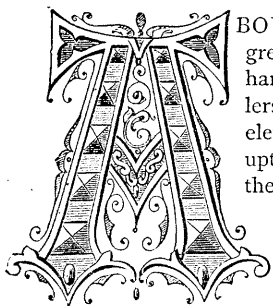


1851. It will be generally admitted from the foregoing remarks, that the paper manufacture holds a foremost place, as a beautiful product of practical

science and an important national industry, hence its welfare becomes matter of public concern, and its scientific necessities require special consideration.

EN ROUTE TO HEBRON.

BY CAPTAIN RICHARD F. BURTON.



ABOUT three miles down the great Hebron Valley, Abraham, according to some travellers, might have seen from an elevation the columns of smoke upthrown by the "Cities of the Plain." The celebrated Wady el Khalil, "Valley of the Friend" (of Allah), is south of, and runs almost parallel with, this line.

The right bank of the Wady Tuffah, in places a precipitous cliff facing the lowlands, shows strata dipping 2° to 4° to the west. These figures will serve as indices to the conformation of "Machpelah" on the other side of the valley. It was of old the normal necropolis that formed the *πομπικὴ εἰσοδος* or approach to the town; it shows a large cemetery in ruins, and for the Jews it still remains holy ground. We found the cut caves full of water, and three others upon a higher level half full. A climb and a scramble led to the building called Tomb of Isha' abú Daud, Jesse the father of David, who in Scripture is carried by his son to Moab, east of the Dead Sea, and there silent dies. The tomb is now thoroughly well neglected, and the north-east angle—the entrance being to the north—is sunk in the ground. The guides give the name Dayr el Zaytun (Convent of the Olive) to a broken arch, a ruinous tower, a cave with built-up entrance, and a central cistern to which many conduits lead. Here, say the people, is the grave of Israel's first judge, Asúr bin Kenaz, Othniel, younger brother to Caleb the Kenezite. He was possibly of the Benú Kalb (Sons of the Dog), one of the most ancient and therefore noble of Bedawi tribes, incorporated with Judah and rendered immortal by a traditional saying of the "Apostle" Mohammed. When he had taken Hebron as his share of the loot, he gave, we read, the "upper springs and the nether springs" to the cadet's wife and his own daughter Achsah. The tomb of Othniel is thus not so grievously misplaced as is that of Jesse. The last shows a cut cave with an ornamented entrance, and there are probably other curiosities around, as the bush-clad slope is well calculated to conceal ruins.

Debouching upon the Wady el Kasab, we next passed by a wretched, vilely-paved road through

the southern quarter, known as Hárat el Kaytún, whose large arched houses occupy the right bank of the valley. Lower down is the rest of Hebron, but the sanctuary, with its two minarets at alternate angles, and its old church roof-ridge sheathed in lead, will not be visible till we are close upon it. Meanwhile the people are burning lime with great waste of fuel, and the smoke of the kilns obscures the air.

The Suburb el Kaytún led to Makbaret el Shuhadá, once the martyr's cemetery, now the favourite camping-ground. This is a neat grassy slope on the right bank of the valley, and its former use may date from any age, rendering it valuable as a digging-ground. We at once remarked the circular graves of the old Bedawin, and my companion found that since his last visit a tri-ocular cave pointing north had been opened by those digging for cut stones, whilst the contents—bones, inscriptions, lamps, and so forth—had been wantonly scattered as usual to the winds.

Amongst the graves of a hundred generations, appeared in the lower part the big tomb of a Shaykh Karrays, and a little Musallá or oratory, like its neighbours all askew. Women were drying linen, and, curious to relate, the other sex was engaged in quasi-athletics. Some fifty boys and lads were playing at "bait the bear," Bruin being a bearded man, and as they plucked at the ropes with which he was hung, he struck at them with a light scourge. Greybeards sat fronting the sport in a semi-circle, with that Asiatic gravity and dignity which sometimes become so ridiculous. The only active games ever seen by me in Syria and Palestine were "bait the bear" at Hebron, and hand-ball amongst the Druze boys of the Haurán Valley.

We rode through the cemetery, directed by a red, not a yellow flag, to the Lazaretto, which occupies the south-eastern slope of the dorsum of hard grey lime-stone, the Quarantine Hill dividing the Hebron Valley from the Wady el Khalil. The building has a tall enceinte-wall, whose gate is jealously shut every evening. Two domelets and a moderate-sized room over the gateway, all painfully white-washed, show the commandant's quarters; three domes at the further end of the court denote the place of penance for those who do quarantine. Here Messrs. Drake and Palmer had been received with hospitality, of course paying for the same, but times were changed. Mohammed Ali Effendi,

ately from Stambúl, turned us away from the doors—everywhere an unpleasant process, but here extra disagreeable as we had not brought tents. We thought that we had caught a Turk, that is to say a Tartar, but presently he made such abject excuses that as men we could take no notice of the slight. He attributed it all to the instigation of the evil one and the advice of his wife: I afterwards found that the proceeding, like others which will presently be noticed, was a suggestion from Damascus; yet, thus acting under the highest authority, the poor Effendi, Oriental-like, could not help prostrating himself and praying for pardon.

Nothing is more farcical in Syria than the Quarantine. Here, according to law, every pilgrim from Meccah must be examined, and must take out a health-certificate before he passes from the deserted into the populous parts. But as there is no European superintendent, practically all men, sick or sound, laugh at the order, provided only that they pay according to their means—from sixpence upwards.

This Quarantine dates from the terrible cholera of 1865, which killed at Meccah and at Mount Arafat some 40,000—that is to say, one-third of the pilgrims, and consequently two-thirds of the camels. The survivors at once ran away without the rites and ceremonies which conclude the "Haj," and naturally the officers ran faster than the soldiers, whilst women and children were left to run as they best could. The "yellow wind" disappeared north of Meccah, but the sufferings from want of food and water—no provision having been made—were as terrible as the epidemic. At El Medinah the mudd, or measure of barley, cost 900 instead of 40 piastres. A single party of thirty souls all died of thirst upon the road between the "two Harams." When examined by Dr. Biagini at Kiswah, the nearest "Haj" station to Damascus, the pilgrims were found to have shaken off the cholera, which at the capital of Syria had killed a maximum of ninety-six in a single day, without including the military hospital, the northern and southern quarters (El Salihfyah and El Maydán), and other distant parts. Mr. Consul Rogers, calculating that the Syrian caravan annually costs 10,000 purses (= 50,000 napoleons), advised that for the future it should be shipped to Egypt. But, "Politic, which surprises in himself a multitude of things," will not, as yet at least, permit this wise measure to be adopted.

Driven from the Lazaretto, we freely accepted the hospitality offered by a British-protected Jew, M. David H. Rushin. A number of his co-religionists were lounging about, and the boys wore their eshtramis, the fur caps of Germany, which, to guess by the size, had apparently been bequeathed from sires to sons. This coiffure, whimsical in such a climate as the Tartar's lambskin, is apparently worn

by the Ashkenazim (Russian, Polish, and German Jews) all the week round at the holy cities Jerusalem and Hebron, whilst it is confined to the Sabbath (N.B., not Sunday) at the others of the quartette, Tiberias and Safet. The Englishman may see it at Southampton, whenever emigrants from the Fatherland to the New World disembark to drink beer.

Crossing the big grave-yard, El Shuhadá, and passing through the Bab el Kazzazin (Gate of the Glass-blowers), we entered the Hárat el Yahud, or Ghetto, and were shown into the usual sitting-room, and then began the visits.

The official traveller in these lands must not expect to end a march with repose. Hardly were we seated than a message came from the Kaimakam, the sous-prefet of the canton or county, a certain Abd el Kadir Effendi, lately transferred to this place from the Kaimakam-lik (sub-district) of Jebel 'Ajlún (Mount Gilead). He was an old Damascus acquaintance; we had ever been on good terms, and I pitied him for the part which he had to play at Hebron. The call was concluded, as usual, with pipes and coffee, and followed by another from Hakham Eliaú Mamurí of Baghdad, and his Saphardim (Hispanian or Iberian) friends, a Spanish-speaking race who here represent some 350 souls distributed into fifty families. Of the latter, four enjoy British protection, and desire to be a trifle more protected. They were presently relieved by Hakham Simeon Manasseh of Borodino and his suite, representing the 300 souls here numbered by the Ashkenazim. The latter, since they were thrown off by Russia, are all entitled to the good offices of British officials; they were, however, urgent with us to obtain for them a resident Wakíl, or agent appointed by Her Majesty's Consul at Jerusalem. About thirty Ashkenazim families possess English passports, and one traveller, the Rev. Solomon Mendelovitz, had, besides his Bombay paper, letters from Sir Charles Phipps. Here, as at Jerusalem, it is the custom for the father's protection to cover the unmarried children, who when householders obtain separate papers. At Tiberias and Safet the Jewish colonies had been till very lately neglected in the grossest manner.

Another visitor was a certain Shaykh Hamzah, who rejoices in the title Wakil el 'Urbán, or Agent for the Bedawin. The old man had guided Messrs. Drake and Palmer to Petra, and he had not yet recovered, probably he never will recover, from the many frights of that momentous occasion. The ruffian "Liyásanah" amused themselves with pointing guns at his head, and with adding what little of brain remained sound. That bandit tribe requires severe chastisement, and some day the shooting of a "distinguished stranger" will secure it for them. They are supposed to be descended from the Jewry of Khaybar, far-famed in the days of

Mohammed; but they have given up all Jewish practices. A late writer informs us that they wear the "sawális," love-locks or side-corkscrews, still affected by the male Ashkenazim: all Bedawin, however, more or less affect ringlets, which they call "jedáil." We took old Hamzah into our service, and—*nihil tetigit quod non vitiauit*.

Our first care was, as usual, to procure barley for the horses, and this was a signal for the normal looting to commence. There are no Christians settled in David's capital. The Bishop of Hebron resides at Geneva, as the Spanish Governor of Gibraltar temporarily prefers Ceuta. The Russians have established an agent, who gives shelter and protection to one Jabrán Abú 'Brahim, a black-turban from Damascus. Having bought the monopoly of grain, and relying upon the unusual value of corn at Hebron, this Christian at once came to see us, and opened the game with such vigour that we were obliged to dispense with his society. At last Mohammed Aghá, the Kawwas, sallied forth and found what was wanted, but he brought it to port not without difficulty. The Hebronite owner, learning who his customer was, coolly and with bawling voice raised his terms some twenty-five per cent.—but did not get them.

A severe disappointment at once awaited us. In the most obliging way, the Conde di Casa Sarria, Spanish Consul for Jerusalem, had given me before we set out a letter addressed to a certain Yúsuf Aghá. This yuzbashi (captain) of irregulars, a converted Christian from the Lebanon, had tested the weakness of Hebron fanaticism, and had more than once used his cudgel upon the heads of the obstreperous. In 1867, when two enterprising travellers dared first to follow in the footsteps of the Prince of Wales, who first in this century entered the Sanctuary, they were accompanied by the yuzbashi, and the latter, hearing complaints and threats from the fanatical mob which haunts the holy building, shut the Europeans inside, telling them that he would front the crowd single-handed, whilst they inspected all *à loisir*. Immediately upon arrival I sent to his quarters, and the reply was that on the day before he had left Hebron for a neighbouring station. I then requested the mulázim (lieutenant), Mohammed Ali, to inform him of our arrival. He could not; it would be indecorous for a subaltern to address his captain. I then wrote myself, without other effect than a civil message by way of reply. It was evident that Yúsuf Aghá had received superior orders to absent himself; and the same proved to be the case with the head Shaykh of the Sanctuary, the mufti, and the sous-préfet.

The house of our Jewish host had its advantages. It was freer of access than the Lazaret, which was locked at night, and by securing the upper storey to ourselves we enjoyed some privacy. The

roof commanded an excellent view of queer old "Chabron," which St. Jerome translates "*Conjugium sive incantator aut visio sempiterna*," and the Passover having lately passed over, the inner walls were clean with whitewash. It is a pity that some similar purifying process had not been applied to the furniture, especially to the beds and bedding. Here, as everywhere in the Holy Land, the Ashkenazim adhere to the habits acquired during long centuries of residence in Northern Europe. Thus at Tiberias, which has an ultra-tropical climate, we find carpeted floors, close-fitting shutters, and tall bedsteads, garnished with heavy curtains, wadded coverlets, and German pillows. The reader may imagine the consequence. I feel creepy when I remember it. The cold damp air made us enjoy a tolerable dinner, and the bitter Cyprus and mild claret which we had been careful to bring with us. The wine of Hebron is still celebrated; it is sound and unadulterated: "liquor," as the tar calls it, being here unknown. But ten years are required before the lusciousness and the over-flavour of fruit subside into the mellow condition which we characterise as crusty. The same state of atmosphere, however, robbed our feet of all caloric, and developed nightly cramps which will not readily be forgotten.

Our yesterday's ride had been through alternate bursts of sun and fog-clouds driven before the furious west wind, an evil conjuncture for travellers. The raw blasts of the dark hours brought down Jupiter in many a shower, and lucky Friday was a day utterly wasted. Throughout the morning the cold Mediterranean gale, charging like Bedawí cavalry down the Valley of Martyrs to the hot Dead Sea, brought with it mists and hail and drenching rain. During the afternoon we were tantalised by gleams of sun and glimpses of blue sky, which disappeared almost as soon as seen. It made us feel that we should be up and doing, whereas the steady downpour of a Bombay "monsoon" would have given us all the satisfaction of despair. And the sparrows, which usually tell the truth, in Northern Europe at least, at Hebron bent their tongue like a bow for lies: the more it rained, the louder they chirped. Although the thermometer did not fall below 58° F., the extensive humidity suggested that it stood at zero.

Such is the climate of all the Holy Cities of the Jews, except only Tiberias, and its harsh and trying effects still assimilate the modern race to their forefathers of old. The object of every ancient legislator, Egyptian and Hindoo, Persian and Greek, was to make a "peculiar people," not, however, to be confounded with those who allow their children to die because it is impious to send for one of St. Luke's craft. Hence the Hebrew law-givers withdrew their co-religionists from the soft and civilising influences of the sea-shore, and confined them

to these highlands which are bleak and barren as those of Arcadia. Thus we can explain how the ancient Jews clung so desperately to the two earliest stages of civilisation, the pastoral and the agricultural, whilst nothing less than a dispersion from Judæa was required to train them for that commercial and cosmopolitan existence from which they are now inseparable.

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "POOR HUMANITY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THE HALL OF HARMONY.

BEING City-born and for years of my child-life confined to City streets, the great tract of poor man's land across the bridge was utterly unknown to me. The Surrey side was a *terra incognita*, and the streets and by-ways of Lambeth a labyrinth wherein I had never lost myself before. I followed Dick Simmons closely, keeping so short a distance behind him, as the streets grew full of people, that had he turned he must have seen me. The crowds about that Saturday night did not alarm me; the elements of poverty and crime were thick enough, a surging mass of humankind; but, making allowance for increase of numbers and difference of locality, they were the same men, women, and children huckstering before the same cheap shops, and quarrelling at the doors of the same garish gin-palaces, that were common to the streets in Drury Lane or Holborn. The thoroughfares were of a greater length, and there was more uproar in them—one, I thought, would never end its line of bakers', butchers', and oil-shops, its rows of costermongers' stalls and barrows on the kerbstones, its long and grim procession of those who had come out to buy, or sell, or beg, or steal, who choked up the pavement, and filled the roadway, and drifted on, an endless chain of misery and squalor.

Surely I was mistaken, and Dick Simmons knew nothing of my sister. He could not be approaching Katie in this direction; her life could not be spent in the midst of the wretchedness in which I was submerged. I had been wrong; and this was a purposeless, profitless errand I was engaged in.

Very few passers-by took heed of me; I was not well clad, the dark shawl which I had wrapped round me was threadbare, and its semblance of gentility had been worn away by contact with rough corners. I was not in contrast to the general community, but in agreement with its tone and colour. One or two policemen looked hard at me, as if they knew the faces in these stifling streets by heart, and mine was an intrusion there. A few mechanics dressed up for a Saturday night's loafing leered at me, and one said, "How are you?" with an insolent familiarity that would have made me clutch Dick Simmons's arm for protection's sake, had the man not passed on with the tide.

Dick Simmons was simply taking a walk; but I did not think of turning back and retracing my way to Dorset Street. I seemed safer with his round shoulders before me. He was in no great hurry; the goods upon the various stalls distracted his attention; he stopped five minutes listening to a doleful song chanted by a blind man, who accompanied himself on a violin; and he betrayed so much interest in the contents of a ready-made clothing establishment, with sufficient gas behind its plate-glass windows to have lighted up a town, that a hook-nosed youth rushed at him with a handbill, and endeavoured by gentle force to budge him through a row of waxen dummies into the interior of the premises. Poor Dick! I could not help smiling, in the midst of my anxiety, at the tout's mis-spent energy in endeavouring to secure a customer, and at Dick with his hands in his empty pockets, promising in a patronising manner to look in as he came back. But I was soon grave again; and when he had crossed a large street and gone on under a railway arch into a narrower, darker, and denser thoroughfare, having still its crowds of people making for the neighbourhood we had quitted, or coming from it with ourselves, I wondered more than ever when he would attain his journey's end, or turn his steps towards his home. He stopped at last at the doors of what seemed to be another public-house, and applied himself to read some bills pasted on the panels, which process having been carefully gone through, he entered the establishment with an alacrity that took me for an instant off my guard. I followed him instinctively. No one arrested his progress, but a man at the top of a flight of stairs, who had nodded in a friendly manner to him as he passed, held out his hand to me.

"Check, miss," he said, seeing that I paused in my surprise.

"Check!—what place is this then?"

"Well, that's a good un," the man remarked, as others passed me, better acquainted with the rules of the establishment, and put into his hands little slips of coloured card. I waited patiently for a few minutes, and when there was a lull in the business of the house I said—

"Is this a place of amusement?"

"I should rather say it was," the man replied, eyeing me with a little curiosity, at last.