

Bright eyes looked on its dewy sheen,
 And the songs of their lives rang clearly:—
 "The world is fair! the world is fair!"
 "And I love, I love you dearly."

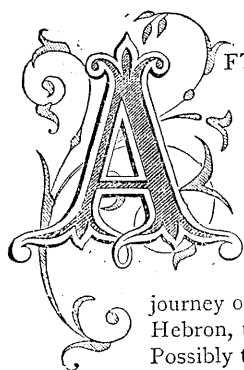
Autumn leaves, like a fairy fleet,
 Swept down towards the river;
 The false wind moaned through the dreary sleet—
 "The flowers are dead for ever!"
 Sad eyes looked down on the shadowed stream,
 Reading fate in its measure;
 "For me your song, for my withered life,
 Pain in the mask of pleasure."
 Sad eyes looked on the shadowed stream,
 And the songs of their lives rang clearly:—

"The world is sad! the world is sad!"
 "Oh! I loved, I loved him dearly."

A flush, a glow on the winter skies,
 Earth smiles in her happy dreaming;
 Whispers the wind, "Arise! arise!
 The dawn of spring is beaming."
 Calm eyes look down on the sunny brook,
 With a smile that has conquered sadness—
 "Your song is for me in this sweet spring time,
 In heaven is perfect gladness."
 Calm eyes look on its dewy sheen,
 And the songs of their lives ring gaily:—
 "The spring is here! the spring is here!"
 "I find strength for my burden daily."

A RIDE IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY CAPTAIN BURTON.



AFTER a cool and comfortable night and an early breakfast at Bethlehem, we left that nest of bull-beggars and of beggarly curios betimes on Thursday, April 13th, 1871. We were told that an hour's ride would place us at "Solomon's Pools," and a further journey of two hours would take us to Hebron, twenty miles from Bethlehem. Possibly this might have been, had the great Egyptian road, trodden by the "Holy Family," been decent; as it was, we wasted over the latter section three hours thirty-five minutes. The party consisted of my wife, Mr. Charles F. Tyrwhitt Drake, a small escort of irregular cavalry, and four attendants—Mohammed Agha, the Kawwas, peon or janissary, was in uniform, and consequential as a Highland piper; Sábá, the cook, had charge of the mule laden with *munitions de bouche*, whilst the body-servants, Mr. Habíb and Miss Kamur Wákid, rode—both in the same way.

Skating over, stumbling up and sliding down the streets and ladders of rock which form the soles of slithery court, slippery street, and slobbery lane, we passed through some fertile fields, called and miscalled "gardens" since the days of the New Testament—Gethsemane, for instance, was a κήπος, not a παράδεισος. We frequently fell into the so-termed "Roman Causeway," which leads from Jerusalem to Hebron, but we missed the concrete which usually characterises the classical structures. A carriage road in the olden day, it is now a dangerous ruin; as generally happens in this land of *débris*, the best parts were the very worst of "malpasos."

We trod gingerly over the reefs of bluish grey limestone which form the approach to the fat lands of Sit'hán and Duhaysi. Here a man and a mule were trifling over a tiny toy-plough, which I could have carried off under my arm. After fifty minutes we saw on the right or north-west a dome dedicated to El Khizr, the *Prophète Verdoyant*, and a mean white building with silly finials, the "Sealed Fountains," in these days called the Ra'as el Ayn. We are now at the head of the Etham Valley, which is protected by the Kala'at el Burák (Foot of the Pools—*i.e.*, of Solomon), a large dilapidated khan on the left or east of the road. Over the upper or relieving arch of the main gateway, which fronts nearly due west, is a hardly legible Kufic inscription. We visited the Ra'as el Burák (Head of the Pools), a domed well lying north-east of the upper tank, whose warm and sulphury waters are approached by a flight of steps, of course broken.

I need hardly describe the "Pools of Solomon," about which every traveller has had more or less to say. It may, however, be remarked that the stones have been so often renewed that evidently not one of them, except perhaps in a fragmentary state, dates from the age of the Wise King. Yet there is still much to study in the pottery tubes, the stone conduits, and the complicated distribution of the drains and air-holes that carry off the surplus and prevent the bursting of the reservoirs. These are probably remnants of the olden day, at any rate of a day much older than this. That true philanthropist, Miss (now Baroness) Burdett Coutts, offered the munificent sum of £30,000 to restore the old tanks, if the Ottoman Government would undertake to keep them in repair. The answer was naturally "*Non possumus*"—Giaours must not touch holy things. Ibrahim Pasha, the Egyptian, who is

still h
 Hebro
 savage
 The:
 workm
 (of old
 Hortus
 from t
 branch
 source
 bush.
 the let
 Artás.
 proper
 names
 Wady
 us in t
 is to 1
 forked
 and N
 poster
 was a
 usually
 whom
 in p. 1
 Bethle
 named
 popula
 of the
 We
 site is
 to Dr.
 level o
 Anti-I
 the no
 imperf
 their
 Hittite
 inhabi
 every
 nowhe
 succes
 improv
 tween
 patien
 scene
 this se
 scared
 autumn
 filmy
 tifies
 specie
 small
 purple
 the "s
 drop,
 travell
 a fast
 hours



still honoured with the hatred of Bethlehem and Hebron, would not have shown himself such a savage.

These tanks, far inferior to third-rate Hindu workmanship, occupy the head of the Wady Artás (of old Etham, or Etam, the supposed site of the Hortus inclusus), whose upper orchards are visible from the lowest of the three. It has a southern branch with a feeder which can be traced to the source by a line of stones and a thicker scatter of bush. The road, passing a ruined khan, follows the left bank of what is really the upper Wady Artás. In this land, which eschews collective proper names and generic terms, it has a variety of names. Where we crossed it the guides call it Wady el Burák. From that point a divide placed us in the Wady el Kawáfilah, where the water-shed is to the Dead Sea *visà* Hebron. The road there forked leftwards to the villages of Bayt Khayrán and Nabi Yúrus (Jonah), the latter with a preposterously big mosque. High up on the right was a ruined tower (burj = pyrgos) of several stages, usually called Bayd Súr, not, as Dr. Pierotti—of whom more presently—informs us, “Betzacour [and in p. 19 he calls it Bethsour], one kilomètre east of Bethlehem” (p. 141). Some rough Hebron Moslems named it Kasr el Dirwah, which will dislocate popular theories about “Beth Zur,” a key-position of the warlike Maccabees.

We are evidently “going up to Hebron,” whose site is some 3,000 feet above the sea, and, according to Dr. Pierotti, seventy-four mètres higher than the level of Jerusalem. Unlike the Libanus and the Anti-Libanus, the Highlands of Judæa are low at the northern extremity, the plain of Esdraëlon, so imperfectly represented upon our maps, and attain their greatest height about the old city of the Hittites (Benu-Cheth). At one time it was densely inhabited, as the valley of Alpheus in the Morea; every field seems to have had its village; and nowhere in this Land of Ruins did we see such a succession of ruinous heaps. The country also improves to one going southward. Yesterday between Jerusalem and Bethlehem we were all out of patience with the monotonous grimness of the scene; to-day we found something to admire. At this season the foreground is strange to the eye—seared by the scorched barrenness of a Syrian autumn. The kersennah clothes the ground with filmy verdure; the “blood of Adonis,” which beautifies the desert in early spring, appears in two species—the anemone, large and poppy-like, and the small “pheasant’s eye;” the wild vetch, with red, purple, and yellow flower, contrasts sharply with the “star of Bethlehem,” much resembling a snow-drop, with the small white chamomile, which many travellers mistake for a daisy; with the pink phlox, a fast flower that will not open its eyes till several hours after the sun is up; and with white and pink-

cyclamens, which bend their faces downwards, like young girls in whose ears a word has been whispered for the first time. The white fennel affects the valleys, matting the neighbourhood of villages and ruins. The “rose of Caledonia” is seen coming to maturity, and in places it makes the country resemble Argentine land; the thistle varies greatly in size according to altitude and position—on the heights of the Libani it barely tops the ground, whereas about the Sea of Galilee it is eight feet high; there are many species, and some, the akkúb for instance, are wild brethren of the civilised artichoke.

On our right was now the Birkat el Kawáfilah, full of white bud-like blossoms studding the greenest of leaves: it is evidently an Asterophyllum (spicatum?) common here as in Europe. Near it lies a ruined “Arba’in Rijal,” a common invocation dating from the “Forty” martyred at Sebaste. The festival is still kept by Latins, Greeks, and Moslems, though the latter are profoundly ignorant of its origin. Before descending the lower Wady el Kawáfilah, we inspected the Bir Háj Ramazán el Awáwi, a well so called from a soldier-pilgrim who had lost his way, but which may date before Meccah was invented. Thence we fell into the right bank of the Wady el Burak, which presently led us to the Ayn or Máyat el Dirwah. Above the latter a ledge of perpendicular rock, carved and cut—and in some places well cut—into *θήκαι*, loculi, or niches, gave us shelter during breakfast against the raw and rain-threatening west wind, which filled the air with cloud and cold. The weather seemed to have kept travellers at home; we met only a small party of Americans, followed after a long interval by their hapless baggage-beasts.

Resuming our way at 2.15 p.m., we passed the Rijmat Shaykh Mohammed, the usual memorial stone-heap; then a ruined tower warned us to turn leftwards for the purpose of inspecting no less a place than Mamre, where Abraham dwelt in the clump of oaks (not plain), generally supposed to be terebinths. Across and to the north of a valley laid out in cornfields, you see scattered about large heaps of cut stone, which will presently be removed for building purposes by the people of Hebron, and a standing wall of two courses, the upper with a distinct batter or inclination backwards. Moslems still know it as the Haram Rámat (which in their Doric they pronounce Raw-mat) el Khalíl—Sanctuary of the High Place of the Friend (of Allah—*i.e.*, Abraham). The large enceinte lies upon a slope opening to the west, and showing only two faces of large blocks, none of them carefully bossed, and not thick in proportion to length, with rubble between the inner faces, evidently a reconstruction of later Roman or of post-Roman days. The stones evidence no traces of sculpture or inscription; there is a fragment of a cornice, very simple, with plain

cut bands; at the south-western angle is a well or cistern, whose rivetment appears modern; columns may be hidden by the grass, and the view of the sea has been enjoyed only by the writer of "Murray's Handbook."

Here, then, according to some, is the House or Tabernacle of Abraham, where in Hadrian's reign the Jews who escaped the destruction of some 580,000 souls were sold into bondage after the death of their mock-Messiah, Bar Cochebas. This they would make the Great Basilica, dedicated to the Holy Trinity when Constantine (A.D. 325-30), scandalised by the scenes of the Mamre Fair, ordered Eusebius to raise a church upon the ruins of the idol-temples. Others reply that it is a mere piscina.

M. Mauss, the architect to whom the dome of the "Holy Sepulchre" owes so much, suggests that the Basilica might have been at a neighbouring ruin, Khirbat el Nasára (Ruins of the Nazarenes); why did he not examine the latter? M. de Saulcy (1863) places the terebinth under which Abraham received the angels at the Khirbat in the valley, and the Rámát above; why did he not give us more study and less assertion? Josephus "locates" the terebinth six stadia from Hebron; why did he not let us know what stadium he used? Sozomenus (ii. 4-8) makes the tree and tabernacle of Mamre fifteen stadia = 2,775 metres (De Saulcy); St. Jerome, Eusebius, and other Bordeaux pilgrims, two miles = 2,962 metres from Hebron. We may fairly conclude that here, as elsewhere in the Holy Land, there may have been a migration of holy places.

Not knowing the short cuts in this puzzling high-land, we retraced our steps to the tower on the high road, and presently were sighted to the right, perched as usual upon a hill or mamelon-top, the Khirbat el Nasára before alluded to. The small place, with remnants of arches above and big heaps of stone at the mound-foot, is known as the "Ruins of the Nazarenes," from some forgotten massacre of Christians by their Moslem brethren. Beyond it runs a by-path to the Balút, or modern oak, but being guideless we preferred the highway.

The road approaching Hebron becomes once more vile as it was near Bethlehem. The same may be observed in the Brazils, where the worst places are always near the towns, the reason being that there is most traffic and transit upon them. Here you are kept to the pavement, Dr. Pierotti's *petits cailloux ronds*, by dry walls on either side, and your horse, especially after rain, slides and skates over the smooth white limestone, which resembles a surface of petrified skulls, poll uppermost. This *brise-membres* approach to Hebron, if not fine, is at least peculiar, and probably quite as grand as it was in the days of David. Dry walls are everywhere, tall and short, upon the hill-tops

and in the valleys: the stranger involuntarily determines that they are ruins of old castles, and his delusion is warranted by a succession of dwarf towers, each containing a single room. In these the owners of vineyards lodge during the fruit season, and store their grapes from those spoilers the foxes—little foxes (Cant. ii. 15) not jackals, as many a modern traveller tells us. During A.D. 1871 the first leaf appeared about mid-April, the fruit was ripe in mid-June, and the vendange lasted till late in October. The rocks are pitted with presses, and there are not a few silos, excavated cisterns, and subterranean chambers, usually shaped like inverted funnels, resembling the *Matamors* of Bayt Sahúr, near Bethlehem, which yielded to us a fair crop of silex implements.

The vines are, as a rule, large and old, and they are mostly trimmed as in France; those allowed to grow long are supported, when they begin to bear fruit, like the currant of the Morea, by two or more stout forked sticks. Swathes and lines of stone, rarely exceeding three feet in height, show that in former times the vine was trained to run over them; this is still done in parts of the Lebanon, whilst travellers have remarked them from the Peræa or trans-Jordanic region to the Sinaitic peninsula. The grapes of Hebron are still famous, and although El Islam, under the influence of tea, coffee, and tobacco, has virtually abolished wine—something of the kind may be observed amongst ourselves in England—the Dibs or grape syrup, the molasses of the East, is still famous. M. Mauss had a *grappe* one foot eight inches long, and weighing twenty pounds, carried upon a pole supported by two men, to save it from injury, as is shown in the metal platters of Crusading date which still decorate the fronts of Damascus shops, acting like the coloured bottles of our apothecaries.

We left on the right of the road "Sarah's Fountain," a *filet* of water said perennially to supply the best drink. Moslems naturally declare that here Sarah and Agar filled their goat-skins, and Abraham replenished the pitcher which he gave to the Egyptian woman, when he drove her and her hapless child into the wilderness. Josephus (A. J. vii. 1-5) mentions the well of Besirah, or Sirah (treason), where Abner was recalled to his death by Joab; but he places it twenty stadia from Jerusalem, whereas this is not ten.

Where the skull-like pavement suddenly breaks off, and the highway to Egypt forks, we turned sharply to the right, and began to ride up the Wady Balútah (Valley of the Holm-oak). It is the head of the great Hebron gorge, which as usual has no generic name, and from its upper part a quarter of an hour's ride leads to the Mediterranean watershed. The surface is that of the country generally, lanes of dry walls guarding little vineyards, and scattered with springs and fountains. No path had



my
pur
whi
whi
E
had
He
but
he v
defi
fanc
a v
prin
sho
the
not
ack

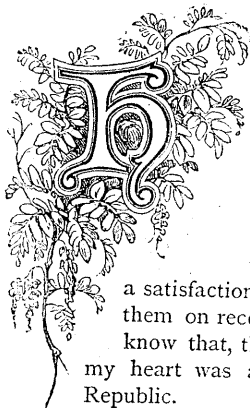
been made, but we presently passed through a kind of battlemented gate, which reminded us of the cockney and suburban kind of park. Here we dismounted and scrambled up stone-clad banks, to a pitched tent and a wooden hovel, where certain "guardians" of the place offer refreshments in the shape of lemonade and stale cakes. The Holm-oak (Balút) of Abraham is a disappointment after the Libanus, but it charms travellers from the treeless and cheerless Negob or southern country; it is doubtless some centuries old, and its trunk is composed of four tolerably distinct stems. Surrounded by a low wall of cut stone whose coping was connected by soldered clamps, and adorned with urns and pedestals, it bore the tea-garden aspect which now makes Rosherville so conspicuous in and about Jerusalem. The distinct flavour of an incipient Cremorne made us determine that Abraham's Oak had been taken in hand by some energetic spirit, Hebrew, we will say, plus Teutonic; and the exterior dunning for bakhshish

—of course we gave none—seemed to confirm the opinion.

Presently the truth came out. Russia, who, through the Greek Church, is now all-powerful in the Holy Land, has lately added the conquest of the "Oak called Ogyges" (Ant. Jud. I. x. 4), to Mount Tabor, and to Jacob's Well near Nablus. The Hebronites refused to sell land in the immediate vicinity of their holy and most objectionable town; therefore the Muscovites at present rest contented with this venerable tree, which, though it has no more to do with the Terebinth of Mamre than with the cedars of Lebanon, has a high reputation, and lies within a few minutes' ride of the old Hittite city. A one-eyed Christian was at once established as Russian wakil, or agent, at Hebron. In a few years a "Dayr" or hospice, of commanding aspect, equally fitted for offence, defence, and devotion, will spring up, and lastly the Hebronites will, it is to be hoped, find their occupation gone.

THE EVE OF EXECUTION.

A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.



OW hard it is to act the Brutus, let those who have condemned me know from this memorial of past events which I leave behind me. In the tribunal I was refused a hearing, so they may destroy these words unread; but it is a satisfaction to know that I have placed them on record; a greater satisfaction to know that, though I erred in judgment, my heart was always, and still is, for the Republic.

I, Paul Godard, devote the last few hours of my life to what I hereby solemnly declare to be a pure recital of the events of November, 1792, upon which the charge of treason has been founded for which I am to suffer.

Even as early as that date there were men who had their doubts of General Dumouriez's fidelity. He had saved the country, all men acknowledged, but there were whispers among a certain set that he was not a safe man. Their suspicions took no definite form, as far as I could make out, but I fancy his great fault then consisted in his being a victorious general with more ambition than principle. It was determined that his movements should be watched with the utmost secrecy, and the task of doing this was allotted to me. I was not an unknown man; I had abilities—I may acknowledge that now without being charged with

vain glory. I had been of some service to the State, and men remembered then, what they have since forgotten, that I was a Republican when Republicanism was not in favour. For these reasons I was the man selected, being sent to the army for the ostensible purpose of inquiring into some matters relating to the contracts, but with secret instructions "to watch General Dumouriez and report all suspicious circumstances:" instructions vague enough, in all conscience; but they knew they could depend upon my intelligence to let them know what was significant, and not to worry them with idle gossip.

It was not entirely without reluctance—let stern patriots make the most of that confession—that I went upon my mission. Dumouriez and I had been schoolfellows of old, and were still friends, so that the secret watch upon him gave me some unpleasant mental twinges; but I remembered that a good patriot has no friend but his country, and sacrificed my inclinations to my duty. On the other hand, I should see my son again—he was Captain Godard now—and that was cause for unmixed satisfaction. He was my only son—a chivalrous young man who had served under Dumouriez from the beginning, when that general was in the camp at Maulde. He was a good Republican like myself, but of so bold and outspoken a nature that he was wont to utter unpalatable truths, which kept me in some alarm on his account. His imagination was also impressed with the false glory and glitter of