saw were completely riddled with shot, though the principal buildings received little or no damage. Indeed, the French labored to spare them, and in great part succeeded.

The Christmas festivities were not over when I first visited Rome; but I said so much about them in Malta, that I shall not go over the ground again. I must, nevertheless, mention one visit that I paid to the Pope's Chapel. This was in 1850. As it was indispensable that visitors should go in full dress, I had to borrow a white shirt, for I had only check ones with me; though I was well off for everything else that was necessary. My guide was stopped at the door, because he had on a frock coat;* while I was admitted into the interior. I was, indeed, close to the Pope and

* I heard of an American who, being stopped at the entrance to the chapel, because he had on a frock coat, took a couple of pins, and pinned up the skirts, so as to make his coat look something like a dress coat, and then slipped some money into the hands of the soldiers at the door, which insured his immediate admission.

the cardinals, a bar only separating us. There were about 20 cardinals present, each attended by a page to hold up his long scarlet train. There were also a number of Swiss soldiers in attendance, forming the Pope's body-guard, as "his Holiness" dare not trust his own Romans. The cardinals all wore white capes.

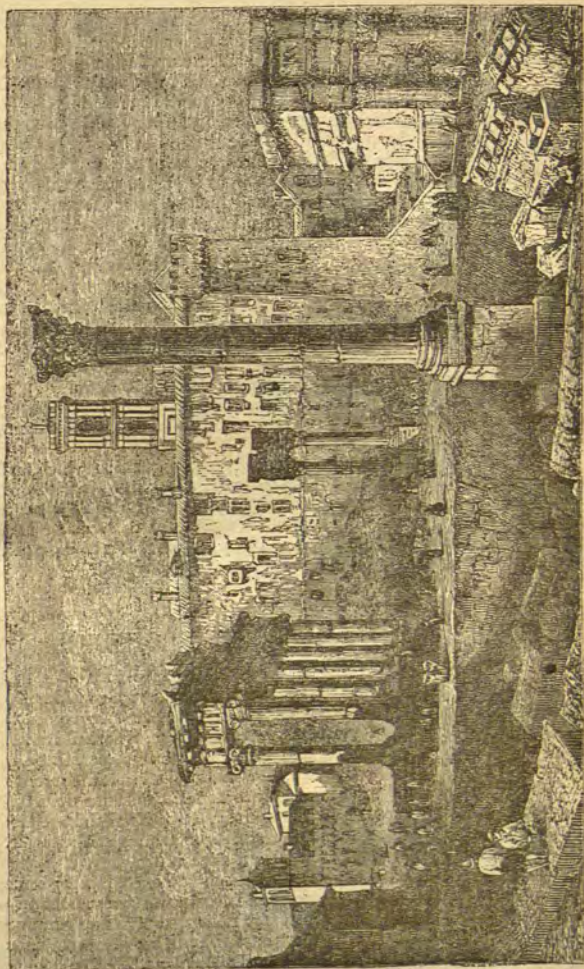
All being assembled, a private door at the farther end of the chapel was opened, when all arose from their seats. First appeared a large cross, then some soldiers, and then the Pope, with his attendants. He wore a rich robe, and had a mitre on his head. As soon as the Pope had taken his seat, the choir struck up; and then the cardinals, one by one, walked slowly round the chapel, dragging their trains along the floor, bowed to the Pope, slowly approached him, kissed his hand; again bowed, retired, and resumed their seats. Then commenced the vespers, or evening prayers. Now all stood up, and then sat down again. Now they took off their skull caps, and then put them on again. Now they bowed, and then they crossed themselves. Now they read, and then they muttered. Now they again marched round the chapel as before; then the Pope "blessed" some incense, and then the performance was over. How strongly did this remind me of the Whirling Derwishes, of whom I have given an account on page 104. If one be worship, so is the other.

I was now joined by a German gentleman who spoke English; and, as my guide told us the Pope and the cardinals were going to the Jesuits' Church, we engaged a fly to go also. By some means or other, our driver got into the middle of the cardinals' procession of carriages, (for they were all in state, with two footmen to each carriage,) and was determined they should not jockey him out of it. I soon saw that he was no more a friend to the cardinals than my guide was, and both of them seemed greatly to enjoy the fun. The coachmen behind kept calling out to our man to get out of the way; but they might as well have called to the fly itself. Then they tried to pass him, now on the off side, and now on the near side; but he was too well up to his work to suffer their horses' heads to pass beyond his hind wheels. I presume we were taken for ambassadors, or courtiers, as many of the people took off their hats as we passed. The Pope's carriage was drawn by six horses, and he was attended by a guard of nobles.

At length we reached the church, which we found jammed full. The Pope and the cardinals entered bareheaded. The *Te Deum* was sung in true operatic style, a soprano voice taking the solo. The Pope then gave his benediction, and thus ended *this* performance. The church was gaudily decorated, the entablature being hung with crimson festoons, and the altars presenting a profusion of flowers and ornaments. Scenes of this nature may well inspire the ignorant multitude with wonder, just as the paraphernalia of the ancient pagan worship fired its votaries with enthusiasm and fanatical madness. But how different is the simplicity of the Gospel!

I have extended my remarks on Rome beyond the line I had prescribed for myself; but I do not see how I can curtail them. On each visit, I left the city with regret, and still hope, if spared, to visit it again; not as a toil, but for recreation. I must yet mention the Fora, or Forums. These were the places of public business, and where causes were tried. Of these, Rome formerly contained 19 of importance; but they have now, for the most part, disappeared. The engraving opposite will give a tolerable idea of the ruins of the Forum Romanum, as they are to be seen at the present day; but no mere representations can give a just view of either these ruins or those of the Colosseum.

I one day, while in Rome, saw the funeral procession of a rich man. It was formed by dozens of priests, all singing, and carrying lighted tapers;



RUINS OF THE FORUM, ROME.

and another day I saw one of a priest, which was attended by 30 persons, all covered from head to foot with a crimson garment, the only part of

* See the engraving, page 49, Stereotype Edition, in which a man will be seen with his face covered with a *white* garment; but in the funeral procession of which I am now speaking, the whole body was covered with a *red* garment.

their bodies which was seen being their eyes, peering through two holes in the garments.

The Irish have a college in Rome, in which many of their priests are educated. I visited it, that I might see the urn in which O'Connell's heart is deposited. I saw the urn, but it is, of course, hermetically sealed.

I have said that my guide was one of the best I ever had. I might have said that he was the very best. Instead of inducing me to give large gratuities to persons in charge of the respective palaces and temples, in order that he might go shares in the spoil, as is almost universally the case with valets-de-place, commissionaires, and guides all over the continent, he seemed determined, sometimes, not to allow me to give as much as I thought I ought to give. If I took a franc out of my pocket, he would say, "Dat is too mutz. Vy you give more dan necessaire?" All the sights in Rome did not cost me 8s., and I am sure I missed nothing. I inquired for him when in Rome in 1853; but he was from home. In 1851, he called upon me in London, having come to England as commissionaire with a party of Italians to the Great Exhibition; and I was glad to have the opportunity of proving to him that I appreciated his integrity.

The population of Rome is about 150,000, besides 4,500 Jews.

The weather was remarkably fine each time that I was in Rome, though the evenings were cold; and the Italians, who are more used to warm weather than cold, had to wrap well up.*

The proprietors of the diligences in Rome have a regulation which is, I think, well worthy of imitation in England, where it can be carried out. When booking your place, you pay, if you please, two pauls (10½d.) over your fare; and for this sum the proprietors undertake to send for your luggage and call you up in time in the morning. As we left at 5 o'clock, we were faithfully called at 4, and our luggage duly conveyed.

CHAPTER XLVI.—ROME TO FLORENCE.

On leaving Rome, some travellers proceed by carriage to Naples, and others in the same manner to Florence; but, as I did not consider the roads very safe, I preferred the sea. Of course I had first to return to Civita Vecchia. I then took the steamer to Leghorn, where I arrived early in the morning of April 24th, (1853,) but we were not permitted to land until 1 o'clock. In the evening, I went to the Scotch church, a neat building in a pleasant part of the town. It reflects honor upon the Scotch to have so many places of worship abroad. The English have also a chapel here. After service I found the streets swarming with people. The theatres were all open, and the people all alive and gay.

Leghorn is the port of Tuscany. It is a good town, containing some excellent streets and squares. The pavements consist of stones about two feet square, so that the horses are constantly falling, as it is like running upon a flagged foot-path. Leghorn straws are shipped here, as mentioned by me on page 114; but I did not see a single "Leghorn" hat or bonnet worn in all the place.

* The Italian women have rather a novel way of keeping themselves warm in church. They carry with them earthenware stoves, if I may give them that name, in which they have burning charcoal; and they sit with their hands over them, as the priests are going through the prayers. I have seen some women in the churches with ear-drops almost as large as dessert spoons, and with rings on their fingers which might easily be made into narrow bracelets.

The women do not wear bonnets at all, but simply handkerchiefs, or nets, on their heads. The latter look the most graceful. Three-fourths or more, of the women, are dressed in silk, which is comparatively cheap in Italy, as it is produced there; while Manchester printed calicos are relatively dear, as they have to be imported, and pay a heavy duty.

The town contains about 90,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, one-third of whom are said to be Jews.

The Jews' synagogue, which I visited, is a large building in a dirty street. Indeed, the Jews' quarters, go where you will, are always filthy. Their houses in Leghorn are distinguished by red marks. The Jews have ever been sorely oppressed in Tuscany, as well as in many parts of Germany and in Russia.

Unlike all other towns in Italy or the east, Leghorn looks better inside than out. The streets, the Jews' quarter excepted, are unusually clean, and many of the buildings good; but, as the town is built on low land, it does not look so imposing from aboard ship as the towns which are built on the sides of hills, as Messina, Syra, &c. Still, the Apennines, which run from north to south on the background, make up in the landscape for what we lose in the prospect of the town.

All religions are said to be tolerated here; but it will be in the recollection of many of my readers that a man and his wife (the Madiari) were imprisoned by the Grand Duke, as the ruler of Tuscany is called, for merely reading the Bible; and of a Scotch lady, who was also imprisoned by that "enlightened Christian," for distributing tracts. This is Romanist toleration. Tuscany is now, (1860,) I hope for ever free.

On the 25th we went to see a coral manufactory. Numerous women were grinding, piercing, and polishing coral beads. Seeing the labor that each bead requires, one wonders how the coral necklaces can be sold so cheap; but in Italy, a woman's time is not worth much.

As I had visited Leghorn in 1850, I persuaded my companions, G. and M., not to linger, but to push on to Florence. We accordingly left by rail early in the afternoon of the 25th, arriving at Pisa in half an hour; and then, after having dined, we took a fly to see the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, and the Baptistery. The sun was shining full upon these magnificent structures just as they opened up to our view, and I am bound to say that no effect in the architectural world can possibly be more striking.

Every schoolboy must have read of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and wondered how it is that it does not fall; but those who see it, wonder, as I did, ten times more. It is 190 ft. high, built entirely of marble, and deviates from the perpendicular about 14 ft.; that is to say, the top projects on one side 14 ft. beyond the foundation; just as if I were to put a stick into the ground in a slanting position instead of upright. The exterior is formed of eight stories of round arched open galleries, which are reached by a staircase about 3 ft. wide, in the interior.

The cathedral is a masterly building, erected nearly 850 years ago. It is surrounded on the outside by four rows of beautiful antique pillars, cased with marble of various colors; and the interior, like the churches in Rome, is majestic. The Baptistery is entirely of marble, like the Leaning Tower, of a circular form, and most exquisite. But these three structures, together with the Campo Santo, standing close to each other, must be seen before even the least effective idea can be formed of them. The architecture is inimitable, and their magnitude exceeds belief. They are said to be the greatest wonder in the modern world; and I believe they are. Here, painters may throw aside their brushes, for all they can

do to give effect to this scene will amount to nothing. I regret exceedingly that my limits will not allow me to say more.

The lovely river Arno, passing through the town, divides Pisa into two parts, just as London is divided by the Thames, or Manchester and Salford by the Irwell. It is crossed by three bridges, one of which is of marble; and the quays are ornamented with many splendid buildings.

Again taking the rail, we left for Florence. The line runs along a most luxuriant valley, in which vines by thousands were winding round peach and mulberry trees, like serpents. At first, the Apennines seemed close upon us, but they gradually receded, leaving more gentle hills between us and them, on which were terraced gardens, villas, villages, towers, and churches; while the Arno rolled gracefully along the valley. In two or three instances the hills appeared to nearly meet; and then the river was just below us, while the snow-capped Apennines in the distance looked majestically down upon the whole.

In about two hours and a half we arrived at Florence, where, having passed the usual ordeals, passport and police, so annoying to Americans and English, who are not used to them, we made direct to the hotel d'York.

I think I could very well write a Guide Book for Italy; but the question would be, who would buy it? As I fear being tedious to the general reader, I can only say of Florence what I have said of Rome, that it abounds in rich temples and richer palaces. The cathedral has a dome larger than even St. Peter's, at Rome, and, including the cross, is 384 ft. high; and the tower is 280 ft. high. Both cathedral and tower, as well as the Baptistery adjoining, are encased with marble, white and green, exquisitely worked. The pavement of the interior is formed of beautiful and different-colored marbles, and is deservedly much admired; as are also the pillars and balustrades surrounding the gallery. The church is adorned with some fine statues, basso-relievos, and paintings. Here also are a gnomon and meridian line, so formed as to show, like a sun dial, when it is noon. There is a small aperture in one corner of the building; and so soon as the sun shines through this aperture directly upon the meridian line on the floor, it is 12 o'clock.

The Baptistery has three bronze doors, a partial, humble, imitation of which may be seen at the arch, under the statue of the Duke of Wellington, at Hyde Park Corner. Michael Angelo said they ought to have been the gates of Paradise. In the Baptistery, I saw the baptism of a child. The priest poured water on its head. In the Church of San Lorenzo is the unrivalled Medici Chapel, "the wonder of Tuscany," the walls being inlaid with lapis lazuli, agates, jasper, chalcedony, and other precious stones. In the Church of Santa Croce lie the bodies of Michael Angelo, the inimitable painter and sculptor; of Alfieri, the Italian poet; and of Machiavelli, the statesman; each, of course, covered with appropriate tombs and monuments. But my attention was riveted to the reclining statue of a Polish lady, in the purest white marble, in the church of S. Lorenzo. Her head is supported by pillows; and death, death marks every feature and every inch of the drapery.

The stained glass in the windows of this church is said to be the oldest and finest in the world. The art of staining glass in so perfect a way appears to be now lost.

Belonging to the Church of San Lorenzo is the library of the Medici, celebrated for its fine collection of rare manuscripts, amongst which is a "Horace," in the handwriting of Petrarch. Here also is preserved, in a glass case, the finger of Galileo, pointing towards the heavens. He it was who first openly advocated the system of Copernicus, that the sun

was the centre of our solar system, and that the earth and stars moved round it. So much was he persecuted by the Romish Inquisition for his "heresies," as they termed his views, that he was twice compelled to swear that the system was erroneous; but, after taking the oath on the second occasion, he whispered to a friend, "E pur si muove." (It moves, for all that!)

Amongst the wonders of Italy, I have set down unhesitatingly the Palazza Pitti, or the Grand Duke's Palace. For internal worth and grandeur, our Queen's Castle at Windsor sinks into a mere cottage in comparison. I might also mention the Old Palace, of which England might be proud if she had it; the Royal Gallery, which "contains the finest collection of ancient statues, pictures, basso-relievos, gems, bronzes, &c., in Europe," and from which I had in half anger to tear myself away; the Palaces of Corsini, Borghese, Strozzi, &c.; but I must skip over the whole.

Florence is situated at the foot of the Apennines. The valley is richly cultivated, and the sides of the hills are covered with olives. Figs are also cultivated. Some of the *nobility* who possess vineyards, sell the wine *retail* at their palaces. What would the Marquis of Westminster think, if people went to his palace and asked for "a penn'orth of apples," or "a ha'porth of strawberries?"

The river Arno runs through the city, and is crossed by several bridges, one of which has shops on each side, just as was the case with the old London Bridge. Neither the streets nor the shops are as good as those of Leghorn. The houses are not numbered in streets as ours are, but progressively as they are built; so that if the last one built were 8,000, the next would be 8,001. I saw several numbers, if I remember right, close upon 8,000.

The city is full of Austrian soldiers, as the Grand Duke, in consequence of his despotic character, could not retain his seat a single week without the protection of foreign bayonets; and the Austrians appear to be just the men to uphold everything that is tyrannical. (1853.)

Florence is not only celebrated for its manufacture of "Leghorns," but also for its works in inlaid marbles, agates, and precious stones. In the Grand Duke's manufactory I saw a table which had been intended for the Great Exhibition in London; but as the commissioners refused to insure its safe return, the Grand Duke would not send it. It is worth £20,000.

The Florentine women wear Leghorn hats, with rims from 6 in. to 10 in. wide, which float in the air as the wind blows. As we walked along the streets, the ladies would run out of their houses, and insist upon putting bouquets of flowers in our bosoms; and we had sometimes to be really rude to them to keep them away.

Before leaving Florence, our passports had to be signed, first by the British Minister, next by the Tuscan Minister for Foreign Affairs; then by the Pope's Nuncio; then by the Austrian Military Commander; and last by the Tuscan Police. The best way in such a case is to give your passport to the landlord of the hotel, and desire him to do all that is necessary; for which a charge is made of from two to five francs. But even then the traveller may not be safe, and he ought himself to see that every signature necessary has been obtained. I have known more than one instance in which travellers have been sent back in consequence of the irregularity of their passports, notwithstanding that they had paid the landlord of the hotel, or a commissioner, to have them made right. There were two things which I always superintended myself,—my passport and my purse. Without watching the former, you may be sen-

tenced to the luxury of having to go back a score or two of miles; without an eye on the latter, you may find yourself so quickly impoverished as not to be able to move at all, either with or without passport. Such are some of the comforts of travelling.

CHAPTER XLVII.—FLORENCE TO VENICE.

On the 28th of April, we left by rail for Bologna, but the line is only yet opened, I believe, as far as Pistoia. It runs along the foot of the Apennines. We had English engine-drivers, and Englishmen were superintending the works.

At Pistoia, pistols were first made. Hence their name. Here we had to take diligence, and were joined by four Americans,—two ladies and two gentlemen. We soon began to ascend the Apennines, as we had to cross them. This was formerly the most dangerous road in Italy; but the Austrians have done something towards checking brigandism. As the road became very steep, the conductor desired us to walk, and go a nearer way; but I was the only one who seemed to relish the thought, as we understood the distance would be nearly three miles. I, however, left with the conductor, taking an angle on the left, and had no cause to regret the step, for I was charmed with the scenery, and delighted with the bracing air. On reaching the summit, I turned to take a view of the landscape. How enrapturing! Stern winter was under my feet, but in the valley was smiling spring,—fruit trees in blossom, and birds singing amidst a profusion of flowers. Flocks of sheep were grazing over the pastures, and their rustic barefooted shepherdesses appeared to be sharing in their happiness, working at their distaff and spindle the while. Gentle streams, formed by the melting snows, were flowing in every direction, and here and there was a roaring torrent, increasing in noise and volume as it rolled downwards, being joined by others and others, until they unitedly rushed into the Arno in the distance. Leafless trees were around me, but myriads of primroses, daisies, and forget-me-nots, and the budding lilac and almond, within the length of a gunshot. For miles and miles the snow-capped Apennines extended, while on every side were nests of cottages and rural farms. On that side, and on that, and again right before me, a little hill presented itself, projecting, as it were, from the sides of the mountain, like an infant on the knees of its father; and there stood a white stone church, with its lofty tower and glittering spire. The priests know well how to aid their architects in lending effect to their structures, externally as well as internally. Though standing on snow, I felt no inconvenience from cold. The wind, it was true, was whistling over my head, but I stood protected under a bank; and even the wind's howlings above were softened by the notes of the cuckoo below.

I was in no hurry to leave so magnificent a prospect; but the conductor became impatient, and hurried me onward. In a few minutes we arrived at a house of call, where, to my joy, I found a good breakfast prepared; and I am sure I was prepared for it. The diligence did not arrive for some time afterwards; and my fellow-passengers were not a little surprised to find I had stolen a march upon them.

Our way now lay down the eastern side of the Apennines, and I think the prospect was more beautiful than even the one I had just left. Incessant waterfalls and cascades were rushing down every depression of the mountains, all bearing toward the east, until they united in the valley, to form the river Reno. Here was the source of the river,—at first a com-

parative stream, but becoming wider and wider, and deeper and noisier, as torrent after torrent rushed into it, until spacious bridges were required to span it. Suffice it to say, my readers may believe every word they have heard or read of the "enchanting scenery" of Italy.

For miles the road ran along the edge of a precipice, with the river some hundreds of feet below us. The horses dashed along, but, in the Lord's kind Providence, we reached the bottom in safety. And then we were again in the Papal States.

We drove up to a stone building, and had to undergo the personal inspection of a Roman official. Again we proceeded, and then our passports were demanded by some Austrian soldiers. Again we were on our way, and again we had to stop. Then we were driven under an archway, and the gates closed on both sides of us, so that we were regularly imprisoned. "Scaling ladders" were quickly produced and the diligence was "taken by storm." (I wish we could take Sebastopol as easily.) Portmanteaus, boxes, trunks, carpet bags, all were "shot" from the roof into the "magazine" below. The diligence was unshipped, and her cargo examined with fatherly care. Chink, chink, go the passengers' keys, and out jump their wares. But it is soon over; and then, like King John's men, the baggage all marches up again,—a "feat of arms" which is speedily followed by the "roar," not of cannon, but of that perpetual Italian word, "Facchino," which, being translated into English, means, "Remember the porters;" and into Arabic, "Bucksheesh." These "pickets" will not let travellers repose in their "camp," but, "popping their rifles," constantly "disturb their rest," putting them to all sorts of trouble, and then want the officers to pay them for doing so; but my answer in such cases invariably was, "Non comprendo;" for I could not comprehend on what principle they expected to be paid, after they had done all to "pick us off" that the "rules of the service" allowed them to do. Having been "repulsed in the sortie, with loss of" temper if not of men, the commander-in-chief next made his appearance, and demanded our "capitulation" and the "surrender" of our purses; but "Andate via," (Go away,) was our reply; whereupon he "put spurs to his" dignity, and said we should be "detained as prisoners;" but his gun was of too "large a bore" and too "long a range," so that he "overshot his mark." Though he "menaced" us in "front and rear," there was too much Saxon blood in our "allied army" (American and English) to fear his threatened "assault," and, with "fixed" principles, we prepared to "charge." At this juncture, the conductor came up with a "flag of truce," and, after a little "diplomatic negotiation," gave "the enemy" half a paul; (2½d.;) with which he went away satisfied, and "raised the siege!" Such is the degradation of these once all-conquering Italians, who held the world in their power.

The road along the valley, though rough enough as to pavement, and dangerous enough as to occasional torrents, was most luxurious. It was like driving through one unbroken greenhouse. There were mulberry trees by thousands, which are carefully cultivated for the propagation of the silk worms; and not only do the vines twine round them, as I mentioned a few pages back, but the branches are trained so as to extend from tree to tree, hanging in festoons, one above another. I can easily imagine that, when the grapes are ripe, and hang down in clusters, tier above tier, the sight must be most lovely. It is not to be wondered at that the silk worm should be so general in this district, as the waters are said to be peculiarly adapted for the preparation of the silk.

In the evening we arrived at Bologna, and went to the Hotel Brun, where we had as much comfort as any man has a right to expect in that

part of the world. As there was nothing to detain us, we immediately booked ourselves for the diligence next morning.

Before breakfast, (April 29th,) I strolled round to view the town. The cathedral is spacious, but not equal to many that I had seen. Here, too, is another leaning tower, but not to be compared to the one at Pisa. This is, indeed, dangerous. The foundation gave way on one side, while in the course of erection, and the tower has been threatening to come down ever since. The houses are mostly built on pillars, forming colonnades under them. In the market place, I heard a man calling out, "Forbici Inglesi; un baioccho;" (English scissors; a halfpenny each;) and, going up to him, I found a barrow full of German-made scissors, of the rudest kind. G. and I bought one each, for the novelty of the thing, to the no small amusement of the vendor and the bystanders.

Bologna was at one time a place of considerable importance, but Popery, whose wand withers all it touches, has blighted it. It still contains about 80,000 inhabitants. There are no less than 14,000 Austrian soldiers in the town. The celebrated painter, Guido, was born here.

At 10 o'clock we left for Venice. The road for some miles surpassed in vines, &c., even that of the day preceding; but large tracts were under water.

In five hours we arrived at Ferrara, where we had to change carriages, and undergo delay. The town is worth a visit, however, *en route*, as it contains some good buildings. The tomb of Ariosto, and the house in which the Duke Alfonso shut up Tasso, under pretence that he was mad, are still shown. At Ferrara lived the celebrated Cornaro, who discovered that he was killing himself by eating too much, and thereupon restricted himself to 12 ounces of food a day. He commenced his dietary *regime* at the age of 40, and lived to be 104.

We did not leave until 4 o'clock. We soon reached the Po, which we crossed in a ferry barge, by means of ropes, as the stream is rapid; and we were then in the Austro-Italian district. Here we had to undergo a most humiliating scrutiny by the police. Not only our clothes, but even our handkerchiefs, were examined with the most anxious care; and every strip of paper was opened and inspected as though some treasonable dispatch were transcribed upon it. A small box of ointment, which I had procured at Florence for my inflamed finger, (as mentioned on page 567,) was taken hold of, and opened. "Questo?" (What is this?) said the officers. I showed my finger. "Buono." (Good.) But this was not all; even our dressing cases did not escape. I had with me a block-tin tooth-powder box, containing charcoal; and this was inserted in another, made to fit close, so as to prevent the powder from working out. The principal officer took off the outer lid, when, behold! the inner box presented itself. He now made sure he had a prize, and pulled off the lid; but it fit so close, and he did it so determinedly, that the charcoal flew all over his face and clean shirt front, greatly to the amusement of two *ill-used* Englishmen who stood by. (1853.)

Having satisfied himself that we had nothing very dangerous about us, he next assailed our passports, and said they were irregular, ("I passaporti non sono buoni,") as we ought to have had the signature of the Austrian Ambassador at Florence; but we succeeded in convincing him that that was not necessary, as the Austrian Ambassador at Rome had affixed his signature; and we were then "acquitted."

About 9 o'clock we arrived at Rovigo, and put up for the night. Early the next morning we left for Padua, where the celebrated traveller Belzoni was buried; and thence we proceeded by rail to Venice.

The railway carriages on the continent are far superior to ours. Those to Venice are about 36 ft. long, and have a passage down the centre, from end to end, the seats being arranged on each side. As we approach a station, the guard opens the door at one end, and calls out the name of the station; and when we arrive near to the terminus, soldiers and police officers walk in and take our passports, and the guard follows and takes our tickets; so that the train has not to stop for the purpose of ticket-taking, as all our trains in England have.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—VENICE, VERONA, &c.

On emerging from the station at Venice, our ears were greeted with the welcome word, "Omnibus, Omnibus!" To which we quickly responded, "Si, si," (Yes, yes.) We followed the speaker, and were conducted to the side of a wide canal, where we saw a small packet-boat, on which was painted the word, "Omnibus." I was at first taken aback, and said to my companion, "Well, that's a funny omnibus, certainly;" until I recollected that Venice contains neither horses nor carriages, being intersected throughout with canals, all the principal streets being, in fact, not pavements, but water, close to the very houses; and gondolas (boats) taking the place of land conveyances. We jumped on board this omnibus, and were quickly rowed to the Hotel de l'Europe, the steps of which were washed by the water in the canal.

We had three letters of introduction, but found that the parties had all left the city, so that we were thrown, as it were, upon our own resources. We, however, speedily engaged a guide and took a carriage, —a gondola, I mean, and commenced our explorations.

It was truly amusing to be *rowed* from street to street, instead of being driven, the splashing of oars and the singing of boatmen being the only sounds heard instead of the rumbling of carriage wheels and the bawling of cab-drivers.

The gondolas of Venice are all painted black, giving them, with their elevated cabins, a sombre appearance. Formerly many of them were extravagantly ornamented; but the old Venetian Government prohibited any decorations, as some of the people ruined themselves by trying to outdo their neighbors. It was curious enough to see men in livery (*coachmen*) rowing black boats, instead of, as in other parts, driving gilt carriages.

"This city, which is one of the capitals of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, is almost unrivalled as to beauty and situation. It is about seven miles in circumference, and is principally built on two islands, separated from each other by one large canal, which takes a serpentine course, and divides the town into two equal parts. These islands are subdivided by 150 canals, over which there are said to be nearly 400 bridges. The famous bridge Rialto, a single arch, 98 feet in the span, and ornamented with a double row of shops, is, however, the only bridge over the great canal. It was built of marble by Antonia da Ponte, in 1591, and, like the other bridges of Venice, has stairs by which the passengers ascend and descend. The view from this bridge is remarkably fine. To whatever side the stranger turns, his eye will be attracted by buildings of extreme picturesqueness and variety."

The houses are mostly built on piles; so that there is water, not only around them but under them. The water smells very badly. If the people would fill up the minor canals, they would, I think, act wisely.

The fronts of the houses all face the canals, but the backs open into narrow streets.

Those of my readers who have seen the paintings by Canaletto, have seen excellent and faithful views of Venice, with its lively canals and busy quays; and these will convey a much better idea of the place than any description I can give.

Next to the canals, the main objects of attraction are St. Mark's Square and the Doge's Palace. To say that these are all of marble and that the architecture is superb, would be to say but little, and would convey no idea of their beauty. Marble in Italy, as I said in my Introductory Chapter, from the pure white to the jet black, and embracing every shade of color in the rainbow, is so plentiful that it may be figuratively said to run down the streets like water.

St. Mark's Square is paved with grey marble, and is surrounded on three sides by buildings in a good style, the fronts of which have open arcades, forming the public footpaths. The other side of the square is occupied by the church of St. Mark, with the splendid tower in front, and the Doge's Palace adjoining. From this tower, which is 325 feet high, Galileo often made his astronomical observations. When the gas is lighted, the square looks dazzling. Hundreds of pigeons, tame as domestic animals, mix with the people in the square, without fear of being shot. When the clock strikes two, they all congregate to be fed. It was amusing to watch them, coming in, "as clouds," from all quarters.

In the Doge's Palace are some of the most spacious rooms in the world, in one of which is the largest painting ever executed. "It is impossible," says one traveller, "to walk through these splendid chambers, decorated with pictures commemorating the most brilliant achievements and the most signal examples of the ancient power and glory of the Venetian Republic, without feeling sorrow for its present condition." But in ancient days, the most fearful tyranny which ever cursed the world environed this palace with objects of terror.

Our guide was the *sharpest* I ever had to do with. He was almost too much for even *me*, with all my experience and all my fancied acuteness. His *English*, too, was most ridiculous. "Dat's de Pridge o' Sice,* vere dey brot de pigeoners; (prisoners;) and dat's de pigeon vare de pigeoners vare put." "Dat's de place von altar." "Dat's de Popes Clement, and dat's de Five Carls, King Spain."† (Portraits of Pope Clement and Charles V. of Spain.) And then, pointing to a painting on the ceiling, "Dat's de panting *up stairs* King Pippin; him comed vid sixty tousand men and vent back vid ten tousand; *ve* sowed him how." "All de panting by (counting his fingers) von, Tyson; (Titian;) two, Paul Verone; tree, Tintoretta; vore, Angelo; and all the archtectatoor by Palladio." "I alvays do my vaurk vell. I no like see gontelmen pay dair money for nutting;" (nothing;) and so on.

May 1st was to me a day of seclusion. There was no English place of worship at Venice, so I strolled about alone. I turned, and turned, and went over one bridge after another, until I was completely

* "I stand at Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand."

† I am sure this will remind some of my readers, as it did me, of Humphrey Chetham's College, Manchester, and the clerical-bibbed boys who go round with visitors to show them the "wonders" of the place: "That's th' clock as nobbutt (only) strikes wonce a yer." "That's th' clog as t' thunder-bowt split, an' never hurt th' woman as had it on." "That's th' cock (a wooden one) as alliss (always) crows when it smells roast beef."

at fault before I recollected myself. My pocket compass, however, soon directed me. In the evening I passed through the square. There were at least 5,000 people in it, with music, and singers, and beggars, and gaily-dressed ladies, and well-dressed gentlemen; and lottery and theatre offices as busy as bees. Venice is a gay place; but, under Austrian rule, it is fast declining. (Still so in 1860.)

On Monday morning, I went to the church of the Frari, which contains a monument over Canova's tomb and another over Titian's, in white marble. The latter is the most exquisite, but the former the most impressive. The tomb represents the section of a pyramid, let into the wall, leading into the vault. The doors are half open. "Fame" is carrying in an urn, and mourners are following in procession, with grief portrayed on their countenances. The "Lion of Venice" lies prostrate at the base, and "Skill," or "Talent," is dead, or sleeping. All the figures are life size. The monument is well calculated for the moment to direct the mind of the beholder to the certainty of the tomb, however gifted or talented a man may be.

At 11 o'clock we left by rail for Verona. The railway runs over the bay on piles, just as is the case at Fleetwood; only at Venice it is for a much greater distance.

As we approached Vicenza, where large quantities of silk and artificial flowers are manufactured, the country became charmingly lovely. The vines were not only trained in the way I have already described, but they were also formed into bowers and all sorts of fantastical figures. The gigantic Alps were towering aloft in the distance, while the hill sides nearer were studded with villas and beautified with avenues of vines and running streams. The head-dresses of the women were as varied as the scenery. Some had on black hats with scarcely any rim, others straw hats, others handkerchiefs, others a piece of rag merely, tied behind, while others were ornamented with flowers.

On arriving at Verona, our passports were taken from us, and a "ticket of leave," printed in four languages, requiring us to appear at the police office within 24 hours, was given us in exchange. ("Britons never shall be slaves," thought I.) Even the most wealthy citizens are compelled to go, hat in hand, before poverty-stricken police officers, to obtain permission, ere they can go outside the gates of the city in which they reside. I declare I have felt peculiar nervous sensations throughout my whole frame when I have seen persons of the highest respectability cringeing before these Austrian satellites.

The only place that I shall mention at Verona, though there are as many things worthy of notice as in other towns in Italy, is the Amphitheatre. This building is still used. Indeed, there was a performance, in Italian, going on when we went in. We paid about a penny for three of us. The theatre, like most others in Italy, is open to the sky. The seats are all perfect, and are capable of accommodating 20,000 persons. As I stood on one of the distant seats, the performers below looked almost like as many puppets.

Anxious to reach Milan with as little delay as possible, we left by diligence at 9.30 in the evening. The night was warm, and I slept a good part of the way.* At 6.30 next morning, (May 3rd,) we arrived at Brescia, where General Haynau caused some women to be flogged for daring to express their political opinions. This was the man who was so roughly handled by Barclay and Perkins's brewers

* The railway is now completed nearly all the way from Venice to Milan. (See the Map.)

when he was in London. "His crimes were a dishonor to the country in which they were performed, a disgrace to the age in which we live, and a stain on human nature." So said the *Times*, and so say I. He is now dead. Here we breakfasted, and then proceeded, our way still being over the Plains of Lombardy, many parts of which, even within these few years, have been so saturated with Italian blood, shed by Austrian bandits, called soldiers, under the direction of cruel despotism. Agriculture, in these plains, is carried to the highest state of perfection. The whole plain is one garden. The neighborhood of Brescia also produces iron and copper, marble, crystals, and topazes.

At Treviglio we dined, and again took the rail, arriving at Milan at 5 o'clock. Two customs officers were sent with the omnibus to the hotel yard, to examine the baggage of the passengers; but about 4d. each passenger settled all disputes, and everything was pronounced *en règle* (quite regular).

We soon made ourselves comfortable at the Hotel Royal, and then engaged a guide for the morrow. This man was the second honest guide into whose hands I had the pleasure to fall. He was simple and intelligent, but groaning under the Austrian yoke. A day of retribution and deliverance for Italy *must* come; and who knows but that it may arise out of the present war?

What England and France were about to allow Austria to get possession of Northern Italy, extending from Venice to Piedmont, I cannot conjecture, as she immediately virtually closed the ports against our manufactures. Venice is still called a "free port;" but the *Austrians* interpret the words; and for terms of that sort they have a dictionary of their own, and certainly never learnt Dr. Johnson's.

A river only separates the Plains of Lombardy, under Austrian rule, from the Valley of Piedmont, which belongs to Sardinia. The people of Sardinia have long wanted to rescue their kinsmen, if I may use the term, of Lombardy from the Austrian yoke, and some years ago, headed by the Archduke Charles, made the attempt; but they were defeated; and Austria is now waiting for an opportunity to seize Piedmont and even Switzerland, on the other side of the Alps; but I hope the day for such a wholesale brigandism as that is far distant. (1853.)

There were two cities in Europe which for years I had panted to see, if it were *only just* to see. These were Venice and Milan; and now my wishes were gratified; nor do I regret one penny of the money that the trip cost me. The cathedral at Milan is alone worth going a thousand miles to see, not as an act of vanity, but to see a specimen of architecture; and when it is viewed in conjunction with the surrounding scenery, the soaring Alps, and the boundless Lombardy plains, we need no paintings, as the Turks would say, to set forth the beauties of nature and art. This cathedral is the largest in Italy, except St. Peter's, at Rome. It was commenced in 1385, and is not yet completed, though ten millions sterling have been expended upon it. It is 490 feet long, 177 feet broad, and 422 feet to the top of the spire. It has 15,000 ornaments, 160 pinnacles, 60 lightning conductors, 520 outside steps, and 7,000 statues, 3,000 more being required to complete it.

In a vault below the church is the tomb of "Saint" Charles Borromeo. His coffin is of pure natural crystal, and over his tomb is the word, "Humilitas;" (Humility;) and yet the whole vault is skirted and ornamented with solid silver, of the richest designs, representing various acts in the life of the "saint." We expressed a desire to have the tomb opened, as we were told we could have, on paying five francs. The priest who was with us immediately lighted half a dozen tapers and placed

them in front, and then put on his surplice. He then turned a wheel, and let down the front of the tomb. And there was Charles's body exposed to view, embalmed, and covered with diamonds and rubies. A cross of diamonds was suspended over it, which was presented by the Queen of Spain, as I understood, and cost £250,000. The tomb and jewels cost 6,000,000 francs, the decorations of the vault 4,000,000; total, with the cross, £850,000. There's *humility* for you! This "saint" was born in 1538, and died in 1594. Finding the Jesuits guilty of the most infamous crimes, he deprived them of their college at Braida. He was canonised ("sainted") by Pope Paul V.

In the church of Ambrose is a brazen serpent which the people believe is the one that Moses set up, and that at the end of the world it will turn round and hiss. Once when the sexton was cleaning it, he accidentally turned it towards the door; upon which the people all ran away, and some declared they had heard it hiss! Still the world was not at an end.

In the church Nostra Signora di San Celso is the painting of the Madonna, about which so much ridicule was excited amongst Protestants, shortly before I was there, by its "miracle-working" properties. Some asserted they had seen it shed tears. There is an inscription outside saying that it is celebrated for miracles.

We visited other buildings, but I pass them all by. After all, the cathedral is only a superbly-magnificent bauble. To my mind there is nothing like a rich landscape,—mountains and plains; hills and valleys; rivers and cascades; and even of these, Italy furnishes an abundance not to be excelled in any part of the world.*

We sent our passports to the police office, and were told they were all right; but we must appear at the office, as the superintendent wished to see "what we were like." Of course we went, because we could not help ourselves. "Were you ever at Milan before?" "Never!" "What is the object of your visit?" "Health and recreation." "When do you think of leaving?" "As soon as ever we can get away." Our guide, however, turned pale, and durst not interpret the last answer, but said, "Mattino," (Morning.) The functionary bowed; my companion bowed; I bowed; our guide cringed; and we withdrew.

There is a street in Milan called the Salt Street, in commemoration of one of the conquerors of the city, who ploughed it up, and threw salt over it. (See Judges ix. 45.)

On May 5th, we left by diligence early in the morning for Turin. In about an hour and a half we arrived at the last Austrian police station, where, making a polite virtue of necessity, we submitted to a final examination. We shortly afterwards crossed the river Ticino, which separates Lombardy from Piedmont, and were then in the kingdom of Sardinia. Our passport and police annoyances were then at an end. We had done with despotic Austria, and were in the country of a free Government. Even the birds seemed to welcome us, as they were cheerfully singing in the plain. I breathed more freely, for I declare I had not felt free all the time from leaving Rome.

The Sardinian States commence on the east at the river Ticino, and extend toward the west as far as the Alps, embracing also the island of Sardinia on the south of Corsica. It was in the Plains of Lombardy and the Valley of Piedmont that so many thousands of Protestants were massacred.†

* It is remarkable that the distance from Rome to the Po is exactly 200 miles, or 1,600 furlongs. How expressive does this fact render Rev. xiv. 20.

† See the "History of the Waldenses" and Milton's immortal sonnet.

At half-past 10, we arrived at Montara, and breakfasted. The people, not only here but in the other towns in Sardinia, seemed lively and happy. Far, far different was it with those we had just left. At 3 we crossed the Po by a bridge of boats, and in another hour and a half passed some ramparts, the river Acqui, and the gates, and were then at Alessandria. Here we were transferred to a railroad, and arrived at Turin a little after 8.

Turin is the capital of Sardinia; but, after visiting the other towns of Italy, we saw nothing in the city worthy of much notice, excepting, perhaps, the regularity and cleanliness of its streets and its Egyptian Museum. The former are washed every night by streams of water let in from the Dora; the latter was collected by M. Drovetti, who was many years consul in Egypt, at a time when antiquities were more easy to be got hold of there than they are now. The city lies in a wide valley, almost surrounded by mountains. It is said to rain almost perpetually there in the winter, except when it snows; a fact which may be easily explained from its peculiar position.

Our guide book said that everything in the city was unusually cheap; but an Englishman in whose hands we placed ourselves, having been introduced to us at Malta, gave us a very different account. He said he paid £70 a year for a suite of only three or four rooms; and even provisions, according to his report, were equally dear. As we paid, through him, 15 francs for a fly, which we did not use three hours, besides five francs more being politely requested for the driver, (which, by the way, we would not give,) and as it would be uncharitable to think that one of our countrymen could have a hand in fleecing us when so far from home, I *suppose* we must accept of his statement in preference to that of the guide book.

The population of Turin is about 125,000. Its manufactures consist of silks, hosiery, woollens, leather, paper, carriages, and arms.

We left Turin by rail for Genoa. At Arquata we were transferred to a diligence, to cross the mountains, as the railroad was not completed. It is now, however, open all the way, a tunnel having been cut through the mountains,—a most formidable undertaking; so that travellers can reach Turin from Genoa in about five hours.

Genoa is described as a city of palaces. I have visited it twice, and think it not altogether unentitled to the appellation, though by no means to be compared with Rome. The appearance of the city from the sea is extremely magnificent. It rises in the form of a crescent, and extends for two miles along the shore, presenting to view palaces and gardens, churches and convents, ramparts and batteries.

Genoa, like the other parts of Sardinia, is called a Roman Catholic city; but, since the revolution, priestcraft there has been at a heavy discount. My guide in 1850 said the men would not allow their wives to go to the confessional. I went to one church on Christmas Day, and found a number of women, but only three men present. Indeed, the Parliament of Sardinia has set to work to reform the Romish Church within its provinces, and is taking possession of many of their unjustly-gotten revenues. But, though the Sardinians are throwing off the dark and despotic influence which the cunning confessor exercises over his deluded penitent, I dare not say that they are becoming Protestants, in the English sense of the word; for though they are protesting against Romanism, I fear they are verging on Infidelity.

For shrewdness, or knavery, in commerce, the Genoese are rivalled only by the Maltese. They vie with, but, in this respect, cannot surpass, each other. Their manufactures of velvet are famous all over the world.

and their work in filigree is quite equal to that of Malta. Indeed, I believe they obtained the prize in this department at the Great Exhibition in London, in 1851, though the Maltese had some splendid specimens there.

Leaving Genoa in a French steamer, I arrived at Marseilles on the 8th of May, and thence returned home, *via* Avignon, Valence, Dijon, and Paris.

POSTSCRIPT.

I am sorry to thus abruptly terminate "My Wanderings;" but I feel that I must keep faith with my subscribers. I promised to complete in 18 Nos., and, to the best of my ability, I have fulfilled that promise. Italy, comprising, as she does, within herself all that is perfect in nature and art, has, I feel, especial cause to complain. My meagre account of her palaces and temples, her villages and cities, her hills and dales, her rivers and cascades, her agriculture and commerce, makes me wish that I had passed her altogether by in silence; as I think that no account would have been better than so poor a one.

But though I say thus much respecting Italy, though she *do* contain within herself all that is perfect in nature and art,—in reality and imitation, in landscape and figure, in climate and temperature, would I therefore exchange for her my own native land? No! Despite her frogs and frosts, her heavy taxes and other drawbacks, I say unhesitatingly with Cowper,

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

What can compensate for loss of liberty, civil and religious? What can make amends for the absence of a preached gospel and the society of Christian friends? Yet, if we separate ourselves from these privileges, we must be prepared to share the state of those amongst whom we cast ourselves, be that state what it may; just as Lot lost all his goods and was himself taken prisoner when he separated from Abram, and pitched his tent toward Sodom, because it was "well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord." I often think it was a mercy for Lot that Abram was living to rescue him; and that though he had quarrelled with Abram, and had separated from him because of his own covetousness, yet that Abram was ready to fly to his relief.

But as I upbraid myself for having said so little of Italy, what can I say for having devoted so little space to the acknowledging of the goodness of God toward me, during so many thousands of miles of travel,—“in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea?” Am I the less unmindful of his goodness? I trust not. Oft-times do I look back, at the many mercies I received and the many “Ebenezers” I was enabled to set up, and view them as so many hills Mizar, encouraging me in the way, through the Lord strengthening me.

A man who has been at the seat of war, and knows, as it were, every yard of the ground, will read the accounts in the papers of the movements of the armies, and the siege of this place or the bombardment of that, with much more interest than one who has merely a map to refer to. And so it is with me. Since my visit to the Lands of the Bible, the Bible has been to me a new book. Not only have the manners and customs therein set forth been opened up to me, but I have obtained an insight into the spiritual meaning of many of the figures used, which will, I trust, be refreshing to me, at times, to my journey's end. I had prepared a summary, but I must omit it.

In the course of the work, I have several times referred to an "Appendix," which I should give if I could find room; but such room I cannot find. I have in my portfolio notes and memoranda enough for another volume; but I have thrown around it an elastic band, and quietly deposited it in my safe. Should it be my lot ever to visit Egypt again, I may, with the Lord's permission, make that journey one of special observation, and give my friends the benefit of my inquiries and remarks; but as my health is just now better, through mercy, than it has ever been in England for ten winters past, I have no thought of leaving at present. I have found one short sentence which, in friendly conversation with me, Dr. Richard Dawson, of Finsbury Circus, once dropped, of more use to me than all the medicines I ever took in my life. "The great secret in your case," said he, "is to breathe a pure air, and *keep your skin from being chilled.*" I am persuaded that more colds, and inflammations of the chest, are caused by persons overheating themselves, perhaps by running to save a train, and then sitting still, and becoming chilled, than from any other cause whatever. Such were my remarks in 1853. The "Appendix" referred to now (1860) appears in Vol. II.

On page 194, I give an anecdote of William the Conqueror. An eminent barrister has sent me a copy of a pamphlet which he wrote some years ago, in which he endeavors to prove that William did not act in the way he is generally believed to have done, as stated by me. I can only say that I have yet seen no reason to change my opinion, beyond the alterations made in my Stereotype Edition.

The correctness of my remarks respecting the value of money in Egypt has been called into question. On page 227, I state that £750 in Egypt will go as far as £1,500 in England. This statement has been doubted; but, after making inquiry of some persons who resided in Egypt several years, as housekeepers, and after carefully making my own calculations, I am prepared to state that £750 in Egypt, taking all things into consideration, would, in 1853, go as far as £2,000 in England.

On page 167 of my First Edition, I say, "The Arabs can calculate to a nicety, on certain days, what will be their fate." In the subsequent editions, the sentence stands thus: "The Arabs can calculate to a nicety, on certain days, what will be the state of their crops."

Page 255, lines 44, 45.—2 Tim. iv. 22, "Grace be with you," corresponds with the Arabic, "Rahoona aleek," "God be with you."



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TO

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Many of the references in the following Index, being merely *parallel* passages, will not be found directly quoted in the pages respectively assigned to them; but they are all equally explained. For instance: On page 295 the quotation is given, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" and the immediate reference is Jer. viii. 22. But Gen. xxxvii. 25 is also given for the same page: "And, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery and balm and myrrh." So, again, page 187, "The middle wall of partition," Eph. ii. 14, is given; but Gal. iii. 28, Rom. x. 12, 1 Cor. xii. 13, and Col. iii. 11, "There is neither Jew nor Greek; ye are all one in Christ Jesus," are also given, having a similar meaning to Eph. ii. 14. The same remarks apply to at least 300 other references. Indeed, in many of the passages adduced, merely two or three words will be found upon the respective pages, as "Hired servant," Exod. xii. 45, page 249; "They bowed their heads," Exod. iv. 31, page 164; "Honeycomb," Prov. v. 3, page 459; &c. &c.; but in every instance an explanation will be found of *some* part of the passage, if not the whole.

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