

The range of Carmel at its southern base is about seven miles in width. The Wâdy el Mâlih (Valley of Salt), which enters the plain of Esdraelon (see page 96) between Tell Kaimûn and El Mahrakah, marks its southern boundary (see map). The spurs of Carmel thence merge into the widening range of low undulating hills called Belâd er Rûheh (the Breezy Land), composed of soft chalky soil, which divides the great inland plain of Esdraelon from the plains of the coast.

THE MARITIME CITIES AND PLAINS OF PALESTINE.

Nowhere in Palestine do we recognise so many indications of the former prosperity of the country as in the strip of coast-land which stretches from the headland of Carmel (see page 88) to the port of Jaffa (see page 133), yet this is now one of its most neglected and poorly populated districts. It does not include one modern town or village of importance, and its once-splendid cities and its Crusading fortresses are in the last stages of decay or utterly destroyed. Nevertheless, the route is always interesting. We emerge from the Carmel hills nearly opposite to the ruins of Athlit (see page 100). Here the fertile but scantily cultivated coast-plain is about two miles in width. It extends northward for eight miles, closed in between a narrow ridge of sandstone rock,



COLUMNS IN THE SEA, CAESAREA,

Formed of granite and various kinds of marble; they are relics of Herod's city which were used by mediæval builders to strengthen sea walls which have now perished.

which borders the seashore, and the western slopes of Carmel. These ranges gradually approach each other till they almost meet at Tell es Semâk (Sycaminum) at the foot of the headland of Carmel (see map). From this point to Athlit the road, a very ancient one, on which the ruts of chariot wheels may be traced here and there, runs just within the ridge of rock, and the traveller only obtains occasional glimpses of "the Great Sea" through narrow fissures made fertile by winter torrents. The only village in this, the northern section of the plain of Athlit, is Tîreh, whose inhabitants are noted for their turbulence and daring. Its houses of mud and stone are clustered together at the mouth of Wâdy el 'Ain (Valley of the Spring), the central valley in the western slopes of Carmel, and are surrounded by cultivated fields and orchards.

Exactly opposite to Athlit (Castellum Peregrinorum) (see page 100), the coast-road turns abruptly and passes through a narrow and very ancient defile, cut through the broad ridge of sandstone rock; it is just wide enough to enable two horsemen to ride abreast freely. There are deep broad ruts in the roadway, made by chariot wheels many centuries ago. Lintels at each end of this rock-cut passage show that it was protected by gates; and there are the remains of fortifications on the cliffs above. From this rock-cut passage Athlit probably derived its mediæval name of Petra Incisa. The old chariot-road from this point runs outside or west of the sandstone ridge, but there is a narrow coast plain, which varies from half a mile to a mile in width, between it and the seashore.

The fortress of Athlit, which was built by the Templars in 1218, on ancient foundations whose history is unknown, stands on a rocky promontory which runs westward into the sea a distance of about a quarter of a mile. There is a shallow shell-strewn harbour on the south side (shown on page 100), and a rather deeper and much wider one on the north side, protected by a reef of rocks, called by the natives "Buwâbet" (the Portals). A large space of ground adjoining the promontory was enclosed by a strongly fortified wall, which can still be traced; it starts from the northern harbour and takes a southerly direction for eight hundred yards, and then runs westward to the sea, a distance of three hundred yards. Portions of this wall, which was constructed of very large hewn stones, are still standing, but still more of it may be seen in the western wall of 'Akka, which was almost entirely rebuilt of stones carried away from Athlit by Ibrahim Pasha, as related on page 79. Beyond the wall there was a deep fosse through which the sea formerly flowed, thus entirely insulating the fortress, which may be described as a miniature reproduction of the ancient Tyre (see pages 55 and 56), and it is actually called Tyre in ancient chronicles of the Crusades.

The citadel of Athlit occupies a rectangular space in the centre of the promontory. Its walls, fifteen feet in thickness and thirty feet in height, are constructed of sandy and rather porous limestone from a neighbouring quarry. Lieutenant C. R. Conder observes that "the masonry is all drafted and *in situ*, whence it has been supposed to be earlier work than the Crusading erections, but the posterns of the towers have pointed arches" (see page 104) "in drafted masonry, identical with that of the walls, showing that the Crusaders cut their own

stones and drafted them." In the south-east corner of the citadel are the remains of a magnificent church, described by early writers as a decagon, with three apses. Only one apse now remains; it has pointed arches with sculptured corbels. The roof was thrown down by the earthquake of 1837. Projecting from the north-east corner there are the ruins of a spacious hall, called by the natives El Karnifeh. The eastern wall of the northern tower of



PART OF THE NORTH WALL AND MOAT OF CÆSAREA.

The walls are six feet in thickness and are strengthened by buttresses; they are still from twenty to thirty feet in height. The moat is lined with masonry. There are three ruined towers in the north wall, two of which are shown above.

Athlit is still standing; it is eighty feet in height, and from a distance it appears to be a complete structure. Among the ruins of the ancient town, which stood within the citadel, modern houses and hovels, rudely constructed of ancient materials, have sprung up, and are inhabited by a poor and rather disreputable Muhammedan population. There are extensive vaults beneath this site; one, which is divided into compartments, has been explored to a



TOWER OF THE CASTLE AT CÆSAREA.

Built by the Crusaders. It probably occupies the site of "Strato's Tower," which was succeeded by the "Tower Drusus" of Herod.

distance of two hundred and sixty-four feet; another very large one has a groined roof with ribbed arches; a third, which is cemented, is said to have been "an oil vat capable of containing two hundred and sixty thousand gallons."

About half a mile to the east of the northern harbour of Athlit the Crusaders had, some time previously to the year 1191, built a small fort called Detroit (the "House of Narrow Ways") on ancient foundations on the sandstone ridge, at a point where it is seventy-five feet above the sea-level, at a short distance north of the rock-cut defile above described. From this "narrow way" it probably took its name. The fort having been greatly extended and



REMAINS OF A FORTIFIED KHAN AT MUKHÂLID.

A Saracenic structure, which has long been in ruins. It is nearly a mile from the seashore and midway between Cæsarea and Arsûf. The solitary tree near to it is a well-known landmark.

strengthened by the Templars in 1218, it served as an outpost for their fortress at Athlit. The courtyard, within which there is a tower, is called Khan Dustrey, a corruption of Detroit apparently. On the eastern side, north of the tower, there are rock-cut stables.

On the eastern side of the ridge, not far off, there is a fountain called 'Ain ed Dustrey, which forms a tiny lake, and then finds its way through a narrow valley to the sea. The first time I paused at this place, a group of goatherds with reed pipes were assembled round a clay trough where their flocks were crowding to drink. It was in the month of September, and the vegetation by the fountain and all along the stream was most luxuriant, consisting

chiefly of oleanders and lupins in full bloom, mallows, tall grasses, and large bushes of arbutus.

Nothing is positively known of the early history of Athlit, not even its name. It appears to have been included in the territory allotted to Manasseh, from which he could not drive out the inhabitants, "for the Canaanites would dwell in the land," though at a later period Israel became sufficiently powerful to compel them to pay tribute (Judges i. 27, 28).

So favourable a position for a seaport town as the promontory of Athlit, with its bay and two natural harbours, and with springs and extensive quarries and fertile plains in its immediate neighbourhood, could not have been overlooked by the Phœnicians, and the Greeks and Romans must also have occupied it. But the history of Athlit begins and ends with the Crusading era. It is, however, recorded that the Crusaders discovered ancient foundations both at Athlit and its outpost Detroit, and at the latter place the builders found a store of very curious coins which they could not decipher.

As already stated, the "Knights of the Temple of Solomon" (commonly called the Knights-Templar) built the fortress of Athlit (see page 100), and it was evidently a very strong one. The Sultan Muezzin besieged it unsuccessfully in the year 1220, and it was the last place held by the Crusaders in Palestine. It was finally subdued by the Sultan Melek-el-Ashrâf Khalil, son of Kâlaoun, after his conquest of St. Jean d'Acre in the year 1291 (refer to page 91).

From Athlit we journey southwards towards Tantûrah (see page 105), a distance of six miles and a half. The ancient chariot road runs westward of the range of coast-hills, but a broad strip of sandy and marshy land separates it from the seashore. About a third of a mile south of the promontory of Athlit (see page 101), the shore line abruptly advances westward into the sea, and thus forms the commodious little bay of Athlit. From this point, for a mile or more, the sandy and marshy coast plain is nearly a mile in width. Through an opening in the rocky hills on our left we see the fertile plain of Athlit stretching to the slopes of Carmel, traversed diagonally by a footpath leading to the ruined site called "El Mezâr" (the Place of Visitation). The many large caves near to it, and a Muhammedan sanctuary, cistern, and well, attract the peasantry, especially shepherds and goatherds, to this spot. In its neighbourhood there are wooded ravines with the pleasantly suggestive names Khallet Rummâneh (Pomegranate Dale) and Khallet Zeitûneh (Olive-tree Dale); but we must pursue our way southwards. As we approach Surafend, a small village four miles south of Athlit, built on the crest of the low coast hills, we see signs of cultivation. Instead of sand-dunes, lagoons, and marshes, there are fields of sesame, millet, and tobacco bordering the road, and little groups of palm-trees near to the seashore.

Half a mile south of Surafend, which is famous for its fig-orchards, there is another village. It is called Kefr Lamm, and though built on the broad smooth summit of the widening coast range, it is only fifty-one feet above the sea-level. On one occasion, when I was travelling along the coast with my brother, we spent a night here. It was the last week

in the month of July, and we approached the village through fields of rapidly ripening Indian corn (maize) and fruit and vegetable gardens. The sheikh and all the chief men came out to meet us with pleasant words of welcome, for we were expected and well known there. We alighted on the outskirts of the village, which is very compact and built of sun-dried bricks; close to it there is a large enclosure, with buttressed walls, built of stone, for the protection of flocks and herds, and for storage of grain and fuel. I found my tent already pitched amid little mountains of wheat and barley, near to an extensive threshing-floor, where oxen were busy treading out the corn.

Carpets and cushions were soon spread for us in the open air, and coffee and pipes were brought. The sheikh and the heads of families sat opposite to us in a half circle, while the younger men stood round or rested on the heaps of wheat near. We were not quite a mile from the shore, and were facing the sea and the setting sun. The rocky islands and the ruins of Tantûrah (see page 105) could be plainly seen a little way to the south, and the tall tower of Athlit appeared far away in the north (see page 100). At the moment when the sun dropped down into the sea, the imâm (or village priest) rose and stood in the middle of a large and newly swept threshing-floor which was close by; he looked earnestly towards the south, and began chanting, in a loud and sonorous voice, the call to prayer—"God is most great. I testify that there is no deity but God: I testify that Muhammed is God's apostle. Come to prayer. Come to security. God is most great. There is no deity but God."

The sheikh and the elders who had gathered round us immediately rose and assembled on the threshing-floor in a double row behind the imâm, who thus looked truly like the leader of the little band; and when he uttered the usual ejaculations of prayer and praise, and recited the appointed verses from the Koran, they echoed his words and followed all his movements with precision and solemnity, kneeling and bowing their faces to the ground, and uplifting their hands and rising to their feet with one accord. They were joined by the labourers from the fields and neighbouring threshing-floors and by our Muhammedan servants; but some of the younger men who had been talking with us hesitated at first to attend to the "call to prayer." They looked at each other, as if undecided what to do; and then at us, as if they were ashamed or thought it impolite to leave us. We endeavoured, by keeping perfectly still and silent, to make them understand that we did not wish or expect them to neglect their devotions on our account. Suddenly they rose altogether and ranged themselves in a row at the edge of the threshing-floor, and their voices blended with the voices of their fathers as they cried, "God is most great! . . . May God hear him who praiseth Him!"

No women came forward to pray; they stood afar off, with their little ones, watching the assembly; but I do not think that there was one man or youth of the village who did not join in this service, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, and was conducted with the greatest solemnity.

Immediately afterwards supper was served. A wooden bowl, rather shallow, but about a yard in diameter, filled with steaming rice boiled in butter, was placed on the ground at a little

distance from us. Metal dishes containing meat, eggs, vegetables, and cream were added to the feast, round which the sheikh, the priest, and the elders of the village assembled. They ate quickly and silently, dipping pieces of their thin leathery loaves into the dishes of fried eggs and cream, tearing the tender morsels of meat to pieces with their fingers, dipping their hands together into the mound of rice, and skilfully and neatly taking it up in pellets. When they were satisfied, they retired one after the other to wash their hands and to light their pipes. Their places were quickly taken by the younger men and boys in turn, and when they had all finished the servants gathered round, eating from the same dishes, the simplest of which had



NEBY BEN YAMÎN (TOMB OF THE PROPHET BENJAMIN).

A Muhammedan shrine about half a mile to the east of Kefr Saba. A well of good water adjoins it. In the foreground a peasant is guiding a primitive plough and a yoke of oxen.

been several times replenished, and the thin loaves of bread were freely distributed. Several sets of people silently swallowed their supper, while we leisurely used our knives and forks. The fragments that remained after the feast were not carried away until all the men and boys of the village had eaten there, but the women and children ate elsewhere and in private.

Coffee and pipes were again served, and by star and lantern light we sat talking with the sheikh and a few of the villagers till nearly nine o'clock, when they retired. For a little while we could see lanterns flitting about, but soon all was quiet and silent, and every one was at rest except those who were appointed to keep the night-watch. Dim lights gleamed from the

half-open doorways and windows of every dwelling, for it is customary in the East to keep a lamp burning all night in every occupied room. I retreated to my tent, and my brother and his attendants, wrapped in heavy cloaks, slept on the hillocks of wheat not far off. At five o'clock I rose, and from the door of my tent watched the sun rise over the Eastern hills and suddenly burnish the sea with gold. Soon all the villagers were stirring again. Coffee and milk and bread and fruit were brought, and bright-eyed children gathered round us to have a



KEFR SABA.

A straggling village consisting of houses built chiefly of sun-dried bricks, with extensive orchards to the west and south of it. It is fourteen miles from Jaffa, and is interesting inasmuch as it preserves the name of the ancient Caphar Saba.

share of the ripe green figs. Then we took leave of our kindly entertainers and pursued our way.

At Kefr Lamm we leave the ancient chariot road (traces of which are still visible) and follow a footpath which crosses the coast plain diagonally to Tantûrah, a distance of two miles and a half. We approach the seashore through a district of disused quarries, nameless tombs, ruins, and marsh-land. We soon come to a rugged promontory, on which stands a solid tower

thirty feet in height, formed of rubble faced with stone. The lower part is crumbling away. It was the corner block of a fortress built here by the Crusaders (see page 105). This place is now quite abandoned, its walls have fallen, and the cliffs are giving way. The modern village of Tantûrah is about half a mile farther south, and stands on the site of the ancient Canaanitish city of Dor (see Joshua xvii. 11), but all along the shore there are columns and capitals, partly embedded in the ground, slabs of marble, and hewn stones, remains of the Roman city Dora. Women and children may be seen collecting in large baskets the coarse encrusted salt, which settles in the natural hollows and artificial basins of the rocks on the beach below. Herds of cattle and goats, the chief wealth of Tantûrah, graze on the coast plain, which is here overgrown with thorns and thistles, dwarf mimosas, and low brushwood. The village of Tantûrah consists of about forty or fifty rudely built houses, made of irregularly piled blocks of anciently hewn stone, fragments of broken columns, and masses of mud and clay. On one occasion, in the month of September, when we were on our way from Jaffa (see page 133) to Haifa (see page 83) in an Arab sailing-boat, we landed at Tantûrah to pursue our journey by land, because "the winds were contrary." It was at the same time of the year (after the Fast of the Atonement, which is kept on the tenth day of Tishri, or towards the end of September) that St. Paul was tossed about by "contrary winds" on this sea, and when, as he said, "sailing was dangerous" (Acts xxvii. 9).

We were assured that the voyage from Jaffa to Haifa by sea would not occupy more than eight or ten hours, and as we were extremely anxious to arrive there as quickly as possible, my brother made arrangements with the owner of a little Arab sailing-boat to convey us there, with our servants and baggage. We were ready and waiting, when at midnight he sent word to us that "the wind was favourable," and that he was ready to sail. We hurried down to the dark wharf accompanied by our kawass and my servant Katrine, a woman of Bethlehem, and two Carmelite monks who had requested permission to travel with us. The great water-gate of Jaffa was opened for us, and I was somehow dropped gently into a little rowing-boat far down in the darkness below, where I was taken charge of by two sturdy boatmen. After much shouting and jolting we were all huddled together, and the boat skimmed rapidly over the water to the sailing-vessel which awaited us outside the shallow rock-encircled harbour, and to which with some little difficulty we were transferred. It was divided into three parts—the central portion being like an uncovered hold, four feet deep and eight feet square. The decks, fore and aft, were encumbered with ship's tackle and crowded with sailors, who were singing lustily. The hold, lighted by two lanterns, was matted and set apart for passengers and luggage. Our portmanteaus and carpet-bags served us for a couch, and the monks sat on their saddle-bags, wrapped in their comfortable-looking hooded robes. Poor Katrine, who had never been on the sea before, was very much alarmed. She rolled herself up in her cloak, stretched herself full-length by my side, and was happily soon fast asleep. Our kawass smoked his pipe in company with the captain above, and an Italian, who had smuggled himself and his luggage on board in the hurry and darkness, kept aloof with the sailors. The sky was bright

with stars, the south wind was strong and filled the sails, and by fits and starts I dozed till dawn of day. Then I roused myself and watched the little group around me—the hooded monks sleeping soundly, my brother at my feet leaning against a hamper, and Katrine so enveloped that I could not distinguish her head from her heels.

The favourable wind had ceased, and the sailors were busy taking in sail. By the time the sun appeared above the low coast hills the wind had shifted to the west, and we were in danger of being driven on to the rocks. It then suddenly veered to the north, and blew so violently that the captain was obliged to cast anchor, and we were tossed on a heavy sea near to a desolate coast where there was no possibility of landing. By nine o'clock the sun was very powerful. An awning made of the now useless sails was thrown over the hold. We found our quarters far from comfortable, but we were determined to make the best of them, and fortunately we were all good sailors. By noon the heat was intense and suffocating in the hold, so I climbed on to the deck and sat on a coil of rope, clinging to the mast. The strong wind and the sea spray revived me. We were still at anchor. The coast opposite to us, which was every now and then concealed by the high waves, was a range of drifted sand-hills, traversed by flocks of goats feeding on the scanty patches of pasture. Not a human habitation, not even a human being was visible, and not a boat or ship was seen all day.

In the afternoon the wind ceased, but the little ship rocked lazily from the effect of the sea-swell, which had not yet subsided. My brother read St. Paul's voyage to me, as it is recorded in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. It seemed to me more interesting than ever. We were not far from Cæsarea, the port from which St. Paul embarked (see page 108).

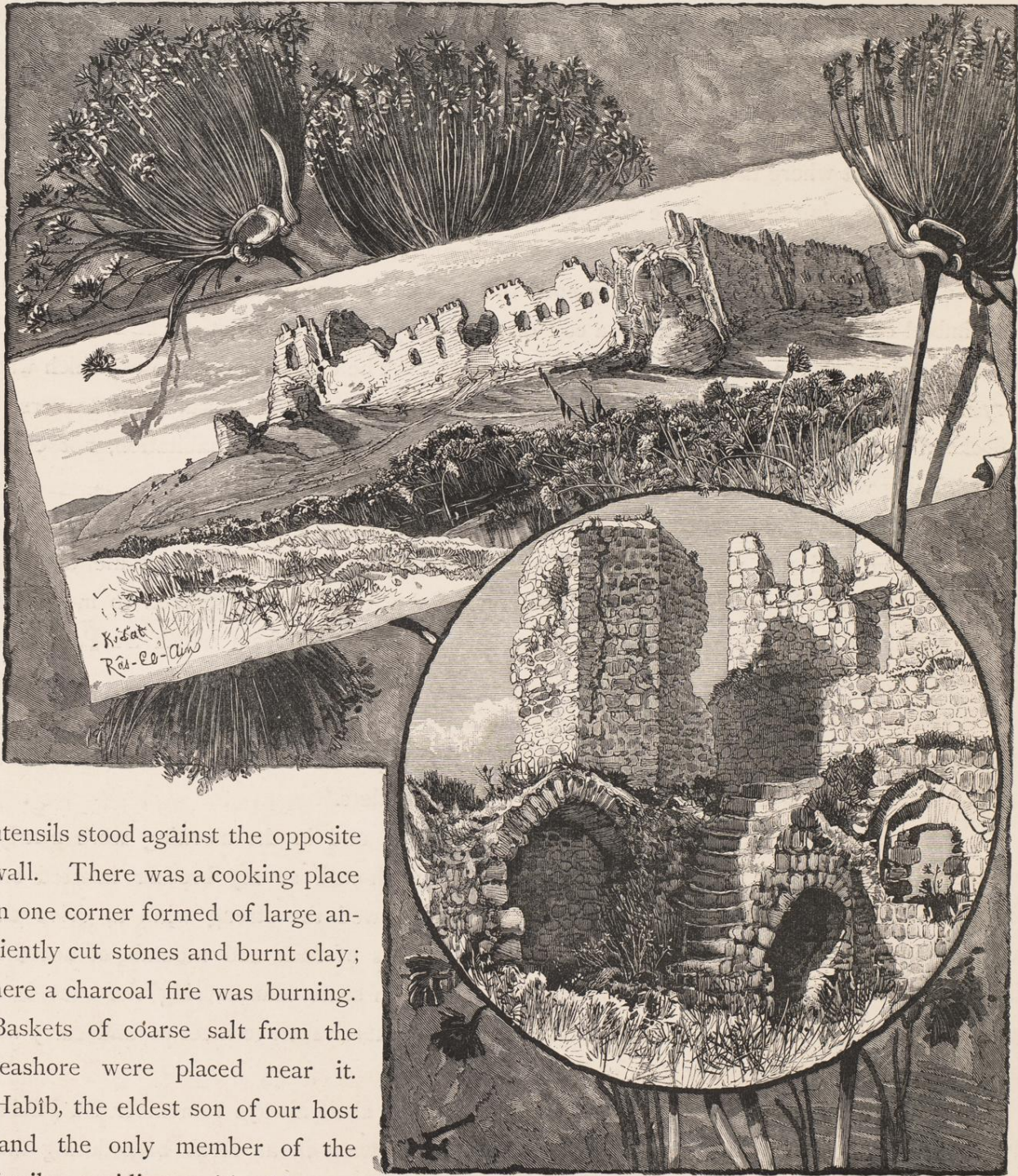
At sunset "the south wind blew softly." The sails were soon set, and in better spirits we sat down to our evening meal, and shared our chickens and preserved soup with the monks of Mount Carmel, who proved to be very pleasant fellow-travellers.

We passed a dreamy, restless night, "sailing slowly," and in the morning were nearly opposite Tantûrah. The wind had changed to the north-east, so my brother insisted on landing. We tacked about, put out to sea, and then allowed the strong wind to drive us towards the picturesque coast (see page 105). Little islands of rock and mounds of ancient masonry stood out before it, beaten by the waves. With some manœuvring the boat was brought safely to the beach, where there were plenty of Tantûrah men to meet us and carry us through the surf to the smooth yellow sands.

I was delighted to find myself on firm land again, and I shall always remember St. Paul's advice to the centurion, and vote against sailing in the Levant in an Arab boat during the equinoctial gales.

The custom-house officer, Abu Habib (an intelligent and very well-informed man, who was afterwards our neighbour at Haifa), came to meet us. He guided us to his house, which consisted of one large square room lined with clay, and roofed with tree-branches blackened with smoke. One half of the ceiling was concealed by matting, and the other half was

picturesque with pendant branches. Small square holes served as windows, and the roughly made door was a portable one. A narrow mattress occupied one side of the room, and served as a divan by day and sleeping place by night. Large water jars, metal dishes, and cooking



utensils stood against the opposite wall. There was a cooking place in one corner formed of large anciently cut stones and burnt clay; here a charcoal fire was burning. Baskets of coarse salt from the seashore were placed near it. Habîb, the eldest son of our host (and the only member of the family residing with him at Tantûrah), prepared coffee for

us; in our presence he roasted the berries, and then pounded them in a stone mortar. A very large wooden box, like an ancient muniment chest, with ornamental lock and hinges of wrought-iron, stood near to

THE CASTLE OF MIRABEL.

Now called Kûl'at Râs el 'Ain, built by the Crusaders before the year 1149. It is now a mere shell and encloses a large space of ground, in the centre of which stands a small mosque.

the open doorway, and upon this I rested. Gaunt-looking women, partly hiding their faces with their tattered white cotton veils, peeped at us, and dirty but pretty children came crowding round.



THE NAHR EL AUJEH FROM KÛL'AT RÂS EL 'AIN.

The river rises out of the earth in several copious streams at the foot of the mound on which the castle stands. This mound has been satisfactorily identified as the site of Antipatris.

Katrine (who had never been so far from Bethlehem before) was in the meantime making a tour of the town, and presently she returned and led me without any hesitation to the house

which appeared to her to be the cleanest and neatest in the place. Her confidence in the ready hospitality of the people was fully justified. The women of the house received me with pleasant words of welcome, and led me to an inner room, the divan of which had been recently renovated, and there I gladly rested until horses were procured for us and we were enabled to proceed on our journey to Haifa.

Dor, דור, a royal Canaanitish city (and probably the most southerly settlement of the Phœnicians in Palestine), was "with her towns" allotted to "the children of Manasseh," but they could not expel the original inhabitants, "the Canaanites would dwell in the land" (Joshua xvii. 12). However, in the time of Solomon, "the region of Dor" was compelled to furnish provisions for the King and for his household during one month in every year, under the superintendence of Ben-Abinadab, who married the Princess Taphath, a daughter of Solomon, and who was one of the King's twelve purveyors (1 Kings iv. 11). This was a very large tribute, and to provide it the region of Dor must have been rich in flocks and herds, and very highly cultivated, for "Solomon's provision for one day was thirty measures of fine flour, and threescore measures of meal, ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures, and an hundred sheep, beside harts, and roebucks, and fallow-deer, and fatted fowl" (1 Kings iv. 22, 23). On the hillside just opposite to Tantûrah, beyond the "Vale of Dor," there is a spring called 'Ain Ghûzâl (the Fountain of the Gazelle), which indicates that these graceful animals were numerous there formerly. A specimen of the fallow-deer has been recently found on Mount Carmel. When these hills were well wooded it was probably not very difficult for the people of Dor to contribute a good supply of game to King Solomon's table. Dor was evidently a strong and important city in the time of the Seleucidæ. It is related in 1 Maccabees xv. that Diodotus, surnamed Tryphon (the murderer of Jonathan Maccabæus and of Antiochus VI., and the usurper of the throne of Syria), "being pursued by King Antiochus VII. (surnamed Sidetes), fled to Dora, Δώρα, which lieth by the seaside, for he saw that trouble came upon him all at once and that his forces had forsaken him."

"Then camped Antiochus against Dora, having with him an hundred and twenty thousand men of war and eight thousand horsemen. And when he had compassed the city round about, and joined ships close to the town on the seaside, he vexed the city by land and by sea assaulting it constantly." Thus the city was almost destroyed about the year 139 B.C. "Tryphon fled by ship to Orthosias," north of Tripoli (see page 9), and he soon afterwards either committed suicide or was killed by King Antiochus, who "pursued him."

Josephus relates in his "Antiquities of the Jews," book xiv., ch. 5, that when Gabinius Aulus "came from Rome to Syria as commander of the Roman forces," he caused Dor and many other cities, "which had been demolished" and had "been desolate for a long time" to be rebuilt, B.C. 64.

There are many autonomous coins of Dora in existence, but they are chiefly undated. The imperial coinage of Dora ranges from Caligula, A.D. 39, to Heliogabalus, A.D. 222. The commonest types are a female figure or bust veiled, with a turreted crown; and a head of Jupiter

with a laurel-wreath. Dora became an episcopal city in the province of Palestina Prima, but it did not long enjoy this dignity, for St. Jerome, who died at Bethlehem (see page 131, vol. i.) in the year 422, describes Dora as a city already in ruins and utterly deserted, but still worthy of admiration. Out of these ruins at a later period grew a station of the Crusaders, of which only a fragment remains, while the shore is strewn with relics of the Roman city (see page 105). On leaving Tantûrah we reapproach the coast road, which is here about three-quarters of a mile from the shore and close to the low sandstone hills. Through an opening in the range we see the shrub-dotted western slopes of Belad er Ruheh beyond the plain of Tantûrah, or, as it may be called, the "Vale of Dor," which is here about two miles in width, and is sometimes partially cultivated as far south as the Nahr ed Dufleh (see map), but more frequently it is made desolate by the incursions of the Bedawin. No neglect, however, can destroy the beauty of this district in the early spring-time, when for a brief period all the uncultivated ground is carpeted with verdure and with wild flowers of the most brilliant colours.

Exactly opposite Tantûrah a footpath crosses the plain diagonally and leads south-east to a little double village called El Fureidis (Paradise), nestled at the mouth of a winding valley which comes down from the summit of Belad er Ruheh, and at the head of which stands the village called Dalieh er Ruheh (the Trained Vine of the Breezy Land), seven hundred and twenty-eight feet above the sea (refer to page 103). Lower down in this valley there is a village surrounded by orchards called Umm et Tût (Mother of Mulberries).

But we must pursue our way southwards by the coast plain, which is here sandy and marshy and quite uncultivated. We pass many ruined and nameless sites, probably representing "the towns of Dor" (Joshua xvii. 11). We soon cross Nahr ed Dufleh (River of Oleanders) and then hasten onwards to the Nahr ez Zerka (the Blue River), the northern boundary of the broad Plain of Sharon (see map). Between these two rivers the Plain or Vale of Dor is narrowed by the advance westward of a bold mountain spur called El Khashm, and here, through neglect of the ancient system of drainage, it has degenerated into marsh-land. The Nahr ez Zerka is easily crossed where the old road intersects it, about a mile inland; but on one occasion, in the month of July, we and some fellow-travellers forded it close to the seashore, though not without some difficulty, for the river was broad, deep, and rapid, and there was no one to guide us to the easiest fording-place. A few hours sometimes make a great difference in the character of the mouth of a river—the wind may entirely carry away the sand-bar or change its position. Our kawass made many experiments before he found a safe path for us, which we traversed cautiously one after the other in single file, and landed on the opposite side very wet and chilly. On the south side of the river, close to the seashore, there is a ruined castle called El Melât, apparently an outpost of Cæsarea, and a little way to the north of the river there are a few rocky islands of the same name, Jezirat el Melât.

The Nahr ez Zerka was anciently known as the Crocodile River, and it is so called by Pliny. According to common report it is still entitled to that name. Many people living on the coast have assured me that they have seen crocodiles here, but it is admitted



SACRED TREE CALLED SHEIKH ET TEIM.

South of the extensive mound of ruins and tombs known to the Arabs as Tibneh, but which has long been regarded as the site of Timmath Sera, the city of Joshua.

that they are now rare; a dried specimen of one, three feet in length, said to have been caught here, was shown to me at 'Akka. The celebrated traveller, Richard Pococke, who was in Palestine in the year 1738, says that he was "credibly informed that there were crocodiles in the river," and adds, "they say that the crocodiles are small, not above five or six feet in length, but that they have taken some young cattle that were standing in the river."

Tradition says that the Nahr ez Zerka crocodiles were brought into the country by Egyptian colonists at a very early period : the Arabs of the district, however, relate the following fable, which professes to give a



THE TRADITIONAL TOMB OF JOSHUA,
In the rock cemetery at Tibneh. In the niches in its walls pilgrims placed lighted lamps, and their great number indicates that it was a highly revered shrine.

circumstantial account of their first introduction into the river :—

“ In ancient times an old man and his two sons dwelt upon the banks of the Nahr ez Zerka, and they fed their flocks in the green pastures of the plain. And the old man died, leaving to his two sons his hidden treasure and his flocks and herds.

“Now the younger son was industrious and prudent, and his wealth increased greatly. The elder one was profligate and idle, and he became poor. In his poverty he looked with jealous anger on the rich flocks and herds of his brother, and considered in his heart how he might destroy them. He journeyed to Egypt, and thence brought some young crocodiles, and having secretly placed them in the river, he went to a distant country. His hope was that his brother's flocks would be devoured on going to drink, or while feeding on the banks. He did not know that his brother, having been warned of coming danger in a dream, no longer watered his flocks there.

“Now after a time the elder brother returned to this place, and he went down to the river-side to wash his feet, without taking thought of the danger which he in his wickedness had spread there. The crocodiles swiftly approached him, and seized upon him and destroyed him. Such was the will of God, and thus the wicked fall into the nets which they spread for their neighbours.”

Stories or fables of this kind are often very appositely introduced in ordinary conversation, to point a moral or give force to an argument, or to administer an indirect rebuke to a superior. The versions of such stories naturally vary slightly according to the circumstances under which they are related.

It is probable that the ancient city called Crocodilon was situated near to the Nahr ez Zerka. Strabo, who died in A.D. 24, speaks of it as one of the many cities of the coast of Palestine which in his time existed only in name. From the Nahr ez Zerka the Plain of Sharon extends southwards to the Nahr er Rubîn, a distance of forty-four miles (see map).

The northern section between Nahr ez Zerka and Nahr Iskanderûneh, nine miles from north to south, averages eight miles in width: the greater part of it is either marshy or encumbered with drifting sand dunes. It is a district of deserted ruins, and is haunted by the Bedawin, who occasionally cultivate some patches of land here, and reap scanty crops of wheat and barley (see page 111).

This desolate-looking region, however, includes a winding water-course called Nahr Mefjîr, to the north of which there is an oak forest nearly nine miles in circumference, near to the eastern hills, which are bordered by a strip of rich alluvial soil. Here there are a few insignificant villages, with small plots of cultivated land around them.

Groups of sarcophagi and mounds of ruins, representing ancient towns or comparatively modern villages, are numerous; and by the seashore, midway between the Nahr ez Zerka and the Nahr Mefjîr, a vast expanse of ground is covered with the almost indistinguishable débris of Herod's once-splendid city of Cæsarea Sebaste, so named in honour of Augustus; and within this area, in a central position close to the seashore (occupying, however, only about one-tenth of the space included within the walls of the Roman city), stand the ruins of the Crusading city which succeeded it.

CÆSAREA SEBASTE was built on the site of a place called Strato's Tower, and is minutely described by Josephus. It was planned and completed by King Herod the Great within the

short space of ten or twelve years, and was inaugurated with great pomp and splendour in the twenty-eighth year of his reign, B.C. 12. There were musical performances, public games, single combats, and combats with wild beasts; horse races also, and "such sports and shows as used to be exhibited at Rome and other places."

The multitude of people who came to the city to witness its inauguration were entertained in public inns and at public tables; and Herod ordered that the festival should be celebrated every five years, in honour of Augustus Cæsar, to whom the city was dedicated. "It contained sumptuous palaces and splendid edifices, all built of white stone brought from a distance," now represented by shapeless mounds, fallen columns, and dislocated masses of masonry.

There was a theatre of stone, and in the south quarter "an amphitheatre also, capable of holding a vast number of men, and conveniently situated for a prospect of the sea."

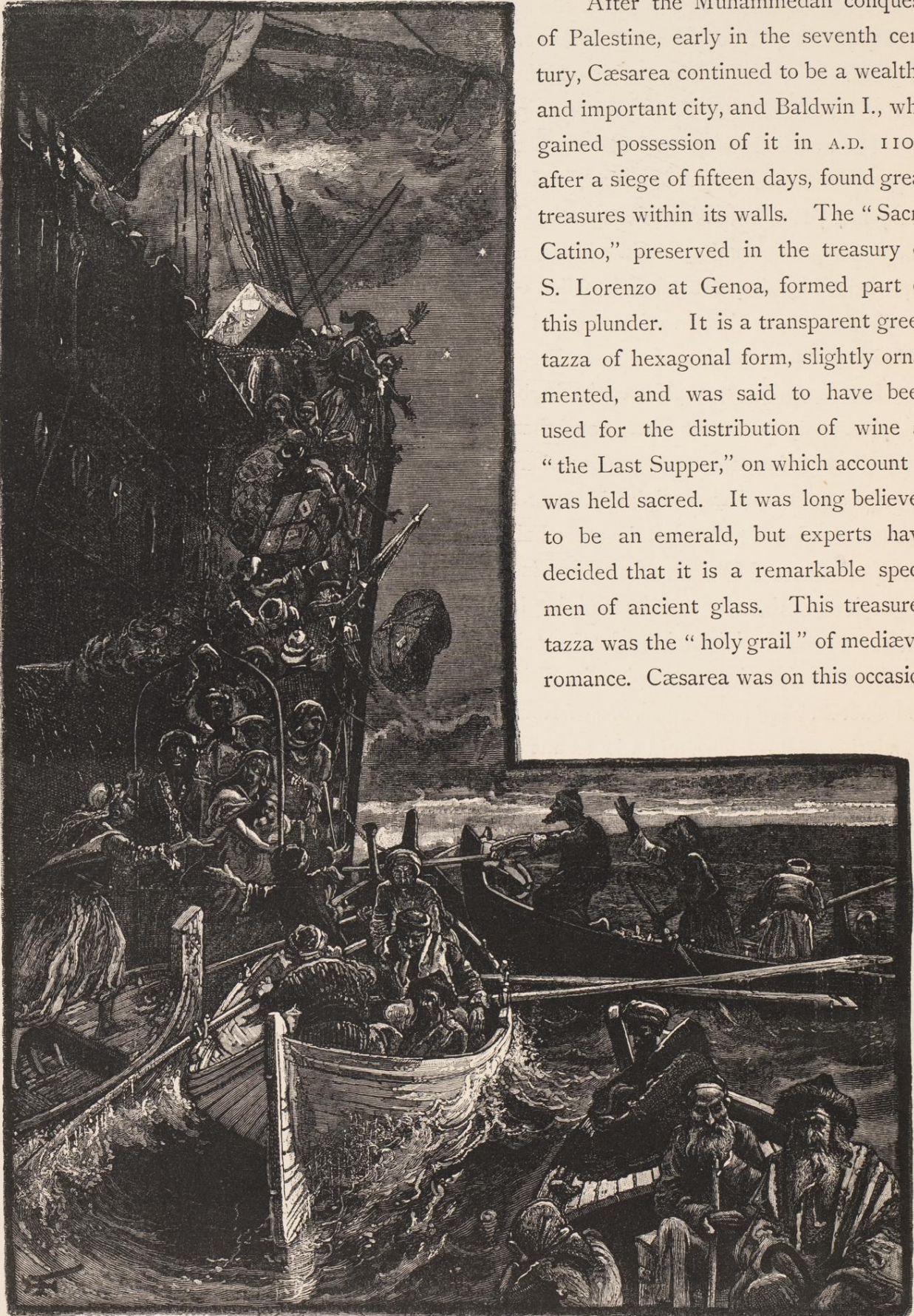
But the greatest work was the harbour, which had a double station for ships, and which Josephus compares to the Piræus at Athens. Its mole, the ruins of which still exist, extending a great distance into the sea on the southern side of the harbour (see page 108), was constructed of huge stones, and was originally, according to Josephus, "two hundred feet wide. One half was left as a breakwater, but the other half had upon it a wall with several towers, the largest of which was named Drusus, after a son-in-law of Cæsar, who died young." The great blocks of granite and the marble columns lying in the water are no doubt fragments of these structures. There were vaulted hostelries for the sailors and a terraced walk all round the harbour, where stood, on an elevation, a temple of polished stone, which could be seen from a great distance, and wherein were two statues, one of Rome and one of Cæsar. Of this temple a portion of the foundation wall remains, and Lieutenant Conder says "its white stones contrast with the brown sandstone blocks of the later builders, and attest Josephus's accuracy in describing the materials as brought, at great expense, from a distance." There are a great number of prostrate columns in the sea, upon a reef on the north side of the harbour (see page 109).

Cæsarea soon became the most important city in Palestine, and its chief port. It was the official residence of the Herodian kings and of the Roman procurators.

Repeated mention is made of Cæsarea in the Acts of the Apostles, especially in connection with St. Paul, who visited this place several times, and was detained here in prison for two years. At Cæsarea, Vespasian was declared Emperor, A.D. 70, and he bestowed upon the city the privileges of a Roman colony. The imperial coinage of Cæsarea extends from the reign of Augustus Cæsar (from whom the city derived its name) to Gallienus, A.D. 268.

At the commencement of the third century Cæsarea was created a bishopric, and was soon afterwards famous for its public school, in which for a time Origen taught.

Eusebius, the celebrated ecclesiastical historian, was Bishop of Cæsarea early in the fourth century, and towards its close the city was visited by Sta. Paula, the friend of Jerome. It is recorded that she saw the house of the centurion Cornelius, which had been converted into a church, and the house of Philip, with the chambers of his four daughters. In the sixth century the Greek historian Procopius was established here as professor of rhetoric.



LANDING AT JAFFA.

This is always attended with difficulty, as there is no harbour for large vessels at Jaffa. Steamers are obliged to anchor in the roadstead about half a mile from the shore, and passengers are landed in small Arab boats.

After the Muhammedan conquest of Palestine, early in the seventh century, Cæsarea continued to be a wealthy and important city, and Baldwin I., who gained possession of it in A.D. 1101, after a siege of fifteen days, found great treasures within its walls. The "Sacro Catino," preserved in the treasury of S. Lorenzo at Genoa, formed part of this plunder. It is a transparent green tazza of hexagonal form, slightly ornamented, and was said to have been used for the distribution of wine at "the Last Supper," on which account it was held sacred. It was long believed to be an emerald, but experts have decided that it is a remarkable specimen of ancient glass. This treasured tazza was the "holy grail" of mediæval romance. Cæsarea was on this occasion

raised to an archbishopric. The city was subsequently regained by the Muhammedans, to be reconquered, however, and rebuilt by the Crusaders. The fortress (see pages 108 and 112) and walls of the Crusading city (see page 111) are said to date from the year 1218, but they were repaired and strengthened by Louis IX. in 1251. Finally the Sultan Bibars conquered and destroyed the city in the year 1269, and it has remained in ruins ever since.

The buttressed and moated walls were formed of well-hewn blocks of sandstone, and they are still in many places from twenty to thirty feet in height (see page 111). They enclose an extensive rectangular space, within which thorns and thistles grow



THE MOSQUE AT JAFFA.

A modern structure in the north-east quarter of the town. It can be easily distinguished in the general view of Jaffa (see steel plate), where it appears between the masts of the Arab fishing-boats.

among fallen columns and huge masses of masonry, where, in succession, palaces and forums, Roman temples, synagogues, Byzantine basilicas, mosques, and mediæval churches have stood. The foundation of the cathedral can be traced, and near to the edge of the low cliffs there are the remains of a church of the Crusading era, consisting of its three apses and four massive buttresses, which stand erect and firm, though the walls they were intended to support fell long ago. (They are shown in the steel engraving.) I once spent an hour or two here quite alone, while my fellow-travellers and our attendants were all wisely sleeping or resting, during the mid-day hours of a midsummer day, in a shady place by the seashore. I mounted the low cliff and wandered among the ruins. Not a human being was visible, and I shall never forget the impression which the solitude and silence and utter desolation of this place made upon me. There are a few cisterns, but only one shallow well of brackish water, within the walls; but the Roman city was evidently well supplied. There are traces of a low-level aqueduct, which brought water from Nahr ez Zerka, and fragments remain of a high-level conduit, which crossed the marshes on arches of fine masonry, and conveyed spring water from the main source of the Zerka, in the distant hills.

On the sandy shore south of the mole (see page 108) I gathered beautiful pale yellow sea poppies and prickly sea holly, and found some good specimens of white and yellow-tinted *opercula*, but no perfect shells, though the shore was strewn with broken ones. The Arabs call these ruins Kaiseriye, thus preserving the name of the city in its Greek form, *Καισάρεια*.

From Cæsarea we pursue our way southwards along the seashore, presently crossing the bed of the Wady Mefjîr (called by some writers Nahr Akhdar), and hastening onwards to a rocky point of land which forms a small harbour, where there is a rude landing-place for Arab boats, called the Minet, or port, of Abû Zabûra. It is near to the river Iskanderûneh (Alexander), to which it gives its more popular name of Nahr Abû Zabûra (see map). This river in the summer time has not sufficient force to reach the sea, but forms a shallow lake not far from it.

At this point we leave the seashore and ascend the cliff of the broad sandstone ridge on our left. The first village we come to is Mukhâlid, standing near to the high road about a mile from the edge of the cliffs, midway between the river Iskanderûneh and Nahr el Fâlik (see map). It is the centre of the melon-growing district. I was here once with my brother at the commencement of the melon harvest. We approached this place at about half-past seven one July morning. A lively picture of Arab life was before us. All along the coast, between the road and the edge of the cliff, as far as we could see, north and south, there were beds of various kinds of melons; and groups of dusky peasants in white shirts, with leathern girdles and large white turbans, were busily engaged gathering them and building them up in pyramids. Hundreds of camels were there too, some walking away well laden, others kneeling patiently while their panniers were being filled with the bulky fruit. White tents were pitched here and there in the melon gardens: they were the tents of the tax-gatherers, who had come to claim the tribute of the melon harvest.

We alighted in the midst of these scenes, and rested for a little while under the spreading branches of the solitary tree which is shown on page 113. We were about a mile from the edge of the cliffs. Looking westward beyond the melon gardens, we could see a broad strip of the sunlit Mediterranean, and a little fleet of Arab boats was sailing towards the north. The melon gardens are by no means picturesque. The large rough melon leaves lie flat upon the ground, which looked as if it were strewn with green and yellow marbles fit for giants to play with. There were no hedges or trees to break the monotony of the view, but the busy labourers gave life to it. The various plots of ground were divided by deep furrows, in which thorns and thistles flourished, but they scarcely appeared above the level of the sandy soil.



SHITTIM TREE AT JAFFA,

In the Muhammedan cemetery north of the town, close to the sea. Represented at the hour of sunset, the time of evening prayer.

We wished to buy a few melons, but the overseer of the labourers told us that we might take as many as we liked, though he could not sell them except by hundreds.

Some of the laden camels were journeying southwards, but the greater number were engaged in carrying the fruit down to the port of Abû Zabûra, where it was transferred to Arab sailing boats. After a refreshing rest we rode through miles and miles of melon ground. Wherever the land in this district is left uncultivated or fallow, the wild colocynth or coloquintida (حنظل, *hansal*) springs up plentifully. This fruit, which is intensely bitter, was, on an average, three inches in diameter, and almost as hard as a stone, with a smooth green, white, and yellow rind marked like fine marble. Some ancient beads of Phœnician glass which I have seen appear to have been made in imitation of this fruit. We filled one of

our saddle bags with it, for it is only regarded by the Arabs as a weed. Squills, too, grow luxuriantly here, but they are ploughed up and destroyed.

The village of Mukhâlid apparently derives its name from a neighbouring and highly-revered Muhammedan sanctuary, dedicated to Sitti Saba Umm Khâlid (the lady Saba, mother of Khâlid).

The fortified khân of Mukhâlid is a good example of Saracenic architecture, but it has long been in ruins. The fragments of glass and hard pottery found near it indicate that this site was occupied at an early period, but nothing has yet been ascertained of its history.



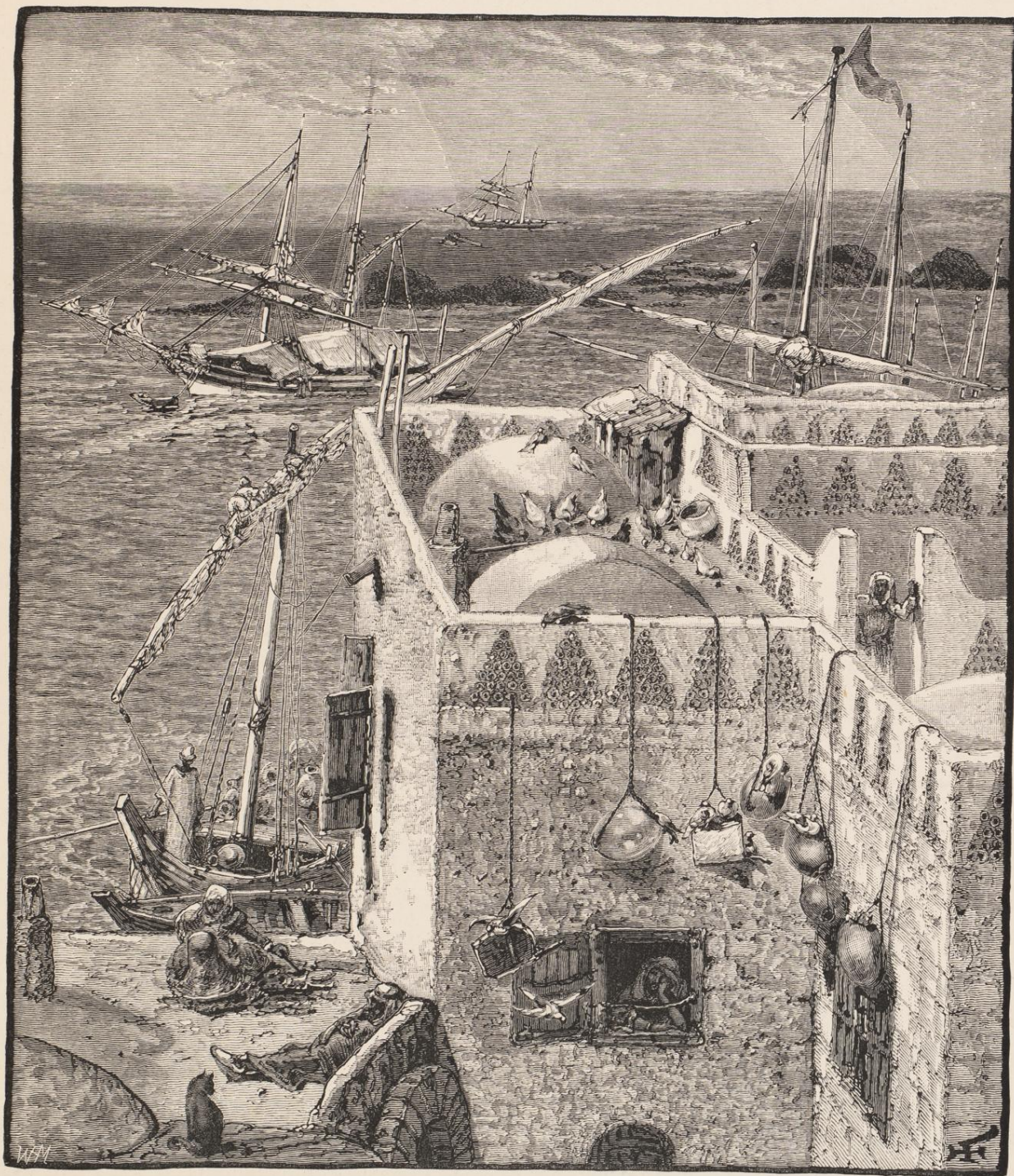
THE TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER.

A Muhammedan sanctuary. On the south side of the court of the house there is an arched recess, in which a lamp is always kept burning, and where pilgrims perform their devotions. A well of good water and a fine fig-tree add to the attractions of this "place."

From the eastern brow of the sandstone ridge, near to Mukhâlid, there is a fine panoramic view, extending from the headland of Carmel to Jaffa. Looking due east, we see the beautiful hills of Samaria (Har-Ephraim), beyond the plain of Sharon, the surface of which is here diversified by a central range of low, scantily wooded hills, which run southwards and terminate in an oak forest, the remains of the ancient forest of Arsûf, opposite to the ruins of the city of that name. This hilly district is said to support "a considerable population of bad character, but rich in horses, flocks, and herds."

The melon district terminates near to the river El Fâlik, which we approach through a wild shrubbery, formed chiefly of ilex, arbutus, hawthorn, and rue. Its name signifies "the

cutting," for it is an artificial outlet for springs which rise in the great marsh east of the sandstone ridge. The course of the stream is marked by tall flowering reeds (Syrian papyri), which in the distance look like miniature palm-trees, and it is bordered by thickets of oleanders,



VIEW OF THE ROCK-ENCIRCLED HARBOUR AT JAFFA,

From the roof of the house of Simon the Tanner. The building in the foreground, with its domes and perforated parapets, is a characteristic example of native domestic architecture in towns and cities of Southern Palestine.

lupins, and St. John's wort. Mounds of ruins near to the river prove that there was at one time an important fortress here. After crossing the stream we traverse an undulating sandy plain, quite uninhabited, uncultivated, treeless, and waterless, and with scarcely a sign of a

beaten track anywhere. This desolation extends southwards for nearly five miles, relieved only by occasional patches of *poa bulbosa* and marram grass, and thistles of many kinds, with pink, blue, and yellow blossoms. Drifted sand-hills on the right shut out the view of the sea, and another range on the left conceals the wooded hills of the plain of Sharon.

We pass some pools of stagnant water, partly overgrown with reeds and rushes, and notice a few caves and several groups of rock-cut tombs in the sandstone ridge on our left. This lonely way leads us to El Haram 'Aly Ibn 'Aleim (the sanctuary of 'Aly the son of 'Aleim), which stands on the coast ridge about one hundred and ten feet above the sea-level. It consists of a few substantial-looking houses clustering round an ancient mosque, said to have been built by the Sultan Melek ed Daher Bibars in honour of the famous dervish 'Aly Ibn 'Aleim, about the year 1270.

I spent a few hours here one night when on a journey with my brother. We approached it, however, on that occasion from the south, making our way along the seashore at time of sunset. Sea-gulls were flapping their broad white wings above our heads, a multitude of crabs (*cancer volans*) were running from their sandholes towards the sea, and oyster-catchers were flitting about, busily seeking an evening meal. The cliffs on our right were high and steep, and formed of a conglomerate of shells and sand. In some places the beach was very narrow and rocky. The twilight deepened rapidly, and a thick mist rose from the ground, so that we could only see the upper parts of the figures moving before us. We met a long string of camels swinging themselves lazily along: they looked very strange and shadowy, partly concealed and partly magnified as they were by the mist. Our kawass, who was riding a little way in advance of us, appeared to be gliding along without support, for his grey horse was quite invisible. Presently he guided us towards a curious winding fissure in the cliffs, an ancient water-course which served as a road. A low rough wall of rock stood in the middle and divided it into two natural causeways. The groom alighted and led the way, groping along the steep and winding road with a large lantern in his hand. We soon reached the top of the cliff, far above the sea mists, and found ourselves close to the precincts of the sanctuary. We were conducted through several courtyards and passages, then up a steep uncovered stone staircase to a wide terrace, where a number of Arabs were sitting round a little mountain of rice, and eating it quickly and silently by star and lantern light. The sheikh of El Haram welcomed us with great courtesy, and invited us to enter the spacious and lofty guest-chamber which opened on to the terrace. Little red earthenware lamps of antique form were lighted and placed in niches round the room, and then we could see that the roof was domed and fluted, and the walls plastered and decorated with incised ornament of good design. In central positions there were ornamental inscriptions in red and black, chiefly consisting of the names of prophets and saints, and invocations to God. But the whole surface was blackened with smoke from the wood fires which are always kept burning in the centre of the cemented floor in the winter. There was nothing in this spacious apartment but a few old reed mats, spread in the slightly raised recesses on three sides of it and in the corners. We had some of our tent furniture brought in,

and after supper and some talk with the sheikh we walked for a little time on the star-lit terrace, where our servants, rolled up in their heavy cloaks and wadded quilts, were already in deep sleep.

We rested for a few hours in the great guest-chamber, and when the mueddin (see page 147, vol. ii.) chanted the call to prayer from the little minaret close by, "Awake, sleepers, it is better to pray than to sleep," we answered to the call and then went on to the terrace.

The day was just beginning to dawn. It was three o'clock, and the loud shrill voice echoing from the courtyard below reminded us that it was the hour of the "first cock-crowing:" the "second cock-crowing" is at sunrise, about two hours later. At four o'clock we were ready to pursue our journey, and we rode away, grateful for the shelter which had been given to us in this ancient sanctuary.

At a very short distance from this place, towards the north, are the ruins of the Crusading fortress of Arsûf (see map). It is alluded to by Josephus under the name of Apollonia, but of its early history scarcely anything appears to be known, except that it was in ruins in the year 57 B.C., and subsequently rebuilt by the Romans.

ARSÛF must have been a strong fortress in the eleventh century, for it is recorded that Godfrey of Bouillon, King of Jerusalem, besieged it unsuccessfully; but it shared the fate of Cæsarea, and was taken by Godfrey's brother and successor, Baldwin I., and, like Cæsarea, was recaptured by the Muhammedans.

During Richard Cœur de Lion's famous march of a hundred miles from Acre (see page 73) to Ascalon (see page 169), in 1191, for the recovery of the Crusading fortresses on the sea-coast, it was in the neighbourhood of Arsûf that the most important encounter took place, when Saladin's troops were defeated and the fortress of Arsûf regained. The Arab historian, Boha-ed-din, admits that it was the forest of Arsûf alone that saved Saladin's army from destruction, since without its shelter they would have been pursued and dispersed.

Arsûf was refortified by Louis IX. in 1251, but in 1265 this fortress was successfully besieged by the Sultan Melek ed Daher Bibars. The inhabitants were massacred and the place destroyed: it has remained in ruins ever since. Lieutenant Kitchener, R.E., in his "Journal of the Survey" (1877), says: "The Castle of Arsûf is very like Ascalon (see page 173) in the style of its masonry and the excellence of the cement employed. In places where the stones are weathered away, the cement remains. In other places the pointing remains as fresh as when the masons left it. The castle was built on a bad foundation of very soft rock, on the seaside: this has been worn away, and the walls have slid down bodily. They are naturally cracked and broken, but immense portions of the walls have rolled down from a great height without breaking up. In some parts the walls look as if they had been built on sloping scarps, so perfectly have they slid from their high position. A quantity of green sulphate of copper is scattered about, attached to the rocks in crystals." The harbour was well constructed, and "measured three hundred feet from north to south, and one hundred and twenty from east to west," with an entrance barely thirty feet wide.

On leaving this utterly deserted place we follow a track which leads due east, across the plain of Sharon to Kefr Saba (see page 117), a distance of eight miles. On our right we see extensive marshes where herds of buffaloes pasture in the spring-time, and we skirt a wooded district, the remnant of the forest of Arsûf, called Assûr by Geoffry de Vinsauf, the Crusading chronicler.

Kefr Saba (Caphar Saba) from a distance presents a very picturesque appearance, with palm-trees growing in its open spaces, and olive groves and orchards north and west of it. The view on page 117 is taken from the east. The village stands on rising ground on the elevated plain, and is one hundred and sixty-eight



A ROADSIDE FOUNTAIN AND TOMB.
The Sebil of Abû Nabût, commonly called the Tomb of Tabitha (Dorcas).



PUBLIC FOUNTAIN AT JAFFA,
Near to the gate of the town, shaded by an octagonal domed structure, formed of eight pointed arches supported by columns.

feet above the sea. Many biblical topographers, including Dr. Robinson, have alluded to this place as the site of Antipatris, but there is nothing to indicate that any city of importance ever stood here. Its houses are built of sun-dried bricks and small stones, and its square rain-water tanks are made of clay. There are no springs in or near the village, but about half a mile to the east of it there are two wells of good water, one of which is at the sanctuary of Neby Ben Yamín (Benjamin), shown on page 116. Some trees above the average size



SCENE IN A JAFFA GARDEN.

Two women engaged in working a *sákiyeh*, a clumsy machine for raising water from a well to fill a reservoir. On the branch of pomegranate there is a chameleon.

grow near the shrine, and one of them appears in the foreground of the view of Kefr Saba (see page 117).

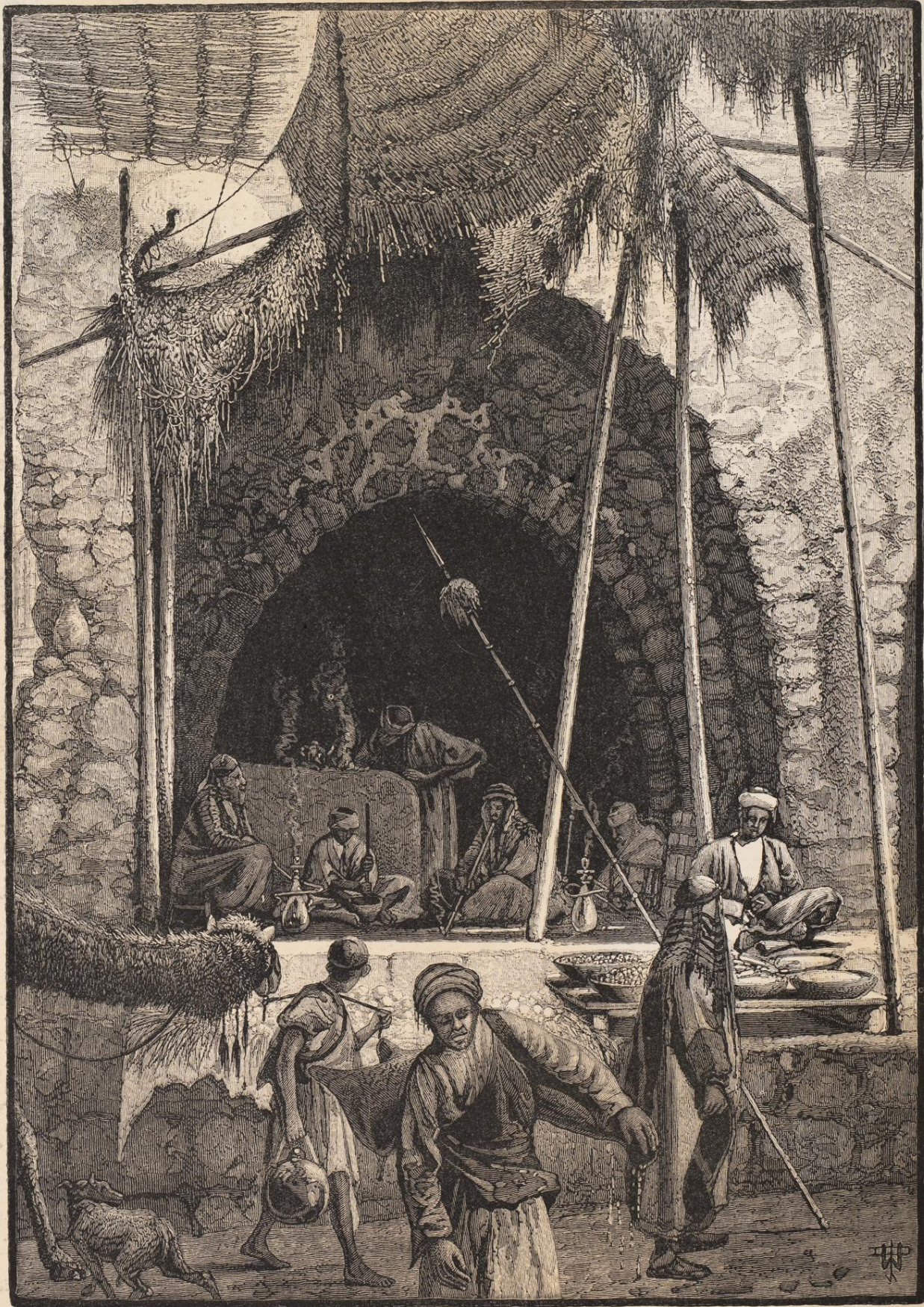
Josephus records that Herod built the city of Antipatris in honour of his father, Antipater, "on the plain of Caphar Saba, the finest plain in his kingdom," and he especially states that the city was encompassed by a river. The mound on which stands Kûl'at Râs el 'Ain is now generally regarded as the site of Antipatris. It is five miles and a half due south of Kefr

Saba, and on the same plain with it. It is strewn with tesserae, Roman bricks, and fragments of marble, and close to it are the copious streams which form the chief source of the Nahr el Aujeh (see page 121). Mr. James Finn, in his "Byways in Palestine" (1868), says:—"It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that this is the true site of Antipatris. The mound has still a dry trench round it, which must have anciently had its current of water;" and he adds, "no better spot could have been selected for a military station."

To Antipatris St. Paul was hurriedly conveyed by night from Jerusalem by a military guard, and thence conducted to Cæsarea (see page 108) on the morrow (Acts xxiii. 31, 32). On the Roman road, between Antipatris and Jerusalem, there is an extensive mound of ruins called Tibneh, which Christian tradition identifies with Timnath Sera, the city of Joshua and his burial-place (Joshua xxiv. 30). A remarkable tomb in a rock-cut cemetery, on a declivity south of the mound, is associated with this tradition (see page 125). Lieutenant Conder says:—"There are niches for over two hundred lamps in front of the tomb entrance. Within there is a chamber with fourteen graves or *kokim*, and a passage which leads to an inner chamber with only one *koka*. . . . The great oak-tree some forty feet high, near the tomb, is called Sheikh et Teim (the chief servant of God)" (see page 124). M. Guérin, who regards this tomb as the veritable tomb of Joshua, states that the peasants opened the inner chamber shortly before his visit to the place in 1863, and they found a sort of candelabrum with three branches, in yellow metal. Flint knives were found in the *kokim* of this tomb by the Abbé Richard in 1870. (For the Samaritan tradition respecting the tomb of Joshua, refer to page 233, vol. i.)

JAFFA, THE ANCIENT JOPPA.

JAFFA, or rather Yâfa, is one of the oldest seaports in the world, and its name has been preserved almost unchanged from the earliest times—יָפֹה, *Yapho*, "the beautiful." To the "haven of Joppa" cedars of Lebanon (see page 237, vol. ii.) were sent "in flotes" for the building of successive Temples at Jerusalem (2 Chron. ii. 16; 1 Esdras v. 55). Jonathan Maccabæus besieged Joppa "and won it" (1 Macc. x. 75, 76). The city fell successively under Greek and Roman sway, and had been several times destroyed and rebuilt before the Arab invasion, A.D. 636. It was acquired by the Crusaders in 1099, and after having been lost and regained several times, was finally taken by the Sultan Melek ed Daher Bibars in 1267, who left it in ruins. It was not until the end of the seventeenth century that the place began to revive. It was, however, a walled town when Napoleon's army attacked it in 1799, and it was able to make resistance for a few days, but was finally taken by storm on the 4th of March, and a terrible massacre of prisoners ensued. Napoleon then caused the fortifications to be strengthened, and the place prepared for receiving supplies from Egypt, but after his defeat at Acre (refer to page 75), he gave orders for the fortifications to be entirely destroyed. They were accordingly blown up on May 27th, 1799. The walls were rebuilt under the superintendence of English and Turkish officers. No change has been made in the site of the city: the Jaffa



SCENE IN THE BAZAAR AT JAFFA.

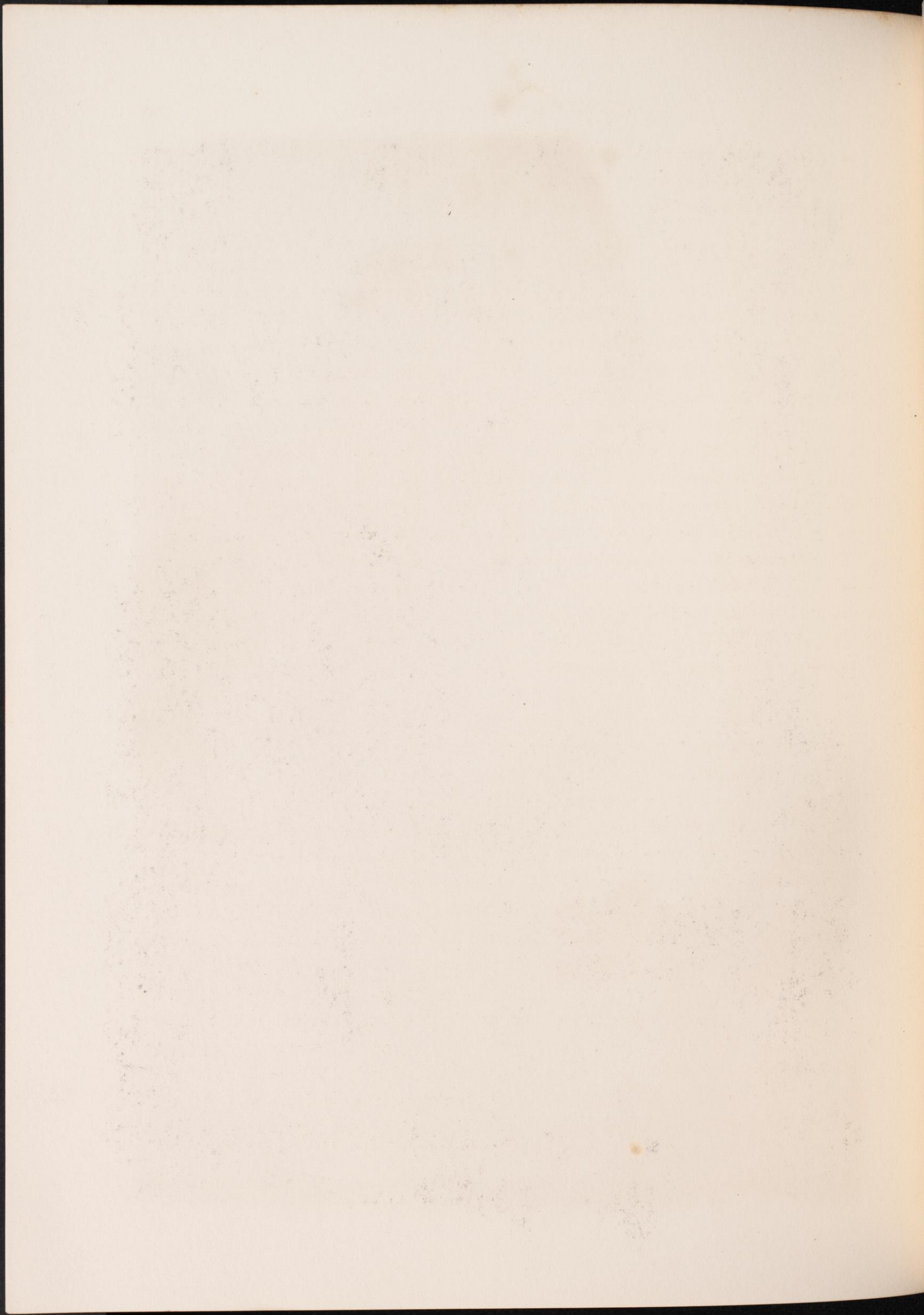
A public café, in a deep arched recess, with a group of smokers. An attendant pounding coffee is steadying a wooden mortar with his naked feet. In the foreground there are fruit-stalls, and a Bedouin with his tufted lance; a water-carrier and a peasant boy leading a camel are passing by.



H. FENN, PINX.

ALFRED KRAUSSE, SCULPT.

HEBRON.



of the present
 accumulated ru
 rounded hill, the
 hundred and n
 level of the sea
 Just in fro
 circular belt
 se high out of
 evenly indicate
 me them. The
 ending to
 (ined) from a
 which can only b
 (see page 133).
 to the north an
 est. Steamers
 all a mile from
 exhaled in s
 the town of Jaf
 path and impo
 all to exceed e



SANCTU
 formed by one large
 named Jafra and

under more the
 region. The st
 considerable; th
 end of the to
 (see page 131), a
 III.

of the present century stands on the accumulated ruins of former cities, on a rounded hill, the summit of which is one hundred and fifty-three feet above the level of the sea (see steel plate, Jaffa).

Just in front of the town there is a semicircular belt of rocks, some of which rise high out of the water, while others are only indicated by the surf which dashes over them. These rocks (to one of which, according to Pliny, Andromeda was chained) form a large but shallow harbour, which can only be entered by small boats (see page 133). There is a wide opening to the north and a narrow one to the west. Steamers anchor in the roadstead half a mile from the shore, and passengers are landed in small boats (see page 128). The town of Jaffa is rapidly increasing in wealth and importance. Its population is said to exceed eight thousand, and of this



SANCTUARY OF IMÂM 'ALY.

Surmounted by one large and eight smaller domes. On the road between Jaffa and Ramleh, near the village of Yazûr.



number more than two-thirds are Muhammedans. The suburban population also is considerable; there is an Egyptian colony north of the town beyond the cemetery (see page 131), and the Temple colony (refer to page 98) occupies an estate called Sarôna, some

distance to the north-east of it; they have also acquired a settlement nearer to the city, which was founded by an American colony in 1866. A very large piece of ground beyond the Jaffa gardens, on the south-east side, has been granted to the Agricultural Colony of the Universal Israelitish Alliance.

The bazaars of Jaffa are well supplied, and generally crowded with picturesque and motley groups of people (see pages 129 and 140). Herr C. Shick, Government Surveyor of Buildings at Jerusalem, says in a recent report: "The town wall has been demolished, the ditch filled up, and a number of large houses and magazines have been erected." He adds: "As a sign of the advance of agriculture, it may be mentioned that the Jaffa gardens have increased in extent fourfold during a quarter of a century." These gardens are the principal attraction of the place. They extend about two miles inland, and nearly three miles from north to south. The surface of the ground is sandy, but there is rich soil beneath, and water is abundant. The gardens are enclosed with stone walls or with formidable hedges of prickly pear (*Cactus opuntia*). Each garden has its well, lined with masonry, and a raised tank or reservoir, which is filled by means of a sâkiyeh. The one shown on page 138 is being worked by two women, probably the wives of the gardener. The string of water-jars revolving round the wheel over the well can be distinguished through the arched opening (see also page 81, and for a fuller description of a sâkiyeh, see pages 94 and 95). These well-watered gardens produce a great variety of fruit and vegetables. The grapes are delicious and abundant, though the vines are half buried in the sand. The oranges of Jaffa are unrivalled, and are largely exported.

One of the chief resources of the inhabitants is the annual arrival of pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem. There is tolerably good hotel accommodation, and the Latin Monastery offers a welcome to travellers. It stands high on the slope of the hill, and is said to occupy the site of the house of Simon the Tanner, but a little Muhammedan mosque or sanctuary by the seaside claims to be the house itself (Acts x. 6) (see page 132). From the roof of the house there is a good view of the harbour (see page 133). The domestic architecture of Jaffa (see steel plate) resembles that of Jerusalem (see pages 8 and 9, vol. i.); there being very little timber available for building, the roofs are necessarily constructed of stone and are therefore domed. The base of the dome is always more or less concealed by masonry, so that a flat space may be secured for walking upon. These terraced roofs are generally protected by a low wall or parapet, as they must have been anciently in obedience to the law: "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence" (Deut. xxii. 8). The parapets and upper portions of walls of houses of this description are frequently constructed partly of earthenware pipes about five inches in diameter and eight or ten inches long. These tubular bricks are embedded in cement and arranged in fanciful geometrical patterns. The house-top represented on page 133 is a good example of this peculiar mode of construction (see also page 40, vol. i.). Near to the gate of Jaffa there is a handsome fountain (see page 137).

The journey from Jaffa (see page 137) to Jerusalem (see page 1, vol. i.) may now be made in an omnibus in about twelve hours; two vehicles run daily each way, under the superintendence of the Temple colonists. Telegraphic posts and wires, and watch-houses at intervals of about two miles or less, mark the course of the road (see page 195, vol. i.). Travellers who prefer riding usually start from Jaffa early in the afternoon, and spend the night at Ramleh (see page 148), ready to start for Jerusalem before dawn on the following day; but there was no choice in the matter when I arrived in Palestine in the year 1855, for there was not a wheeled carriage of any kind in the country, not even a wheel-barrow.

I well remember my first ride on the Jaffa road. We had spent a short time in quarantine, and had been afterwards kindly entertained by Dr. Kayat, the British Consul at Jaffa, and his family, in their pleasant bow-windowed house by the seaside, when, towards the close of a July day—our fellow-travellers and the muleteers with the baggage being in readiness—we mounted and set out on our journey. An old man in a coat of many colours led my horse up the steep and narrow streets of stairs, through the crowded bazaars (see pages 129 and 140), and out at the great gate north-east of the town. It was about six o'clock. The open space outside the gate was in shade, for the sun was going down towards the sea, and here picturesque groups of the townspeople, seated on low stools or on matting, were enjoying their pipes, while others, well mounted, were galloping backwards and forwards. We rode towards the south-east, along a broad sandy road, which led us to a bridle-path between dusty hedges of cactus (*opuntia*), the large fleshy thick-jointed leaves of which were fringed with yellow flowers, promising a rich harvest of prickly pears. In the fruit gardens on each side oranges, lemons, pistachios, apricots, almonds, and mulberries were ripening. The pomegranate tree showed its scarlet flowers, and acacias, locust-trees, tamarisks, olive, and fig-rees flourished, while here and there a group of palm-trees laden with golden fruit towered above them.

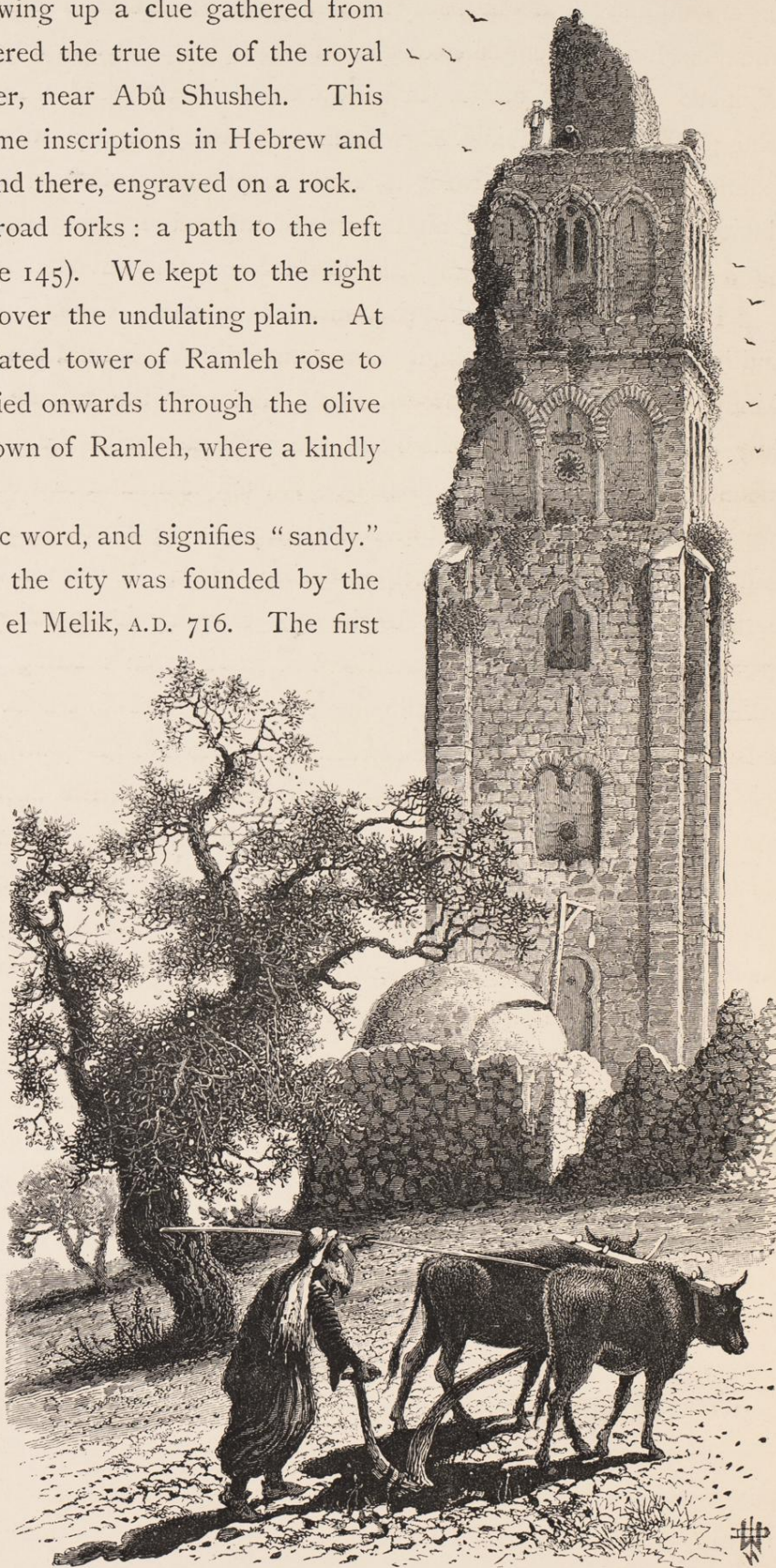
We paused for a few minutes at a wayside tomb and fountain, "the Sebîl of Abû Nabât," who was Governor of Jaffa at the commencement of this century. It is popularly called the Tomb of Tabitha. (Close to this tomb (see page 136), and extending northwards from it into the fruit gardens, the ancient cemetery of Jaffa was discovered, in the year 1874, by M. C. Clermont Ganneau. It contains many rock-cut tombs, and the circle of ground which includes them is known as Ard Dhabitha, "the land of Dhabitha.") It was about half-past six when we reached the open country beyond the gardens. The sun went down. Vultures and kites were sweeping through the air. As the darkness increased our little party, including our servants and six muleteers, assembled together to keep in close company for the rest of the way. We could distinguish parties of field labourers and oxen at rest by the roadside, and sometimes we came to a rude threshing-floor, where by the light of a bonfire of weeds and thorns we saw Rembrandt-like groups of rough-looking peasants, some of them sleeping, others lighting their long pipes with the fragrant embers.

The nine-domed sanctuary of Imâm 'Aly presently appeared close to the roadside, its whitewashed walls gleaming through the darkness. It is near to the village of Yazûr (see map

and page 141). This place was supposed to represent the ancient Gezer (Joshua x. 33) until M. Ganneau, by cleverly following up a clue gathered from an old Arabian writer, discovered the true site of the royal Canaanitish city at Tel Gezer, near Abû Shusheh. This discovery was confirmed by some inscriptions in Hebrew and Greek characters which he found there, engraved on a rock.

Not far from Yazûr the road forks: a path to the left leads to Ludd (Lydda, see page 145). We kept to the right and rode on in the darkness over the undulating plain. At about nine o'clock the tall isolated tower of Ramleh rose to view on our right. We hurried onwards through the olive groves and soon entered the town of Ramleh, where a kindly welcome awaited us.

Ramleh is a purely Arabic word, and signifies "sandy." According to Arab historians the city was founded by the Khalif Suleiman, son of Abd el Melik, A.D. 716. The first notice of it by a European writer is in "The Voyage of Bernard the Wise." He calls it "Ramula," and passed through it on his way to Emmaus (see page 152), in A.D. 867, when it must have already become a place of importance, for many coins of the Omeiyad and Abbaside khalifs had been struck there. Marasid el 'Ittila'a describes Er Ramleh as "formerly the capital of Filastin." Its original boundaries extended far beyond the present unwalled town. Ramleh passed through many vicissitudes during the time of the Crusades. It was held by the Crusaders from A.D. 1204 to 1266, when it was finally taken by Sultan Melek ed Daher Bibars.



THE TOWER AT RAMLEH.

Said to be the minaret of a large mosque which once stood here. According to an Arabic inscription over the door, it was built in the year 1318. It is known as the White Mosque.